

CHARM CITY SPOUSES CLUB EXCERPT

We turned as a unit to the punctured tea bag sitting in the chair by his wife. You could practically feel the leaves under your foot when we approached him in his chair.

I have done everything the Air Force has told me to do, but you know what, Captain? You don't listen. Apparently there is a rule book just for you that the Air Force doesn't know about.

There were twigs snapping and needles flying and arms waving. I may have avoided the drone but even I couldn't avoid a full bird Colonel falling out of a tree directly on top of me.

All that praying was in vain because the skunk was now empty, and Sammie was full. We could hardly breathe because of the toxic cloud that emanated from such a small, cute animal.

He swerved, he honked, he tailgated, he yelled, but above all else, he swore like a drunk sailor home on leave. I was astonished with the words he strung together and how creative he was with them.

"She hated her with a passion usually reserved for cheer moms."

"Damn, Laci, dontchu know slang? It's s-l-a-y. Like, you slay me. Or you slay that outfit. Meaning you totally killed."

"...Ain' no one messin' with my bestie. Even if he is your honey."

"I swanny, if you don't get this dad-blamed thing out of here I'm going to show you what for."