

Cologne, Refrigerator Magnets,  
and Self-Gratification:  
Tools for the Recently Divorced

a monologue  
by Kris Thompson

Kris Thompson  
1710 S. Main St.  
Georgetown, TX 78626  
281-253-3488  
kriskt@outlook.com

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I frequent the men's cologne counters at the mall. I never buy. I take the samples. I tuck them under my pillow and, as I fall asleep, I can almost pretend that a man shares my bed. Almost.

If you were to look, you would find strategically placed pictures of men in my home. Not the ex-husband of course, but I have a spectacular black and white of Tom Hanks in a loosened straight jacket, pledging with the wrong arm. He's my favorite. And then there's my David. Well, I guess he's really Michelangelo's David. A vision of strength, beauty, and character, my David takes the form of a refrigerator magnet. A gift from my friend Karen. She picked him up at the Laguna Gloria Art Gallery, complete with a fully functioning wardrobe. I can dress or undress David as I please which is inexplicably gratifying to me, and mildly confusing to my dates when I happen to have one.

Alright...to be perfectly honest, I've only had one date since the divorce. It was kind of disaster and, at this point, I'm not anxious for a repeat. Besides, I'm tremendously busy with my work and really don't have the time to cultivate a relationship. So...what's a girl to do?

I must admit, over the past year and a half, I've rented more movies than had dates. But Oh! What I have learned to do while watching a movie. A jilting halt to your sex life will do that to a person. "Is she talking about what I think she's talking about?" you ask? Oh yes. Masturbation! And yes, yes...I'm aware that most of you were masturbating before you even learned to drive. What can I say? I'm a late bloomer. OK...a very late bloomer! But...better late than never, right?

I mean just look at the sheer value of this learning experience! I have acquired a skill! It's not something I'll forget, so I'll have it forever. It's more pleasurable than most activities. You can do it almost anywhere. Seriously. Almost. Anywhere. Bonus? It's FREE. Now that I'm a single income household it's important to budget wherever I can. And last, but not least, I can finally do for myself what my ex-husband never could. Ever. Not even once.

Please don't think I'm complaining. I merely extend my thoughts to you in an effort to explain my current mindset. I feel it is paramount that you understand where I am now. Then I'll feel more comfortable telling you how I got here. And later, if you're good, I'll let you in on where I'm planning to go.

END