

Hooray for hulk Helen!™

The wife and i erupted in a most violent verbal altercation!

This epithet filled maelstrom found me pitched on the cold black sidewalk of anytown, USA!

While nursing contusions and bruises, a dark looming shadow appeared from the edge of night.

This young and restless bachelor wannabe felt a tingling sensation of glee (mingled with uneasiness) at what appeared to be a guiding light amidst this anatomically grayish brown approaching silhouette!

Though phantasmagoric and amorphous, an intuition of salvation discerned from the increased proximity between said giantess and myself!

A gentle soothing voice seemed mismatched with such humungous human shape that upon closer inspection conveyed that distinct mien of femininity!

She swung her immense torso and swept this measly dorky dada into her popeye size arms.

Ha!

I thought, "This must be what damsel in distress feels like"!

Thus fate anointed me as non-virgin olive oyl, who willingly allowed immensely strong bulging mountains of muscle (with veins that seemed swollen with might) to be saved from the evil Brutus!

Without asking, this outsize woman uttered, "You can call me Helen"!

An impulse arose to apply the endearment honey, yet held bound in boa like hold rationale leapt in and thus this feather weight guy blurted out "hone", which got misinterpreted as home!

She inquired where i lived. Without losing a beat, i made clear "DO NOT TAKE ME BACK TO THAT ABYSMAL WIFE"!

Overtaken with bravado, I now whispered "honey can we elope ASAP"?

She appeared quite flattered at being propositioned by what could easily be confused for a human walking stick figure! No doubt, the automatic clenching of her fist would crush my skeleton instantly turning me into a bag of bones!

Much to my surprise, she exuded unbridled merriment at what appeared as an impulsive pronouncement to marry.

How the fickle finger of destiny can appear farcical.

Despite this ludicrous series of events, we pledged our troth whereby she carried me toward the threshold of excitement.

Abandonment of the first spouse disagrees with a personal philosophy of finalizing unpleasant circumstances, but the terrible swift sword of near civil

war between these genteel writers let very little wiggle room for peaceable reconciliation!

Time and again (especially at painfully early hours of any given morning) found mine ambitions on quest for Holy Grail of marital bliss! That maxim whereby when you do not seek that which ye covet arrives unexpectedly seemed to be the case with yours truly and his new found muse, who acted as bodyguard lurching madly whenever her bony fried beau threatened by bullies.

How comical to witness macho men scatter like scared cats when she lumbered with fire in those ruby red eyes!