

Sweet Revenge



Ever since Janet returned from Merwin's Fourth of July barbecue, she'd had trouble breathing. Allergy season was still a month away, so it couldn't be that. And a healthy dose of oxymetazoline had vanquished her last sinus infection, so it probably wasn't that, either. She dug out her neti pot, intending to irrigate her nasal passages – a loathsome procedure – but even *that* didn't work. She was stopped up but good! Even so, her smell-o-vision seemed to be in working order. And what she smelt, oddly enough, was wieners! Had she had eaten any of Merwin's odious foot-longs? She couldn't recall. In fact, she had no memory of the barbecue, *none!* It was as if some uninvited chamois cloth had wiped away the whole afternoon from her hippocampus. As she went into the bathroom to fetch her ginkgo pills, Janet chanced to glance in the mirror. The sight that greeted her eyes so shocked her that it abruptly overrode the hold that had been placed on her memory banks and she remembered with crystal clarity the *other* humiliating act she had unwittingly performed. But then she recalled the revenge she had planned for Merwin just before she had fallen under his hypnotic spell. And unlike the aroma of the wieners, her revenge would indeed be sweet!