



Anger Management

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So, I'm sitting in my surgeon's office with my arm in a sling being seen by an assistant while my surgeon is in Hawaii wearing garlands and surrounded by girls dancing with dangling hula loops around their invisible midriff, compliments of my last surgery.

It strikes me a bit odd when the assistant tells the intern shadowing him to take her lunch break at 9 A.M. Well, when it comes to medical staff, go figure. I mean we're talking about a man whose livelihood comes from cutting human bones and flesh, right?

"Relax your muscles. Don't be stiff while I am examining you," orders the assistant.

I shake my limbs and become loose like a zombie.

"You don't remember me, do you?" He asks.

Under the circumstances, I won't remember Gandhi. Just the same, this guy doesn't look the least bit familiar.

"I sat next to you in Olive & Twist Lounge when you gulped my beer and made me pay for that," he says.

"Ha!" I say wondering, "Which of the two times are you talking about?"

"Remember? I asked you to fight it out but you copped out."

"Impossible!" I said angrily.

He shakes his head and chuckles. Then he opened my surgery wound and started scratching around it

with a surgical blade and said, "Let me know if it hurts."

By that time the fear of retaliation had overtaken any pain I was experiencing. I should never have stood this guy up. I was thinking.

Thinking that it was never safe to be alone with him especially when he was armed with knives and scissors, I asked him to end the post-op checkup immediately and reschedule my appointment with the real surgeon.

I drove 40 miles over hills and dales and creeks stopping once for coffee before reaching home.

"Hi," I said when my wife opened the door.

"Did you run away from your appointment again?" My wife shouted looking at the dangling piece of dressing over my surgical arm.

"No, actually it was a bar fight," I answered.

"Have you started drinking in the morning again? You should be ashamed of yourself," my wife's rage graduated to hysteria.

"You can't just get mad just because you are so beautiful," I said.

"How was your appointment today, dear?" My wife asked smilingly and sweetly.