

I chose to adapt a martial lament because I wanted to write something from the perspective of a woman or multiple women. I enjoyed reading *A Talk of 10 Wives on Their Husbands' Ware* and *The Wife of Bath's Prologue*. I found it particularly interesting that the 10 wives had the liberation to say whatever they wanted when there were no men around. That being said, I incorporated a group of women gathered secluded from men, confessions about sexual dissatisfaction, vulgarness, and the importance of sex in slightly varied ways. I decided to have the story be centered around two female best friends who are on a double dinner date with their husbands. I was inspired by the way Instagram or Youtube skits depict best friends to share everything with each other, always back or hype the other one up, and be blunt or silly. Courtney, the main character, is pissed at her husband so she and her best friend, Sara, go to the bathroom for her to vent. I picked the ladies' restroom to be the substitute alehouse because it's a common idea that women always go to the bathroom in pairs or in a group for a private conversation or gossip more, with each other or strangers, than use the bathroom. Also, the ladies' restroom is a place men can not step into.

I changed the women's dissatisfaction with their husbands from the size of their penis to the frequency of sex and orgasms, but the husbands' worth to their wives are still directly linked to sex. To mirror *A Talk of 10 Wives on Their Husbands' Ware*, I used the name Sara like the sixth wife and the word 'Amen', Courtney praying for God to hurt her husband, 'dick' instead of 'pyntell', the women getting more vulgar towards the end and there is no solution for the women in the end of the story. To flip the sixth wife's complaint, my Sara's husband doesn't have a problem becoming erect, but he still doesn't satisfy her. To modernize the genre, I changed the

language used between the women, used texting and mentioned dating apps and social media activity.

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### Inadequate Love: A Wife's Lament

By Aniyah Veal

Courtney sat across from her best friend Sara and her husband, Matt. She rolled her eyes as the two were caught up in their own worlds, smiling and feeding each other as if they were a new couple. They were actually a little over a year into their marriage and four years invested in their relationship overall. Courtney stabbed her fork into her salad as she moved the lettuce around her small side of Caesar salad and imagined it was her husband's hand that was slowly inching its way to her still left hand. She gulped down the rest of her second glass of wine to resist snapping at the man. Courtney didn't even bother looking to her left to glare at him as she abruptly threw her fork down onto her plate and flew up from her chair. Instantly, three pairs of eyes were on her, but she only cared about one pair.

Locking eyes with Sara, she scooped up her clutch and said, "Come on, I'm going to the bathroom." Immediately, Sara nodded and stood up to follow Courtney to the ladies' room before Courtney all but dragged her there herself.

Secured in the bathroom, Courtney leaned her arms and forehead on one of the bathroom counters and threw her clutch onto the counter. Sara rubbed her back and shook her head as she waited for Courtney's hardly discreet mumbles to turn into a full blown rant. She was putting a great use to phrases like "all men", "trash", "stupid", "so help me God", and most importantly, "worthless". Women shuffled around them as they glanced at Courtney's left hand, heard her

stream of words and gave Sara understanding glances in the mirror. A few women didn't leave without sharing their agreements with a quick "you can say that again", "you right, sis" or a simple "mmm hmm". After a couple of minutes, the bathroom traffic ceased. Courtney finally stood up and looked at herself hard in the mirror as she smoothed back her hair.

"Are you that mad about this trip Shawn cancelled?" Sara asked to break the silence.

"Oh no, he didn't even cancel. He never made the plans in the first place because that would mean thinking about something besides his precious company," Courtney hissed as she tapped her manicured fingernails on the sink. Sara let out a quiet "oh" while raising her hands up in surrender.

"I don't even care about the vacation. I was just using the vacation to shift his attention to the places I really need it to be," Courtney admitted frustratedly.

"Ooohh, you haven't been getting any?"

"Nothing. Nada. Zilch. At this point, I'm thinking about risking it all. There's Tinder, I could slide into some DMs or something. Hell, I'll even start going back to church if they let me on Christian Mingle."

"Shut up, you're lying," Sara snorted as she turned to start touching up her lipstick.

"I'm dead serious. If he can't spend time with me or at least curl my toes, then what are we even doing?"

"That's big facts."

"I mean it's been months since he's even touched me. I'm still hot, right?"

"Of course, you're the sexiest woman I know. Shawn's one of the luckiest men I know... but trust me, touching isn't all that."

“Oh please, ToUcHiNg IsN’t ALL tHaT,” Courtney mocked Sara with a slow and sarcastic voice before continuing, “Says the one who’s always talking about ‘sexing it up’ and who was sitting there cheesing in her man’s face at the table.”

“Acting nice doesn’t mean anything, remember that.”

“Fair enough. Well then, spill the tea.”

“Frequent sex doesn’t equal frequent toe curling, Courtney. He can just keep going and going and going, but I get nada, nothing and zilch.”

“That’s ridiculous, I’m exhausted and pissed off for you when I think about that. You’re great for sticking in there the whole time,” she replied as she sighed and patted Sara’s back.

“ I make him do all the work... and still I look up at him sometimes and want nothing more than to smack him on the back of the head and coach him through it all.”

“Amen to that. I lay on my side of the bed at night and pray for God to strike Shawn with lightning so I can have a clean slate.” Both women burst out laughing so hard that they needed to lean onto each other. A tentative knock on the door sombered them.

“Honey? Our rest of our meals are being served now. Are you and Courtney almost done?” Matt asked through the door. Sara confirmed that they would be right there.

“So, are you feeling better now?”

“Yes... but I’m not going to let Shawn know that. He’ll do anything to make up with me so I got him right where I want him.”

“I like how you think, my friend.”

“Tonight I’m getting boned in all the ways I deserve and want if it’s the last thing I do!”

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Later on that night

**Courtney**

Can you believe he barely lasted three minutes?

Having that dick on that man is a waste of a good organ smh

**Sara**

Mine is on a juice break and then we're going on to Round 3

Quit your complaining and cherish your damn sleep

**Courtney**

Whatever

Men are useless. I could probably find a woman to do it all better

Maybe I will get a woman to do it better

**Sara**

Yeah right

and I'm the Virgin Mary reincarnated

**Courtney**

Goodnight

**Sara**

Goodnight