

Broken dishes everywhere. I'm not kidding! It's just a disaster. Spaghetti on the walls. Spaghetti pots dropped in the kitchen. Spaghetti all over the sink. That's why I ask him. I go: "Why." "It's traditional. I have to do this every year." It was three years ago he started. Tradition my ass. I'm telling you. I mean, he wonders why I can't sleep with him sometimes. Because I just work up such a hate for him inside that (*Mark re-enters*) I'm a perfectionist. My house has to be this way, and before I go to sleep, I'll pick up after him. I'm constantly picking up after him. Christ Almighty! In the morning, if he comes in late, he's read the newspaper and there's newspaper all over the room. He *throws* it when he's done with it. I've broken toes on his shoes. I broke *this* toe on his shoe. He always leaves his shoes right out in walking space. Every morning I trip on either his tennis or his good shoes. Whichever pair he doesn't have on. He's so inconsiderate of other people. He's so selfish, he's so self-centered. And this is what I tell him. I just tired of it. He's so selfish. Because this spaghetti dinner just ruins me. Baby or no baby, it just completely ruins me. And he's showing off his, his wonderful cooking that he does once a year. And I suppose that is why I hate cooking.