

The “Altar” Ego Emerges

By Jim and Audora Burg

We suspect many writers have alter-egos – snarky, oft-times sarcastic sides of their personalities that threaten to escape into infamy through the published word. We plead guilty to this.

Recently this side of us, more correctly called an “altar” ego, has been agitating for the chance to spill some ink. So we reluctantly introduce “Luigi,” a colorful character (with questionable grammar) who insists on being called a “love mechanic.”

He thinks he’s the Dear Abby for married men. We think he’s spent a bit too much time around gasoline fumes. Be that as it may, take it away, Luigi.

Hey, guys. Luigi here. It’s time for a man-to-man talk about the No. 1 topic on a married fella’s mind. That’s right. Keeping the old lady satisfied. Know what I mean?

But sometimes these gals of ours don’t want satisfying as much as we guys are wanting to satisfy them. What’s up with that?

So I asked my woman, Mrs. Luigi. “Mrs. Luigi, how’s come we don’t do it as often as we used to? I’m trying to keep you happy, love muffin, and you’re not letting me keep you as happy as I am happy to keep you happy.”

She just looks at me and says “Huh? Whatcha mean, Luigi? You keep me very happy.”

Then I just looks at her and says, “Huh? Whatcha mean, Mrs. Luigi? How can only two times in seven days keep you happy? Remember when we was first hitched, and happy was two times a day? What happened to that?”

Now being a love mechanic and all, I started thinking mechanical-like, and I got it figured out: it’s the timing belt. I got one timing belt, she’s got herself another, and they ain’t linin’ up, if you know what I’m sayin’. Thing I don’t get is, they used to. So how’s come they don’t anymore?

I was stumped, so I asked some experts. They told me it’s a thing called “desire discrepancy.” That is, what I want and what she wants – they ain’t the same amount.

It’s like I said in the first place. It’s a timing belt problem. So I asked the guy, how can I speed hers back up?

Turns out, that wasn’t the answer. Hers ain’t broke or out of spec; it’s just



different. Timing on a Ferrari is different than a Cadillac, if you know what I mean.

The guy said we have to find a speed that suits both of us and there's things I could do even outside the bedroom that might rev her engine a bit that would speed up her timing belt.

Cadi's don't like to be mashed to the floor, they need a bit of throttle control. The point is, us guys gotta know what our ladies like if we're really goin' to keep 'em happy.