

Marriage College

There should be a mandatory four-year, fully accredited, government supervised, college level training course designed to educate all otherwise ignorant, love blind potential marriage candidates on the possible pitfalls of marital bliss. The general thinking here would be to make it as difficult to get married as it is to get divorced, allowing the unsuspecting love birds a glimpse of reality often ignored by those afflicted by the dreaded, blinding, love disease. The purpose of governmental supervision would be to insure that the process would be further complicated beyond the realm of common sense thinking.

To make matters worse, a non-refundable, non-tax deductible application fee equivalent to eighty-three percent of the couple's joint earning power for a three-year period, in the form of a certified check or money order, would have to accompany the submission of each and every application. Of course these fees would help to partially provide for the administration of the newly formed United States Marriage Education and Enforcement Bureau. Additionally, these fees would help to alleviate some of the taxpayer burden of the ever-increasing budgetary demands of this newly appointed governmental agency; a tax increase to be voted on in an emergency closed door session of Congress.

Being government supervised, the accredited degree course in Marital Reality would have no shortage of red tape and lengthy application forms to be filled out, akin to the clarity and brevity of the dreaded 1040 long form that most of us are required to complete each and every year of our miserable, "*pay the damn government just for being here*", lives. If you're anything short of genius, you'll probably need professional assistance just interpreting the complex questions. Actual entries on the form will require the mystical guidance of a self-appointed,

middle-eastern looking “expert” with Souvlaki stains on his shirt, which would rise to prominence when this anticipated cottage industry was given the governmental green light.

All information provided on the application forms would have to be certified and notarized by nothing less than a slippery, money-grabbing attorney whose professional specialty is the administration and filing of the mandatory Marriage College application forms. (A certified professional can be found on the net under the key words, “Blood Letting”). No doubt that these sharks will conspire to establish a minimum filing-fee for their services of not less than fifteen hundred dollars to fill in the blanks on US Government form # 1077-3A of the Marriage Code: Application to Marriage College, Short Form B. Long Forms #1077 C-4A-D, requesting Financial Assistance and special hardship consideration would require a signed retainer agreement and an initial, up-front payment of five thousand dollars made payable to the law firm of Screwem, Bleedem and Squeezem. Please allow an additional 4-6 weeks for processing for no other reason than they just don’t care.

Once your application has been reviewed and processed, you are placed on a three-year waiting list. During this time, you will have an opportunity to see nature take its course as all those wonderful cute little things that first attracted you to your future mate begin to lose their allure and start to irritate you like the tiny grain of sand lodged in the abdomen of an oyster. If you are lucky, that tiny grain of sand will eventually be covered over by successive layers of slime (in your case, acceptance, and concession), only to become a fabulous and spectacular pearl. If you are not so lucky, you wind up with a festering infection, which might only be treated through radical surgery to remove the annoying irritation: aka your spouse. In an effort to achieve marital success and bliss, pray to the God’s that you indeed become a slime ball. You’re going to need it!

O.K., so you've gotten through the three-year waiting period, and you believe that you are still in love. You swallowed enough pride (and or slime) to imagine that this, your perfect union, could indeed work: you will be able to become one of the "Happily Ever After" couples that we all have read about in childhood fairy tales. All you have to do to insure this, is to live your life exactly as taught in the classes you are about to be enrolled in.

Registration

As in every good educational program there are both mandatory and elective subjects, which make for a well-rounded graduate, allowing one to attain a degree of merit and brain dead obedience. Of the required courses of study, the more thought provoking classes will include:

Learning to Swallow Your Pride 101: A course designed to teach the student to accept the fact that he or she is always wrong, even though common wisdom dictates that he or she is right, simply because his or her spouse says so. By the way, this class is given at the most inopportune time, subject to change at whim, as a first step in teaching the student that he or she has to do things and be in places that someone else dictates just because they can. Instructor: Professor Anna Quirk.

Paying For Everything Twice: This class is designed to enlighten the student who anticipates the possibility of a divorce in the future. Learning to pay for everything twice reduces the cultural and emotional impact when fearful thoughts of confrontational separation become reality. A virtual exchange professor, Inda Penn, who was a former governmental economist and current license plate maker, teaches this exciting class in virtual reality on the net. Professor Penn offers his personal experiences in paying twice, then not paying

and the resultant consequences of such dissention. Mr. Penn, currently the guest of State Government, hopes to someday teach his class to the “free” world.

Basic Abstinence 101: Designed to provide the student with a clear understanding and acceptance of trivial altercations, which result in prolonged periods of a non-sexual existence. Primitive grunts and under-breath mumblings between spouses are better understood through “hands-on” laboratory experiments. Belief in a deity and a low testosterone level are pre-requisites. Materials: Rubber bands, ice, and religious artifacts. Instructor: Professor Will Wackit.

Love - A State of Mind: This class deals with the theory that there is no such thing as love and that the word love is merely an abbreviation of “Lawyers Own Virtually Everything.” In this course of study, the male student is led to the cosmic awakening that a bird in the hand may indeed be better, if not cheaper, than a bird in the bush. Female students are encouraged to sit in the balcony as observers but must refrain from making snide remarks about their spouse’s unremarkable genitalia, unless represented by counsel and are willing to supply evidentiary photographs supporting the claim. Noted visiting lecturers from the legal community, with special appearances by individuals whose names begin with the designation, Mistress.

Living With Future Strangers: Here the student has the ability to learn first-hand what it is like to live with a complete future stranger. Emphasis is placed on pretending to understand the foreign, profanity enhanced language that is suddenly being spoken in your home and learning to gesture as if you know what the hell that person means. The non-English speaking foreign exchange professor from Poland, Yanush Dumbasatreestump, teaches this inspiring class.

Forgetting 101: Forget you ever had another life. Forget you ever had freedom. Forget everything you ever knew about yourself. Learn to forget everything, as you become the perfect obedient spouse. Mistress Helena

Spanksyabutt disciplines this naughty class into complete submission while teaching new world spousal conformity. Students are required to supply their own restraints. No camera's allowed.

Then there are the elective classes.

Elective Classes for Men Include:

Making Excuses 101: Here the student learns the fine art of not exactly telling the truth when coming up with reasons why he can't visit the In-laws, go shopping, watch the kids, take out the trash or just be romantic for romance sake. Special emphasis is placed on not making in-depth explanations for anything. Classes to be held maybe next Tuesday or the week after that depending on whether or not the weather permits. Call for details in a week or so. If nothing has been concluded, we will get back to you maybe tomorrow.

A Night Out With The Boys: This class shows how to put the proverbial foot down while begging to be allowed to play cards or go out drinking with your friends. The student learns that he must be as firm as a jelly donut when asserting his masculinity within the confines of matrimony. Students must pass a whining and whimpering examination prior to admission in this class. Professor John Softmember, best-selling author of "Ruling with a Limp Noodle" teaches this provocative and informative class for the new world man.

Elective Classes for Women include:

Bitch, Bitch, Bitch: A refresher course for all the things that women learn how to do from the time they are little girls. Most students will realize that they have already mastered the techniques, however, further learning through shared experiences proves an enlightening renaissance in this world of know-it-alls. At this time, a professor has not been officially announced because she is still bitching about the paltry compensation being offered by the male dominated, chauvinist pig

administration of the oppressive, discriminatory university staff. Upon completion of this course, the student will receive a special “Can’t Understand Normal Thinking” certificate. A Professorial announcement will be forthcoming pending a court decision and an apology by every man on the planet.

Current candidates for the reclined position include Dayna Dyke, Belinda Butch and Linda Lickit.

Faux Tears 101: A workshop for the instantaneous production of fake tears, accompanied by staccato foot stomping and uncontrollable whining. Understanding the power of tears, students learn how to produce them without emotional ties, to attain the desired results of spousal capitulation. Volunteer male subjects willing to submit to complete degradation welcome. Materials: Tissues and fresh Mascara. Instructor: Professor Winnie Whimpers, PhD.

These are just some of the exciting subjects that are covered in the all-encompassing course of study, which will prepare the student for a realistic step in the direction of wedded bliss. If done correctly, this educational process should serve as a strong detriment to the perils that await the good-intentioned individuals who cast aside all rhyme, reason, and logic to walk down the aisle with that special someone who they think they love today and all tomorrow’s.

If all this sounds somewhat pessimistic, jaded, and skewed in the direction of non-commitment, congratulate yourself for identifying the pessimism and run like hell in the direction of solitude and safety. Marriage, although often sugar coated in the beginning, is indeed a bitter pill once the thin veil of newlywed sweetness begins to dissolve. Knowing what you’re getting into before you do, will hopefully help ease the pain of kissing the rocks at the bottom of the cliff, when through no fault of your own you do the dance of the lemmings. It is of course always much easier to blame your spouse, your In-laws, your kids, your job, your dog, your pick-up truck, or anything else for a failed relationship because you are

far too perfect and couldn't possibly be responsible. Having the hell scared out of you before you get married, however, may lead to an eventual religious awakening and you just might wind up the head of your own cult, complete with a fortified burning compound, a lifetime subscription to SETI and an unlimited supply of cherry Kool-Aid.

And if this were not enough to get you thinking about entering a convent or a monastery, there would be one final barrier to overcome before you are given permission to marry. Your state or local government, upon graduation from Marriage College, would be empowered to grant your marriage permit, a necessary certificate in attaining final permission to take that fateful step.

To attain your permit, you would be required to run the gauntlet of several governmental agencies, seeking signatures, stamps, and approvals for your final 'OK.' The process would not be unlike seeking a building permit or variance through a local municipality when you are attempting to build a three thousand unit, low-income, one hundred thirty-five story housing complex on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. However, in today's politically correct world, you might just get it done.

First and foremost, you would be required to submit "Marriage Plans" in triplicate, prepared by a state certified "Marriage Planner" certified and stamped in red on the lower left corner, with psychological, physical, and spiritual profiles of the intended newlyweds attached. These plans would be submitted to an agency resembling a local Planning and Zoning Board but in this case would be called a Pumping and Bumping Board. The purpose of Bumping Board approval would be to insure, through government supervision, that the future Mr. & Mrs. adhere to the strict guidelines set by state lawmakers, for the execution of elective bumping throughout the entire term of marriage. Headaches, social diseases, and genital warts provide the only exceptions to law, allowing the victimized spouse to seek a

refund and re-examination of the findings or the option to rendezvous with either a Board secretary or office boy.

Field visits, written approvals and the signature of the state's head Bumper are required before the applicants can move on to their next step in the approval process. An 8 ½ x 14 ½ marriage card, evidencing the required state official signatures and stamps must also be posted in an obvious manner at the intended residence of the newlyweds, three months prior to the Consummation and must remain posted until final approval and a "Certificate of Intimacy" is issued. No practices resembling any form of marriage whatsoever may be engaged in until the CI is attained.

Once Pumping and Bumping has signed off, applicants would be required to submit to a blood test and secure approval from the Health Department. This is indeed a step currently on the books, however, there is an added procedure of tracing one's DNA back to the time of Christ and providing certified proof that neither of the applicants, nor any individual in their respective bloodlines was related to or had any association with any of the other two individuals crucified on that well known Friday or were related to or associated with any of the individuals who may have worked in the hardware store which provided the nails and hammer.

The next departmental approval comes from an agency resembling a Building Department and is staffed by former lawyers and politicians. In this case it is called The Bilking Department. This agency's approval is designed to assure that the male fully understands and attests to the long, painfully drawn out procedures involved in any dissolution of the marriage and agrees that he will be bilked for all he is worth by his wife, her attorney, the children, their attorneys, the dog, his attorney, and the husband's own attorney, in the likely event of divorce. In an effort to prepare for an inevitable future, this agency charges an application-

processing fee of twenty five hundred dollars and then complains that it is not enough.

The fourth and final agency to set its hand, crying rag and stamp to the approval of the Marriage Permit is an agency akin to the Environmental Protection Board. It is an agency dedicated to the preservation of virtues, values and Valium and called The Crying Yenta and Busy-body Board. Adhering to the creed “We stick our nose where it does not belong,” this board of neurotic know-it all’s has an opinion on everything without having to show credentials. It is an agency that is usually staffed by individuals who have definitive issues relating to their masculinity and who want to get even with the world. From the sheer unpredictability of flippant directives and the unreasonable demands issued to the applicants, it is apparent that the staff members of this agency had previously enrolled in a Marriage College curriculum themselves and obviously elected the “Bitch, Bitch, Bitch” course, despite the gender they choose to associate themselves with. Approvals will not be issued on bad hair days.

When the weather finally clears and the applicants have received all the required signatures and certificates, then and then only will they be allowed to pursue the mystical ride into the sunset, to be witnessed by friends and relatives alike, all wishing the happy couple years of happiness and harmony. Also observing will be the lawyers, wringing their hands, smiling with the knowledge that it is only a matter of time...

Available on Amazon Books:

Other Books by Sal Marino

“Net.Date”

“Guy Talk, Girl Talk”

