

MEET

MY HUSBAND,

jigg



by
mrs. jigg

Meet my husband, jigg. His real name is actually Raymond, but most of his friends call him "jigg". It is always spelled with a lower-case "j".

jigg is a man with many quirks. If you ever meet him, you will know that he loves to sing and randomly breaks into a song. In fact, he probably thinks his life is a musical.

*“Doe, a deer, a female deer.
Ray, a drop of golden sun!”*

That's me - Ray, I'm a drop of
golden sun!



He also likes to sit in the dark because he hates turning on the lights. So he sometimes scares the crap out of me when I walk into what I think is an empty room.



Hi, Honey Bunny!



jigg is always talking about the likelihood of an apocalypse of some sorts, whether it is a zombie apocalypse, economic apocalypse, nuclear apocalypse, meteor apocalypse...etc.

And lectures me about needing to be better prepared when or if it does happen.



Are you walking or are you running? At this pace, you'd be a liability during a zombie apocalypse.



He is always in a hurry, even when he's not in a rush. So when we're walking "together", he is always walking ahead of me as if he is mad at me or something.



Wait for me!



He also refuses to carry an umbrella when it's raining outside because he claims to "repel water" as if it's some kind of superpower.

It sounds ridiculous, but for some miraculous reason, he never seems to get wet during a rainstorm.





If left unchecked, he lacks the ability to practice moderation. He only has two modes, to “stop” and “go”.

Like that one time he ate an entire watermelon by himself. Or that other time when ate three dozen oranges...



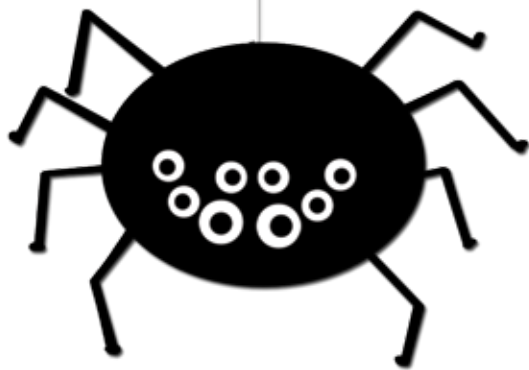
Doctor, what's
wrong with him?

He probably got an ulcer
from eating too many
oranges. Make sure he
doesn't eat anything
acidic or drink alcohol
for the next three months.

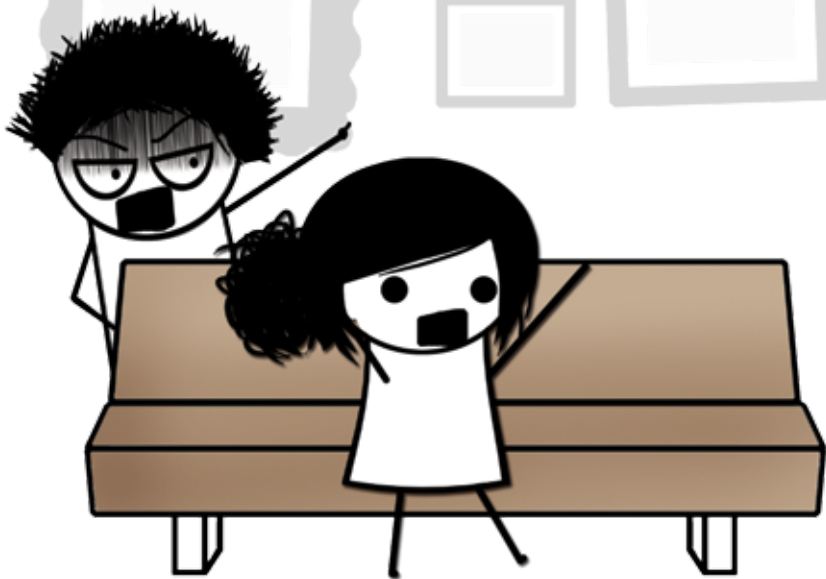


One thing I love about him is that he's
is brave guy. Except when it comes to
spiders, then he just screams like a
little girl and makes me kill them.

(I guess arachnophobia isn't uncommon,
but still!)



AHHHH!
KILL IT!



The weirdest thing of all about Jigg is that he feels awkward when people sing him the "Happy Birthday" song. He also can't eat cake because it makes him nauseous.

This makes celebrating his birthday kind of difficult.

So instead of throwing him a birthday party, I drew him this story book instead.

Happy Birthday

jigg!

Although you are a very quirky
guy, you are also the best husband
a girl can marry.

I look forward to
celebrating many
more birthdays
with you!

<3 mrs. jigg



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