

Hateful Things - A Christmas List

"Hateful Things" is actually the title of a writing class homework assignment that was so much fun I wanted to share it.

Chewing with the mouth open. On a puppy? So cute. Look how much Nuzzy Bumpkins enjoys his numnums! Awwww! On a human? Revolting, repelling, repulsive.

Sending a Christmas letter filled with hateful things.

The clickety-clickety-clickety-clicking of a woman's acrylic nails as she types away on her laptop in Starbucks sounding like an army of centipedes wearing clogs hustling through an empty train station.

Grocery store patrons cart-tailgating in an otherwise empty aisle, neither passing nor giving you the personal space normal people need. Does your caretaker know you escaped the asylum?!

Going to the classy spa for a massage and just then noticing your legs, unshaven for two weeks at least.

The customer who allows a giant chasm in the line, leaving newcomers oblivious to the fact that a line does exist and instead steps into the gap, delaying your turn by yet one more person, sucking more minutes out of your life that you will never get back. Ever.

Halloween night repeatedly sampling countless candy treats, desperately dumping the final entrapping enticements into the last visitor's bag only to realize the next morning that you wanted one more piece and there was *none left*.

Settling into amazing center orchestra seats as The Book Of Mormon's opening number begins only to have two people, arriving late, deposit themselves into the seats directly in front of you, revealing they are actually amazonian, Easter-Island headed, non-slouching circus freaks giving you a macular degenerative view for the remainder of the show.

Parents name decisions including Emmalee, Chairity, or Jessieighkah and Danyal, Jaeysin or Mykel. They are neither smaahrt nor speshul.

Jupiter, Saturn and any other enormous gaseous blob out in space that has the audacity to call itself a planet. If I can't put a chair on you and sit, you are not a real planet. Get over yourself.

The reality that you cannot overcome the loss of straw suction due to a hole no matter how hard you suck

The lady who goes to Starbucks to cut out coupons. *Schweeeeeeeep, sweeeeeeeep ... rustle rustle sweeeeeeeep*. Then *Gulp, gulp* followed by an explosive, "AHHHHHHHHHH!"

Mr. Bucket.

Every perfume commercial ever made throughout all time going back to the big bang and throughout all space extending deep into the singularity of every black hole and throughout every other possible parallel universe if you ascribe to the theory of infinite universes.

Belly fat that insists on peeking out from the bottom of a shirt's front, sides or back, as if it needs to see what's going on. Nothing is going on belly fat. Stay in your place.

People not sweeping away eraser rublets and writing right through them. Are you some interstellar alien? Because you just gave yourself away!

The cork that breaks off while still lodged in the wine bottle. And when one, gently now, tries to coax out the remainder, speaking supportively to it, letting it know how hard its life must be, and understanding its woes only to have it plunge itself into the wine with a final hateful act of exploding into millions of little cork pieces.

Clearing his throat, then clearing his throat, then clearing his throat, then clearing his throat, then clearing his throat, then clearing his throat, then - My god! Try a cough drop or a sip of water or maybe stop breathing. This current approach IS NOT WORKING.

A long pause at a really unfortunate part of the sentence: "He got a spanking new office building."

The ladybug who whilst alighted on my finger, bit me. Look ladybug, your people and my people have an agreement. While almost any bug can only expect a swat and splat from the human species, you ladybugs are given an exemption due to your docile nature, your oh-so-cute appearance and your pro-environmental stance. Did you forget about the time I fished a ladybug out of Lake Huron, 100 yards out from shore, and walked her all the way back? You, sir, are hateful!

The solitary fabric boob shield that suddenly appears in the pile of clean laundry. Where did you come from? I didn't even know you were in any of my clothes! How did you fall out? Are you essential? Will I be a

“Fashion Don’t” without you? I can’t throw you out, yet where do I put you? Do I put you next to the other random boob shield I found in my laundry 3 months ago? That one never did find its home, and I don’t have a drawer for mysterious, unclaimed boob shields. You have put me in a very awkward position

Generic Software release 10.4. Scroll bar now disappears and reappears like a leprechaun, embedded graphics now refuse to be moved like a petulant 3-year-old, and my physics equations are un-editable, set in stone like they glanced at Medusa.

A skinny person who eats four slices of pizza and then complains “I’m so fat!” A lean person who eats one slice of pizza and exclaims “Oof! I’m stuffed. This pizza is so filling. I can hardly eat one slice!”

Trying to get into your online account but then confronted by a gauntlet of baffling “security” questions they claim you answered earlier. “What’s your favorite color?” “What do you like to do to relax?” “Who sat on your left in kindergarten?” “What was the fourth answer to your final exam in Calculus II?” “Why? Discuss.” This isn’t the NSA people!! I am just trying to pay my life insurance premium.

When during your life there comes a certain president, and you think: “*This is the worst president of all times. How can I possibly endure this?*” But you do! And as time passes he becomes a faded nightmare. And then another election comes around and you realize that worst-president-of-all-times is not the worst person that can win an election.

iPhone dictation being difficult: “*I can’t wait exclamation*” or “*I would like to go to*”. And then being downright undermining: “*I am definitely*” becomes “*I am deathly*”, and “*going to grab corn bread*” becomes “*going to get a current bro bro*”, and “*then you could grab my freebie*” becomes “*thought you come rub my first bike*”, and dictated on October 25, 2016: “*Bamd. Sliddy plates.*” Really iphone?! I really sounded like I said that? You can hear “*parasaurolophus*” but you claim I said that? You put the dick in dictation.

The guy stretching on the up escalator on the way to the gym. A nice gigantic forward lunge. You can’t wait the 5 minutes to get *into* the gym? Time is not money. You are not Steph Curry. You can spare us the spectacle of your TMI bicycle short shot.

Gingerbread house. You stand there looking all yummy and scrumptious, publicly flaunting yourself, dressing all candy-slutty so we have to pay attention to you, seeming to promise a special treat, a little indulgence, yet you won’t be eaten. Not a bite. Not a lick. We have names for that sort of behavior, gingerbread house, and it isn’t something you want posted on Facebook.

Couples saying “we are pregnant.” Dude, *you* aren’t pregnant. You are not gestating a brand new human being within your uterus. You could say “We are having a baby” or “we are expecting” but, without violating basic biology, you finished your baby making job one brief moment months ago.

Standing in line.

Social anxiety in the gym when the cardio instructor lines up each half of the class along either side of the room, instructing everyone to high five when passing as we switch sides. I don’t like high fiving people I don’t know well. As we approach I think, “*Get over it, Chris.*” “*Don’t be so uptight.*” “*Just do it.*” My hand tentatively rises. “*Which of the approaching people do I high five?*” “*Should I move closer left or right?*” “*What if I’m not close enough to someone to reach hands?*” “*Then I am just raising my hand and no one high fives me back.*” “*That would be really awkward.*” My hand lowers. “*Come on, you avoid these situations too often.*” “*Man up Chris!*” “*Grow a pair!*” My hand rises. “*Do they want to high five with me?*” “*Might they be germ-phobic and refrain from touching people’s hands they don’t know?*” “*I’m not that type, but I get it – I respect that.*” My hand lowers. “*No!*” “*We are nearly shoulder to shoulder now! Carpe Diem Babe!*” “*No guts, no Glory!*” I raise my hand and as I do, I grope the oncoming woman’s boob.

And, finally, people who send out holiday cards postmarked after Christmas but act as if they were on the ball and it was the post office that caused the delay.