The girl can’t help herself

I just can’t help myself.

I’m a smart a** of the worst kind, the kind that doesn’t care if there’s anyone there to laugh but me. I amuse myself and now that I have a blog it encourages me to act out even more.

I was at an appointment for Ben yesterday. As we waited in the teal green and pink waiting room I noticed (and who couldn’t notice) the massive clock on the wall behind the check-in nurse. I mean this thing was beyond Pottery Barn big clock. It was ginormous, but stylish in a Tuscan kind of way.
It was almost spiteful in its bigness. Like the person who bought it was thinking, “Let’s see if 3,000 people a day ask me what time it is now!” As they try to cram it in their hatchback they mumble, “Someone would have to be a complete idiot to ask me with this clock behind me.”

Back in the waiting room I just couldn’t help myself. The scene played out in my head a few times. I felt peaked and clammy from trying not to do it. “Fine!” I tell myself.

I approached the counter, “Excuse me, can you please tell me what time it is?” I asked the scribbling nurse. She didn’t look up to see I was smiling to indicate I was only joking. She just pointed her ball point at the Big Ben clock.

“Just kidding,” I said and went to take my seat. “Marcy will think it’s funny,” I tell myself as I go back to reading a three month old People.