

Call me, call me anytime...well, not ANYTIME

While on the cruise, I was in one of those tincy, weency ship bathrooms with Ben..ummm...for a long time. If you have kids you know, you spend an enormous amount of time in the WC, especially during dinner or right when you have a full basket at Target... Sadly, it's no different on a ship. So, there I was staring at the blue and white tile with little Mickey heads and a woman came in, sat down and dialed. She then proceeded to chatter aimlessly with the equally chatty chatterer on the other end.

I have a few questions for that woman: At what level of friendship and intimacy do you have to be with someone to chat with them, well, there? Why would you think any one of us, innocent bathroom goers, would want to hear, in detail, every last thing you have eaten since the ship sailed?

I could see if you had a bathroom emergency at exactly the same time you had a phone emergency—the two emergencies calling for the separate elements to be coupled together, briefly, then never letting them meet again. But this was no urgent call for the Southern Belle, just a little respite time to “catch up.”

I thought surely she would hang up before the flush, but no, it was, “Oh Jules, hold on...” Whooshhhhh “Blah...no shrimp...blah...butter in their scrambled eggs..blah.” It became clear she does this all the time.

I said to myself “This is perposterious!” (Which I say to myself a lot and I always agree with myself that it is.) Well, then I just couldn't help myself (having full agreement), I just started flushing and flushing and flushing. Ben, still perched, said, “Mom, why you do that?” Because mommy likes the

idea of vigilante etiquette justice.

"Call Me" Blondie.