

If you can't say
something nice, thank
god

Business



People should stop being so insanely kind to one another. Most citizens understand this lovely, unspoken social rule, but a few don't.

I'm experiencing the worst day, and it's all because people are trying to be "nice." How am I supposed to enjoy my day when it begins with someone holding the door open for me? All I can think as I awkwardly slide beneath his welcoming arm is that I now owe a kind-hearted act to this tall buffoon who should really learn the value of applying deodorant daily. And more than that, I now have to croak out a "thank you." Sir, do you not realize the effort I must put forth to clear the mucus from my throat, so that I can waste more energy on actually saying the words? Clearly you do, and you are committing this deed to satisfy your diabolical need to torture me. The next horror I have to endure is a lady picking up something of mine after I drop it.

Excuse me, madam, but do you think I am incapable of hearing my credit card clatter on the concrete? My ears are fine, thank you, and I didn't need that insignificant card anyway; I have a hundred more like it at home. Oh, great. Now someone's moved out of my way on the sidewalk. Look, buddy, I already had a path mapped out to avoid your reckless navigation of our shared walkway, and now you're ruining it by being considerate. Don't you think I have something better to do with my day than dance an awkward tango with an insignificant stranger? Because I do.

My manicure, for instance, started half an hour ago, and it's all your fault that I'm late. And someone has just blessed me after I sneezed. Who needs that? I don't, in fact, believe that the devil is going to climb up into my sinuses after my soul has been expelled from my nostrils, especially seeing

as I have no soul. Therefore, you assuming that I should be blessed and want to be blessed is exceedingly rude. Sorry, sir, but you've certainly made an 'ass' out of 'u' and only you with this one. Since the sneezing episode, I managed to survive some time without running into unnecessary kindness, but now my luck has run out.

I've just entered my son's friend's house, and his mom has offered me a beverage. Ma'am, are you attempting to poison me? You have no idea what I'm allergic to. You could have caused me to die all because of your dumb desire to do something nice. Or how about if that drink is caffeinated? Now I'm going to spend the rest of my evening running in and out of the bathroom. Honestly, it's as if you're trying to be a jerk. Wonderful.

That woman who just insulted me with beverages is now attempting to give me some homemade cake "for the road." Why are you forcing cake on me? Are you trying to fatten me up for slaughter? Do you think this bikini-ready body happens on its own? I've had two children; I can't afford to be eating your buttery cake of doom. And I suppose you made it with love too, huh? So now I owe you a cake and love and five extra pounds to your thighs. Thank you ever so much for entrapping me in your debt. Finally, to end my escapade, I am dragging myself to the grocery store.

I know my day can't get any worse because nobody's ever nice in a grocery store. I was wrong. The cashier has just asked if I need help carrying my bags to the car. I cannot handle this! No, you judgmental fool, I do not need help taking my groceries to my car. I am independent. I am strong.

And I am certainly capable of lifting a few measly paper bags. How could you even have the audacity to suggest such an impolite idea? Do you not care for the wellbeing of our community? It's people like you who are bringing decent humans to these low depths of kindness! I'm getting sick of being treated this way. It's as if people don't understand that their actions impact everyone else. The way someone treats me can affect the rest of my day and - in the long run - my attitude toward humanity itself. So seriously, people, ask yourself this: have I been rude today?