

And you thought I talked a lot BEFORE...



By chance, Rags discovered Trixie could be talked to death.

It's recently come to my attention I talk a lot. Maybe too much.

Well, not quite recently. Over the last half of my life, I was quite the talker. As long as I was within familiar confines (home, office, friends) I could whip up a maelstrom of mindless chatter.

We won't delve into the psychological underpinnings of that character trait, suffice to say, it started out as a defense mechanism and got hit by a vat of radioactive isotopes (or cosmic rays or bitten by a irradiated spider...whatever).

But, that was then, this is cliché.

Since my hibernation or hermitdom, I've spent most of my hours within four quiet walls, day after day with nothing but myself, dust motes and the occasional insect life form to carry on conversations with (of the three, my money is on the dust motes).

Then, miraculously, I am invited out by some forgetful friend or family member, whom, from shortness of memory I must assume, doesn't recall that their precious air space will soon

be absorbed by a volume, nay, *stream* of words.

Whether any of those words form coherent sentences or thoughts is rarely known, since it's unlikely anyone else gets much opportunity to squeeze in their comments.

Unfortunately, like bad driving habits and eating foods that are not good for you, my voluminous speaking disease is difficult to change. It's somewhat unnoticed until, of course, it's already too late.

But, give my family and friends all due credit...they still willingly inflict that punishment on themselves on a regular basis.

And that is a topic worth exploring further tomorrow.