

The Black Sharpie

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A few weeks ago, Becky told me that one of her resolutions for the new year was that she would stop holding grudges. She intended to let bygones be bygones and instead offer good thoughts for people who wronged her.

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After she made her statement, I could tell she wanted me to reciprocate with a similar gesture of kindness. What followed was one of those uncomfortable silences after which I finally said, "Well, I'm not doing that. That's no fun!"

Unlike Becky, I quite enjoy holding a grudge and the payback that often comes after. I have no reason to take the high road because I like the scenic road that I travel.

My husband likes to joke that I have a little black book. Cross me and your name goes in the book. Depending on the grievance, it's either written in pencil, pen or black Sharpie.

My system is quite simple...

- 1) Pencil is reserved for what others might consider insignificant slights. But to me, no slight is insignificant. By writing it in pencil, however, I generously allow the "slightor" the chance for redemption.
- 2) Pen is one level up. Most of my grievances are written up in this manner. Pen is much harder to get out but if you try really hard, you can usually at least lighten the ink.
- 3) Black Sharpie is reserved for only a chosen few. And we all know...nothing gets out Sharpie.

The little black book is only half the fun.

My friend Lisa coined a phrase - "full circle." Lisa's college roommate was a dreadful girl. The last straw came the senior year of college when this dreadful girl began dating the college football star and summarily advised Lisa that she would never be so lucky. She married the star at a big lavish wedding. She didn't invite Lisa.

A few years later, Lisa called me up.

"Hey, do remember dreadful girl? She got a divorce."

"Really, what happened?" I asked.

"Turns out the football star was gay – big time!"

Thus the term "full circle" was coined. I am a firm believer that what goes around comes around. It may not be right then and there but it always happens and when it does, I like to sit back and watch. Sometimes, I even pop popcorn for the show.

So, while Becky tried to school me on the "high road," I similarly tried to school her on the virtues of having a "book of grievances."

Finally, exasperated Becky said, "you know you are insane, right?"

Thereafter, I pulled out my Sharpie.

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