**Idiosyncrasy** is a noun defined by the Encarta Dictionary as: 1. **quirk**; a way of behaving, thinking, or feeling that is peculiar to an individual or group, especially an odd or unusual one. 2. **unusual response to something**: an unusual or exaggerated reaction to a drug or food that is not caused by an allergy.

**Pet peeve**, also a noun, defined as: **particular personal complaint**; somebody’s constant topic of complaint.

**MOUTH RELATED**

I have complaints, pet peeves and idiosyncrasies abound. I am a plethora of irks, quirks and peculiarities. I cannot stand the sound of someone chewing or swallowing food. It sends me right back to sitting at the table with my parents as every egg squished, each hash brown mushed and all beverages slurped. The sounds of eating are grotesque. Witness to such sounds is as horrifying to me as a dog licking itself. “Necessities,” I tell myself, “eating and cleaning are necessary functions, natural even.” It makes no difference. It makes me gag to hear a coffee slurper. The repulsion it evokes inside me is insanely overwhelming. It can almost turn me from a person; lead me to avoid them even. The sheer disgust I feel when hard candy is sucked with a lip smack, tongue-click resonates for an eternity in my head. I don’t care if this licking, sucking, slurping, biting, chewing happens in public or in the privacy of someone’s home. If I have to endure it my skin crawls. It can even make me perspire in my flabbergasted state. The worst is when those loud eaters are unaware.

**THE BEST WORST STORY**

My first date was at The Spaghetti Factory with the hottest blond, summer-tanned, blue-eyed 7th grader alive. His best friend took my best
friend and he took me. Of course we were chaperoned by the boys’ parents, both sets. We dined at The Spaghetti Factory in Tacoma, Washington before heading out to Husky Stadium. Regardless of my lack of interest in football, I was interested in Steve. Until the fateful moment he took his first bite of salad with bleu cheese dressing and not only chewed with his mouth open, but bits of blue and white laden lettuce fell out of his mouth while he did it! My mouth gaped open, manners are one thing, but the noise of it shocked me. It was as if I was inside his mouth hearing the saliva splash about like an ocean tide. Teeth gnashing and grinding the crisp, crunchy lettuce leaves like a jackhammer on concrete. I could not stand sitting beside him at the game thinking of all that salad that managed to go down in a tangle of noodles and red sauce.

**BUT WAIT, THERE’S MORE!**

It does not stop here. People who hover over their meals and rarely glance up, let alone look up or sit up straight while devouring, push me over the edge. How I managed to develop a fetish for feeding people, sharing food and using my fingers whenever possible I will never know. I will feed anyone with my fingers, let them lick my fingers even—if and only if—they can manage to sit up and take it, and chew with their mouth closed. This fetish is a complete test in sensuality that resides around food, but there are rules as strict as an S&M contract. One bad gulp and game over. It’s the equivalent of not passing go, not collecting two hundred dollars.

**“UNCLEAN,” THEY CRIED!**

My pet peeves are as rigorous as confession and as abundant as sin. I have no idea where they came from or how I developed them, but they are mine, they are here to stay and I cannot get over them try as I might. I once
put a hunk of cheese, a five-pound brick to be exact, in the middle of the hallway outside the bedroom door to see how many days my lover would have to step over it before it dissipated into a moldy mass encrusted into the carpet. Each day it was stepped over, unquestioned, I placed a piece of tape one inch closer to the front door. When my tape reached the door before the cheese was moved, I moved out. No regrets. I cannot stand dirtiness, uncleanliness or too much disarray. I am quite aware that I sound as if I have obsessive compulsive disorder, and I just might, although I’ve never been diagnosed (formally or professionally) as such. My behavioral quirks may very well be as rude as I deem the behaviors that send my peeves into a spin out of revolt. I liken this disgust to the equivalent of an old, nasty, dust-laden spider web left to hang from the ceiling in an otherwise immaculate house.

**DISCLOSURE**

I have no problem being a human being with normal bodily functions. I am not modest. I will pee in front of my significant other and even pass gas. This, I suppose is abhorring to many. I will splay open a nasty blemish in an unreachable spot on someone’s back, peel sunburnt skin, preg-check a cow... but I cannot stomach a person whose navel smells or whose sweat is left unwiped and begins to form that slimy clear coat sheen as if their body were a car to polish up with a sweat ball of Turtle Wax.

Furthermore, I cannot stand body hair. I remove all of mine save one tiny triangle, so why can’t people have the same consideration? Body hair traps odor and accentuates it like a well-fitted bra enhances boobs. No one likes to lick, suck, kiss, bite or get hair caught in their teeth. Myself included.

**NAMED “BITCH”**

To top the list is a kiss. People who kiss and sound like they are sucking
out one another’s lungs is the worst. (Unless, of course, I am on the receiving end of it.) Then, it’s more than worse. I almost threw up on a loud smacking kisser. Most girls would revel in a thousand kisses all over their body. I would if I couldn’t hear the spit hit my skin, the pursed suck of air coming and going with each planted smooch. I actually got up and left. I never returned, never called back...hence, he deemed me a bitch. Fine, I’ll revel in a fest of bitchiness.

DO NOT PASS GO...

There is nothing sensual or sexy about a sloppy kiss. A kiss should not be done in haste. It should not be something that feels like you just shared a drink from the same glass simultaneously. Kissing is personal. The goal, last time I checked, is not to “swap spit,” although DNA becomes enmeshed in such acts. The goal, I believe, is to evoke arousal by means other than wagging a tongue at someone’s face and accidentally licking their eye ball.

I’ve kissed boys and men in the course of my life, some good, some not so much. I adore kissing women and have since sworn off men, at least in theory. I’ve determined (not chosen) my “side” and living lesbian proved not all it’s cracked up to be. For awhile, I’ve chosen to be single, not to date, to know myself and get comfortable with who I am. That said, I’m now thinking aloud or at least on paper, about the things I will avoid and the things I will look for. They coincide and coexist, really.

I want to post a sign that says: Loud, sloppy kissers: keep walking; do not even think about soliciting here, you missed “GO” before you hit the porch. I should have invented Monopoly™ or at least The Game of Life™; it would have been much more interesting.

CALL TO ORDER
Now that I feel like a complete bitch, I am frantically seeking some justification for this rant. I can’t find any. I’m still an excellent dinner date and a sensual passion filled woman. I am complex perhaps, but not OCD. So I am sensitive to noise. I still love a blasting stereo while smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee on a long drive to nowhere in particular. I will not let you drive because most people tailgate and that pisses me off. And yes, cigarettes are a dirty habit, but coffee and a smoke is a more affordable and formidable vice than those I have chosen in the past. We all have imperfections.

SIDE NOTE

I’ve given up wearing underwear. It saves laundry, never matches the bra anyway, so why? I don’t have parts to hold in or hold down. What jerk decided that big girls or girls with boobs should not have access to bras and panties that match? Who said it would be cool to make panties that feel more like sandpaper and like something less than silk between our soft thighs? What insipid creature concluded that large girls desire to have lace-like flowery things that show through our blouses making us feel like a fat lady bent over in a muu-muu? I hate stupid girls who get breast enhancements then bitch about this very same factoid. That’s another thing—women who think it’s sexy to “do it” in a pair of stilettos. No dice. Take them off me like everything else and then we’ll talk, which hopefully ends in a nice f*ck or something.

CAUTION

Don’t argue a point if you are not certain that you are right and don’t do it in public anyway. I hate people who just have to make a scene or just have to haggle for a bargain. They sound stupid. That’s what coupons are for and I am an avid clipper.

Please do not put your child on a leash, but do pick up your dog’s poop (preferably without holding the bag to his butt before it hits the ground). It makes me gag to step in dog poo and it pisses me off to have to pick it up when it didn’t come from my dog.

When you drive, don’t be an asshole cussing out every passing car and
keep a safe distance. (Yes, I can read the oxymoronic value of having cursed in the last sentence.) People who yell are often interpreted as violently associated morons who cannot control their tempers. How sexy is that as we drive toward a romantic evening out?

Know your body and what makes it sexy, attractive and desirable. Its fragrance is controllable. Its sound effects are also controllable. Try a little Ralph Lauren....

For crying out loud—EAT! Enough of this “thin is in” and “tiny equals sexy” shit. But take a course in etiquette unless determined to forever dine alone.

I will not stay the night. I may leave at the break of dawn, but I can’t fall asleep unless we live together. Besides snoring is yet another mouth related pet peeve along with breath in my face and morning breath. Furthermore, do not assume you can stay the night either. That morning “coyote ugly” thing has happened to me more than once.

The color red sends me into a rage whether I show it or just feel the surge through my body. Red lipstick is hookerish and red lingerie mid f*ck looks like blood, not something “hot.”

I despise a mister or misses “Knowsomuch.” Know when to keep your mouth shut. And then there’s the thing about fundamentalist Christians, but I think that might belong in another category so I’ll save it.

PROFILE

If your vision of a bitch (that word being used as an affectionate term within your vocabulary) consists of a woman with jet black hair blowing in the wind of the open car window, smoking cigarettes, fantasizing about a perfect kiss at the next stop, self-combusting with idiosyncrasies, and waiting to explode like dynamite, then I’m your girl!

FINE PRINT

Please, do not say “I love you” on the first date—unless you actually have that two hundred dollars in your pocket. I’m not banking you’ll spend it on me; I just want to know you can get past the front porch.