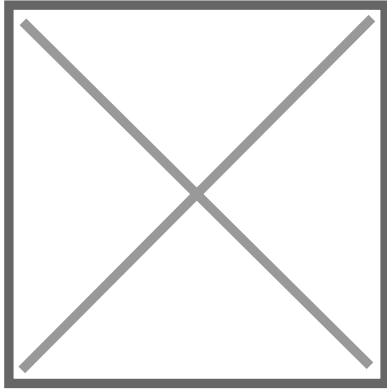




I Was In a Bad Mood, Untilâ?!. ..

Description

Oh my God. I am in a **really** fucking bad mood today. Itâ??s so bad, in fact, that lâ??m actually laughing, thinking about how pissed off I am.

Whatâ??s caused such a drastic mood shift, you ask? Absolutely nothing. Seriouslyâ?! nothing. Sometimes, lâ??m just fucking pissed off for absolutely no reason, whatsoever. Butâ?!. thereâ??s a silver lining. Due to my insanely bad mood, I need to â??express myselfâ?• so as to rid my body of these toxic feelings. Blah blah blah. Seriously, thoughâ?! seeing as how I am in such a foul mood, things that normally annoy me, **really** annoy the fuck out of me when lâ??m in a funk. So, for the purposes of this post, I shall simply tell you about the last couple of days, the different people I encountered and the reasons why they should all just do me a favor and die.

To the Lady Who Doesnâ??t Know What a Stop Sign Is:

I fucking hate you. Are you actively *trying* to kill yourself or someone else? I donâ??t think stop signs could be ANY MORE SELF-EXPLANATORY if they tried. Itâ??s got EIGHT fucking sides. Itâ??s BRIGHT RED. It says but one word. **STOP**. SERIOUSLY. Itâ??s really that simple. You see a stop signâ?! you stop, **bitch**!!! If I have to take my kid to the ER because your dumb Escalade couldnâ??t wait that extra half-second for YOUR TURN, I will find out where you live, and I will do absolutely nothing, cuz lâ??m a pussy. But lâ??ll definitely think about standing on the sidewalk and imagine doing something horrible to you. And itâ??ll involve a stop sign. And most likely probing of some sort.

To the Mom Who Likes To Park Between Spaces @ School:

You suck. I hate you. Get over yourself, ho. Youâ??re driving a Saab, for Godâ??s sake. Your car didnâ??t just get detailed; although it certainly looks like it could use one. And so do you, you persnickety, pouty brat with so much Botox above your eyes, I can almost guarantee that your husband could fuck your eye socket if he tried.

I wonâ??t talk shit about your kid. Theyâ??ll get enough of that on the playground when other kids realize his mom is related to Pennywise.

To the Mom Giving Our Table Dirty Looks Because I Let My Kids Be Kids:

Guess what? My kids are smiling and your son looks depressed. NO JOKE. He kept looking over at the table, wishing he could join. Oh, you don't like that I gave my boys rainbow hair? Well guess what? I don't like the fact that you think in 2015, Birkenstocks are okay.

Oh, and you don't like that fact that my children are laughing and enjoying themselves? Well, I don't like the fact that you look like you have sex like a dead fish.

Oh, and if you'll notice, I don't give one flying circus elephant fuck that you kept shaking your head at me with disapproval. Your husband is cheating on you. I guarantee it.

To the Grocery Clerk Who Insisted I Was Mispronouncing Organic:

Dude. Dude. Seriously, dude. You live in fucking California, for fuck's sake.

I was trying to help you, I really was. At first I thought perhaps you had an accent; but when you visually showed me with your jaw how to pronounce it, and I had also determined that you were not mentally disabled, I was at a loss. I studied Linguistics in college, sir. If I can't pronounce organic, I need to give back my fucking degree.

Him: This one is really good for kids.

Me: Oh great. And it's organic even better.

Him: You mean orgaynic.

Me: What's orgaynic?

Him: What you just described the all-natural protein drink. It's not pronounced organic.

Me: I'm sorry, what?

Him: Yes, I know.

Me: Ummm, I'm pretty positive it's pronounced organic.

Him: No no. It can't be. You see, the A is right next to the N, so it has to be pronounced as a long A, as in orgaynic.

This is where he set down his can of peas in order to demonstrate, with his jaw, the correct way to pronounce the word that apparently the rest of us keep repeatedly fucking up. I just stood there and stared at him, and after about five seconds of silence, I asked him,

So is your favorite movie Titaynic?

Him: Huh?

Me: *â??Nevermind. Thanks for your help.â?? at least lâ??m pronouncing â??Thanksâ?? correctly.*

To the Lady Who Repeatedly Attempted to Open My Bathroom Stall @ Target:

lâ??m not attracted to you. Please stop trying to force yourself on me. I donâ??t know if youâ??ve got some kind of fucked up golden shower fetish, but how many times must I tell you that lâ??m in the fucking stall? And speaking of stallsâ?!. there are like, FIVE others. Leave me alone! Youâ??re giving my urethra stage fright. Great. Now I canâ??t pee and need a distraction. Can someone please tell me a fucking story?

To the Lady Who Decided to Open a Target Account Right In Front of Me:

Bitch?!?!?!?! You know exactly how youâ??d feel if the roles were reversed. Now I have to sit here and watch my frozen waffles melt while you decide which phone number to put on the form. How about 911, since I want to fucking kill you. Go away! Fill that shit out on your own time. This isnâ??t a flash sale or Black Friday. If youâ??re that desperate to save 5% on a \$70 purchase, void your sale and get back in line. Ugh.

Wow â?? I actually feel better. Thanks, computer! Who knew simply â?? wait. Hold onâ?!

Holy LIVE update: My close friend and photographer just posted a new photo of me from a Boudoir series on her Instagram account.

@laurabravomertz

Fuck my bad mood. This frown has been turned UPSIDE DOWN!!!!

lâ??m not even gonna re-read this shit. lâ??m posting as is. Life is good! The aforementioned assholes have been hereby pardoned.

Enjoy the rest of this fabulous day!!!! <3

Category

1. Uncategorized

Tags

1. bad mood
2. cristiam alfonso
3. highasakate
4. kater79
5. laura bravo-mertz
6. LOVEthirteen
7. san diego boudoir

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