



You're Annoying!

Description

What's up!! I am no longer in a bad mood, BUT! when I WAS in a bad mood, I wrote about people who should just basically do us all a favor and die. Well, I'm happy to report that the response to that post was overwhelmingly positive, and people wanted more, so ask and you shall receive.

Since whenever I blog, it's **ALWAYS** live, I will get texts and comments on my social media and phone with ideas for posts like this. So far I've gotten a few that are pretty *on the fuckin' money*.

Having said that, this post is pretty self-explanatory. If you are guilty of any of these, and I'm sure I am, too, stop immediately, or please die.

Chewing Gum With Your Mouth Wide Open

Look, if I were a dude, and I saw a chick smacking her gum like she had a bunch of Milk Duds stuck in her teeth, my dick would stay as far away as humanly possible from her. What the fuck! Who are you trying to deep throat, whore? Not to mention, the face you make when you smack gum tells me the following information:

- 1) You most likely own a bright pink faux fur vest and/or hooded jacket.
- 2) You have a smell a fart face. Think about it. No one looks happy smacking their gum. And, if they're smiling while they're doing it, they're fucking crazy, so run!!
- 3) You own lots and Lots of gloss
- 4) You have at least one ex named Johnny

Constantly Foaming at the Corners of Your Mouth

No joke. Back in college, I was really excited to take this particular history class. I remember the first day, vividly. I sat in the front row (less distracting for me), and then the professor turned around. He

smiled and then when his face rested, there it was. But waitâ?!. what was it? Iâ??d seen it before on other people, but only in passing. Now I had the opportunity to study it, and I was deeply perplexed. Seriously, did he just cum in his own mouth? Does the poor guy have rabies? Is he saving some cream cheese for a snack? What the fuck is going on? And it got worse. Every so often, while speaking, spittle would fly out of his mouth, directly at the front rowâ?!. where I was sitting. Great. Iâ??m taking history class at Sea World, and I forgot my tarp. I swear, if that shit had been venomous, I would not be here to tell the tale. I couldnâ??t take it. I dropped the class after only two sessions. With my gag reflex, I could see the crystal ball, and it was filled with vomit.

Using a Toothpick at the Table

Let me ask you a question. If we were out having a nice dinner, would you want to watch me eat my leftovers, before they even *were* leftovers? Fuck no, you wouldnâ??t!!! Picking your teeth at the table is one of the most disgusting things I can even think of. Itâ??s one thing if you have something stuck in your tooth, and your friend politely points it out so you can fix it. But thatâ??s not what Iâ??m talking about, and you dirty fuckers know it. Those creepy folk who look like theyâ??re going on a fucking treasure hunt inside their mouths, and when they think theyâ??ve â??struckâ? something, they pull it **out** of their mouths to examine it and determine whether or not to eat it.

You know what? Iâ??m gonna ralphâ?!. moving on!

Coughing and NOT Covering Your Mouth

You people need to watch Contagion. End. Of. Story. You should have learned that shit in pre-school.

Calling MY House and Then Asking Me Who I Am

Motherfucker, you called me! I ainâ??t telling you shit.

Showing Up to My House, Unannounced

Oh helllllllll no. There are literally THREE people on this entire planet who have the green light to show up to my house, unannounced. And no â?? none of those three people are related to me. Iâ??ve got three kids. My house is a mess. Maybe Iâ??m drowning my sorrows in a bucket of ice cream. Perhaps Iâ??m upstairs having a romantic date with myself. You really wanna be responsible for interrupting that shit? Good luck staying my friend. You want to enter my personal space? Ask first. I can honestly say Iâ??ve maybe shown up unannounced, twice in my life, and one of them was because I needed to make sure the person in question hadnâ??t just killed themselves. No joke.

Eating Like Shit & Then Subjecting the World to Your Constant Complaining

Iâ??m sure this one will piss a bunch of people off. Guess what? I donâ??t care. If youâ??re going to fill your body with nothing but crap and then complain about not being healthy and in shape, I do not feel sorry for you. Iâ??m not a shrink. I donâ??t give a shit about the â??emotionalâ? aspect of it. We all deal with things in our own way, and if you want to clog your arteries and almost guarantee an early exit from this world, shut the fuck up and donâ??t complain. ***Itâ??s like listening to you read the rest of us the longest suicide note in history.*** Bottom line? If you arenâ??t happy with the way you look, do something about it. Because complaining about it only works out your jaw. And if youâ??re constantly

shoving crap down your throat, then your jaw is obviously getting enough exercise, as it is.

Being In Denial About Your Size

Listen, I'm not a fat-shamer. It's your life it's your business. I don't care what size you are as long as you're happy. **However**... with certain people, and at certain points, you inevitably involve the rest of the community when you choose to walk around in clothes that barely fit over your head. If you're not a size 6, so what? Not a size 4? Who cares? Not a size 16? Whatever... But regardless of what size you **are**... that should ALSO be the size you **wear**. I get it. You really want to fit into those size 8 jeans you rocked 5 years ago. Unfortunately, your Papa, named John and cousins Ben & Jerry, took over your life, and now you're a 12. Stop rolling your eyes. A size 12 is not large. But my point is, that being a size 12 and *attempting* to wear a size 8 is just sad. Seriously. It's really, really sad. I know you own a mirror. I know you take selfies. I know you had to lie down and pray to the gods that the zipper didn't break as you forcibly assaulted it all the way to the top. You're not blind. What are you trying to prove? Do you work for Consumer Products? Are you testing the durability of the garment? If so, let me tell you. You're at the fuckin' red line. Back away, slowly, and take those poor pants off. Rock your size. Ain't no shame in how you look.

Rich People with Bad Hair

There are no words, and there are no excuses. You're fucking rich, for fuck's sake. And this applies to men AND women. I've seen some fucked up hairstyles in my day, and I'm always shocked to hear that the people sporting such hair aren't homeless or going through heroin withdrawals. Just like the ladies and men mentioned above, I know you own a mirror. **Hire someone to tell you the truth**. And if you happen to live in San Diego, and are suffering from a rich people follicle problems, **Tara Leard @ Hair Lounge in Solana Beach (858)755-4522** is beyond amazing. **AND NO** she is not paying me to write that. I only give compliments where compliments are due. Bribes don't work. But I'm dead serious, get your hair fixed, asap. I guarantee all of your friends are talking shit about you. I know I am, and I don't even know you.

People Who Talk About Themselves in the Third Person

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!!!!!!

You are a joke. I literally have NO respect for you. You are an idiot. And you also apparently watch way too much Elmo.

Text Fighting

Oh my GOD!!!! Can someone PLEASE enlighten me? Has anyone ever engaged in an argument via text and made up at the end? I don't mean a tiny misunderstanding; I'm talking a full-blown argument. Listen, world. It is virtually **impossible** to accurately read into what another person is saying when you aren't there to listen to their intonation, affect, watch their eyes, hear the quivering or lack thereof in their voices. When you're mad at someone, your CAPITAL LETTER texts come across as screaming. I know this cuz I've been accused of it, when in actuality, I was only trying to reiterate a point, but I can totally see why someone would think that. I'm guilty as charged. That's why it's always important to talk face to face. Especially as adults. It's not like we need to be afraid that the argument will turn physical. And if that is a concern, then that person has no business being in

your life, in the first place.

People Who Take Foreverâ?!. Literallyâ?!. to Respond to My Texts

You know who you are. We both know youâ??re reading this, laughing, and apologizing PROFUSELY to the screen. And Iâ??m not talking to just one of you. I can think of at least five people to whom this applies. Newsflash!!! Iâ??m texting you because Iâ??m thinking about you and Iâ??m a SAHM with no life outside of motherhood. Iâ??m needy and want attention from other adults. Send me an emoji. Send me a meme. Send me a Dear John letterâ?; I donâ??t care. Just donâ??t leave me hanginâ??!

Disclaimer: I do have one or two friends who are also guilty of this, but I donâ??t care about them as much so it rolls right off my back.

Liking One Spouse and Hating the Other

Do you have any idea how hard it is to make solid friendships with other couples? This is a chronic problem for MANY MANY MANY MANY people. The worst is having to hang out with a couple when you adore the wife but think the husband is a total douche; or the opposite. The guy is cool, but the wife singlehandedly represents everything I hated about every cool girl in high school. I will say Iâ??ve been very fortunate, because I like 99.99999% of the other couples I know. So to my friends reading this, chances are, youâ??re safe. Lol.

People Who Refuse to Wear Deodorant

If I can smell you, **you can smell you**. Which meansâ?!. the world can smell you. Ew.

Okay, Iâ??m bored. One of my favorite songs is playing so I must dance. And in case youâ??re interested, itâ??s called ***â??Til It Hurts by Yellow Claw***.

(Hashtag dude)

Category

1. Uncategorized

Tags

1. annoying
2. high as a kate
3. highasakate
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Date Created

July 9, 2015

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