



Shit I Learned in 2020

Description

Listen, I know that this year has absolutely sucked for the vast majority of us, and although I keep hearing the news talk about *the light at the end of the tunnel*, the truth of the matter is that I have no fucking clue to which tunnel they are referring, cuz from where I'm standing it's more like a labyrinth and all roads lead to Hell. Yes, yes I am a cynic; trust me when I tell you that I would absolutely love to be proven wrong. But thus far, I have no reason to be all that optimistic.

My last post was dedicated to the deep and thoughtful lessons I've learned over this past year, and while I know it resonated with many of you, at the end of the day I know most of us could do with less *Kumbayaing* and more *LMAOing*. So, with that in mind I decided to take a different approach and write about shit I learned in 2020 that made me laugh and left me with more questions than answers, mixed in with some dumbfoundedness and an overall feeling of what can only be described as awkwardness. I spoke to a few people willing to be open and honest, and after swearing on my kids that I wouldn't divulge their identities, I convinced them to share some sad truths about their lives that transpired this year. Hopefully at least one of you laughs, and honestly, I hope some of y'all hate it cuz then I can laugh at you, too.

So, with that said, here are FIVE THINGS I learned in 2020, and they are in no particular order of importance.

Some OB/GYNs rate your vagina

Well, damn! I had no idea. Did you know that? I didn't but I do now and so do you. This is easily one of the funniest fucking things I have ever heard, and it came from a good friend of mine and bitch does not bullshit, or at least I seriously hope she doesn't. In fact, when those words first came out of her mouth I made her repeat them and then still wasn't sure I'd heard her correctly.

So apparently when you go in for your yearly exam, which can only be described as *medieval*, there's always a monitor in the examination room that the doctors and nurses use to keep track of certain stats for each patient; I've seen it and I can only assume the majority of you have, too. To be honest I've never really paid attention to these stats, although I do know that the info includes things

like the patient's DOB, medical history, height, weight, etc.; what I *didn't* know, however, is that among these stats is apparently also a rating scale of some sort that indicates where on said scale your vagina lands. Ummm, what?

I myself have never actually seen this, but my friend told me she had but only because when she had entered the examination room the screen from the previous patient had been left illuminated and apparently also informative. Uhhh, can someone please show me what a vagina scale looks like? I am dying to know. Not to mention, what happens to the vaginas that rate lower on the scale? Do the docs swipe left? Do they get added to a list of unmentionables or undesirables? Do the medical professionals discuss these pussies after closing? And what happens if the vaj rates high? Is a photo printed out and put on a trophy board? What happens??? Tell meeeee. What's more, how *exactly* is the *rate* of the vagina determined? Honestly, I'm not exactly sure I want to know. I mean, I'd be lying if I said I *didn't* want to know where mine falls on the scale, but I feel like that rating should be left to my girlfriend to determine, don't you think? And what exactly makes a vagina highly rated? OMG *highly rated* just like the videos on porn sites! Holy shit. I bet they have a site dedicated to vaginas and they're sorted just like the videos on, for example, Pornhub. (gasp) I bet if you were to visit the site there would be options to sort the vaginas by *most watched*, *recently added*, and you guessed it *highly rated*. I seriously want *no*, I **need** to know where I can find this site. And what do you think the name of this site is even called? **PussyHub? VajGrading.com? IsYourTwatHotOrNot? RateMyVulva?** Tell meeeee!

I actually texted the friend who relayed this story last night to let me know if I had left out any pertinent details, and if she responds with any you can bet your asses, or in this case vaginas, that I'll be adding them to this post *immediately*.

And for the record, according to her doctor hers was rated as *pink & healthy*.

Laser Hair Removal Ain't Always Done Properly

I gotta admit, this one hit a little close to home. I had laser done a few times years ago and then decided to go back cuz shaving is annoying and so are ingrowns. Ugh they are so aesthetically unpleasing. As a matter of fact *you* wanna know what **else** is annoying and unpleasing? Those fucking stragglers that seem to find what amounts to spider holes on your legs *behind the knees*, down by your ankle, your inner thighs, etc. Seriously, where the fuck do they come from???? I do four or five leg checks before getting out of the shower, yet I start drying off and I can literally feel them observing me like we're out in the wild. WTF do you want? A ride home? Dinner? Do you need me to call you an Uber? GTFO *no one* wants you here. Ugh.

Anyway, I found out from one of my friends that after getting laser around her lady bits, she was pretty confident that the days of everyday shaving were behind her. But alas, she was sadly mistaken. Quarantine taught her many things, and one of those things is, if you *don't* get your laser hair removal done properly, and then you stop bothering to shave, pretty soon your vagina starts to resemble a teenage boy's face after growing his first three random patches of facial hair. Come to think of it, I know plenty of men who have this same follicle structure. I guess it brings new meaning to the term *prePUBescent*.

Truthfully, the same applies to basically every part of your body, but if youâ??re gonna pay upwards of a grand to have Darth Vader take his laser and murder your follicles, at least he could be thorough, ya know? Lukeâ?! I am your father. Damn right you are. But you wanna know what youâ??re not? A talented aesthetician. Bottom line? Stay away from my vagina, Darth. Youâ??re not wanted. And while youâ??re at it, take your little patchy minions with youâ?. asshole.

Some Husbands Still Canâ??t Locate the Clitoris

I. Kid. You. Not.

I learned this little factoid from a friend of mine. Maybe her husband is the only one; for his sake I hope heâ??s not. Then again, for the wivesâ?? sakes, I hope he is. Anyway, what makes this tidbit of enlightenment extra special is that I wasnâ??t even asking for anything! It just came up in regular conversation. Yes â?? my â??regularâ?? conversations often include crazy shit like this. Itâ??s way more fun to discuss sex, aliens and drugs than shopping, scrapbooking and potlucks. Fact.

Where do I even begin with this one? When she first told me, my initial reaction was to laugh because there was absolutely zero way she was being serious â?? zero.way. But oh yes, yes she was. I had to ask her once again if she was lying and I did all of this while absolutely laughing my ass off and hearing absolute silence at the other end of the couch. I mean, cummonâ?! how could I **NOT** laugh at this?! This is the shit you only read about in memes. But to meet an actual living witness to this? Oh boy.

Once I stopped laughing and realized she wasnâ??t in fact bullshitting me, I immediately got sadâ? and inquisitive, while simultaneously laughing hysterically on the inside. So then I asked her why after twenty something years of marriage she hadnâ??t bothered showing him. Twenty goddamn years! Well, apparently she had finally shown him, but only recently, as in only about 6 months previous to our conversation. So THEN of course my next question was, *â??Now that he knows, what exactly does he do when he goes down on you?â??* Her response? *â??Iâ??m not sure.â??* â?? Whatâ?.theâ?.fuuuh? What does that even mean, *â??Iâ??m not sureâ??*. How are you not sure? **Itâ??s your vagina!** I didnâ??t say that of course, although Iâ??m pretty sure my facial expression said more than my words ever could. So after reconnecting the synapses in my brain, I asked, *â??Ok, soâ?! now that he knows where it is, what does he do with it?â??* (Side question â?? I know we like to post memes about men striggling to find this sweet spot, but how is a clitoris THAT hard to locate? Itâ??s literally RIGHT SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE! Not to mention, vaginas are only like what, three or four inches long? I didnâ??t measure mine so thatâ??s just a random measurement. **(Come to think of it, you know what? Perhaps 2020 isnâ??t the labyrinth after all.)**

So I pose this question and you wanna know what she says? Oh god, wait for itâ?. she says,

â??He presses his tongue really hard against it and moves his tongue up and down so aggressively that my clitoris gets irritated and starts to burn.â??

WHAAAAAT?!?!?!?

How has she not divorced this man? Iâ??m dead serious. Apparently dead like her clitoris. How can my poor friend put up with this crap?! Isnâ??t this illegal? This has got to be illegal somewhere. Can we make it illegal? Iâ??m gonna call my attorney. She should be entitled to compensation for damagesâ?!

damages to her poosayyy.

Needless to say, I cannot wait until this shit show is over so I can actually see her in person again. And I hope that when I do her husband is home so I can judge him profusely in my mind. Knowing me, I'll most likely start laughing at him, too, and if he asks me why I'm laughing I'll just tell him he wouldn't get it, or in this case should I say he wouldn't find it?

PS She doesn't tell him he's doing it wrong, so you know what? She actually deserves what she gets. Come to think of it, I may not be able to remain friends with her after this.

Some Houses Have Too Many Bathrooms

I never realized that there was such a thing as "too many bathrooms" until we started homeschooling our kids and hearing the horror stories from more than a few friends, including myself. Having them around all day is great and all, but at the same time we often find ourselves asking them if they could please limit their shitting quarters (no pun intended) to one or two bathrooms instead of engulfing the house in a fiery haze of rotten eggs and decomposing flesh. I cannot think many things stinkier than boy farts and shits, and I don't care if you disagree with me or not cuz if you do, you're wrong. I said what I said.

Not only do their satanic aromas follow them into every room like a fucking entourage, but they linger and stay longer after the kid has left. On top of that, the boys like to either claim them proudly or deny til they die. They're the worst liars! And what's even worse than that is that in my house, once they realize they've been found out, *the creepiest serial killer smile appears on their faces*. We're talking some real Dahmer shit (also no pun intended). Which, if you think about it makes sense because what escapes their assholes smells like death. I swear, next time one of them farts I'm gonna go check on the neighbors to make sure they're still breathing. And I know some of you reading this are thinking it's all about their diet! well guess what? Fuck you, that's what. Cuz I've tried it all, and let me tell you, ain't nothin' gonna keep them out of the methane gang.

You Can't Hide Your Disability From Your Tinder Date

The date in question took place at the beginning of March before shit starting getting shut down, and I wasn't given the information specifically for this post, but it was too good not to include. My friend and i were talking about her date from the previous weekend and once she relayed this story to me I immediately added the cliff-notes to my notepad because I knew, **I KNEW** this would come in handy at some point. So thank you, Jane Doe.

Before I tell this story I want to make it very clear that this in no way is meant to offend anyone with a disability, ok? In fact, I find it ridiculous that our society has gotten to place where I even have the need to make this point. In Living Color, anyone? Man, take me back to THOSE good old days. And what's more, it's not even about the disability itself, but about the attempted coverup. And if what you read does offend you, then do yourselves a favor never read the majority of my other blog posts. Ever.

Ok, now that that's out of the way, here's what happened. My friend and I were discussing what dating in 2020 is like, in general, and based on the look she gave me I knew that what I was about to hear would be nothing short of mind-blowing and hysterical. She's never been married and uses a few different dating apps cuz she's still hopeful that the right one is out there waiting for her. She'd told me prior to the date about this guy whom she'd matched with, and he was really handsome and played soccer for a number of years and seemed overall to be a catch. To me that was red flag number one. Guys like that are usually already taken, have expectations that are unrealistic or they're lying. The exceptions are the guys who are recently divorced. Disagree with me if you want to â?? again, you're wrong.

Anyway, they'd been chatting for about a week and finally decide to meet up for drinks. She shows up to the bar, dressed to the nines and sees him sitting at the bar waiting for her. They make eye contact, but for whatever reason he doesn't get up to greet her. She thought that was a little weird but decided to brush it off. So she sits down, they start chatting, he orders her a drink and that's when she started to notice little things he was doing that, on their own weren't all that strange, but collectively were rather odd. Anyway, after talking for a while she orders another drink and sees a napkin to the left of him so she asks him to please grab one for her. All of a sudden, instead of extending his arm out to grab it, he turns his entire torso around and reaches over with his right hand. She thought that was really weird and that's when she realized that during the entire almost hour they'd been sitting at the bar not only had his left arm not moved, but neither had his left leg. His left arm was perfectly positioned on the bar and his leg was planted firmly on the ground, but he never moved. He hadn't moved or shifted his weight *at all*.

She didn't want to be rude and ask him what was wrong cuz for all she knew that was just how he sat, but she couldn't stop wondering and the situation was beginning to bug her and she decided to investigate further so she asked him to dance. He tried talking her out of it, but that only made her persist more until he finally acquiesced and started to get up. He adamantly declared, *ladies first!* so she got up and started walking. After a few feet she realized that he wasn't behind her so she glanced back and was immediately surprised and confused. The guy was literally dragging his left leg and arm as he attempted to follow her. For a moment she thought that maybe the entire left side of his body had simply fallen asleep from sitting in the same position for so long, but that thought dissipated once she watched him struggling to stand upright while walking at a 45 degree angle. At that moment she had very mixed emotions. On the one hand she was impressed that he was making the effort to oblige her and dance, but on the other hand he had completely misrepresented himself and that really pissed her off.

I know my friend well enough to know that him having a disability wouldn't necessarily be a deal-breaker, but lying to her was. She chose not to say anything to him at that moment, but she felt awkward so she decided to pretend her feet hurt so they could go back to sit down at the bar. She was hoping he hadn't noticed that *she'd* noticed, but once they managed (he managed) to sit down, she stared at him in shock as he proceeded to grab his left arm and plop it onto the bar, strategically positioning his forearm and hand to make it look as natural as possible. Once he was *all set*, he turned his torso back to the right, saw her expression, and without skipping a beat asked her if she wanted another drink. I wouldn't have been the least bit surprised if she'd told the bartender, *I'll have a whiskey and make it a double.*

Needless to say, she was only able to ignore the fact that *he* was ignoring the reality of what she had just witnessed for about 45 seconds, and she wasn't even sure where to start so she just blurted out the first thing that came to her mind.

â??So, do you still play soccer?â?•

What can I say? Overall this year has been nothing but one disaster after another. Too many unnecessary tragedies with very few respites, and I am very much looking forward to 2021, although as someone pointed out, that when you think about it 2021 really says, â??Twenty Twenty Wonâ?• so fuck us, right? I firmly and sincerely believe that the world needs humor right now more than ever, so I am hopeful that I succeed in bringing a smile to some of your faces. And some of you have two faces, so they both count. ð???

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Date Created

December 26, 2020

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kateseriously

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