

The Humble Lonely Unadorned Thank You — The New Pfuck You?

So, What Did The Über-Bitch Julie Do Today? *Nothing.* Then What, Professor Anal Retentive/Passive Aggressive? *Why Do You Assume Something's Wrong?* It's Only Written All Over Your Face And Body Language. *You Know We've Both Been Working On Different Data Sets On That Huge Survey Project.* Right. *She Finished A Couple of Days Ago And I Overhead Them Talking, And He Said Rather Warmly "Thank You So Much For This."* When I Gave Professor Wigglesberger My Work Today He Just Smiled and Said "Thank You." So? Well, *Why Didn't I Get A Warm 'Thank You So Much?'*

Well, Perhaps He's Trying To Get Into Her Pants... *Well, What's Wrong...* Oh, Go Ahead and Finish *That* Thought, Claire. Hmm? What's Wrong With *Your* Pants? Nothing From Where I Sit Although The Granting Of More Regular **Access** Would Be Lovely. *I Wasn't Going To Say That.* No?! Do I Look Pfucking Stoopid To You? Are You Sure? So, Was Professor AR/PA's Tone or Manner Curt With You? *No, Not Really.* So, You're Pissed and Jealous About *One* Anticipated 'Thank You So Much?' *I Have A Headache And Don't Want To Rehash This Any Further.* Okaaay. We're Not Going To Have Sex Yet Again This Weekend, Are We? *What's That Got To Do With Any Of This?* Just Everything, Claire. Just Pfucking *Everything!* **Slam!**

(Ed. Note: A Serial Horndogg "Sugar Daddy" Recently Warned Me That Young Women Obsess Over **EVERYTHING** From Careers to Orgasms — *Pfuuck!!!*)