

Don't Ask: Melissa Hickey

I pushed my chair back and bounded to my feet. "Are you kidding?" I shrieked. "You must be. Only an idiot would spew forth such rubbish."

My eyes flashed and my fingers curled inwards until my hands resembled fists. "I have a cough, not Pulmonary Actinomyces"

Heat flushed through my body. "You, with your drama, drama, drama. I ask you one thing, one simple question, and what do I get? A long, drawn out indecisive reply. For further clarification, I then ask another question, and oh boy, how do you respond? With more ambiguity, that's what. And don't even start me on the doom and gloom you spurt out."

I paced to the left, then the right. "I have a sore throat. You tell me I could have a cold, covid or lung cancer. I have a headache. You tell me it might be dehydration, a migraine or a brain tumour. I have indigestion. You mention alternatives such as anxiety issues, acid reflux or heart failure. I have a red rash, you reply it is either hives, shingles or cellulitis. And on and on it goes. For the love of God. Make up your mind."

My stomach lurched. "I tell you this. I am done with you. You and me, we're over." I swiped my hands through the air for emphasis. "Done. I am over your vague replies. I am over your negativity. I am over your insensitivity. It is lucky that I haven't suffered a mental breakdown because of the likes of you. And to think I actually invited you in, invited you into my home and sought your opinion. Oh God, how stupid am I? Talk about a glutton for punishment. People told me to stay clear of you, but did I listen? No, I did not. Now, here we are." The vein in my forehead bulged. "And don't go feeling sorry for yourself, and begging my forgiveness. There is nothing that will change my mind."

On the balls of my feet, I sprinted forwards and grabbed my computer. "Do you hear me Dr Google? I'll never again seek your knowledge. Consider yourself cut out from my life, forbidden from playing with my head again."

But what's this? That protruding vein in my forehead is now throbbing... perhaps Dr Google might know why!