

Forbidden Honesty: Lisa Rea

Gone are the days of sticky-taping your mate's phone down on April Fools' Day and calling them from the office down the hall, wetting yourself laughing listening to them curse roundly, let-alone being remotely human in an office environment.

Which is why I don't tell many people, but my favourite thing is TMI... 'too much information.'

TMI is always embarrassing, usually funny. It opens you up to being vulnerable and real. It might be forbidden in most modern circles but I love it!

I had one this week with a girlfriend. Something simple about leg shaving or lack thereof. She was horrified. I mentioned my leg hairs are so long they are acting like human velcro catching mid stride. Funny because it's true.

TMI is where you say, "what have you got," verbally patting the chair beside you offering, "Come. Sit. Tell me everything my friend. I've got all the time in the world and I promise I won't think less of you. I may laugh, like, a lot...but always with you, never at you."

There's two ways these conversations go. Either you've been there and done that and worse and you can reassure them with your own equally or more horrific story - and let's face it at my age I've got a few tucked away - or if it's something that's way left of centre, you get to say, "God, I love you! Tell me everything."

It's why social media annoys me. The filtered pics showing people and lives in the best possible light. I get it, sure. No one wants to see me sitting at the kitchen table in my jarmies with my muffin top hanging over my waistband, crazy bed hair, my head in my hands, kicking myself, after drinking two bottles of wine with a mate who popped over unexpectedly on a school night.

I get it but I dislike being sucked into thinking you're the only parent who's ever drafted an ad to give your children away to another loving family on Marketplace. True story.

How much do we carry around in secret thinking less of ourselves and yet, when we breathe life into it, it just dissipates leaving a little rainbow of connection in its wake? My friends may hesitate briefly but they always, always come to me eventually with, "Hey, Lis....this is probably TMI but...."

And that makes me truly, blissfully happy.