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To Love, Honor, and Keep Quiet Till 10 A.M.

Some people wake up talking. Lucie Frost thinks those people should be, if not shot, at least gagged until the coffee pot is empty.

As always, my husband Rich started talking from the moment he woke.

“Good morning, sunshine! I slept well last night. Mostly well, anyway. I got up a few times to go to the bathroom. I’m thinking I’ll go for a walk this morning. Maybe just throw on my shoes and go.

Hey, should we see if the Moreheads want to get together this weekend? Maybe Friday? Am I talking too much? Or too early? I'm talking too much AND too early, aren't I?"

I just stared at him.

““

How can people have so many thoughts upon waking, when the only thoughts my brain forms are “BATHROOM, COFFEE”?

He's an extrovert,
and I'm a grouch.

Maybe it's primal. His male brain has to race in the morning so he can go chase some buffalo or something. Mine just has to feed offspring, and that sure as shit can wait until coffee.

Or maybe it's just personality. He's an extrovert, and I'm a grouch.

Or perhaps it's nurture. His mother raised him to be up-and-at-'em, and mine didn't raise me at all, hoping I'd just *become* somehow.

Whatever the reason, this much is clear: he talks WAY too much in the morning.

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The Case for Censorship

“Couldn't you just think some things in your head, without them having to come out of your mouth?” I asked.

“You're right,” he said. “I'll try. It's just that when there's something exciting in my mind, I want you to join. Like the Morehead thing. Hey, what do you think about that, anyway? We

could go out to dinner, if you want. Movies, but then we can barely talk to them. Same for music, I guess. Something outdoors would be good. Unless it's going to be cold? What time is best, do you think? Is 6:00 too early?"

“

“Hmmm” was
the kindest
response I could
come up with.

“Hmmm,” I said. That was the kindest response I could come up with.

I'm thinking there should be a law: no talking before 10:00 a.m. Of course, that would be a problem if you had an 8:00 a.m. work meeting, but your co-workers probably didn't want to hear you yammering anyway. Just think how much quicker morning meetings would go!

“Okay folks, Let's think outside the box. Just brain-dump your ideas, and I'll whiteboard. We'll pick the low hanging fruit, and then circle back and regroup on the opportunities that'll take more synergy and bandwidth.”

And then we all just stare at the guy.

Oh my GOD, how I would love that meeting.

Talk Time

In fact, let's make it one p.m. instead of ten. No one talks before one, by law. We save up all of our words, and then the afternoon is a cacophony of syllables. We get all of the blah-blahing out of the way

between one and three, say, and then take a siesta. No more talking until six.

I told Rich my idea this morning, knowing it'd take some work to sell him on it.

“So, what do you think?” I asked.

I'd tell you what he said, but it's lunchtime, he's still talking, and I can't quite make it out through my \$600 noise-cancelling headphones.

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Lucie Frost is a humor and satire writer, living in Central Texas. She recently retired from a lifetime as a human resources/employment lawyer. Since her retirement, Lucie has been busy writing for humor publications, writing a book about post-retirement life, and watching far too much trashy television.



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