

Confessions of a born confider

Compulsive Confiders.

We've all met them.

They trap you in grocery stores, in restaurants, and behind the Burger King cash register you once worked.

They tell you about their children, their failed marriages, and the petty annoyances they face every day.

I felt the same contempt for them you do — until I joined their ranks this summer, that is.

It all began with the boring meetings to which I was assigned.

I was working on a weekly South Shore paper and I covered selectmen meetings, health boards, conservation commissions, planning boards, etc.

If you're not familiar with the South Shore, the only issue of discussion is sewage. People get really excited about it.

Needless to say, I didn't.

I had sewage practically coming out of my ears, and I was bored to tears!

I was overworked, overtired, my new apartment was a shambles, and I was living on mushrooms, green peppers, and onions (they're cheap).

As a reporter, I found myself interviewing a lot of people who had a lot to tell me.

I was a captured audience.

One evening, between sewage meetings, I made my daily run to Papa Gino's for a vegetable pocket.

It was hot, it had been a hard day, and all I wanted to do was go home and go to bed.

The girl behind the counter was my first, unsuspecting victim.

I gave her my order, paid the bill, and before she could hand me my ticket, I started in.

"You wouldn't believe what a tough day this has been," I babbled. "I'm shaking because I'm so tired. I really just want to go home and sleep, but I have to go to a sewage meeting instead!"

I told her about the people I worked with, the meetings I covered, and the starvation wages I was earning.

She began to look frightened — like she wanted to break away — but I didn't give her the chance.

I told her about my love life, or lack of it, my crazy cat, and the friends I hadn't seen for a long time because of my late working hours.

She heard about the fight I'd had with my sister, how I hated the hot weather, and the Tupperware collection my roommate owned.

Then the pocket came.

I debated about whether I should take it and eat, or keep on going. Luckily, my stomach won out.

I wolfed it down, and rushed out to my meeting.

The next day was just as bad.



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Karen Cubic

That night I ate at Burger King. I went in at a busy time, but that didn't stop me. Once again I trapped the poor

girl behind the counter. I could feel the compulsion overcome me, but there was nothing I could do. I was addicted. I had become a compulsive confider.

This continued for a few weeks. I took turns visiting the various local fast-food chains. Waitresses everywhere were beginning to recognize me. When I walked in the door, I'd see them trying to squeeze themselves under the counter. Restaurants were buying their employees earmuffs to defend against my blabbing.

Then things started to get better.

I got a raise, my hours grew more reasonable, and the cat calmed down.

We finally got settled in the apartment, and I saw my friends more often.

The weather grew cooler.

I got a new job at *The Taunton Daily Gazette*.

And now, here I am.

You think I'm over my addiction?

You're amazed at how quickly I cured myself?

You're wondering why I'm writing this column?

Let me tell you about...

