

A Hodge-Podge of Thing-a-Me-Bobs

by Joan Black

Psst! – you may say "pish-tosh", but holey-moley! there are so many wonderful self-descriptive words in our language. A dictionary is not needed to define the sense or the action, e.g., I once was palsy-walsy with this do-do who gave me the heebie-jeebies. She was a Lu-lu for sure – an absolute flibberty-gibbet who did things willy-nilly and gave me the screaming-meemies because she caused such a brou-ha-ha with her harum-scarum impulses – some of which were lolla-paloozas. She did not dilly-dally but would rush pell-mell to hob-nob with both the hoity-toity and the la-de-da as well as the hoi-polloi and the riff-raff, muttering a bunch of mumbo-jumbo.

Her hobby was collecting antiques and she dashed hither and yon picking up a mish-mash of doo-hickies, knick-knacks and bric-a-brac, giving out with a loud whoop-de-doo and causing a hub-bub whenever she discovered a treasure.

Her approach was heralded by the clickety-clack of high heels as she teetered around looking for even more artsy-fartsy doo-dads and gee-jaws, but never anything ticky-tacky. Jingle-jangles were left on the shelf. She bargained over prices, tolerating no hanky-panky, just hoping to come out even-steven.

It really was amazing that such a roly-poly, itty-bitty, teeny-weeny, persnickety person had enough energy to dash helter-skelter picking up a hodge-podge of thing-a-me-bobs and stuffing them into a bag already choc-a-bloc full of Gizmos.

Okey-dokey – that's enough!