

What Makes Me Mad

"Ring."

I grab the hand towel and start out the bathroom --

"Ring."

Drying my hands, as I hurry across the living room --

"Ring."

I reach the phone, pick it up.

"Click: dial tone."

Why oh why can't they let the phone ring longer. My legs don't carry me to my destination as fast as I'd like. Now I'll spend the rest of the day wondering--

"Was it the bank returning my call to explain my account?"

"Was it the department store telling me my merchandise arrived?" or "Was it another telephone solicitor."

Just another ring or two and I would have been able to have answered their call. "Oh well" I console myself, "If it is important they'll call again." and head back to the project that was interrupted.