

How many times has someone tried to high five me and I've missed? I'd say a solid 7 out of 10. Do I care? No. Why? BECAUSE I'M AN INTROVERT!!! I don't WANT to high five you! I want to get AWAY from you! Am I supposed to apologize for that? Look, I'm tired of hiding my light under a bushel. It's my light! If I want to keep it in a dark place, out of sight, maybe even under a bushel—*(beat, realizing the circular logic)*—OK. Possible contraction there. Noted. BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT!!!!—I don't WANT my light out there. I'm happy alone, at home, with my light, my bushel, my semi-feral calico cat, my ficus tree and my re-runs of Battlestar Gallactica. (2009 re-boot. OBVIOUSLY!) I'm PROUD—but in a quiet way—of avoiding phone calls, turning down offers for baby showers, and bar mitzvahs. Why can't people manage their communal rituals in a normal way—alone, with a Radiohead playlist looping in the background? Jeez.