

# The Shit List

by Erin Cole

I have a tablet called, The Shit List, with spaces for people who have been...well, assholes.

The first section details the offender, violation, and plan of attack—you know, the essentials for documenting an asshole.

The next section lists the time, date, and severity of the offense, one through five; not even a traffic ticket provides this. It's either you're screwed, more screwed, or you get bunked next to your long, lost cousin Vernon, who brought the poisoned fruit Jell-O salad to the reunion in attempts to kill his ex-girlfriend—your second niece.

After that are check boxes on The Shit List for how to properly tackle the issue: confront, ignore, stew, avenge, talk shit, or other (blank space) and whether or not it was a friend, family member, stranger, lover, or other driver.

I was delighted to receive this as a birthday gift this year (having three children under five, a husband, and nearby in-laws), and maybe the giver knew me a little too well, but I'm afraid to be of great disappointment—three months and it is still blank. I suppose I could put Uncle Vernon on there.

I guess I'm just getting old.

