

One of my favorite words of all time is Flippant. I'm not sure why, but it just makes me feel nice when people say, "Don't be Flip." It isn't something people say in your or my generation, but I guess back in the day people used to say it a lot. Now, we think sarcasm is the only way to be inappropriate, but being Flippant is so much more fun. Flippant means that you use an inappropriate emotion for the situation. Usually it is disrespectful because the situation would require gravity and you give levity (it requires sadness and you bring happiness, it requires deep thinking and you talk about going to the mall). Well, I would like to single-handedly bring back this word and its usage, starting with today. Right now you are going to imagine or think back to a situation that was dire (important/desperate) and you are going to write about the most inappropriate and disrespectful things you could have said and done.

For example:

They were standing, praying. Faces contorted into contrition. In circles, rows, hands on shoulders. Heads bowed. Milking every last morsel of God from the moment. I could taste the community, and it tasted salty. Like we were all in a pickle jar. Being turned into the same kind of pickle with the atmosphere of salt. I reached over to a friend with his eyes closed, obviously enjoying his conjoined solitude, and tapped on his free shoulder. He looked up expecting to find someone holy. Instead, he found me making a half-smile and whispering, "what do you want to do after church?" He just closed his eyes. How could he concentrate so hard with all of the possibilities? We could go out to McDonald's or go to the bowling alley. We could even head on over to Borders and look at magazines for a few hours. That's what I was thinking about, while I was tipping back in my chair. I knew I could get it to balance on just two legs. A little more backward and I would have it. I got it too. Just for a second, and as I put up my hands in silent triumph, I tipped the balance and flew backward into a wall, making a focus crushing sound as my head and chair collided with the barrier. Everyone's eyes opened. They all looked at me as I crawled to the door and left the whole scene behind.