Mrs. Flibbergibit Speaks...

July 26, 2009 By Richard Ferri, PhD, ANP

Mrs. Flibbergibit is about to come out of the closet of my mind where she has been in residence for decades. Mrs. Flibbergibit is one cool chick. Nothing fazes her. I tested positive about 15 years ago and it was Mrs. Flibbergibit who told me to "shut my pie hole and get on with it." Of course, she never did tell me what "it" was, but that is Mrs. Flibbergibit for you. She can go from insightful to manic as fast as you apply a Toni Home Perm.

Mrs. Flibbergibit has all the answers. She keeps things as they should be. All of her T cells are lined up, neat and tidy like, and perform on command. Mrs. Flibbergibit (her first name is known to only one person and it is not me) likes things in order. She is a woman of grand distinction. Nothing gets by Flibb (an affectation that even I am not permitted to use frequently). She can cook, clean, and teach neuroscience with ease, and at the same time. Mrs. Flibbergibit is a retired Rockett who never ventures out in anything but perfect high heels and a pleated skirt. Hair is always done right, and her lipstick is applied like Max Factor did it himself. She makes Donna Reed look like a crack whore.

Mrs. Flibbergibit keeps my life rolling along at a brisk pace. Nothing slows her down. Feeling a little sick? "Bullcrap!' says Mrs. Flibbergibit and makes me get back to work. Sorry for myself? "Don't make me use a hat pin on you buster!" Mrs. Flibbergibit warns. I love Mrs. Flibbergibit. I also hate her.

Hate! Mrs. Flibbergibit here! Enough of this boy's bullshit. I was trying to let him have his say but this is just too too much for Mrs. Flibbergibit. No one hates Mrs. Flibbergibit. Mrs. Flibbergibit is nothing if not love personified. I think Richard needs one of those AA meetings.

Okay "hate" may be too strong of a word but I do feel she makes me nuts at times. I don't think even Mrs. Flibbergibit, and the one person who know her first name, would even disagree with that. She reminds me of all the things I am not and will not be. She is the one that keenly needles out my shortcomings as she darns socks. She is often annoying, but never wrong.

Well I am glad Richard got that right. Mrs. Flibbergibit is too damn busy being perfect to ever be wrong. Just tell me where in an angle's fart would I find that kind of time?

But I think the problem I am having with Mrs. Flibbergibit is that she is taking up too much of my time. She is making me wipe down my pill box with rubbing alcohol every week before she even considers letting me pour my AIDS medications into their little cubby holes. When I attempt to bypass this little endeavor she is sharp with reminding me of the people who would kill to have such problems. At least I have AIDS pills for crap's sake.

That's right buddy and don't your forget it. Mrs. Flibbergibit was not the one who got infected you where. You just had to go and be careless. Fast, fast, fast. No time for gloves or such. Too damn much a big shot. Don't even get Mrs.

Flibbergibit started on your wing-wang! No fucking virus is going to get into you! You are the great and powerful Dr. Richard Ferri! Mrs. Flibbergibit's underwire bra is starting to rust from the steam pouring out of my ears.

So I sit here with Mrs. Flibbergibit and the rest of the Committee running around my mind I am tempted to tell her to fuck off. I mean having AIDS is bad enough without Flibbergibit in mix. I am so tempted to fight "fire with fire" when it comes to Mrs. Flibbergibit's explosions, but I am always brought up short by none other than the great one herself reminding me *"remember when you are tempted to fight fire with fire firefighters use water."*

Thank you, Mrs. Flibbergibit for making my T cells dance.

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