

The Bees Knees

this morning my husband and I were talking about something (can't remember exactly what at the moment) and I was being my usual ornery self. Our conversation went something like this:

Joel: You're a pip.



Me: A pip? As in a singer?

Joel: You're a pistol?

Me: What does that mean?

Joel: You don't know what a pistol is?

Me: I do, it's a gun. What does that have to do with me?

Joel: (big sigh) Ok, you're a firecracker.

Me: As in dangerous?

Joel: (big sigh with eye roll) You are the bees knees baby!

Me: Bees don't have knees.

Joel: (big sigh, eye roll, with exasperation) You my dear are the cat's pajamas.

Me: Do you know any compliments from this century?

Joel: (big sigh, eye roll, exasperation and long pause) Boo, you so fly. Gurl you're so PHAT it's ridonculous.

Me: ...What were you saying about kitties in pajammies?