Achoo!

This video is a skit they did on a recent episode of Saturday Night Live. On its own it’s mildly funny but to my husband and I it is hysterical. Give it a look. The reason it's so funny to us is because he swears I sneeze like that. I admit my sneezes are very loud but to that I say “I can’t help it!” I’m not doing it on purpose. I don’t ramp up the volume just to drive him crazy. That’s just how they come out. My grandmother once told me that you should relax and enjoy a good sneeze. How can I put this delicately? She said a sneeze can simulate other pleasurable sensations if you relax and go with it. You had to meet my grandma. She was WAY ahead of her time. So while I’ve never enjoyed a sneeze as much as Gram apparently did I don’t hold back when I feel one coming on. I recently had a co-worker tell me that she used to try to hold in her sneezes until she burst an artery in her nose and had to have it cauterized. Ouch. My husband’s chief complaint is that they usually come with no warning and as he puts it “One of these days I’m going to give him a heart attack.” So we’ve devised a sort of warning system which basically entails me smacking him if we’re sitting close and if we’re not I wave my arms around like an idiot pointing to my nose. He‘s lucky I don’t have allergies or the poor guy would be jumpy as hell. I know my sneezing is over the top and I’m sure it’s quite annoying but he loves me anyway. That is the great thing about my husband. He realizes that my maniacal sneezing is part of what makes me ME. And while I’m sure he fears for his cardiac well being every time I get a cold he wouldn’t want me any other way.