

Take a common aggravation. Your cat misbehaves. You suffer indignities while driving. At the supermarket. Or at the doctor's office. You grumble but have an idea: "Holophrasis!" Let's make up a word to capture our annoyance. That's this book!

Holy Holophrase! Naming Your Favorite Aggravations

By El McMeen

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HOLY HOLOPHRASE!

NAMING YOUR FAVORITE
AGGRAVATIONS

= ONE WORD THAT CAPTURES AN ENTIRE SITUATION



hmp... ☹️*#!<*(~)

EL McNEEN

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With love and gratitude to Jesus, my Lord and Savior, who gives life in abundance and seems to enjoy planting crazy ideas in my head and watching/helping them grow; to my beloveds -- wife Sheila and our four children, spouses, and grandchildren; and to the talented writer and poet Tina Kelley, whose poem “Dispatch from the Office of the Creator of Words” inspired me to explore the field of “holophrasis,” so that I could take a serious subject and exploit it for a few cheap (well, reasonably priced) laughs, hopefully therapeutic in a world where we need some. Tina’s poem is contained in her book of poetry called Ardor © 2017 Jacar Press, page 10.

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Foreword

The exact date when I first came across the term “holophrasis” was Saturday, December 19, 2020. It took me 73+ years to learn it. That’s a tad embarrassing. Heads may be shaking, tongues clucking, and fingers wagging. Oh, well. We should be celebrating the fact that an old dog learned a new trick.

I was enjoying Tina Kelley’s compelling book of poetry called Ardor, mentioned in my Acknowledgments, and found the word. In Tina’s definition, holophrasis means “an entire idea expressed in a single word.” “Holophrase” is derived from that term.

What’s an example? Well, when your infant grandkid says “Milk!” that is short for the following sentence: “Drop everything you are doing, get the milk, prepare it the way I like it, or I’ll scream my head off.” Our grandkids, of course, would never think anything like that.

For me the idea morphed into the endeavor to identify some common annoyances in life, collect them by general topic, commiserate

with you, the reader, about them, and then identify/invent words to capture the aggravations or their perpetrators. In other words, we will be grumpy together for a while, and then have some fun with words. Seemed promising!

The endeavor would then segue into the related area of euphemisms, where unpleasant matters are disguised by more pleasant-sounding words. We don't "die;" we "pass away." We are not "unemployed;" we are "between jobs."

The term "aggravation" may be a little strong in a world where hot issues are bubbling and boiling over into a foul stress-producing porridge. Maybe "annoyance" might have been a better word, but I actually was a bit annoyed at having to settle for "annoyance," so "aggravation" it is. I do hope that you enter this arena yourself, in the same way in my prior book called Two Snowflakes Walk Into a Bar (© 2014 El McMeen, BookLocker.com, Inc.) I solicited your participation in the fine art of creating snowflake jokes.

1. Cats

The Existential Loneliness of the Cat-Scratching Pole

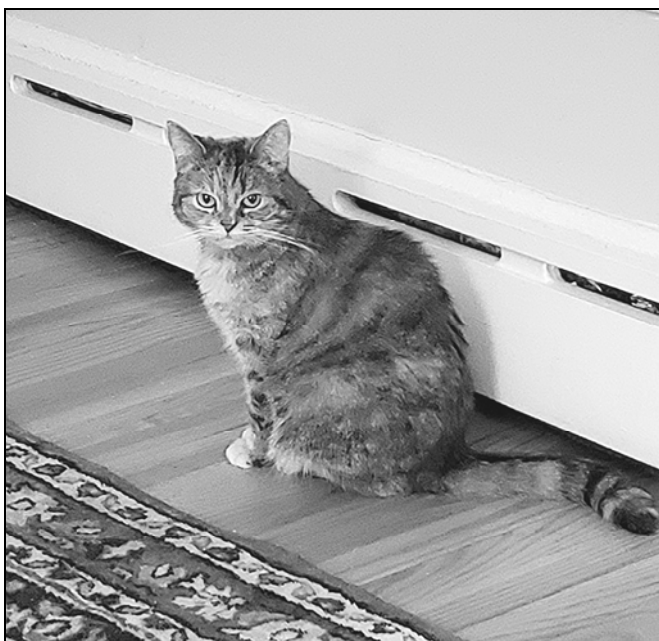
You purchase the Rolls-Royce of cat-scratching poles. OK, maybe not, but the manufacturer says it works. You buy catnip and rub it on the pole. You bring the cat over, and try to “teach” her to scratch it amidst the miasma of billowing catnip. It doesn’t work. The cat continues her methodical destruction of every good chair and couch you own.

Name ... That ... Aggravation!

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Holy Holophrase!

Polavoid!



Hairball at Night; No One's Delight

You are tucked away in a nice warm bed, with visions of sugar plums or something else, or nothing, dancing in your head. Then you hear “the sound.” The horrid sound, beginning as a sort of gulping, and quickly maturing into the telltale gakking noise of the cat preparing to emit the results of endless hours of needless grooming. The room is dark, and the consistency, size, and location of the item unknown, except inevitably by your slipper, sock, or foot.

Name ... That ... Aggravation!

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Holy Holophrase!

Yakketygaks!



Cat Disproves Flat-Earth Theory

A wise person once wrote that if the earth were really flat, there would be nothing on it. The cats of the world would simply have pushed everything off the edges. That may even have been a comment on the Internet, of all places.

Our cat satisfies herself with pencils and remote controls. Thank God for small favors.

Name ... That ... Aggravation!

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Holy Holophrase!

Projectapaw!



Oy, Vet!

One cat we had was impossible to get into the cat carrier. The kindly vet had pity on us and made periodic house calls. She would ring the doorbell; we would answer. That cat began to connect the dots and associate the doorbell with baaad things. Accordingly, the doorbell would ring, and the cat would flee the scene to a favorite hiding place where we would need a yardstick and substantial bodily contortions to coax him out.

Name ... That ... Aggravation!

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Holy Holophrase!

Vetirun!



Snooze Angst

You lie down for a needed nap. Your beloved cat joins you. That's nice, actually. Very bonding. But why is it that the cat always has to sleep with her rump in your face? You turn her around. Then she turns around. You repeat; she repeats. Good grief!

Name ... That ... Aggravation!

----- >

Holy Holophrase!

Rumponstillskin!



The Dreaded Cat Carrier

As discussed above, sometimes you are simply unable to coax, bribe, or force your cat into the cat carrier. In case you have a cat whom you can plop into the carrier, there is another problem: the cat knows it. When you retrieve the cat carrier from the garage, remove the dust bunnies and dirt, and bring it inside, the cat sees it and heads for the metaphorical hills. Result: yardstick and contortions, as per the foregoing discussion.

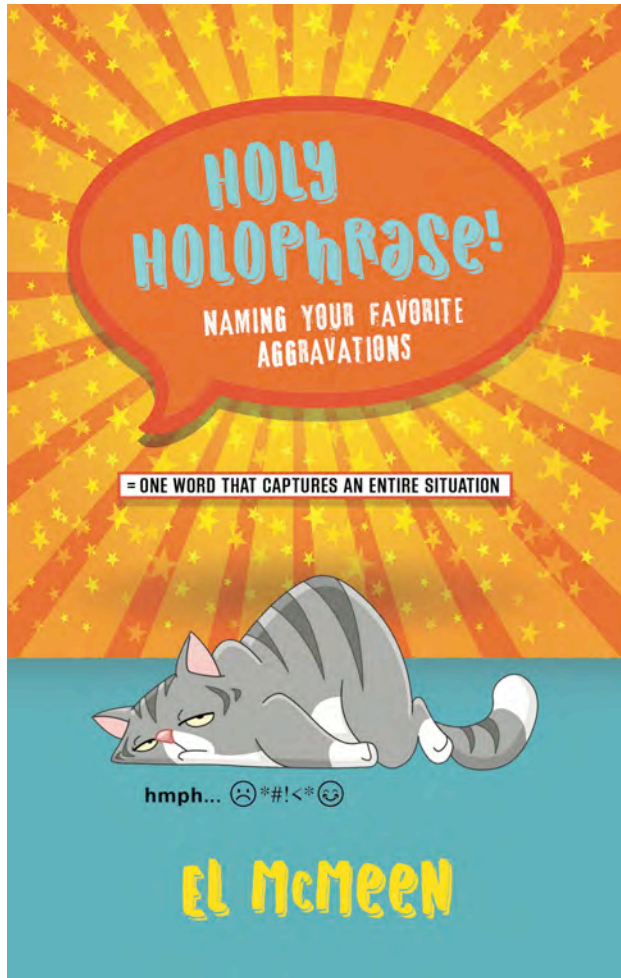
Name ... That ... Aggravation!

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Holy Holophrase!

Catagonea!





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