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backtalk



By Tanna Guthrie

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The title of this article is universally understood. It's cussing, in any language. I won't debate why some words are "bad." Suffice it to say, some are.

I'd made a pact with myself to stop cussing. It's tacky, and there has to be a better way to get a point across than dropping an F-bomb. My resolve lasted until my dog Butch ran off, as I was getting ready to head to the radio station. I was chasing him through the neighbor's yard screaming at him to sit. Good command, but one he doesn't obey. When I finally cornered him, I shouted something that would have gotten my mouth washed out with soap, if my mom had been around to hear me. All it took was a 12-pound Jack Russell to break my no-cuss clause.

I've discussed this with some of my radio listeners. Pam, who calls herself a "cussing Christian," says there's nothing

more emphatic than the F-word, but she would be mortified if her clients heard her say it.

I was raised to believe that a real lady never cursed. My father still doesn't; however, he has come up with a great substitute F-bomb. When he's upset, which is rarely ever, he'll disgustedly say "foeey." As for my mom? Her swear word is "irritation," which she exclaims in an exasperated tone. She tells me that a former classmate used to shout, "well, mother hubbard!"

The mask came off Christian Bale when he dropped 40 F-bombs in a tirade against a hapless photography director, who apparently interrupted Batman's "important" scene. A reminder that a career can be impaled on a forked (or is that a F...ed?) tongue.

Tanna Guthrie's sometime potty mouth can be heard weekday afternoons from 2-7 on 98.1 KUDL. She's also a charity fundraising auctioneer and an agent for Prudential Kansas City Realty. She can be reached at 913.568.4888. Remember to leave a message after, not before, the #@!!!! beep!

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