

Talking And Listening

Eddie worried that few of his friends or families or colleagues listened to him—and he loved to talk. He inserted witty or perceptive comments into conversations which were ignored. It not that they disagreed. It was that—what? They were bored? Was it what he said?

Or was it...him?

He analyzed what he said, every day, to every person. What connected? What went into the ozone? He loved movies, probably talked way too much about the latest releases and box office results. Eddie resolved never to talk about movies again, even if it was an old silent classic no one but he had seen, which kind of hurt. He started watching sporting events on TV—any sporting events, he did not care—because talking about them seemed safe. At least some people nodded when he talked about the latest game.

None of that really worked or made Eddie feel better. He came to realize that:

- a. He had little original to say.
- b. No one cared a lot about what he cared a lot about.
- c. The real problem was: he talked too much.

Yet he enjoyed talking. It was who he was.

Eddie pared down what he said to people but began leaving lengthy messages for friends, family and colleagues on their voicemails. None responded but that was fine. He was talking. That worked better than the other options.

Which was when Eddie realized

- It did not matter that anyone listened.

That surprised Eddie. He thought he was always talking to someone—in fact he talked to himself. Eddie's life grew far easier and enjoyable as he left messages, talked far less to others. For a more direct connection, he occasionally chatted with himself in the mirror. He used an AI generated mirror which provided realistic responses.

Eventually Eddie grew disturbed at this level of self-involvement and sought therapy

(after his mirror image yawned and began reading its cell phone.)

He enjoyed talking to his therapist.