

Dropping that Eaves

I have no problem admitting that I'm an eavesdropper. It's not as if I do it out of spite, like some villain ready to exploit someone's conversation to the world. No, I do it out of love more than anything else because I love knowing about people without actually having to get to know them.

When conversation lulls in my own company, my ears wander to the first audible words I can make out, and once I've deciphered that conversation, I use it to fuel mine.

"Did you see her eyes?" I heard a woman say between ambient songs at a P.F. Chang's.

"Yeah I did! They looked like vampires. Like they were about to jump right out and grab ya!" Her voice, although loud with enthusiasm, was then drowned out by another song.

"Apparently those ladies know someone with eyes that 'looked like vampires,'" I told my boyfriend, Tyler. He thought for a moment before asking a question.

"Do you think they meant that the person has vampire eyes, or eyes that look like tiny vampires?" We went back and forth with ideas of what the latter would be like. Would the pupils take on a silhouette of a person? But then how would anyone know that they were vampires? Would the vampires be living inside of their eye ball? How did they satisfy their blood lust if they were trapped inside of an eye? These questions that we were asking each other at the dinner table made me wish someone was eavesdropping on us. Maybe they wouldn't feel so bad about doing that weird thing that they sometimes do. They would think

'At least I'm not having a conversation about vampires in eye balls.' Or at the very least, eavesdropping would cure their boredom.

That's what I do sometimes, anyway, especially if I'm alone.

I took my dog, Molly, to see a new veterinarian, and upon being left in the tiny examination room for more than 15 minutes, I began listening in on the conversation being held by the technicians on the other side of the door.

“Crem del la crem?” A female voice asked.

“Is it French?” A higher pitch inquired.

“I mean, maybe. Is it French or are they just trying to sound cool?”

“Well, how’s it spelled?”

“Uhh hold on, let me type it in the computer and see.” I heard the click of her nails hitting the keyboard.

“OK, cause, like, cream cheese? Like cream is spelled c-r-e-a-m. But we don’t say crem cheese.” There was a pause, and I imagined both of them squinting at a Google page that said ‘Did you mean cream cheese?’ in bold, blue letters.

“OK no!” One of them shouted. “They definitely are just saying it to sound cool. Like it’s French but that’s not how we normally say it so she’s definitely just showing off.” There was another pause and some rustling, and I assumed the veterinarian came in and they went back to working. But still, I didn’t know whether to be concerned that a couple of petty, confused technicians were in charge of diagnosing whatever bacteria was swimming around in my dog’s urine, or if I was thankful for their brief entertainment.

There was another time, even more short-lived than the others because I don’t handle confrontation well. While trying to find my way back to my car from my friend, Jackson’s, apartment, I passed the pool, where six large men were sitting in lounge chairs and bobbing their heads to rap music. As I passed, a man, who unfortunately lived on a first-floor apartment in front of the pool, yelled out of his door.

“Hey! It’s 4 o’clock in the fucking morning! Turn that shit off!”

I was already way too stressed with trying to find my way back to my car to deal with what may have followed. Even so, I’m glad I heard that tidbit because it was hilarious.

I wish there was some deeper meaning to this. Like somehow, I’ll stumble upon an enlightening conversation and share it and it will change the world forever. But no, for right now, it’s just weird conversation that I discreetly insert myself into. Really, eavesdropping is just something I’ve always done and unabashedly admit to doing. I’m nosy, what can I say? And they make for interesting stories for my writer’s mind to transcribe.