

WORKING

Cease and Desist

Or surely
we shall all
go mad.

By Haidee E. Allerton

The working world is full of petty annoyances. Petty or not, repeated exposure can drive you stark, raving mad over time. Here are a few. Some may have been covered previously in this column but bear repeating.

“At the end of the day...”

This is the new “hopefully,” which William Safire officially debunked in its popular (and wrong) usage, in his famous *New York Times* editorial, “Hopefully, They’ll Stop.” Now we must suffer this phrase “at the end of

the day” (to mean, “in the final analysis” or *somesuch*) uttered by newscasters, so-called journalists, talk show hosts, celebrities, co-workers, blind dates, and whoever until a new and equally meaningless phrase comes along.

Also...

People must stop trying to make “transition” into a verb. It’s a noun. If you don’t believe me, look it up in the dictionary, any dictionary. You don’t “transition” from middle management to the executive team, for instance; you

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make the transition. Saying, “Let’s transition to a more efficient blah blah...” does not make you sound more important or smarter.

The agony of de meat

Don’t you hate it when you go to the deli or fancy food emporium or bakery and you want to order several items out of the case and after the person behind the counter gives you each item, he or she acts as if this should be the last item you are going to ask for? They hand it to you, say “thanks,” and half turn away. And you feel self-conscious or even guilty for wanting to order another salad or a few cheese slices or cinnamon roll. Excuse me? Isn’t it their job to sell stuff, to get whatever—how many ever—items you request?

Supersizing

Thank goodness McDonald’s has done away with supersizing. Now if we could just get the movie theatres to comply. You cannot order a small anything without the kids behind the counter (forced by management) to inform you that for only 25 cents more, you can have the giant soda. If you had wanted the giant size, wouldn’t you have ordered that? And you cannot order just a soda without being asked if you want popcorn or candy with that. If you had wanted

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popcorn or candy, wouldn’t you have ordered it? For goodness sake, don’t you know your own mind?

Speaking of popcorn, how come when you see hot, fresh popcorn coming out of the popper in front of your eyes, the clerk makes sure to get *your* popcorn—which you just ordered hoping to get some of the hot, fresh stuff—from the stale popcorn pile that has been sitting at the bottom of the bin for who knows how long and that has been salted many, many times?

Are you done saying that?

Waitpersons must stop asking, “Are you done workin’ on that?” when what they want to know is may they take away your plate.

Thank you!