

*Jan. 31, 2016*

## Making a mountain out of a mole

Several days ago I suffered a bout of ego. I decided that God's design wasn't quite good enough. I decided to have a mole removed from my nose.

I know that there are good reasons to have moles removed, including if your mole shows the slightest possibility of something serious. But in this case, it was pure ego. It wasn't a bad mole, after all. It's not like it had robbed a bank or insulted the queen. And I have other moles. A whole mole collection, in fact.

It was just kind of unsightly, like a third nostril, but without the benefits. And it sometimes got in the way of nose-related activities.

I thought I had gotten past the whole ego thing. I thought I didn't care about my looks like I did as a youth. My wife has never even once used the words "repulsive," or "hideous mutant" in describing me. (Although, regarding my appearance, she has on many occasions asked, "That's not what you're wearing, is it?" I'm never quite sure how to answer that question. I would like to answer, "no," but direct evidence points to the contrary.)

Why did I suddenly decide that I had to touch up God's handiwork? Was this just the start? Was I going to wind up like those people who keep filling their face with Botox until they look like a balloon sculpture?

So, there I was in the doctor's office. The doctor and nurse led me to the MRR (Mole-Removal Room, which was done up nicely in mole-related décor), where I lay down on a table.

"You're going to feel a sharp poke," the doctor said. I've always prided myself on being able to stand pain. Needles have never bothered me. I guess I'm just one of those lucky people who has a high tolerance for pain. I wouldn't call myself a super-hero exactly, although it is kind of like a super-power.

I chuckled inwardly as he brought the needle to my face.

"Do your worst," I thought.

What the...? Hey, that kind of hu....

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

(Gasp for breath.)

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

(Gasp for breath.)

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

I arched my back until I looked like a McDonald's restaurant. My toes curled. My feet curled. My hair curled. For a moment I resembled a court jester.

"Now that wasn't too bad, was it?" the doctor asked.



*I should note here that I'm actually fond of my doctor, and just to be clear, he didn't really use a wood burner.*