

# Humor

## My Life as A Snob:

By Musafir

The very first time I met Elizabeth Prescott Townshend, I figured out that I was a cultural void. She talked in a highbrow accent while I uttered cliché and talked in TV idiolect. During business meetings, half the time I couldn't understand what she was talking about, but for some reason she never failed to impress the bosses and me. She'd walk into the meeting room with head up, shoulders back making direct eye contact with everyone. She definitely had an air of superiority about her.

My colleagues didn't particularly like her. According to them she was a snob. In my eyes she was cultured and I wanted to be like her. Someone leaked my desire to be a snob to her.

"Hahwahya?" Elizabeth was standing in front of my desk. "Wanna be a snob like me, huh?"

"Yes," I said gently.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Hoi Polloi?" She always laughed in measured accent with three syllables. I liked the way she waved her right hand across her forehead from left to right. Later I adopted her laughter style. It looked very different and cool for sure.

"Yeah!" I replied. "You are heck of a schmoozer. I want to emulate you."

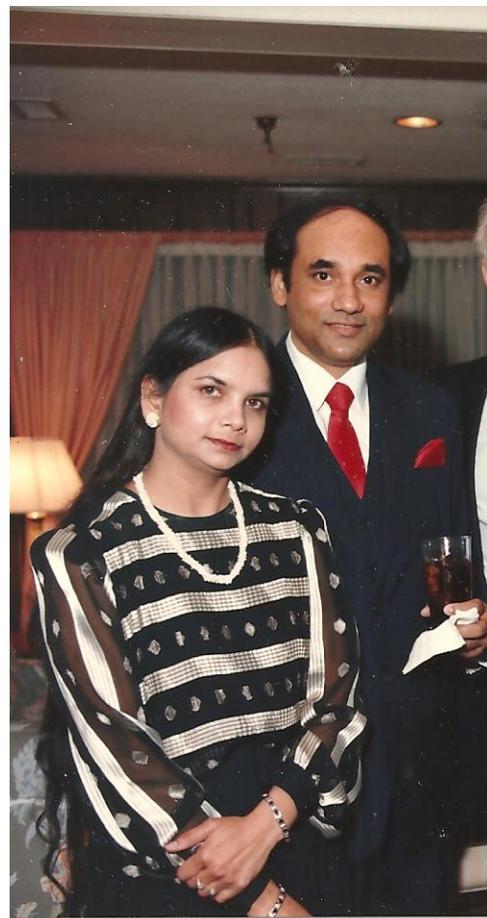
"Supah!" I'm goin down to Flaw-ridda for a week. Can ya wotta my plant over thahe (there) evahyday? I leave morrow."

Next morning as I entered her office with a small pale of water, all my colleagues gathered around me and started giggling. I found out that

she had played a prank on me.

It was an artificial plant.

I learned a lot from Elizabeth. Every day I developed a greater degree of narcissism in which I thought I was better than my regular friends. I always needed to distinguish myself from other people. I also noticed that being a snob meant being selective. A snob must have standards about everything, such as what



*Musafir and wife Reva in 1987*

restaurant he visits, to which grocery store he shops in because being a snob also meant being epicurean and a connoisseur.

“Okay, how about these JC Penny bags?” Elizabeth came storming into my office one day with an empty tea cup in her hand. “Next time, at least, have the decency to hide your cheapness in a Saks Fifth Avenue tote.” I noticed that a snob must walk with a tea cup preferably an empty one to avoid any spills.

She had no tolerance for the way my colleagues dressed. “I’uk at those shoes. Can ya imagine leavin the house with that? One doesn’t have to be avant-garde, but being so wacky and gross! Uh, Ah!

I soon started remembering expensive brand names. I noticed that Elizabeth always went for cheese and wine in office parties (alcohol was permissible those days) while I devoured on chips and buffalo wings and gulped soda.

“Stop gulping Tawnic,” Elizabeth frowned.

“Sorry Elizabeth, I don’t know nothing bout cheese and wine.”

Elizabeth looked at me with disgust and uttered, “Povvo! Don’t act a bogger.” She slowly narrowed her eyes and walked with her goblet delicately holding at the stem.

That was the kick I needed to rave my engine. Whenever I went to a restaurant with my uncouth friends, I always

complained that the food was cold. I started sighing quite often ‘Uh’ ‘Ah’ Uh.’ While my friends listened to pop music, I would put on my headphone and listen to Mozart and talk about going to opera. I stopped participating in small talks with friends by keeping a poker face.

I stopped looking at the menu in restaurants. I’d hand that over to the waiter and ask for chef’s recommendation instead. I started to one up my friends on their vacation stories by boasting, “Oh, you spent summer in upstate New York?” “That’s so over. I prefer northern Italy.”

Soon my boss started disliking me and gave an F in people’s skill. I lost my chance for promotion until I showed improvement in that area. At the same time, Elizabeth got promoted and became my boss.

She called me in her new office and said, “You need to work on people’s skill and give up pretending being a snob,”

“But Elizabeth, you are my role model. See how far snobbery has taken you on the career path.”

“Listen carefully to me,” she continued earnestly, “I didn’t acquire snobbahy nor was it thrust upon me. I was born a snob. My fathah was a snob, my grandfathah was a snob. My great-great grandfathah was a snob and you can’t be one.”

I liked the way she paraphrased Shakespeare’s famous quote from ‘Twelfth Night’. At that very moment I decided to go back to my regular avatar.