

Tell Me Lies, Tell Me Lies, Tell Me Sweet Little Lies!
by Marilyn Reeves

Gentlemen, if your wife or girlfriend asks you, “Honey, does this dress make me look fat?” you’d better come up with a little white lie ... unless, of course, she really does look terrific, in which case you may say so with unfettered enthusiasm.

I almost never tell lies. Honest, that’s the truth! Not necessarily because I take the moral high ground, but because I simply can’t get away with it. I seem to have this annoying habit of wearing my feelings on my sleeve, so people can usually tell right away if I’m lying by just looking at me. I’d make a terrible poker player if I played poker, but I don’t, which is a good thing because I would always lose. The other thing is that I’m really not clever enough to maintain a falsehood.

When I used to work for other people, I almost never called in sick unless I was feeling so rotten that I honestly couldn’t make it in, and when I finally did get back to work, I had the red nose and raunchy cough to prove it. But I never – well, almost never – used that as an excuse to play hooky. Then I would have to invent more lies to cover the first lie, and so on and so on, and it simply got to be too confusing, as I couldn’t remember which whopper I told in the first place.

Some people are perfectly comfortable telling lies. In fact, we’ve all known a few chronic liars who apparently don’t know the difference between truth and fabrication. They like to embellish nearly everything they say to make themselves and their lives seem much more intriguing and important than they really are. Problem with that sort of person is – like the boy who called wolf – you soon learn to distrust everything they say, and simply assume that they are lying all the time.

I like people who say what they mean and mean what they say. Which is not to say that you have to be *too* honest. If someone is fishing for a compliment about how they look, or something they have created, but you really think the results are terrible, try asking a question about it, such as “Where did you get that?” or “How did you do that?” Getting them to talk about it may help get you off the hook. Otherwise, try for something vague like, “You always look good to me,” or “I can see you put a lot of work into that.”

Perhaps finessing around the issue is a form of a white lie, I don’t know, but there’s being honest and there’s being *brutally* honest. Some people just can’t handle the truth.

I guess, if *I’m* being honest, sometimes I prefer to hear the little white lie.