

Dis Editorial

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You would have thought it was enough that I have blindness on the eyes and deafness on the ears. Not to mention the creaking in my joints – what a pain. But now I’ve got “Dis”.

It seems that Dis is always coming up. I am on my way to work, riding the number 6 bus and praying that I get off at the right stop, because Dis Van, called the “Handivan” in Honolulu I kid you not, takes me half way around the island just to go eight blocks. I flash Dis card at the driver, who tells me that I no longer get a free ride the way I did a year ago because the government is cracking down on Dis population. But I get half off the “normal” fare, so Dis counts for something.

I’m at work and the first thing that pops up on my screen is Dis news flash, “Funding cut for Dis program but Dis is nothing to worry about.” I can’t believe Dis, but Dis day is just starting. The next email is about Dis memo that I have to submit to our fiscal department so that I don’t have to pay the difference in airfare between the flight I’ve booked for Dis business trip on Hawaiian Airlines, and the “lowest available fare” that happens to be \$13.56 cheaper. I booked the Hawaiian Airlines flight because it’s the only transpacific airline where the bulkhead actually allows room for Dis Dog and my legs (ask me later about Dis time I stood up for the full 5 hour trip between San Francisco and Honolulu). So Dis only stands to reason. But when I explained Dis to fiscal I got glazed eyes until I specifically mentioned Dis as a “special accommodation” and then I got happy looks and lots of emails about multiple memos.

I have Dis meeting in the afternoon. I’ve learned Dis lesson for the day, so I blast off a reminder email regarding the “special accommodation request” that I made several days ago for the meeting because of the blindness on the eyes and deafness on the ears. Only before I did not call it a “special accommodation request” but I was assured that Dis is no problem. When I arrive at the meeting Dis request has been completely ignored and they say, “Why didn’t you tell us about Dis?” I say, “I’ve been making Dis request for Dis organization for the past 3, 795 meetings that I’ve attended. How can you be surprised by Dis?” And they say, “Dis is not our fault. Dis is your fault.”

So I get mad and I go home. I can’t take Dis any more. What is Dis, anyway? I calm myself. Dis is real. Dis is you, but Dis is not you. Dis is mostly everybody else.

Dis is my day. Dis is my life.