

Questions You Should Never Ask on Thanksgiving



By Piper Weiss for Yahoo! Shine

Thanksgiving is a high school reunion for relatives. Everyone gathers together to reflect on where they've been, how far they've come, and how much better or worse they're doing than before. It's a Butterball of nerves, particularly when you factor in Thanksgiving other high-stakes ingredients: the doomsday traffic, the one crazy relative who shows up and does his/her crazy thing, the underlying family feuds, the love, the all-day drinking, the hunger – the extreme hunger! – for the perpetually “almost-ready” turkey, and those ghosts of holidays past. The result is a minefield of emotions and the reason family baggage has become such a cliché. We've all got

it, and we bring it to the table on Thanksgiving. All it takes is a seemingly innocuous question to snap that luggage right open and turn dinner into a Eugene O'Neill play. To bypass such family drama, avoid asking the following questions – or answering them.

Don't ask: "What happened with that guy you brought last year?"

Unless you want to hear: "We were both in different places in our lives, and he's 'doing him' right now...but I guess I do feel like it's weird (voice-cracking) being back this year without him...I'm sorry, I don't know why I'm crying, I'm actually totally fine with things." Please, distant relatives, do not interpret this reaction to mean she's been wanting to share this news with you. It's just that you've ripped the wound open again. Nice.

Along those lines don't ask: "So...when is the baby/ring coming?"

Unless you want to hear: "Ha! Who knows?" (And then, in a whisper directed at someone else] "Can we switch seats?"

Don't ask: "Why don't we go help mom cleanup?"

Unless you want to hear (and you don't): "Why, because we're women? Mom may still embrace a hegemonic gender construct, but now that I'm out on my own, I'm making my own choices.

Don't ask: "Will you marry me?"

Unless you want to hear: that crazy relative answer first and kill the mood. Contrary to what rom-coms will have you believe, Thanksgiving dinner is not ideal for super romantic moments. See the next question for more information...

Don't ask: "Where's the bathroom?"

Unless you want to: go to the guest bathroom, which by the end

of the night is a devastated war-zone with a vigil candle. (Pumpkin spice!) Instead, just slip away when nobody's paying attention and wander into the perfectly untarnished master bathroom oasis. There is your sanctuary of tinctures, furry toilet seating and trivia almanacs. You've got about 20 minutes until people start asking where you went.

And finally, don't ask: "Where did you go for so long?"

Unless you want to: embarrass someone who just spent the past 20 minutes in a bathroom.