



Karen can also be read at [Industry Nexus](#)

A horrible, frightening thing happened today. My Boss Joined Facebook. When he told me, he was pleased as punch. A kid with a new toy. A dad joining the information superhighway. I smiled and gave the thumbs up, as I was expected to. But inwardly I was cringing, screaming...

“DON’T FACEBOOK ME.”

If my boss facebooked me, I would have to stop updating my status during the weekday, that tangible evidence of goofing off. In fact, I’d have to eradicate status updates entirely, since I don’t want my boss to know what I’m up to. No more “Karen wants to go home early,” or “Karen is sick of working with idiots.” I would turn into a lurking zombie Facebooker, constantly without status, or worse yet, one whose picture is that hairless blue head.

I couldn’t comment on other people’s status during the day anymore, as this would be further proof that I was not only goofing off on my profile, but taking valuable company time to read others’. Actually, I couldn’t post comments at all, since mine are frequently sarcastic and un-PC and a complete glimpse into the black hole of my psyche. Is that really something my boss needs to know?

Perhaps worse yet: what if MY BOSS updated his status? I’m talking about mundane family outings - ick, my boss is a real person? – or banal thoughts that drift through his mind – “Bob wonders why we still follow daylight savings time” – I don’t want to know that he thinks these things! I don’t want to know that he even thinks on his off hours! And in my off hours He Doesn’t Exist. As far as I’m concerned, he’s locked up in a cupboard weekdays between 7pm – 8:30am, and all weekends and holidays. He just shuts off. Deflates. Folds up.

He is most definitely not sitting on his laptop, getting clever with status updates and reading friend feeds. The very idea is comical in its absurdity.

My Boss Joined Facebook

Written by Karen Woodward

And yet if he does Facebook me, I have to accept. I can't not accept the virtual friendship of a person who pays me. And his enthusiasm is sort of cute. To be fair, his updates will probably be along the lines of "went to see School for Dogs with the kids," which actually proves my point while simultaneously nullifying my fears.

In all honesty, my boss 1.) Probably doesn't want to be Facebook friends with me either, 2.) Won't read status updates, and 3.) Already knows that there is a big black hole where my compassion is supposed to be. Nevertheless.

DON'T FACEBOOK ME.