

Confessions of a Wanna-Be Reformed Nail Biter

Written by

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I am a reformed nail biter...sort of.

I started biting my nails as soon as I got teeth (or at least that's what it seems like) probably because I watched my mom bite hers. I bit them excessively making my hands look very unattractive not to mention my face when I was furiously gnawing on a finger. Finally eighteen years ago, after receiving a beautiful ring from Jim for Christmas, I decided to have artificial, acrylic nails put on. Somehow, I even managed to bite my fake nails so I would go for maintenance appointments every week for years.

After Rick and I got together, he encouraged me to stop biting and I eventually had my acrylic nails removed. Though my nails are no longer on my breakfast menu, I go through phases of picking and nibbling at the skin around them which drives my hubby crazy. When I was in Winnipeg a couple of weeks ago I was treated to a massage and a manicure. I enjoyed it so much and my nails looked so nice that I've barely picked at them at all since.

Today I went into Desert Hot Springs to a local nail salon and treated myself to another manicure. I am hoping that I might be able to break my nasty biting habit if I continue to get regular treatments over the winter. Wish me luck!