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English 1102

Thoughts

As I tie my shoes and put on my jacket, the thoughts just keep flowing through my head. How cold is it outside? Should I bring my sunglasses? Maybe I'll see someone I know...I should probably put at least a little bit of makeup on. A nicer shirt would also be better. Where did that stupid pair of pants go? Now these shoes don't match. Oh forget it. I don't care what I look like or what anybody else thinks I look like. Who do I have to impress? Now where did I put those keys? If I had only put them on the key hook I bought, which was a waste of money because I knew I would never use it, my life would be much simpler. Why can't I be like any other normal person and put things in the same place everyday? But then again, I have to admit; my life wouldn't be as interesting. It's almost like a treasure hunt! Wow. I really just thought that. I should probably get that checked out sometime. Please try to remember not to say that in front of people. Ahh! There they are. Ok. I'm all set! Out the door and lock it behind me. Holy cow! Look at this hallway! This place is just so disgusting. I can't wait till I'm away from it all. Can they really not take the trash to the dumpster right away, instead of leaving it in front of their door for two days? This hair on the floor is probably the most sickening part of these dorms. I don't even want to think of what I found in the shower stall this morning. Don't remember...don't remember. Oh look! Winnie's door's open! I should stop and say hey, but...nope! I've got exactly two minutes to get to class. Wait...two minutes! You

know, the atrium really isn't that far away, but it's funny how much further it seems when you're late...or the wind is blowing hard and it's negative twenty degrees outside...or you really have to pee. That was gross. Add that to the list of things not to say out loud. It's because I go to school with a bunch of guys, or at least that's what I blame it on. I always thought it would be great to go to school with almost all guys. You know? I love sports, and I could actually have some good competition. I hate drama, and boys are pretty drama free. Boys like to eat, and so do I. Seems like it would be like my utopia or whatever that word is, but I've found it's not so much. You really don't notice how nice it is to have girl time until it becomes close to extinct. Speaking of girl time, I need to do my laundry at Jenn's tonight. I'll probably forget this. I should write it on my list. No, it's too cold to take my hands out of my pockets. I wonder how many days I have until I absolutely have to do my laundry. Ha ha. I love how I just secret coded myself in my head. It's not like anyone can hear what I'm thinking. The real question is: how many pairs of underwear do I have left? Hmm...why do they say 'pairs of underwear' when underwear is just one piece of clothing? Weird. What was I thinking about before? What time is it? My calves are burning. I really should start leaving earlier, but then again, maybe I'll get some nice calf muscles out of this. I'm really lame for thinking that. Oh boy. It's two fifty-nine. I wish I were taller. Then I'd have longer legs and could walk faster. I've always been the slowest walker. Maybe I should work on that. Did I bring my book? Who am I kidding? We never use that thing. Pencil, pen, notebook...I don't know why I'm going through my checklist now. Lord knows that if I left anything, I'm too lazy to go back and get it. But would it really be worth going to class if I left anything? I mean,

I have a horrible memory, so listening to him drone on would just be a waste of time. I have everything so I don't know why I'm reasoning with myself. I really am a slacker. That's got to change. I don't know how I've made it this far in life. That girl has really awesome shoes. I want a pair. Oops. I think she saw me staring. Must be weird to notice a girl staring at your shoes. What do you say to that? I just really like shoes, so they're one of the first things I notice. Ha ha. That's funny. When I think back to the first day of classes, I honestly think the first thing I looked at were everyone's shoes. I am quite strange. It would be pretty catastrophic if everyone could hear my thoughts. Man, what if they make a device in the future that allows you to hear what other people are thinking. Oh gosh. I'd probably become a hermit who never left their house. That would be pretty sad. I'd have to order all my food. I'd probably gain a lot of weight. I would never get a tan of any sorts. Would I have any friends? Well, probably not since they could hear everything I think. I wonder if the CIA already has one of these mechanisms. You know, I heard that they have the cure to cancer, but they're just hiding it because cancer and disease help control the population count. What am I saying? Next thing you know I'll start believing aliens ARE really buried under the ground and are going to come to life and take over the world some day. Sometimes I make myself laugh. You know, the sky was really pretty today. Nice and blue. I should check it out more when I get out of class. I don't think he noticed me come in late. Did I miss anything? I never know what this guy is talking about. So many maps. I should stay awake today. I really do feel bad when I fall asleep during class. It's very disrespectful, but the bad thing is that I fight so hard to stay awake. Man, that's a horrible feeling. That feeling when you're trying

so hard to stay awake...you're eyes are all heavy, and so is your chest...your muscles seem so weak, and your thoughts just don't make any sense. Well, my thoughts don't make much sense to begin with. Is it weird that I constantly make fun of myself? I think it just means I have a sense of humor. I mean, in reality, I don't have some misconstrued image of myself. Gosh, what if I was anorexic? Ha. There's no way that could happen because I'm too much of a fatty. Well, I mean, of course I'm not fat, but I do love food. I wish I had a kitchen to cook in here. Scratch that. I wish I had a kitchen to cook in, a soft bed to sleep in, my own bathroom, and a little bit less craziness. Sounds like I need a house. I complain too much. I should add that to my list of things to do before I die: stop complaining. I need to call my mom later. What am I calling her about again? Who knows...I like to think it was something important. I'll write that down on my list. Ok. I don't have a clue what he's saying, but it sounds slightly knowledgeable, which means it's probably important and I should pay attention. Time to turn the thoughts off, in five, four, three, two, one.

Ha. Who was I fooling? Turn off my mind? No way.