

Act 1

Little notes, big ideas

I am constantly scribbling little notes to myself about things I feel are worth remembering at the time. Most of them are never seen by human eyes again. For what it's worth I'm feeling pretty well burnt out right now. My eyelids are heavy, my cutoff fingertip is throbbing, I've been here at school since 8:00 am and I still have Chemistry II, with lab, from 6 - 10.

The note I wrote to myself this morning on my cell phone reads "pursue redemption with same zeal I pursued destruction". I think that it's good enough advice. There is another post next to it that compares my life to a minefield, like the game minesweeper where you mark the mines with flags. I imagine my life walking through some booby traps and hidden threats, desperately trying to identify the mines before I get blown up.

**All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.**

Intermission

I was so preoccupied all day with rechecking all the numbers on my chemistry lab reports and transcribing notes for a student that I completely forgot about my extreme annoyance at my housemates. I had even decided to refer to them as "unredeemable misbegotten wretches" or some variant. One of them, possibly more, ate my box of cereal while I slept - the evil that lurks...



Act 2

Transcription

I started work study early because I was there and full of the fury of self righteous indignation, and I had a Jimmy Dean breakfast bowl to heat up (they can eat my cereal - it was good Quaker oat crunch with dried fruit - but not my microwaveable eggs!) I was asked to assist the short handed counselor with transcribing some notes. I spent three hours typing up half a semesters worth of notes. I had fun learning introductory psychology while turning the copied notebook sheets into precise word documents with charts and tables and all sorts of hierarchal structure.

Intermission

AI poetry (translated from Zodiac killers letters)

At the age of love, a love deranged,
A beauty from romantic interest,
The thought of love, and love became estranged.
Then the words of love became obsessed.
Surrounded by the troubled, by the thieving,
Confused and bruised and poisoned by the master,
Confused and blinded by the helpful scheming,
Confused and blinded by the dreadful slander...

Act 3

Sunday again...

The weeks have just been flying by, too fast for me to stand still and risk missing out on something. I did have a sort of revelation yesterday during a group at the Recovery Center. We were discussing the triggers that precipitate use and holiday gatherings prompting someone to remark that it's tough to not be able to go to those scenes out of concern for one's sobriety. We all agreed that it's difficult to not be included, at that point came my revelation.



It wasn't difficult at all! I don't like people, absolutely abhor crowds and loud noises, think Christmas is a sham, and prefer my quiet time. The truth is that I drank in order to tolerate the social gatherings that are so contrary to my nature - I'd rather just not go to the party.

Intermission

What do I have to look forward to this week

- Write final paper for Western Civ
- Finish newsletter
- Call BSU and MRC about financial aid
- Research winter boots
- Meet my new therapist
- Meditate more

Act 4

It's okay to hate the game

My love-hate relationship with this house is really trying my ability to remain calm. I prefer to do things according to my schedule, but I can't because of the people who live here. That and the fact that there is only one shower in a house for 15 people. I know that I shouldn't complain - it's better than the shelter, I'm getting a great discount, the end is getting closer, but there are times when it still doesn't seem worth it, and

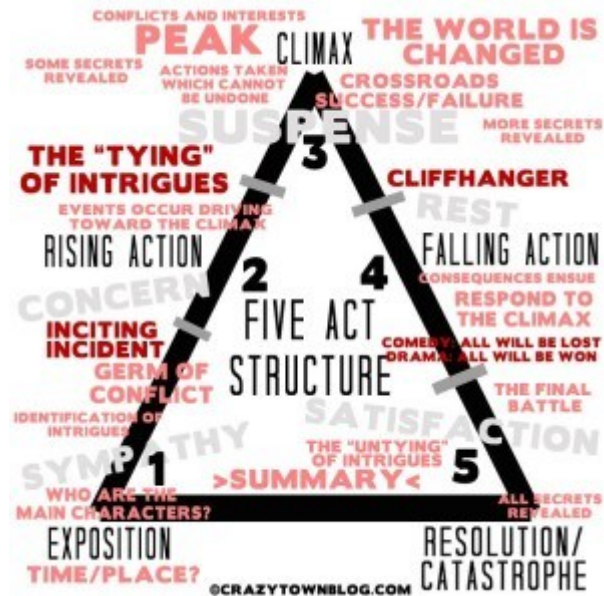
This just in - one more person is moving in this week! Welcome to the asylum!



Conclusion

There is denouement or resolution in my pointless drama. It's just life. Even the conflicts are insignificant on a scale bigger than my own little head. Today's struggles are 1.) coping with this house: am I getting tossed out? if not me, then who is leaving to make room?, 2.) getting

some work done on my term paper in this hostile environment, and 3.) stop taking myself so seriously.



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