

## The Hideout

This has become my Sunday evening ritual. I sneak out of the house around 4:00 in the afternoon, if anyone asks I'm just "running down to the store". Sometimes I use the homework excuse, but not the my "my friend got hit by a car" excuse yet. Probably because everybody knows that I don't have any friends. My rent is paid up and the owner is going away for a month, but it still feels like borrowed time. So, I sit at Dunkin Donuts for an hour and start a post that I will finish later.

It sounds so sad when I just come right out and say it. There are people I see regularly, but nobody outside of whatever shared activity we have in common. I have this illusion that I'll go to a real college and make some cool physics friends. Anybody in Physics, Mathematics or even Chemistry (nuclear and organic chemistry are very cool) would make me feel less alone.



It's times like these that I wonder where I fit in. Right now I don't feel like a physicist. I feel like a 40 something who is afraid of his own shadow and never had what it takes in the first

place. Even as I continue to get perfect scores on my exams I say that it doesn't count because it's community college and I'll never make it at a real school.

There is a blog that I read sometimes from a girl who studies physics and experiences a lot of self doubt, frustration and a hint of misanthropy - like me. She makes me feel not so alone. I suppose that is enough for today and what's tomorrow but another today? Still, having nothing to lose is different than having something to gain. What do I want out of this journey? A cool quantum physics chick would make it all worthwhile. Is she out there?

Maybe I'll write a poem about her...

I hence meandered aimlessly,  
Bereft of any thought:  
My mind as barren as could be,  
Through mulling o'er naught.

But while in cherished moment  
As I chilled through drifting air,  
An epiphany, bright and suddenly  
Did render all so clear.

I stopped and stood in rigid form  
And pondered on this thought 'till dawn:  
Flustered state thence settled in  
As face grew taught with tensioned skin.

Then out of poor chaotic brain -  
Conditioned now to die insane -  
A second epiphany struck so keen...  
I'd succumbed to thinking - I simply hadn't seen!

Still, sitting here, hiding - yes, I'm hiding from having to do the ridiculous urine test - I feel very small and not worth a whole lot. When mouth breathing morons feed the mice after a tough three hour shift at Home Depot and happy in their stupidity and their recovery community enjoy peace that I feel is forbidden, forever hidden, from me. What's more is that I don't even deserve any kind of happiness on account of all my bellyaching and solipsistic bullshit!



This feeling will pass. I'll return home and write out the solutions to another section of diff Eq problems. I won't start my two chemistry labs tonight because I think math is more important. The truth is that I would rather just listen my ebook of IT and ignore the real terrors in this world - endless AA meetings, always looking over my shoulder, never able to stop running because the real nightmare is not outside, it's in my head.



We all float down here.

Congratulations to me. 1 year since my last drink. Don't get fooled by my writing, I am going to just give up and start drinking. That would be suicide, not metaphorically, figuratively, but very literally - to drink is to die. So, I'm going to finish my coffee and enjoy the feeling of the cold night air as I walk home from Dunkin Donuts - my hideout, way down over on west side.

All I want for Christmas is a college scholarship and a room in the dorms. I promise to keep not drinking and to try really hard to be genuinely happy.

It took only seconds to find an answer to the question that I'm certain everybody is waiting to ask - Is there a dating site just for nerds? OF COURSE THERE IS!

<https://www.datingforscientists.com/>

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