10-1-2009

Untitled 4

Cathy Tighe

Follow this and additional works at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol30/iss1/50
one awake for a while. My teacher is always talking about details. Make sure we can see the people and the places. Some people you don’t wanna see like the elephant girl from the third grade or what Marilyn Manson actually looks like with no makeup on. Why are these men wearing makeup, I get the lightning bolts and black paint but when you’re putting on white face powder, tons of eyeliner and mascara your crossing the line. Some things were made just for girls like Barbie's, country music and cleaning supplies. Men are to be manly like Vin Diesel or Hulk Hogan. Now I ain’t no terminator but nobody’s calling me Clay Aiken either. Their was one small detail he left out, he was gay, seems like everyone knew except him. Details for my first kiss, it was at school, the end of the week and there was a pack of girls in front of me. Girls and packs, I guess it starts at a young age. Packs of girls in bathrooms, in movie theatres, at the mall; wolves travel in packs, so do lions, that’s probably saying something about girls. Girtha ran at me like a bull, full speed, as if I was holding a big red sheet. Bull fights are crazy, those men don’t just move when the bull comes at them, they jab it till its barley breathing, animal Cruelty. Focus. Focus. Girtha stopped right in front of me, like she was sliding in for a Home Run or when you look down while driving and you have to slam your brakes because the idiot in front of you can’t drive. I’ve had my share of bad drivers, people cutting me off, flicking me off, and trying to run me off the road. Sometimes I have trouble focusing...

My mom’s calling me. I have another Doctors appointment, I need a hair appointment, maybe Ill grow my hair out. Oh outside I wanna go outside, I’ve been in here for hours. My mom’s calling me, something about a doctor’s appointment; I don’t have a good history with doctors. I have to finish this paper, Paper planes; that’s a good band name. Maybe I should start a band. We could be the next Matchbox 20 or System of a Down. Get Down Stairs I hear my mother yelling. I once fell down the stairs when I was seven; I was reaching for my socks. Do I have socks on? I should probably put socks on, it’s cold outside. I need to get outside more; all this homework is killing me. Maybe I should stop going to school and start a band. Id be famous and rich like Britney Spears, but I wouldn’t dress like here, maybe I would if it made me famous. My mother is now standing over me. We have to go, she says. Where? I ask. She puts her hand on her face and asks if I’m taking my fun multicolored pills everyday. Multicolored pills I laugh, I’m no dummy.