The Wonderful Aspects of Life

Briana Lea Toukonen

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.kent.edu/platypus

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://digitalcommons.kent.edu/platypus/vol1/iss1/23
I woke up feeling heavy. I was still exhausted, it took me hours to fall asleep. I didn’t want to be awake, but there was a knot, it wasn’t really in my stomach, it was more like in between my chest and my stomach. Also there were hundreds of thoughts running rampant around my skull. All of them thinking about the many different outcomes of my current situation. I wanted them all to shut up, I didn’t want to think about it. I wanted to sleep. I tried to focus on the sound of my own breathing and just for a second I could feel my body start to relax a little. Then a hunger pain ripped through my abdomen adding to the already very uncomfortable knot. I curled up into a ball thinking that it could somehow make the pain stop. It didn’t help. I got up, now a little angry, and went to get a bowl of cereal.

I had to dump almost half of the bowl, as it was I had already forced down the last few bites and my stomach was hurting in a completely different way. The knot was still there, but the hunger pains were replaced by a tight, constricting pain that would not allow any more food in.

I couldn’t stand feeling this way, just sitting around, going about my daily business, trying to act like nothing was wrong when I was just waiting for the floor to drop out from under me. The crazy thing is that I knew that when the floor did drop out, it wouldn’t even be all that bad. I had been through worse and would very likely go through something much more terrible again, but the not knowing, the waiting around without being able to do anything about it was some kind of new torture. I couldn’t stop thinking about it, hoping that everything would be ok, knowing that it wouldn’t. I wanted to cry, no I wanted to scream and yell and make him feel pain. I wanted a fight, I wanted get all of my pent up emotions out. I was so confused, not sure what I supposed to feel.

I had to go to work, that was even worse. I would have preferred to lie in bed all day doing absolutely nothing. I put on my make-up and did my hair, I put on my uniform and my fake smile and I walked out the door. All I could think was that maybe it would be busy enough to stop the rampant thoughts from overwhelming me.

But nobody better give me any shit because I would probably jab their eyes out with a soup spoon.