

# John's Worldly Ramblings



4.10

It occurs to me that the last you got out of me was a three-page essay about tits, which I'm sure everyone enjoyed immensely. It really should have been longer. What I should have done was put a bunch of images on the pages with captions like, "These are nice, huh?" "And these are even better," "These aren't quite as nice as some of the others, but I can really appreciate them, nonetheless." I could go on, I'm sure you can imagine. I remember my sister-in-law commenting that those weren't tits at all. I can't be sure if she called them mosquito bites, or what. Two aspirin on an ironing board is a classic, as well. I was in a good mood the day or two I wrote that Rambling. Today can't end quickly enough.

I don't want to talk about my mood or what got me in this state. Frankly, I don't know what to talk about at all.

In just about every episode of "Family Guy," there's at least one moment where I wonder what those poor Koreans who animated it were thinking about while they worked on it. I have this picture of Korea as a very dark, depressing place where nobody laughs as they are working on celluloid for "Family Guy" in a tiny studio that smells of the death of a coworker for 18 hours a day. That's actually just North Korea.

I am Korean. I come from the country of Korea and I've been here for how-do-you-say "one day."

Has anyone else had an experience with the internet where you find out some random piece of personal news and it just kills your whole fucking day? I mean, if you have to ask then probably not. My problem is that things rattle around in my head to the point where I can't sleep. I just lay there, looking up at my ceiling fan running the same thing over in my head.

Some time ago I came down with a strange bug that hit me one night. I ran a fever and had a massive headache, but the part that I won't ever forget was that I became delusional. I had just bought the ceiling fan I'll be looking up at tonight, but had not yet installed it. It was still in the box, on the floor. I skimmed over the instructions and spent a couple minutes looking at the wiring diagrams earlier in the day, but when I was sick that night I continually went over how to wire it in my head, but I couldn't get it straight. It became so complicated and it kept snowballing. Eventually my mind started wiring my body into the process, so I actually started getting physically tense over my inability to wire the fan. I knew that I shouldn't be wired into the fan, but that I kept doing it in my mind, made it real. I also eventually became aware that it was all going on in my mind and repeatedly doing it was insanity, but I just couldn't stop my mind from thinking about wiring. At some point, I fell asleep and felt just fine the next day.

A while ago I told you about a recurring dream I had where I was moving in a car-like object and couldn't stop despite a knowing feeling that I was going to hit something. Yeah, I got a new one for you. I've been having dreams about my teeth falling out. My tongue will touch gum instead of a tooth. Or I'll look in a mirror and teeth will be missing entirely or I may have what look to me like ground down stumps of teeth that dentists put caps over. Or I'll be able to feel a loose tooth and I reach up and pull it out without any effort. The most fucked up part is that once I see that my teeth are gone or whatever, after a moment of embarrassment or tension, I accept it and am just like, "Oh well." No... the most fucked up part is that it feels so real and when I wake up I make sure my teeth are still there and then I kick myself in the ass for laying down on the issue like a goddamn pussy. It makes me wonder if other times that I have felt like a tooth

has been a little loose wasn't just a dream, too, since I can't tell the difference between a dream and reality.

Several months ago now I woke up one morning face down in my pillow, and then I laid in bed for a few minutes watching a little TV before I went into the bathroom where I took a leak before stepping over to the sink. I looked at my face in the mirror and, aside from noticing that I needed a shave, which is not uncommon, I thought that my face didn't look quite right. It seemed to me that I looked incredibly unhappy... but only on one side of my face. The right side of my face looked droopy, like I was frowning. I smiled in the mirror and saw the right side didn't lift like the left. I, understandably, thought, "What the fuck?" I closed my eyes as tightly as I could and could feel an inability to squeeze my right eye closed as tightly as the left, a theory I confirmed later in the shower where I felt water was hitting my right eyeball despite my attempts to close the lids. I didn't know what was going on. I thought maybe I had a mini-stroke in the night, but my right arm and leg were just fine. Then I remembered that I woke up with my face down in my pillow. I had jaw surgery eight or nine years ago where they opened up my chin and exposed a nerve that caused a lot of numbness in my chin for years and even to this day, I have limited feeling in it, especially on the right side. I figured that I must have done some additional damage to my facial nerves in the night. I felt very self-conscious about it when I went out to see friends or went to work until my face got back to normal about two weeks later. I still wonder if that's what really happened or if I have Belle's Palsy or something else like that, but as we say in the IT business, "If it happens once, it's a fluke, if it happens again, you might have a problem."

What I don't like about Christmas shopping is not just limited to the sheer amount of morons who are out there or the difficulties I face in choosing gifts, but because everybody is out shopping, the chances of running into people you know shoot way up. It's not all bad, I saw my friends Jeff and Vony at Best Buy and then minutes later on the way over to Barnes and Nobles, I saw a guy I work with and his wife in front of Circuit City. I don't mind seeing people like that. In

fact, I enjoy it to an extent. But then there are people you see who make you feel complex emotionally. By you I mean me.

I was in Sam's Club just looking around and I passed by a girl who rode my bus in high school who was a year behind me who I just happened to have a little crush on. Our eyes met briefly and we had a moment of mutual vague recognition as we both kept walking in different directions. She looked exactly the same. I mean, exactly, which was the thing that surprised me more than anything. There's not really anything more to say about this because of what I will describe to you next.

I also went to Pier 1 to shop for some unique gifts where I ran into the stepmother of a former friend of mine. I last saw her two years ago when she told me that her daughter had been sexually assaulted in Milwaukee by some drug addict at gunpoint. I was more interested in hearing about how her daughter was now over anything else. She told me some things that sounded nice and all, things like she was still living in the area, she was going to a tech school now, she was working at a shoe store, she was engaged, she saw her mom frequently, blah blah blah. They sound like nice, normal, ordinary things. To me they sounded very different from the way things looked to be going for her when I ended my friendship with this girl's half-brother. I hear things like "in the area" and "tech school" and "shoe store" and I remember she wanted to go to Duke after high school. I realize that dreams give way to other dreams, dreams give way to reality, life takes you in unexpected directions and such, but how much of where her life is now is due to the attack she suffered? I had and have no say in her life, but I did feel like part of that family for a while and I had a desire for things to go well for her. Over the past few years I've wanted to stop by their house but I don't feel like I have any right to reintroduce myself in there.

But there are things that she deserves, and I expected her to go far. By this time she could have already been graduated with a Bachelor's degree. She could be beginning a career; she could be going for a Master's. I don't believe she would be in, what sounds to me like, a funnel heading towards the tapered

end had she not been attacked which caused her drop out of a major University because she didn't want to be in such an open environment.

I shouldn't be concerned. I shouldn't care. I should be able to leave that part of my life in the past. Bad things happen. People get attacked, people witness shootings, people get into car accidents, people die, people leave, people get sick, people show their true selves.

I am concerned. I do care. It's a new year, right? Fuck, just like the last one. Still no resolutions. Some of my friends think they know how I felt about her when I knew her, but they really don't. She was something of a muse to me for a long time. But more than that, when I thought of her, I saw perfection untapped, the ideal combination of beauty, potential, intelligence, innocence, and drive. If I live to be an old, old man I will never come across that same combined balance again. And that combined balance is now gone, lost to this world because of some wrong-place, wrong-time bullshit.

Times like this I do believe the world is a cold, dark, evil place. You know that part of you who wants to be a hero? That part of me is crying right now.

You and your blank fucking profile... Jesus **CHRIST**.

John

Favorite Song Today: "Happy Home" – Garbage

Favorite Movie Today: "Man on Fire"