Things I procrastinate on

1. Homework
2. Replying to texts
3. Eating lunch
4. Washing dishes
5. Buying things
6. Shaving
7. Shopping
8. **Hanging up laundry**

Things that annoy people

1. When people don’t listen to what you are saying
2. Only blue shirts and jeans
3. The doodle bops
4. When people walk too fast behind you
5. When people walk to slow in front of you
6. Getting mugged
7. When you are walking down an aisle and you and another person do the back and forth thing more than twice
8. When you are trying to erase something with the eraser on the back of your pencil and the eraser breaks off.
9. When your phone falls into the abyss between the driver seat and the center console
10. When you are combing your hair and no matter how hard you try that one little section won’t stay down
11. When you are behind someone and they keep going the same way that you want to go and now they probably think that you might be following them.
12. When you’re having a texting conversation and the other person just stops replying for like 20 minutes
13. Skateboarding on the Rowan sidewalks
14. When professors give you exams with material that was never covered
15. When it’s like 2 in the morning and the 7-eleven delivery trucks come and start making a whole bunch of noise just as I’m about to fall asleep
16. Have my bike seat be soaking wet every time I have to go to class

Among the most tremendous inefficiencies plaguing modern society is the tedious task of putting laundry away. Sure, I can handle piling dirty clothes into my hamper. I can handle wheeling my clothes to the laundry room. I can even handle setting timers on my phone to make sure I move my clothes to the dryer in a timely manner. However, when it comes to putting my clean clothes away…. Forget about it!

You know what really grinds my gears? The Doodle Bops. I don’t know if any of you remember the Doodle Bops and how utterly annoying they were, but I hate them. And still, I would much be forced through a 6-hour Doodle Bops marathon than to hang up my clothes in a timely manner.

You know what would be nice? It would be really nice if that one part of the back of my hair would never go down no matter how much I combed it. Well… At least really nice compared to putting away clean clothes.

I would rather be struck with a curse where each time I ride my bike, my seat is soaking wet. I would rather go to each of my classes with cold and wet pants. I’d sooner accept being cursed such that every time I go to erase something, the eraser at the end of my pencil breaks off. Because these, admittedly minor, inconveniences are nothing compared to participating in the illogical task of hanging up clothes.

I’d rather be stuck walking behind a wall of slow walkers. I’d rather be tailgated by a mob of much too fast walkers. I’d rather have to do the back and forth thing with the person coming the other way down the aisle each time I buy groceries than to have to put away all of those darn clean clothes.

If I was driving on the Parkway and “Baby Shark” came on Spotify. I would rather have my phone fall into the abyss between the passenger seat and the center console as I go to skip it than to put away a load of laundry.

But why do I despise hanging up clothes? Why do I avoid this simple responsibility for up to a week and a half at times? Well, simply put. I cannot understand. I cannot fathom, why I should take the time to put clothes on a hanger just to take time again to take the clothes off. It would be so much easier to just pick through a pile of clean clothes without having to worry about the cheap, flimsy middleman we call the clothes hanger.

I would rather be stuck with nothing but blue shirts and blue jeans, being forced to dress like a Smurf, than to hang up my clothes. But, I guess, I would not even have this problem in the first place if I were to organize my clothes so I can see what I have left.