#AUTHID,TEXT,cEXT,cNEU,cAGR,cCON,cOPN

1997\_504851.txt,"Well, right now I just woke up from a mid-day nap. It's sort of weird, but ever since I moved to Texas, I have had problems concentrating on things. I remember starting my homework in 10th grade as soon as the clock struck 4 and not stopping until it was done. Of course it was easier, but I still did it. But when I moved here, the homework got a little more challenging and there was a lot more busy work, and so I decided not to spend hours doing it, and just getting by. But the thing was that I always paid attention in class and just plain out knew the stuff, and now that I look back, if I had really worked hard and stayed on track the last two years without getting lazy, I would have been a genius, but hey, that's all good. It's too late to correct the past, but I don't really know how to stay focused n the future. The one thing I know is that when people say that b/c they live on campus they can't concentrate, it's b. s. For me it would be easier there, but alas, I'm living at home under the watchful eye of my parents and a little nagging sister that just nags and nags and nags. You get my point. Another thing is, is that it's just a hassle to have to go all the way back to school to just to go to library to study. I need to move out, but I don't know how to tell them. Don't get me wrong, I see where they're coming from and why they don't want me to move out, but I need to get away and be on my own. They've sheltered me so much and I don't have a worry in the world. The only thing that they ask me to do is keep my room clean and help out with the business once in a while, but I can't even do that. But I need to. But I got enough money from UT to live at a dorm or apartment next semester and I think I�ll take advantage of that. But off that topic now, I went to sixth street last night and had a blast. I haven't been there in so long. Now I know why I love Austin so much. When I lived in VA, I used to go up to DC all the time and had a blast, but here, there are so many students running around at night. I just want to have some fun and I know that I am responsible enough to be able to have fun, but keep my priorities straight. Living at home, I can't go out at all without them asking where? with who? why? when are you coming back? and all those questions. I just wish I could be treated like a responsible person for once, but my sister screwed that up for me. She went crazy the second she moved into college and messed up her whole college career by partying too much. And that's the ultimate reason that they don't want me to go and have fun. But I'm not little anymore, and they need to let me go and explore the world, but I�m Indian; with Indian culture, with Indian values. They go against ""having fun. "" I mean in the sense of meeting people or going out with people or partying or just plain having fun. My school is difficult already, but somehow I think that having more freedom will put more pressure on me to do better in school b/c that's what my parents and ultimately I expect of myself. Well it's been fun writing, I don't know if you go anything out of this writing, but it helped me get some of my thoughts into order. So I hope you had fun reading it and good luck TA's. ",n,y,y,n,y

1997\_605191.txt,"Well, here we go with the stream of consciousness essay. I used to do things like this in high school sometimes. They were pretty interesting, but I often find myself with a lack of things to say. I normally consider myself someone who gets straight to the point. I wonder if I should hit enter any time to send this back to the front. Maybe I'll fix it later. My friend is playing guitar in my room now. Sort of playing anyway. More like messing with it. He's still learning. There's a drawing on the wall next to me. Comic book characters I think, but I'm not sure who they are. It's been a while since I've kept up with comic's. I just heard a sound from ICQ. That's a chat program on the internet. I don't know too much about it so I can't really explain too well. Anyway, I hope I'm done with this by the time another friend comes over. It will be nice to talk to her again. She went home this weekend for Labor Day. So did my brother. I didn't go. I'm not sure why. No reason to go, I guess. Hmm. when did I start this. Wow, that was a long line. I guess I won't change it later. Okay, I'm running out of things to talk about. I've found that happens to me a lot in conversation. Not a very interesting person, I guess. Well, I don't know. It's something I'm working on. I'm in a class now that might help. The phone just rang. Should I get it? The guy playing the guitar answered it for me. It's for my roommate. My suitemate just came in and started reading this. I'm uncomfortable with that. He's in the bathroom now. You know, this is a really boring piece of literature. I never realized how dull most everyday thoughts are. Then again, when you keep your mind constantly moving like this, there isn't really time to stop and think deeply about things. I wonder how long this is going to be. I think it's been about ten minutes now. Only my second line. How sad. Well, not really considering how long these lines are. Anyway, I wonder what I'm going to do the rest of the night. I guess there's always homework to do. I guess we'll see. This seat is uncomfortable. My back sort of hurts. I think I'm going to have arthritis when I get older. I always thought that I wouldn't like to grow old. Not too old, I suppose. I've always been a very active person. I have a fear of growing old, I think. I guess it'll go away as I age gradually. I don't know how well I'd deal with paralysis from an accident though. As long as I have God and my friends around, I'll be okay though. I'm pretty thirsty right now. There isn't much to drink around my room. Ultimate Frisbee, I haven't played that all summer. Fun game, but tiring. I'm out of shape. I'd like to get in better shape, but I hate running. It's too dull for me. Hmmm. it's almost over now. Just a few more minutes. Let's see if I make it to the next line. Short reachable goals! Whatever. Anyway, what else do I have to do tonight. I guess I could read some. My shirt smells like dinner. It's pretty disgusting. I need to wake up for a 9:30 am class tomorrow. I remember when that wasn't early at all. Well, I made it to the next line. I'm so proud of myself. That's sarcasm, by the way. I wonder if I was suppose to right this thing as a narrative. Oh well too late now. Time for me to head out. Until next time, good bye and good luck. I don't know. ",n,n,y,n,n

1997\_687252.txt,"An open keyboard and buttons to push. The thing finally worked and I need not use periods, commas and all those thinks. Double space after a period. We can't help it. I put spaces between my words and I do my happy little assignment of jibber-jabber. Babble babble babble for 20 relaxing minutes and I feel silly and grammatically incorrect. I am linked to an unknown reader. A graduate student with an absurd job. I type. I jabber and I think about dinoflagellates. About sunflower crosses and about the fiberglass that has be added to my lips via clove cigarettes and I think about things that I shouldn't be thinking. I know I shouldn't be thinking. or writing let's say/ So I don't. Thoughts don't solidify. They lodge in the back. behind my tongue maybe. Somewhere at the point of hiding but dinoflaghelates, protistas and what was that sea weed. I think about the San Luiz valley and I think about the mushrooms in cow shit. I think about the ticos and I think about the chiggers that are living in my legs. I itch. I coat myself with clear nail polish in hopes to suffocate the bugs that are living in my legs and I remember Marco. I remember Ecuador and I think about my thoughts and what I am not supposed to be doing in this assignment. Thoughts. I wonder if I think in sentences I wonder what affect my slowish typing has on my stream of consciousness and I wonder if there is a way that typing speed can be measured in this study so that so link some generalization of dorky 301 psyc students. green and the table in my kitchen makes me want to vomit. orange. What an absurd color. wish I wasn't in the united state. My greencard runs out in a few years wonder what I do. I hope Dr. Linder gets back in his lab because I really need to find out if he has funds to pay me. May have to go back to the library. Brainless job of nothingness that would make me wallow in the world of boredom which isn't entirely bad. Need to focus on school organics and such. Period. Two spaces after the period. Mistakes and I want to eat not hungry and I wonder how many people talk about food in there little computer ramblings Feel open and Happy that I am not having to edit this. Type type I don't know what I am think Hannah Imi and Osdprey house. I remember when I went down to that . she had spiders on hurt wall pain all over the place and we painted clouds on the ceiling and the blue walls were so obnoxious. Carey. Sex sex sex. yeah. This is a strange assignment and Portonoy's complaint is ringing in my head. Eager to finish so that I can start for Whom the Bell Tolls and get on with it. Bio and Carbon atoms bonds and orbitals. Thinking about the electron configuration that surrounds the last letter in my first name and I think that I must have been granted a full ""s"" orbital one up and one down. spinning on opposite directions and I am thinking about Scottish poetry about Mike in his kilt and about my guitar that I am slowly slowly slowly learning to play. I wonder what goes on in this study. I wonder if those happy little bored entertained grad students will scan words and I wonder how I can mess up this study? Random words like . don't know. ;Me me me me me and I wish that some things were easier and I wish that I had been keeping my eye on the clock. Wondering how long I have been typing and wishing that I was finished because I need to find out if I have to / will work in the Botany lab again and all that . ILS Belly and the Flamenco. Bjork and Rozamond Cockrill kickin' it in Saratoga Springs. I hate Molly's cat and wish that it could be exchanged for a worthwhile ferret. Type type type. I have managed to waste over 20 minutes of time I think. Who knows. What If I was to write this out and it took 30 minutes to write and 15 minutes to type. Thinking about nothing and wishing that some financial aid would come my way. Need a job and a sprinkling of time. Time to go and sign outta here. trees ",n,y,n,y,y

1997\_568848.txt,"I can't believe it! It's really happening! My pulse is racing like mad. So this is what it's like. now I finally know what it feels like. just a few more steps. I wonder if he is going to get any sleep tonight!? I sure won't! Well, of course I have a million deadlines to meet tomorrow so I'll be up late anyway. But OH! I'm so so excited! Yes! Yes! I can't believe it is finally happening. Wait! Calm down. We aren't officially a couple yet. What if I end up not liking him? That would be horrible. Oh great, I wonder how long it'll take me to finish those Calculus problems? I'll get it done. Don't you always, Amy? I can't believe Bob did it! He really did it! He is THE miracle worker. If things turn out all right I will owe him more than I can ever repay. I wonder what Steve is doing in Malaysia right now? An entire month! I'll likely clean out his refrigerator by then. Omigosh! Food, lunch tomorrow, what will I ever say to him? He is perfect in every way imaginable. It is so important for him to think of me the same way. well, maybe not Perfect, but certainly dynamic. Who would have ever thought! Good things do indeed come to those who wait! Oh, I'll have to remember to sign the poster he made tomorrow morning. I hope Steve's alarm clock is reliable and I don't oversleep. That would be tragic if I slept 'til noon and missed the lunch. Thank goodness Portia is coming along. I will definitely need her support as well as Bob's. just having her there will take away some of the tension and put me more at ease. I'll have to rehearse what I say beforehand. things can only get better from here, right? hopefully. oh, I'm so nervous! He will be too. maybe even more so. it'll be ok. Why in the world do humans put themselves through such torture. maybe love is really worth it? ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_688160.txt,"Well, here I go with the good old stream of consciousness assignment again. I feel like I'm back in freshman HS English class again. Not that that's a bad thing, mind you, but my English teacher freshman year made us do these assignments constantly, and mine were always completely ridiculous, like, ""wow, I'm really hungry. I wish I could go to Taco Bell. "" They really had no point, except as busy work. In a psychology class, though, I can see the reasoning behind an assignment like this. Just letting my mind go free, and putting my random thoughts down in writing could be a big help in figuring out why I'm such a psychological screw-up. Well, that's not true. I don't want y'all getting the wrong idea about me, being that today was the first day of class and all. I'm really not a nut case. People may think I am, but really, I'm a normal kind of gal. Actually, down here in Texas, I guess I'm not normal. I don't like to eat biscuits and gravy for breakfast, and country fried steak with fried okra for dinner. I'm from Connecticut, and we don't even HAVE okra, much less worship it like it's some kind of vegetable goddess. My mind is starting to go blank--performance pressure I guess. I'm on the spot here--I don't want you all to be bored while you're reading this, if you ever do get around to reading this, that is. Well, I'm not going to stress just yet, so you're probably going to have to listen to some of my random, incoherent babbling for a few paragraphs. These computers are a big old pain in the ass. Here in the SMF, sure, they've got a bajillion computers, but unfortunately, we've got 42 bajillion students trying to use them, all at the same time. I think I'll be spending quite a few late, late nights in the computer center, just to get my stuff done. Yippee. That's what college is all about--late nights in the libraries. Yeah. Right. At this point, I don't even know what college is all about. I probably shouldn't say anything though, seeing as how I'm going to have to write another one of these thingys in a few days, where the topic is ""college"" Blah, blah, blah. I can't believe I'm actually doing this assignment on the same day that is was assigned! Go me! Talk about dedication. I really can't believe this. In high school, procrastination was my middle name. No, it was my first name. By second semester, I have more free periods in a day than actual classes, so I didn't have to do a damn thing. It was great! Unfortunately, because of that, I'm going to have to work that much harder here at UT, to get those studying skills back up to par. High School. Now that was a trip. When I was there, I couldn't wait to get out of there. I hated that school, that town, everything except my friends, of course. Then, my family moved, right after graduation, and I learned real quick that there were worse places to be than in my old town. At least back home I have my friends and my boyfriend and my piece of crap car, and I knew what there was to do. After I moved, I had no friends, no life, no car, no nothing. I worked all day. That's it. now, though, I'm ready for this whole college thing. Austin seems like a fun city, where I might actually enjoy spending the next four years. Oh yeah. While we're on the subject of ""four years,"" why is it that all the professors & administrators that give speeches and stuff always make it sound like we'll be in college for like, 5 or 6 years? I'm sorry, but I plan on graduating in 4 years. What's the problem here? What are people doing, that they can't graduate in 4 years? I just don't get it. no offense if any of y'all reading this took like 7 years to do your undergrad work. I'm not trying to knock you, just trying to figure this out. Well, it's 9:19, exactly 18 minutes after I started this nifty little piece of writing that makes no sense and has no point. I'm not really sure if I have fulfilled this assignment, like if I was supposed to analyze my personal stream of consciousness, where it took me, and what that means regarding my own personality. I guess if I had to, I could say that my mind works in mysterious ways, and even if the above essay seems to be illogically connected, to me, I can see the patterns. Yeah. I just went back & tried to read this over again, and I've got to give a suggestion. For these assignments, make the box we're writing in a box where you can see the whole line of writing at one time, without have to scroll across , because it's a real big pain for me, and I'm sure it's just as big a pain for you when you're trying to read it. Unless, of course, when you read it, you can see the whole line at once. I don't know, just a suggestion! Thanks for taking the time to give us all the opportunity to get an easy 10 % of out final grade through these writing assignments! ",y,n,y,n,y

1997\_722902.txt,"Today. Had to turn the music down. Today I went to the KVRX meeting. I will hopefully have my own radio show. I don�t know what I will talk about. I have considered in great depth and. Jeez this songs starts off quietly. cool beginning. should start louder. oh well can't all be perfect. My roommate is playing the same game . he plays that game too much and spends too much time with it. does he get homework? I just don't know. This song is rather erotic. in a very deep and disturbing way. I can't decide whether I actually want to study medical technology or not. I love many things form chemistry to mycology to religious studies/. speaking of which I had a very good time at my PSA meeting. Pagan student alliance. ahh. gotta love that screech the chairs let when you push them back. ahhhhh. well. oh yeah at the meeting I met several people. Caleb seems rather worried about one of the women. though he is bound and like wise I am unable to speak ill of her. Well I am in charge of running our booth Monday. or is it Tuesday. That song is one again. his team (my roommate) I s winning. YEESH. Well I guess if he enjoys it. my typing is rather poor and this assignment is taking a long time. 20 minutes. been 5. . lalalalalalalal. Yes the meeting. I talked about shamanism. which apparently comes from a Siberian word. being that there are several hundred different shamanic following in this world. due to the vast number of tribes that speckle our world. Peter Steele has a very sexy voice. I would love to make love to this song,. Well. too much. info. /. Dtos are fun ellipses. that word too is fun. I think that perhaps I am slowly running out of things to say. . That song reminds me of my young age. riding in the car and talking to my family. the streetlights were bright back then and things were happy. or where they. perhaps not,, I don't remember that well. My car was full of all of us and the dog wasn't around. She isn't anymore either. epilepsy has taken her from this incarnation. I wonder what she is doing now. Does she know that I miss her???? I wish I could find out. Possibly clairvoyance. That is of course under the assumption that spirits are all equal. they are. I know. For I am. Yes I was and shall be. ever. My childhood bears a interesting mark of past fuzziness. I can't seem to recollect exact details like others. very brown. ,. fuzzy is the best word. The 80's really did suck. I wonder why that CD is still lying there on the answering machine. I love bright circling colors. they interest me. not in a psychotic manner but in a very hypnotic manner. they calm. I like to be calm and sedate/. Though activity on occasion is good. . . . Grey is not a good color. neutral yes but very passive. though passive is good. Taoism. there's a philosophy. They believe that by doing nothing they do everything. interesting. I am currently reading Aleister Crowley His hermetic order seems rather interesting though a bit on the abnormal and almost eccentric side. I remember reading stories about spiders. And milkmen in fields with roses. no daisies. yeah daisies. Looking down upon the daisies as they look up to me. I want to do a past life regression and find out who I was. I wonder if I have been anyone famous or popular. Wow I am saying some rather strange things. interesting. I didn't. . My head hurts. and my room is hot. I would like to stop this. I have 3 minutes left and nothing to say except for watching my fingers press the buttons is a rather enjoyable activity. they press slowly and heavy. sometimes fast and lithe. I mean light. yeah light. so I hope I am doing this right. I am putting my consciousness on record for others to read. I guess that's cool. It should be interesting though I have said very little. I wonder what other are saying. ahh the three minutes have passed and my typing ill now slow to a halt. ",y,n,y,n,y

1997\_724708.txt,"Stream of consciousness. What should I write about. Am I supposed to have some kind of direction or am I supposed to write exactly what I am thinking. This feels like a very strange assignment. for homework it seems that it I pretty easy. Actually it would be pretty intense if this was worth more than however much it is worth. Hmm for some reason I am blanked out, and it seems like I am thinking about nothing. Oh well. Lets see what happened today. I lucked out on my econ quiz, I was actually able to guess my way to a 100. What are the chances of that. having faith definitely pays off. I always say that it is important to have faith. That�s my motto in life. Have faith and have fun. Life is a funny thing. One minute your there and gone the next. It is like Louie the Lug Mcgurg for example. He died tragically at 18. I am 18 what happened. Somebody stepped on his fingers. And that killed him. well he was hanging of the 11th story of the hotel at the time. Poor lug. No Poor Mrs. the Lug. Now she is on the streets selling apples. The point is that the lug did not plan ahead and the government got everything. Oscar was a damn intense movie. It seems very difficult to figure out what I am thinking. Wen I try I blank out, and I keep trying to figure out what stream of consciences s then. Life is good. This entire internet business is pretty cool. I never would of thought I could write a paper, and then send it to a teacher by pushing a submit button. I wonder how much longer I will be writing this. I only have ten more minutes left. Everyone always asks what you are thinking about, when you are just sitting there thinking. Usually you say nothing because you just don't want to tell them. Now I am trying to think of what I am thinking and I am getting nothing. Cricket is a great sport. There is going to be the Sahara cup going to be played in Canada. It is India vc. Paistan. One of the biggest cricketing rivalries in the world. Team Pak is going to be victorious. Aamir sohai is a great Cricketer. I can not believe that they dropped him from the team. Granted he was a little out of form, but he would have taken the Indian crap bowlers around the park and back. This is beginning to seem kind of silly. I hope that was your point. I wonder if any body is actually going to read this. For some reason I doubt it. Whoever is reading it though I feel sorry for. That is a lot peoples garbage talk you have to read. Maybe it isn't. I have no idea what it is. This screen is really weird. How come only three lines have popped up. I have been writing for 15 minutes. Is this some kind of ploy so we can not see what we have written. I can not believe that I only thought about that now. In fact I just noticed that only this much was on the screen. Very Very Interesting. I am getting tired of typing. I am waiting for these final minutes to tick away. I hope you gain something out of this, because I don�t think I will. actually I might, but I have no idea how. I was thinking about quitting early, but what if you had some kind of device that told you how long I was on for. That is actually pretty scary. only god knows what technology can do nowadays. Anyway I hope you enjoy reading this. It is quite possible that I have enjoyed writing it. It is fun and relaxing to write something, without having o go back and proofread. It seems like you are an expert typer actually. Anyway now my 20 minutes are up, so have faith and have fun. If you read this give me an A. Even though It does not matter. This completion grade stuff is amazing. All my classes should do it. ",n,n,y,n,n

1997\_724794.txt,"The RTF305 Usenet site is a piece of garbage! I just sent my first required message, only to have another person's name in the From slot! Now I probably won't get credit, and worse yet, I can't access it again! The computers here suck! It's bad enough I wait in line just to use one. Well, that's it, I have got to get my own. Or perhaps, bring my old one from home. It seems different, even though basically everything is the same. It's on my desk at home right now. That antique desk where I spent hour after hour perfecting my work, listening to my favorite music right now. I hear Journey, and String right now, now if that stereo down the hall would shut up! What are they paying for anyway? They come miles upon miles, after earning the right to be here, and then squander it on stupid sound effects, and loud music. If I wanted to hear Inspector Gadget during the Simpson�s, I would change the channel! I only get to watch t. v. for 30 minutes or so a day, and I certainly want to choose, and if my roommate and I don't choose, why should that inconsiderate shmuck down the hall get to!? Speaking of halls, that turn was so tight in the one off of my computer room. I used to feel plush carpet under my feet, and the cold, refreshing taste of Coke when I walked quickly into the room to begin my work for the night. And all those shows that I missed! I missed countless mindless hours of television. Pure, mind-numbing entertainment, what can beat that. I see industrial carpet on the wall right now. How plush my bed was! Jake used to love when I gave him nip, or scratched his ears at night. It reminds me of when that bumpkin exterminator came to the large, clean, inviting house thought he was a bob cat. So the vet called him ""big-boned"", that doesn�t mean he was obese. So he ate 3 bowls a day, and was a 20 pound cat with a gut. That reminds me of ""Cats"" when the twenty pounder is the human equivalent of 300 or so pounds. That theatre rocked. I. M. Pei is awesome, but that other guy on t. v. is an eccentric freak. The Myerson is cool, I could go for some more hot chocolate now, just like during the Christmas musical we went to. That guy was pretty short who my mom worked with, and bald as a bowling alley floor. I have to play pool before I go insane! That basement used to smell musty, but the sleepovers were fun. ",n,n,n,y,y

1997\_628043.txt,"I'm really unsure about this assignment because I'm afraid I won/t be able to think of things to say for 20 minutes so I'll start off with why I'm so mad right now. last night Allison, Rebecca, and Stephanie and I went with Paul and trey to go coon hunting because Allison and I went with them last weekend and it was fun, so anyway we drove for an hour to get to Killeen over this bridge that they hang prostitutes from no that was later first we went to this house that was so trashy that Rebecca didn't even want to go inside to use the bathroom so she went outside that�s gross then we drove to the place for hunting and they made us get in the bed of the truck and trey drove about 50 mph and we were flying all around we played this I�ve never game I didn't realize that Rebecca and Stephanie are just like me that�s cool so then we go over this bridge that smells like shit or rotting carcasses or something and we were so scared because Stephanie was telling a ghost story abo9ut a bridge and then trey turned around and we went over the bridge about 3 more times we were so scared then we get to the field and Paul was already being an asshole and they took the dogs out Allison had begun Paul had Jodi and trey had flip and they left the walker bitch spice in the truck so we start walking toward the creek which turned out to be raw sewage and I refused to go any further and Paul screamed at me that I was a bitch and he didn't give a fuck what I did so I went back through the woods with no flashlight so I could get in the truck I have never been more scarred in my entire life I prayed the whole time and I took spice out because I was afraid that I was going to get raped and murdered or something I was bawling and trying to tell my parents through telepathy that I loved them and that I would miss them because I was going to die then I heard a voice yelling my name and asking for help it was trey he was coming back to make sure I was okay I was so happy then about 30 minutes later the others came back, they looked like night of the living dead with briars and thorns all in their hair they told me they wished they'd stayed with me then they got in their bras and panties because their clothes were soaked with sewage and we drove home the whole time Paul is bitching to Allison about everything and treating her like shit I think she could do so much better but she's in love and I told her that but we didn�t get home until 4am and I had a 10 class that I've missed too much already but I made it and that has basically what has been consuming me today I�m sorry if its not what you wanted. ",y,y,n,y,y

1997\_708036.txt,Today was a tough day for me. I can't believed I failed to talk to Asweenee. No girl has ever had that much power on me. Its probably the sun kicking in. I can't wait to go to the football game on Saturday. UT is definitely going to beat Rutgers b/c Rutgers lost last week to a weak team by more than 20 points. Calculus class is going to be boring tomorrow because the professor is going to continue his lecture on limits. I hope we get no homework or else I will be very busy Wed. night. That phone next door is driving me crazy! Why does Kyle have the ringer on so high? I need to buy the Bush CD soon. The songs on that CD will pump me up and let me overcome my fear of talking to Asweenee. I hope she remembers me from the concert and knows that I am not some weird freak. Neal seems to enjoy studying Chemistry for no reason because he does the extra problems even though they are not due at all. I guess he feels insecure about his ability in Chemistry. I hope the Giants win next week at Jacksonville. It should be a good game but knowing my luck they won't even televise that game. Who cares about the Cowboys? Tonight I want to email Steve and tell him my difficult conquest for a girlfriend. Maybe things will clear up the next few days and I will finally have the courage to do what I am so good at: socializing. I have never froze up like this in a long time. Maybe I am thinking too much about screwing up. I know I am better than that. Baseball season is almost near the homestretch. I hope the Yankees can catch up to the Orioles and go back to the World Series. My parents are probably trying to call right now and are wondering why the phone line is busy. I wondering how Linh is adjusting at Rice? I hope she is not getting too depressed about not seeing Paul because I am not there to help her get through this hard time. I am glad I was there for her this summer because she needed a good friend who could understand her. I really miss her a lot but at the same time I know she will be fine. I sound like her parents. I wonder how Craig's drive to Minnesota is? His dad is probably giving him a lecture after what happened to him this summer. This room needs more AC. AC. The idiot next door is blaring his music. Spice girls suck! If he is going to listen to music at least show some taste. I think I am starting to feel the effects of the Hunan chicken. That stuffed dog looks like Snoopy. Neal must be attached to this toy. ,y,y,y,y,n

1997\_665915.txt,"Well, I am sitting in the library right now, you know the one across from Jester Center. I am hard at work trying to think of things and writing them down as I go along. Oh, I just heard someone moving in his seat making a creaking noise. There he goes again. Why can�t he this guy sit still. Boy am I sleepy, my neck has a cramp and there goes that guy again moving in his in his seat. Oh, the fountain (I had to look up for this one) is making noise. Okay. it stopped now. Boy am I tired. I wish I was sleeping right now. I can hear people walking in the distance and someone flipping through pages in a book. I wonder what he is looking for. It is probably something for his ultra tough class. Man, I am tired. Excuse me but I have to stop writing for a second. Boy I really can not see anything without my glasses. My eyesight must be really bad. Go figure, I have been wearing glasses since the 7th grade. I liked them at first and thought they were cool but I despise wearing glasses. It hurts my ears and gives me a headache sometimes. Ah, just needed to pull the chair in a little. Man, I wish someone was here to massage my neck and shoulder, preferably a girl. This just can not get any worse, now I am beginning to feel pain in my forearm from writing so much. I think I am really out of shape for my forearm to be hurting so much. Wow, this is truly horrific, everything around me is a blur. Man, if someone killed every one in this room and I saw him. I would probably not be able to identify him or even describe him to the police. Boy, my sight is so bad. Good, I only have about eight more minutes of writing. I wish I can go to sleep right now, but no, I have to finish this writing assignment. Man, does this mean I would have to type this on the computer. Great, well I will be getting out of here real soon. Oh, I can see much better now. What is with the neck cramp. Things could not get any worse for me. Here I am sitting here and having to write for at least twenty minutes on the stream of my conscience. My eyes are drooping and heavy, my chest is in pain from the way I am sitting, and my right arm is so tired. Please stop! Dude, I have about three more minutes. Time sure flies by real fast. Yeah right! Cool, that guy has an outline of a roadrunner on the back of his shirt. Man, well is he not a little too noisy. I mean we are in the library, man, and people are trying to do a writing assignment for psychology here, man. Dude, I just heard the door opened and shut. Alright, I can finally stop now. Hope you like it. That was twenty minutes of my life down the tube. Thanks a lot. Just kidding. Ha! Ha! ",y,y,y,y,y

1997\_820679.txt,"I have done this assignment three times in the past ten minutes and the computer has changed screens when I was looking t the keyboard, so I apologize if you have received several copies of this assignment already- in case you haven't I will write everything I have written already because it is what I am mostly thinking about - firstly though, my roommate is in the next TV room and listening to the TV very loudly with apparently no regard for the fact that I am doing homework- the volume on the television is stopping me from having any complete thoughts which I suppose is ideal for your purposes but quite irritating to me- I have always disliked stream of consciousness writing especially since we read Virginia Woolfe last year in my English class- We were given a similar assignment and I was told that I could not complete the assignment to my teacher's specifications, mostly because I think more clearly that I speak in most circumstances and even then I have to rework the thoughts over and over in my head before I feel they are strong to enter into an argument. I greatly enjoy debating, and I have never been accused of making a completely outlandish argument before( unless that was my goal in the first place, which falls under a different train of though so I won�t mention that here) but my brother and father would argue constantly as I was growing up and the insults and reasons behind those insults that be passed back and forth would be unorthodox and so deprived of reason that I made it my goal not to speak, especially in a debate, unless I was sure that my argument could not be beaten by any irrational statement-I mean rational statement I would let the irrational statements defeat themselves- My favorite aspect of debate would actually be --this all gets back to a time when we were assigned to write a bill that we would take to a fake model united nations conference and we would have to present a bill that we wanted passed- in fact, my partner and I rarely wanted the bills we proposed to be passed, but we just wanted people to have to argue against them, in most cases we would try to make our bills interesting or at least darkly satirical, so that the only arguments that could be made against them would be based on moral rationalization rather than common reason- the moral debates would most likely get everyone interested and could be defeated by one who was willing not to be moral- none of our bills ever passed-As I write this I find that I am often losing my train of thought but I don't believe that that is how I usually think- as a result of the confines of this experiment I am discovering that I am thinking more quickly than I normally do and I can't explain why that is other to keep typing, however, when I am normally thinking, I still try to think slowly and articulately so as not to speak something that makes me look ignorant-this is said mostly to point to out possible flaws in the ways of tracing thoughts . now in fact I a running out of things to say-before I finish, which is still about seven minutes away- I'd like to apologize for the many spelling errors that are sure to be found in his assignment- don't mean the errors that are natural such as words that I just don't know the spelling of but rather, I mean the words that look as if they have been written by an idiot because I am not a very talented typist and my fingers are slipping over the keys, I would go back and fix these errors but that seems contradictory to the nature of the assignment 2:53 that was the time at which I am writing this I am also realizing that occasionally there is no clear and concise thought n my head which I can write down or there are just so many thoughts that I an not possibly transfer them onto paper at the rate at which they are passing through- I hate leaving the impression with anyone that I am ignorant and I think that is the main reason I dislike this assignment, because I don't see how anyone can read this and not see exactly that- it is my hope that at least everyone will appear ignorant and then at least I will be on even ground - I also hate writing this to a professor of psychology because I am sure it is analyzed more than is necessary- if this assignment is done honestly then you could probably jut talk to someone and get just as many honest answers- well -I've just hit nineteen minutes and I suppose that last sentence is just a good a place to finish off as any where. ",n,n,n,n,n

1997\_780901.txt,"well I am just sitting here thinking about how I cannot wait to get home and go to sleep now I am thinking about my girlfriend and how much I really care for her I don't know, now notre dame football just popped into my head and I decided to slow down my typing because I am typing faster than I can think. I just thought about why we cannot stop and think about this project then I asked a question to myself about my ring, and why it is so dirty. well you see I am this huge notre dame fan and would give anything to go there but I didn't get in d so I am going to have to wait another year of so. I feel bad for not correcting these words as I go. why did I not , now this girl I used to know my freshman year of highschool popped into my head she was cool but now I have a really cool girlfriend, she is the sweetest thing in the whole world, she loves to cuddle which makes me very happy, the movies we have seen pop into my head, now I think I am doing this assignment wrong. well let's see Mrs. dolce, Mrs. angel I guess we are just supposed to put our thoughts and not dwell on them my best friend and I playing soccer together, I wonder how he is doing. he moved to Dallas. Teresa again, Baxter, the trial he is working on, the driver to where ever he wants me to go, notre dame versus purdue, how the guy that cut my hair didn't know a thing about notre dame, but said he did. Teresa and how I think of her all of the time how long this whole little get together on the computer is going to take. I am really not enjoying this because I feel I think about Teresa way to much, oh well, I wander where the send button is on this computer. what time will I have to get tomorrow morning so that I can get all of my computer science homework done. I hope Teresa and I stick together for a long time. I think she is cool the whole question of love comes up though and I don't know if I love her yet I might but I don't know. I feel very sorry fore Amy, now Alexis is in my thoughts, she is cool b but I am already taken so nothing is going to happen there. I am very content. French class really sucks but I am at least trying, hopefully my teacher sees this and helps me out more than she has in the past. my hair looks pretty cool right after it is cut. I thought I heard someone in the library, Oh well. This whole return thing is annoying. I keep hearing weird noises. The skyline is pretty cool the lights are so numerous. these office buildings really scare me at night, especially when nobody is here, every little noise makes me jump. well this is very exciting but I only have 12 minutes left, I am not even half way done. Teresa and one of our first dates, what that thing across the river is, I really hope my care doesn't get a ticket, that would make this day very bad. although this day has been pretty good do far, and it only has an hour left. only one more day before I get to see Teresa. and two till notre dame plays purdue. I am living the good life. pay day is on Friday. my math teacher would make a great Santa clause at one of these malls over the Christmas holiday. I wonder what time I will finally get home. I really cannot wait. this is pretty cool being able to get off work and have computer access just one floor up. only eight minutes left, I am very excited. there are a bunch of motor cycles outside they are really annoying, but oh well. I still to go home and work on my computer program so that I can just get get her tomorrow and right it up. If I get here at 5 that gives me two hours to do this lovely project, and I am sure I will be doing the second assignment. I must sound really rude but really I am extremely tired and cranky so I'm sorry if I seem grouchy. I wonder how often Teresa thinks about me because I think about her a whole lot. more noises, they are really scary. my nose itches. the green lights are cool on that building across the lake. will it is almost time for me to sign off, if I can only find the send key I would be a happy man. my head is now hurting, I hope teresa's straw project comes out o. k. I wonder what the friends I am going to meet are like. If they are like her they will be cool. see ya ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_606398.txt,"Ok I've put this off long enough and you say that 25% of the class has already completed this assignment so I think its time for me to too. 20 minutes. jeez that seems like a really long time now that I�m sitting here and just RAMBLING on and on and on and on. . this is all typing on one line. do I have to hit return to send it to the next line?? I think I�m gonna try it and see what happens. Whoa. that was WAY cool man. like totally. so cool. I'm gonna have to do it again!!! Well I�m bored right now. 1 minute elapsed. I just ate dinner I had a hamburger. it seems that�s what I eat every night now. I�m so boring!!! :-) <<~~that's really cool isn�t it?? say yes say yes. but you cant cause you Don�t SPEAK!!! No doubt ROCKS!!! Don't speak. I know what your saying. so please stop explaining. don't tell me cause it hurts. that song is so good~~I used to love it before they started playing it on the radio 24-7. I like sad songs. they make you think. and thinking is good for the soul?? teacher?? pick me pick me!!! I'm raising my hang but no one's calling on me!!! It always seem like I misspell no one. because that would be pronounced NOON would it not?? if I said NO space ONE. then that would sound ok but it looks SOO weird!!! AHHHH!!! I am slowly going crazy 1 2 3 4 5 6 switch. slowly am I going crazy. 1 2 3 4 5 6 switch. you know what?? this is a really really cool assignment!! I think it'd be cool if I could jut talk to someone like this totally going off on tangents whenever I want to. speaking of tangents. i hate precalculus!!! I don�t think I should take calculus in college cause my roommate( who I will get to later) says its really hard and he's quite the WIZ at math. I�ll take it at community college maybe,. yeah yeah yeah. ogh my roommate kareem. he�s a friend of mine from Houston. its like we've been together 24-7 since we moved in together and its really kinda annoying. i feel bad cause he was like one of my best friends and now its like I don�t wanna be around him anymore!!. so I�ll tell you what I want what I really really want. if you want my future forget my past. if you wanna get with me. better make it fast. SPICE girls SUCK!!! I�m listening to a new CD right now that I got at the radio station at UT---91. 7 KVRX. I'm applying for a position there as a DJ or something. that should be thrilling. I just wanna be heard GUYS!!! if you wannabe my lover you gotta get with my friends. if the song was called gotta get it would be COOLER!!! this is gonna be like so long!!! I still have 11 minutes!! what am I gonna do!!! there was this girl in front of us in PSYCH. today who my friend says is really stuck up and superficial so I kept whispering ""superficial"" to see if she'd turn around. she never did. so does this mean she's NOT superficial or she IS. she just doesn�t know it. as often is the case. I think this paper rocks man!! I bet ya'll get some really freaky ones like the end of the world is coming to Austin!!!! the MTV video music awards is on in 2 hours1! what if I get like caught in the net and I cant watch the awards!?!?! that would suck!!! I'm going home in 2 weeks~~~ my friend is having a bisexual encounter tonite ~~that's pretty weird huh?? I don�t really understand the concept of bisexuality~~ isn't it either on or the other?? well I think of myself as bisexual. and HEY NOW you cant go printing this all around the class cause I haven�t really told. well anyone except like 3 people. but its so weird~~~~so so so weird~~i could be a lab rat couldn�t I??? I m not a rat!! I wanna be a guinea pig. all my gay friends say they don�t believe in bisexuality. to each his own I guess. I have a lot of gay friends case I worked t the gap this summer~~~that was actually like the coolest job I've had THUS far in my illustrious career in the working world. 5 minutes to GO!!! yay!!! HOW in the hell are y�all gonna read all this!!!! my roommate just came home. what a DORK. he�s in the bathroom rite now. I told him he cant be in here cause he�s interrupting me but it's really cause I don�t want him to see what I wrote!!! uh OH . phone call. I�m talking on the phone call. on the phone call?? that was naji. that's kareems friend. that I seemed to have bonded with better than kareem has. I feel bad taking his friend away from him but I cant help it if I get along better with him ya know ya know?? this is really long!! what if I like typed for 4 hours!?? sucks to be YALL!! :-) well this has been a BLAST. and 20 minutes is up. in one minute. kareem just screamed so he could get his name on this paper. little did he know his name is already in it. from before!!! ok. well its been 20 minutes and this was really cool. I LOVE YOU!!! whoever reads this!!! knowledge is power. and teachers go around giving it away for free~~how sweet!!! well actually I believe there were some fees included in this class. and its not like the teachers aren�t compensated in some sort so Somebody�s paying for them to give away the knowledge. SO anyway. its been real. I'm actually sad to go. I've become so attached. talk to you later!!! love y a more!!! ~~~~~~joshua ",n,y,y,n,n

1997\_606357.txt,"sitting here just writing stuff down on paper. thinking about going out tonight. I�m pretty happy because the navy paid me some more money. so there is money to go out with. I�m doing this on paper hoping it's a little easier than just typing. time goes slow when you are waiting on it. that girl is really cute. I can not concentrate on one thing for that long of a time. there are people here talking which takes my attention. the football game tomorrow. I�m not going. every body seems to be gung-ho about going. I don't see the big deal. watch it on tv who is lance corporal ruther. being late for pt would suck because they make you write about that stuff. thoughts are a weird thing everything you look at will bring on a thought the books, people everything they talk about will make you think a certain thing and it's not like you can ignore them when there in the same room. there's too much time for me to make up today. I can't do it. I wonder what they'll do. probably not much I�ll have about three quarters of I so it shouldn't be a big deal. it's good that we have it but it should be open alot later than just 9 o'clock. extra study. the ROTC unit is good that way I guess I wonder how late I have to stay there today. it doesn't really matter I guess but I want to go out tonight this is my one night to go out and get drunk so I plan on doing it not real bad but some. people are trying to figure out there total hours. I need to but I doubt it'll help it's funny how people use there study hours. mostly trying to figure out little things to do. everything but study. I think that's time I hope this is close to what the assignment was. my mind is pretty simple so it's hard to write for that long about what it's doing. ",n,n,y,y,n

1997\_111389.txt,"always a problem. My hair is really wet and I should go dry it, but this assignment is what I need to do now. I almost slept through my eight o clock class, but I somehow made it. Ok this show keeps getting cheezier and cheezier oh dear. I have to cash a check and deposit it so my check book balances, which is something that needs to be done and really quickly because I will have to pay extra for all the hot checks I have written- uh oh. My twenty minutes probably seems shorter because I am a slower typist than most people. Kristen is a psycho whore, I hate hate her. Something shocking happens on this show every 5 seconds. I don't think that Days of our lives is a good show, but I seem to be addicted to it anyway. Keri is so nice and her and Austin are finally together, but probably not for long because there is s ",y,n,y,n,n

1997\_196603.txt,"Psychologists. Always trying to understand how the mind works, and how it doesn't work in some cases. Can such things be understood, or are we merely deluding ourselves that knowledge of any kind can be attained? I guess I've always found psychology to be a very pretentious field. though an interesting one. We all want to control our lives, and anticipating the actions and desires of others helps us maintain that facade of control. Perhaps I'm getting into a more philosophical realm at the moment, but that is where my thoughts take me. Is free will merely an illusion? I've thought about this a lot. Unfortunately there are no definitive answers to this or other questions. Is there a god? I've never heard a logically sound argument for the existence of a god. I allow for the possibility of a deity, but it certainly wouldn't be the Christian God. I think ultimately that I have to agree with the existentialists. There is no proof for or against the existence of a god, so we should stop wasting time speculating and just deal with this life. Few people can deal with that. Our fear of death makes us create religions, so that we can pretend there is some semblance of life after our earthly bodies die. These are not new thoughts, I'm just thinking on demand; my mind moves most easily to the pathways it knows, and I present some of the more coherent ideas here. Is someone actually reading this? Do you understand that I am human? I am not an object. I am in a body, but I am not the body alone. I am a mind, vast and complex. I am. Do you feel superior because you can analyze minds? I ask you this, so that you can ask yourself. Do you enjoy treating people as objects? Do you even admit in your conscious mind that you treat people as objects? Perhaps not. It's possible that I'm being slightly unfair to you and your profession. Still, it is good to raise questions. We are all just a bit too complacent and easily controlled. I see the need for religion, but I think many of us are above that. I don't need to buy my morality from someone else. What moralists and philosophers do I respect? Plato, for his logic. Kierkegaard, except the theism. Kant, for his explications of metaphysics and epistemology. Nietzsche, except at the end of his days. LaVey, except for his dependence on rituals and his arrogance. Psychologists and behavioral scientists? I stay away from most. At some point I'll get back into it, but I was just too turned off by Freud and his pretentious assumptions. Other reading? Fiction, lots of it. I would name a few dozen authors but then why subject myself to the judgments of someone I can't even see. Music. I find music to be very important. You can't get by without music. And you can't just listen indiscriminately either. I think a real understanding of notes, rhythms, chords, and instrumentation is required before one can say anything about any kind of music. Do you understand music? How are you reacting to my questions? You must be used to asking the questions instead of having someone else ask them. Are you getting anything out of this? Is this more interesting than most responses to the same assignment, or do you even care? Are you turning to a colleague and saying ""hey, this kid was actually making a futile attempt to understand my motives. "" Fun with role reversals! I considered producing a surreal and rambling narrative for this assignment, but then you might have taken that a bit too seriously (""bob, we got another wacko here""). Ah well, time passes and other pursuits await. Goodbye for now. ",n,n,n,n,y

1997\_636228.txt,"1 Freestyle- trying to write down thoughts that are moving so slowly now-- after spending the day walking up and down the Drag so many times (seems like millions!) in the hot sun. then waiting in line for this computer for ages. I wonder if this is right because its only making one long line instead of lots of lines Maybe I was supposed to press RETURN! Cant think right now except about going home to my new apartment, which is the first apartment that I've ever had. Very big, clean, airy, light, very TEXAS. I wish I had an apartment that was more original, as if there were only one like it in the whole world. With hardwood floors and pets allowed. So I could get a Lasa Apsa. But I�m going to sneak a ferret into my place because they are the CUTEST!!! You can bend them in half and twist them around everywhere and they are so playful. Anyway if I had a ferret I would name it Camilla cuz we used to have a kitten named Camilla but we had to give it away. If I had two children I always thought I would name them Madeline and Jack, but now I�m not sure because Jack sounds like a name for a psychopath--- like in the Shining. These are the ultimate boring thoughts but my brain is in slow motion so oh well. I�m absolutely starving right now I could eat yum pasta and artichokes and sushi and olives and steak (not all together!) I have weird taste in food because of growing up overseas I can remember being so little and my parents would take us out for Asian food-- me and Liz only four and five and eating spicy kimchi (MMMM) or fighting over what was the best piece of sushi. And when we only babies our favorite treat was FISH EYES, which I wouldn�t be able to stomach now. That was in the Philippines, where we left when I was two, and my only memory of it is a grayish image of lizards on the window above my crib. Some memories are suspicious- like I wonder if they are really mine-- maybe at a young age (like 5 or 6), somebody told me how I loved the lizards outside my window and my mind just fashioned a blurry picture of the view from my crib. Its hard to believe that a person can remember things that happened such a long time ago, especially when you cant remember what you had for lunch the day before yesterday or the name of your high school Physical Science teacher (Mr. Stockwell??) My minutes are nearly up, thank God cuz I need FOOD! Which will probably be Capn Crunch or a tuna sandwich since we need to go grocery shopping. Interesting exercise, too bad my thoughts are nowhere near as beautiful as the stream of con. in Ulysses. Right now food is the main thing on my mind, thank you for reading this. ",n,n,y,n,y

1997\_430457.txt," Well, I feel good about the fact that I am getting this assignment done well before it is due. Today is one of those days that I feel really motivated to do my homework, as opposed to those days in which I don't do anything worthwhile. The excitement of college is starting to wear off and I think that the reality of the fact that I am here is finally sinking in. I really hate the way this typing field doesn't automatically move the sentence down to the next line! I really don't seem to be thinking about anything interesting right now. I am just feeling average, not extremely excited or unhappy. I really cannot think of anything to type. I think my mind is clearing itself like it usually does when I sit down to right a paper. No stray thoughts seem to be coming to me. I am fairly excited about this psychology course. I think this course will not only be very interesting but helpful as well because I plan to go into medicine. Boy, this twenty minutes is going by slowly. I think I might be typing too much too fast. Perhaps I am supposed to sit and wait till a thought comes to me before I type. I have tried to type in my current thoughts and feelings. My roommate is typing on his computer as well, annoying. Now he has turned on his fan, which is fairly loud . he switched it off. Still no stray thoughts. I guess composing these sentences are thoughts. This assignment is all I am thinking about right now. Four minutes to go. Three minutes to go. I have to go out and buy an answering machine today. I have to get back before nine so I can make the upper East Jester floor meeting. Free pizza will be there! I hope its Double Dave's. Oh, they have good pepperoni rolls, I don't know about their pizza. Well, it has been 20 minutes. ",n,n,y,y,y

1997\_475795.txt,"Okay here it goes. I am freezing in this computer lab doing this project that no one will ever read but, hey, I don't want to be negative. Let's start with something else. I want to start over already. I do that every time. Just like when I am about to serve a volleyball, I always get stuck for some reason and have to start over. it is like I don't trust what I am about to do. All I can really think of right now is how the professor, I don't even know his name, was talking about thinking about my Dog. Oh yea, Pennebaker. I am not really thinking anything at all now. this really makes this assignment difficult. I know that I�m not spelling any of these words right. My hands are so tired, I�m sure why. This reminds me of when I was a little girl, and I would lay in bed at night and try to see if I could think nothing. But I would always seem to be thinking two thoughts at a time. I would be thinking I'm thinking nothing, I'm thinking nothing"" and at the same time, I would be singing a song in my head or something. I don't see how this project can work really. It seems like I have so many thoughts per second, that by the time I write down one thought, so many are missed that you don't get and accurate stream of consciousness. Some bell just went off. I thought it might a fire alarm but it's not. I don't think it would matter if it was, no one seemed to care. I always think about thoughts people have while they are one stage. And dreams. my friend Amber, her mom owns this weird new age shop where they have a lot of drean stuff. There is this woman that will tell you your future. Just like when I was working in New York, John, my boss, went to a psychic and I always think about this woman who's eyes are green like she is possessed or something. I thought john was really dumb to go to those things. He also did cocaine, man he was really messed up. I wish I would not have stayed at that job as long as I did. I wonder why there are some people like John, then there are some people that have a head on their shoulders. I guess I'm going to being learning about that in psychology. I hope my little brother makes it into this school next year, Mom and Dad say that his grades aren�t good enough. That sort of breaks my heart. I wonder how in the world I can really write down my thoughts when half the time, I don't even know what I�m thinking. It seems like the thoughts overlap some times. I can't wait till the results of the audition go up today. This assignment is funny, I bet a bunch of people come in here and write on this thing like it's a diary or something then someone out there reads it and tired man I'm tired 5 o�clock this morning I am just pushing buttons helping some guy out there make an experiment I am not even looking at the screen haven't been this whole time really I like pressing the space bar this makes me so self conscience because I am having the stupidest thoughts my eyelids are closing I don't want to go to lunch with that girl today she is so young my head id getting heavy this is funny like a dramatic comedy I guess I think in theatre terms a lot, huh I also think about my dad right now when I was growing up I can't remember when I started this thing but I think in a few minutes I will be done red headband cold on my arms nothing to do until noon sound of the computer next to me typing of the keys this chair hurts my back every time I push it up it falls down I brought an extra pad today oh, if that guy reads this I hope he don't get grossed out by that part. I love finding out about god. that sky was so beautiful sun big whole when I get sleepy, no one can understand me. big guy to my left sound again cut thoughts I just erased something I wrote down I ruined the experiment sounds off flipping pages that's it twenty ",y,y,y,n,y

1997\_356326.txt,"I miss the way my life used to be a little bit. Everyone else seems to be having a so much fun which is cool and really I'm not having a bad time at all, it's just I feel like I'm missing something in my life up here. I don't have all the close friends around me that I used to which is bothering me in a way. Things will be get better I know it, cuz this is the way I feel at the beginning of my life after a big change happens. I'm kinda irritated at Marissa I guess because she just has it easy with the new people she's met. She always meets boys cus she's so pretty and silly. She's a perfect little blonde. I love her really and I have a good time with her I'm just tired of feeling like she's luckier. I think I like John which is really annoying but it's not my fault he wrote that dumb e-mail. I feel somewhat satisfied that he realized he does like me but can't have me cus I have someone else in my life. This computer is annoying. I hate computers that aren't like the one I have at home and that I know. I miss being able to chat on-line to Amy and steph and everyone else. I wish I could go to Canada just for the hell of it. I'm probably not the girl he would be looking for. he seems like the buff good looking ty0pe that everyone knows. oh well. My stomach keeps making these nasty noises whish gets embarrassing in class. I'm worried about school work. I know that I just need to keep on top of things and I'll be less stressed out and stuff. I just n4ed to get up tomorrow , go to class, then come back and do my Latin and then some math or something . Then do my bio after Latin and go to the discussion. I'll go run those errands and make those phone calls. maybe marissa will do them with me so we can hang. if not I'll call christina or someone. I want to get involved with the Wesly group so I can feel I have somewhere else to belong. I'm getting down, I can tell. I don't know why I can't get pepped again. I guess I shouldn't have gone home this weeke4nd. it made me homesick when I got back. maybe I just need to call someone or talk to a friend. john later or maybe Liz. Brady would be ok too. poor Brady likes me and I feel confused about him. I need to write to shawna or maybe call her too. what a phone bill. I need that cellular if I want to call Liz lots. I hate typing cus I look at the keys a lot. my fingernail looks nasty. I remember that day still and how calm and quiet it was. I miss a lot of stuff. I need to stop being this way, get some sleep and then get up and go about my day. this weekend will be cool at the football game. I just need to be friendly and meet people and stuff. one more minute I guess till I can stop. well, I bet I can stop now. ",n,n,y,n,n

1997\_530565.txt," I don't want to be in ROTC, but I have to strive for a scholarship. My parents can't afford to send me through all four years in college. I need money!! I hat ROTC. it's so stupid. Left face. Right Face. Bullshit. I don't want to be in the military. But to save my parents money I guess I'm going to have to put up with it. Oh well. Man I can't believe I slept I mean overslept through Nursing. I was there for only the last fifteen minutes of class. That makes two classes that I missed. Chemistry Lab and now this. I have to make straight A's I have to. I must succeed. My parents worked hard to see that I do. Damn it. I would be perfectly happy living in a small apartment working as a waitress well may be not a waitress. May be a teacher . Anything . I don't care how much money I make. But I owe it tom my parents. I'm not going to be like my brother. Damn I need to buy some shoe polish and some brasso for ROTC. Gaw I hate ROTC. I'm already taking fifteen hours plus four more hours or is it 3? of ROTC. That is too much for a freakin freshman. At least to me it is. Man twelve more minutes to go. I hate my roommate. She's such a bitch. She's a pig too. She ate all of my peaches. I said she could have one not twenty. I'm tired of techno music. I like rap and r&b. They don't play that shit down here. I wish Sabrina would hurry up. I'm hungry. I'm so stressed. I need a break. Summer was too short. I miss Louis. I miss sex. I need sex. That'll relieve my stress. But I can't do that. It's against my morals. Yeah right. Why don't I have sex? There are so many guys around here that would be more than willing to have sex with me. I'm so damn attractive. I'm like a magnet. I think that's the only thing really going for me. My looks. But that sure ain't going to last. I need to start concentrating on getting my mind fit instead of my body all the time. I wish I was as smart as other people. I want to be a pediatrician. No actually I want to be a veterinarian. But oh well. May be some other lifetime. Hopefully she or he would be more prepared than I was. I love Louis, but do I want to marry him. Will he be faithful to me. Does he really love me? I love his son so much. Perrion. Perrion. I love Perrion. I wish I could see him. I love him more than his father. I would do anything for that little boy. Damn I hate the mother. I have never been jealous of anyone in my life, except for her. Shelly Malley. I hate her. No I don't hate anyone. I'm such a nice person. I couldn't hurt a soul. That night I could've pounded her ass, but I didn't. I have self control and I have maturity. But damn it would have felt so good just to break her face. I miss Leona. I can't believe she didn't want to spend any time with me when I came down to visit. That hurt so bad. I loved that girl. She was like a sister to me. What happened? My loved ones are leaving me left and right. Soon daddy is going to pass away. No. I don't want you to daddy. I love you so much. Why can't god give some one else his pain and suffering. He doesn't deserve it god. Give it to fucking Charles Manson or that guy that killed that little girl in Killeen. But not my daddy. It's not fair. Okay 20 minutes passed. I'm done. ",n,y,y,n,y

1997\_378670.txt,"My neighbor from across the hall is letting me use her computer because she is online. I went to Kinsolving and the lab was closed, that stunk. I'm very tired because I did not get very much sleep last night. Some girls on my wing and I were going to go to some Frat parties, but we wound up staying in the dorm and watching movies. It turns out one of my roommate�s friends is also in this psy. class, I thought that was really neat, although the class is so huge, it doesn't surprise me. I haven't seen very many of my high school friends here at UT, I really didn't want to talk about college because that is the other assignment, but it seems to be the most foremost thing on my mind right now. The Cowboys are kicking off their season tomorrow at noon!!! I worked for them for about nine months, so I am somewhat obligated to watch, that and the fact that my step-father has been a fan for 23 years or so. I was able to get him a bluebook autographed by Troy Aikman for Father's Day this year! I really enjoyed giving that to him I love giving gifts, it's my most favorite thing to do!!! I love to make people happy and some people think I'm crazy for that, but I think it's great. That's another reason I have enjoyed my intern ship with the Cowboys so much. When I get a letter about a sick child, my heart sinks and to know that sending something from the Cowboys will make them feel better or at least distract from the state they are in. Let's see 7 more minutes of writing. My roommate and I were talking about our special talents, I told her mine was finding holes in sidewalks!! Yes, if I walk down Guadalupe, I WILL fall in every hole and look like a fool in front of at least 20 people that happen to be walking by!! That is something else, hey!! I just found out that my step-mom got a new car, and my dad bought her old one from her. This is a man who says he cannot send me $100 a month, but can take a two week vacation to South Dakota and buy a new car in the same month!! Anyway, that subject somewhat depresses me. ok 2 more minutes of writing, I can handle it, hey I'll bet you can tell I'm a slow typer now, can't ya!!! Well it sure has been great talking to you. And as our good friend TEX would say: Goodbye and good luck. ",n,y,y,y,n

1997\_814703.txt,"I'm feeling jealous right now. I got an email from one of my friends. She informed me that my x-girlfriend is now dating a new person. It makes me mad. I don't know why. I don't like her anymore. Oh, well, just forget it. I'm hot. maybe it has something to do with the recent news. I guess I just need to ""cool off"". I really like it here at UT. everybody is very nice. I�m trying to think of what to type. I�ve got this particular song in my head, and I can't get rid of it. it's aggravating. I�m tired. I wish I could take a nap, but the dorms are to loud. wow, she's pretty. I wonder if she'll be my future wife. maybe, maybe not. I wonder if I should ask Emily to dinner tonight. I can't think of a way to ask her without making it sound like a date. I fear being rejected. I guess that's what pisses me off about my x. she ""just friended"" me, but I think the real reason was never mentioned. I hope she rots in hell. Emily�s really nice. she seems really mature. I almost consider her a big sister, but not really. she just acts like she could be. I�m getting sick of jester food. it all tastes the same. like shit. she's attractive. every girl here is really pretty, with some exceptions of course. so far, it seems like college has been all play and no work, except for this of course. there's so many people here. sometimes it's overwhelming. so much diversity. and yet, so much organization. I really like the atmosphere. the game last night was a blast. I�ve never had so much fun at a game. so much spirit and energy running through the air. being in the band is the best thing that's happened to me in a long time. it's taught me a lot. I think I�ve grown up so to speak. the idea of a computer lab strikes me as funny. all these people here, right next to each other, but there's still a sense of privacy. no one ever seems to look at other people's work. so much organization in so much chaos. I like Macs better than PC�s. I don't know why. they just appeal to me more. I wish I had a girlfriend. it's been a long time since I�ve been with someone. I miss it. I like the fact that my parents live here. we don't always get along, but I think that if they lived in another state, or even another city, I wouldn't be doing half as well here. I like the security. it's nice not having to miss them. and to not be homesick. I wish I could stay here forever. I don't want to have to get a job. but, at the same time, I often feel bad that my parents have to pay for my education. I�ve always been that way. I really love my family, I just don't know how to show it very well. I�m ready to start doing more work in classes. they're starting to get boring. I wonder what's to become of Ginny. I�ve always liked her, ever since high school. she lives so far away, Alabama. I�d love to date her. maybe because while I was with her, I never got the chance. damn, I wish I had the opportunity now. girls are so pretty. why? sometimes, they get in the way of more important things. sometimes I like the distraction, but sometimes it hurts me. I think I�m going to do well here. no problem. I�m very good at adaptation. I think my time's about up. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_472441.txt,"Wow, this day has been hectic. I feel relieved that I got the math class I needed, finally. The people in the math dept. (at least sitting at the desk--- the ones I had, unfortunately, to deal with!) They were so rude and just did things at their own pace as if the students don't have classes or things to do. It was so annoying that the lady wouldn't let me fill out the permission form myself. I mean, I'm in college for God's sake! I can read and write and understand things pretty well. I think I can fill in the blanks for a unique # myself -- she wouldn't let me take it home since I hadn't decided which exact class of the 6 that I wanted. Then I had to come back the next day and wait in the long line again and deal with the same rude lady. I know their jobs are tedious and boring, but I don't like having to deal with adding and dropping either. You know, I just want to do it on Tex but I can't anymore! The biggest pain was all the running around I had to do for this and the frustration it gave me! I had to go to the professor's office find out his hours, then go to his hours the next day, sit in on class, find out that he doesn't accept late assignments and I've already missed 2 because of not being there, then trying to do the homework, getting the book, doing the homework, getting help from a friend, going back to the math dept. to find out if there was an opening in the class which there wasn't, going back at 8am to wait until they decided to open their doors around 8:45, find out the professor I wanted still doesn't have an opening and almost having to go through the whole process again, but the lady finally being nice to me and letting me go into another class and another professor without getting all the stuff signed. She said we were the last 5 people to get in and they had to take us so we didn't (thank G-d) have to go through it again. Now lets just hope I can understand this professor and that maybe he'll let me make up the assignments I've missed. I used to like math, but at the moment I am very ticked off at he entire idea of math because of this whole ordeal. In every other aspect of the university, or in many of them but not really all, I feel like I matter and I am not just my ssn. But dealing with this I feel like I am just being pushed around and can't get what I want. I know I won't always be able to get the classes I want or the times I want, I didn't get exactly what I wanted even registering in the first orientation this summer, but I am definitely lucky in that I got almost what I wanted it seems to work out. I just feel so unimportant because of this math dept. lady who could care less about me and my problem. I really expected her to tell me I had to go through the whole procedure again. Maybe she does have a heart since she didn't make me do it. I don't know. I just feel so, so small and belittled I guess. I don't know how to put it, I just feel bad in some strange way. Other than that problem and a few others that I need to take care of, I am really doing well here. I really feel at home and that I belong here. Coming from Atlanta, GA and moving, I know I'd love it, but I tried not to get my hopes up too high so that if things didn't work exactly as I planned I wouldn't be disappointed. I guess it worked because I do have to deal with these few problems and another big one, but I am still loving it! I am so glad to be here! I really feel like I mad the right decision. I'm meeting so many people and some of them I've already become great friends with because they are already caring and helping me with my problems and I'm helping them too. I'm really making some great bonds here! I feel so loved! And they don't call me to go out because they feel badly for me or anything, I feel that they genuinely want to hang out with me. Maybe that's just my perception but I really feel that way. and now I'm questioning myself, but I am serious and not just trying to make myself believe that. at least, I think so. But now I think I'm analyzing it all too deeply because I'm thinking -- but what if subconsciously I'm really just making myself believe that. I don't know. But I truly feel that it is a genuine feeling that I have that my friends are true friends for true reasons! Ok. I think I'll stop here before I analyze every bit of this! ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_339562.txt,"As I sit here in my dorm room, I am thinking about what I am supposed to do tonight. I have signed with the fraternity Sigma Alpha Mu and I am not sure what pledging is going to be like. It could be tough and it could be easy. My roommate is here and he is going to take a nap so I need to try to be quiet as I type. I am kind of anxious about this year and what the year will be like. There are so many people here and I am not sure whether I am fitting in well or not. Anyway, I get side tracked easily. I am going to the house at 7 PM and there we are going to be introduced to all the older guys and then we will probably introduce ourselves to the rest of the pledge class. I am anxious to meet all the cool guys who I am going to be spending the rest of my life with in college and hopefully there after also. I miss all my close friends at home. I live in Atlanta Georgia and they are mostly going to UGA but some of them are spread out across the country. I miss my friend Pamela the most and my best friend Michael the 2nd most but hey I hope they come and visit but if they don't oh well. My mom worries me cause she thinks I am doing alot of bad thing s here at school but really I�m not and I am being a good kid and trying to make good grades. I miss my little brother too. he is 13 years old and he is in 8th grade. I hope that he is having fun in junior high school cause I know I did. I keep telling him that high school is the best time of your life. He believes me but he cannot wait until next year when he can go to high school. My great grandmother is very sick and she is 97 years old. I went to visit her the day before I left for school and I was thinking that I may never see her again. She has lived a long and happy life and whenever the time comes, I know that god was the one who wanted her up there. M<y roommate is going to nap now for real and I am supposed to wake him up in an hour. I hope I�m not still typing by then. The room is quiet now and I am the only one still making noise. My suite mates are all out at class and they will be back soon. I kind of always think about what I am going to be when I get older and when I am married and who am I going to marry and what my profession is going to be. I want to be an orthopedic surgeon but that is very hard to be and I am not sure if I can be that. But I set my goals already and that is my destiny for my future. I want to be successful and have a family of 4 and a nice looking, perfect wife who loves me for who I am not for what I look like or how much money I make. I am ending my stories with a quote :Shoot for the moon cause if you miss you will be amongst the stars. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_760578.txt,I just got off AOL with my best friend form back home I get to go back to see her this weekend her family loves me her mom wants us to get married one of these that would be cool with me she�s hot I don�t know though cause I still really like my ex girlfriend we have talked a lot since I came here she goes to school in Hawaii we broke up but we have still dated on and off I really miss her I don�t miss many of my other friends too much that s ok I am watching Sniffled while I do this I love this show it is the funniest I love school here except it is always busy I passed up on a frat party to do this and cause I got to work at 8 am I cant afford to go any longer with out sleep it has been a week since I got more than 4 hours of sleep I think ill sleep early tonight I will ask one of my friends form back home to our pledge party this weekend I'm an ATO were number 2 on campus in ratings what are ratings any way nothing this girl is hot I wanted her for a long time in kingwood but I never really got far with her she is an a d pi they are a big sorority here I'll ask her tomorrow I think but she has a boyfriend I want some taco bell it is my favorite food I ate Mexican food for 4 nights in a row I haven�t had any for z ,y,n,y,y,n

1997\_767473.txt,"I have been typing friends and family for a while now, and I noticed today that my most creative writing is then! When I have no worries, no cares, and just let go of all those ideas that I keep losing when it comes to the time when your dreaded English class requires a ten page paper. < and I'm wondering why this line will not stop, this page must be really long! Wow, or the typing very small. (Deep breath), the guy next to me just passed out onto his keyboard but- up(!) he's okay. Back to the computer idea. I believe that sometimes computers get mad at me for figuring them out, so they crap out completely. Just simply have no cure at all. The one story I want to tell is short and sweet, but a little scary. IT is the reason why I thought I'd never use a computer again, but I went against my promises, and forced myself to join this growing, technological world once again. This is really difficult. I wasn't going to write this in the LAB, but I have a large space of time between my two classes today, a four-hour space. Which is good, I do believe. I think that there are some people at the LABs who are a little too curious about what is being written on computers next to them. Ya know, ""I wonder what other people are up to?"" I admit that I've looked at a few words typed up on someone else's screen, but not as rudely as the guy who is sitting next to me. Possibly, if I tell him straight out, he'll stop, but, nope, I'm a little too shy for that. I think he'll catch on if he reads this. GET A LIFE! no, that is a little cruel. I actually have changed my mind. You can read my screen if you want. I changed my mind after I saw the movie ""DREAM WITH THE FISHES"" very good movie. It won't be out on the screen by the time you read this I don't think. I may actually be gone by then too. I wonder. How can you stand reading -actually, I changed my mind. I'd enjoy reading people's true odd thoughts. But I like to put a visual subject to their writing, I like to know what their appearance is. I ask myself, is that wrong to want to know what that person looks like? I really don't give a shit about what I look like once I'm out in public, but -I got off the whole point- Some people's beliefs have to be proven by their actions, and sometimes their actions will be expressed through the appearance. These are such strong words that can honestly screw someone over; especially if they are into politics. What the hell, I need to read back and see what I was aiming for. Oh, the guy who likes to read the screen, and the movie (!) it's time to compare and contrast. In ""Dream with the Fishes"", one of the two main characters, the one who's point of view is taken throughout the movie, he is a very simple, depressed, and desperate, business man. His favorite pastime (which the second character made him admit to him) was looking at people through his binoculars, through the city windows, across to the apartment buildings. This is a really good movie, I suggest seeing it. Okay, I'm going scatter again. Well, the second character knew all along that the business man watched him, but didn't mind. He knew that it was all the business man had, so he let him. This was not the main portion of the movie or anything, it's not that dull, it was just a simple twist to make the movie a little more unique. That brings me to another point, why must people spend so much time making movies which resemble fifty other movies? Maybe a hundred or more? I don't even bother to go to the ones with same plots, or no plots. But I AM a movie freak! I might even want to get into that someday. I'll have to improve on my grammar a bit, and get used to being in the dark a lot, with fictional, or replayed stories being projected in front of me. I COULD do that. But I think my interests will take their own path, according to availability. Oh! I just remembered that I need to get some toothpaste, and possibly some other stuff, but being a typical college student, I think I can only afford toothpaste. I HAVE noticed around here that these kids around me are very rich actually. (with a sly movement of the eyebrow) What's up with that? This is supposed to be real life right? Well, another form of real life just growled at me, I'm starving, and must go. Thank you very much if you read this. You know a few secrets which I would tell no one. Well, not real individual secrets, just train of thought that I would never admit to someone else. And although you have my name, it's no matter cause I don't know who you are. See ya ",y,y,n,n,y

1997\_743186.txt,"Okay, I�m not so sure where to begin. only that I feel betrayed. betrayed by a friend that I valued. I don't understand how it happened, but I know that things will never be the same again. I sort of thought that college might bring us closer together, but I have discovered that no matter where we are, he is a million miles away. I used to think I could get through to him, but I guess I was wrong. my friends tell me he is a part of the past, and that I should look to the future, but right now I think he just breaks my heart. perhaps I�m thinking a little to much about this. I just need to get over it. until I do, I won't be able to connect with others because I�m not reachable right now. my friends all warned me this would happen, but, as usual, I wouldn't listen. I just can't help it, I want to do things my own way. do I understand myself? no. sometimes I think that I am a total psycho and I�m surprised I haven't scared people off already. I've met some nice people, but I�m just not open for new friends right now, which is such a bad idea at this point in my life. well, it's not that I�m not open to making new friends, it's that I have to let go of the past before I can pursue anything else. the trouble is that I know he is not thinking about this as much as I am. perhaps that is what hurts me the most. just knowing that our friendship meant more to me than to him. I talk to his friend, and his friend says to give it time. I�m trying to, I swear. I�m entirely too emotional about these things, I guess. I miss my best friends. I need someone to talk to. I�m not sure about this whole sorority thing, but maybe I�ll find my friends there. who knows? thank God all those girls don't fit the sorority stereotype. that would be hell. but some of them are actually very cool. that makes me feel better because when I first met them all, I was scared shitless. I was so afraid, I almost cried. sometimes I think about what I�m getting myself into, and I get scared again, but not like that. I�ve never been scared like that. this such a scary place for me right now. maybe if I felt secure with my friends. I just think that this one guy will never really talk to me again, and it bothers me a lot. I just need to find something else to occupy my time. I really think he thinks I�m a psycho. I�ve got to stop thinking about this. remember what Ashley said: don't try to force things, if it's meant to be, it will happen. I�m trying to keep that in mind, Ash. I guess everything is up to God at this point. it's all a matter of trust. At times I�m just not willing to let someone else handle it. I�ve just got to let go. of everything. this guy is not the only thing I�ve been worrying about. I worry about my best friends. all of us at different schools. I think about what they're doing and if they're drunk right now or scared. sometimes I worry about myself. I kind of have a low self esteem. this sounds strange, but I think I like it. not liking myself. I think, in a way, it keeps you from getting arrogant. but on the other hand, maybe that, too, is a different kind of arrogance. thinking about yourself all the time, whether it be good or bad. why can't I reach you? where are you? I've got to stop thinking about things. the trouble with me, is that I don't obsess over many things, but the ones I do, it's often and it totally eats away at my life. it can kill me pieces at a time. I�ve lost my appetite and sometimes my desire to go out. but when I�m sitting there, holed up in my room feeling sorry for myself, I know that the rest of the world is moving on without me. especially here. at college. where no one cares. oh, Matchbox 20 is on the radio. that song really ""Push"" really hits me. some songs make me cry if they fit a particularly depressing aspect of my life well enough. I want to connect with other people the way that song connects with me. I just need to keep an open mind and get out there and do it. Carey told me once that I need to get off my butt and do things because I�m not always going to get an invitation. this reminds me of Tim off in Colorado. I'm so glad Patch called to see if I could come home for Tim's birthday. I guess the relief lies in the security that comes from anything associated with Pre-college. but I wouldn't go back if I could. I was the one of my friends saying how excited I was to leave. and I was. I�m glad I�m here, but now that I�m here, I don't know what to do. I really like this stream of consciousness stuff, and this is not because I�m trying to kiss butt or anything, it's just that I write a lot of stuff like this to let off steam. it's my own form of closure for the problems in my life. I�m thinking about going into journalism, but who knows? it was the FBI last week. I think that if you don't have anyone to talk to, you have to at least write things down. I�m starting to be friends with Brian. I hope we get to be good friends. the trouble with college is that people all know that everyone needs friends, but you can't be best friends with everyone. the friend that you find that you really relate to is rare. I�m still searching. I feel like I�m Holden Caulfield in Catcher. this kills me. ",y,y,n,y,y

1997\_747589.txt,"Stream Of Consciousness As I sit behind this bleak, gray screen, I find myself wanting to yank my dirty blonde locks of hair right out of their follicles. Sure, so far college has been a lot of fun. Why doesn't this program allow me to scroll down to the next line without pushing ""enter""? Am I supposed to keep on typing without pushing ""enter"" until I hit some kind of barrier and can't type anymore? Well, I'm going to operate on the assumption that I should make my own right margin. Back to being completely stressed, I have so many things that I have to do right now, that is, before tomorrow. So, why the heck am I doing this assignment when I have until the 12th to turn it in? I guess that's my nature. I tend to want to do the ""fun"" things first. If my mother could see me now, she would freak. I wonder what would happen if I got my upper ear pierced? I bet my mom would kill me. She nearly freaked out when I had my belly button pierced. I feel extremely guilty for having done that behind her back, but I feel even more guilty for upsetting her and ruining my innocence in her eyes. My roommate wants me to pierce her ear for her. I honestly don't think that I am capable of inflicting that kind of pain on another individual. Sure, I can pierce my own bellybutton, but when I see another person in pain, I feel twice as bad as they most likely do. Oh well, I'll just give Tracy the money to go have it professionally done. This pushing ""enter"" is really beginning to frustrate me. I keep typing way over the right limit and having to erase and go back and re-type what I already typed. I think I need a computer. I hate having to work and concentrate amongst all the hundreds of other people here at the SMF (the Smurf. I smile everytime I hear that). I wanted to buy a computer, and I do have the money since I sold my motorcycle, not by my own choice, but by my mothers. I realize that was a run-on sentence, but I'm not about to go back and fix it. I wonder if anyone is actually going to read this or not. I'm just glad that I haven't had any demented thoughts since I have started typing. Not that I have those often, but we all have certain weird thoughts that we really don't care to admit having. At least, I hope so. I bet whoever reads this is going to think that I'm a bad person. I'm really not. I like to think of myself as daring and thrill seeking. My mother likes to think of me as unconventional and improper and borderline ignorant. So, here I am at UT to prove her wrong. I've taken a step in the right direction by joining a sorority. I think that should be fun as long as I can stay on the good side of the girls in the sorority. It has been my experience that after anyone has known me for a long enough period of time, they grow tired of my companionship and toss me aside like yesterday's trash. This is one of the most confusing and hurtful things in my life. I don't understand it. I think I'm the nicest person that I know. I'm always willing to do things for others to make them happy. I'm a great listener, and I put everything I've got into everything that I do (friendships especially). I've been told that things will change and that things will get better in college. So far, I've found that to be very true. I've met so many wonderful people that I can't wait to know better, but the first 18 years of my life has me trained to wonder how long it will be before they drop me. Oh well. my twenty minutes is almost over with and I have successfully typed myself into a foul mood. I really hope no one reads this. I'm going to leave the Smurf, go back to Castilian and enjoy being with my new friends while they still like me! ",y,y,y,n,y

1997\_882637.txt,"I am sitting in my suitemates room listening to them hang up a poster. I need to go and wash clothes, and I am also kind of hungry. I feel like I don�t get out of this dorm much but what am I going to do. I want to call my grandma and see how she is doing and my computer needs to be fixed. Right now I am getting bored in this room because its not mine. They really need a TV in here I couldn�t go without one. with no TV and video games I would get bored very easily. I feel like playing pool but I am not that good at it, and it just frustrates me. My brother is the one who can fix my computer so I need to give him a call. Haven�t seen him in a while. Haven�t seen my sister in an even longer time, need to talk to her too. she always studies and her cats are really cute. Every time I think of my sister, I think of her cats at the same time. Thinking of her cats reminds me of when they were at my house, with my dogs, one of which just died. I miss that dog. We�ve had him I guess since I was in second or third grade, He was eleven, so that would mean we�ve had him since I was seven, thetas a long time, had a dream about him last night, him and my other dog Brittany, who died a year before him. It always makes me sad when I think about those dogs. Now the stereo is playing and it reminds me of how loud this thing can play, just hearing bass in my room. Gotta stop hitting the wall when that happens. I need to go out tonight, haven�t done that in a while, did my studying, now just need to find some place to go. I wonder how my dad is taking all his kids being off to school. Haven�t really talked to him about it and I don�t know how to bring something like that up. I really miss my 4 wheeler at home, I loved riding that thing, I wonder if there is anywhere to ride up here. need to win the lottery so that I can get some more 4 wheelers. my last ride in El Paso was the day before I left, with a friend of mine, who now for some reason I feel a lot closer to. its weird. Cant wait until Thanksgiving so that I can ride. Now all I can think about is that my twenty minutes are almost up and I wonder what I am going to do after I�m done here. Probably just kill time until I go and eat dinner. Hope they have something good tonight, because the lunch menu sucked. Feel like hanging out with some of my friends from home tonight, haven�t done that in a while. OK, times up. ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_821162.txt,"Ok twenty minutes. what am I going to do tomorrow night? What am I going to do tonight I've got lots of work to do. Man, there's lots to do and little time to do it in. I can't wait, till I finish this. only. too much time left. What else, to write about. I have no stream of consciousness. ok, it's great to be next door to the RA, there's always a party next door, it makes it easier to study that way. what else, what else. I�ve got lots to do tonight. what else. Austin, cool place. my roommate�s studying, that�s what I've got to do. I wish I had a TV. it gets so boring at night. I�ve got to call my girlfriend, man I miss her. . boy I�m tired. this doesn't look like a lot of writing for. . 6 minutes. only six minutes. that means there's fourteen minutes left. I've got a real impressive stream of consciousness, and I�m a good speller too Fish think better than I do. what else. uh. I've got to go to the store buy some food. go work out tomorrow. am I almost done yet. nooo. lots more time left A guy in a coma, probably has a better stream of consciousness. what do I need to do tomorrow. I think I�m going to apply for a credit card. why not? man I�m hungry. ten minutes left. halfway through. psychology. I hope this class will be interesting. it's a lot different than I thought it would be, all we do is fill out surveys about stuff. Oh well,, I�m not looking forward to doing these experiment/research requirements. But it's gotta be better than writing a paper I guess he paper is used as an alternative, because they know nobody will want to write a paper. and they want everybody to participate in the experiments seven minutes left UT, UT, there's a game on Saturday, I�m gonna have to get my tickets tomorrow before they're all out. I don't want to sit all the way up at the top. my first game, can't wait, gonna be cool. I�m glad I didn't go to Aggieland five minutes and counting. What else. chemistry. I�ve got too much to do English. she assigned over one hundred pages of reading in two days. Chemistry. calculus. way too much too think about. college is gonna be more difficult than highschool, I can already tell this. three minutes. not bad. Wow I just got e mail I wonder who it is,,, I�d like to know, but I've got two minutes left. It doesn't seem like its been twenty minutes. but oh two minutes left. I�m sure this is not what they wanted. but that�s me twenty four hours a day pretty sad. oh well. come on come on one minute. yes well this has been fun, at least I've gotten it finished. alright. ",n,y,n,y,y

1997\_748062.txt,"Today has been the worst and most stressful day ever. All I want is for something to go right! I tried to dot his paper about thirty seconds ago but it didn't work because again I've messed something up! I was talking about this in my last stream of consciousness paper that I thought was gone but realized after I had erased half o of it that it was really still there! AAhhh! Can something please go right? My Ethernet card was not properly packaged and is causing me and a few others serious drama because we've all been trying to make it work for four days now. I don't even know if I'm supposed to push enter when I get near the end of the line but I figure better safe than sorry as far as grades go. I just looked at the clock and I've only been writing for four minutes. Why does time go by so slowly when it counts. Speaking of timing, mine is the worst! I always like guys either before or after they like me but never while they like me. Whenever I like a guy I'm to shy, stupid, scared, immature to let him know, and by the time or if he likes me I have lost interest! Or they never have interest in the first place and I find that challenging and will pursue that guy instead of the one who likes me! Or in one case I'll find out that after liking me four two straight years, he decides to change sex preferences when I like him. AHHH! Actually I had my chance and now I'll have to live with regret forever, or until he wants an opposite sex relationship! Ten minutes to go and I'm running out of self-deprecating and embarrassing stories of my miserable unromantic life! I want someone who respects the fact that I'm not a traditional female and that likes my odd sense of humor and is also funny himself and finds me attractive. . Which reminds me as I look above my roommate�s computer of another guy who I let slip through the cracks Even though there was a slim chance of anything ever happening, I never acted on my feelings, Wait a minute I did spill my guts while playing truth or dare with him and other friends. I wish I could play truth or dare with the other guy I like(d) so that he'll know that it was me and not him that kept us ;apart, I liked you then and I liked you up until I found out there was no chance for us and I resented you a little! Someday I'll get up the courage to tell him! It is about twenty degrees Fahrenheit in my lovely room in Jester East on the tenth floor. The air Conditioning vent is blowing right in my face as I type. I have been having stomach problems all day, and they are starting to resurface, I almost passed out at the draw for the football game against Rutgers this Saturday, I refuse to paint my face half orange and half white as my roommate hopes I will. One minute to go and I'm starting to feel relieved that I wont have to think about this particular assignment ever again. Five percent of my grade is secured and pretty soon I'll be doing those psych experiments and that will be easy too. I'm majoring in psychology but I used to want to be an architect. Oops, I got carried away and wrote one minute over, now it is two. ",y,y,y,n,y

1997\_867722.txt,"OK. I don't know much about this computer stuff. I was lucky to even get on to this homepage. Well I just got disconnected and I think my tension level just went up a few notches. I am felling really sick already and I went this day to end. I was planning to go work out tonight but it is too late. I still have math and history work left to do. I really hate math, I can't understand anything that is being said. It really makes me feel like an idiot. I look at my friends here and they all understand everything that is being said . I wish my math class in high school had taught me more. I guess tomorrow I will get up to go run. Ok. I just hit another wrong button , now I really feel worthless. I am going to have so much trouble this semester, when am I going to get to the classes that I really want. It is looking like I'm going to graduate college in another twenty years. As long as I do my best then I guess everything will work out. I miss my family and my friends back in Ohio. I wish that I could go back sometimes. If there was anything to go back to. I don't think that they really care that I am so far away. It is like I think to myself that things might be so much better there. Like if I went back then my life would all make since. I think that I would be confused anywhere I go. Well my typing is starting to slow down now. My hands are getting tired. God, I should have taking a typing class in High school. My sweet mate is watching late night and it is starting to get on my nerves. It is so loud. please let my twenty minutes be up. I need to get my act together if I don't then I will just be wasting my parents money. Maybe I should give my parents a call. But I think that I will wait for them to call me. I need to prepare for school. I need to try to socialize more. If I could manage more time. Maybe I should be an actor and work as a waiter in New York in the mean time. But there I go again with my fantasies. I'm probably stuck with a boring life like most people. Well my twenty minutes is up, I hope that my slow typing has ruined this survey. ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_784675.txt,"I am so pissed right now because I was almost done and then my sweetmate's phone rang and I got disconnected and now I am just hoping that the phone doesn't ring again, I would like to get this done before the weekend begins. I am very excited about this weekend I think that it is going to be alot of fun. We are doing many things, let's see. Tonight we are going to Hillele first, which is a religious service (Jewish). Those are always nice,. Hillel reminds me of camp which I love. I go to a religious overnight camp in Wisconsin, Ramah. In my last letter I was wondering if anyone is even reading this, maybe you are just checking that we did this and that's it. I mean, it has to be incredibly boring to read 500 of these. although, as a psychologist maybe it is totally interesting, you get to analyze all of us. Those surveys well, I thought they were sort of pointless, just because as the teacher said (or you said if you are reading it), the research is meaningless if the patient knows what is being tested. It's not that I knew the hypothesis for all the surveys but they were pretty obvious and I could tell what the researchers were looking for. I like psychology so far though, I don't know if I am going to agree with everything though. I will have to see, but a friend of mine told me that it gets very logical and I am not the biggest supporter of logic. That must sound very stupid, well, that's not exactly what I mean, but I read this book, actually a short story, Teddy by JD Salinger, who I love and Teddy said you have to look at the world without logic to understand things better. He said that when Eve bit in the apple, she was really biting into logic. This seems very long, I have been writing for a while I also think I should stop because I am very nervous that the phone ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_665910.txt,"my roommate just called- she wants me to go get the vacuum cleaner from Vivian. I don�t want to do this because she'll say something about my bike, or the music. and I have to tell her about the fire alarm batteries being out because it was beeping. just while I was writing this I was thinking several different thoughts. I think it's not good that I don�t respect vivian's wishes. I really admire her because she's so old. I am not as nice as I used to be. it's funny to think about writing for twenty minutes straight. but then again, we're always thinking, so why should it be hard to write what you're thinking. it's getting easier for me to put my into words, which is good for my relationships, and not to mention my future. I still don't talk that much though because I don't like saying something about nothing. but I guess that's a skill too. oh well- not one of mine. James and I have been getting along really well. ever since I fell asleep on his couch wishing to end the relationship because the passion was not there. then he picked me up in his arms, and took me to his bed and I must have cried for 30 minutes at least. he's so good to me. turns out the passion was dormant. for us to have fun and not argue so much, we've both realized each other's work loads, acknowledged my problems about the past, seeing how we react to each other, and respond lovingly to each other. thinking of what I just wrote sounds unnatural to me. but in reality, in this case at least, it came automatically. he realized how upset I was, and I realized how much he cared. he's pretty much the leader. his feelings are much more dominant, and he's stronger and truer than me. maybe because I don't always know what I want. then he makes it apparent that he's what I want. I miss being able to play the field, but what good is that when I have a really good person already? he makes me laugh and we love, which is most important in the person I share most my time with. men with potential, men that can show me the world. they can be my friends. like Sean. like jt. probably like any one that comes into my life- everyone has something to offer. and I will take it. James just has more than the average Joe. oooo - I've already spent 15 minutes. I should do this everyday for 10 minutes. not only is it a break from numbers, but I acknowledge my thoughts, and I can go back and read it in the future to see my development. I want to be a model or an actor. I want the spotlight. sometimes. I want to be a better gymnast. I don�t want to be judgmental. I want a copy of this. ",y,n,n,y,y

1997\_704970.txt,"Today I bought the new Omoide Hatoba CD. Pure noise and noise art are very interesting forms of music. Sometimes there are lyrics to these songs. Most of the time they are just phrases being repeated, or just screams. Some bands have gone so far as to create their own languages. This type of music bypasses your brain and hits you straight in the gut. Words are a very limiting way of expressing how this music makes you feel. I need to remember to go to the video store tomorrow and rent ""purple rain. "" Prince is very talented as a musician and actor. I would love top see him in concert. I really hope that the October 24 pavement concert will be confirmed soon. I cant believe that my English teacher is good friends with the lead singer. This is a strange assignment, it makes me wonder what other people will write, and who will read this. Will anyone read this? What if someone writes something truly ""offensive"" It's not their fault. One cannot be responsible for their words when they free write. Can you imagine if there was an assignment where the teacher tells the students, ""Ignore all social constraints and act freely for the next 20 minutes""? That would be pretty wild. In my everyday speech I often swear. By not swearing in this am I limiting myself. But how far can one free write? How much can you open yourself up until its just words thrown together? Grammar is not important to this, yet I assume you expect some common grammar to hold this together. Am I not free writing now? I would like to go on tour with a professional wrestling league and write about their tragic lives. Professional wrestlers mutate their bodies with steroids to the point where they no longer seem human. They destroy their bodies and on occasion fight in steel cages. I wonder if they ever look in the mirror and ask themselves, ""what have I done?"" ""I'm not even human anymore"" Their job is to fake fight. The world of celebrities is quite interesting. I wonder if their is an equation that could make someone famous. I could use the scientific method. My hypothesis could be ""If one writes a song on the piano (Elton John style) about celebrity after they die, it will be a success. "" I could have started this when Versace died and continued it when Diana died. Of course this would not sum it all up, but after numerous studies, I feel I could ultimately find a mathematical secret to success in the entertainment field. ",n,n,n,n,y

1997\_660638.txt,"Ok, I'm doing this stream of consciousness thing. MTV is on in the background, and I'm remembering when I went to see them in concert at Jamboree in Tinley Park ,IL. Everyone thinks I'm crazy because I came from IL all the way to Texas. I don't feel crazy though. I wanted a change and I really love it down here. I wonder what Taveau is doing right now. She isn't answering my e-mail. Ok, it's only been a day , I'm just being impatient. Anyway, I wonder why she doesn't go by Taveau. I like it a whole lot better than Melanie. And I seriously wonder if she's straight or not. I just want to come right out and ask her, but that's not really something you want to ask someone you just established contact with. I hate Hanson. They're such one hit wonders. And the one hit is called MMMMMBop. How incredibly stupid is that? They're like a younger , related New Kids. Speaking of New Kids, how about Spice Girls? There's another total lack of talent engineered for success. It's sad when losers like that are valued in our popular culture. What's a great idea? That commercial just said something was a great idea. I know what a great idea would be: if I would start to do my Calculus homework. Sometimes I wonder if I actually want to pass that class. I wonder what I could do to welcome Daniela-my roommate-back home after this weekend. God, she's so stuck on her boyfriend. I guess that 's pretty typical for our age group, but still. I don't know, I guess I just don't understand that level of dependence. Then again I moved from Joliet, IL to Austin, TX with exactly eight minutes of crying. I wonder if that makes me psycho or just morbid or something. Chris Rock is so funny. I love this commercial. Whoever had the idea of having Chris Rock in imitation videos for promos needs to get an award. God, I hope Jewel doesn't come on . That one song makes me so incredibly homesick for my friends. I do miss them , but I don't really miss my parents all that much . Daniela is always telling me how cold that is , but I can't help it, it's not intentional, it's just how I feel. Ok, Jewel did come on, but at least it was just YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME, OOPS I just hit the tab key and scrolled way down to the bottom. I'm so dumb with computers, I swear. I know so much less about them than all the people around me. I'm confident I'll learn, but I just wish we would've had that experience prior to college. Daniela's talking about that one snoopy girl in her Plan 2 group. She's really screwy. She doesn't even know if her computer is a PC or a Mac. I guess I'm one up on her. hey, how much longer am I supposed to write? only a couple more minutes. Oh well. Jamiroquai's on now. I saw him in concert too. Oh, that just made me a little sad. We all went to that concert about two weeks before we graduated, and we all sang FRESHMEN together, and , I don't know. I feel like I'm babbling, but I guess that's pretty much the whole point. I remember Dr. Pennebaker telling us not to worry, some one would eventually read these. Well, I don't really care if anyone reads this or not. I 'm not really saying much of anything. I don't even feel like I'm saying anything important. I wonder if I should have put on that survey thing that I was bisexual. Not only is that non-confidential, but they may not want me because I could upset the demographics of their study. Oh well, I'll let them deal with that. Time's up. I hope this was at least somewhat interesting to whoever got condemned to read this. ",y,n,y,n,y

1997\_881327.txt,"Well right now I have to go to the bathroom but I can't because I'm doing my assignment. I am also very hungry I drank an orange juice for breakfast and I didn't eat much for lunch So now food is on my mind. I have to go to my dorm and read a lot because I haven't read anything for any of my classes including psy (oops! should I have written that!??) I also hope that I get a job at BEVO's on the drag. I would have to work early in the morning but I really need money right now because I am so broke. I feel awful because of all the expenses my mother has to pay. I just want to help out a bit. I need to go exercising I went to the gym yesterday for about 30 minutes and I went walking for about an hour. I am, trying to lose weight for this dorm function on the 27th all these girls are going to be in these skimpy bathing suits and usually wear a T-shirt over mine. Not this time!! I'm gonna wear a bathing suit without a T-shirt what an accomplishment that will be!! I still have to go to the bathroom. Not real bad it's just like this nagging pain in my bladder (sorry that's kinda gross!) But that's exactly what I'm thinking! My shoulder hurts. It feels sore, my right one. Not from typing I think It's from walking last night. It was really weird because my fingers got swollen from all the blood rushing into them while I was walking last night. I felt really good because I was getting lots of exercise. I'm also glad because I quit smoking I never really started but I smoked 1 then 2,3,4,5,6,7!! and that's when I decided that It was a bad habit and I didn't want to get addicted. There are some many wonderful things to look forward to lung cancer, smoker's hack, bad breath, smelly clothes and emphysema! Besides my mother would kill me before and of those other things got to. My dad smoked and he finally quit. But know he smokes cigars occasionally I told him to quit so now I'm taking my own advice. The minute I finish I going to the bathroom and after that I'm going to go EAT I'm starving' food, food, I want food. After that I'll do my Lab, study, take a bath and go to bed. I can't wait!! Well I'm not really looking forward to the studying part but that's the reason I'm here!! Well I've come to the end of my twenty minutes so I guess I'll have to say. . ADIOS!!! ",n,y,y,n,n

1997\_884710.txt,"Twenty minutes seems like a long time. It amazes me how weird time is. Like when you're sitting in a plane waiting to get off and it seems like hours, but it's only minutes. I spend alot of time on planes. My dad is a pilot. I fly free. I don't know what I will do after college, because then I don't fly free anymore. I won't be able to go anywhere whenever. My roommate is in the shower. She has a sorority thing tonight. I'm not in a sorority. I'm glad, it's not the place for me. A guy died in my hometown last weekend. I t was strange, because my roommate had just commented on deaths happening in threes, and Mother Theresa and Princess Diana had just died. I didn't know the guy at all, but still, that could have been anyone. I think about that a lot. Death. Like what if someone died that I knew, but I had never told them what they mean to me. That's selfish, I know, but that's what we are, we're selfish. We as in humans. A friend of mine in my psych class knew the guy who died. I like country music, but most people don't. I just started liking it last year, because my boyfriend at the time got me hooked on it. My back hurts. I like to rub people's backs. I wish someone was here to rub mine. Tonight I'll be alone in the dorm. I like that sometimes everyone just gets on your nerves. My roommate and I knew each other in high school. We have gotten along amazingly well so far. Knock on wood. I have never been in a car accident, when I was driving. My brother messed up his knee in a car accident. I like this song. He had to have his ACL ligament redone. He can be such a baby. I think men have an amazingly low pain tolerance. I really think that they just aren't as well equipped for pain. That's just a personal opinion. I give lots of personal opinions. People tell me I'm opinionated. I don't like people who can't discuss their opinions and thoughts. It's important to be able to communicate. I'm a speech major. My undergrad advisor is great. I met him at orientation, and I love him. He tells you exactly what he thinks and that is so important. I don't like this song. It's one of those depressing love songs that is so typical of country. I wonder if I'll get married. I think I want to, but not kids. I do not want kids. That's another one of my opinions. How can we bring a child into this world? So then people ask me if I wish I hadn't been born. Two completely different concepts. Anyway, I'm gonna call my Aunt Holly. She is like a second mother to me. I live my mother. She really is my lifeline. That's a scary thought, like could I survive without her? Of course, she raised my to be a survivor. I love basketball. My mom and I watch games together all the time. The Rockets are my favorite team. I also like Dennis Rodman. But I hat e the bulls. Rodman always says what he is thinking. Some people think he's a little tooo crazy, but I love it. H breaks the mold. That's commendable in my book. I miss my cousins. One of them is a big basketball fan. He and I always talk basketball. I'm almost done, twenty minutes did not take as long as I thought it would. I really like this song. I'm finished!! ",y,y,n,y,y

1997\_880321.txt,"I guess I won't be looking forward to this weekend. Why? I won't be going home. At least I'll be able to get some work done if I stay here. It's hard to concentrate at home because there are so many distractions. All I know is that I have to focus on my studies. This feels weird just babbling on. I don't even know where this is even heading. I feel like such a fool sitting here typing up things on this screen that don't even make sense. I'm stuck. Okay, never mind, I'll think of something to say. At least I should be happy that I was able to get access to this computer. Stuck again. It's amazing how when I'm asked to say things, I usually don't know what to say. This feels weird. Maybe the next time I do this, I should do it in a private place, so people won't be wondering what the heck I'm doing or constantly looking over at my screen to catch a glimpse of what it is I'm doing here. Who cares anyway. I can't believe have so much work to do when I get back. Forget about that for now. I'll deal with that later. I wish I wouldn't procrastinate sometimes. This assignment is so similar to the one that I had to do everyday in my high school sophomore English class. I couldn't believe all the things I had written. I think this guy sitting next to me is getting annoyed. He's making some sort of grunting sounds. Oh well, I guess he'll have to put up with it for another ten minutes. I'm so nervous about tomorrow. Going out to join the tennis club. I haven't played in awhile. I hope they have plenty of extra balls because they might be losing a few tomorrow. I need the exercise anyway. ",n,y,n,y,n

1997\_336857.txt,"I'm thinking about Robbie and the email he sent. E-mails. How could that be that he loves me. He doesn't even know me? I should not have gotten so flustered the first time I read the letters. I should not have told anyone. Now he has become a sort of pariah in my mind, a weirdo, an outcast, never to be touched by me. An that was wrong. He was brave and poetic enough to bring tears to my eyes. I didn't tell that to anyone. I only went off on the fact that it ""weirded me out"" , thus I became the dumb blonde, the snob, simplifying this event into something that was ""weird. "" Now, after I have read the letter again I realize how beautiful it is. Yes, he pairs me with his other love, marijuana, but even so. To him that is beautiful. He said I am what he needs. Angelic, a blazing conflagration in his heart. And none of my letters reached him. They were all sent back. So it is as if nothing has been said, even though my letters were written before I got to the love part of his. How can this be? An ogre he is, always high on acid or pot. I have hardly talked to him. Before I left we stayed up until 3am, me, him and Aaron. Sitting on the grassy bank of the Mississippi River. Being attacked by mosquitoes. The sad thing is I know that in a week I will dismiss the situation, knowing his explosion of emotion must have been a result of drugs. But forgetting his poetic words, and how I may have brightened up his life. He wants to write movies together. That would be great if we could stay friends with the same old people always, me and Robbie and Keith moving to California after I gRADUATE, MAKING MOVIES. Yeah, like that would happen. And good old Aaron tagging alongside us, loving me. This morning the sun was low-- I am not used to mornings-- and it was cool. Perhaps I should start getting up earlier. The girl just sitting next to me was very flustered. I wish I could have helped but I didn't Have My if# with me. You know how in The Canterbury tales Chaucer capitalizes random Words just for the hell of it ? Well that's how I type when I'm not thinking. I have a burn on my middle right finger and it hurts when I type. I talked to my brother and my ex-boyfriend on the phone Sunday night. I was good. I am so glad I talked to Woes. He wants us to say ""I love you"" as friends when we talk. I couldn't get up the nerve this conversation but maybe next Tim I will. Its just so sappy and Embarrassing (note that capital E). He is an awesome friend , though. It sucks so bad that he is a fundamentalist. I had a dream last night about Adam. The one that is soon to be gone to Israel for a year. I think I'll write him letters. He called me the other day here at Texas of all things. But I had to let him go bc Liesel was on the phone. Then I called back and he was gone, never to be heard from again. In my dr4eam we kissed. Like last summer and the summer before. In my dream he was in love with me all over again, in love with my smell. I was so happy and so was everyone else. That sucks so bad that he's a devout Jew. ",n,y,y,n,y

1997\_311198.txt,"right now I feel somewhat relaxed after having seen one of the most gory movies of all-time. The title of the movie is Event Horizon in which a ship is taken over by evil spirits which have been taken onboard through a dimension warp. My brain feels completely clouded over because I don't really want to start school. I also want to bet on football pretty badly. This past weekend I lost a pretty nice piece of change while none of my teams covered the spread. I hope to do much better this weekend, but it has me worried. My toe also seems to be giving me trouble because it got infected about one year ago but it never seems to get all the way healed. Maybe there is a chance that it will give me problems for the rest of my life. I'm pretty tired right now since it is 1:15 in the morning. I feel I have had a productive day though because I went to class today and got meaningful information from them. Especially in this class. I usually have no sort of interest in scientific things like the brain but the lecture seemed really interesting. I liked the explanations that were given from several things in everyday life. It has also just hit me that Mr. pennebaker said he was from midland, which is also my hometown. I think its a pretty good place, you just have to have a little imagination that's all. I'm thinking that since I ran so much this evening my back might actually be sore because of it. Hell, I don�t know though. I could use a nice woman in my life right now, but I am extremely picky unless I've been boozing it a little. It is cold somewhat in my room right now and there are many things that I must take of before tomorrow. I need to do some laundry and do some reading for class. I get extremely irritated when things don't operate smoothly. I wish I knew more about computers so that I could take care of my email problem. A nice cheeseburger would be excellent right now but I don�t really want one do to the fact that I'm trying to lose a few lbs. I�m debating whether or not to turn the TV on and watch a movie or just go straight to bed. Last night I almost got in a fight with one of my pledge brothers and to tell you the truth. I think the guy knows I could have killed him because he is not crazy enough to take me. I'm really not in a position do some work for a good cause. I need a damn job so I can get some money to pay off some debts and be in good standing with my parents. One thing I've noticed recently is that everyone talks bad about people behind their backs. I mean I've sat down and talked bad about probably everyone I know. People pick out one person's weakness or what they consider to be a weakness and bash them pretty good when they aren�t around. I know people say stuff about me when my back is turned but hey so did i. I figure its nothing to think about to seriously unless someone is spreading lies. That is bullshit. I've been writing now for 22 minutes I�ll stop. is there any that I could ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_378661.txt,"Stream of Consciousness? Well actually I've never done this before but it seems like there's nothing to it. I just tell you what I'm thinking, right? Well here is what I am feeling. Right now I am feeling anticipation because I have a load of laundry going downstairs. I really cant wait till its done. I guess this feeling of Anticipation is only natural since I am doing laundry. If I wasn�t doing laundry and I still felt like I was waiting for something then that might be a little bit out of the ordinary. I am also feeling a tad fatigued, considering that I have been up on my feet all day. I sense that I could also trace that to the fact that I only got five hours of sleep last night. I cant stop typing for twenty minutes I cant stop typing for twenty minutes. This stream of consciousness stuff is really bizarre. It really makes absolutely no sense to me. That might be considered a feeling of confusion or bewilderment stemming most likely from my misunderstanding of this assignment. From what I write will you guys over there be able to tell what kind of person I am? There you go, another sensation: one of curiosity. That is I wonder why on earth am I doing this. I guess there can also be a slight feeling of frustration since I am doing something that I do see the purpose of. One thing that I do notice is that there are no margins on this site, so if I wanted to I could write and write and write and write and make one really long line , in a sense a veritable stream of consciousness. That wasn�t very clever. Anyway I was also wondering how many people create a phantom margin like I have been doing what does that tell you or me about me. Do I like order or do I like being able to see everything that I have written in front of my face. Well do you know what? Its both. I like order most of the time. I need to keep on typing I need to keep on typing I need to keep on typing. Another sensation I feel you say? Hunger. I have not eaten in a while. Also I only ate one meal today. I guess that is a sign of stress. I am usually not that stressed out. I don�t really feel too much stress. My sleeping patterns are relatively normal(except for last night). I really cant figure out what this assignment does. Is this supposed to help me or you? IS this apart of some survey or something? From analyzing all these stream of consciousness documents will you be able to certain things and similarities we all share, thought patterns and what not? By the way, who should I be talking to anyway? I have been using ""you"" for a while. I feel like I've been talking to ""you"" for so long and we haven't even met. How's it going? My name is Walker. It is a pleasure to meet you, ""you. "" Introductions aside, let's get back to this S. O. C. nonsense. Actually, let's not; my time is up. Take it easy. ",n,n,n,n,y

1997\_693196.txt,This seems hard to do. I am not exactly sure just what I am thinking . The music I�m hearing is not bad shit at all. there is this girl I liking her. she is cool as shit . I�m anticipating going to a soulfood party in a little while . I finally feel like I am on top of things this and the girl put in a fan-freakin -tastic mood . thinking thinkin I hope me and my roommate stay friends and we don't want to rip each others heads off by the end of the year nas is cool . is that what I am hearing ? not sure. I am afraid of computers . I wish this dam assignment could have been done on loose-leaf no. the theory about computers- I don't want to learn how to use computers because they will eventually be so easy to use you could be a paraplegic(spelled that wrong) with no arms (chino) and still work one. 20 minutes seems long . this ain't that bad I hope no one reads this if so how is it (mobb deep) going take a break or a leak 69 this assignment can't be done wrong can it? my friend keeps putting on different hip hop in the back ground. purple haze home beer I have not drank nearly as much liquor as I wanted to since I got here or as much as I used to back home you can't drink in the streets here and all those other rules are really retarded . is that dela soul ? ---yes niceah that girl my neighbor to say the least . that would be cool as shit if it lasted hip hop find it man or no wait up play biggie smalls that song that starts off with his beeper going off I can't type someone finally agrees with my theory on computers walker is an arrogant bastard . !!!! sucka after that put on the one I want to hear yeah time is almost up uuuu this song I was good wu tang mystery what must go on I want to stop now I can not type for skit it has been twenty minutes? I am not sure so I will continue wu tang wutang wutang wutyang wwutangwutangwutang the wu why did they drop out of their tour punk ass niggas --quote tupac don't shed a tear for nigga. these boots were made for walking? your mom. the potato in the Saturday night fever stance nice drawing really tazwhat a tool this is getting to the point of using only one finger I want to learn how to speed read . the play rosencrantz and guildenstern are dead just popped in there I think I went over the allotted time see you later peeeeeaaaaacccceeee ,y,n,y,n,n

1997\_394566.txt,"I've done alot of self-analysis lately. I realize a few things about myself. I'm a bit obsessive and I believe that may hinder the growth of my current relationship The person I started dating is a wonderful guy, but I take all the small things to heart His dealing with a alot of coming out issues and that makes it much harder on him. The nature of the relationship itself is freaky even for me here is this guy. I've been best friends with him for three years now. He and I have been roommates for about two years and it's like all of a sudden the doors of our relationship have flown open. He is now doing things that before I didn't imagine with him. He was a friend now he's something. Do I want this? Yes, I guess. I have talk to numerous people about this, like Renee. She is a wonderful friend. Her whole entire existence revolves around one thing right now. Sex! It seems to be a common search for people our age. What if you settle for less, because emotionally that person is so well suited to you. Is that bad or good. I view that as okay. I need reach within myself and learn whether or not. Settling for less is good or bad. I do know one thing. I do great work, when motivated. I become more goal orientated lately. Setting one tasks and completing it well. It is time consuming but I believe it will be more beneficial to those I serve. I've been struggling to pick a major and right now I don't know. I'm so lost I really just need some direction. This school year has just been really confusing. My whole life has changed in a matter of one month, but I'm happier. Happiness is really a weird word. I think sometimes it just adding a little bit of energy to a doomed project. Who knows time to reconsider my thought and self image. Life would be easier, if there wasn't some guy up there scrambling our thoughts. I don't believe in a higher being, but maybe there is a higher bean. hehehehe!!!! I used to believe in God then during some ""clarity"" I thought who would do right by making animals who feed off of each other. Either emotionally, physically or mentally, finding those symbiotic relationships I guess is one of life's little hills we must all conquer. I love life! ",y,y,y,n,y

1997\_677691.txt,Why am I doing this assignment? I do not want to be here? I think I want to go to sleep. I wish Greg would shut up so I could do my homework. When I play basketball I wish Dustin would pass me the ball. But he never passes the ball so why am I complaining. My wrists hurts because the keyboard is in the wrong position. But I will not say anything because this is not my computer. I hate this keyboard because the keyboard is sorry. I wish I could go to sleep. But then again I never sleep. I wish Dean would get out of this room. Why did I come here? I wish I stayed in Houston. Dwan needs to leave now. But he will never leave because he is going to sit down and talk. Kind of like what he is doing know. I hate this song . They play this song way too much. When are they going to leave. I wish Greg would turn off his computer and stop playing the music. I wish this assignment could be shorter but then again the is homework so it is not supposed to be fun. I wish I brought my own computer but I don't care. Greg needs to shut up. Greg is talking to one of his many girls. He has so many that people call him the mack. The computer is going to be burnt out by the time I am done with this assignment. Greg better leave or I will have to beat him up. Luckily Greg left so I do not have to beat him up. I think my friends listen to more Korean music then I do. God I wish I could get off this computer but I have to stay on here for a while. The reason is because I have to study for my chemistry quiz tomorrow. Hopefully it will be easy because I do not know what is going on in that class. I need to go talk to the chemistry department about switching my chemistry teachers. Hopefully they will let me because I have no clue on what is going on. Today I ate some lunch around eleven o'clock. Yes the food was nasty because it was from Jester. I think they intentionally make the food here disgusting so that we will stop eating and study more. But I don't think so because everybody winds up either working out or playing basketball. I wish they would turn off this music because sound gay. Anyway when is this assignment going to end. I really need to go study for my chemistry class. I just need to type for about ten more minutes. I wonder who this song is by? Then again why did I care it is stupid. I need to talk to someone but I lost their number so I guess I won't have my blanket. I need to find that guys number but I lost it so I guess I will never find it. I hate HOT I think they are gay . So I do not know why Dustin is listening to it. I wish I could take these speakers and just break them because they are so gay. Why doesn�t he listen to some other music that sounds better. I wish I could go back home and drive my car. I miss driving my car. I got a Honda Civic. It is silver and it is all mine. I am thinking about bringing it up next semester. I wish they would turn this music off but then again why do I care. I wish they would play some Tupac or Snoop. I have two more minutes. I wish the two minute would go by faster. I need to get some carpet for my room . I'm thinking about switching my major. I might go to business or I might just stick Psychology and try to go into physical therapy after I finish college. I have one more minute left and then I am done. Toad is stupid. I hate Puff Daddy this song is sop overplayed. ,y,n,y,n,n

1997\_419343.txt,"I have so much to do. I need to go get ready for track, but I would really like to sit down and relax. perhaps go outside and sit by the pool and catch some rays. I c9ompletly failed my music quiz. I wish I could have prepared better. I have been running around and it would feel so nice to just sit down and relax. What am I writing about. This seems so odd to 'sit here and write what I am thinking. I feel like I should be trying to keep my typing neat. and worry about spelling/grammar. Oh well. I am very sore. I wish that I didn't work out so hard because now I'm paying for it. I really need to go read my kinesiology work. I wonder if the person who reads this what she thinks, She must get so many strange responses. I hope this goes through the email system in time. I have random thoughts. I guess everyone's thoughts are random. I wonder How Catherine is doing. I really need to call her but I don't have the m money for this month to spend on more long distance calls. It's so weird being away from dad and mom. I almost miss the nagging, but I guess Kelly's taking their place. She really mad me mad last night. I wish she would be more considerate when getting dressed in the morning and ready for bed at night. The boyfriend thing is getting out of hand. Why doe's so someone want to go around and tell people that her boyfriend is psychotic? I hope Lauren's roommate mobes out so that I can talk about mobing in with Lauren at the end of the semester, but I feel bad leaving Kelly, but if she is going to be this much of a perfectionist and somewhat inconsiderate I have to look out for myself. I hope John is doing well with his Steave situation. I know that I could help him out, but I don't want to be the know it all little sister. John is so sweet and I don�t' want Steve to push him around. I think I've been writhing for a long time yep, it's been 20 min. bye. ",y,n,n,y,n

1997\_473952.txt,"This is a stream of consciousness paper for my psych. class. That is the only class I actually enjoy going to. They have about a katrillion people in that class and it is freezing cold, but that's okay. Almost all my classes except for English have 456,897,456,789 people in it. There is a cute guy in almost every single one of my classes, or if not in class, on the way to it. That's what college is all about. That's why I came from Louisiana to Texas. New people. It's so different out here. I love my roommates. They are so cute, and have really cute friends. I have one that is my favorite though. That's Gibby. He's so cute. anyway Lisa is so mad that the damn computer won't work. I believe that is a direct quote. She want to go call Adam, her lifeguard lover. Sometimes I think she's jealous because I found my little Gilbert within 5 days of coming to the great state of Texas. At first I didn't like it here, but now I love it. I know 345,231,859,635 guys, and about 4 girls. Today I got to go with Brady, our fine neighbor to go wash his Rodeo. I got to vacuum. It was great. I love him. But not as much as I (secretly) love room 1432. The bus rides have been hell, but we ride with the neighbors. I hate to stand up. I hate that almost as much as I hate not sitting on the end of a row in class. I think it's the extra elbow room that I get. I hate those desks too. I am used to having about 565 sq. feet of desk area. Oh well. Anyway, yesterday, I bought Gibby some boxer shorts. I gave the salesman a hard time because I didn't know any of his sizes. oh, well. I don't want to limit myself so soon after coming to Texas. I want someone to play with, but I also want some time to explore the great wide dating field. There is a nasty rumor going around the apartment saying that Marc likes me. I think Marc is an awesome guy, but I don't know how willing I am to give Gibby up. It has gotten to the point where everyone asks me where Gilbert is, and what he's doing. Okay, I may talk to the boy but I don't know every single blessed move he makes. Now as for Dark Chad across the street I would like to know. He is so cute and artsy and he is an avid fan of party girl. okay I think my time is up, so Ill say good bye till tomorrow. Thank you, Simone Theriot ",y,n,y,n,n

1997\_904901.txt,"You know, when typing on a computer, twenty minutes is a long time. Figuring a person types 60 to 80 words per minutes, they will be typing between 1200 words and 1600 words per minute. I wonder if this assignment would be more effective if the students had to write it in pen, so that you could also see how they changed their mind. I know that I have already erased and retyped. I don't mean that I have taken the stream of consciousness out of it, just that I will change my mind on how I want to phrase things. I want this to make sense to any poor, unfortunate person who has to read this thing, and sometimes I takes me a while figure out a way to phrase thing that will accurately get the message of what I am trying to express across. Okay, I have managed to confuse myself with this stuff that I am saying. Somehow I don't consider it to be a good sign when I can confuse myself with something that I am thinking. It's too bad that I type faster than I think b/c right now I can even get all of my thoughts down. Wow, it finally put me on another line! I don't have any idea what time I actually started typing. I remember looking at the clock at 5:13, but I was already typing then. I guess that I will just count that as my starting time, I am guessing that it really doesn't matter how long I write. Back to the confusing myself thing. you know, I have a habit of confusing myself. I will ask myself questions or think about ideas which really are lacking in logic, or else they have a strange logic. For example, at my high school, I am famous for my opinions about being normal. I once told my friend that I was the only normal person, and that the rest of them were all abnormal. Having said this, I realize that if I am the only normal person, that would make it abnormal to be normal, and normal to be abnormal. This would mean that although I was the only normal person in the group, I was really abnormal b/c it is normal to be abnormal and abnormal to be normal. At first this appears to make no sense, but once you think about it for a while, it starts to make perfect sense, at least to me anyway. And those people who have been blessed enough to hear this theory get it eventually. I have no idea if I am supposed to be writing this thing as if I was talking to someone, but that is really the only way that I can write it. I am used to writing emails a lot like this, and I have a tendency to talk like this too. I will say, or write whatever is on my mind. This results in a lack of sentences in my emails. I separate the thoughts with little dots. everything is in sentence fragments. I just write what I am thinking at the time. That is why I was so happy about this assignment, imagine, I am getting a grade for doing something that I do all the time! But then again, it's not like the people I write to hate my emails. In fact, most of them love my emails. My boyfriend, Justin, always tells me how much he loves my emails. And lately, I have noticed that I have been influencing people with the way I write. More and more of my friends have started writing very stream of consciousness emails to me. I like them though, b/c I think that they give a greater insight into how a person if feeling and what they are thinking. I am a terrible speller, and a bad typer too. I can type really fast, but I am not high on the accuracy. Sometimes I do really great, but other times, well. it's embarrassing. I think that in college I am gonna major in typos and creative spelling! I haven't eaten anything today. It is 5:26 now. I guess after I finish this I will go back to the dorm room and then I will go eat dinner. Or maybe I won't. I am not really that hungry but I feel bad about wasting meal tickets. Last week I didn't eat anywhere near the two meals a day that we bought. I might just go and eat some yogurt that I have in the fridge. The advantage to not eating, and then getting all this extra exercise walking around this school, is that it will help me get in shape. This is ridiculous, it has been 15 minutes and I am only on the [now] fifth line! You know, I don't like typing. I think that I am a candidate for carpal tunnel. I am exaggerating a bit, but my hands get tired quickly from typing. I think that I strain them b/c the table is too high and therefore I am resting my hands on the keyboard too much. I just moved the keyboard to my lap and that actually helps. I am a semi computer nerd. I know about software, and how to use the web. However, I am not a hacker, and my knowledge of hardware is not the best. maybe average. I can build my own computer, or do anything illegal. but put a program in front of me, and I will either know how to use it, or else I will figure out how to use it fairly quickly. I am glad that this about finished. It is actually tiring trying to keep up with what I am thinking. I just finished psych class and so I decided to stop at the pcl library and do this before I forget. I meant to do these assignments this weekend, but I forgot. actually, I just didn't get time. My best friends online boyfriend came to Houston this weekend, and I am friends with him too, so I wanted to meet him also. He flew in from Anderson CA. quite far. We had never met him before now. He is really nice too, only. he is a bit inappropriate acting, in that he was feeling me, and he even French kissed me. he felt on Amber (my friend) too, and kissed her more. but the point is, his hands should only be up one person's shirt. and that is Amber, not me! I hope that this won't really get published b/c this stuff about Giovanni is not something that I want everyone to find out about. He was still really nice, and I liked him. just not romantically. I guess maybe he is just like that. I did tell Amber about what happened. I needed to, if she didn't mind(which, for some reason, she didn't), then it's all good. well, 'cept that I don't want him to kiss me, or feel up my shirt or in my overalls. That is why I won't let him do it again. however, I don't know when or if I will see him again, so it may never come up. Anyway, time is up, so I am gonna submit this thing, and hike it back to the dorm. actually the dorm isn't too far! I might sit outside and read the paper before going back though. It will depend on how I feel. Okay, here it is. hope it was helpful, or served the purpose it was supposed to. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_847162.txt,"I have to go to an experiment for Psychology in 45 minutes. My hand really hurts because I burned it on my curling iron. I had a really awesome dream last night but Rachel woke me up from it. I miss my mom. I wonder how she is doing. I will visit her soon, though. I have a lot of homework this weekend. I am only concerned about Chemistry since I haven't had it since 10th grade. My hand still hurts. I did my aerobics today. I wonder what the experiment will be this afternoon. I hope that I finish early. I have not been writing that long but it feels like forever. I am glad that my roommate and I are getting along. She is my best friend since seventh grade. My hand is feeling better now. I hope that my hair isn't losing its curl because I have to leave for the experiment right after this. I wonder when my cough will finally go away. The MTV music awards last night were cool. The funniest part was Marilyn Manson. My hand has a red spot on it from the burn. I wonder if we are still gonna go to the frat party tonight. I have a lot of homework still. I hope that I don't fall into the trap of freshman laziness and have my grades slip. My face itches. I am slightly worried about my earring hole--whether or not it's infected. Now my nose itches. AUGH! Only five minutes have passed! I want to go back to my room and work on my chemistry so that I'll feel better. I am excited about tomorrows football game. My back is getting sore so I'd better sit up straight. I'm glad that I'm getting this assignment out of the way. I wonder if Kevin and Briar will get married. I hope so because I really like Briar and it would be cool for her to be my sis-in-law. I wonder who I'll marry. What if I don't find anyone? That would totally suck. However, I refuse to settle for just anyone. I wonder if I should change my major to Psychology. I love stuff like these experiments. The girl next to me just introduced herself and left. She seemed nice. Her name is Sherrie. I will never remember that. If I major in Psychology, I don't know if that will hurt my chances of getting into Med-shcool. I don't know what to do. My hand hurts again. Oh, wow, I'm almost done! This assignment is so easy and kinda fun. Now my arm itches. My boss was named Sherrie. This girl probably didn't even spell her name like that. Now my hands are getting cramped. I feel kinda bad about talking about Kristy because she was cool today. But that doesn't make up for her being annoying every other day. Now my head itches. I think that I have dry skin. At least my mosquito bites are gone. I wonder if Melissa and Rachel are back yet. I have to cough again. This is getting really annoying. Russ is so cute. I would love to date him if he wasn't me brother's best friend. My hand really hurts now. I hope that I am almost done because I can't type much longer. I am glad that it's the weekend. Pennebaker is so funny. All my classes are cool. OWWWW! My hand. I am a pain wimp. Three more minutes! Lots of people that were in here are gone now. I like Kinsolving because I don't have to go to Flawn for the internet. My fingernails look very pink today. I forgot to take my vitamins today! My hand really hurts and my eyes are getting tired. My fingers feel swollen. I wonder when I will meet and date some guys here. Hopefully it will be soon. I hope that no one is standing behind me reading this because I'm sure they'd wonder why I am writing this diary. My time is up! Yeah! I have to go to my room to check my hair and lipstick again before I go. Bye! ",y,n,n,y,n

1997\_821194.txt,"I�m in the mood to write and so I decided to do this writing assignment. sometimes I get in this mood to write anything and everything that�s on my mind. I guess it only happens when I�m bothered by something. time and time again thought it always seems to be about people and my interactions with them and how they are so I don�t know. how should I describe. I guess I was too sheltered to know how much people can hurt someone. why are people so selfish and care so much about their own well-being? why does it hurt the good guy to be good. it seems the nicer you are, the more naive and innocent. the more you get hurt. you�d think id get the hang of it by now. but I don�t want to become like them. whoever�s reading this. are you Christian? I am. or I believe in God and His Son Jesus Christ and I try to follow his ways. but it hurts so much because to win is to lose and yet I know I�m doing something wrong because in psalms its says to be as harmless as doves and wise as serpents. I think I've got the harmless as doves thing down, but I�m not very wise. I always get so hurt. I don�t know what to say. my thoughts don�t seem to be flowing and I cant seem to get what's on my mind out on this screen. I wish everyone were. how come I cant think. but I�m supposed to write for 20 minutes so I guess ill continue. no, I�m not totally disappointed with all people or anything if that�s what it sounds like. in fact I love my first roommate. she was so good so unselfish. so caring and hardworking. then there's my second roommate. I gave so much to her. honestly. and literally. she never once cooked for me yet I always for her. she never once cleaned yet I never complained. I bought the groceries and cooked and she ate. I cared for her well being. I never said anything to hurt her. I don�t even know how to describe. I really did care about her well being. as roommates, I thought of her as my sister in caring about her. and I tried to show her gods love. her mom came to visit for a month. I gave up my bed and moved into the living room since we had a one bedroom. living with anyone�s mother, anyone else would complain. the whole month she was there. I still cleaned. but she did cook. although I didn�t eat at home that much. I tried to go home late and leave early because it wasn�t very comfortable with someone else�s mom at home. I tried my best. and I really thought my old roommate appreciated it. then the day before they moved out I noticed I was missing some silverware and a pair of shoes and since the mom was packing, I presumed she must have misplaced. so I left a note before I left for school to check for me - that I�m not sure how many silverware because I lost some in moving before and so its not too many I�m sure, but a few. when I came home that evening. there were my pair of shoes and a few silverware she took out all her silverware and started to make me look at every single thing saying, ""look! this is ours,"" then another wrapped piece, saying ""look,"" and more and more. I was so shocked. I told her I didn�t mean to accuse her of stealing, if that�s what she had mistaken it, but she said no, that�s not it well its been over 20 minutes now. and in the end she ended up misplacing more of my stuff and I wasn�t going to bother asking about them. but it hurt me. not that she took the stuff, but to come out like that. after living together. I have a third roommate now (thank goodness the 2nd was only for the summer)and I hope everything goes well. I wrote about this because I saw my 2nd roommate today. and though we never fought I don�t think were friends anymore. and every time I think of her, I�m hurt. ",n,n,y,y,n

1997\_339543.txt,"Well, here I go, writing for 20 minutes. This really feels weird, but I guess I have to do it. Actually I am glad I am doing this assignment because I dreaded doing it and now I can get it over with. It's just that 20 minutes seems like such a long time to sit here and write about nothing. I just don't know what to do and I feel very uncomfortable. Hmmm. Princess Diana died early this morning. I have felt so sad. When I first heard of her car accident last night I tried to pray for her, but I felt as she would not want to live but rather die. I have been reading and studying about near-death experiences and most people studied/interviewed have said that they usually do not want to come ""back"" after being pronounced dead. Anyway, I think she is in a better place, hopefully there will be no media hounding her wherever she is at now. The ceiling fan in this room bothers me when it is on high. Sometimes I'd rather be hot than have to hear the loud roaring noise. My dogs just came upstairs. I wonder what they are thinking about? Do they think like we do? What could be going through their minds? I know I am supposed to write without worrying about grammar, punctuation, spelling, etc. , but I do, and I try to correct everything as I go. I keep looking at the clock and time is going very slow. I notice we have two clocks now on the desk. One is new, a prize or rather a gift for purchasing something. This room has so many things in it. I wish it was a bigger room. I like spacious things, I hate to feel crowded. I seem to be complaining so much right now, I guess I am tired and a little sleepy, and get grumpy. Why do we have some many things! So many papers, junk, wiries, toys things, things, things! Do we need all these things? Can we live without all this things? Yes, we can! Thank God! I can't stop writing but I would like to. Oh well. I just thought about a bakery, H. E. B. bakery to be exact. I keep craving sweets, so maybe that is why. I saw a white cake with pink frosting. My sister also came to mind. Hmmm, this is interesting because she is a professional baker and creates luscious deserts! It is so dark outside, I hate having the windows closed, I like to hear the outdoors. I love the outdoors. Oh God 3 more minutes of this. I just feel like my mind is completely empty right now. I wonder if this happens when one is really tired? I feel very old today. I like this computer, I guess I am pretty lucky to own one. I'm sorry I have been so negative, but this is how I feel right now. However, my time is up , hip hip hooray! Bye! ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_451062.txt,"Right now there is really not much going through my head. I woke up about an hour ago from a nice, long sleep and my mind is clear. I guess I have some worries about school, like am I studying enough and really am I going to make it, but I guess that all depends on my actions. I am also real worried about the social things getting involved with my school work. There is just always something going on, and sometimes it is hard to choose to study over all of the fun things, but so far I feel that I have done a pretty good job, but then again it has only been two weeks. I am enjoying where I am living, and as of now my roommate and suite mate situation seems OK. It is weird to think that after knowing for so long that I wanted to attend UT, to actually be here going to school and not just visiting. It really hasn't hit me yet, but it probably will soon. It also feels weird to have to pick up the phone to have to talk to my parents and not have them be in the next room or just down the hall. And for it to also cost money to have to talk to the people that I am used to talking to on a daily basis. I also have some scared feelings going through me, fears that most people have. For example, you hear all the stories of these awful things that have happened on college campuses and in college dorms, which sometimes makes it hard to go anywhere alone. You are always having this fear inside you that something might happen to you if you take one step into the wrong direction. That is really scary for me, probably because of things that have happened in the past. When I was in 4th grade my family was robbed at gun point in our house and the threatened to hurt or even kill. One of my sisters and I slept through it, but my parents, my other sister, and my house keeper all had guns held to their heads. No one was hurt, but it was still really scary. then 3 years ago the sister who was asleep with me was out to eat with a friends family and they were followed home and were also robbed at gun point, and had pillowcases put over their heads, but could still feel the gun against their head. In this situation, no one was hurt either. But I am the only one who has never had a gun to me or was threatened, and I fear that I might be the next, and that really scares me. Well, my 20 minutes is almost up, and it went by a lot quicker then I imagined that it would, and I really enjoyed figuring out what to right about. It was really interesting. ",y,y,y,n,n

1997\_476707.txt,"I just got back from aerobics. It was really hard and kicked my butt today. I learned how to box. I really wish I knew how to box. I could kick George Forman's butt. George Forman lives 5 minutes from my house in Kingwood. I have seen his house before and it is really cool. Mark lives around there. I wish I could punch Mark's face in now. He is such a jerk. I hope he is happy without me. That was a profound statement. This assignment is so boring. Why do we have to do this. I hope I don't fail out of college. My dad would kick my butt and make me go to Kingwood College. That is not cool. I would absolutely kill myself if I had to go to Kingwood college. Jeremy went to Kingwood College. now he goes to Tech. haha. I wonder if I will ever see him again. Maybe so. Steve is so much better than he is. I wish Steve would have asked me out a year ago instead of Jeremy. I have so much work to do tonight and I'm so tired. plus I have to got o that mixer tomorrow night. But I hope I don't have to go to my eight o clock class tomorrow. eight o clock classes should be outlawed. No one should have to be awake that early. The food here really sucks. My Mom's cooking is so much better than this stuff. it's like prison food. That was really gross in the move Sleepers when Kevin Bacon's character made those boys eat their food off the prison floor. Then he beat them up. That movie was really disturbing. I bet stuff like that goes on in all kinds of prisons. I 'm against the death penalty. ""Why do we kill people to show other people that killing is wrong?"" That is my most favorite quote of all time. Kevin Bacon's character deserved to die though. Kevin Bacon is really good looking. Every time I see him in a movie, I remember him dancing in Footloose and I start to laugh. His character's name in that movie Was Ren. Like Ren and Stimpy. I hat that show. It used to be really funny, but now it is just disgusting. These guys that eat in the Kinsolving cafeteria are disgusting. None of the good-looking guys come by our dorm. We must be losers. Why would they come by our dorm? We are the best looking girls in our dorm. Everyone else is disgusting. Except for Jenn, Katie, Amanda and Alison. I'm glad Allison and I are becoming friends. It is really cool how her dad and my dad roomed together and now Ali an d I will room together in our apartment next year. I think my dad wants me to room with her and Katie in a apartment next year. Maybe one other girl. I can't even think to next year. I will be 19 on Friday. That seems so old. Princess Diana was 19 when she married Prince Charles, I think. That is so sad that she died. I've watched so many news stories on her lately. It makes me sad. I want to watch the funeral on Saturday. I hope we get home from Waco on time. I'm excited to go to Waco. It will be so much fun and Steve will make my birthday really nice. Although he is trying too hard. That is a turnoff. But he is such a sweet guy that I could never do anything to hurt him. He has really low self-esteem. And he is quite inexperienced. He is so much better than any of the other guys I have dated--but I don�t know if I like him. I like jerk guys I guess. Really good-looking cocky guys. Like Mark. and Jeremy. and Linsey. I wonder why Lindsey never liked me. I wish he would have. Even though he is a player, I bet I could change him. Yeah right. Wishful thinking. He is the best looking guy I have ever dated. Even though it was a short fling. It was worth it. He is so good-looking. Why does Steve put up with a jerk like him for a best friend? I have no clue. Poor Steve--I think he lives in Lindsey's shadow most of the4 time. That really sucks. I'm glad I don't do that. I can't wait for the weekend--It will be awesome. And I also can't wait for the 20 minutes to be up so I can finish this stupid assignment. My hands are getting tired. I should add that to my list of aches and pains form my aerobics class. I hope Kathryn doesn't come to that class on Thursday. I don't think Katie and I could stand it. Well, my time is almost up and I need to do my other buttloads of homework tonight. Later. ",n,y,n,y,n

1997\_490124.txt,"I am going to take 20 minutes to do this psychology assignment. It's the end of the first week, and I already have tons of homework. I am getting a little homesick. It's ridiculous. I miss El Paso, even though it is soooo boring. The phone is ringing, but I am not going to answer it. I need to go to a store and buy a calculator. If I keep busy, I won't get as homesick. I am watching tennis on TV at the same time that I am writing this. I have such compassion for Monica Seles with everything that she has been through. Oops, miss-hit. I miss playing tennis at home. I am doing laundry, so I probably need to get the clothes out of the dryer, but I don't want to yet. Bad call on the Henman match. I am going to have to shower before I go to Hillel tonight. I've got a real bad headache. I need to figure out how to send and receive mail on my new internet service. Maybe I'll just unplug my phone, and use the existing AOL just for mail. Great Shot!! I'll go through the internet for everything else, but since everyone already knows my AOL screen name, I'll keep it for the mail. My parents would be paying for it anyway, since it's on their account. Before I am done typing this, I need to get the unique number and professor's name and everything. I'll have to find it. This assignment is actually kind of fun. I'm really homesick, but I'll get over it sometime (hopefully). It's really hot in this room. Grandma and Grandpa are coming in, but I forgot when. I have so much that I need to do, that I forgot what it all is. My twenty minutes is up, I need to check my laundry. ",n,n,y,y,n

1997\_492073.txt,"Well, here goes nothing. I decided to do this assignment while waiting for class. I arrived at 3, class starts at 3:30,my bad. Guess I'll just transfer it to computer later. This hallway isn't particularly quiet. The door next to me squeaks. Not like a mouse mind you, but that annoying oil-me-sound. This hallway looks different than all the others. I don't know why that is exactly, it just does. I don't seem to be having that many creative thoughts. My suite-mate told me that you become most creative during the late hours like 2 and 3a. m. I guess this is my creative down-time. Boy, I could sure use a little down-time. Too many things still left to do. Somewhere in here I have to eat dinner. I refuse to eat from the death carts again today. Granted, they do have good eggrolls. But I just don't want figure out what the meat is. Dog would be very bad. I've got a dog, or at least I had a dog. I had to leave him at home. I guess I'll see him at Christmas. I like it how the semester ends at Christmas. Less to worry about over the holidays. Unlike high school. I hated it when teachers would have tests right after long vacations. Not that I did bad on them. It just meant I had to think about the upcoming test for the duration of break. Y'know, it's going to be hard to type all this one-handed. I fractured my finger about a week before class. For the time being my finger is immobilized. You'd be surprised at all the times we use our pinky and take it for granted. It is a very essential finger. Only 5 more weeks or so, and it will be healed. Personally, I can't wait. I've really had an interesting time as a new student. Adapt to college and adapt to the loss of complete hand movement. Which is essentially the loss of my left hand. I wonder how long this is typed. It's 2 pages written. OUCH#@\*\* My leg is asleep. Pins & needles are always a fun sensation. I wonder how much longer it will be till class. Almost there I think. I feel good that I actually completed a paper weeks before the deadline. It's not a first, but it's close. I've decided one thing about UT, TEX hates me. He asked me if I wanted him to search for one of my classes, and of course I said yes. So TEX replied that my class had been added from 7-9. No problem, right? He neglected to mention p. m. I am no longer enrolled in anthropology. GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK. ",n,n,n,n,n

1997\_595469.txt,"I am in Mollie's room right now using her internet-I hope she doesn't care. I get really frustrated with computes sometimes. I wish I understood them better. I only like Email. I like Email because I can talk to my friends in New York. I can't wait until I get to see them on my birthday. I hope they are just as excited as I am. Meg is talking about her boyfriend. Everyone has a boyfriend here in Hardin House. Alot of them are far away though. I guess that would be pretty hard to deal with. If I really liked someone far away I would be really sad here. Last night was really fun. I had a good time with my friends. Sixth street is always fun because there are such a variety of people there. One of these nights I am going to sing karyoke. Then maybe someone will discover me and I'll become famous. I think my friend Rob will be famous someday. Je and Andy and Frederick. They are so awesome--I can't wait to see them. I wonder what will happen with Andy. I keep wondering about him. He has a girlfriend, but she is depressed and she brings him down. Maybe I'll learn more about her depression in this class. I just hope he's happy. Rob is not happy with Amy right now--she really lied to him and Caleb. They are trying to get revenge now. They wrote a letter about her and they are going to put it up in the restaurant where she works. It's pretty mean and I bet she'll be really embarrassed. I told Rob that revenge is a scary thing because it can consume you. He said ""I know, but I've never been so furious in my life. "" I feel sorry for him because I know he really liked her. I warned him though. I knew the second I met her that she was up to no good. She came between two best friends and she didn't even care. I wonder how my friends at schools far away are doing. I think Abby, at Arizona is doing really well. She has made two ""soul-mates"" from Las Vegas. I bet they are so crazy on the dance floor! I miss Abby--especially dancing with her. She is so much fun. I guess I'll see her on OU weekend. Then I can tell her all about my trip to New York. Kelli will be home from Georgia, too. I can't wait to see her either. I hope she's been behaving herself. She breaks a lot of hearts. Her mom is really lonely by herself, I know she can't wait for Kelli to come home. I bet their phone bill is very expensive. I hope mine is not too bad. I've talked to Rob and Andy several times. I'm so glad I talked to Andy though. We really confessed a lot to each other, It was good to get some of those things off of my chest. The situation is pretty good right now, I hope Rob doesn't make the situation worse--if he is a real friend he will encourage Andy like he said he would. I think my friend Dallas in Arizona is miserable. He has never really been his own person-- he relies too much on other people for his identity and now he knows no one a t school, He will really grow from this experience though. I should call him, but then again ===That phone bill! That (the save in $) is the good thing about Email. I can always send him regular mail, too. I like real mail. You can write your true feelings so much easier in a letter. That is why I like to write Andy, ",y,n,y,n,y

1997\_597598.txt,"I've decided that I want to write for travel and leisure magazine. I love to write. I think I am pretty good at it too. My brother went back to Houston to interview for a job with a real estate agency. He want s to be a commercial realtor. No matter what my brother decides to do he will be really successful. I'm not saying that I am a psychic or anything like that, but I know how badly my brother wants to be successful, and when he wants something, he goes out and gets it. Brian and I have become much closer as I have gotten older. He is being so nice to me since I got to Austin too. I think he is realizing that I am not such a bad kid after all. He always tells me to be careful and look out for myself because he won't always be in Austin to take care of me. My brother and my dad look a lot alike too. my dad is really tall: Six feet seven inches tall to be exact. H played basketball in high school, but he wasn't good enough to play in college. I think that is why he always pushed my brother to play so much that he drove Brian away from the sport. I played field hockey in high school. If I didn't come to The University of Texas, I was going to try to play field hockey at a division one school. I'm really happy with the decision I made though. I am having so much fun here. I really miss my family, or, I guess you could say, lack thereof, in Houston. I miss my mom and my step-dad, and my dad. My brother told me that he was so much happier when he moved to Austin. I could tell too because he didn't come home very much his freshman year. I don't think my brother likes my mom very much because whenever he comes home, they fight. I think my brother is still bothered by the divorce. I never gave myself a chance to be bothered, so I think now that I am away from home and I have all of this time to think, the divorce is starting to bother me. I wonder what parent's weekend is going to be like. I guess I'll ask my brother what he did when both of our parent's showed up ready and willing to steal him from the other parent. I will just divide up the weekend: one parent gets me one night, and the other parent will get me the next night. What is sad, is that I want to get them the whole weekend: both parents on both nights. I hate it when my friends' parents are around because it makes me think of how I can't have my real family back together ever again. By the way, I have a terrible habit of feeling sorry for myself. Things could be so much worse. I feel really lucky to be able to attend college, live where I live, have both parents who love me, be blessed with so much athletic ability. I know I am lucky, but every now and again I like to play the victim. My boyfriend is the best friend I could ever have. He always wants me to feel like I can talk to him, but he never lets me make excuses for myself if you know what I mean. He always reminds me that everyone has their hardships, but those who choose to overcome their hardships instead of letting their hardships overcome them, those are the ones who end up being happy. Twenty minutes is up! ",y,y,y,n,y

1997\_677293.txt,"September 4, 1997 Well, here I go beginning my stream of consciousness. I really don't know why I put the date up at top, just that I do that with everything, apologize if it offends you. Right now I am freaking out on my foot, which is almost killing me today. I swear I think I have the largest foot blister ever created currently on my foot and its not fun because I can't run, jog and it even hurts to walk on the thing. I have trouble putting on socks because the blasted thing hurts so bad. I'm really beginning to wonder what I did to deserve that, I really don't think I've messed anyone up really bad lately. I've actually been kinda nice lately, which I usually am. Well, I guess nice unless you consider what I did on Monday night. You see, some people keep calling up our dorm room and asking if its the Perry Castaneda library. I had been telling them that it wasn't until I got sick of it. So some girl called on Monday and asked how long we were open. I told her we'd be open until 12:00 midnight and that if she hurried she could catch us before we closed. I guess it was kinda mean but I also thought it was really funny. Well, my hands are already starting to hurt me and that's not good because I have about fourteen minutes left. anyway, I'm starting to get hungry now but I still have more work to do so I figure I'll leave after I'm done with it all, which will take forever. Oooh, look at her, I guess I'm definitely going to have to move after I'm done here. Oh, by the way, I'm in the SMF at the library so I can be easily distracted while I'm doing this. I must confess I do that quite a bit, like the girl sitting next to me in class today, of course, I did listen to the lecture, but it was still kind of a distraction. Anyway, wondering what to type now to let you know what's going on in my sick little head. Hey, you ever hear why ice is no longer available at the Texas A&M cafeteria? The senior who knew the recipe graduated. I have alot of questions like that. For instance, if you throw a cat out a window, does it become kitty litter? If olive oil is made of olives, what is baby oil made of? Why is abbreviation such a long word? Why do they put Braille on ATM machines? Speaking of blind, what about those signs that say, ""No Eye Seeing Dogs. "" I mean, who's that sign for? The blind man or the dog? At the special Olympics, do they have reserved spots for non-handicapped persons? How does the guy who drives the snow plow get to work? Why do they sterilize needles for lethal injections? Does a radioactive cat have 18 lives? If you shoot a mime, should you use a silencer? If Styrofoam packs everything, what do they pack Styrofoam in? Why is it that you drive on Parkways and park on driveways? If nothing sticks to Teflon, how do they get Teflon to stick on the pan? If Alsups is open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year, why are there locks on the door? Why is it that whenever you transport something by ship, its called cargo and when you transport it by car, its called a shipment? Why do they call it taking a dump when you're actually leaving something? Anyway, those are the crazy things that go through my mind. Hopefully, I won't be classified as a loony and become subjected to further tests or something. Until next time. ",y,n,n,y,y

1997\_739678.txt,"So many things I need to get done this week. All of the thinking and remembering gets stressful, but at the same time it's so much fun to be on my own. I had a great workout today at World's Gym. I feel bad that I couldn't do a step aerobics class, but their schedule didn't blend well with mine. Tomorrow I will accomplish more. I think my day and my feelings are dependent on the amount of exercise I get. I love the feeling when I'm lying in bed at night that I ate very healthy and gave my heart a great workout. I wonder if I'll be happiest being a nutritionist. I've never been able to put my finger on exactly what I want to be. It makes me wonder about those people who become something great and recall in an interview that it's what they wanted to do their whole life, since they could remember. Could that actually be? I know I've wanted to be very successful since I could remember. I've always wanted enough money to buy without thinking twice about my purchase. At around thirteen or so I decided that becoming a doctor was my goal and nothing could stop me. Now, in actuality, it's possible. I've always made the grades excelling in math and science. I do know it takes a great deal more, but I feel I'm moving in the right direction. My ultimate question is, did I set my goal on becoming a doctor at such a young age because of that profession's stereotype? Doctors have lots of money and great cars, and I wonder if that's what made me so determined? But, at the same time biology is my favorite topic to study. I have this strong love for the learning channel when they're showing a surgical procedure. Nothing can take me away from the TV. But possibly it's my subconscious telling me that I need to love it? I think I'm thinking about the whole thing a little too hard. I need to start going with the flow of things instead of always feeling I need to have my agenda totally planned out. I feel so much better if I've sat down and scheduled my next day. Sometimes I follow the schedule minute by minute, and sometimes I don't. It really doesn't bother me either way if I actually stick to the whole thing. I'm noticing my times up and I almost feel sad. No ones probably going to read this whole thing, or maybe not at all. But I now see why people find diaries therapeutic. This is just like having a diary. I like it and it made me feel better than I did 22 minutes ago. Thanks, whoever! ",y,n,n,y,y

1997\_754654.txt,"My name is Laura Van Hoesen and I am thrilled!!! to be here at UT. I've always loved Austin ever since I visited here when I was younger speaking of which I have been feeling like I was a little kid lately because I am in a new place with new people everything is new. Sometimes new is fun like in relationships. new is the best feeling in the whole world until it wears off it is sad and almost laughable how people can get tired of one another. Like my roommate and I are VERY tired of each other right now. Every little thing she does annoys me and I am sure she feels the same way about some of my habits. I have several annoying ones. My boyfriend says he has not found any, but that leads back to the whole newness thing. He doesn't quite know me. and I'm not quite sure I want him to . I want some McDonald's right now because I am starving I haven't eaten since this morning because I have been running all over campus getting things done. I went to a meeting for the Pom squad tryouts and I had a memory rush from high school The chick who is the director is one of my old drill team director's friends and lets just say I don't like to think of drill team much. Although it seems to be on my mind alot lately because I have been questioning weather or not I should be in Kilgore or not. I am really truly happy for Tracy and brooke and Regina, but I can't help but be envious. I know Regina is loving shoving this in my face but I wish she wouldn't Why can't we just be friends again like we were last year all of this other crap had to start and now its finished kind of. I guess not totally finished because I am still stringing Earl along. I don�t mean to be so selfish but I like having someone there for security. I have always been given security from my parents and I am used to that feeling I miss my parents they do so much for me like my mom getting this new job one that I don't even know if she likes just to make more money so I can go to UT. My sister loves to spend my parents money and I am finding out how easy it is when you're far from home and you don't see the negative effects your money spending is having on them they must really totally love us. I can not even fathom what having a child must be like sometimes I want to have children and get married and settle down and other times I don't want any of that mushy stuff. That is kind of what Earl is there for. Incase I decide to pursue the romantic side in me which I seriously doubt so I should just let him go and I am really bad at typing I used to be better but I guess I am a little out of practice I tool 2 typing classes in high school which I had a nice time in we have such an awesome senior class. I was so proud but now everybody is gone off to do their own thing I can't spell either I have always had that problem ever since I was little my whole family makes fun of me for it especially my sister. I wonder how long I have been typing I haven't typed like this since staying up all night writing and typing my senior research paper on Shakespeare. I love Ms. Holloway she was a great teacher I wonder how heather is doing in Atlanta I should call her tonight and see if she likes her class. It would be awesome to live in Georgia the Indigo girls are from Athens Georgia and I have always wanted to go there and see their home town I think where people are from say alot about them. like my cousin is from Angleton and she a real heavy accent her whole family does I hope she is ok. She went a little crazy after her father died, but who wouldn't my mother is crazy. poor woman is going through so much right now and Suzanne has to be feeling the same way with both of her daughters moving out at the same time. ",n,y,y,n,y

1997\_854291.txt,"MMM I was just thinking about the rolls from Kinsolving. My friends are in my room just got really quiet so I felt very conscious of there presence. I don't know what I'm thinking about!! I am now looking at my nails-- I've been biting my nails so there not very long anymore. I'm wondering how long 20 minutes is going to be for this assignments. I really miss my friend Monica, my best friend. She would be able to make friends so easily here at UT. I am worried because I need to make study buddies. I hope my classes won't be too hard. the back of my desk is old-- well, not the back of my desk the drawer is cold I'm so blank I guess when I have to write down my thoughts, it's harder My typing sucks-- I type okay but I make a lot of mistakes that keep me from typing all of my thoughts. I hope I don't gain weight while I am here. I need to lose 15 more pounds but it's so hard when I have to eat in a cafeteria-- there are too many temptations I wonder where Aubrey is, she didn't even tell me What just happened to my computer-- I thought I had lost my entire entry I am so tired I walked a lot today. I've already written for about 14 minutes-- that went by pretty fast should I go the Grease thing? I don't want tulle on my window-- is that the way you spell tulle? Roni just told me it is spelled tulle. How am I suppose to know how to spell tulle I wish someone was in love with me- I wish I could find someone to love. Most of the guys around here seem to ignore my presence I remember this episode of Friends The guy is so rude I love Friends it is so funny Wow, it's practically been 20 minutes-- my wrist hurts from typing so much That girl is so funny-- I can't wait until the new episodes come out-- if I have time!! That settles it-- it's been over 20 minutes. So I guess I'll you go ",y,y,y,y,y

1997\_855808.txt," I like the idea of doing class assignments over the WWW. it's much easier. I think someday all assignments and teaching will be done through a web of interlinked computers. Students will sit at home in the same spot every day and fulfill their college requirements without ever seeing a professor or fellow student. I wouldn't like that however. Something would be lost without the direct personal lectures. A person telling me something with a unique style and delivery leaves a greater impression on me than any computer text ever could. I feel like I'm sticking with this subject too long, I'm thinking with too much structure. But I think that is the way I am. Before I communicate, whether by typing on a computer or talking to someone, I usually have a solid idea of what I'm going to say. I don't usually have spontaneous outbursts or a direct communication of a free flowing consciousness. I hear someone whistling in the hall, he's probably an active who will make me clean some mess up. oh well. Wow I reached the second line, I just figured this entire submission would be one never ending line of text; like some huge sentence that rambles on and on and says nothing. Isn't that ironic. I have something in the back of my head that says all this writing is just meaningless rambling. But if this is an exercise to allow my free flowing mind to be translated onto paper, that would mean that what I'm thinking is just meaningless rambling. It's always like that. My mind just jumps from random thought to random sensation (this chair isn't too comfortable) at light speed. No matter how fast I write, I don't think I could ever capture the zany, random, chaotic, and highly elusive thoughts that tickle my neurons for a millisecond then become forgotten in the same instant. But if they become forgotten how do I know about them? I wonder what I'll do tonight. I'm not sure at all. It's one of those times when I could have fun doing anything. I might. I don't know. it doesn't even matter. I don't know what else to write. I'm at a loss. Maybe by brain just hopped down a frequency. I just went from the imaginative (sort of) colorful thought chord (you know the kind you get when you read a good sci-fi book), to a superficial lethargic tone. I feel like a cave man, the only thing my mind says right now is ""food. "" Thank you. ",n,n,n,y,y

1997\_858052.txt,"I am sitting at my kitchen table right now and I am really frustrated. I am trying to write an English paper and it is so bad. I think I am so stupid sometimes. It really frustrates me when I can't do something perfect. I am also feeling kind of lonely today. I wish I was living at Hardin House because that is where all my friends live. They all seem to be making so many new friends and I just don't feel that way. I am loving college in some ways and in other ways I hate it. I really want a boyfriend. Alot of my friends have been asked to all these pledge lines and I just haven't. Am I ugly? Am I fat? Sometimes I just want to know what exactly in wrong with me. I am tired of drinking. Everybody in Austin is an alcoholic. It makes me feel terrible and lazy. It is fun for a while and then the next day you feel like crap. My roommates still aren't back yet from San Antonio. What's wrong? My other roommate is getting in the shower. I wonder why. I wonder why Bobby Piper hasn't called me. He was my date a few nights ago. He was such a gentleman. I don't think we could ever date though. I am not a very good dancer. I get real nervous when I am on the dance floor. My friends from Arkansas left today. I didn't go out with them last night. I read my friends paper and she was talking about how drunk she was at the time. It kind of shocked me. It was kind of funny though. I think it gives me more self-esteem when guys like me. Is that horrible? Diet coke is so gross. Why am I drinking one right now? Should I call my brother? His girlfriend is so awesome. She is one of my favorite people in the entire world. I love my brother too but he gets drunk too much. I hope he doesn�t become an alcoholic. I wish people would come see me. I get kind of lonely sometimes or maybe it is that I don't want to be doing my work right now. I kind of like homework though because when I am done I get a feeling of accomplishment. That is also why I like to run. Because when I am done I get a feeling of accomplishment. I am really nervous about my English paper. I don't think it is very good. I am going to rewrite it now since I gave been rambling for twenty minutes. I need to pray. I wonder if God is always listening. Oh well, I'll stop now. ",y,n,n,y,n

1997\_872282.txt,"I am currently sitting in the computer lab in the lobby of Jester. I have just finished my final class for the day, so I figured that I would go ahead and get caught up on my homework for my psychology class. I have never taken any kind of psychology class, so I don't really know what to expect. Hopefully it won't be a hard class because some of my other ones are pretty hard, and I wasn't use to doing a lot of work and studying in high school. I liked high school a lot, and kind of wish that I was still in it. I sort of miss all of my friends and it just isn't the same to party without all of them. I went home for the Labor Day holidays and partied with them, but now that I'm back in Austin everything has changed back again. I haven't really met many people since I've been here, but I can say that there are quite a few weird people. Hopefully I will get use to Austin soon because it hasn't really worked out too well just yet. I've already received two speeding tickets, a parking ticket, and had my truck towed once since I moved in two weeks ago. My parents aren't too happy with me right now, so I've got to get good grades to get them off of my back. I keep screwing up on this computer and don't really know what I'm doing. I never have been too good with computers-even though I have taken several classes in high school. I can type rather quickly, but that is about all. My fingers are getting tired of typing because I haven't typed all summer. I guess I need to get use to it since I'm going to be doing a lot of it now that I'm in college. I'm not too happy right now because I have to type this paper in the lobby computer room. I just brought back with me a notebook computer that my mom gave me, but I can't get the CD-ROM to work. The stupid thing won't read the disks for some reason, so I haven't been able to hook up the UT Connect package that I just bought. I think I made a few people mad when I went to purchase that UT Connect package because there was a long line and I sort of cut to the front on accident. I was just trying to ask the person a question about what line to get in, and he thought that I had already been waiting, and that it was my turn. Even though the guy that I cut in front of looked kinda pissed, I wasn't about to turn around and get at the back of the line. Last week I waited in it over an hour and even though I feel kinda bad for that guy, it was worth it. My eyes are getting tired of staring at this screen and I'm for my time to be up. I guess I still have a few minutes until dinner starts so I'll write for a little while longer. I didn't get much sleep last night because I just couldn't fall asleep for some reason. Some friends and I watched the movie The Program, and that lasted until about 2:30, and I still couldn't go to bed after that. I didn't have to wake up until 10:00, but I only had like 5 hours of sleep. Hopefully I can go to bed tonight with no problem. My hands are getting a little sweaty from typing so much, but I really do like to type. I'm not all familiar with the internet and the web, but I would like to be. I'm in an English lab class, so that will probably help me out a lot. I'm sitting next a guy that can type about 400 words a second-at least that's what it sounds like-and it is kind of getting on my nerves. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_898394.txt,"I�m so uptight about writing this. There is so much on my mind that I do not even know where to start. Cristina is trying so hard to get Donny to live with her and it works out great if he does, but I just do not know how it will work. if my sister starts to bother him then he will tell me about it, and by the same token if he bothers her I will be the first to hear it. I do not understand why I am so lazy lately. it took me an hour to just decide to get down here to do this and all of my other classes are the same way. I am so nervous about trying out for spirits and dance team on Wednesday I just do not know if I can do it, it all sounds like fun, but what if Disney and Lauren get in and I don't? I am the one who told Lauren about it in the first place and I don�t think that it would be fair. I need to get my room clean before mom and dad get home , do some homework, take a nap, read a few chapters for psychology, I�m so glad that I got Jessica�s drivers license mailed to he she�s probably going to be pissed off because it took so long but I have just been so busy. I wonder how she�s doing since Anthony�s not around/ maybe ill call her later after I have done everything else. . I totally forgot to tell Cristina that I got a 49 out of 0 on my very first math quiz. mom should be happy, she'll probably just say it was easy anyway but I�m happy about it and I know Donny will be too. some time soon I need to go to the mec to find out if my Spanish credit is in yet. I cant believe I never would have guessed in a million years that I would be a sophomore in college by the end of my first semester. Donny and I are going to be late to dinner at cricky's tonight if he has to mow so many people's yards, but why am I worried about it they talked an agreed on a certain time then its none of my business. I hope he wont get rid of Nikki, I love that cat and if I did not live at home I would take her. maybe Donny and I will get married at the end of this year after all then we wont have to worry about stupid little things like this and rent will be alot easier to pay if there are two of us contributing to the cause. I wonder what our babies are going to be like. I think that all of the boys will be just like him, moody. what will it be like to engaged as sophomores in college, that is if we aren't engaged in a month that would be wonderful I know it would motivate me to work alot harder. ",y,y,n,y,y

1997\_953313.txt,"Stream of Consciousness Well here I am. I wonder why the professor asked us to do this? I had to do this once before. I can't remember what class it was for. I think it was for English class. I liked my English teacher. I think her name is Mrs. Siskovic. She was a good teacher. She sounded when she read to us. I'm glad I took that dual credit English class, now I don't have to take English in college. That is one less thing to worry about. I wonder if I turned off the oven? Oh yeah, I did. I can't believe I left the refrigerator open all night. I'm just glad my milk didn't spoil. I just bought it. At least I don't think it spoiled, it tasted pretty good in my cereal this morning. I need to buy more cereal. That new cereal is pretty good. I think those fish sticks upset my stomach. I think next time I'll buy fish fillets. I like fish and fishing. I wonder if there is any place to fish around here. I think lake Wytnie is close but I'm not sure. Then again it be far. I don't know what to get my girlfriend for her birthday. I think I'll get her a card, some flowers, and take her out to dinner. I really miss her. I hope she goes to St. Edwards next year so she will be closer and I can see her more often. I can't believe I have to go to ACC next semester to take college Algebra. I must have skipped a question and didn't skip it on the answer sheet. I've already taken calculus in high school and I made an A. I can't believe I scored so low on the SAT 2 math part. I wonder if there is any more Kool-Aid left? I think there is grape, get some when I'm done. I'm real thirsty but he said not to stop once you've started. My hand is cramping. I think this callous on my finger is getting bigger. I hope I can figure out how to get my computer to work on the internet. I guess I'll just ask somebody. I hate to ask people things, especially directions. I think I'm done. ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_454962.txt,"Right now I am very hacked off because it has taken me 30 minutes to find this home page using this very complicated computer. I'm not used to using Macs and it is very annoying. I also don't know why this screen doesn't scroll down. That is very annoying also along with this keyboard I�m using. Well I'm tired of complaining so I will start thinking about something else. I have to leave for my home town in 30 minutes because I have a court date tomorrow. My stepdad will be here and I'm sure he's going to complain about traffic. I hope he takes me to eat somewhere because I'm tired of dorm food. I can't think of anything to write so I'll write that. This assignment is very weird and I don't know how anything can come of it. What should I say? I don't consciously know what I am thinking so I don't know what to type. I'm just sitting here trying to think of something profound to say. That is stupid considering that I don't have to say anything important but I guess that is what I'm used to doing when I write an assignment. Right now I'm staring at a picture of a whale's tale as it dives into the ocean. It really looks kind of stupid and I can't think of anything else to say about it. You psychology people are strange and I wonder what the heck you�re going to do with all these papers that are basically garbage. Are you going to do some experiment or what? This is not what I am good at. Just writing what I think because I usually think about 3 or more subjects at a time and I can't type fast enough to get everything I'm thinking onto the page. Oh Well. Oops I made a grammatical mistake. this is very boring and I'm tired of typing. thank God I only have two more minutes of this. Hey now it's only one minute. Well, It's been nice sharing what 's in my brain with you and I hope you have fun studying what I've written for hours upon hours. I hope it helps in whatever you hope to accomplish. See Ya. ",n,n,n,n,y

1997\_499267.txt,"I have done these things before and I really don't think that they work. I had to do one in English one time and I hated it. I guess maybe it works for some people but your conscious of what your doing so it seems like it really isn't a true way to examine your thoughts like if you were simply thinking in a park or something right now I will indulge the assignment and try to switch my thoughts all around. I love scream, its on the tv right now and I like this movie. ; I here that the second one is do out this winter so I�m excited. I really enjoy some of the lectures in the class especially the ones lately about the various functions of the brain. The brain is so complex. I used to think about the brain and wonder if my brain knew I was thinking about itself. Hmmm, I don't know what to say exactly. I am gonna play some pool after I get done writing this paper. I have a pool table at home so I am probably better than average but lately I've been playing worse and worse. It really frustrates me too. I hate when I don't play basketball for a while because then I go back and I'm just A LITTLE OUT OF RYTHEM OR I MISS A SIMPLE SHOT OR SOMETHING. Recently I have smoked a cigarette every once in a while and I feel bad about that because I always pre3ached against it to my friends and it is bad for athletes because it effects your breathing a little because you can't breathe in as much. I'm being A BIT Distracted by the tv and my twenty minutes are half way up. I don't know I f I can really fill up another ten minutes but I guess I can because I have to. It really isn't hard because its just free thought but its controlled free thought because I've got the monitor and keyboard in front of me so I don't think your mind can wonder as much. along those lines I don't know if I agree with the stats that the teenage male thinks about sex every eight seconds or whatever because I know I don't think of sex that much. Imagine if when you were talking to your dear old granny A hot naked women flashed into your mind. how bizarre and distracting that would be to everyday life. I often wonder what the stats for how much women think about sex is. I wish that they thought about it as much as guys, but if they did the population of the earth would be worse than it already is and we really can't have that lets see mgmhmmhfmfm sorry . I coughed. ehehehehe I think I have come to another point of not really being in a thought process. I wonder how weird the papers are that you guys get I would love to be able to read some of them . I think that you should post some of them in class so we can all laugh at the similarities that are sure to exist between our entries. I don't know what I�ve been told . I like led zep but not all of their stuff. It is pretty good though . I wonder if classic rock will be around for several more decades . I hope so Oh my time is up so I'm gonna go know. Bye bye baby!!!! ",n,n,n,n,n

1997\_732894.txt,"College seems very stressful. It's not like high school where you are playing only to get into college, now, more or less, you are playing for the rest of your life. It seems rather dramatic when you think about it. How can an eighteen year old hold the future in his or her hands. That seems rather demanding. However, the possibility of greatness and success can motivate five- year olds, it seems. Anyway, 40000 people is certainly a lot to contend with. Pressure seems to fill the air everywhere. Not that I mind it at all. I kind of like the atmosphere that engulfs Texas. The attitude of ""wanting to learn "" is beneficial to everyone involved in the higher education process. High School seems like a distant memory now that I'm here. It's extremely hard to imagine that only a few months ago I was a Senior. Man was that fun to say. I enjoyed every second of my senior year, but this year will be so much better. Thinking of the Princess Diana tragedy. . She was a wonderful woman. I think that outside her death, the biggest tragedy to come out of this deal is the fate of her children. I couldn't possibly imagine the stress and trauma of losing my mother. That's seems incomprehensible at my age. I look now to the rest of the school year. It seems so intimidating right now. I don't know how the courses will be and I hope that my work ethic will stand firm. I think that my favorite quote is ""Greatness courts failure"" I don�t think there is anything more true in this world than that. I first heard it on Tin Cup. What a great flick. I saw Boyz in the Hood last night for the first time in years. Outside of the young boy giving the Reagan Bush '84 sign the bird, the movie was spectacular. Funny how there were riots in Los Angeles on the night of the movie's premier. That seems odd. The movie is very sympathetic to the myriad of problems in South Central, LA and automatically, there is public outcry. That's like riots in Scotland when Braveheart was released (Didn�t happen, but serves as a sarcastic counter point. The best movie of all time maybe Braveheart, but the best movie of last year was Jerry Maguire, hands down. Good love story and date flick. I recommend it to anyone who reads my babble here. Furthermore, it is imperative to realize the implications and the modifications of absolutely nothing. I just like typing implications and modifications. Do do do a da da da. Theme of a funny commercial I saw yesterday, one of the many considering how bored I was. Slothfulness can certainly be enjoyable, though ",n,n,y,y,n

1997\_857525.txt,"It's 5:27 and I am beginning this assignment. It's an interesting one. You never really pay attention to how your mind jumps from one thing to another, at least I don't. My roommate just came in. She thinks I am mad at her and I am a little. I'm always waiting on her and it's annoying. I hadn't eaten anything all day and I was about to go to the cafeteria and she wanted me to wait for her . Thirty minutes later we start walking to the cafeteria and she decides she's not hungry. I had waited for nothing. We get along very well, but I don't think she realizes what she does. She keeps interrupting me while I'm writing this and it's timed. She got mad at me just now because I asked her to be quiet. She left the door open and there's someone playing their music pretty loudly. I really don't like the girls next door. We get along with the girls who live a couple of doors down very well. The one's next door just aren't very friendly. My roommate heard one of the girls slamming stuff around and griping because I was playing Ozzy Osborne. One of them is in choir and she's always doing voice exercises. I hope my roommate doesn't start acting like I'm mad at her or vice-versa. She's on the phone. Her guy problems are pretty entertaining. I try to help her out, but I really can't empathize with her. She has a completely different approach and understanding with the opposite sex. Zack is going back to Graham tonight. He's one of my friends from home. I've known him since kindergarten. I've also been infatuated with him since kindergarten. Maybe he'll decide he likes me too. I doubt it though. That's a depressing thought. Oh well. There are plenty of other guys around here. In Graham there were not even close to as many. Population:9,000. Graduating class: 134. That's why I came here. I wanted to be in a place with many other people. I have definitely found that place. A lot of people from Graham thought I was crazy for wanting to come here. I guess different people want different things. it makes sense. One of our friends from down the hall just came in. She's very cool. She's going to let me use her computer to type this, which is sweet of her. It's very beneficial to know people. Everyone has something to offer. Of course, you have to give also. Some are better at that than others. I know I�ve given plenty of cigarettes. Hopefully I've contributed more than just that. I've offered advice, which of course I always thought was good advice. I've tried to be friendly. I've given complements. I've loaned money and shared food. O. K. , I've done my part so far. I think school is going to go well. I just can't let people take advantage of me like I have in the past. I think I can manage the academic part pretty well. The only thing that is difficult so far is Calculus and that was to be expected. I've been doing my best though, and that's all I can do. ",y,y,y,n,n

1997\_897072.txt,"Well this really pisses me off. I write you assignment to send to you but I get no connection. So I save it and try to do send it again. It got lost, even worse I have to do this again just turn this stupid thing in. For something I have already did, this really pissed me off. So to make sure you get this thing I'm thinking about emailing this to you. And to think I actually did truly analyze myself for this project, tell you my true feelings and you don't even get to see it. This is what is really going in my sub- consciousness. You well probably are not going to get a memo like this class. Too bad, I really had a great paper or memo you could have really thought about. It was about time, and since I have to do this the Second TIME, it's even hardier to write about. Speaking of time I have about 5 minutes left so here it goes. I feel that time is one of the most under-rated things in this world today. Just look at me I'm writing this memo for the second time today and have to do the other one tomorrow. Now that was a lot of stress for just one day. Still I accomplish more things under pressure, I think that is what I'm best at. Well it is time for me to depart, so I hope I well learned something in your class. Man, this really is stress releasing. ",y,n,n,n,n

1997\_913103.txt,"First I am wondering why I am doing this assignment - this seems silly but still my mind is always wandering and therefore this should not be difficult. I hope Camille calls me back this evening. I really think I should be a happy guy as long as she stops talking about her dog. She is silly with her blonde hair I am hungry Jester food is so amusing I wonder if I can eat that food everyday after I graduate the girl sitting next to me is very ""not amusing"" I hope she does not stand up, for she probably wouldn't appreciate what I say about her I wonder if anyone else stares at people they find unattractive she probably thinks I want to take her on a date or something because I keep looking at her, but in reality the only place I would take her is to the zoo and tell her to stay there I don't enjoy typing but I suppose it keeps my fingers from getting fat when I took keyboarding in tenth grade I learned to type fairly fast but the only thing I remember typing in that class was the sentence Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country. who said that Kennedy Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country how exciting I would like to think that includes women as well because they can die too oh no the ugly girl just caught me looking at her I acted like I had a bug in my eye she is talking with the girl next to her, and surprisingly enough she is typing the same silly assignment I am I really hope she is in the same lecture class as I am because I would like to sit next to her and ask her why her hair smells so bad is it a lack of shampoo or is it a hereditary flaw either way I remember whey I watched Back to the Future part III when they were in the 1880's I bet everyone smelled back then Clint Eastwood has been in alot of western movies I really do not like this computer because the more I write the more the screen moves over as if the line is a mile long I have written for seven minutes already and I have only written seven lines one line a minute is about as fast as I eat a taco but taco bell has this new hot sauce that they call FIRE how scary I can drink that stuff it is so hot I threw some on our fire in our chimney at home and it put the fire out the girl working at the counter in the computer lab is not amusing either Those glasses she is wearing went out of style when Marsha Brady graduated highschool if she has binoculars she can probably see my screen from her seat so if she kicks me out before twenty minutes I wonder if Mr. Pennebaker would be sympathetic why are there pictures of whales on the wall maybe to remind most of the girls in here they ought not to eat too much I had a girlfriend named Paige Scott in seventh grade and we called her whale but I didn't care because she was so nice That is good All guys should only care about personality to an extent, anyway that's why I like Camille. maybe two or three girls have come through my life that I could honestly say I didn't care what anyone else thought about them because I like them anyway. the last to own that title got pregnant last month so I was kind of angry with her. Most girls would probably break up with their boyfriends when they only offer to pay for 1/3 the cost of an abortion and they spend that money on marijuana I was happy to lend her the money maybe she'll realize she's better off with me anyway because I would have paid for the entire thing and I would have gone through the procedure I God allowed me too how long has it been now ok five more minutes what would you like to know? SUBMIT YOUR PAPER that sounds silly I would rather crumple it up and throw it at my teacher Teachers should tell the class more about themselves so may be I would now rather or not it was acceptable behavior to throw my exams at them. Do they like baseball? I went to look up my friends number at the university of Texas And m but he was not listed. The computer seemed to think he was the head of the alumni or something. Doubt it - he probably won't graduate because he smells too he and Bevo ought to share a bathroom. he used to have a shaved head and a little horn on top. Which reminds me of the dumbest thing he's ever done when he worked at a video store and stole 12 porno movies. His parents are head of the Christian Mission Church or something and they were kinda mad. he has no scruples he had to pay 180 dollars for those movies and he wanted to watch them at my house. Doubt it I don't steal from video stores and I will not agree to his stealing them either, but I did watch this movies at his house. they were exciting I guess one of the girls names was heather Hooters she was pretty but I doubt she was 100% natural is anyone I know going to read this? That's ok cause I am happy with who I am I will tell the whole world I love, well something, I won't mention because if the president of this university knows he will transfer me to a and m. ok I love farming. The sound of the plow chu chu chu through the grass is almost enough to bring me to orgasm. one more minute can you tell I 'm looking at my watch I shouldn't treat this as a paper where I am talking to someone else but rather just with myself but how can I think about anything else when my fingers hurt so much from typing maybe Camille will call but I hope I can hold off on calling her - time to eat - Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country. Oops I almost hit the clear button. ",y,y,n,n,y

1997\_913224.txt,"TOday was an easy day for me since I only had two classes to attend. IN math, I really had a hard time staying awake. I didn�t know if it was because I knew the lesson already or was it that the teacher was boring the heck out of me. Either way, I was very tired and at times, I just dozed off. In my EDP class, I had to find information on financial aide. I also had to start a checking account at the credit union. By chance in the corner of my eyes, I could a brochure on financial loans for students. So I picked it up and will bring it to class for my presentation. Right now I'm stuck in my room and typing my psychology assignment which is due on Friday. It's an easy assignment because it will be graded on whatever you completed or not. I probably will need this grade to bolster up my average since psychology isn't really an easy class. Tomorrow will be a more challenging day with 3 classes to attend. English at 8 in the morning is a killer time for me. I had no choice but to take that time slot because all the times were filled up. I tries to call TEX many times, but had no luck. Now I have to get used to waking up early every Tuesday and Thursday at about 7:30 in the morning. It's a pain in the butt, but the good thing is that I can come back and sleep some more since my next class is at 3:30 which is psychology. I really need to take a nap before my psy class because last week on Wednesday, I didn't take one and when I attended the class, I had a hard time staying awake. I'm glad that I'm in college now because I feel more independent than at home. My mom would always get on my nerves with all her questions and nagging and now she isn't able to do it anymore. But it gets to a point where I kind of miss the questioning and the nagging which I think is contributed to homesick. I can't wait until thanksgiving when I get to go back and see the family because I really miss my baby brother. I would always take his pillow and blanket just to tease him but my mom would end up shouting at me to give it back. I also miss playing basketball with my 1tenth grade brother. He is trying out for the basketball team at his high school and I hope he makes it. He still thinks he can beat me, but that won�t probably ever be true until I'm about 60 and he's 57. This weekend, I hope to attend the football game with my friends again. I went to the one last week and we blew away Rutgers by a lot. It was a great game because there were a lot of people in attendance and the place was packed. A packful of people screaming and cheering for the longhorn football team was one of the greatest moment I have ever saw because I have never attended a college football game before. It was quite hot and I was wearing jeans which was dumb of me. I definitely learn my lesson and will wear shorts to all the day games. I might even paint my face to show some school spirit. Maybe not. After I finish this assignment, I will have to start working on my English paper which is due next Thursday. I kind of have a idea of what to write about but it might take awhile before I fully understand the assignment. The good thing about it is that my teacher is very nice and she will be willing to help me if I need it. My EDP teacher also mentioned a writing center which I could go to if I have problems starting an idea or need my paper to be edited. I think that is cool because in high school, there wasn't a writing center that would help you with your paper. You had to go to the teacher for help and sometimes they make you do all the thinking even when you don't have a clue. I guess that's one of the luxuries for being in college because people want you to succeed and that's a great feeling to have. The one thing I keep on forgetting to do is to buy my psy book. I may have to run by co-op and see if they have it since BEVO's was out of them. Textbooks are very expensive in college, but it's probably worth it when it comes to things you don't understand or for the test. The good thing is that you can resale them back to the store. I think my time is up so that's all I'm going to write. I think I changed the subject like 6 different times but I think that's the purpose of this essay. So, that's all. ",n,n,n,n,n

1997\_919361.txt,"Ok, my thoughts for 20 min. It's 9:35 right now so I'll be done at 9:55. I feel like a moron doing this. I don't even know how to use internet. I wish Robert hurry up and come set up my Ethernet. I really need to write Katherine a letter. I bet she's mad at me since I wrote Megan and not her. Where and when and how am I going to type this up. It's only been 5 min! 15 more minutes of free thoughts. Kelly sure has been on the phone for a long time. she's always on the phone with 'T', Teresa. They always get in fights too. I wonder if it's ok for me to ask her about that guy she met in Dallas that asked her out. Probably not since she turned red and silent when Sandy pointed out her hickey. I guess I won't say anything. My hand kind of hurts now. I think alot faster than I write. I wonder if that was someone at he door just a second ago. You know, maybe I'll write up both of these assignments tonight and then type them up on different days. Nah, I don't feel like doing the college one tonight. I am such a bad typist. This would have been so much shorter if I just typed it rather than transpose my thoughts. I don't think I'll worry about spelling correctly when I do type this. Kelly is still on the phone and Robert has not come to fix my computer yet. I guess I have less power over him since he made out with some chick on Saturday. Sexual tension can be such a powerful tool. Hmmm, what time is it? 9:50, only 5 more minutes to go. My head itches, now my nose. Ah, that's much better. I wonder if Mike really does like Sandy. It seems like it sometimes. Channing hates Mike because of it. can't believe I spilled out some of my innermost secrets to Mike and he's so rude to me sometimes. I sure do miss Nick. I wonder if he'll write me. As soon as Georgia gets my letter she'll probably send me his address. I'm not going to write to him though unless he writes me first. I really like my handwriting. It looks very similar to my mother's. What time is it now? 9:56. I'm done. I can't believe I thought such stupid things in these past 20 minutes. ",y,n,n,n,y

1997\_938066.txt,"I don't know what I should be doing right now. I mean life is so complicated and strange to me. My father says I can do whatever I want to at university and he will be happy with it, but the thing is if I do what I want then he would be pretty upset with me. Hell, he would disown me. I don't know why I have to do things in order to please him but I have to. Its like I have no choice. I am just starting to get his trust back and I don't want to lose that little bit that I have. You could say that I'm destined to do what other people want me to do. That is the way that society is these days. We are all conformed to a certain structure in life that we have to follow; and if we don't conform then we are outcasts and shunned by society. The ""norm"" they call it. Why does there have to be a ""norm"". I don't see why we can't live the way that we choose and be free. Oh well, back to happy thoughts. Amanda. There is a happy thought. I wonder. I wonder what? I don't know. I guess I wonder if it will work. I'm nuts about he she is nuts about me, but we don't get to see each other as much as we would like. I guess that is true about a lot of couples. But I still don't know. What I do know is that I want to stay together, even though everyone is talking about us. I don't care how old she is. Hell, she is only 2 years younger that me so that doesn't matter. People are just making a big deal out of it because I am in college and she is a sophomore in high school. She is still a lot more mature than a lot of people older than me. She understands a lot of things. I guess that is because she grew up in Saudi. People there are generally more mature than people here in the states. We are forced to grow up faster than people here. We lose our innocence faster, and have to learn about the world and society as a hole much quicker. Lets leave it on this note. These are strange days that will challenge our true selves. I wish I could go deeper than that but I'm not going to spill all of my guts to a computer. Later babe. ",n,n,n,n,y

1997\_417075.txt,"Okay, now is the time -- I usually don't have trouble writing for a long period of time - at least typing, because I think I type faster than I write. I am continuously writing e-mails to people. In fact, one semester I was even addicted to the Internet! I was always on it. I wasn't as bad as my roommate at the time thought he never even went to class! I couldn't believe it. At least I knew to be addicted at nighttime! Anyway - I enjoy typing and I really enjoy writing my thoughts. This stream of consciousness reminds me of my senior year in high school when we got to read James Joyce in my English class. It was the best book I read all year - the Portrait of the Artis as a Young Man - does this computer have a way to skip to the next line, or do I do that myself? Well - I shall do it myself. OK - anyway - about Stephen Dedalus - in James Joyce. The entire book was written the way I am writing this essay. I guess it is an essay -- I always thought they were spelled like S. A. ! but - that seems stupid when you think about it. Psychology really seems interesting. But - I know the tests are hard. I am graduating in December and I have always wanted to take Psy. I just never had the time when it came to my major and all the government, etc. classes I had to take. I can't wait to graduate. There is so much red tape at this institution. Yesterday - just to add into a class that wasn't even full - My God. You would think the class is controlled by Zeus himself! I had to fill out forms - and then I had to make inquiries and get permission from the professor. Just so I could take Accounting 310f for Non- Business majors that isn't even a grade for me since I am taking it pass/fail. Now does that not sound stupid. Sometimes I think education has become too much like government. Not enough quality - just a lot of quantity of BS where nothing is really ever accomplished. The status quo just seems to prevail. I think that is terrible. but -if you think about it - it makes sense. This institution cares not if I get a good education- but rather if I am able to jump through all the hoops it places before me. Whether I can read the fine print and take all the courses and get all the red tape cut before I graduate. Is that what the college experience should be about? I guess college prepares a person for life. Not in the classes taken per se - but in the lifestyle of the student. So - if I understand that life is simply college magnified, and if I can jump through all the hoops placed before me in college and actually graduate with my 120 hours, then maybe life won't be as complicated and difficult. The question then becomes if life gets more simple and less strenuous and frustrated, then shouldn't college follow in suit? Since I don't believe that will ever happen, I guess the college is here to stay. If anything - college prepares a person for graduate school! Law school, oy - a Yiddish expression - I can't wait for that! I am taking a course now on constitutional law by Dr. Perry. I absolutely love it. - It mystifies me, the Constitution. What does is cover - what responsibilities does it have. How does one know? All these questions can be answered and asked in this class. There are only 10 people in the class - compared to the 500 or so in PSy. class, I would say that's pretty good! I think I figured out how to do these lines on this computer I just have to push return before getting to the end of the line instead of writing one line to eternity. How does the TA actually know that I spent 20 minutes on this? What if I simply type really fast and I get more words on the screen than the next guy? What if I say -- well, it's only been 5 minutes but - I gotta go? Who ever thought of that movie with Woody Allen about the future and sex is regulated! DAMN! I promised myself to write about everything in the world not having anything to do with sex. I thought that for 20 minutes I could think of not having sex. Damn. I guess I am just a typical 21 year old guy who can't get his mind out of the gutter. that really upsets me I always thought I could be more than the average Joe. Well - that shall be for my next paper on the college experience. Boy - are y'all gonna love that or what?!! GOTTA GO NOW -- THE PROFESSOR IS CALLING ME!!! ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_475230.txt,I wish it was Friday actually I wish it was next Friday then I would be going home vacuums really bug me I want to change the channel but I don't want to get up but duck tales really sucks and even though I�m not even watching it and just hearing it bugs me I guess that's something you just have to deal with if you're lazy I want to talk to Stephen but I don�t want to call him because I called last but he hasn't called me which really doesn't make much sense but guys don't make any sense anyway so its ok I don't want to go to calculus tomorrow but I should because I�ve already missed it twice I wish it would rain I want to get caught in the rain I want some Dr pepper but I don�t want to go buy some because I don't want to spend the money I want to get an exhaust even though I haven't even found anybody to race up here I should write to Christina I need to check the mail who cares about the kennedys I hope I have some mail but I really doubt it I never get mail my room looks so boring I don't like living in a dorm it really sucks but I guess this is better than jester it's kind of hard to think and write at the same time I hate typing why are her clothes still hanging there what's wrong with using the dryer I need to do laundry double your pleasure double your fun my boobs itch I guess I shouldn't have tanned for so long ,y,n,y,y,y

1997\_497680.txt,"Philosophy. can one truly think that one knows nothing? If one truly thinks that one knows nothing, doesn't that mean that he in fact truly knows something. that he knows nothing. If God is omnipotent can he make a rock so heavy he can't carry it? God. If he were the perfect God why hasn't he made himself present to the entire world? How can this world think so highly of itself that it thinks it has found the right religion already. Maybe the true God has never been seen, has never been thought, has never been written down before. There always exists the possibility that perhaps the world came about in a way no one has every thought of before. It's possible and very probable. Can one truly put all his faith in God. If God is an almighty, omnipotent being, can one put his entire life into God's hands? But then God says not to be foolish. Is it foolish to want an explanation. Maybe the confusion is meant for a reason. Have to get an application to College of Engineering. To be a genius wouldn't be so bad. It wouldn't be that great either. Everything has its ups and downs, black, white, heaven, hell, etc. Perhaps the goal is to reach a true balance. Maybe then we'll be content. Then again to be content and balanced you would have to have some discontent. Fashion is definitely too emphasized in this world. When will comfort be in? It will probably take off like a forest fire. People will realize there are plenty of more important things than clothes and appearance. Of course that doesn't mean stop bathing and wearing dirty clothes. People need to get priorities straight. Why waste your time taking a speeding ticket to court. Time is money. Time is more valuable than money. Without time we are nothing. Without money, we are without money. Time will never wait nor come back. Smurfs. I remember Smurfs. Back in the childhood days when things weren't so complicated. A tiny blue creature was simply a tiny blue creature. Not a tiny conniving blue wench searching for self promotion or upholding a social image or making the extra buck. It was a time of snowmen and berry fights and rope swinging and rock climbing and tadpole watching. Nothing more, nothing less but perhaps invaluable. ",n,y,y,n,y

1997\_499606.txt,"It is late and I need to get so sleep but I trying to stay awake writing this assignment. I am so glad I finish the English paper. I can now relax for about two before he gives us another one. I hope I'll be able to wake up tomorrow to go to class at nine in the morning. I hate English the most. Writing paper gives me a headache. What the hell is Quyen listening to. I glad I got a lot done today. I can't wait till next weekend comes back around. Maybe next weekend I be able to relax and not have to work. Just ten more minutes and I will be done. This writing assignment is stupid but I am glad it is easy. It not so bad. My back hurts. I should take so Tylenol. Maybe it will help. Shit, I forgot I have a reading assignment in biology. After this, I am going to take a shower and climb straight to bed. Working and going to school is getting real tiring. I am hunger but I am also very sleepy. There probably nothing in the fringe to eat anyway. That reminds me I need to go to the store tomorrow. Maybe I'll get some real healthy food this time. My eyes are dry. I need to take out my contacts. I think has been twenty minutes now so I'll stop here. ",n,y,n,y,n

1997\_568086.txt,"When I first decided to go back to school I knew from my current job at Texas School for the Blind that I wanted to enrich my knowledge in the fields of the social and psychological sciences. I soon realized that most of the more detailed social science classes required PSY 301. This brings us to the present. I have always had a strong interest in the ways and whys of peoples reactions to life. Since I was a young girl people have come to me for answers to questions on their lives or advice of different content. Supplying folks with this help has never over taxed my own brain and I have even found it to be very rewarding. I always chalked my natural abilities up to my own experiences as a child. I was ordered by law to see a psychologist because of the fighting of my parents over my sister and myself. I did the Rohrshac(inkblot test) , the what do you see in the clouds thing and many other ""buzz"" tests of the day (circa mid 1970's). Anyway, these test never showed my little 5,6,7, and 8 year old psyche to be under too much mental duress and I was an above average student at school. I even skipped lessons in 1st grade and was moved to 2nd because I knew how to read. However, since the death of my father last year and the pre-grieving of watching someone be taken by AIDS, my need to make heads or tails out of some of the reasons and whys my own life has unfolded as it has , has become an intensified desire I must look further into. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_572720.txt,"As I sit her and begin this assignment so many things come to mind. I feel overwhelmed with things I need to do, but I'm glad I'm getting this assignment completed at last. My watch is bugging me it continues to hit against the desk. If I only could get and stay comfortable I could get so much more done. I feel like I make to many excuses, yet I always get done what I need to get done. I miss home, not completely. I don't want to be there now, for no one is there friend wise really, but I just miss the security. I can't wait till I'm busier here at school. There is so much I want to do. There is a smudge on my computer screen, just enough that the words beneath it are a little blurred. I wonder where the name Bevo came for the mascot of UT. Names are so funny. I mean who comes up with them. My name is strange and unique. People always ask me how I got it. I know it is derived from my grandfather's name, but I don't know how they logistically came up with it. Is Logistically a word. I doubt it . I'm always coming up with words like that. I had the best weekend. It was a lot of fun. I got to spend some time with friends I hadn't seen in a while. I only wish it wasn't so rushed. We were constantly doing stuff. I just wanted to hang out and chill, but Oh no we had to party non-stop. I don't drink so I feel as if I'm not always that much fun. I know that is stupid. But that's how I feel. Feelings are so weird they suck sometimes and are awesome other times. They are so demanding. I mean whatever you are feeling takes so much energy be it positive or negative. I feel lonely now. But I'm glad. I need to spend time with myself. but I'm the kind of person that can't stand being alone. That's something I'm going to have to work on. I played soccer in high school. But I had surgery my senior year and couldn't play. I kinda want to play again, but I'm worried I'll suck since it has been so long. I cant believe I've used the word, ""suck"" so many times that is so rude and un-lady like. excuse me. Well I don't even know who I'm apologizing to. I just know if my mother knew I used that word she would have a few words with me. I just realized I need to flip my calendar. I can't believe it is already Sept. It seams like just yesterday summer was here. I'm not as good of a typist as I used to be, I keep hitting the wrong keys, or should I say striking the wrong keys. Typing is a lot like playing the piano you strike keys in a planed out order to create something. It's kind of neat when you think about it. Everything is like that. A lot of little things put together is what creates the whole picture, piece of music or art. I can't wait to get married. Well that's not true. I can wait to get married but I can't wait to find My soul mate. I believe God intended for us to only be with one person, and that person was created for us, just like we were created for them. Well anyway I can't wait to meet him. I miss my cat. I remember the professor mentioned writing about our animals, and that made me think of my cat. I love him. He is so cute and inviting, I don't think he has ever met a stranger, or an enemy. It would be nice if there were more people like that. I hope I don't get that carpal tunnel disease or whatever from typing incorrectly, that would not be good. I miss my friends, but most of all my best friend he is so awesome, but he's not dealing with this whole separation thing well, or maybe I'm not dealing with it well and he is doing just fine. Either way I'm not happy with the situation. I think I have the wrong edition book for my psychology book. I hope it doesn't make a difference. I guess I will find out tomorrow. A rose is so beautiful. I just spotted a picture of one. It is so symbolic. How It's beauty is dangerous to the touch. An important lesson to be learned and cherished, well I've been at this for just over twenty minutes now so I think I'll call it quits. But his was fun. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_579130.txt,"I sit in a chair. I wonder . I wonder about life. we have many options. to live, to die, or get cancer. cynical ideas always cross my mind. I question everything that comes my way. anything. why are dachshunds the best dogs to have. I always look for different things. like the outside world. there are some things you just can't reveal. sometimes there are no answers to questions and no questions can answer. I can't write. I would like to be a screenwriter someday but I can not write complete thoughts. I am really scatterbrained. I have many ideas but I am afraid that I will fail listen. I always have a ear that listens to weird noises, give me an apple. I would like to eatan apple tonight. tonight is a good a good night. tonight will be never the same again. there will always be room to live in another night. I hope I can learn how to type faster cause I have many strange and honest thoughts running through my mind tonight. I will think of why I am writing this. I don't want to think about it cause it will take up too much of my other ideas. I like to read why people are the way they are. I think every body�s brain I s incredibly strange. infinity is a concept that cloud not be conceived not in this brain, or anybody else�s. some day will the word mean something or will it? that I can not explain or will try to explain or think like I know I can explain. I like to talk to people about their spirituality ideas ideas ideas. I know that I will sleep exceptionally well . I am typing this at night because I was really thinking and I am not able to put all of it on paper. listen to me listen to me I am rambling. I am a really drained for thinking about my future. I am almost certain that I know what I want to do but I am afraid of failing and never be able to be happy. I do have confidence, ambition and ] think that I will be successful. I have been writing/typing for at least 20 min. I could go all night but instead I will make my mind ' wander of into some other tangent. ",n,y,y,n,y

1997\_736454.txt,"Well, I'm not really sure what types of things I'm supposed to be saying. I miss my boyfriend so much. I hope he has a safe trip home. I hope he doesn't fall asleep. I feel really sleepy myself. I hope I can stay awake for this twenty minutes. Time seems to go by so slowly when you're sleepy. Especially when school work is involved. I wish I was a better typer. It is so hard to just think normally when you're typing on a computer. People probably think I'm not a very interesting person. I try to be, but I think I was born to be boring. Be boring and study my life away. I really don't mean to be so studious. I mean I want to do well in school, but I think I'm too caught up in it. Everything makes me nervous. It is so strange because even though I know this isn't going to be ""graded"", I feel nervous about doing it wrong or not doing a good job. I miss my family and my friends. I don't think I appreciated them enough when I was home. It is so hard to build a friendship up from scratch. It took years to be so close to them, and now I have to start all over. I'm truly lucky to have people that share all of my memories and understand all of my feelings. I wonder if they miss me as much as I miss them. I'm so paranoid. I'm always concerned that people are deceiving me in relationships. What if they don't mean ""love"" in the same way that I do? I hate being hurt. I like to be in control and be omniscient. I like to have the upper hand with people. Unfortunately, I think most of the time I'm the vulnerable one. Is that normal? Probably. If I tell myself that enough I might believe it. Could someone really love someone enough that they would die for them if they had to. So many songs make that claim. It must be a truly amazing love. I am still in awe when I think about what Jesus did for me and everyone else. He died a most humiliating and painful death so we wouldn't have to. What love! How sad though to think that not everyone accepts it! I feel so guilty when talking to someone that doesn't accept it. I feel like there is something I could say to solve it, but I just don't know what. I know I'm not doing everything I could for Christ, and therefore not being quite good enough. I know I can't be perfect, but I try so hard to be. It feels that I come up short a lot in my life. It is so stressful. I'm probably going to die at an early age because of it. I can't stop though. Kale is so wonderful. He would do anything for me. I can't imagine anyone loving me that much unless they have to. My parents have to, but he doesn't. It is amazing. ",n,y,n,y,n

1997\_752353.txt,"Right now I'm sitting in the computer lab at my dorm. I'm really bored and really want to get this writing assignment out of the way. The direction say that I should type for 20 minutes. I have 18 minutes to go. I'm a really slow typist. I was just watching TV with my roommate and then I came down here to check my e-mail. My dad sent me a really sweet message. I really miss him but I'm really not homesick. I'm having a lot of fun up here at school and meeting a lot of new people. I really like all of my classes. Okay, fifteen minutes to go. My ankle really hurts because I sprained it. There were some girls in here that would not shut up and they were really getting on my nerves. One of them just hit my chair as she was leaving and didn't even apology. The letter after y on this key board will not work. Okay, I'm supposed to be living in a really nice dorm and this computer won't even work right. Oh well. I fell really bad for my roommate because she and her mom got in a fight tonight and she was crying when I came home and stuff. She really is a nice person and we get along really well. Only 11 more minutes to go. Well, I'm really excited about the football game this weekend. My friends went and got tickets for me and my roommate to sit with them. We are on the fifty yard line on the first row. I can't wait. My parents are leaving for Maine in about two weeks. They have a huge trip planned to New York, Washington, Maine, Boston, and somewhere else. I'm really excited for them. They need some time to get away. My dad really works too hard so this will be a time for them to relax and have some fun. They just celebrated their twenty-seventh anniversary. I think that is really cool and I admire them for being so happily married for so long. My roommate just came in to check her e-mail. I wonder if she has any. She is now e-mailing one of her friends. I wonder if Keith will call me back tonight. I hope that he is not too mad at me. I guess I find out soon enough. I had so much fun this past weekend. I spent the weekend with my four friends that have an apartment here in Austin. My roommate went home for the weekend so I just hung out with them. We had a BBQ one night and watched movies and went swimming and laid in the hot tub and just relaxed. It was so much fun. I think that I'll spend this weekend with them again. Gabe kissed me this past weekend and I really don't know what to think. He calls me a lot now to check on me and to make sure I get home okay and to see what I'm doing and stuff. We've been friends for a long time so I really don't know what to think. Well, my twenty minutes if officially up, so see ya later. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_813369.txt,"My mind is totally blank right now. I am just happy that got in the computer lab and was able to use a computer without a long wait. I am kind of lost as to what to write. I am thinking about how much time I have to pass before my next class starts and I am wondering what to do to make the time go faster. I saw one of my friends from high school today. I am happy that I finally saw a familiar face. Why is that light blinking on the CD-ROM door? I did not put a CD in the drive. I hope I doing this assignment right. I want a new day planner. I am tired of looking at that Nike symbol on mine. I want a leather one but my parents don't think I should $50 for a day planner, so oh well there goes that. I need to paint my fingernails. They are so plain looking. I think I might paint them tonight, oh no I can't. I have precal homework to do. I need go and have them painted and maybe I can treat my mom also. She needs to pamper herself. This chair is quite comfortable. I like how the back gives in when you lean back. I need this for my computer at home. There are a lot of Dell computer boxes in the corner of this room. I wonder how many are there. I wonder if the MTV music awards are going to be good tonight. I missed the awards last year. I don't even who won. I hope its not raining right now or when I am ready to leave. My hair will frizz so bad and I'll have to blow-dry it out to make it smooth again. I wish I could where my hair naturally curly but its just too frizzy. My niece has the best hair and her mother doesn't take care of it. What are doors to side of this room for? Where do they lead? My hands are cold. My feet are cold, too. I wonder if this shirt makes me look fat. The stripes are going horizontal. I need to start back to exercising like I used to. That boy is kinda cute who just walked by. My finger are really cold. The air conditioning must be up pretty high in here. I am always colder than most people. Maybe I have small blood vessels in my hands and feet or something. I just can't get over how Princess Diana died. She seemed to be such nice person. What is this black cord wrapped around the bottom of the monitor? What is it used for? I am sleepy and I have another class to go to today. I hope I perk up. I 'e never seen a window button on a computer before but then I've never used a Dell computer before either. How wide are the margins on this sheet. I'm try to keep my typing neat. I always like things to be neat and organized. My mind is blank again. I wonder what my mom is cooking today if she is cooking. My back is itching. I just realized that my legs are sore from that walking I did yesterday from the Robert L. Moore Building all the way to Calhoun hall in the six pack. My legs shouldn't be sore. I was a cheerleader in junior high and high school. My pen is coming out of my day planner. I never really fit right anyway. My day planner is kind of different. maybe I don't need another one. Maybe I've been around my parents too long, but then my mom is my best friend. I tell her everything since I don't have a sister. My brother hasn't taken me to the movies in a long time. I wonder how he and his wife are doing. How do leave this computer lab. I guess the same way I got in. My handwriting is terrible. I hate having to write checks or sign my name. I just can't make my handwriting flow like some peoples. I think I drank too much sprite. All that ice might be making my hands and feet cold. I need to go and warm up. This air conditioning is really chilling me. I should paint my nails red like I have my toes. I need to go read for my Ancient Greek class. I haven't read the Odyssey since the ninth grade. Maybe I will understand it better this time. I only remember the Cyclops. My hands are too cold. I need to warm up a bit. ",n,y,y,y,n

1997\_819809.txt,"Okay, I just started writing or well I guess typing. I am still kind of emotionless because I just woke up. You know how when you first wake up and you just need to go to the bathroom but after that you don't know what to do. I'm not hungry or thirsty or anything. I am kind of cold though, because the fan is right over my head. I have a pretty good feeling because I got to this page alot easier than I thought I would. Right now the only thing I really think about is a situation I am in. I am dating this guy and he's really great, but he keeps asking where our relationship is going and I don't really know. The big problem is that this guy I dated off and on for over a year is about to be transferred (he's in the Army) to Kaline which is pretty close to here and he calls and writes but never asks if I am seeing anyone new. I don't know if this is because he doesn't care and just wants to be friends or if he just assumes that I am waiting for him. Knowing him he will probably expect me to drop anyone I happen to be involved with as soon as he moves down here. This is something I normally would not mind doing, but I really like this guy I am dating so I don't know what to do. My bathroom is making the weirdest noise right now. I probably need to have that checked out. I am having to shift positions right now because I am not very comfortable and my neck is starting to hurt. Now my nose itches so I have to rub it. My room is a huge mess because they just set up my computer and won't let me throw away any of the boxes so they are piled up in my room until I have the chance to take them home. My hands are starting to shake a little so I must be getting hungry. My roommate should be getting back from class pretty soon and maybe she will make me something to eat. I kind of don't like it when she is in the kitchen though because she tends to make a pretty large mess and it tends to take her a few days to clean it up. You can't really say anything to her because she gets real defensive and it starts a fight. I really miss my cat, Black Jack, I have had her since I was two and she is BEAUTIFUL!!! I think my twenty minutes are about up and I am really hungry, so I'm going to end this. BYE!! ",y,n,n,y,n

1997\_831768.txt," Ouch, that hurts. Damn, damn, damn. I really don't care much for playing Doogie Howser as a homework assignment. My understanding is that I get to talk about anything I feel like. Well, today I feel like talking about the absence of love. I've never, and I never will. I know this because I know myself; I've been acquainted with myself for the past 18 years. But, you know what? Love doesn't come easily to someone who's never been given the chance to cry over another. And disappointment rides high among those who look toward the intangible as an archetype. And perhaps, love may not be recognized by one who stages the downfalls and disappointments by crowning the archetype. And what becomes of these kings? They assure an even greater upset. My hell! Who knew they'd turn out to be. human-of all things? They've been raised by nourishing mothers who want to keep the cycle from breaking down. It's a revenge thing. What's revenge if our elders can't play? And don't think the players of the game don't know. They all do. In fact, they're the unpolished beads hung through a thin thread patiently awaiting the cut that shatters all they hold. The dirty bastards don't mean it on the surface, but somewhere inside, not too deep, they feed off of this perverse pleasure. These prowling demons inside sense it. They know it and follow it by every word that falls from your mouth. They know it by every action pouring out of your senseless heart. But, wait, hold on. There is a simple solution to this problem. Find that beating cacophony that wakes you in the midst of terror, and do the smart thing all women should have accomplished by the age of 10. Rip it out, spit on it, and flush it down that damn toilet. Praise God for victory! No more heartbreaks, no more suicidal tendencies (so I've heard), no more anything. Anything. Anything. I guess, I wouldn't know. Coming from one who's never been within a foot of love, it may seem an improper thing to do. But for those who have ridden on this vanishing wave, I'm sure the former action seems more than appropriate. However, and oh, I apologize so profusely for changing the tone so quickly-it loses audience, but I do have other things to do. um, however, if this route of throwing the heart is chosen, don't forget to wave goodbye to the emotions which allow one to cry, laugh, or even, yes, of all things-the sole feeling which gives you a natural high for days, the sole feeling that allows you to run around the world three times blindfolded on one leg without any replenishing substances-the feeling of love. Go ahead. Hypocrite would be a swell characteristic for this girl. But, must I ask, what is it that consumes two people who are in love? The look in their eyes, the energy radiating through their bodies? What is it that makes them. beautiful? All of the time. I've never felt a consistent beautiful for longer than two days. consecutively. My dear, patient friend, that's exactly how I know it must be this emotion that I've never felt. It must be love. That emotion not specifically defined by anyone. ",n,n,n,n,y

1997\_870133.txt,"I'm feeling a little tired right now. I usually don't suffer from severe lack of sleep as I have this weekend. It's pretty interesting the way it affects my ability to concentrate. I feel like I don't read as well or communicate ideas as well. This is really a weird assignment but I feel like I would be taking the easy way out if I were to sit here and dwell on that for twenty minutes so here goes. Someone is tapping on a table or something in the next room. I hate it when people make a big ruckus doing something like that and then they can't even keep a beat. Something I think is interesting is the way people can become dependent on new technology in a matter of months. When my roommate and I first moved here to Austin we didn't have e-mail capabilities at first and I felt completely cut off from the outside world. I was so relieved when we were finally back online. I just figured out what that tapping was. It's my roommate playing electric bass but it's not plugged in so there isn't much pitch distinction. Like I always say: bass should be felt not heard. Speaking of my roommate, everyone has told me that it's a bad idea to live with a friend at college and I think they were right. It's not that I don't like the guy. It's just that his annoying traits got magnified tenfold as soon as we moved into a 15 foot by 8 foot room. Some friends came down from my hometown this weekend. Their visit made me realize that as soon as I left for college, everything changed. Most of my relationships with people have been faded a little by the move and I'm sure it's an ongoing process. There are a couple of people, however that I actually feel closer too and surprisingly they're not here in Austin with me. I'm still trying to understand that. I guess when you're separated from people by large distances, you kind of sort things out in your head and figure out who and what is important. It's like post traumatic prioritizing. Ok, I think I've said what needed (or didn't need) to be said. ",n,n,n,n,y

1997\_897420.txt,I�m sitting at the computer. I just got done working out. my arms and chest are sore. The pain is good though. I want to go out. I want to start playing golf again but it is too expensive golf is fun but I like to go out partying but its expensive my girlfriend is bothering me oh well I like it my friend is talking about a boat it makes it harder to write but it is ok because I�m using his computer I want to play lacrosse but it is very rough I don�t understand how they play but don�t hurt themselves badly ya know well anyway I feel like running oh not really it is weird how my mind says stupid things that make no sense I think I will go to the steamboat and watch those two girls play again this will be their last time to ever play like it is a monumental breakup or something but hey what if one of them becomes good maybe I will be able to say yo man I saw them play live. noway bro yea. cool They are pretty good I cant believe e I ever liked country music because it is all so fake I mean nobody writes there songs they don�t do anything but sing and look pretty especially the women. if you are ugly it is nearly impossible to be a country singer. unless you are Leann Rimes then you can tell every one that you are 14 and that�s ok because instead of the rednecks saying damn she�s got a nice ass I guess they could say she�s only 14 and that makes them happy. but if you think that ugly women is 14 you are sadly mistaken she�s back ok well I sure miss my Jim Roam I liked that show but it is on the air in Austin oh well Austin is cool anyway even if there is no damn parking. I miss the old days of just driving around town and then thinking to myself I go there and hey what do you know there is a parking spot or even a whole lot of parking spots. yea but then I would have to live in my boring ass town where there is nothing to do at all I mean take tonight for example I�m going to watch a band play in pearland I would be sleeping but here I�m going to start drinking a couple minutes in fact I will start drinking now oh no there is a man possessed by alcohol on the computer you must stop him he could easily kill some innocent family of 4 walking along and that would be very very unfortunate. ok whatever I�m crazy no not really so I am just about done here according to the little clock in the bottom of the screen in the bottom of the screen cool I�m going to party I quit bye ,n,y,n,n,n

1997\_934160.txt,"Wow, I'm pretty tired right now it's been a heck of a weekend. staying up for Diana's funeral was pointless, but nevertheless interesting. I wonder if I'll have that kind of burial when I die. I think my grandfather should at least had a funeral twice that size. he was the second greatest man to ever walk on this earth besides Jesus Christ himself. I'm listening to the live dcTalk album right now and it rocks. There is no group of celebrities that I admire more than them. Their music has meaning. It isn't just the meaningless stuff about drugs, shooting somebody up, or scoring with someone. It is stuff that is relevant to our world and to our generation, not to mention it is the best musically sounding stuff out there. I wish more people knew about them. I know they would agree with me. the game this weekend surpassed my expectations. At first I thought it was going to be lame 'cause the crowd was soo dead, but as soon as we scored the crowd went wild and the atmosphere from then on was electric. UCLA will be a very tuff game next weekend. My parents are coming up for the game. Surprisingly I don't miss them all that much, although I do care about them a bunch. Maybe it's just because I'm soo busy with school I really hope that my edp paper is not that hard because I lack the motivation. I really wish my acne would go away. I believe life would be soo much better if it were gone. The confidence and social skills would be so easy and fun. I wouldn't be soo much of a hermit. I hope I can get my hair to grow out to the right length and get it colored they way I want to. I also hope that I can acquire the presence I am seeking as far as my appearance goes. It would really be awesome if we won a national championship this year and Ricky Williams won a Heisman Trophy or even James Brown( by the way I hope he is okay). Richard Walton did a great job backing up and filling in. Gee I hope I make it to class on time and I really hope my future girlfriend is there to ask me out. ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_952275.txt,"I wanted to write about something traumatic that happened to me because, apparently, traumatic experiences and how to deal with them is a pretty big fandango in this class. Something just happened, though, so I want to write about that and see where it takes me in the next nineteen minutes or so. The computer assistant in the theatre department (where I am right now, being a theatre major and all) just complimented me on my hat, a black fedora I bought in Greenwich Village about a year and a half ago. I was visiting for about a week over spring break and auditioning for the elusive Experimental Theatre wing of NYU's Tisch School of the Arts. After a fairly successful audition I concentrated all of my efforts of exploring, something I had done about seven or eight months earlier the first time I visited. This time I was alone, though. The time before I had my brother, eighteen months my junior and my closest friend, at my side and all was well. This time I had to w2ait a couple of days for his arrival, since he couldn't get off school and I could, being a senior and having a few excused absence ""college days"" on my hands. So I set out to explore and found a bar in the mob district of Little Italy that didn't ID and I found myself drunkenly wandering the streets of New York, stumbling upon Strawberry Fields in a haze and not realizing the significance until about a week later. After three days of being lost in my drugged little haze my brother joined me. When I picked him up at the airport I noticed that I had taken to thinking of myself as a New Yorker. I had adopted the city and there was a definite change in the way my brother and I related to each other. This changed over the next four days, though, as he assimilated into New York the way I had and we set out to Little Italy to begin our evenings with a little pasta, a Nat King Cole impersonator, a jug of white wine every night, and a restaurant owned by the mob. After taking in as much of the culture and the underbelly of the city we found ourselves down to our last (having just dropped twenty bucks on some Thai food that smelled like sewer filth). It was our second to last day in the city and we decided to thrift store shop and try to extend our dollars as far as they would go. Then we saw them. In a small shop in the Village (not that there aren't a billion of them) we both saw fedoras that just said ""you"". We ended up dropping our last fifty dollars on our new hats and had to pay for our ride to the airport ( a limo, surprisingly cheaper than a taxi because it had a set fare) with a handful of quarters. We hadn't eaten for two days and there wasn't a meal of any kind on the plane (not even peanuts) so we wound up in Houston on a two hour layover with nothing to do, empty stomachs, and no money. I ended up begging, trying to sell a stack of demo tapes I had cut for two bucks a pop. I ended up selling two, and we ate the best Taco Bell that has ever been eaten by a human. I remember that the only people who bought the tapes were other musicians. Maybe it's a karma thing (""Wow, that guy looks pathetic. Better buy his tape because that could be me someday. "") One way or the other they understood. I was upset just because my plan was to randomly hand out this stack of tapes to people as they departed for different corners of the country, hoping that they would like it and that underground distribution would abound. Maybe it worked: I still don't know. I know it was passed around quite a bit in south Texas, but not much further than that. Oh, well. By the by, I'm really tired right now because my band played a two hour show last night. We haven't played that long in about a year, since clubs usually limit you to an hour or less. We used to go two hours without even trying when we were playing for our friend's parties, but now we've gotten lazy. Last night really woke us up. I was so drenched in sweat that I actually had to wring out my shirt after the show. We didn't even get a decent crowd until the last thirty minutes or so. That's ok. Better things will come along soon enough. We play every Thursday at Black Cat, which has no cover and is all ages. For some reason, this alone does not attract a crowd. It's really upsetting. I know we're not a bad band, so it's really frustrating when you can't talk people out of disco dancing at Bob Popular to enjoy a free show that accepts all ages and doesn't involve a DJ. Someday. About that traumatic experience. About five months ago I was hit by a car while I was crossing the street into Trudy's off Guadalupe. It was late and I was wearing all black and the guy didn't see me. I was looking the other way because I saw the car that hit me but he seemed too far away to reach me. I was more concerned about cars coming from the other direction, which is a curving road that is hard to see down. When he hit me his fender shattered my leg and I was thrown onto his windshield. He didn't brake until then and the force of him braking as I hit the windshield sent me flying into the road about twenty feet out. I never lost consciousness and never really felt all that dazed or affected by it. I just calmly looked up, announced that my ""fucking leg was broken"" and asked one of my friends to call 911. Then I just lay down in the road waiting for the ambulance. It started to rain. That night I was taken to Brackenridge and left alone for about an hour at a time in the ER. Only one of my friends cam to visit me. She held my hand while they pieced my leg back together and set it into a cast. They had already pumped me with morphine and I heard them mumble about amputation a time or two, but eventually they settled on inserting a rod from my knee to my ankle. The morphine did nothing to me, though, because they gave it in light doses and after years of recreational drug use I wasn't really affected. That and the pain was coming from the one part of my body where intravenous drugs couldn't possibly go. I ended up just biting down on a folded-up blanket, not wanted my screams to disturb others in the ER. Over the next three days I was observed and recovered quicker than anyone imagined. My family came to be with me from San Antonio, except for my dad who was in Orlando on business. He wanted to rush to Austin to be with me but I didn't want him to see me tied up to machines and weak. I knew he couldn't handle it. After about a half hour of coaxing he stayed in Orlando. He hasn't had a drop of alcohol in twenty years after getting a kidney removed before I was born. That night he drank himself into submission. Slowly my friends from the theatre department began creeping in until I had a steady stream of visitors and a room full of flowers, candy, and porn (don't ask). The faculty came to make sure that I was alright, something I never would've expected, and one night my nurse ( a Mary Poppins sort of woman) turned my bed so that I could see the tower lit up in orange. I've never had school spirit or pride in any organization whatsoever, but for some reason I cried. For some reason I loved the sight of the tower at that moment. I've recovered completely. I was angry for a while and spent a lot of time screaming and damning anyone who could walk while I made my way around in a wheelchair. I marveled at the fact that, even when I was on crutches, nice families at the Arboretum would still pull their children closer and hold their purses tighter. I began to keep a journal, but by the time I had written five entries my anger was gone. My depression was gone. I couldn't even dwell of death, which I know I had cheated. I was just glad to be alive and to put it all behind me. Now I'm physically and emotionally recovered. I don't have nightmares and I don't fear cars. I don't know why. Maybe I'll learn that this semester. For some reason I recovered very nicely in all aspects from this whole awful little episode. The good thing is that I'm happy and sober now. I had attempted suicide twice this past year, once just two weeks before the accident. Then I was put in a situation where I didn't try and death actually came for me, and I fought to stay alive. That's always struck me as odd. Oh well. For whatever reason I am a happier, if quieter person. Things are good. I'm looking forward to psychological experiments this year. Now I'm off. I've written for about thirty minutes and I think it's time for a cigarette. Bye bye now. ",n,n,n,y,y

1997\_450562.txt,Today was a good day I enjoy life. I wish I was at home with my girlfriend. she is so pretty I am in love yet it is not here. I wish that she could be here to join me. Frat life is demanding yet it should be a good payoff in the near future I wish I could sleep I am so tired that it is hard to stay awake at times during the day I really enjoy this kind valentine assignment it lets me express my true feelings and thoughts with no real worries except that if it will arrive when it needs to. 20 minutes is a long time to write continuously but it really is neat to think off all the things that go on in my head. like home and vlentina. that is her name the lovely girl that I left back home when I came to college. I am scared that I will not do as well as I can I hope so I don�t want to let me dad down he is very important to me even though he is a bit scary at times. but that is how they are supposed to be right? oh well I hope my dog is doing ok I love her so my thoughts drift now into wanting to be on some other planet that is why I love astronomy. even thought it is kind confusing. but it is fun nonetheless I love to use the internet I think that it is so neat. I do however wish I could find a good use for it. all I ever do is waste time going from place to place not knowing where I am going. kinda like life we seem to wander from place to place and never seem to truly settle down at least that is the way things seem right now in a few years however I am sure that my opinion will change. I know that once I can complete college which is my number one goal above all else. then to have fun and party. I hope this week we will have a good party I know we will. we always have the best parties. and there are always girls there. yet I do wish that valentina could be there. even though she did start to bother me before I left. now it seems that we have gotten closer at the same time that we are apart. is she the girl for me? I do not know and whish that I did. it seems that way at times. yet then at other times she just bugs me to death an \d all I can think of is getting away from her. I never want to loose her though. I do really care for her. I am looking forward to seeing here soon on my birthday she will stay with me I hope. but I will probably not see her that much since I am so busy I guess I will just have to make the time to see her. I hope that she loves me I really do. I miss my parents and my old room. my room i\ here is great and I have fun with my roommates all of whom are from my home in fort worth. so we get along well not like some of the girls that came here boy they cant stand each other and we have only been here for 3 weeks. not even a full month. I cant believe I am writing this much I normally cannot write this much when working on a paper but now I can I guess I don�t really have to think about what I am writing just write it. I think that it is neat . wow that was a fast 20 minutes. I can't believe that it is over oh well I still have on more assignment to do. ,n,y,n,y,y

1997\_491971.txt,"I hope I can finish this assignment in time because I am really stressed right now. I have a lot of stuff to do. I have to go to eat dinner at the house in a little bit and then I have to do my calculus homework. I don�t have time to sleep or anything I have been having fun but I am so tired and I think I am getting sick. I am definitely stressed out. I have to get up to go to the bathroom. I wonder if I have met the girl that I am going to marry in the past three weeks. all of this is just so overwhelming . I am in terrible shape and my body hurts all the time. I am hungry and tired and dirty, but I know that I will be okay once I can get organized and get on top of things. I need to talk to my family ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_496933.txt,"Stream of consciousness---I am not sure what to write at all everything in my head comes in little spurts of information. ""Turn the radio on, turn the radio up, and this woman was singing my song, lover is crying cause the other won't stay. my stomach hurts and I have to go to the bathroom, I think I just saw Jacob Biddle Now that I have to think about something I can't. which is strange because usually I think too much about everything right now that song by Lisa Loeb keeps running through my head even though I really hate that song. I feel really bad for Princess Diana's kids. but I actually have that morbid curiosity to see the pictures of the accident scene and it makes me feel awful. do I have to work tomorrow? My bangs keep getting in my face---I should never have gotten them My roommate is bothering me right now. she always leaves hair on the bathroom sink and on the floor and it really disgusts me, especially in the morning when I am already in a bad mood, and sometimes she gets this real high moral attitude with me like she knows better and doesn't want to break the rules by painting the walls because Mr. Lay might get mad, yet she has all this pot in her closet What a hypocrite! I hope I make Texas Angels, although I have to admit that I thought the whole thing was really fake Okay, now really nothing is going through my head I wonder if the people next to me are looking at what I am writing, they better not, that is such an invasion of privacy, although I would look at theirs any day. there is this disk sitting right here and it is not mine but I want to use it because I didn't bring a disk so that I could check email but I don't even know whether or not it is formatted for a PC, that guy was really cute. I wish I was in Paris right now. wow these computers really filled up fast ---there is already a line to get on them oh well too bad for them. oh damn I forgot to go get that course packet for government, oh I need to call that New York Times number I think they changed the computer system here in the SMF because the setup is different, that guy reminds me of somebody but I can't think who, I wonder if I can check my email without a disk If that is Brian Patridge he sure got fat. I wonder if I need to bring my psychology book today, but I don't think I have time to walk all the way home and then walk back, I will just share with Tina I need to check on my stocks, maybe they have finally earned me some money, and I need to get my portfolio going. I want my car back ",y,y,y,n,y

1997\_511579.txt,"Yuck, what a cruddy day. I had to go to 4 hours of classes and then I had to wait 30 minutes for the freaking bus to pick us up. Then I had to stand up for most of the ride home. And it was really hot on the bus. Luckily today wasn't too hot outside though. I saw on the news that we are expecting some rain and cooler weather. That's good. I guess. I don't know about the rain part though. I hope I can find my umbrella. I hope I didn't lose it when I moved up here. I live in a really neat apartment now. I like it a lot. And my roommate is really nice too. I was kind of worried about that. I transferred here from A&M this semester. I like it here. But it's not really any different than in College Station. Just bigger. My classes aren't any harder so far. I hate calculus. I'm usually pretty good at math. I think it's also because my TA that teaches our discussion is horrible. He hardly speaks English and doesn't know what he's doing at all. Of course I don�t' really know what I'm doing at all either but. Wow 20 minutes is a long time. Lots of random stuff kind of floats through your head. Like the fact that I can see that I have email and I really want to check it. I just checked it before I started writing, I guess somebody wrote back. I wonder who. Probably Amy. Amy was supposed to transfer this year too and be my roommate but she forgot to send in her transcript. She's kind of spacey about stuff like that. But she's like the sweetest person I know. Actually I don't really know a lot of people here. That's kind of sad considering I knew practically everyone at my high school and I had a lot of friends at A&M. My roommate at A&M just rushed a sorority this year. Neither one of us rushed last year. I'm happy for her. I wonder if I should�ve rushed this year. Then I�d know more people. But my boyfriend goes to school here. But he doesn�t know that many people here either. The year just started so I guess I'll meet more people as it goes by. I need to go workout tonight. I haven't worked out really well in a few days. I feel much better and more relaxed after I work out. I'm still feeling kind of stressed after my gross day. I have a lot of homework to do and a lot of other things on my list. I always make lists. I wonder what that says about a persons personality. I'm really organized and like to plan things. Maybe that's part of it. Strange. I wanted to plan a trip to go tubing in San Marcos before school started but we never got around to it. I hate how my boyfriend makes fun of me and says that I never plan anything. I know he's just kidding, but it gets on my nerves. He just doesn't understand I guess. Wow I just got a weird flashback of high school. I was a cheerleader and I just thought of some performance we did. I wonder where that came from. My typing has gotten really good over the past year. I used to not be that great. I think all the emailing made me better. I wonder who that email is from? I haven't seen a lot of the people that I know here. I guess I should call them and get together. I feel like I don't have time though. I have to do homework, and work out and I need time to myself just to vege. Speaking of vegetables, I need to go to the grocery store too. I need vegetables, noodles, rice, chicken, cookies, hmm what else? Milk. I like milk, especially with my cereal. I need more cereal too. I always want to get pancake mix. yummy. only a few minutes left. That's good because my back-neck-shoulder is starting to hurt from sitting at this computer. I need to get a cable so I can hook up my printer. Not that I need it yet but I should get that taken care of. My mom said she is sending me a package with cookies and candy and my last paycheck from work (lifeguard)and other stuff. that is something to look forward to. I haven't gotten any mail lately. I paid my rent today. through January. I need to call my bank and have them transfer some money form my savings into my checking. or else we could have some problems. but my grandfather is the president of the bank and my aunt is the CEO so I don't think that they'd let me bounce a check. That's going to be a shock when I have to go out and get a real job and find a real bank. Time's up. Yea! ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_597205.txt,"I'm thinking of being tired. It's been a long weekend, Mama was a great lady. I loved Granny and Pap. Too bad I didn't attend the University of Kentucky. I could be there now. I love snow. My 1st snowman on the top of Pap's truck. Charles and Lori are on their walk. The dog was asleep the whole trip home because of, Labor day weekend, Canton was almost empty, I don't know my way around Austin. Round Rock High School. I'm so glad that my phone line is working now. 3-7 service days. I can't understand you lady. It's been 5 minutes. My hand is beginning to hurt. I heard winter is going to be harsh, burning trailer on the side of the freeway - WHATEVER - Missouri nurse was a bimbo that got in our way. Mom and Dad. Disney and Daisy dog. The Ranch - I haven't been there in a while. I still need some books. AHHHHHH. I need a job because I'm about to run out of money. It's been ten whole minutes. I'm 1/2 done. Kevin, ""I love you!"" come home in Sept. My b-bay. Friday the 13th next year. I hate horror movies, Freddy Crugar under the blanket, Jennifer is a \*\*\*\*\*. My mouse pad is ugly. teddy bear computer as a graduation present. WHATEVER - I need a CD rack PMS curtain san finally be finished. GOD. green light is on the computer, annoying. I wonder what everyone else thinks about when they write this. paper 1st is definitely better KEYS. Ohh-la-la, Sexy!! Why is there a screwdriver on my desk? I don't even own Only 5 minutes! I see you. I think Mars is what did you say? Where did that turn the page over. I'm done with that side. A hole in the paper, spiral. crystal clock, I hope pimples on my chin I say a car down the driveway. NO-I need to pictures are taken all day long. Keyhole. Paper is almost running out. Write smaller. OK? Orange is not a good color. Wish there was another sometime. Oh, I'm almost done the clock says 9:42 PM. on labor day. School tomorrow. BYE-BYE!!! ",n,y,y,n,n

1997\_679495.txt,"I finally got into this thing. that took forever. I hate asking questions so it took even longer. I think people are always thinking weird things about me, which I know is bad , but I always do. the good thing is that everyone I've come in contact here has been really helpful. I really cant wait for this weekend. the weeks are so long. I haven�t made any new friends here. I have a lot friends that came with me from high school to UT and to other schools in San Antonio. I see them every weekend. I�m being really antisocial right now. the thing is that the friends I have are really close to me, and they know everything there is to know about me, and vice versa. I spent the last two years of my life with them, it may not seem like a lot but it was two very important years of my life. I feel really comfortable around them. I m not good at meeting people so I cant imagine being at the same level of friendship with other people especially in college where everyone just does their own thing. so I look forward to every weekend. people around me probably think I�m weird sitting here just typing continuously. I�m sure, actually I�m almost positive there are weirder people here. id really like to finish this already, but I just looked at the clock and I still have time left. I�m going home, back to El Paso next Friday. its going to be strange. I never expected to go back so soon. I was with this girl for about 5 months before I left, and it was really serious. we talked about spending the rest of our lives together. she was supposed to move here, but she had issues and commitments that were obviously more important. She cane to visit last month for about 3 weeks before school started. we got in a big fight and she left on really bad terms. it was my fault, but I couldn�t have her leave on good terms or it would have hurt more. so I acted like a jerk and we fought the last week and a half she was here constantly. Anyway I�m really afraid of running into her, because ill be there for a whole weekend and we hang out a t the same places. I think its really funny how a lot of people here think El Paso is so small. its as big as Austin, and no one knows it. ki heard someone say that they though it only had one high school. it actually has 30-40. oh well it rally doesn�t matter, I�m glad I�m here now. I really like it, I cant believe I�m in college and actually grown up and that I actually have real responsibilities. but I very lonely. I miss her so much, and she wants to try the whole long distance relationship thing, but I cant. I really loved her. I've never been so close to anybody in my life, and after everything we shared and as close as we were, it seems like ill never experience that again with anybody. and if I do finally find someone and then we break up I have to go through this whole pain thing again. I know its normal to feel like this, I just moved away from a city I've lived in for 18 years and I just broke up with someone I was prepared to spend the rest of my life with, but its all a little overwhelming. the thing that bothers me the most is that all this takes up too many of my thoughts, and it takes away from what I really should be concentrating on. I really want to do well here at UT, I have a lot to prove to a lot of people. I�m sick of always having this sob story attached to my life. I went to an all boys private school that was small compared to other high school, my graduating class was about 150. everyone knew that I moved out of my house and how I had trouble with my mom, and everyone feel sorry for me, and I�m sick of this whole drama thing, my life is so full of drama. I went over by a few minutes I guess that�s all ",n,n,n,n,n

1997\_750427.txt,"I have never used Julie's computer before. It's kind of weird. I don't like the font being used on this computer. I wish there was a way I could change it. I am also very irritated that I am still on the same line that I started on. Maybe if I press enter it will start a new line. There you go. Much better. I am kind of tempted to use this fan connected on the desk here, even though I am not hot. I just feel like using it. Alison is funny. We keep writing each other email even though we could be sitting right next to each other. Carrie is coming to visit tomorrow. I am so excited. Chris said that he might come the next weekend. I am in love with Chris. He has no idea though. I wish I could tell him, but I know that he does not feel the same way. He is always talking about how picky he is. I am certainly not his type. God I wish I was. I told him that one day I would be perfect for him. Sigh. I can't wait to see him. I keep thinking of my exboyfriend. He has to be the biggest jerk known to man. The problem is that I don't think of the bad stuff, only the good. Ok, this is driving me crazy. I don't know how this page has been arranged, but I don't like it . ARGH! Someone just died in Carries dorm last night. It sounds horrible. I would be so scared if someone down the hall from me was killed. I've got ten minutes to go. I can dig it. I don't really like Amber. She gross. Smokes too much. I don't smoke that often. Julie just found one of Jason's hidden cigs. It was funny. He was all saying, I've never seen that before. He's cute. Today's his birthday. I haven't gotten him a present yet, although I know what I'm gonna get him. I'm sleepy. I almost feel asleep in biology. Someone did and Billie put the spotlight on them. I wonder what someone reading this would be thinking right now. Who the hell is Billie probably. That would be an interesting job. Reading all the submissions. People's minds are fascinating. I wish I c could read people's minds. Thoughts are cool. You know most of the time people are really thinking about sex or something else taboo. Actually, I don�t really know if that's true, but I've read statistics. I don't think about sex all the time, but I do often remember kisses, or picture myself kissing someone. I hope that's normal. Kissing is so romantic. It can mean so much. How depressing it is to not have someone to kiss. I often feel sorry for myself. I don't think that's wrong. My sister just walked in. I was kind of worried that she would see what I was writing. Is that wrong, to be writing about kissing. It is kind of personal. I'm thinking about dogs now. They are so cute. I really love baby animals. I can't wait to live in an apartment or house where I can own a mutt. I'd like to own a dog with Chris someday. I think it would scare him if he knew how much I thought about him. I don't know if I really am in love with him, but I often think I am. If only I could be forty pounds lighter. I had planned on losing five pounds a month. I haven't checked since moving to Austin. I don't think I�ve lost any weight though. I tend to eat a lot of cafeteria food. We are going out to dinner to night. I need to ask Julie if she has a scale so that I can weigh myself. I wasn't to sure I wanted to go. It's with J and J and friends I don't know. I hope I get along well with everyone. I wonder if my train of thought that I'm typing is a good representation of how I really think. Wow, I've written for 24 minutes now. Those last ten minutes flew by. My hand hurts now so I guess I'll stop. I feel as though I should thank you for listening. Thanks ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_750977.txt,"Here I am sitting in the computer lab trying to track my thoughts. I am thinking that I shouldn't worry about what to think. I am not exactly sure why this assignment is necessary, but then again I am no psychologist. Whoa, change in thought. Now I am thinking of England and of how I wish I could go there to see the sights and see a close friend who lives there. Now I am sad because this reminds me of Princess Diana and of what a wonderful woman she was. I was truly saddened when I heard she died. She was on of those people that you dream of meeting some day even if you are only around her for a moment. She was the type of person that could make your whole year just by smiling at you. This sadness takes me to other places, I am now simultaneously thinking of a close friend of mine who is clinically depressed and of old friend of the family who was homosexual and died this year of AIDS. I am a Christian and I have strong Christian beliefs but when tragedy strikes those you love the most there is wonder and doubt involving a supposed loving God. Sometimes I praise God for the things he does but other times you ask yourself why. I have always been a dreamer, setting my goals high, but sometimes I wonder if what I want to do with my life is right or if God wanted me to go off and become a minister. Life is never simple but I just try to roll with the punches. A minister of mine once said that some people build up barriers around themselves in order not to get hurt. They try to experience the least amount of pain as possible by blocking themselves out, but then he said that these same people cannot experience love very much. At the same time as protecting themselves from pain they are limiting themselves to a lesser degree of love then is possible. I want to be one of the people who can experience love greatly, but in reality I have been hurt before and there are definite walls to protect myself from that kind of pain again. Whenever you go on a date and you are nervous everyone says just be yourself. I think that is a huge crock of shit. I am a multi faceted person, I don't even know what being myself would be. Is that the self that you express outwardly, where in my case I am jovial and make people laugh or is that the self inside that has deep emotions and is very, very sensitive and sometimes insecure while also being loving and caring. Sometimes I feel like I have all of this love stored up inside of me and no one to give it to. I try not to dwell in these places for any significant amount of time. I think IO like who I am, but its just that I really haven't figured that out completely yet. At first I didn't know what to write, but now I am glad we did this assignment. It is good to get your feelings out from inside when you don't want to tell anyone and you don't have a diary. Bye-bye. ",n,n,y,n,n

1997\_778356.txt,"This is really strange. I have never had to do anything like this assignment in my life. Actually the only time I ever use a computer is to play solitaire. I took a couple of computer classes in high school but never learned anything about the internet. I went after class today to set up the computer account but the office had already shut down. I was able to set up an e-mail address but I just learned that I can't do much with it just yet. I never set up an account with the university so I can't check my mail from the apartment just yet. I came into the computer lab in my apartment complex and fortunately a guy in here kind of helped me to understand what is going on with the computer situation. He let me use his account to do this writing assignment with one restriction-I can't do anything illegal while I am logged into his account. The funny thing is I would not know if I was doing anything illegal because I know nothing about computers. I think before I go to class tomorrow I am going to set up my account at school. Maybe the people in the Hogg building will have some handouts for the ""computer illiterate"". I wonder if I am the first person to do this assignment. Probably not, there was only about 500 people in my class and I am sure someone has done the assignment by now. I figured I should do it ASAP so I won't fall behind in my homework assignments. I was a pretty good student in high school but then again I was always reminded when assignments were due. I already have post-it notes all over my room to remind me of the things I have to do for all my classes. There is a pool right outside of the computer lab I am sitting at and I am thinking I may have to go swimming. I think I will invite some friends over to keep me company. It is really cold in here and my fingers are beginning to freeze up. I am in here alone. The song to ""Friends"" is playing loudly on the TV in the sitting room next door. A girl who works in the office just shut the door and said ""Good Night"". It is quieter now and I am beginning to run out of things to type about. I talked to my boyfriend right before I came over here. He goes to Ole Miss in Mississippi. I haven't talked to him in a few days so it was nice to hear his voice. He has an e-mail address so I think I am going to attempt to e-mail him. I wonder if anyone will read all of this stuff I just wrote. I think with over 1000 entries due it is not too likely someone is going to read this entry. Oh well I have written a little longer than the set amount of time - ""Little"" being the key word. I am sure with all of the computer technology whoever checks this assignment will know exactly how long I have been typing. I suppose after I set up my account at school I will be able to write my second assignment. I will talk to you then!! TRICIA VERONA ",y,y,n,y,n

1997\_870336.txt,I feel kind of alone. I feel like I can't trust as many people as I use to. The people I trust are miles from me. I miss them. I miss talking to them everyday. Even though we still keep in touch it's not the same. I miss my hometown. I miss playing highschool basketball. College is going to be hard for me because I never study and when I do Study I can't study that long because I get tired because tired. It feels like my life is just beginning because I'm experiencing new things. I wonder if I'm going to meet the perfect girl up here. I'm kind of scared of this assignment because I don't know if I am doing it right but I think I am. I need a haircut because my hair is starting to get shaggy. I like getting haircuts. I'm tired but that's nothing unusual because I 'm always tired. I think I'm going to visit my home town this weekend. I want to see a good movie because I haven't seen one in a while. My eyes are starting to hurt because I have to stare at the keys hard. ,n,y,n,n,n

1997\_890630.txt,"Well I'm finally doing this writing assignment. It was not in my mind at all so I totally forgot about this stuff. This assignment is taking me back to the seventh grade because in my English class. damn I keep messing up on my typing. well back to what I was talkin about. We had to write at the beginning of every class for five or ten minutes about anything that came to our mind; of course if we didn�t wanna write a story or something. So what I would write a lot is something like ""I think this writing assignment sucks, . its stupid. and I�m bored. I'm bored. "", on and on and on. I also just would like keeping writing the alphabet in random order. Well now I'm listening to this tired ass song from Puff Daddy, ""Ill Be Missin You"" It talks about death of a friend. To me that is very scary. Cuz I always imagine how it would feel when you die or like where do you go. Its just a scary feelin that you don�t know when we might not be here anymore. I had a few people that I knew die. Its just a sad thought. Now I�m thinking about how college isn�t that bad. Only if it wasn�t for me being lost in Calculus. I mean I shouldn�t have any trouble; I was Valedictorian and I feel very stupid, upset, frustrated, and scared. Oh shit. I just flinched cuz I got startled by the fact that some guy across the hall here just slammed the door very, very hard. Two times and said ""jack ass"" so loud that I heard him while I�m sittin here typing in my dorm room. Well I need to start getting on the ball and do all my reading and homework, especially in Calculus. For some odd reason its just not clicking for me. and math is supposedly one of my best subjects. I guess that was in high school. and I even took calc. last year. Oh, now the Men In Black song is playing. I think that that movie wasn't as good as it was in the previews. So now I don�t really have anything else to talk about. Actually I cant wait to talk about my college experience cuz boy do I have some problems right now. Oh damn there's a phone call and I got up to get it but I don�t know what happened. Well I�m going to be going home tomorrow so I�m not going to the UT vs. Rutgers on Sat. I think I�m gonna go to the library in a few minutes after I finish writing on here. I�m actually finished so I guess I�m Out. PEACE. ",y,y,n,y,n

1997\_910659.txt,"I can't believe I am doing this, and that I actually am getting through it, because this is the first time that I have ever logged on to the world wide web, at least I think that is what you call it. To tell you the truth it is actually easier than I thought it would be, I expected it to be very difficult, but it's not all that bad. Anyhow all this computer stuff is fairly new to me and so it is rather confusing for me at times. But I guess I am coping with it and handling it the best I can. Though I am always afraid that I will hit one button and the whole place will shut down. Actually, that is a true nightmare that I have had before. Which reminds me that I have been having really strange dreams lately, and all of them concern a different aspect of school. Which I guess is because I have just moved here from a really small town. And when I say small, I mean really , really small, like about fifteen hundred people in the whole town. Now compared to that Austin is a real shocker. I guess it just takes some getting used to , and learning new things when you move from a farm to a fast paced city. So many things are different and yet so many things are the same. A funny thing happened when I first moved here a week ago, I found out that my cousin, she is the same age as me, is living in the apartment directly above mine. to me this is such a coincidence, really when you think about it is. Just think of how many apartment buildings there are in Austin, and I unknowingly chose the exact same one that she did. And she and I only used to see each other once a year, but now we see each other nearly every day. Christmas, when our families all got together was the only time we saw each other, I am already looking forward to the Christmas season because of the weather that we have at that time. I am so tired of this ninety degree weather. I can't wait for a cold spell or a norther to blow in and cool everything off. But I guess that won't happen for a while yet anyway. That reminds me that I have to pick up a raincoat or an umbrella before this weekend, because I am planning to go to my youngest brothers football game, and I want to be prepared in case it happened to rain. More than likely it won't rain, but I know that If I don't get a raincoat or umbrella then sure enough it will pour. I don't usually enjoy watching football games, actually I don't ever enjoy watching it, but my brother begged me and begged me to come see him, so I finally told him that we would come watch him this Friday. he's supposed to be really good. But I don't even remember what position he plays anymore. The reason that I don't really like football is that I don't understand the rules very well, and I think that if I knew them better then I would be able to follow along with the game better and enjoy it much more. I am not much of a person who likes sports and athletics much anyway. I like to do more calm, less active things. One of my really good friends happens to be getting married this weekend. I wonder what the wedding will be like, considering the man she is marrying is so strange. I wonder how long that marriage will last. But I am glad to be going to her wedding, because I will be able to see all of my old friends from high school again, and catch up with what they are doing now. I haven't seen them is a really long time so that should be interesting. Well, I am way past my twenty minutes, and must get to class, so I must end here. ",n,n,y,y,n

1997\_971112.txt,"alright. what can I talk about. well the only thing I�m really thinking about is richie. I love him so much. ok why can I now see what I�m typing. anyway, I g ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_992649.txt,"Aug. 31 Note: I wrote this paper over a week ago and I am just now typing it. You said we could write it down first and then type it. I have finally found the inspiration to write this paper. Today is August 31. The time is 1:30 A. M. I am watching television and at the same time trying to write this paper. Today is a very sad day for many . The new of Princess Diana�s death has just unfolded. It is very strange that every time a prominent ""celeb"" dies the world acts as if they knew them personally. I case in Princess Diana's death the world did kind of know her rather intimately since her life was unfortunately always being publicized. I just looked around my room watching my roommate and another one of my friends gasp in horror of the tragic news. The newscasters are explaining how her death occurred. I think she was a very lucky woman and very unfortunate at the same time. Diana's ""Princess fairy tale"" seems to be more a tale of horror. I keep thinking about her children. I think their mother was the only one who truly let them know what being young and living life was all about. I think that small ounce of joy will die with her death. My sweetmate just walked in. It seems all of a sudden we've got a party in our room . It's very hard to concentrate on writing this paper and listen to the news all at the same time. The phone is ringing. I hope it's not for me. I always get interrupted when I doing something important. The phone is for my roommate. Her mom calls twice a day at the same time every day to check how my roommate is doing. Maybe she heard the new of Diana and it made her even more anxious to call. Whenever someone dies it always reminds us of what is most important. The time is 1:41 A. M. I am really getting tired and it's hard to write this paper, but if this paper means making the grade I want, I guess I'm going to have to force myself to keep going. They are discussing the ""fairytale"" wedding and Prince ""charming"" . It seem ver sad that she only experience the fairytale for such a short period of time. This whole disaster is making me ver nostalgic. I'm starting to think about some of the friends I lost in reckless accidents. The only difference is , they died from their own irresponsible actions. I'm thinking about a friend of my, I suppose we can call her ""Sorry"" because her life really is a sorry tale. She is a girl who possessed so much potential and ability, but ruined it because she decided she cared more about drinking, driving, and fun more than her future. Her irresponsible ways killed a friend who was in the same car. This friend was pregnant. Two lives lost in 1 instant. Three other lives in the car were saved by fate I suppose. ""Sorry continues to drink, drive, and live recklessly. I have lost alot of respect for her. I kind of think her current actions are more sign of self-destruction. I guess she feels her future fun times are going to be cut off very soon and she might as well have fun while she can. Her court date for involuntary manslaughter is coming up. I wonder how reckless ""Sorry"" can be in prison. ",y,n,n,n,y

1997\_471070.txt,"The problem I have with this writing assignment is that there is so much going on in my life right now that all of these different worries and concerns keep popping into my head. The one thing that I am looking forward to is that today I am meeting my parents in La Grange for dinner. They are giving me my fraternity dues in the form of a check and my answering machine . My pledge brother Brian is listening to MTV right now so it is very hard to concentrate and rigit is pissing me off. My humanities course is causing me a lot of stress because the teacher did not pass out any kind of syllabus so I have no idea how I will be graded. It just occurred to me that this essay is sounding more like the second writing assignment than the first, but I guess it doesn't really matter if school is what's on my mind. The girl next door has been on my mind a lot. Lately I find myself wondering what she is doing even though we agreed to be just friends because she lives next door. And now that I think about it another girl is always on my mind too. However she lives upstairs and I'm pretty sure I could hook up with her if I wanted. I am very excited about my fraternity. I am looking forward to our bar tap on Friday and I have promised myself I wouldn't drink until then. I really need to establish a routine, because I think once I do that I will be a lot less stressed. I need to start working out again to so that I won't feel like a complete piece of crap for partying too much. Last night I went to San Marcos to see the girl I am kind of dating but actually I don't feel any kind of affection for her. Which is something I should tell her because she apparently likes me alot. I think I am starting to get kind of sick . Probably has something to do with the fact I go to bed between 5 and 6 every night, but at least I scheduled afternoon classes. ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_473999.txt,"Hi my name is Brandi and I am writing this assignment, mainly cuz you told me too. Right now I am really tired and worried about my grandfather who happens to be in the hospital right now. I feel stupid writing about absolutely nothing just what I think about and since that is what I was thinking that is what I typed. I am really wondering when this line is going to end cuz it is pretty darn long. I wonder what my boyfriend is doing at the University of ATM right now. I wonder if he misses me or forgot about me. though I know that he didn't forget about me. I mean who would I am an unforgettable person. This apartment/dorm is so terribly hot. I haven't figured out how to work the air conditioner yet. I believe that it is broke, my room mate can't figure it out either. Let's see I have wrote for about 5 whole minutes so far, and this is a lot harder than it sounds. Let's see what can I do this weekend. Hummmm. there is the football game, a party I was invited too, go home (which I don�t see happening), go see my grandfather (which I am not real sure about doing), or study. I believe I will take options one, two, and four. I don�t want to see my grandfather because I hate to be around sad situations. they depress me and I hate to feel sad or depressed. I figure I can make myself that way why put myself into that situation. I love my grandfather but I don�t want to go there. There is also the fact that if I don�t acknowledge it then it might not be true. that is the way I think. If I don�t see it then it doesn't happen. illogical but it works for me. My friend just came over and I let her in she is now washing my dishes, she is one of my best friends and I have known her since kindergarten, but boy can we get on each others nerves. Not kidding because we really do. We have gotten to be like sisters almost especially this past summer and we just were around each other too much. And when we argue it is usually over irrelevant things, or really really stupid things. We also argue over the race issue. she is black and I am white, that is one issue that can really tick me off. I don�t understand how people can be so stupid and childish. Why should we look at race instead of the people. that issue really makes me mad. I really have completely nothing to say at all. I did receive a letter well email from my boyfriend today and it really made me happy. he told me that he missed me. It had been awhile since I have seen him but hopefully he will be able to come see me this weekend on Sunday since there is a STUPID football game on Saturday. I really miss him and wish he was coming here but it makes me happy when I hear from him and see him. I guess since I am a female one of the most lovable things I like to do is hug someone, but only at certain times. cuz when I am sad, it will make me cry in a heartbeat. kind of what happened yesterday. I told my room mate about my granddad and she gave me a hug and I wanted to just cry, but I hate to do that in front of people. Lord have mercy it is HOT. I am about to catch on flames I am soooooo hot. well I have typed for twenty minutes so I am leaving now. I sure am glad cause it is really hard to just wait until your mind has something to say. I mean when you aren't thinking about it you can think all day long but when you are trying to think of something to say you cant do it. never fails. happens to me every time. ",y,n,n,y,n

1997\_650973.txt,"Well this is it , I guess? My first writing assignment in Psychology. I sure hope that no one calls and interrupts my internet access. Watch! Now that I've said that, someone will probably call. I'm the type of person that thinks that way. I mean, that if I say that I don't want something to happen, then I think that it probably will. The thing is, that those negative things that I think will happen seldom do. I guess I am just a cynical person like that. Wait, is that cynical or pessimistic? I don't know! Maybe I just think that way because I think it's humorous, or maybe I'm just trying to keep myself in check. Whatever it is, I just think that way sometimes. Enough about that. There sure are a lot of fine women here at UT. Well. Maybe it's because I went to an all boy school for four years that I think that way. No, that's not it. These girls would look good regardless of where I went to high school. The good thing is that there are a lot of girls, the bad thing is that I haven�t met one yet. I have always been shy around girls and going to an all-boy high school didn't help anything. Well, I will say it right here! I am going to do my best to get over that. With all these girls, I just can't let them pass me by. I see how happy my roommate and friend is with his girlfriend. I also hear countless stories of all these ""fine"" girls that he has met. I want to be the one with the stories and the girl. Not that I want my friend to not have the stories and the girl, but I want those things, too. Heartbreaking story: there is this real ""fly"" Asian girl in my Chemistry class. On the first day, she sat right next to me! Then I don't see here for a couple of days. Today I see her, finally! And she's holding some dude's hand! Oh well, I guess?!? There's an addiction that I must get over. Not drugs, or alcohol, or anything bad like that. You see, I love to play at the local arcade. I must spend about two dollars every other day in there. My money isn't limitless and everytime I put a quarter into the arcade machine, then that's one less load of laundry that I can do. Now do I want 20 minutes of entertainment or clean clothes. I don't know. It seems that every free moment I have I am in that stupid arcade. A tie-in with the last paragraph: maybe I don't meet any girls because I am in the arcade all the time. Prediction: I get out of the arcade, I take on an outgoing attitude, and I will meet a girl. Before I finish with this writing assignment, let me tell you about the two addictions that I have that I don't really care to get rid of. I love the Simpsons, and hip-hop. There's something about both of those that I just find pure joy in. In both cases, I see, here, and enjoy things that most people don't. It seems that the more obscure or ""hidden"" the things that I find enjoyment, the more joy I find in it. I guess it's that I am such a fan of both that the ordinary just isn't quite good enough. That's sort of bad. I should just enjoy the Simpsons and hip-hop for what they are and stop looking for the obscure. Well, this wasn�t so bad. With this being the first assignment, I guess I'll see you( the psychology web-page) tomorrow . ",n,n,y,y,n

1997\_653713.txt,"I have a feeling this is going to be a long 20 minutes. I don't even know where to start, and I don't think I really care. oh well. USC plays Florida St. tonight. I hope USC crushes them. I wish I was in California right now. Sunny skies and 70 degrees. My roommate is an idiot. I don't think he thinks before he speaks. He is the clumsiest person I have ever met. what else should I say? I still feel sick from last night. Too much Beast!! I've got to get replenished for tonight. Lots of good football and beer. Hopefully some bitches will be here. I smell food in the kitchen. I'm hungry as fuck. All I�ve eaten this morning is Fruity Pebbles. I love Fruity Pebbles. I need more milk from the store. The Cowboys play tomorrow night at 7:00. Dallas is the greatest city in the world. Nobody does it better!! I can't wait to get home in a month or so. I need to go to the bathroom, but I guess I can hold it in for another 10 minutes. This is a waste of time. I wonder what you people can find out from this stuff. Random thoughts are weird. My eyes hurt. I need to go to the bathroom. It sounds like Tennessee is beating UCLA. I hate UCLA. USC is the shit!! I need to call my old roommate from USC. I need to eat. This is boring. I wonder how much time I have left. It looks like 10 minutes more. My roommate is obnoxious. He never stops talking and usually says nothing of importance. I think he has some serious problems. Maybe not. The girl next door is hot. I hope she comes over tonight to watch the UT game. She's got a great body. I'm still hungry. I need to get a job. My funds are running a little low. I waste too much money. I hope I win the lottery tonight. I hate this assignment. I guess it's pretty easy though. I better get an A in this class. I hate BA101. It is a pointless class. I need to do my assignment in there. I miss my homies in Dallas. I love kickin' it with them. You can't beat good friends and good beer. I wonder why I like to drink. It makes me feel good at the time, but I feel like shit every morning. I don't even remember when I started to drink in high school. Malt liquor is nasty, but when you're on a budget it hits the spot. Magnum. When I turn 21 I'm going to go nutty. Las Vegas here I come. only 3 more months. I better not fuck up when I turn 21. I need to keep getting good grades. Only 2 more years of this crap. I can't say that I've learned anything significant in college. All it's taught me is that you have to have one to get a job, but from there it is all on your shoulders. I like my summer job. Real world experience is better than book learning. I'm pretty sure they will hire me on after I graduate. I love computers. I guess that's why I'm an MIS major. They have so much power it is unbelievable. I need to eat. When I'm done maybe I�ll order a pizza. My roommate is so loud. I'm gonna yell at his lazy ass. All he does while I'm at school is sleep and watch TV. Rough life. I need to take out the trash. I need to get some beer for tonight. Maybe something ritzy. I need to get a job. I wish all assignments were this easy. Too many classes and not enough time. I need to find a girlfriend. The girl next door has potential. It's Party Time by Tracey Lee is on the radio. It's the jam. I love rap music. The beats are great and that's why I love it. He is the clumsiest person in the world. If my window is broken I will kick his ass. What a fool. It's Party time, whoa yeah it's party time, we havin a party. Time's up. ",n,n,n,y,n

1997\_830141.txt,"this is the second time I am doing thin assignment. I checked to day and my social security number had no 1 or 2 by it so here I am. I am watching tv the news actually and they are giving the weather and my tummy is full because I just ate corn and chicken mmmmmm that was good now I feel tight and warm a little. it a good feeling. my ear itches. oh today�s lecturer was GREAT well all the lecturers are great but the reading is dead I mean dead I need to really concentrate on the reading. my girl friend is laughing at me because I have set my schedule book with all the things I have to do and on Mondays I have a poetry class and I have a lot to read and write for that class so for the first few Mondays I was writing everything I had to do but I got tired of doing that so I began writing ""shit loads"" my head itches and so dose my leg man how could that guy rape a 55 year old woman he was really fucked up. now the flowers are going away for Diana. anyway mars is coming into view. did you know that the song from 2001 a space odyssey the song in the begging I forgot its name and the composer but he composed that song after reading nietczhe. pretty neat huh? well I think my time is also most up there are no more tickets left for the big game. I don't like football unless it is soccer. far and few between are my thoughts. mmmmm what do you write when you don't want to do this and when there is a distracting tv girlfriend work and my Chihuahua well that is it twenty minutes good by good sirs and madams!!!! ",n,n,y,n,y

1997\_835717.txt,"it seems to me that the purpose of this assignment is not really to examine our mundane thoughts that we perceive but the logic behind the way our mind thinks. Since most my time is spent analyzing my thoughts and their processes I think that I must examine more of the logical progression. This entry to me simulates making an entry into my journal. I look at that and realize that everything in their is exactly what you want. The most interesting things that I think about and that lead into other realms our my interactions with other people. Today at dinner I saw my ex-girlfriend from high school. she wasn't just a high school crush but the relationship lasted for over a year. After our break up things went down hill to the point that we don't ever talk to each other any more. She sat down with my roommate because she was with a mutual friend of ours. it is odd the way that the alliances from my old group of friends turned out. my roommate and I can see because we have been friends for a long time and we never ran into the point where there was never any conflict between us. One of my other friends who I used to love more than any other person in the world is still a good friend but not quite ion the same level as we were once on(over my girlfriend we separated because he had just broken up weigh her a month earlier. That brings up a question that everyone tries to answer: Is friendship or a relationship more important? all three of us were best friends but I bet with my ex that we could go to a higher level and stay there. The question that developed inside was it really a different level or another aspect of the same. I almost lost a lot of my friends for her, but those friends are the only ones still around. I wonder if this philosophy or psych? Does it really matter. The problem I think with a lot sciences now days is that the focus is so small that their lack of background in other subjects prevents us as moving as far as we might. How can a man consider himself able to study minds without the back ground of the philosopher. He must have explored his own thought and beliefs enough if is to ever have the hope of trying to understand others. Schools inside psych seen contradictory. How can one just study the physiological aspect without considering the developmental. Psych in its self probably should not be a major but the aspiration of the one who would devote himself to biology, philosophy, and sociology. The thing that irks about most of psych is that they seem to indoctrinate their own school of thought onto the tablet of their students mind. I believe in an approach that provides the conflicting theories in order to allow the student to make up his own mind. The problems with a lot of classes and student is that they do not teach the children the ability to come up with conclusions for themselves. How is the man who can purely memorize the data of other smart. he is a machine that must have data read in to perform a certain task. Those that can create an idea or image to provide those others is the one who deserves praise. He is the man who provides others with everything they receive in life. Even in the arts we have gotten to the point where it is simply regurgitating knowledge instead of creating it. Those students who take band tell me they have a hard improvising because they were just taught to read the music. The door to true knowledge is creativity and self-examination. ",n,y,n,y,y

1997\_854391.txt,"After the first day of class, I went to my dorm room and tried to sit down and do this assignment. To my luck, I was unable to get connected to this address. Oh well. my sister id talking to me right now. she actually thinks I�m listening to her. I guess that is why I am a theater major. right now she's reading me The Principal from the Black Lagoon. My sister is a special education teacher in Killeen, Texas. We are at my mom's elementary school, in her office. She happens to be a Principal. The reason I�m back at home this fine labor day weekend is because I was unfortunate enough to be born in September. Yes I am still seventeen. Back to what I was thinking about. oh yeah I am home now because I need to have my parent's permission to do the experimental research for this class. I am going back to school on Monday. I feel bad leaving my room in such a mess, but my roommate went to fort worth to visit her best friend at TCU. Gretchen is her name. She is not having such a grand time at school so she convinced Kristin, my roommate, to go up there and visit her. Well I only have ten minutes left to type. I am so glad you don't plan to read these assignments because the typographical errors are plentiful. My sister is such a dork. she is singing everything that she would normally speak. She graduated from the University of Texas. (along with her husband) She keeps asking me if I am excited about going to school at UT. Of course I am. She wishes she had majored in Theatre. Don't get me wrong she loves teaching, but her first love was the theatre. I need to get organized. I still haven't called my friends to go hang out with them, and I have been home for a couple of days now. I have no idea why I haven't called. Maybe it's because I know I have a lot of things to do such as homework, or laundry, or last minute items to buy from Wal-Mart. It has nothing to do with not wanting to see them. I guess well I don't know . I guess that's why I am in this psychology class. I always wanted to take psychology in high school, but I never had time to take in my schedule. The psychology teacher was also my honors English teacher my sophomore year. She was a pretty cool lady. Well twenty minutes have passed and as much as I would like to continue chatting with you, but I have a lot of other homework to do. I am also very tired. I stayed up half the night . IT was a sad night learning of Princess Diana's death. I have the chills. ",y,n,y,n,n

1997\_890127.txt,"It is quiet in my room, Josh is asleep and all I hear is the fountain that I bought at Sam's gurgling and trickling in the background I wonder if it will ever break, no it probably won't because it has a one year warranty the room is cold all of the day except for right now when it is hot outside and warm in here why doesn't the school let us have our own a/c units it is a pretty neat school though, I can't wait until I see my girlfriend, it kinda makes then end of the week have some meaning to me for a change, I don't think I talk that much on the phone, I think it's more like ahh I really don't know, but it's not that much when I type, the fountain's sound kinda melts into the background, and I almost forget that it's there, and then when I stop it comes back again, I guess my mind focuses on the clicking of the keys, and once they stop, then it tunes in to aural noise it's only been 8 minutes and I feel like I've been typing for a really long time, I wonder if the kids who were putting up a fit about having to use the computers for this assignment are actually going to do it, my mom's that way about computers, it's not so hard to get a hang of, besides, it beats writing on paper for sure I think I need some more paper for the printer and then a new computer and a guitar I hope I win the lottery so I can buy the computer and the guitar, I think I can swing the paper, though man, they weren't kidding about poor college kids, I never thought I would actually be subsisting on 6 hours of sleep and those damn Ramen noodle cups that I'm sure are poisoning me even as I speak or rather type, but at least they aren't as poisonous as Jester food I think there was some human in that burger I just ate, my stomach knows for sure what it ate, but I just can't figure out what it is maybe I should order Chinese food and hope fully there won't be real Chinese people in it because that would probably upset my stomach too I really don't like people who eat people but I dislike people who eat tarantulas even more, that was so gross seeing them on the sticks at the natives roasted them over the fire actually, I like the Discovery channel quite a bit, it sure beats the dumb talk show about love triangles between a man and two dogs of different sexes that type of stuff pollutes the airwaves much like a sort of flying landfill I wonder where all the trash is going to go in the near future, I think they should make the criminals eat it or recycle as much of it as they can I think my room puts out more coke cans than the entire state of Texas but at least we recycle them back home I get money for doing it but here I just get sticky fingers and a desire to drink another coke I wonder if you could put a pool table in here, that would be cool and so would a tiger, I always wanted a tiger, one of those black and white bengals but I would have to get it fixed and declawed and maybe dull it's teeth or something I think if I had one then nobody would complain because it is a tiger after all, and I could say sic-em and the tiger would bite off their heads or something now I really wand a tiger, but I would settle for some neons in my fish tank, I wonder where they are sold. . . . ",y,n,y,n,y

1997\_913820.txt,"As I am sitting in the computer room at the Castillion, I am thinking of how dull and boring this room is. The walls are a dull gray color and I am all by myself. The chairs are scattered unorderly throughout the room. I am now trying to decide about what I should do for this weekend. I told my parents I was leaving here Thursday night but I now realized I have a sorority function that night and also on Friday. I then thought about leaving Friday afternoon, but that would mean missing the UCLA game on Saturday. I also have a sorority field day on Sunday which is not mandatory, so I think I am just going to go home Friday night and miss the game Saturday and also the field day Sunday. My classes this year are overwhelming. I am so swamped with work that I'm worried it will not all get done. When I leave this weekend, I hope to get some studying done considering the Castillion is one big party 24 hours a day and it is very difficult to sleep here. I wish people would take others views in mind and be a little more considerate instead of knocking on your door drunk beyond belief at 3:00am on a Tuesday night. I am going to eat at Subway as soon as I'm finished with this paper because I'm starving and I can't concentrate very well. I have about 7 pages to read in philosophy tonight and about 25 pages in biology. This is such a big difference than in high school when you didn't even have to pick up a book to make an ""A"" in an honors class. I know that some of my friends are going to have a tough time here at UT because their parents were so protective over them and now that they are on their own with 6th street so close, they are going to go crazy. Some already have. My roommate here is great. I grew up with her and we get along very well. I am lucky considering there have been several problems with rooming situations in our dorm. The mail situation at this dorm is terrible. My father sent me an overnight package and it didn't arrive until one week later. The food at this dorm is good though. Well my time is now up and I am going to go eat, finally. ",y,y,y,n,y

1997\_916622.txt,"In the eighteen years of my life I've realized that man is either born without a conscience or with one. I was born with one. In my heart I bleed at the injustices of the world, of the rights taken from humans because they had not the power. What is more distressing comes not from the fact that the injustice is so evident but because of the powerlessness of the victim. I believe that education can free a man. An educated society becomes more aware. It can offer self-esteem, knowledge, influence, and the voice to speak out. It has become my belief that I or anyone else who is willing can make a difference. The conscience in me longs to make a difference. To scream at the top of my lungs, ""This is wrong! You are wrong! Give back his rights! Give back what does not belong to you!"" but I know in the bottom of my heart that humans, no matter how hard they may try will never rid the earth of its total harshness, because some men were born with feeling and some without. This gives no excuse for not trying to make a change for the better because with every change, an initiation must begin. Though my eyes see the sorrow of the world, I am a person who strives to look for the positive in people. My first encounter with an individual has me searching and finding his good qualities. More likely I am opt to say something good about a person rather than bad. Within me I feel no intimidation toward others strengths and I take pleasure in finding and praising someone else's gifts. Determination is the driving force of my soul. Being perceptive of other's nature has allowed me to see that it takes more than intelligence to reach a goal. I know only if I want it can be done and within my veins is a spirit that keeps me aiming to reach the top. It seems forever that I have expected highly of myself. With every aspect of my life I feel a certain pull to be the best I can be. Rarely do I accept being less. My love of knowledge and natural curiosity arrives from my need to grasp my world to better understand it. I cannot accept just reading new knowledge. It is utterly important for me to comprehend it as well. This allows me to know the unknown, to conquer all the earth's secrets for I do not like being put in the dark. I must see all things with my eyes, my heart, and my brain. This gives me confidence and strength. Hopefully, I will conquer all my fears, build my character, and use it to make a difference in the world. ",y,n,n,y,n

1997\_917639.txt,"stream of consciousness - well, The first thing that comes to mind is why exactly do I have to do this? I know college is going to be more difficult than high school, but projects like this don't have any meaning to me, honestly. I am wondering what will become of me after my collegiate studies. I want to become a doctor but then again I want to be a musician too. I mean I have been playing the piano, singing, acting, speaking, directing bands, and performing for almost all of my life. I want to continue but a part of me is saying - You need to become a doctor because you love biology, anatomy, and physiology; you can be financially secure if you become a doctor! I want to tell myself don't worry about it and what happens will happen. I don't know what to write about anymore! I'm laughing at myself because whatever I am typing I am literally reading it out loud to myself as I write it. I'm thinking is that normal? Anyway, I'm now listening at the keys of the keyboard and the sound that they make, and I am amazed as just how fast I type without formal or informal training. I then think about how blessed I am to be here in college with the opportunity to follow my dreams, once I figure out which dream is possible or realistic. How do I know that my major is the right one? I mean, I am now a microbiology/pre-med ,major and I don't know if that's my fate. Should I be in the college of fine arts and the school of music attempting to become a vocalist which is my other dream for myself. I am looking at how long I have been typing. Only 13 minutes. The phone just rang and I had to answer it; I hate that happened because I was interested to find out what this paper would end up like if I would write continuously. What am I talking about? Well, anyway, I enjoy music and stage. I like volleyball and am very upset that there aren't any male teams in high school or college that are competitive with other schools. My contacts are bothering me; somehow I have the ability to blink awkwardly and move my contact around so that they feel somewhat more comfortable. well, I was just disturbed for about 15 minutes because one of my friends came over to ask how to install his Ethernet card. But guess what I am almost done . I just have a few more minutes. I don't what to write about. I hope that this class is going to be very beneficial. I hope to learn alot because psychology, esp. the physiological aspects really interest me. I'm wondering whether or not I will get an ""A"" this semester for PSY 301. Well, I'm done! ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_950082.txt,"Well I was a little worried about using the Internet because I have never used before. I have used e-mail last year a little but for the most part this is a whole new experience to me. Today has been a good day I really enjoy my Monday and Wednesday class schedule. Except for the fact that I do have to get up at 7:30, but that is actually a good thing because my day is done at 10:00am and I have the rest of the day to do primarily whatever I want. I'm a little worried about the amount of stress that college has been. It is entirely not that bad because I do tend to be a organized person and good with managing my time. Although I do have to admit the reason why it has probably been so hard to get back on track this year is because my Senior year in high-school I got that little thing called ""senioritis"". I was hoping to be able to do this assignment from my computer in my dorm room, but the communications company has had a hard time getting my Ethernet Link set up. This is kind of nice though coming to the Undergraduate Library and getting acquainted with their systems. I have not decided what I am going to do this weekend, because it is one of my really good high-school friends birthday and she is going to school at A&M University. So therefore a lot of my friends are going to go down to College Station and surprise her. I really want to go but I want to stay here and go to the football game that is if I get a date. Which as of now I don't have one, but I am in a sorority here on campus and we have a mixer tonight with a fraternity so maybe I will get lucky and someone will ask me. Anyhow though these little events such as a mixer kind of make me uncomfortable because my boyfriend goes to school at Louisiana State University and it's strange trying to interact with other guys. Well I think I completely said that wrong it is not hard at all to interact with the opposite sex, but we decided mutually that we needed to try and date other people and not stay completely focused on someone who is 8 hours away. Anyhow this is really strange this assignment because I keep getting this urge to go back and re-word what I have just said. I do realize the point of the assignment and that is not what matters. I am really hoping that I have a great first semester at college. I am already enjoying it tremendously but I am a little nervous about the academics. My father will not allow me to bring my car up here until ""my grades have proven worthy"" as he says. I thought that was going to be a big deal but everywhere you go is within walking distance so it truly doesn't matter. Well I just glanced at my watch and it has been 23 minutes so I will be going back to my room now. ",n,n,y,n,n

1997\_950779.txt,"this week is the most religious week in my religion. I haven�t been fasting like I should be. it's gets kind of difficult being in school and all . but maybe I should try harder. I mean, aren't I supposed to be responsible enough to handle things on my own. my parents sent me off to college hoping I can learn to be more responsible and independent. maybe I�ll try to fast tomorrow. actually, I have been kind of bad lately. I have been eating things I should not be. and I have also been eating after dark. I wonder . how much am I going to pay for this later? I mean in terms of sins and punishments. I am, basically, a decent human being. many other people think so. but then again, it matters what I think and if I think I am a descent person. well am I. or not? I am . but I could be a lot better. -guess everybody can. but oh well . why do I stress about little things so much? maybe I get it from dad. he always gets uptight over little things. man, come to think of it, I act like dad a lot. I mean I get aggravated at little things, I have, more or less, the same morals and practices. I gotta stop stressing so much or I am not gonna be able to handle college too well. it seems like I try to seem calm and collected in presence of other people, but in reality I�m stressed. I seem to have a lack of self confidence. but at times, I feel more confident about myself than ever. is that uncommon? I dunno. my lack of self confidence really does bother me. and it affects the way I am perceived by my peers. some people, like my friend \*\*\*\*\*\*\*, I mean you can just tell by the way he talks and carries himself, that is extremely confident and secure about himself. I want to be like that but I also need to be who I am, you know? I go through phases of feeling high and low self esteem. I think my brother has a lot of effect on me. it seems like I�m always feeling less confident about myself when I am around him. he has a great way of bringing out the worst in me and making me feel like crap. he does well too. butt he only does it to his family. isn�t that weird? to everybody else he is a terrific guy. but little do they know that he treats his loved ones the worst. or so it feels like it. but I never have the guts to stand up to him. why don't I. it's because I�m not confident of who am and what I stand for and what I want to be. and <----- that really, I mean really bothers me. and until I figure all that out, ill continue to feel just I am feeling now, maybe worse. my brother is always in the back of my mind. if I buy a shirt, will he get mad that it costs too much, or I already had one like it, or I don�t need another one. I hate him being on my shoulder in every thing I do. how can I get him out of my head. some time I wish he wasn�t so smart and intelligent. then maybe he'd respect me for my own person, not the way he is or the way he wants me to be, maybe like an equal, maybe like a brother, and not a puppet. man I got some problems with myself. but I guess everyone does, right? what make mine so much more important than others? at least I have my health, great family, money, an education, shelter, food. where am I inside myself. I must know. I�m dying to find out so I can get on with my life - with some meaning and reason. I feel chaos . ",y,y,y,n,y

1997\_959163.txt,"clicking of the keyboards, a bunch of freshman psy 301 students. pennebaker glasses. the computer man has a dark and conservative sense of humor? who cares. people smelling the library books. Korean couples. It is twice that I said today about two different people that I hardly know these people, but I really miss them. The computer proctor's laugh is the same as always, like an unusual yet common icon that. keyboards. I feel like a small ant in a row of computers. the library hums. shelves of books to hide in. humid outside. my roommate and Luke. she's happy? She really misses her friends. he laughed again. he has a strange sense of humor. low voice. I have no structure or purpose to my thoughts because I came to the computer with no purpose but catching the breathing patterns of my thoughts. backpack, lunch box. zipper. cough. school supplies. the table is smooth and shiny, like in all typical libraries. Shara was here last time. Ashley Odem at the tower. Aren't they categorizing me? it doesn't seem so. there must be some kind of positive--computer beep, boring monochromatic computer games, 10pm at a church person's house, old kids that are nice and well-rounded. Jan reminds me of a deer. her boyfriend is spazmatic, if that is a word. talking. abelardo ireguas. esther has this distinct smell--like her house--not necessarily bad. short guy's hoarse voice. phobia. short ""dancing-man's weird son"". carrot, pickles? what does he remind me of? screen doors? who cares. she is always tired and kind of moody, and I really really hope it is not contagious. woman wearing yellow and short hair. science. Mrs. Smith. biology lab. Mrs. pitts is colorful. she laughs at the right times. she has a bunny nose. computer, two guys who know my parents. I must stop smoking, I can't stop. I made it worse! Why did I say that to what's his face, back in Arlington? He may think I'm a moron. He's a moron. no, it's okay. finger stuck in elevator. shara has a helpless look on her face. the Blacklock twins, facial hair, boring people, volleyball. Hospital air. mommy--So fragile. organization of shelves. computer grunts when it thinks. keyboard. I don't feel like writing long and comprehensive sentences because I have nicotine in my system. computer beep, boring monochromatic computer games. I don't explore on computers, I can't. perfectionist. I will get rid of that! it's a waste of time. BALANCE. church on Fri and Sun, will I blend and belittle the past? yes? yes. Structure. plastic mug, sunny and old porch. Submit, in a nice. I'm irritated. okay, she looked away. I�m still irritated. I hate it when I�m irritated! my mom irritates me, some peoples heads irritate the life out of me, if they act like my mom. computer, worthless projects. I�m irritated. I�m irritated, like only being pierced by a fire would alleviate it. I sometimes hate it when I lose control, but it is sometimes fun. paranoia. lose track of time and dimension that all people share and get into my own mode, like falling off into space, and then I get paranoid when people have a blank stare, or silence. whatever. no, not whatever. I must stop thinking in wasteful cycles! I--there's that laugh again. I think he's funny. I just know I�ll run into him again! I just know it. some foreign setting (in the United States). me happy and self-conscious. that laugh again! it's sunny outside, and gross picnic food, trees, breeze. backpack, voice, tall guy, it's already been twenty minutes, but I can't stop. I wish I could do both assignments today! I don't understand why I can't. Peeping shelves. harmony. trendy crap. woman laugh like mid-thirties with a freckled tan and sunglasses and I gotta go be a semi-perfectionist. I had fun. key ",n,y,y,n,y

1997\_976604.txt,"Okay. I'm in the stupid SMURF lab. there are so many people here. I saw Brian downstairs. Sometimes he worries me. He met a new guy the other day and already had sex with this guy. I don't know if he used protection or not. but it worries me. He's so. so. spontaneous about things. I don't ever really know if he thinks things through. He just does as he pleases which isn't a bad thing. but it can be dangerous. I wish he'd just look at himself and what he's doing and decide if it's the right or wrong thing to do. He doesn't need to be going around having sex with whomever whenever. He knows and I know that he's a whore. It's not a surprise to anyone. But, he doesn't care. so it seems. Of course, I call him a whore jokingly but in a way I'm serious about it. He knows what can happen to him and it sucks that he doesn't care. Man. Men!!! Men suck! Josh needs to realize that I will never be with him again. He thinks things will change. he's so wrong. For two years I had to put up with his shit and all his lies. There is no way in hell I'd ever even give a second thought to going back out with him. He knows he's an asshole and I let him know that a long time ago. How dare he even bring up the idea of us getting back together. He's a 12 year old trapped in a 24 year old's body. He has no idea what a good relationship is and he doesn't know the meaning of trust. He needs to grow up and realize that he can't always get what he wants. and when he can't get it he needs to just give up and move on with his pointless life. I've moved on and he needs to realize that. I'm not there to be at his beck and call and I'm not there to just be there when no one else is. He lost whatever respect I had for him a long long long time ago. Why is it that I always seem to get stuck in the worst situations when it comes to relationships? Hell. let's see my record thusfar: hmmm, Josh is the asshole, Jay was just a jerk, Seth is the only man I ever loved and he's in California, Craig was someone that I could consider a ""summer love"". but he's at another college. Well, screw it!! I need to concentrate on getting all A's and B's this year so I can get that free plane ticket to anywhere in the US. Plus, I get $50/A!! I need the money. I'm poor now and I have bills to pay! Damnit all to hell. bills!!! Responsibility!! Yeah, I have responsibilities as an adult but I don't think the 'rents realize that. I'm 19 years old. 20 in April. yet I'm still a little girl who can't do anything right for shit according to them. What the hell do they know? I'm not living with them now and they don't see how hard I work to get where I am and how hard I try to be social, to get the education I need, and to get a job worth having in this freakin' town!! It's hard to find a job. but I've done it. And what do they say when I tell them this? ""that's nice"". What is that? Why don't they just tell me how they really feel. ""Oh, well, that's still not the real world so it doesn't count"" I swear they piss me off. My mom is the worst. She wants to lecture me about dishonesty and all that shit. Well, HELLO! Guess who's fixin' to eat her words!! I caught her smoking this past weekend. Yep. right there by the side of the house puffin' away like a chimney. What was that you said mom? You quit smoking? Right. and I was so proud of you! All that's blown to hell now. So, I caught her. and what did Miss ""Liane, I can't trust you"" do? Well, she decides to kiss my ass to try and make up for her lie. Yes sir! She bribed me with four 60-minute phone cards and $50. OH and she even told me that I could just pay for my speeding ticket without having to take the class. . Yes, that means it would go on my record but ""oh, that's okay. it's not much more on your insurance. Besides, we just got a load of money back from the insurance company because of our good driving records"". Oh yeah. she was brown-nosing BIG TIME. I have lost a lot of respect for her for doing that. I don't know whether I should just forget about it and let her do what she will or tell my dad and have him deal with it. I swear. this world is nothing but a big mass of contradictions! I'm not saying that I'm perfect. but I've learned over the past few years about what I want out of life and what I don't want. I'm living my life the way I want to. as stress-free as possible and as happy as possible. When I'm put into these stupid situations it just makes life that much harder and it sucks! I'm so tired of looking at this computer screen. I think it's about time for me to stop thinking. Yep. it is about that time. Thank God. Now I have to go help Brian with his Spanish work that he swore was gonna be ""SOOOO EASY"". I knew he'd have trouble. and I knew he would turn to me. I'm no bilingual. but what the hell. I do what I can to help my friends out. I've been called ""too nice""? How the hell can someone bee ""too nice""????????? ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_978989.txt,"O. K. Here I am in the computer lab in my dorm. I really do not know what to say because I have never had an assignment like this before. Anyway, college life is very different from my high school life. I do no t drink therefore being with a complete different crowd of people, I find myself being very uncomfortable. I suppose once I get settled and used to my new surroundings that everything will be fine. Don't get me wrong, I love UT. I could not wait to get here, it is just the whole different atmosphere. I have met a lot of interesting people so far and I am sure there are many left to find and meet. My classes are so much more time consuming than I ever expected. I joined a sorority this year and now I never seem to have any time to myself. Then there is the whole boyfriend situation. My boyfriend goes to A&M. Real convenient right. I miss him so much when I am here. He is the best person I have ever met in my entire life. His generosity, compassion, sensitivity, and love amaze me. I am so happy when I am with him. He is coming tomorrow to see me. Needless to say I am counting down the hours and minutes until he arrives. I have so much planned for us to do. I am fine being with out him. Long distance relationships are harder than you think they would be. We are making it work however. I have never trusted anyone as much I do him. I think it is the same with him. I am not nervous about him being in a different town or setting - I know he would never do anything to hurt. It is just the whole being apart thing. it has only been two weeks since we have seen each other. Sounds like a short time to everyone else but they just do not understand. that is another thing. I do not think many people understand me. My boyfriend, Jay does- very well- it is almost scary well he knows and understands me. it also provides comfort though. I cannot believe this whole paper has turned into a description of my life with my boyfriend. Anyway, he is coming tomorrow like I said and I cannot wait. Next weekend I am going home to Lufkin. Jay is going with me. I was on drill team and will be returning to the homecoming game. It will be a nice break from the hectic college world. I miss my bed. there is something about YOUR bed. the ones here are not the same. I miss my dog too. She is so sweet and loving. She used to sleep with me and now there is not a lump in the foot of my bed. Well I believe my time is up. this was fun. I have never sat down and written out my thoughts and feelings - I think it helps! ",y,y,y,y,n

1997\_435058.txt,"this is by far one of the most interesting assignments I have ever had to do not the first stream of consciousness assignment, rather the first time I have ever submitted anything to an instructor via the web. this technology is absolutely amazing and exciting because it is potentially so very dangerous. it is as if no one is safe anymore. I am very hungry right now and I could really use a lunch break, but there never seems to be any time to afford that type of luxury. I am writing this in the student microcomputer facility and there are a whole lot of computers in this place, I guess they need this many to accommodate 40. 000 plus students, this sure is a big school but there are a lot of advantages that come with that. I am beginning to wonder if this class is simply a tool for all of the psychological researchers at this school. it is obvious that one of the reasons UT has one of the best research departments in the country is that they take advantage of a class that at one point or another every student at this place has to take. this provides for an enormous field from which to gather information. in its own way it is rather sneaky. however, it is not necessarily a bad thing. I am actually thinking of being a psy major. I think I may double major with a BA in music and another liberal arts degree . I sure am glad I switched out of my performance major. I just didn�t want to compromise my love of music for the narrow path I was treading. there was simply no t enough room for my own creativity to get involved. my stomach is becoming impatient with me. 20 minutes is a lot longer than it seems. it would be interesting to read different responses to this assignment because I bet that a lot of people think about a lot of different things. . in a class of five hundred it would be hard to have one general make-up. this keyboard is very stiff and rather annoying to type on . oh well. I wonder how much money is spent on computers at this school every year. I don�t want to think about it. it is strange being a sophomore in a class with so many freshmen. at least I know what to expect. I am gradually running out of things to write. this type of writing forces you to think about what you are thinking about which is a very strange concept. I think the radio show went well last night I hope to get all of the technical kinks worked out by nest week so that we don�t look so incompetent. I don't think I spelled that right. just goes to show that most of your primary education is soon forgotten. probably why they don�t hire people right out of fourth grade. my roommate�s hair is orange and pink right now and he wants to bleach those colors out and make it purple. I told him that no one would take him seriously that he needed to be serious about his non-conformity. that word is soooo overused and really annoying. sort of like the e-coli scare or playing the race card. we live in a society of sheep who blindly follow whatever is hip and chic without ever questioning what they are doing. this stream of consciousness is about to come to an end due to the fact that my 20 minutes are just about up if any one had to actually read this, I apologize for the sloppy spelling, bad grammar and weak syntax. I guess that's what being a TA is all about, huh? ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_452377.txt,"I am very frustrated with this computer. I am the most computer illiterate person, and for this day and age, that is no good. I want to check my e-mail but it is telling me my password is incorrect. I am famished right now. I have had this job on my mind all day. I really want to teach dancing but she wants me to teach tap along with ballet, jazz, and cheerleading. I am not the most qualified person to teach tap and I feel I would be doing my students a great injustice be teaching that class. Also she has me working on Saturdays and if I ever want to go home I will have to find a substitute teacher. This is going to take up a lot of my time and as a freshman I need to make the grades. Especially around finals I will need time to study and that is when the studio is going to have a winter show. That means I would have to choreograph six dances and find music. But the thing is I really want to teach dancing like I did back home. This is such a hard decision because I already accepted the job and I feel bad backing out on Sherri, the owner. I guess after writing all of this out there are more cons than pros. My friend Chad is sitting next to me and he keeps asking me how to spell words. He is interrupting my train of thought. I love typing on computers I just don't know too much about them. I really want to check my e-mail. My dad me something and I would like to read it. I think I'm hungry for Chinese food tonight. But chips and hotsauce sound so good. Really I think I want Italian. I can always eat Italian food. I guess it is since I am almost 100% Italian. The food a Jester is really bad. I have been living off tuna and speghettios that I keep in my room. You know I think I'm going to quit my job that I just got two days ago. I really need to call her right now but I'm at the Flawn, so I will do it when I get home. My arm is kind of hurting from typing. Maybe I have carpal tunnel syndrome. Just kidding. I was looking for the submit button but I'm not sure which one it is. I'll have to ask Chad. He is my boyfriend and my best friend. I wasn't sure if I would want a boyfriend my first year of college, but right now I am glad I have him. I think a lot of it is we are more like friends most of the time. Or really a lot like brother and sister. But I love him. Well I have a lot of other homework and studying I can be doing so this is the end of my thoughts. Well those will never end but this is the end of me recording them. Bye! ",y,y,n,y,n

1997\_455853.txt,"I'm sitting here at my boyfriend's place, and I am hungry. That's about the biggest thing on my mind right now. When I have to write my thoughts down, I just can't seem to know what I feel at that specific moment. Well, I guess, right now I can say I'm thinking more about what I am actually going to type rather than what I am feeling or what kind of emotions I possess. OK, so now my boyfriend is trying to give me ideas on what to write. I, of course, told him that I will write only what is on my mind right now (which is HUNGER). Princess Diana's death just popped into my head. I can't believe she is dead, even though I never paid attention to her. She was just one of those people who I thought would always be in the news until she was ancient. Just a shock. The Hansons are stupid. I just now saw an MTV commercial with them on it. As you can guess, I am not a big fan. I thought they were kind of cute at first, but the more I heard their song, the more I disliked them. Celine Dion needs to come up with some songs of her own. She is always remaking the old ones. All I can say is that she can't sing them as good as the people who first did. I never get E-mail. I know it's my only my first week of school, but I like to get mail. Plus, E-mail is new to me. I've never had an E-mail address before. I was really uncomfortable today when my boyfriend's roommate, girlfriend, and her friends came over. I can never seem to get comfortable around his friends. It's like they scrutinize me. I definitely do not like to be in the spotlight. Well, only if it's for a good thing. Like for an achievement or if I know for sure that I will not be embarrassed. Otherwise, I'd rather just be apart of the crowd or stand in the back. Being uncomfortable is the worst feeling. Oh, goodness! It has been twenty minutes already. Time flew by. I kind of liked doing this. It was kind of a relief to just sit and type and not worry about sticking to a certain topic or subject. ",n,y,n,y,n

1997\_552216.txt,"Today is the Friday before labor Day. My boyfriend is picking me up and we are going to drive back to Houston. I am excited about going home. My suite mate is also going home this weekend. That is fun. Her parents don't want her to come back so soon. In one way I don't really want to go home either. I am going because I will get to spend time with my boyfriend. His name is Jonathan-by the way. My room mate is sleeping. I kinda feel bad about typing while she is sleeping, but I have things I need to get done. One of those things involves typing. She has been really mood lately as far as people being quite. She needs to understand that living with three people is hard. I have Flower from Bambi on my desk. I got her from my boyfriend. I collected all of the McDonald's toys. I had all the characters from Bambi except Flower. I don't remember why I mentioned that to him, but he went to an Antique store and found Flower! It was really sweet. He gave it to me when I was sick. We have a really good relationship. It is really hard being away from him. We have only been dating for three months, but we have spent every hour of every day of those three months together. There was only one day we spent apart. He went to his dad's house. He went there early in the morning. I was really tired that day. I don't remember what I did but I was tired after. It was a long day with out him. I think my friends started to feel neglected because I was spending so much time with Jonathan. Most of them understood. I did make time for them-but just not as much time as I was spending with them before Jonathan and I were together. My friend Jessica and I got into a big fight because I was spending so much time with Jonathan. That was part of the problem. The other part of it was that she stopped taking her Prozac. Bad move. She really upset me. We going in a fight at 3rd period and I was crying at 4th. I went to talk to a friend of both mine and Jessica's about the situation. Jessica showed up and started yelling at me even more. I was none too happy. Lauren told me that Jess was under alot of stress because of family problems and other things. I didn't understand why she couldn't be happy for me. Jonathan was my first real boyfriend. Jess has gone through many. I am always happy and supportive of them and her relationships. For once I wish she could do the same for me. It has all worked out now and Jessica and I have talked. We are friends again. That is good. I hate it when people are mad at me. I do not do well with enemies. My mommy always taught me to never make enemies. I still call my mom mommy. I don't know why. It is just one of those things. One of Shoshana's friends would tease me about that. That's OK. I'm well over that! I have my next class at 2-3. I don't know what I will do until then. I think I might do some of my work-but that is not likely. I think I will return some e-mail and stare at the walls. I'm good at that! It's my hobby, next to sleeping! Until next time I have to type-I think I will go now! ",y,y,y,y,n

1997\_595934.txt,"I am so down in the dumps right now because I have just broken off a two year relationship. I seriously hope I didn't just throw away the best relationship I ever had or will have. I can't help but feel slightly unattractive right now because Mark has already started to get over me quite well and Reid and Eric don't treat me the way they used to. I don�t understand why people can't simply be honest about the way they feel. I probably have spent half of my life wondering what everyone else was thinking. I t is such a waste of time. If I saw a girl and she seemed really nice, I don't see why I couldn�t just go up to her and be like, ""hi"" And guys won't ever meet a girl with the intention of gaining a friend. The whole process is so much more exasperating than it seems worth at times. The friends I have now are my good friends. I just instantly clicked with them. There wasn't any of this trying not to seem overly eager to hang out with you bullshit that usually goes along with the turf of making new friends. That's sort of why I resent Plano I guess. The stupid system and expectations they have totally just messed me up in the head. I don't have nay self-confidence. It is hard to feel like you are somebody in a class of 1500. I wasn't good at any sports, or at least not good enough to play there. so why did I come to a school with 50000 people full of clicks just like it was in high school? I will probably be perpetually putting on the front of self-confidence and self-assuredness. that�s what sucks about the world. Everybody just bullshits everyone else. People are so insincere and self-serving. I know I am. there are so many rules that govern the group that you belong to. You can't wear what you want or anything. I am not saying that I don't like the way that I look but every now and then it would be cool to go out in what I want to wear or whatever and I could know that people weren't talking about it behind my back. Looking at my thoughts on screen makes me so ashamed of them. I'm nit a bad person. I just kive up to every part of the whole Greek system that ever gave it a bad name. rush is such a load of crap. everyone acts like they know or care who you are. it all turns out to be the same people in the same crowds that they ran around with in high school. I wish the rest of the work wasn't like this too. But I guess is doesn�t matter where you go because it will always be the same old bullshit. pretty girls date the cutest boys who have the good luck to bring home the big bucks to raise their kids in an upper middle class lifestyle. so it goes. Kurt vonnegut really knew what was up. That's why I like him because he doesn't preach all this ""the sun will come up tomorrow crap"" he knows that if the sun comes up tomorrow you will probably get a really bad sunburn and die of skin cancer in the end. I hope mark doesn�t meet any girls at this party I just don't want it to be too late to have him back once I get this whole lifestyle change thing out of my system. ",n,y,n,y,n

1997\_654932.txt,"To think about what life has become can be kind of scary. I wish I had a penny for every time I was about to mess up and I think I would be a very rich woman. If I only knew at 15 what I now know at almost 21, I could have saved myself alot of pain and confusion. Then couldn't we all have? I get scared sometimes when I think about today, two weeks from now and even years from now. The future is a very scary thing especially when you don't know what it could bring. I wish I hadn't made some of the choices I've made but those are over and done with aren't they. The only thing I need to learn how to do now is to learn from my mistakes. I feel really bad sometimes because I try to force my ideas and ideologies on those younger than me but I feel older and wiser than my years. I feel alot older than 20 sometimes yet I think, "" hey I'm only 20, I have so much life to live"" Yet I'm scared to live that life. I wish I could just go with the flow instead of worry about every choice I make all the time. Even when I go with the flow I don't know what I'm doing and then I worry about what could happen after the fact. Another thing that really bothers me is the whole concept of love. What is it and how do I know if I've found it or not. When I was 15 I knew alot more about love than I do now. Why do I ramble on so, it is the same dilemma and the same problems I face every single day. I really should just give up and go with the flow. not worry about things so much. Life's too short to worry right,. All I'm doing is stressing myself out over nothing. Stress is not something I should have in my life. My whole world is sheltered and taken care of and paid for. What do I really have to worry about. Not that my dad doesn't have stipulations on what I do but it is all basically taken care of with no questions asked. Life shouldn't be that easy right? Maybe that's why I continue to torture myself with these unnecessary dilemmas. I'm one of those drama people to I need drama in my life, something always going on or I get bored. I need conflict but not too much because then I get way too stressed out. I just don't know what to do with daddy's little girl who seems really messed up in the head, There I go again creating drama, I'm not really messed up but sometimes I try to convince my self that I am to try to get counseling or something. I think it's a hidden Freudian issue. I should have had counseling when I was a child but I never got it because I didn't really need it. Maybe I was really traumatized as a child and now it's coming out subliminally. Ok enough kelly, this is not like you. I really don't think all of this I just do sometimes. Who knows I sure as hell don't. My dog is so cute now. too bad I don't live with him. I want to be taken care of pampered in a way, just plain babied. That's what should happen for women isn't it. No we should be strong and independent but I don't really feel that way. I would love to live a life similar to my mom's. She isn't as taken care of as I would like to be but my daddy does all right by her. Who knows what life will bring maybe I will quit thinking about it. oh. the clock on my computer says I've been typing for twenty minutes. Cool this is a really good stress reliever and I really felt like I was talking to someone. Cya ",y,y,y,n,y

1997\_673123.txt,"I really don't like doing homework. How many hours of my life have been spent doing homework? I'm sure the number is unreal. Of course the only time I actually think about mundane things like how many hours I've spent doing homework is when I'm doing something really boring like. well homework. Its really warm in my room. I guess I'll have to go down and get another maintenance request form. There's something seriously wrong with our air-conditioning which is just not a good thing in Austin, Texas in the summer. The last time the maintenance man came, he turned the vents down toward the floor. This was his ingenious plan. Great. Needless to say, that didn't work. So back down to the dorm office I go. Joy of my life. I really wish I was in the mountains. We missed our hiking trip this summer because we were to busy showing horses. We went to Canadian Nationals, but surprise, the horse show was located in the only existing ugly portion of Canada. Oh well, I'll have to focus on our Christmas skiing trip and think of the cold snow as I sit in my sweltering room. Well twenty minutes is up. I'm gone. ",n,y,y,y,y

1997\_714973.txt,"I will now try to track my cluttered and random thoughts. as they occur. I am thinking of the love of my life; my girlfriend. We have been together for quite a while and I am truly excited to be a part of her life. I wonder how much longer we will stay together, because I am hoping that my neurotic and almost unbearable tantrums won't strip us apart from each other. Anyway, I try desperately not to think of such negative possibilities, yet they plague my mind sometimes. I have just taken a glimpse of my surroundings. I have a gorgeous view to my right. two large windows forming a 90 degree angle provide a soothing sight. Everything seems tranquil outside, since I am not part of it right now. Everyone looks pleasant and kind, although once I leave this room I know very well that those same serene faces I saw from my fourth story view are far from angelic creatures waiting to befriend someone like me. I like having the security of this window quite a lot. It isn't as if I seclude myself from the rest of the world at all times, or even want to for that matter, but when life is overwhelming in its abusive tendencies, a break from the constant interactions of it can be appreciated. I am more of a solitary person in these respects. I like to be alone. I like to have the opportunity to just think and think until my mind swells with confusion, questions and lack of answers. I can only speculate why things are the way they are, but this is what I am good at. I like to think without anyone pestering me with questions or remarks of disapproval. I play along with the narrow-minded each and every day and the jeers and taunting that accompanies such individuals. My privacy keeps me sane and feeds my need to vent any emotional clogging. These people who seem so distant from people like me are the same people I am left to befriend, because unfortunately, like any other human being of this world, I need friendship, companionship. It is a necessity. I hate to admit it, simply because I want to view myself as some sort of rebel or ultra independent, yet I know this to not be true. Yet, time after time I find that it is terribly difficult to maintain friends because I am left with people in college(the most convenient to meet) and I have had so little in common with such people. The cycle repeats and repeats. I am late for a class now because I wrote this damn thing, but this is my fault for not watching the time more closely. When I start to ramble about my life I REALLY RAMBLE about my life. Advantage or disadvantage???? I don't know yet. At least I can listen to others. good reason to be a psychology major, right? ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_739542.txt,"I�m sitting here drinking a beer. what is that picture on my desk-I stole this calculator from a party and I don�t know why-I feel so bored- I've been doing homework all day and it's labor day-what a waste there are tons of people by the pool and I want to go there-its scary though what am I going to eat for dinner-I think that I�m getting fat-I drink too much and am not exercising enough my girlfriend doesn�t want me to order playboy-what�s up with that- she also wont let me smoke my life is controlled-I don�t think that I want to be an engineer anymore-they make lots of money but it might be boring I worked all summer and then had to spend all my money paying my lawyer- I hate lawyers they're scum-I hate fratboys too-although I wish I was in a frat I don�t know anyone at this school-I want to transfer to atm because I know lotsa of people there I have a scholarship here though that I cant just leave. my shoulder is hurting-its from leaning over this keyboard-this has got to be the easiest writing assignment of my life I normally hate writing assignments-I definitely am not going to do that research paper why does this page have no ending width-these sentences are getting really long when am I going to finish my other hw? I missed the first two days of one of my classes and now I don�t even know what the hw assign are. the gate outside my window keeps opening and makes this squeaking noise my roommate is worthless-he�s supposed to get our dishwashing rack and get the exterminator to come but he's too lazy and all that he does is sit around and play his computer game I just looked at the clock and its only been 10 minutes-20 minutes is a long time when you are thinking about it-I remember when I played soccer 40 minutes seemed like 4 hours especially when you were losing I wonder what my family is doing right now-I miss my brother-he�s going to come to school here next year-I cant decide if we should live together or what-it would be a lot of fun I don�t know if I could handle another year in the dorms-they suck especially the bathrooms and the food-actually everything about them is bad- I wonder if anyone is going to be able to read my typing I don�t type like I�m supposed to. I only use about half of my fingers and I don�t use any particular order most of my words look misspelled because I hit the wrong key first aha-15 minutes-only five more to go I wonder if everyone counts down the minutes in their papers-I bet that about 90 percent of the students write a line about how much time has passes ,etc my neck is really starting to hurt now-I worked on the computer all summer-8 hours a day but my neck still isn�t used to it I wonder how many words I've typed so far my brain seems to be at a standstill-should I get drunk tonight? do labs start tomorrow I hope not I love punching the enter key it feels like I've accomplished something every time it gets punched my friends ought to be here pretty soon of course they�ll want to get drunk its so quiet in here-I�m glad I have a computer and didn�t have to go all the way to the ugl have I almost filled up the entire page-it looks like I�m almost at the bottom I am almost there-I guess that�s why you made the width unending time up ",y,y,n,y,n

1997\_815468.txt,"As I write this paper I am still filled with the stress, but know gets much worse. I have been hired for a job, and I am still pondering if it is possible to handle both a job and school. I guess you can call it greed about money, but I need it to stay here. I am also thinking that this to easy. College is supposed to be hard, and yet my hardest class is my Microeconomics. With all this stress I still have the one thought in my head. What if I was not born? Would it be less stressful? This is not a suicide letter, but the thought of me not being born always enters my mind. Is life nothing but work and school, or is it much more. I do not know I guess I am always thinking about the negative aspects of life. The world is not like peaches and cream. Tonight is a busy night. I have to do my laundry, and do some reading. I guess I am psyching myself out. And yet I am alone in a city that is surrounded by my burden. I do not know what the point of writing this. I guess I need the grade, but even then I wish why I can not be truly happy about my life. To think that some where around the world somebody is happy, and it makes me sick to think about that. Life is not fun and games it is a weary journey that must be gone through, but I can't rest my feet until I am done and gone. ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_819301.txt,"I'm pissed. I just sat here for twenty fuckin' minutes thinking I'm all bad ass and shit, trying to do this assignment and all along I was doing it wrong. Oh well, I really shouldn�t be cussing. I find this rather relaxing in a way. I'm feeling lazy the last couple of days have been very draggy. So right now I'm thinking that I'm a fat, short girl with a high self esteem is that possible? Anyway right now I'm feeling let me think of what I am feeling. I'm feeling exited because I get to go home this weekend. I get to see my boyfriend and family. I was just noticing that I worded that differently. Wrong it's family and boyfriend. I haven�t been home in a while, so it will be great to eat some home cooked food. So do you get some freaked out nutcases in these assignment? I meant to put an 's' but I was too lazy to go back. Yesterday I killed my roommate and her soul will be back to haunt me as I sleep. She was a weird little bitch anyway. I got the kitchen knife and stuck it in her head. I didn't like her head anyway. It was weirdish. And of coarse I'm just joking. I am a pathological, no compulsive liar. Right now I hate my stomach it sucks because it is so damn huge. You see I�m pregnant and it gets in the way sometimes, all the time. That is why I have not been home in such a long time. My dad would strangle me. Yeah so my boyfriend and I had a fling one night, an unprotected fling and this is how I got in trouble. He then left me because he couldn�t handle the publicity, it would be bead for him. seeing as how he's a politician and all his wife would freak, so I got myself a new boyfriend and now he believes that the baby is his. Men are so dumb!!!!!!!! My roommate is always forgetting shit, it's fuckin' annoying the hell out of me I mean you can't carry a fuckin' convo. with the girl I wish could kick her ass right here in front of all these ugly people. They can't stop me I'm mega bitch. She wants to go into mass comm. This is my message to her ""GOOD fuckin' luck!!!!!!!!"" oh well, I�m calm now. well, I was going to go on but it has been twenty minutes . Yes type very very slow. ",y,y,y,y,n

1997\_834761.txt,"I love this song. It reminds me of Plano, and when I hung out with my old friends. I wonder where they're at right now? I wonder if they're ok, and if they're doing well at college. Where�s my roommate. He should be back by now. He must be eating. I wonder why this c. d. keeps skipping, I know it's not scratched. I can't wait till tonight. I can't forget about my laundry in twenty minutes. It better still be there when I go for it, or somebody's losing a leg. Actually, I trust most everyone on this floor because they're all pretty cool and I've met most all of them. The guy down the hall, he's pretty cool, he just isn't used to Texas life. the heat yes, since he's from Hawaii, but the people no. Should I rush a frat, or not. There are many great advantages to this, but I really don't want to join a bunch of guys I don't know and find out they're a bunch of losers, or drugees. I guess I'll never know until I decide to join, it's just whether or not I think they're cool. A lot, if not all of my friends, have joined a frat, so I can find out who likes their frat, and who doesn't to figure out which one I'd like to rush or pledge. I'm actually rushing them all, because there is no reason not to. My sister will give me the drop since she went here not to long ago. I'll ask here and get here to help me out because a lot of her friends are alumni's of the better frats. This part of the song is the best. It always makes me feel so happy, like I could do anything. Wait one sec, I have to sing along. Dangit, when is Susan going to call back, there are so many Plano people here in Austin I feel like I'm at high school all over again, just a bigger neighborhood to party in. I don't like driving here to much because there are no medians, and the speed limits aren't posted anywhere. I'm not used to having to drive sooo aggressively here. I mean I always drive aggressively, but I wonder if people here take offensive driving, instead of defensive driving. Now it is time for me to go take a safe walk, since my car is so dang far away. ",y,n,n,n,n

1997\_857408.txt,"I�m feeling a little stress coming on now, because I�m think about everything I have to do, but have yet to start it. sometimes I can't resist going out with friends and that is really bad, because then I don't have time to study. I don't know what else I�m feeling right now. I�m just sitting in front of a computer in the pcl and typing along. even though the paper doesn't not need correct spelling and stuff, I still go back and correct it(I guess cause it's a habit). right now I�m observing people as they walk by. I really enjoy this assignment, because it helps me to put all my thoughts and feelings on paper, instead of holding them in ( as what I normally do) I generally don't like to tell people my feelings inside, I guess cause I�m very paranoid and I don't trust others with my personal secrets, even if they were really close friends of mine. I can't wait until later(6:00p. m. when I go practice my throwing of footballs. I�m really excited about intramural football. most of the people on my team are really nice. I�m just a little scared about the real games b/c I�m afraid that the guys on the other coed I�m teams will run into me and hurt me. I was really sore this morning, after I woke up b/c of football practice yesterday morning. football practice was pretty fun. I enjoy going through all the drills and practices. at first I wasn't too sure about playing I�m football, but when one of my friends asked me to join her team I was like sure. our team makeup is kinda funny. we have all upperclassmen guys and mainly freshman girls. I just thought that was kinda interesting. well, I�m looking at the clock and it seems like I have five more minutes of writing time. right after I do this assignment, I�m going to go study on the fourth floor. I really don't want to be left behind in my classes. I already am and that's not a good way to start off my college years. in high school I studied constantly and now I rarely get to study b/c there is so much stuff going on and I usually give in to my friends when they want to go do something. I think time really does fly by. before I know it, it's time to go to sleep again I wish I had nothing to worry about. I always wondered what my life would be like if I was rich. it would be much more relaxing I think. well, it's already been twenty minutes and I would write longer, but I really have got to go studying. I can't wait until I get to write paper 2, because I have a lot to say about my college experience so far. ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_917210.txt,"well t. Today is Monday and this has been a really shitty day. This is my 5th time to turn in this assignment. Right now I am at my boyfriends house b/c my computer was as getting interrupted by the phone ringing. I did not know how to turn off the call waiting. So every time that I was going to turn in the assignment the phone would ring and I would have to start over. Well let's see I am from midland and I come from a family of 7. there are 3 boys and 2 girls. There names are Carla(25), Ian(23), Tony(20), Tina(me)(19), and then there is jimbo (18 Carla and Ian are my half brother and sister. There last name is Umlauf, there grandfather is Charles Umlauf a sculpturist who passed way not too long ago. Ian and Carla are both graduating in December. Ian is majoring in art, and Carla in Sociology. Carla is also getting married in May. Tony is the majoring in engineering. He is so sweet! Then there is me, a sophomore here at U. T. majoring in Elementary Education. My little brother is Jimbo, he is going to school in Florida in St. Augustine. He is playing baseball at Flagler University. I hope he does well. So all 5 of us are in college right now. Carla Ian Tony and me all go to school here at the university of Texas, and Jimbo in Florida. I have two roommates, they are cousins to each other. I lived with them last year at the dorm. Things are going okay I guess. They can get really annoying sometimes. I am glad that I have my own room so I don't always have to listen to them. Because they are cousins they tell each other anything. I mean that they will fight about anything. They will say things to each other that you normally would not say to a roommate, like you are being a bitch or that looks like shit on you. I don't know I just don't like listening to them all the time. They share a room and I have my own, thank god! I hope things will start settling down! ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_937003.txt,"I am pretty up set that this is my second time on this assignment. the computer I did this on the first time disconnected the first time I did this exercise. I wish I had time to do it over yesterday but I had to study. studying is taking up alot of my time. more than I expected I would have to. I didn't know that college would be this tough. Oh' this is my favorite part of Scream. to bad that I have to keep writing. I really dig this assignment. I think it is pretty cool that the ten points is free. T he assignment isn't that hard to do if you can find time. That is one thing that I wish I had more of. I wish that reading come a hell of alot easier than it does. I just wish that the first time would be enough. But for me it isn't. I wish that some times I was as smart as some people I know. the load of school is really beginning to weigh me down. I guess you guys will label that as stress. I always feel that I AM being constantly studied in psy. I always wonder what that would when I do a certain thing or think a certain thought. I really enjoy the class but I am way behind. I have a lot of reading to do in that class . I have alot of catching up to do. Especially in that class I am way behind on the chapters. I just want to have some time to do the things I want to do. I want to go an play basketball and lacrosse or just watch TV. I just want to relax and have fun . Studying sucks. It makes me sick and it never leaves my mind. Always know I should study but I don't. I am so lazy when it comes to doing the tings I have to. Man the moving is getting good but I don't want to tell my roommate to turn it off. I like it to o so I wouldn't to turn it off either. I sure do think this twenty minutes seems to be taking a long time. You think that it would go by quickly but not when you want to do something else. I am really excited about next week when I go to see Nate and Emily in Dallas and Memphis. I hope I CAN get a better car so I can make it. I am also excited about the football game this week when we sit on the 40 in row 5. That's sweet. I think this is taking so long. you guy's should make this 15 or 10 minutes long next time. too bad we couldn't do that for the other two due in December. I am two shy to ask the Prof. in class, maybe after class or before. He'll probably laugh in my face when I suggest it. The last four minutes are taking too damn long I just want to finish and do something else. I want to watch the movie and not study. Studying blows. I wish things were a hell of alot easier. the clock is going to slow. I am sick of writing. this is taking too long to finish. I want to do something else than this poop. the writing is getting very boring. there is another good part of the movie coming up. the movie is pretty good and I have to do this crap. there it went the best part and I missed it because of this crap. It may seem harsh but that is what I am thinking right now and that is what you asked for. yeah I done with this. ",y,y,y,n,n

1997\_953720.txt,"Here I go. I keep thinking whether or not I am doing this right. I can't seem to spell anything right. I am going to correct all my spelling after I am done. This line just keeps on going. There was just a commercial with people that that said ""I am in the woods"" and it sounded like the other add that says ""I am Tiger Woods"". I am so glad the Cowboys won today. I am not even looking at the screen now, because I was losing my concentration. Only 5 minutes have gone by. I wonder when my roommate will get back. I still don�t know why my phone won't work. This line just keeps on going. It is a little bit hot in here. I am getting tired. I sure am glad I got this chair. I wonder how Jason is doing. I wonder bow many of my friends are in Rockwall now. I had a dream about Kim again last night. I wonder when I will see her next. I sure wish I could type better. Now it has been 10 minutes. When is Audra going to call. It is 10:30. Time sure does go by faster here. I need to think about all the things I need to do tomorrow. But I don�t want to. It has almost been 15 minutes. I am anxious to mail my letters. I wonder if I have any mail. I just found food on my shirt. I wish I had something better to eat. I wonder Oh there showing the tennis highlights now. I am glad that Agassi is doing better. I am noticing that I am writing ""I wonder"" a lot. It is starting to get harder to type now because I am getting tired. I think the twenty minutes are up. I am stopping now. ",n,n,n,y,n

1997\_954441.txt,"Hello! I really wish I would have learned to type when I was a kid. I have been using computers since I was like seven, but I was never taught like the proper way to type with like which finger goes on which key so I have always ,made up my own little combination and it is kind of weird. I also have to look at my fingers the whole time. I am really tired. I need to catch up on my sleep but I am staying at a friend's house tonight, so something tells me I won't be getting much sleep tonight. But I get I'll get over it. I totally forgot what I was saying. I guess I am brain dead right now. I am actually feeling a little homesick. Not for high school or any thing, but for the way things used to be back home. I had like 4 close friends that were always there and I could be totally natural in front of them, but here it seems like I have to pt on an act, which is the exact opposite of how I figured it would be. My computer is so stupid! That is why I have to use my friends computer because I can't do anything but play asteroids on my computer because It is so complicated. I am not thinking of any thing to write about right now. I am totally stuck here with out a thought! That is really not cool because I still have 15 minutes to go ! I have 4 dogs at home. They are very cute except for one, but I feel bad for her because when she was a kid she was beaten up and when we found her collar was embedded into her neck and her back leg was broken. She's better now, but she freaks out ROUND STRANGERS. she HAS NEVER BITTEN ANYONE, BUT MAYBE SHE WILL. my Dad is so great. He always takes in animals that people drop off in front of our house and he has always been so original. Like a month ago he decided to take up golf and he has never played a day in his life so he goes out and hits golf balls on the runways of our airport and he bought this old nasty golf cart and drives around in it. He is just so cool. There are a few strange guys that keep on walking in the room asking for food. My friends have very odd hall mates. that sounded really stupid,. I don't even know the proper name for some one who shares a hallway with some one else. I got a really bad hangnail today and I bit it off even though your not supposed to and it hurts like crazy. I wonder if any one ever cusses a lot on this. It's not like my grade would drop if I wrote FUCK in really big letters would it? I guess not since I just did it. maybe I�ll do it a gain DAMN I don't know why but that's fun! Maybe it's the lack of sleep talking. I wonder if anyone will ever read this. I hope someone does, but that would be the most boring job in the world I would figure. All you do is read like 5 pages of someone's ramblings, though I am sure some of them are cool. Sorry mine won't be , but I can't think of anything! Actually, I used to watch Nick at Nite all the time when I was a kid. I had this old black and white TV in my room and I would watch Dobi Gillis , Patty Duke and Get Smart. That one had to be my favorite, because Maxwell was so cool! They had the coolest little devices and ways to get KAOS . I really wish They still showed it on TV. The Nick at nite channel really sucks. all they show is Petticoat Junction and THAT girl. Not very interesting, if you ask me! I am really not thinking of any thing to say right now. IOK I am trying to think of something. I feel bad because Josh is trying to sleep and here I am clicking a way on his computer how rude! I really hated that show Full House, but I always watched it. I'm so glad they took it off the air. It is so odd, sometimes I can instantly do those magic eye things but other times I can't do them at all. Well, my 20 minutes are up. Bye! ",y,y,n,n,y

1997\_972805.txt,"I hate it when you get so confused and you don't know what to think about anything. Sometimes you think you are making the right decision but then you start to doubt yourself. I guess I tend to do that a lot lately. I never know if what I am doing is right or not. Will it work in the long run? Oh well. School gets to be confusing but I guess that is at least something that is relatively constant. I don't think I deal that well with change. But I am not so sure anyone really does. Things tend to be uncertain a lot more that a lot of people like to admit. The only thing that I know for sure is that no one person stays the same no matter how much they would like things to. Personally, I have always thought that it is possible to care or even love more than one person at the same time. I am not sure why or when monogamous relationships came around but I am not exactly sure they work. I actually have a lot of proof, just look at the divorce rate. But I guess that is not really proof of anything except for the fact that people have given up forgiving other people for their mistakes. Everything changes schools, and people and everything else. When you see people that you have known a long time in a different setting, why does everything seem so weird. Some of them seem nicer others have changed so much that you can't even recognize who they are. Anyway, I am really tired of thinking about this. Computers can really get so annoying. I realize that they are supposed to be a good thing but they can be really confusing too. I guess everything really is. I am getting really tired of talking to myself or at least that is how I feel I wonder what draws certain people to certain things. Like what makes me like the color pink and someone else absolutely detest it? My next question is why do I put things off? I guess because I don't like to admit to myself that I actually have work to do. Plus I guess I am just plain lazy. There's nothing like having a few really close friends but then that can be a bad thing too. But another problem is when you have a group of friends, and of course if there are guys and girls in the group as there normally one of them becomes attracted to another and of course that can become a huge problem. The worst thing is that if something does happen between those people then it will eventually seriously affect the rest of the group. La La La!!! I feel so retarded right now and my time is up. So I guess this is goodbye. At least until I do my next righting assignment. ",y,y,n,y,y

1997\_475931.txt,"My roommate is trying to sleep, so I hope that I am not going to bug her by typing. I'm using her computer because mine is at home. I have no idea how to use the internet I need to go get my e-mail address so that I have one but I don't feel like it. I still have to get my books for two more classes tomorrow morning- I can't forget that. I miss my boyfriend- I hope he comes down this weekend cuz' I can't go up there again till he comes down to see me-I just wouldn�t feel tight about it. He is such a jerk-I wish I could just meet someone else and get over him but it's so hard. I can't believe that Heather and Sebastian broke up this weekend-that's so sad. It seems so weird that relationships can totally dissolve so fast-where do the bonds you had with these people go so suddenly? Relationships are so weird-love is weird. I would really like to meet someone that I am as attracted to as I am to Matt and that I love undoubtedly and someone who I know loves me that way, too. I would give anything to know exactly hoe Matt feels about me-why does he still have to play games with me-I f he cares about me, he should tell me-I do. I wonder what he will think when he gets that letter-I hope it doesn't freak him out-maybe I should have sent it-he's probably going to let all his friends read it and then I'll feel like a dumbass like always. I keep making mistakes and I know we aren't supposed to worry about them but I can't quit fixing them. I wonder if anyone will actually ever read this? I wish my roommate�s boyfriend and his friend would leave-they've been here three freaking days-that�s a little inconsiderate-I think and she keeps drinking all my lemonade-doesn't she realize that costs me money-I wouldn�t care if she'd ask-but that is so rude, she doesn't even say thank you. That guy gives me the creeps and he just sits on our coach all day. I wish Emily and Lori could call me with their phone number-I really miss them. I need to call Cynthia, too, and see what sorority she got into. I wonder if she's seen Emily and Lori-will that all stay friends? I feel left out-I wonder in Cynthia saw the bracelets-she will be so pissed at me if she did-I'll call her after 5. I can't wait to go play volleyball-I've got to finish my drama reading after this, too. I wonder if I am doing this right-I can't tell exactly what thoughts to write cuz some come to me while I'm writing others and then I lose them-I need to write a poem-I've been losing so many good ideas and that pisses me off. only 11 more minutes to go. I haven�t typed in along time, I would love to be with Matt right now-I am so glad that I haven't been thinking about him as much as I did before we moved-That would kill me, maybe I'm shielding myself a little cuz I still; feel like he is going to be the first person to really really hurt me-why is it that my self esteem hinges so much on his interest in me? That is certainly not healthy, why did I just type certainly instead of definitely was thinking defiunatle, that was an idea for a poem that I still haven�t written down I need to remember that-I hope I like my poetry class-it will suck if I hate it after all the trouble I went to get in it. I'm glad that the part about my roommate�s boyfriend is gone now, I'm afraid she�d walk in and read it-now she'll walk in and read this-oh well-three days is too long-I wonder if Matt will stay the night here when he comes or at t8m's house of that other guy who lives in Austin. I am anxious to go to College Station thought, but will I stay at Matt's house or at Emily and Lori's house. Will that be mad at me if I stay at Matt's. The computer just went back to the main menu cuz I guess I pushed Ctrl-whatever that menas-2 more minutes-I am so glad I didn't just lose the whole thing-I'd have been pissed beyond belief-my hands are getting tired. I have heartburn from my dada's chili still-I hate chili-why did I eat that anyway? I can't believe Princess Diana is dead-it seems so weird-she is just as vulnerable as anyone but it never seems that way-now two princesses have died in car accidents-cars are so dangerous-time is up-Yay! ",y,y,y,n,n

1997\_551651.txt,"My stream of consciousness is being disrupted by several things at this time. My computer has been giving me nothing but continual stress and troubles. First, my computer is a piece of crap. I called a guy to come hook everything up to it and he basically laughed and was unable to figure it out. Then the guy told me to take it to the campus computer store. I carried the entire, heavy hard drive to the store in the heat. While there, everyone I talked to laughed at me. I ate dinner alone, as I usually do since I have not made very many new friends. I have had no sleep because of how many classes I've had to take this semester because of credit hours and retouching courses. I am so stressed out. I just learned that my CDROM drive isn't working so I'm about to cry because now when I go home this weekend I have to convince my parents to fork over a bunch of money they don't have so my computer will be like everyone else�s'. My roommate�s Dad went through and installed everything one can possibly think of so she laughs at my computer problems which makes me feel worse. I miss my home and my dogs and my boyfriend and my friends so much that now I'm crying. All the stress I'm feeling is making me depressed and hungry and tired all the time. Gale, my roommate keeps me up really late at night and then wakes up at 6:30 to put on ALOT of makeup. She is so loud that I want to scream, but instead I keep my mouth shut because it feels like when I open my mouth to say things that might hurt peoples feelings or make them mad I end up losing the close relationship I had with them. So I guess I'm sort of keeping everything inside so that I don't lose any few friends that I made. It seems like everyone makes better grades than me here. I am so scared because I have so many questions about UT but nobody seems to know how to answer them. I knew that moving up here would be a big change, but I thought I could handle it. I know that once I adjust I will grow very strong and independent from this experience, but I feel that I may not be ready. I don't wear makeup for some reason that I have never been able to figure out. I always feel like I need improvement in something. Like with this essay, even though I know the length of it does not matter, I still feel it must be long to be acceptable. When I walk around to my classes I see so many people that they all look the same to me. It is so hot outside when I walk. I'm so thirsty right now that I am going to send this paper so I can get a drink. Then I'm going to call my mother and beg for a computer like everyone else has so I can feel like I fit in more. I won't get it so now I've got to prepare to use Gale's computer all year. My boyfriend is driving up here on Friday to spend the day with me at UT. I wish I had my own apartment so I could get some sleep. ",y,y,n,y,n

1997\_556474.txt,"Well, here I am writing continuously for twenty minutes. The weird thing is that this keyboard is laid out differently than the one I have back home so it makes typing really difficult. Not to mention the fact that yesterday I got a cut on my finger and hitting the I button tends to hurt a little bit. I am a little concerned about coming to the end of this line but apparently it will automatically wrap my words for me. I am going on a trip to the beach tomorrow. Well at least that's the plan. We don't have anywhere to stay not to mention any food. Oh well, it hopefully will be a lot of fun. I am sitting at Mac 9. I wish they had IBM's in here. That would make my life a little easier. The computer in my room crashed and I can do absolutely nothing on it right now. It's weird I have been writing for about five minutes and I am only on my third line. Well I guess that's what long lines will do to you. There were really long lines at the student computer center the other day. MY roommate was such an angel and stood in line for me when I went to class. A girl just walked in to the computer room with headphones on. I think that is a little weird. I guess she likes to listen to music and type at the same time. I guess you can do laser copies in here. I will have to remember that. I went out for coffee last night with my roommate and his girlfriend. It was a lot of fun and I got checked out by someone really cute. I wonder if this computer lady will help me figure out my e-mail in a little bit. Last time I asked she dismissed me very quickly. That shirt reminds me of McDonald's. The one a guy walked in here wearing. I really wonder what you are going to learn from me by reading this. Probably that I am very random, (all my friends tell me that) They also tell me I am a crack head. I'm not really, it's just an expression they use for me because I am so random and jump from subject to subject. Don't you think it's weird that we still write stop on stop signs. We could probably save a TON of paint if we didn't and besides who doesn't know that a red octagon means stop. That sounds like a really bad commercial. I have to go to class at 1:00. I feel weird telling people that I am going to Acting class. I feel very pretentious. I really think I am going to like the class though. I have been in theatre since fourth grade I just completely lost my train of thought. It got derailed you could say. I wonder what derailed it? Oh well, I guess that's what you are trying to figure out from me writing this. Life imitates art. I miss Ronnie Geva. Not really, but she is someone whom I am supposed to miss. I really miss Amanda. She is one of my best friends in the world. I called her the other night and when I heard her voice I could do nothing but cry. The computer lady walked by. Apparently she chooses whom she likes to help and who she doesn't. I never know when to use who and whom. I think I am going to save this really quick so that I won't accidentally lose it. Wait never mind that would lose my train of thought. I think it would at least. I really wish I could read some of the other students stream of consciousness papers. I want to see how similar they are to me. Maybe they aren't similar at all and I am the weirdo in the group. That's what my sister would like to have me believe. She pretends that she doesn't miss me but I know she does. I wonder how this whole e-mail thing is going to work. I can't wait to e-mail my dad and Amanda. I would e-mail my mom too but I don't know her school e-mail name. It's scary how many e-mail accounts my family has, I think the grand total is eight. Maybe nine. I don't know if my sister has one at school or not. It depends which class she is in. Nine accounts and four people. There are way to many ways to reach us. This is an odd power PC. This computer contains the fonts necessary for the software packages Plato and Socrates. I wonder what those are. Probably some English programs or something. At least that's what the name implies. El tiburon means shark in Spanish. I think there is an accent but I am not so sure. Fireworks are really cool. My mom and I love to go sit under them and feel the booms. A couple of years ago there was a grass fire near where we were sitting. It was kind of exciting. Not something like rescue 911 but still it was interesting for us. I hope you find this interesting and not just some drivel about me. Drivel is such a fun word. It reminds me of dribble. Well, I have to jet. I hope I didn't write for too long but It is fun getting your thoughts out on paper. Like I am doing now, Auggghhhh the insanity. Or sanity, however you want to see it I guess. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_652829.txt,"It is 12:53 on Tuesday and my roommate and I just finished eating lunch and came down to the computer lab to work on our assignment. My computer in our room is not hooked up to the Internet yet, so for the time being I have to come down here. That's ok. The guy just came over because we forgot to give him our IDs. Oops. Oh well. Anyway, I'm really sad lately. I miss all my friends from high school. Everyone I've met so far has been really nice and everything; I just miss how close we all were last year. I could go anywhere, to any school function, and see people that I knew and would feel comfortable with. Here, it's not that there are so many people - it's just that there are so many people that I don't know. Every face that I pass on campus is another stranger. Actually, I have seen a few people that I know from other places. Earlier today I saw Brittany. But it's just not the same as walking down the hall and knowing every single person. I was so comfortable there. I don't know. I should probably be writing on the other assignment topic, since I'm going off about high school and college and what have you, but I'm kind of just blabbering so whatever. I am ready to be comfortable with lots of people again. I miss my comfort zone that I had at Anderson and I want it back!! Hey! I just looked at my watch and it has already been ten minutes. I guess I can't really say that it's been ten minutes, because of that guy that came over. It's probably been more like seven minutes. I don't like this keyboard. It's kind of hard to type on. This assignment is actually harder than I thought it would be. I mean, it's not hard, because I'm not really writing on anything in particular, but it is kind of hard to think continuously for twenty minutes. I think it's crazy that so many Anderson people are in my psychology class. It also freaks me out that Alex is in our class. Since you don't know about Alex, just let me say that he is the most intimidating person in the world. I think underneath that tough guy Russian thing he has going for him he's really probably a very nice person, but I don't know how easy it is for me to look past the fact that he actually chased someone with an axe on the last day of school our junior year at City Park. So I wouldn't fail Alex if I were you. He might come to your office with his axe (do you spell it ""axe"" or ""ax""? I don't know) or his machete or any of his other assortment of weapons that he totes around with him. I would really like to get to know him though - I think he would be an interesting person to get under his skin and see what he's really like. Not to mention the fact that it would be cool to have him be your friend in case someone was giving you trouble. I think that time is probably almost up, but I would kind of like to keep writing. I think I will. The temperature in this room is perfectly comfortable. I don't know where that thought came from. I am scared about having to write papers. What if my professors don't like the way I write? I've always loved to write, but I like writing creatively. I'm pretty bad at comparing and contrasting and all my research papers are boring. I mean I got good grades on them, but later I'd go back and read them and be like ""Hey did I actually write this? Yuck. "" I think I'm probably being hard on myself. I wonder how many times I have used the word probably in this assignment so far. I bet a lot. I hate when people don't know that a lot is two words and not one. I wonder what Angie's deal is. She used to be so nice, but ever since Dis and I rushed she has been so rude. That's her problem, I know. And it kind of always justifies the fact that I didn't like her that much. I always had to act like I did, and she was nice enough, but just something about her has always rubbed me the wrong way. That's what I told Brian. Brian -- what to do about Brian? I wish I knew I wish I could have some answer. I hate leading him on the way I did the other night, but that just seemed unavoidable. I know he needs me and that's what I love about him. When I'm around him I feel special and needed and important. But I just don't know if that is enough. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_678907.txt,"I can't wait until tomorrow. I have only one class from 9 to 10 and then its time to go to the Matchbox 20 concert. I love Christie so much and I can't what to see her tomorrow. Christie, I hope you'll give me another chance some day. Your the best thing that�s ever happened in my life. God I've changed so much this summer. I am so excited about pledgeship. I love you mom. I am going to study my rear off though to get a 4. 0. I wish I was living at Towers because Jester SUCKS. And the food is nothing special at all. I got to ask mom and dad for some cash. I really can't wait to get back to Houston to see everybody there and especially Dean, Cassie, Mrs. Smith, and of course Christie. I need to keep working out. It's doing me alot of good. Carter needs to tone it down in there so that I can finish this paper. Holy cow my mind just went blank. Oh wait a minute. 2 great looking girls are swimming over at the Theta house. I hope the Rockets win it all next year because the Bulls are really pissing me off. College is going to be tough but I think I will do just fine. I am going to be more than successful one day. I don't hope this, I know this. For the love of God. I type so slow it's not even funny. That's what I need to do is take a typing class because this is ridiculously to short and it should be much longer. Only one more minute of writing and then I'll. . . . . . Oh, what do you know. times up. ",y,n,n,y,n

1997\_696460.txt,I am in this big state of confusion. Everything toward school work right now is going easy but all my feelings for my friends and my boyfriend are burning inside of me. I feel as if my classes are going to turn right around on me and kick me in the butt. I don't know if I should stress out about them or later. Carlos is starting to act like a jerk. I hope he hasn't found someone else. I broke up with him last night because of the way he has been treating me. I regret it but I feel as if I did the right thing. I am so confused! Eventually I will get back with him. Boy do I miss him. My legs are very sore from lifting weights yesterday I hope that my legs get in shape. I really want to lose weight. I feel very fat sometimes. Well my cousin Danny is coming down from the Army this weekend. Should I go home to see him or stay here? I know if I go home I will probably call Carlos and we will probably call Carlos and we will get back. I guess my cousin going home can be an excuse for me to go down and talk to Carlos. Another reason to go down home is for Melanie's license plates. Again that is another excuse. Lately Melanie has been on the phone all the time making me mad because I want to use the phone also. G-whiz my legs are hurting. I really need to find a job here around campus. I want to work in the library but hopefully there won't be any hassles. Jason my neighbor is crazy. Him and his girlfriend are really cute together. Why can't Carlos and I be like them. Both Jason and Irene love to work out. Whenever I go I go with them. Well actually I have been going everyday with them. I need money!! This show that is on is weird. I have listening to it while I am writing. It is making me sad. Well I better go my time is up. ,y,n,y,n,n

1997\_697427.txt,"wanna see the real you- I love this song. by the suicide machines. I saw them last spring break with the descendents. good show. now green world is on. this is weird, trying to write continuously for 20 minutes. you tend to think differently when you're forced to. like today, those questionnaires in psych class. I think I analyzed them too much and tricked myself into answering differently. oh well. I have a lot of shit I need to be doing like returning that journalism book and buying the packet for that class. that class sucks. how can journalists shove a camera and microphone in someone�s face when they�re in mourning or whatever. and those guys who caused the princess Di's wreck just for some pictures. it makes me sick. do they have no feelings or sympathy whatsoever? does anyone? how the hell am I going to find a job that I like that doesn�t require making it to the top, no matter who you step on to get there. I guess all jobs are like that I�m just not a competitive person at all. never was. I don�t need to put other people down or be the best at everything in order to feel good or proud like tough guys. sure I�m proud of what I can do but I could never hurt another soul doing it. well the music�s off now and its quiet here in my castilian dorm room except for the fan. my boyfriend and my friends are upstairs, probably watching t. v. I wonder if he wants to go to that less than Jake show tonight I want to. they�re pretty good. my back hurts. I need to go to a chiropractor cant believe this stuff going through my head. how boring. I do think about interesting things sometimes. a few nights ago my boyfriend (kevin) and me and three other girls got into a huge (drunk) argument about how the world would be different if women were in all power. then we starting arguing, are gender differences biological or environmental? kevin thinks they�re environmental, and has a nerdy, stubborn, math/scientist guy and shows very little emotions. marita and I said no, its about 50/50, because women are born with these instincts that men will never know until they grow uteruses and give birth. ok I have 5 more minutes to write. my hair feels weird. I cut about a foot off 2 days ago. it was down to my waist now its to my chin. I feel bald. I wonder if I should dye it again. last year it was purple. man I�m doing it again, rambling on about boring stupid shit. I wonder if everyone else sounds as dumb as me, chatting away about stuff nobody really cares about. for twenty minutes. all to make a good grade. why is so much emphasis placed on grades I wonder. they don�t measure your intelligence. some people always do their homework and make good grades. that me. some people study and study but still bomb tests. that�s me too. tests suck. especially true false questions. I analyze those too much until I confuse myself. kevin doesn�t have to study and aces every test. no fair. well looks like my time is up. if anyone actually read this, sorry. fun job huh. I guess you�ve read much weirder stuff than this anyway. well adios. ",n,y,y,y,y

1997\_733444.txt,"As I sit here trying to think of something to say, my mind is completely blank. This kind of thing always happens when I am trying to write. I guess the only thing on my mind right now is whether or not I am going to make it at such a big school like UT. I have to walk a lot and the studying is sometimes hard. I am a music major a the time, but I really hate it. I think it is a worthless major. It's too much work for nothing. Music majors don't make ANY money. I think that a big part of going to college is learning how to make money. I guess if I was really devoted to playing the piano money really wouldn't matter to me, but I couldn't see myself sitting on my ass playing the piano the rest of my life. I really want to do something exciting. Another thing that is bothering me right now is the fact that I go to school 16 hours a week and I am only getting credit for 12. That's four hours I am not getting credit for. All of which are of course music classes. I only get 3 hours for a 5 hour Musicianship class and I only get 1 hour for a 3 hour ensemble class. I really like it here, but I miss my friends back home. I think it is going to be weird seeing them again during thanksgiving and Christmas. I want to know how their schools are and if they have been to any good parities or if they have made many friends. One thing about going to UT is that it is hard to make friends here because there are so many people. I have, though, made friends with many people that I live with along with some people in my classes. I went to a pretty cool concert this weekend. I went with some of my friends that are still in high school. I miss hanging out with them. It was like old times again. I went with my old boyfriend and all of his friends. I was the only girl as always but that's what I'm used to. I guess I have to keep my attention on what I am doing here though. So that I can survive through college. I think my mom is going to be mad because I may have maxed out my phone card, but that is kinda off the subject. My mind wanders like that sometimes. Tamesha is beating up her CD player. She is sitting next to my cursing at her portable CD player. Now she is blowing the dust out of it because she thinks that it might work better if she does that. well my time is up, and just in time too because my mind just went blank again. ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_736254.txt,"My love for computers and hate for computers is simultaneously growing as I sit here and write this assignment. I don't understand any software but everything for IBM, and the Macintosh is completely foreign to me. I must have already asked at least 30 questions regarding the system, but hey I am new to this whole Apple thing. Apple should just get rid of itself entirely and sell itself to Microsoft and the computer world will be a lot happier. Every time I type the word a lot, I am reminded of my English teacher in 10th grade, or maybe it was 9th who dispelled the myth that a lot was one word. I'll begin to type it as one, but then realize that I should have written it as two. I think it is really strange how some teachers you remember their words, but cannot remember their names or faces. I see a lot of people around campus just like that although I remember their faces and words, for the life of me I cannot remember their names, and I would fell absolutely terrified if they were to come up to me and use the overly cliched phrase, Azi, do you remember me?? More than likely I would not, or I would be to involved in my own thoughts to try to recall who the individual standing before me was. I do that a lot. People will have said that they may have called my name 3 or 4 times before I responded by just looking up. My thoughts consume me sometimes. I have a problem with daydreaming. I know that it is not necessarily a bad thing, but nonetheless it can get in the way of a lot of really important things. It is a good thing that in this particular assignment, daydreaming is the foundation for all my thoughts, and will assist me in coming up with ideas to write. I was talking about my thoughts, and how I daydream. Well, lately all I can think about is the perfect scenario for me to meet the man I am to marry. It seems foreign, and should probably not clutter the mind of a Freshmen in college, but it has been particularly bothered me. I have only really been involved in one serious relationship, if it can even be called that, and that in itself was a summer fling. I went to a summer church retreat, and I think this is where everything started to form, regarding marriage, because I met guys for the first time that I could honestly see myself marrying. This has never happened before, and as I glance around the campus, I just don't see them there, and it frustrates me knowing that they are somewhere else, and I am here longing for there company. It is not like I need there company, no yes it is that was a lie. I miss them a whole lot because I have never, ever been able to relate to a guy like the guys that I met at this church retreat in California. I think I forgot to mention that most of them are dispersed throughout Cali, and I have very little chances of seeing them ever again, unless I actively seek a job to where I can live, go to school, and everything in the wonderful Golden State of California. All of there pictures, guys and girls from the retreat are plastered on the wall above my desk, and I miss them terribly. I have to go back some day, I haven't enjoyed myself, and have been so completely relaxed as I had in California. I know it has nothing really to do with the beaches, although it plays a little bit of why I would like to go there, and the earthquakes certainly are not the reason I would want to maintain a lifestyle there, it's the people of my religious community. it's a bond, a connection that going to a Baptist church, or a Jewish synagogue embodies. That spirit is completely alive in the people in my religion, just like any religion. It would be ideal if I could just go to school there, get a chance to meet a bunch of people. Get my education, get my education, get my education, finish my education, and I stress this because that is a big part of my life, but I am continually fascinated by marriage, commitment, meeting the man of my dreams, meeting the man of my dreams. It's nothing particularly fancy, or romantic, I am not asking for the Ken and Barbie playhouse world with the plastic pink convertible, I just want to get married, start a family, and live my life with all the values, challenges, and commitments it has to offer. I just don't think that I can have that right now, and that is why I spend so much of my time thinking about the endless possibilities of everything having to do with relationships and evaluating my life with and without everything, and just dreaming, night and day about how wonderful and how absolutely dreadful it would be to be married. The challenges are endless in the pursuit of life. And if I may I would like to end with a statement that Linda Ellerbee made after every news statement, perhaps my favorite statement ---and so it goes. ",y,y,n,n,y

1997\_771125.txt,"Here I am doing psychology homework. I should be watching late night television. Conan is just now coming on I missed all of Letterman. Letterman is the best late night talk show personality. I need to call Tasha, I wonder if she's still out she has that 12 o'clock curfew. Is the time zone the same here as it is in Mississippi? I'll have to ask her when I call . I hate typing I'm not very good at it but I've had a lot of practice lately since I've started E-mailing frequently. Yes Only thirteen minutes left. I feel sorry for anyone who has to read this because it is a very jumbled stream of consciousness. Tomorrow I have to get up early for Calculus. It stinks that my earliest class is the one that is the hardest to sit through anyway. I don't like Tuesdays (or Thursdays) for that matter because I have to get up early and don�t get back from rugby practice until after nine or so and then I 'm too tired to do anything else but sit around moan and watch TV. Eight minutes left I'm over the hump. the view from my room when the moon is full reminds me of Van Gogh's Starry Night with the tower lit up and all, it helps if I have my contacts out though. everyone I know has gone out and partied this week except for me . I wonder if doing this at midnight counts as tomorrow for turning it in . Because I'll probably try to do the other assignment in about twenty two or twenty three hours. my wrist is starting to hurt I wonder if it's from typing or if it's from falling on it this weekend. I need more posters for my side of the room to brighten it up because its kinda boring. Oh yeah I just ran out of my twenty minutes but I'm still typing I think Lucky Charms brainwashes little kids into thinking that they are eating something special by changing the size shape and colors of their marshmallows al the time. ",n,n,n,n,n

1997\_797745.txt,"I just messed up. it has been a while since I�ve typed. It probably won't turn out to good. I wonder what time it is. I am kind of worried about my friend from Sealy. I just got off the phone with her and she has lost twenty pounds. She looks really good but she wants to lose twenty more and I think that is a little to much . This assignment is so easy and I keep messing up. This keyboard feels funny. the backspace key seems further away than usual. I just stopped typing because I can't figure out why when you get to the end of a line it won't continue to the next line it just keeps going. My roommate is standing behind me reading what I am writing . I don't care if I misspelled something because they aren�t checking on spelling. I am so glad Chase called tonight. It makes me feel so much better to know that he cares a little. If he didn't call though I was going to call him and figure out whets up between us. I can't believe it is ten o'clock. I have been studying since about six. I talked on the phone though with my friend for about 30 minutes. I wonder why the words skipped down to the next page. I hope I didn't mess this up. I cant wait to get y hair cut tomorrow. I hope it turns out good. I cant wait to see Chase. I hope I am doing this right because there is only two lines of words appearing on the page. I wonder who my roommate is calling. Maybe it is that girl he met this weekend. about 15 minutes has already gone by. I am going to go on a diet tomorrow. I wonder why he keeps pushing all the numbers on the phone ,I keep hearing that beeping noise. I don't have that much time left and then I am going to take a bath. I can't seem to capitalize my I's. I wonder what the next writing assignment is about. I think I am going to do it tomorrow night so that I can get it out of the way. I wish I could type really fast. I wonder how fast Mary can type. I need to do some more reading tonight before I go to bed and I really need to see my math TA before class tomorrow so that I can get some help with my math. I wonder why the e didn't stay at the end of the word it skipped down to the next line. my typing has gotten better though since I started this assignment. I wonder who just came in the door. I have about one more minute to write. I wonder what my roommate is studying. I don�t know what else to write. I wonder if they are ever going to read this. If someone happens to read this HI! I bet its pretty boring reading all of these. My time is up Bye! ",y,n,y,n,n

1997\_816150.txt,"At his time I am at the lab listening to everyone in here typing and some coughing as well. The laser printer doesn't seem to stop printing. I am at the Communications Computer lab doing this assignment. I am wondering whether or not I will be going home, Dallas, next week on Friday. I am hoping my friend will take me. I also hope I can bring back my sister, who is presently in Dallas, so that she can live with us. That way I don't have to worry about cooking or getting food for dinner. I am glad my Pre Calculus professor gave me permission to take my midterm on Monday, the day after I get back from Dallas--If I go. I just looked at the proctors. They are helping some people out with their passwords. I wish I could get a job as a proctor. I think that would be an easy way of getting some money. Most of them don't even know what they are doing. I just thought about my major. I hope I can get into the Texas Creative Department in Advertising. That would be really neat since I like to do stuff like that. I just read that a lot of students in advertising have earned awards. But I just looked at some of their work and I don't think it would be all that hard to do. I just looked at my watch, I have about fifteen more minutes before I can send this message. A lot of people are leaving the lab know. That stinks, I wish their was a better computer when I got here. Right now I'm stuck with this old IBM comp. --the only one in the lab that's still using Windows 3. 11. I wish I was home with my family right now. Especially since they left for Denver today. If only I didn't have school right now, then I could live at home and help my dad with our family business. A lot of these computers in here are down. It sure would help if someone would fix them. Jesse Holman Jones--so that's who this building is named after. Who is he? I've never heard of him. The sign on the wall says, ""Lumberman, Banker, Publisher, Statesman. "" What does that have to do with Communications(except ""Publisher""). I still have to do my rough draft for English. Oh well, I will probably do it tonight when I get home. Not like I can get any work done their. My brother is too loud and annoying. He doesn't let me study in peace. He is pretty stubborn--likes to have everything his way. Just because my parents aren't here, he thinks he's my guardian or something. I wish I lived in a dorm instead. That would have been cool. That way I could have met new people and friends. Not only that, it's right there on campus and they have cafeterias. That would help a lot. Now I only have six minutes to go. This thing is taking a pretty long time. If it weren't for this assignment I could have been working on my English paper right now. I hope that paper turns out good. At least my professor liked my proposal-he said I did an ""excellent job. "" In class he was saying how rare that case would be. Hopefully, I'll do well in this class. I really don't like English classes. Their so boring. All you do is discuss a lot of things, write papers, and practice grammar. I thought my English class would be very large, instead it ends up having only 25 people. I hate small classes. At least all my other classes have over one hundred people. Well, I'm done. I guess I will send now. ",n,n,y,n,n

1997\_854163.txt,"Damn. Rum and Coca-Cola sure does taste good. Pretty fucking good, in fact. Hitting return after every line of text that I type really sucks. I see danger danger danger on the corner sent by me shadows the ways straight away you ran from me heard you calling yes I heard you calling heard you calling yes I heard you calling NO rules. Why do all the good groups have to stop recording before I get a chance to see them? Why does everything piss me off? When I smile, people see the devil. The devil's cool and all, but he's still the devil. In my dreams I saw you there it was kind of neat because after all I recognized you but it was still a dream about me about you about we never had a chance to get to know each other really well you were always this and I was always that and we were never it became a big problem when you took the easy way out of my mind but as I was saying it was a dream and you were there and so was I and I knew it was a dream but how could it have been a dream when it was so real life experience I started to fly, I started to defy gravity pulls us all back down to earth mother earth you angel you rock you bitch you have made everything so wonderfully evil because of you I am here and without you I would surely perish and it is all your fault and scar and torment you place deep inside of my soul wish is to be free yet I am not for I stand here wondering waiting for the time when I can be liberated, walk freely as you intended but I saw you there you were. And you were dressed differently too. Not wearing earth clothing. Of course neither was I. Red, red, red. honor, courage. blood. Blood from me, blood from you, blood from US, from we, who I saw there we were wondering, waiting for something grand to happen upon us while we stood there. The clouds flew overhead like a fast motion video as the world passed us by. holding onto my trusty staff I heard the world around me scream, shout, laugh, cry. crumble and crumble did I lost my eyes that day I found something different and the world has not been the same since I found them everything has been a little wild a little different a little crazy how things like this end up working out when we see each other, and when we went out back into the world from our little sanctuary from the world we were stuck in, hurt in side my brain is where this shit all resides and I have a feeling it's stuck here because I'm still here and you're not ",n,n,n,n,y

1997\_877563.txt,"I really have no idea what to write about. I am home for the weekend from my first half week of college. It feels like I have just been on vacation and am home now. Some of my friends wanted me to go dancing with them tonight, but I took some allergy medicine and I have no desire to dance. The medicine makes me so tired. My dad is very upset with my cat because while I have been away, she has gone to the bathroom on lots of his important papers. She only does that when she is upset about something. I guess she misses me. We used to have a cocker spaniel named lady, but we had to get her put to sleep a while back. She was a wonderful dog. I am bringing my fish back with me when I go back to Austin tomorrow. That is the only kind of pet we can have in the dorm. I had to sell my horse before I left for college. I had had him for almost three years so it was really hard. I still haven't sold all of my equipment. I can never find enough time to go out to the barn and get it taken care of. Princess Diana died in a car accident this morning. I really didn't think that all of that royal family stuff mattered to me, but I guess after hearing so much about her life in the last couple of years, we all feel like we have some connection with her. Anyway, I think it is really really sad. I especially feel so bad for her children. I was watching 60 Minutes on TV a little while ago and they showed a clip of the two boys on a fishing trip with their father. My brothers and I used to fish a lot with the family too. It is weird to think that my brothers are getting so old. One of them is 22 and the other one is almost 26. That is hard to believe. I just turned 18 on Friday. It was sort of nice to come home for my birthday where people actually care that it is my birthday. I am also glad I came home because that way, I can be sure that I keep in touch with my friends who are still in high school. I want to go to the homecoming football game at my high school. I am already getting excited about my ten year high school reunion. I think it will be so cool to see how much people have changed. I went to Camp Texas at the end of the summer and a girl that was in my group lived near where I used to live in Houston. She told me that a girl I used to know in elementary and middle school was killed by some guy. It was so shocking and really sad. I mean, I didn't know the girl really well and it had been many years since I had seen her, but it still made me think about how things like that really can happen to anyone. My roommate at Towers is really cool. I am glad we get along. I was worried I might get some freak. I can just imagine that if I had to request a change of roommates how acquired that would be to see the old roommate around campus knowing that you had ditched them. Twenty minutes of writing is a lot longer than I thought it would be. I think I still have a few minutes left. I think we have some raccoons living under our house because you can hear them sometimes scurrying around. Sometimes they are really, really loud. We used to have a mouse in our house so we had the exterminator put out one of those little sticky trap things. Well, it caught the mouse, but then my cat tried to get the mouse so she ended up getting the trap stuck to her paw. It was in the middle of the night and I heard her running around the house like a freak. Finally I got up to see what was wrong and I took the trap off of her. The mouse appeared to be dead so I put it in a baggy but when I got up in the morning, I found out it was still alive so I tried putting it outside but it was too stunned to move so I put it in a little cage until it recovered its senses. It finally got better so I let it go. I had to let it go far away from my house though because my mom was afraid it would come back in. My cat got lost for eleven days once when we lived in Houston. It was so sad. I cried everyday until we finally found her again. I think my twenty minutes is up now. ",y,n,y,n,n

1997\_878492.txt,Trying to track my thoughts. That's weird because I don't even know were to start. At the moment I am wondering who just called because I thought one of my roommates would of answered it but they didn't and who every it was hung up. I am also worried about my food that is cooking in the oven. It is suppose to be done in thirty minutes and I sure am hungry. I kind of mad at the moment because the Cowboys just lost to the Cardinals and they shouldn't have. To tell you the truth its kind of hard to sit here and just type what I am thinking because I not thinking of anything. One of my roommates is talking on the phone and being really loud but she does have a big mouth. She is talking to my other roommate and asking him if he wants to meet the person on the phone for lunch tomorrow but they never ask me but I don't mind because the guy they are meeting gets on my nerves. That was weird. An icon came up on my screen and said my connection has been idle for twenty minutes and will disconnect if I don't click on the stay connected. I guess that means I have been typing for twenty minutes or maybe not. It is weird the way I have been typing for so long and I am just on the second line. I know I have typed more than that I hope. My back is starting to hurt from sitting awkwardly in this chair and typing but I guess I have typed for twenty minutes so I can stop now. I probably didn't type that much but I am not a good typer and I make a lot of mistakes. I guess I'll stop now. ,n,y,n,y,n

1997\_878676.txt,"Today is only the sixth official day of class, and I am already stressed out. I know that I don't necessarily have to do everything in one day, but I feel just so overwhelmed with everything that is going on. I wish I was already set into the swing of things and simply taking things one day at a time. I get nervous every time I think of what possibly lies ahead. I also have to start looking for a job. I feel I do not have the time to work, but I believe mom and dad when they say it will help me adjust better if I have set things to do. I guess it will also help me manage my time better, possibly even help me. I mean 5-10 hours a week is not a lot and it could even be interesting depending on the type of job I could find. I can look in to this of Friday considering I only have one class, although I seriously think I should take an extra hour or two to simply lay down and rest. I haven't done that in a while. What else do I have to do on Friday? Look for a job, call home, rest, read, do homework, and whatever else comes up. Let's see, Saturday. The game is on Saturday, so I guess I will do game stuff most of the day and go out after the game. At least I will be able to get off campus and breathe a little easier. So far, I guess I like it here. I mean I am having fun and enjoying myself but I just got use to doing nothing during the summer. No reading, no calculus, no tennis, no Stu. -Co. or NHS meetings. Not to mention the constant weekend out of town tournaments. Yet, I do miss tennis. Even though it took up a lot of my time and effort, it was always a blast. I miss the team especially, and all my close friends. I am the only one of my closest friends that came to UT, but I guess it is all working out fine. If I went with them to college, I would be at A&M. Naah, I'm OK here. I can always call them. I miss home. I knew that I would be homesick. Even though I like being here, I sometimes wish I was still at home, in my house, with mom, dad, and even Lori & Angie. Gosh, I never thought I would miss those two brats this much. OH, I miss grandpa and grandma and my nanny. I need to call her tomorrow. It's already to late. I wonder what they are all doing right now. They are all probably asleep. I'm hungry, actually just thirsty. I could really go for a big, tall glass of sweet tea with a lot of ice. I can't wait for this weekend. Hopefully I will be able to sleep in late, or at least till 10:30 am. Going to bed very late and waking up extremely early is just not a compatible combination. My legs are so sore from all the walking I have to do every day. I'm used to jogging and walking at least 3 miles most days, but walking here is exhausting. Uphill, downhill, up and down stairs. Just thinking about it makes me tired. I need to get everything I need ready for tomorrow, but I think I am just going to lie down and watch TV till I fall asleep. I am so tired. ",y,y,y,y,y

1997\_892321.txt,"I like this assignment I�ve done this before in my secret notebook at home which I had to bring here so peoples won't see I want to use them as my lyrics for when I�m a famous singer like Courtney love or Kathleen Hanna my body aches but I had so much fun mad crazy fun at the concert I wanna go moshing all the time even if my rents are mad at me now for saying it I should have just been quiet about the bruises but no I also have to tell them everything I don't know what my problem is I�m already in college and I still feel guilty about stuff like this zach de la rocha is fine I can't believe I saw him in person and tom morello the guitarist who went to Harvard just like my cousin. he's so kewl telling me to drink beer and skip class and all that but he doesn't understand that's just not how it goes just cuz his rents are millions of miles away and everyone in the world thinks he's smart it's not gonna work for me too I wanna try swimming (swimming means getting drunk) but I won't oh hey I have to put things in parentheses cuz people don't always understand what we're saying in our code like I wanna hook up wit some krazyass gungees like a fine black man aw yeah yes indeed I ain't gonna marry no stuffy-assed conservative person like rents want nope I don't think so man that guy in bio is damn fine but why did he quit calling me? maybe he's gay like Andrea but we don't know if Andre is totally gay he IS a theatre major and all his friends are girls how could I have doubted Brian damn him he stole josie away from me no it's ok I like me some Brian Valerie is kewl but gee whiz can she make it a little less obvious wit her boyfriend hello and the crazy suitemates next door they are so funny but I don't even know their last names hmmmmmmmm well anyway after this I gotsta head on over to parlin and to the experiment me nooferz the labrat aw yeah I gotta grow out my hair man people don't think I�m a pretty girl anymore whatever happened to the Peter�s days? I miss me some chili's but too bad it shut down those guys were skanks for real I wonder if people are looking over my shoulder and saying what the hell is she writing heather is kewl that's so weird how we're already such good friends and we've only known each other for 2 weeks weird oh god why won't that bitch north get the fuck outta my life I hate seeing her uglyass scary nasty face all over jester I wish she'd just move to India or something damn what a skank why couldn't she have stayed at you of H????!?! fuck if I know she's gonna be around for the rest of my life I think how the hell could I have been friends with her for so long. so after reading the 7 habits book, I�m a little ashamed to say that I think that I might be slightly enemy-centered meaning my thoughts focus on my enemy a lot. that is so dumb and immature but I don't want to get into old lifestyle again how can anyone be so mean and selfish and uggghhhghh I fucking want to break this computer now but it's ok so 15 minutes are up hmmmmm. I love college I love being free as the wind I hate getting lectures from my dad but I guess it's cuz he's just looking out for me but sheeesh what a way to waste a phone call hey I got my own phone plan now and I�m gonna have to start payin bills goddammit I forgot to send the visa card application grrrrr I like the weekend and I kinda like weekdays but I wish I could oh damn I forgot what I was sayin cuz I looked up oh yeah I wish I could do fun stuff all the time and I want to start a collection of boys yup boys I wonder where I would put my collection ha yer so funny well anywayz maybe I should call papooo uncle and soni auntie in new yawk I miss that place so bad I�m on a crazy mission to do well here in UT and then transfer to Columbia where I got some alumni in the house yeah and I can hang out in the village and Harlem and call heater diamond again and maybe actually say something and I can meet up wit mike d and meet Adam yauch my hero for all times and buy all the Adidas sneakers in the world it's not too cold in here like it used to be in taylor white skool that god awful place in Katy I�m glad outta there like buster Douglas cuz yo one more year and I thinks I would have to start slammin my head into the wall or something these thoughts are quite intimate won't you say I hope I�m doing this assignment right I need to get some sleep man but I don't like sleeping in the night only in the day but that don't help none when I gotta class at 8 in the morn well well ow my muscles are sore but it's a good sore I�m proud of it my nails are real shitty as I look down at this keyboard they have turned orange when will they ever be normal colored again? well it's about that time to break forth the rhythm and the rhyme I�m out wit full clout SUBMITTING NOW ",y,n,y,n,n

1997\_914301.txt,""" Stream of Consciousness "" Everyday about now, I am still sleeping. I feel good just having barely six hours of sleep. I thought I would be feeling more tired and exhausted, but It has not hit me yet. This morning, while watching CNN, and still seeing the coverage of Princess Diana, made me sad. It makes me think why everyone in that crash died and the bodyguard did not. He had ten hours of surgery. What pain I thought. I kept on asking myself why did G-d let him live. Why not someone like Princess Diana who did so much for the world and has two young boys to help grow up. She did so much for other people. She even raffled her dresses of for charity. What a women. I'm feeling a little bit tired now. The psy experiment I did today was a fun experiment. I enjoyed it. I sat next to a cute girl. I hope today's classes will go fast. I would like to take a nap today. Just to sleep and rest for an hour. It was nice seeing one of my brothers in my fraternity on campus today. It was a nice surprise. Also, I saw one of my friends from home on campus. It is exciting walking home from campus or going a different route because of the unexpected people you see or new or old friends you see. My mother went on business and I hope she is doing well. I hope she got well rested today. I hope to talk with my sister and she how well she is doing. I try to put myself in a better mood everyday. I think about a lot of things and it gets me worried. An example is I worry about friends, family, grades, whether I am behind or don't understand something in a class. I also do not like change. I don't like a change in atmosphere or any change whatsoever. Like going home this summer was hard because of a change in atmosphere and a change in obeying my parents again with a curfew etc. I try to get along with all my fraternity brothers, but sometimes I feel it is harder than normal. I spoke with my mother and she says you can't be friends with everyone. I have so much to thank for but I feel that I am always asking G-d to help me in a situation. I enjoy life and enjoy the pleasures it gives me. I enjoy school and friends. I feel everyone has there moods and their times they feel good and bad. I had a very rough summer due to the fact that I had irritable bowel syndrome. It was very painful and I did not like the pain. A doctor prescribed me some medication. What upsets me is that one of my friends I feel is rude at times. I feel this because last night he was rude when I went to his room and he started yelling that I was disturbing his speech. I continue to be nice to him. I am always debating whether or not to be nice to him. He can be nice at times, but a jerk at other times. I feel that he maybe insecure and have no real friends. Sometimes I'm angry at him and sometimes I'm not. Sometimes I feel sorry for him and sometimes I don't. I walked into my fraternity house this morning and saw our cleaning man. The fraternity buys all his children gifts for Christmas and I think it's nice. Sometimes I feel sorry for him. He is a nice man. I also feel sad sometimes because I wish the relationship with me and my father would be better. I do not get along with him very well. Sometimes I get very upset thinking about it. I often thank G-d that I have an excellent relationship with my mother and my uncle and sister. I miss my dog. He is so cute. I didn't spend that much time with him this summer and forgot to ask my parents how he is doing. Usually I hear him barking when I am on the phone with my parents, but I have not heard him recently. When I visit home in a couple of weekends, I would like to spend a little time with him. He is a very nice and loving pet. He is old but still wild. I hope my girlfriend comes home with me. She said she would. Her father is coming up to Austin on Thursday and we are going to dinner with him. This makes me a little bit nervous, but who wouldn't be ? I think. I miss my family. They are coming up for parents weekend which should be nice. I hope to go to the football game this weekend, some of my friends drew tickets for the game already. I have not given my ID to anyone. I will call up some friends tonight and see if they want to go. Sometimes it is hard to ask my frat bros if they are going etc. Maybe I won't go to the game-- it is a good time to relax. I will see. I hope to watch Melrose Place tonight. I have a lot of homework but I hope to watch it anyway. I have a lot of reading to do and I hope I complete. I think I will or come very close to it. I sometimes do not feel 100 percent. Right now I am getting a little tired. I think I might nap after lunch. I think we are having steak today. I usually think of steak for dinner but I guess it is okay. Yesterday I read for a long time. I didn't get as much reading done as I would of liked, but I am trying to keep up and I understand most of the information in the readings. I have to buckle myself down and get my priorities straight. Maybe I won't go to the game and instead study for my classes. I would get a lot done because no one would be here. I am more tired now. I hope today's classes go fast and I have plenty of time to do work undisturbed!! I hope to see my girlfriend and not argue with her. She is truly my best friend. Guy or Female -- I think she is my best friend. Another best friend is my friend Traylyn. He is nice and I have known him since third grade. I am probably going to pray later today. I was hoping to do it this morning but couldn't get myself to wakeup extra early to do so. ",n,y,y,y,n

1997\_936626.txt,"It is now 12:32 and so I cannot wait until 12:52 because at that time my writing will be done. I type slowly anyway so I shouldn�t have too much trouble typing for twenty minutes and producing much of a paper. I am not thinking about much at the moment except for the fact I am hungry and stressed out. The first week or two of school seemed pretty easy and then all of the sudden, yesterday it hit me. I am in college and at this point I need to get my priorities straight. I am enjoying myself too much and need to have more focus. My mind is just wondering a million miles a minute about nothing in particular. I need a job, but I�m so busy with school and stuff with my sorority, which is another story. I am not the proudest to be in a sorority. Don't get me wrong, it's a great honor and a fun time, but I don't like the whole association that comes with it. My whole life does not revolve around guys and partying and allowing myself no friends or life outside of the sorority, as many of them do. In fact, I like so many people outside my sorority and would like to get to know them better that it makes me wonder if this is a good, more importantly, healthy fit for me? I love Austin because of it's diversity and that became one of the main factors in choosing schools between SMU and here. There are so many interesting people and I want to get to know them all or at least try. Wow, it's already been over 10 minutes and this has not been too hard. I used to write daily in my journal at home, but haven�t had too much spare time to do that here, so maybe that is why I have been able to do this, and express myself so well. I enjoy so much being able to express myself on paper, which may explain why I write so much-journal, letters, poems. It helps me gain a sense of relief and since I don' express my feelings out loud too often, I need to do this daily, if not more so I can release all that I feel. I am excited about doing psychology this year because I hope to decide between the two majors I am struggling with. I am at the moment down for premed/nutrition and I really do want to go into medicine, but I've also always been interested in criminal psychology. It may be a little depressing, but I find it very interesting, and definitely want a job I love. A few months back, I read Helter Skelter and this encouraged my psychology path a little more, so I am hoping this class will help with my decision making. I guess we'll see. It is 12:51 now and time for me to stop. ",y,y,n,y,y

1997\_453155.txt,"Wrecks. They are the worst things ever. I can't believe princess Diana died yesterday. It shows that anyone can die at any moment. Of all people, a princess, a mother, an internationally known woman, a philanthropical figure in this world. It's sad. Yesterday I was running down the street to pick up an anklet for a friend and I saw a wreck happen. it is scary. luckily no one was hurt but it could've been alot worse. The anklet was awesome though. I kind of wish that the one I bought was like hers but that�s okay because I got an even better one later on in the day. I had to sit for almost an hour to wait for the police to come because I witnessed that stupid wreck. and then they didn't show so I just gave the girl my name and phone number and then I left. I have better things to do, like eat. The food here really isn't that bad. I haven't been eating from much of a variety though. Everyday I eat from a choice of about four meals. I can live like that though. My roommate is really starting to bother me. I should have known this would happen , but everyone always thinks ""that will never happen to me"". Just like getting in a car wreck, getting pregnant, or getting a disease like aids or something. I hope I never get any of those things. I don't know what I would do. I'd feel like such a failure. It does happen to so many people though. And everyone deals with it in a different way. to each his own. And everything is just fine to me just now. no need for me to change my life, I have my friends , my boy, my studies, my sorority, and my own life here in college. Being away from the parents is such an amazing feeling. just the fact that we are proving to ourselves that we can do it on our own. feed ourselves, discipline ourselves, control ourselves, wash our laundry and all that stuff. I�m doing okay. but I know for a fact that not everyone has been handling themselves as well as I have. I am me and I am okay. ",y,n,y,n,n

1997\_459891.txt,"Such a new, big place to be. So many people to meet and things to do. I hope it all turns out alright. This is such an important time in my life. Hopefully I will do well in school and also have a tremendous amount of fun. I have already met so many people that I can't even remember all their names. This is such a confusing time for me. Trying to settle on a new group of friends and trying to fit in. Because I joined a fraternity I don't think making friends will be a big problem, but I still don't feel totally comfortable with them yet. Everyone tells me that those will be my best friends four the next few years and probably for the rest of my life and I hope they're right. I can't wait for longhorn football season to start. I've been such a huge fan all my life and now I am finally able to go to the games as a student. I'm trying to think of something else to talk about. Oh, I got it. My girlfriend and I just had our one year anniversary today. I feel really bad because we could not really go out. I did bring her breakfast in bed though. she gave me the most amazing present I have ever gotten. it was a book she put together of pictures and other things that we have done together over the past year. I almost cried because she put so much time effort and love into it. I just glanced at my clock and I only have a few more minutes to keep on writing. I�ll finish up by talking about school. I hope I start off my college career off with a good semester and then keep it going throughout my college career. That would then lead to many good career opportunities and a happy, successful life. ",y,n,n,y,n

1997\_513925.txt,"Wow! I cant believe that Brian still hangs around here. That idea about the red churches in England is really outrageous. The queen will never go for it. Anyway it was random of me to have seen him. I haven�t seen him since Joe played. Our power went out at the dorm and it really sucks. I waned to this assignment there but I obviously couldn�t. The rain today was so random. It was sunny then light again. My dorm seems o be the only one that lost power though. This keyboard is sticky and I don't like it very much. I cant wait till the weekend. At least I donut have too much work to do immediately. Most of it is due Tuesday. That boy is sooo cute. I donut understand why all of the cute ones are jerks 99 percent of the time. Can we say Josh? He totally ignored me at that party but he e-mailed Ilse for my number What's up with that? Jerk. I wish he would just make it easier on he both of us and just give me a call. Hello it's not that hard. I hope I meet some new guys soon cause these sure aren�t doing the job, I wouldn�t mind seeing Jordan again. He is sooooo hot. However I know that I could never have a good relationship with a boy like that. Shit, I couldn�t even hold Steven's attention. Then again he's a jerk. Anyway, I wonder how the boys are doing in apartment life. I just donut see them all living out on their own. I wonder how James and Julie are doing at A&M ? They should be coming down for a weekend soon enough. I guess Adi would call me if she's planning to come back any time soon. it is really convenient having been from here. I already know my way around and I know so many people. it is awesome. I cant believe my roommate was so loud last night when I was obviously trying to sleep. That is totally inconsiderate and she knows that I have an eight o�clock. I'm never loud when I have to get up at seven in the freakin morning, I feel like I should be loud sometime just to get my point across, I donut want to be rude to he though because I have to live with her a whole year and I might as well make the most of it Anyway my twenty minutes is over so I'm out. ",y,y,y,y,n

1997\_571199.txt,"Today my aunt Caroline came up to visit me. she was on a trip out here for business meetings. She told me a bunch of stories about her life at UT when she went here 25 years ago. she told that she was almost raped by a serial rapist the police had been trying to catch for two years. He had been stalking her for weeks, and she never even knew. the only other person I knew who this had happened to is a friend of mine who had an abusive boyfriend who would rape her on a daily basis. she's finally doing a lot better, but still has kind of a loser boyfriend. guys are just weird that way. I've been going out with the same guy for close to two and a half years now, and it looks like we might get married! I'm really excited about that, we've had lots of plans about various things, but I don't know. we want a house and kids and that whole thing. today in art class, one lady had a quilt as her piece to express an emotion and it really brought me that sense of home. It was so pretty, it had a floral design, but also had these powder green and white solid pieces. It really made me feel at home and almost at my grandma's house. she's got a quilt her mother made, and it is about seventy years old. It was made from material of old clothes that no one fit into anymore. Their family was so incredibly poor that they lived out in the countryside, and worked in the fields. my grandmother has told stories of her life, some gruesome and some amazing. she used to be the one to cut off the heads of the chickens they ate, and it was nothing to her just normal. other times she can remember riding through the country side on her horse where there are now huge freeways and shopping centers. I often wonder what it would be like living back then. she gave me a magazine clipping of how life was like as a teacher back then (she was a teacher, and I am going to be a teacher) and I�m am really glad that we are well on our way into the twenty first century! they used to not be able to be married, have children, they had to go to church every Sunday, clean the classroom at least once a week on their hands and knees with a hand brush, and all these other gruesome things. the only thing I have to worry about are the guns and cuts that go on in the schools (maybe it would be better to go back to the old days, huh?) I want to be an art teacher, but I�m not sure how that will all work out. my major will allow me to be an artist but with an all-level teaching certificate on the side. so. I can either be a starving artist or a starving teacher! (both kind of sad) however, I don't really want to have to be out there working, I�m more of a homebody, and want to be the typical housewife. everyone I know thinks I�m crazy, but that has been my goal (perhaps ""dream"" is too strong a word) ever since I can remember. I have also wanted five children since the time I was about eight years old. I actually come from a family of four children, so maybe the fifth I want is an unconscious way of somehow ""outdoing"" my parents. that has often worried me because it's kind of what it sounds like, but I really don't feel that way. my parents were actually the ones who first brought it up, so I don't know. ",n,n,y,y,n

1997\_592869.txt,"I do not know what to write about for twenty minutes. It took me so long to get a computer at this place, and I would like to E-mail my best friend in Arizona since I never get to see her. Well, I guess this is the coolest assignment that I have had so far since it doesn't require any thinking- well, it actually does. in fact, that's all this assignment is about. But, I mean it is not hard. I am really worried about my classes this semester. I feel like I have been going to school here for a while, but it has only been a week. I have a lot of reading to do. I think my classes are not too hard, but I KNOW THAT THEY WILL GET HARDER, I JUST HOPE THAT I DO WELL. Oops, I just turned the caps lock key, sorry! Well, I am now thinking about what I should eat for dinner. I am also thinking that I don't want to gain the freshman-15. I eat pretty healthy food in the cafeteria, but I eat a lot more than I did at home. but I guess since all of my classes are miles away from each other, I will be OK. My boyfriend is coming to see me sometime soon, I wish that he was here right now. I hope that he is doing OK because I wonder about him. He's always changing his mind about our whole relationship- whether he thinks it will work out or not. One minute, he is all for it, and another, he thinks it will never work because we are too far away from each other. Anyway, all I know is that I really care about him, and that I have to leave the rest up to God to figure out. I feel really exhausted right now because I only got 6 hours of sleep last night, and then I woke up and went to class after a cup of coffee, something I think I'll have to get used to drinking now that I am here. that's one thing I really miss about College Station, though (even though there can't possibly be that much to miss in a town like that except for the people) I miss the Java shakes I used to get at Sweet Eugene's, this coffee house I love so much. I thought that by coming to Austin, I would surely find a replacement for the Java shake, with all of the many coffee houses here, but I have yet to find something to beat it. Although I did find this shake called a ""Skinny Banana Espresso Shake"" at a coffee house on the drag called Metro. My really good friend Maria and I go there every Friday now to get one- it's like one of our new little Austin rituals, so we can make sure to stay close by seeing each other once in a while, and making an outing of it. It's really weird though how people you least expect to get so close to, you end up not being able to live without seeing! Maria and I haven't ever been this close, but lately, we have so much in common. I just hope this isn't one of those ""since you're from my hometown, let's be best friends until I meet some other people"" kind of thing. Ok I have about six minutes left, this is actually pretty cool, getting to know how my mind works and all. I already realize how many different topics my mind changes to in just 20 short minutes. I wish my mind did not wander off so many times, because that's really not good for my grades. Like sometimes in class, I will sit there thinking of my boyfriend instead of listening. But, then I go back to paying attention until I start wondering how my dog is doing all alone at home. Well, actually, I haven't thought about my dog during a class yet, but it could happen. Besides, I wanted to bring her up in some way in this little writing experiment, and that was the best way that I could think of. Anyway, as I was saying, I really hope that my dog does not die early since it is do lonely right now. My mom says she just sits on the staircase waiting for somebody to come home- that would be me or my brother. Ok, now I am thinking about me brother, who is the sweetest guy on earth. I hope that he is doing Ok right now. I thought that now that we live in the same city and all, we would actually get to see each other more, but we are so busy, I really don't get to see him until the weekends. Anyway, I don't know what I would do if he wasn't here to help me out. For example, I wouldn't have even known about this big computer lab. well, I am sure that I would have found out somehow, but I didn't have to find out myself. I mean, I don't want to be all dependent on him or anything, but I learn a lot from him, and I learn a lot on my own, too. Well, I think that my twenty minutes are up now. So maybe I will submit this and E-mail my friend Jimena. Or, maybe I won't. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_652904.txt,I just wrote for about 18 minutes and I accidentally cleared it all so I�m just going to write poetry. good enough. hey your glass is empty its a hell of a long way home . why don�t you let me take you its no good to go alone. I never would have opened up but you seemed so real to me. after all the bullshit I've heard its refreshing not to see. I don�t have to pretend . she doesn�t expect it from me. so don�t tell me why I haven�t been good to you. don�t tell me I haven�t been good to you. just tell me why nothing is good enough hey little girl would you like some candy . momma said its ok. the door is open come on outside . no I cant come out to play . its not the wind that cracked your shoulder . who�s there that makes you so afraid you�re shaking to the bone . you know I don�t understand you deserve so much more than this so just tell me why he�s never been good to you don�t tell me why he�s never been there for you. ill tell you that why is simply not good enough. I can be good to you and I will be there for you and ill show you why your so much more than good enough. that was just some stuff I made up in my head I hope it is what you were looking for in this stuff. ,n,y,n,y,y

1997\_736918.txt,"This is my stream of consciousness writing for psychology class. I'm going to use periods and capitalize out of habit O. K. I had a dream two nights ago and I was at some Hollywood awards ceremony. This lady introduced me to kirstie Allie as I was sitting at a table. I looked over, and it was not Kirstie Allie but Andie Mcdowell, some other actress. Anyway, it was weird. Then on the very next night after that dream, I was watching a movie on T. V. and she was in it. I rarely see her on T. V. and I was astonished. It is very relevant, because I am reading a book right now called the Celestine Prophecy. This book is very cool. It talks about some ancient manuscript found in Peru that is going to change every human beings consciousness. It is very involved, but the first insight in this manuscript says that at the end of the 20th century people are going to become more and more aware of these coincidences. It is amazing because I have been having many of these lately such as that dream. Also, on the way over here I turned on my car, and I thought of this song by Jewel. I turned the station and that song was on the radio. Unbelievable, right? I don't think so, man,/. this kind of thing happens to me all the time. Ok I finished a focus question for history class before I came here and I also watched Seinfeld. It was the one where Jerry picks up a deaf lineswoman at a tennis match. George makes a mess of himself with an ice-cream sundae and they get it on T. V. George�s girlfriend breaks up with him and he doesn't know why then Kramer tells George alright I'm not gonna sit here and talk about Seinfeld for 20 minutes. I am so happy like not really just kidding alright wrong here we go alright You are all just a bunch of hacks. Lets get ready to rumble in the Bronx Joy boy girl swirl pearl grapes of wrath. Nietzche's theory on Dionysus man Let's call ourselves the Doors man. Like the doors in your mind, acid. Aldous Huxley. When the doors of perception are cleansed, we will see things as they truly are, immaculate. That was a line from Oliver stones, The Doors good flick. It is total irony how Jim Morrison has a poem where he says, Did you have a good life when you died, Enough to base the movie on. He must have known they would make a movie about him. Strange days. I'm taking Tai Chi classes. That should be very beneficial to me. I must do well in school this semester. Man that is a big deal to me Wow I'm really looking forward to the UCLA football game. It should be a good one. I really want a piece of glass you know. My grandmother died last week on the same night Princess Diana died. Was that some kind of luck, or what. I want to die at a reasonable age. Death, now there's something I could talk about Nope let's see Mi hermano no va a California para la funeral. Neither am I. Is that wrong, I don't think so. Man let's just increase the peace I can't believe I just said that There is a reason to live. We are all one consciousness functioning at different levels on the same paralysis of unending consequences of our reaction to the global warming issue in South America for the love of Peirre. They are going to read my thing and go nuts man. Who am I talking to. Sometimes when I'm sitting alone I think as if someone were with me. This is a good thing, for the love of my family is always going to be there. ",n,y,n,y,y

1997\_890898.txt,"I cannot believe that I am actually writing and doing my assignment on a Saturday. I am actually right now in a friend's apartment and trying to talk to a friend before this assignment writing, and I got nowhere with my friend. I feel so bad for my friend, Jimmy. He is so depressed, but he won't even talk to me. I feel like I should be there to help him out, but he won't say anything. I guess that I should talk about myself and not about other people, but I am just so worried about him. I have been so extremely busy today. I woke up at 7 this morning. And I had to go to a BASIC meeting, which I am very involved in. I just happened to be 2 minutes late, and now I have to do something very humiliating in front of everyone next Friday. I guess I don't mind if I do it to learn not to be late anymore. Then I had to go see my cousin and his wife for lunch. I didn't want to go, but I felt compelled to go in order to show support for my cousins since he is a pastor of a new church. I am glad that I went because they are my family and they helped to support me when I needed them most. Actually, my friend Jimmy, which I just mentioned earlier, totally bailed on me when I asked him to help me move b/c he had a truck. I asked way in advance, and I called him the night before, and I even told him that he could back out and I wouldn't even mind. He actually said to my face I don't want to do it when I had driven all the way from Houston to Austin. I couldn't believe that he had said that! I was so mad! I mean for someone to make a promise and then say no really hurt my feelings. Then he said he would help, but only when he called an hour later. I got prideful, and I said that I would take care of it myself. Then I realized my pridefulness, and I prayed to God to break me down. He definitely showed me how I need to be more patient these days. I then called him back later and asked to borrow his truck if one of our mutual friends would drive the truck. Our mutual friend had before, but Jimmy somehow didn't want him to do that for some extremely strange and bizarre reason. it wasn't as if our friend hadn't driven his car before. I don't know. I then thought about and then prayed some more, and then I realized how he was nice enough to help me, even though he couldn't follow through with his promise. I went to California on vacation, and I had bought him a key chain b/c I knew how stressed he was. I put a little letter of apology, but he didn't even thank me for the gift, or even said that it was partly his fault for not helping to move. The fact was that if I wasn't living by myself, then I could have gotten more help. And if he said that he was too busy, I would have understood, but he said that he could. Everyone said that he should have been better about the situation. But he is so depressed and distraught and etc. I wished that he would ask for help sometimes and try so hard to handle everything by himself. I know that he is angry and bitter and mad at so many things and at so many people. I just don't understand why he is acting this way. I also have a feeling that he likes this girl who was an old roommate. Everyone knows. For some reason he is just acting more cranky and weird. we all think that he should just be open and honest. I hope that my (girl) friend can handle the situation well. She doesn�t happen to know, and I don't want her to have to be stressed out about something that might hurt the both of them. I just hope that everyone gets better. ",n,y,y,y,n

1997\_893217.txt,"the end of this song is so weird. what was Andy on when he thought of it. now this song is pretty cool. it bumps. too bad my sax solo was gay. I think that funk is the coolest type of music. I can't believe that maceo parker is playing at antones. I am so there. I can't believe I remembered the number man, I wish I could get rid of my damn computer virus. what a pain. my knee hurts. I so stupid for busting it. I think that my dorm room has to be the coolest in jester. jeff is such a pimp. too bad he sounds kind of white. josh is the coolest though. he's just about the funkiest drummer I�ve ever played with. I don't know if I�m supposed to be pressing enter, but if I don't I start writing off of the screen. I think that I�m gonna like psychology. it's pretty interesting. I hope my stereo is bugging anybody. the concert tonight is gonna be cool. I just hope that I don't get killed. this song cracks me up. I gotta leave in 20 minutes. I better have a lot of sugar to keep me awake. I can't believe how tired I was last night. maybe I should have slept over at the girls place. I got to record my CD and send it to b. I�ve gotta find out when I need to take defensive driving. these pizza rolls are so good. man, jester food sucks. the only good thing is the cereal. salads are ok. the pizza is decent too. my new hat sucks. it's really uncomfortable. my brother is so whipped. me and my twin brother aren't really a lot alike. he is so disgusting when he's around his girlfriend. I guess that keyboarding class paid off. paid or paid. ly or lie. die or. . . well maybe not. what the hell am I talking about. this is a pretty crazy assignment. over half way done. it pisses me off when my posters fall off of my wall. CD�s over. what do I want now. how 'bout a little screaming headless torsos. they are the coolest. jo jo meyer is the most amazing drummer in the world. too bad I can't go to the first game. I still gotta get that sports package. some much to do, so little time. almost done now. my mind has gone blank. I�ve got to wash my clothes. if I don't do that tomorrow, I�m gonna smell all damn week. I�ve got to read a lot this weekend. this is boring. I�m sure who ever might read this cares very little about what I�m saying. oh well. looks like my time is up now. just gotta push the submit button. bye. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_896354.txt," Right now I'm thinking how much easier it would be to write assignment number 2. If there are no right or wrong things to write, I guess I should not worry. I believe I worry too much. It is hard to make this paragraph line up, the ends of each line that is. Right I feel blank but the nice thing is since I wrote it out, my assignment is not a blank. If all assignments were this easy, I'd worry less. I'm hot, hungry and tired. All a result of college life I guess. So far, the class has been interesting. I have a feeling the class will get more serious. I generally stay away from computers, technology intimidates me. I like the simple things in life but the entire world is advancing so I must. For example, I am turning an assignment through the internet. Its pretty crazy to me. My typing is slowing due to an interest in a video that is on and extreme hunger. I be hitting the submit button now. ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_917937.txt,"I returned to Austin Monday night at about 12:30 a. m. thinking I would be able to simply crawl into bed. Wrong. Upon opening the door to my room I was mugged by an extremely intoxicated friend. Her name was Sally and the source of her angst was my best friend Sean. They, as I am, are both from Houston. They had broken up their one-year relationship two weeks before they were to leave for UT. Unfortunately, they both reside in the private dormitory The Castilian. Unfortunately only because there is an exorbadent amount of tension between them, and I being friends with both of them, am forced into an awkward situation. Sally declares she is ""so totally over Sean"" and is willing to forgive, forget, and become friends. Simultaneously, she has been extra nice to me, extra offense to Sean, and picked up a nasty habit - getting totally plastered every night she has been in Austin. She has a lot of frustration with Sean, and regardless of what she thinks, needs to find more positive ways of venting it. Sean's feelings toward Sally are fickle and skeptical. Sean addresses some interesting questions Sally is unable to answer. Such as, why all of a sudden do you want to be ""friends"", what do expect from our friendship, and why did you suddenly latch onto Bryan as a friend. Sally's motives remain unclear and yet she doesn't seem to want to discuss any of the many issues at large. In turn, this makes the situation of the three of us living within 20 seconds of each other an awkward one. Am I to take a side? Most definitely not!!! I refuse! Yet how can I befriend both Sally and Sean without functioning as a mediator. This is one of the many issues that trouble me and make the transition from High School to Huge UT College life challenging. Thank you. ",y,y,y,y,y

1997\_931356.txt," It is Tuesday night, about 8 o'clock, and I don't really have time to do this assignment but I know that I have to so I'm going to do it anyway. I'm about ready to throw this computer off the desk right now because I am so mad. I have the most annoying boyfriend in the world whom I want to kill. Not really kill, maybe just hurt really bad. He thinks he knows everything in the world and he doesn't, nor will he admit that he acts this way. Everyone around him can see this accept him. It really bothers me. When I try to tell him he just says ""whatever, I don't think I know everything"" but he really does act this way. It bothers me so much sometimes that I get so upset and frustrated that I want to cry. But O well. There is nothing I can do about it and he is to stubborn to even listen to me so I guess I can either find a way to deal with it or not. And if I can't or if he doesn't change I guess this relationship will fail after almost 2 years. What a waste. O well, I tried. I guess we will have to wait and see. So anyway that is what is on my mind right now and I can't believe that I have been writing for almost 20 minutes. It seems like 5 or 10. That is pretty nifty. I like this assignment alot. It made me feel alot better, so gracias. I'm kinda worried that something might happen to this and whoever is going to grade this won't ever get it. I have really bad luck like that. I guess I'll find out at class next time. Hopefully my social security number will be on the big list. If not, I guess I'm screwed. I wonder if anybody is going to read this ? I hope not. I will sound pretty dumb. Maybe everyone else will to. Guess what the buzzer for 20 minutes is going crazy so even though it has been great, I must depart. So long till tomorrow. ",y,y,y,y,n

1997\_416158.txt,"I�m tired, stressed and I really don't feel all that good right now. my stomach hurts but I�m tired. I feel pressured. pressure from everywhere. school, work, life. how do I know what I�m doing with my life is what I was meant to do? I love amy she means the world to me. I wish that I hadn't broke up with her last year. it ruined a lot of things in my life. but I thought that I would be happier with someone else and I was for a short period of time but not a day went by that I didn't think about amy and wonder if she is really the one. I miss my grandpa who died on the first day of school this year. I�ve had a really tough time dealing with his death. I guess I just thought that he would never die. after all grandparents aren't supposed to (I think). I just have a hard time dealing with death. but paw paw is most assuredly in heaven right now looking down on me making sure I�m living my life as a Christian. I will see him again, I know! the thing is that paw paw really loved amy and she loved him. we were together for almost two years before I broke up with her for selfish reasons which I never found out what they were. I hate to be alone so I started dating janna who is a nice girl but I knew that it was all wrong but I enjoyed the companionship, which is wrong but was good because it helped me to realize that amy is the one for me. the one that I want to spend the rest of my life with. paw paw knew it. how ironic it was that I broke up with janna only one day before paw paw died and began seeking love from amy. he would have wanted us together. but I messed up and things are hard now, she still loves me but she is afraid to trust me. I need her! ",y,y,y,n,n

1997\_451854.txt,"Right now I am thinking about my girlfriend and what she is doing. Why is this guy behind me being so loud in the study center. I almost forgot how to spell ""center. "" This guy is trying to be as loud as possible. What is going on tonight? I sure do have a lot of homework. Why doesn't this guy get a megaphone so he can be even louder? Shut up Please! I hate this kid. Why is this girl laying on the couch doing her homework? I had fun last night. I wonder what my roommate did. This guy is really pissing me off. What the hell is his problem? I swear to everything that is holy if he does not shut up I will make the next four years of his life a living nightmare. What is my friend Jeremy doing right now? This is boring. Not hard though. This seems so stupid of a time. It's only been five minutes I still have fifteen more to go. What classes do I have tomorrow? SHUTUP ASSHOLE!!! I have Calculus and English. One hour classes not too bad. I am tired. I am going to take a nap later. I am getting tired of writing. Getting sleepy. What is this guy next to me doing? This guy that walked in is a real dork. I wonder what he did last night. Only ten minutes to go. This jerk is moaning out loud now. What is he thinking? I am going to kill him. This guy's headphones are way too loud. I am hungry. Why? I just ate. I am getting tired of waiting. This is boring. Only eight more minutes that I have to listen to this inconsiderate bastard. That guy wants that girl. I am through now. I am going to my room to sleep. ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_490275.txt,"and now its time to write about this wonderful stream of consciousness stuff that we learned about in our high school English class and about all the greats like william faulkner. you know, its kind of annoying that I should have to hit enter at the end of each line as though this were a typewriter, you might look into the text instructions for this window in the original scripting to see if it can be made to auto-return like some of the others do, but this is still a rather well laid out page and method of submitting a psych project. kudos to you. I wish my other teachers would do this. so what am I thinking about. well there's the Washington/Pittsburgh football game on TV right now. I have no idea whose winning or anything like that because I�m not really paying THAT much attention to it or anything but Washington did make a great touchdown a while ago (aha! Washington�s in the lead thirteen to seven) marvelously exciting I know. lets see. what else. well now here's a good one. I have to write this bioethics paper about an case study (why don�t the delete options work properly in this window) on this couple who undergo an ""amniocentesis"" test on their newly discovered child (don�t worry its still in her womb) and they find out that the child has a genetic disorder called turner syndrome. what I have to do is write about this case and give my Prof. an opinion one way or the other as to whether the couple should abort the fetus or keep it. which means in turn that I have to come to some sort of conclusion as to my beliefs on abortion. what a task. what a mind-consuming task but then maybe I shouldn�t tell you that I�m thinking of something other than my psych writing, but then again, I don�t imagine you would expect us (I�m not referring to myself as us, but rather the class (hate for you to think I�m schizo or something)) to focus directly on the task at hand since as best as I can tell the task at hand is not focusing on the task at hand quite specifically so and another thing, whenever fox sports shows a little window w/ player stats they play this obnoxious little theme music blurb on piano and I've heard it at l a million times and its starting to grate on my brain or something. so back to biomedical ethics: everything that I have been taught tells me that abortion is wrong for all the reasons and everything, but is it fair to bring a life into the world w/ such a condition. but then again, there are many things much worse than turners syndrome. like what if she was born a democrat. that would suck. and now my friend from back home has just sent me a message on icq. she�s a nice person. not incredibly attractive but very loving and compassionate. but none the less, a wonderful friend. she�s still at home right now b/c she�s going to UCLA and school doesn�t start until like the end of September or something. she got a job but I think she�s still bored as hell just sitting around talking with the little kids who are still in high school and she gets to hear them complain about the orchestra director and all that nonsense. I just explained to her what I�m doing. the internet is a wonderful thing I think. I can talk to a friend for free in almost real-time over icq (another great thing in the internet) any time that I want to. and now there's one of those funny Joe Namath commercials on TV. they�re just a hoot. well, my twenty minutes are just almost up, so I think that ill be off now. its been real fun chatting with you. have a nice day and all that. ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_519447.txt,"okay I hope this works because I already did this assignment but some one called in and took me off line and erased my entire message. ooo frustration and things haven't been going exactly right lately anyway. Ooo this key board is really dirty, I should clean it. should what a funny word. I should do lots of things. Sunday morning, man it is hot. my ac was out for the last two days, but it is on now so this world is alot nicer. I am in a better mood. I feel relaxed this morning, peaceful. Sundays seem to do that to me, especially when the Monday is going to be a holiday. The fan is blowing on me and I feel great. I ran this morning 8 miles around town lake and it has to be one of the hottest mornings yet. wow, very sticky. I felt exhausted and sick when I was done, but nothing water couldn't fix. The radio is on in my room the TV in the living room and my roommate�s radio in her room. many a noises going through my head. Oh I need to change my calendar page tomorrow, I just noticed that. august is over, wow that went fast. each year seems to go faster then the last. I can remember being 16 thinking college would never come and now I am a junior and college is almost over! what happened. dishes I need to do the dishes before I leave today. I am going out to my ranch to meet up with my family for the day. Why is there chocolate in my bed? That is odd. The arch of my foot hurts. no good. can't have that for running. tomorrow there is a 4 mile race around town lake. 7:30 am. maybe I�ll run in that, maybe I�ll actually sleep in one day. I haven't yet. not really since last spring semester. It was the busiest summer that I have had in a long time. poof. Oh I need to write Andy a letter. I keep forgetting. It was nice to talk with him yesterday. especially since he paid the bill. That always helps. I have quite the movie collection going now I just noticed all my cassettes. I don't like this song playing now. hey the TV went off. I don't want to drive today. I am tired of driving. My relaxed attitude seems to be disappearing. I am beginning to think of all the readings I have to begin doing. I took 15 hours this summer so I am tired. what happened to that thing called break? I think it forgot me, but I had a great summer. can't complain, plus now I am that much more along. I am glad I did what I did. The list for Wal-Mart just was delivered to me by my roommate. hmmm what do I need or want, diet dr. pepper I have to have that stuff. yum, great for the caffeine. well the day should be one of reading and talking. I love the weekend life. Talk again with you later. Good bye. ",y,y,n,y,y

1997\_675485.txt,"welcome to your life, there's no turning back, even while we. we will . whatever. I don't know all the words to everybody wants to rule the world, but that's the song on the radio right now. I can't recall ever hearing a song that I didn't like on KGSR. I think that I'll stay in Austin this summer so that I can continue to listen to it. I really missed it last summer, when I didn't really do anything. no, adi can't check his mail. he needs to get his own computer, but then again, so do I. so back to the point, there isn't one, Adi is not impressed with my psychology assignment. he wants to check his mail. that is why he is bitter. he won�t leave me alone to concentrate on my stream of consciousness or however you spell it. Lyle is not a man. she is the only girl I've ever met named Lyle. Adi will not stop talking about her, I don�t know what his fascination is with her, except that she is very attractive and other things. but that's all I have to say about her, because she is just my very nice friend. I honestly don't care, adi. I�m not lying, I know exactly what my feelings are. adi needs to get the hell out of here. by the way, his real name is aditya, but Americans can't pronounce that. maybe he should go back to India. like tonight. I hate the commercials on KGSR though. which is why I keep a CD ready for the ten minute commercial times. red shirt Sara, as she's known, was talking about marriage today, I think. that's really scary, since she's only 18, and also because if she marries any one, it should be me. at least for a few days. and Karen hasn�t been around much, but she's kind of out of it anyway. rosy cheeks. Jason has large speakers for his computer. which don't really have any meaning for me, since I never play computer games or do other things with them. I only check my email obsessively, although I usually don't ramble as much, unless I'm emailing my friend Tara, who I tell alot of useless information to. my stream of consciousness is rather boring, as I've learned in past jobs. I've had to entertain myself before while working long hours with no one else around at non engaging tasks. I usually sing whatever song is on my mind until I want to kill myself. (not really-which I should mention since you are psychologists)it's just that these songs get on my mind and won't go away, and all I can do is sing them over and over again. also I sometimes translate them into French. it always seems like I've accomplished something after I've done that. twenty minutes is a long time to just type. at least I have the radio on to give me some sort of stimulation, something to type about. adi has since left the room, which is why what I type is no longer influenced by the things (girls) he is talking about, or rather, about which he is talking. Its hard not to end your sentence with a preposition while typing a stream of consciousness thing, it's also difficult to spell consciousness correctly. I think I need to hear the new Sundays CD, it sounds really good, at least the one song that I've heard from it. I haven't bought a CD in a few weeks now, my last one being an older Poi Dog Pondering CD that I like a lot. my hands are beginning to hurt a little now. fortunately I only have two minutes left. I wonder how many people wrote about how much longer they had left. I know you can type longer, and I'd love to, except I have other homework and my hands hurt in addition to other excuses that I have available. so now I'm going to count to sixty, and that'll be twenty minutes. 60,549. 58,47. 56,55,54,53. that's getting old, although that really was what was going through my mind, only I couldn't really count down and type at the same time, I'll try again with the ten key. 60,590,58,57,56,55,545,53,52,52, no, that takes way too much concentration, but at least now I've exceeded twenty minutes. by one minute. thank you. ",y,n,y,n,y

1997\_856276.txt,"After spending almost an hour trying to get my computer at home to work on-line, I finally got here. So what do I say? Well, I guess everybody says that the first time that they do this assignment. I guess all that is going through my head right now is the advancement of the classroom. I am actually fulfilling an assignment by typing on the internet. I think it is pretty cool, though I am a little worried about what the future has to offer. The future is probably a real uncertain thing for me. I do not know where I will be in ten years or even ten months from now. Will college work out for me? Will I change my major from Advertising to Design and back again or will I totally steer from the graphic arts which I so dearly love and take up a new love or hidden talent. Well, I do not know. I guess that it is all the future really is to me, just a bunch of questions with unclear and vague answers. It is probably the same way for everyone else, at least I hope. What else do I want to type on my new fancy Compaq laptop? I don't know? As I ponder this a song I heard today keeps coming out and no matter what I do I cannot get it out of my head. And as the case always is I can only remember a few lines, while I try to hum the rest. ""Blue skies -- all of them gone -- nothing but blue skies from now on"" and that is all I can remember. When I come to think of it I really never heard this song today or anything, it just popped into my head. It is from With Honors, my most favorite movie of all time. I don't no whether it is the actors I like, the music, or the emphasis on Walt Whitman, one of my favorite poets, along with everybody else. Everytime I take a pause the song starts coming into my head again. When I really listen to the words of the song it is talking about your future, pretty coincidental, I might add. It is almost scary! But that is what I am going to have in my future, nothing but ""blue skies"". I think that that is too optimistic for my blood. I am usually the glass-is-half-empty-kind-of-guy. And I do not know -- DARNIT I HIT THAT CAPS LOCK BUTTON FOR THE MILLIONTH TIEM AGAIN. I hat that when I am typing really fast and the ideas are flowing and then -WAM- you hit the caps lock button or some other button that makes you take time and fix what is in caps or something else. To totally get off the subject or anything, but it is a really beautiful day out, today. If it wasn't so hot outside I probably would be outside right now, instead of in here typing this - whatever it is? Speaking of being hot. It just me or does it just keep getting hotter as you walk all the way across campus for a class. Well I guess it is better than rain. I always want the grass on the other side of the fence -- my mother says to me all the time. I informed her the other day that I was going to have a better life when I become rich and famous. As I soon found out that I shouldn't have brought up this subject to my mother, because she spouted for the millionth time that the ""Grass is not always greener on the other side. "" I totally do not agree with that. I just told her that I want things to be better and that you always need to strive for the best and I think that there is nothing wrong with that. My hands are starting to hurt! I think I am going to stop. I feel sorry for the person who has to sit down and read this. Well I bid you farewell. And may all your skies be blue! ",n,y,n,y,n

1997\_898660.txt,"wow, I want to go talk to the socialist organization they have a booth out on the west mall, but I am scared. I called them a long time ago. do they remember? I was supposed to go to that march but I didn't I hope they don't remember me-as not showing up-I�ll go in a little while. I hope the toadies don't open up for rage on Saturday, the toadies don't deserve to open up for a band like rage-rage has energy and pizzazz. the toadies suck, they're okay. i dunno, that boy looks like Andy, I don't know what to write, I am trying to write whatever pops into my head first, I wonder what they're gonna do with this I thought he was sam, I look around at people a lot, I wonder what people think o f me when they see me, I think I am pretty thin, but I have a poofy stomach. liposuction would be great, what am I gonna say when I go up to the socialists? hello? I am ericka, I called one of you before--was it you? no no no --I just have to be calm, why am I so nervous? my stomach is tying up in knots. breath in , gosh that's so lame that the wu tang clan cancelled, they suck, why did they do that, I wanted to see the, live- then I could say I�ve seen them, I�ve seen rage, Stanford prison experiment, mighty mighty bosstones, pietasters, h2o, cherry poppin daddies, miss xana don't and the whatevers, less than jake, discount, frenzal rhomb, the impossibles. I have probably seen others, but I dunno, I like shows, Kim goes to all the ones I go to but I haven't even met her in person yet, only on the computer, how weird the computer brings people together, maybe I�ll write her tomorrow, or today, I don't have much time lately, I am sleepy, I want to hang out with people, especially boys, they are my friends more than girls although I am one, we get naked in front of each other, we spit, burp, fart, we are comfortable or at least I am, I wonder if they look at me like one of them, well I guess so, if we do those sorts of things. I am pretty much a boy, sometimes I wish I was, but I like being a girl, no not when it's time to bleed, but see, I can have a baby, and do other things they can't, I love boys, I love Andy, gosh I wish he was here so I could take him down to the socialist table with me I think he knows them, I hope they don't leave, I am going to go when I finish this typing thingy, I can type pretty fast, she looked like Chris, why hasn't she called me, is she in Dallas? I hope Matt didn't leave he probably did, I had a dream he left, I bet he left, he didn't say bye, I hope he emails me, I hope he doesn't forget me, I hope he has fun in merry old England the princess' funeral is on Saturday, I am glad it's on TV. how sad that was, those freak photographers killed her. paparazzi assassins, he is nevermind. cramps hurt my body bad, but only recently, I wonder why---I never got them before. I am just unlucky what an unlucky girl am I --three more minutes of this, my fingers are getting tired next I will get on the list serve for my juvenile delinquency class, then I will talk to the socialists I hope my breath isn't bad I have chicken breath, but I was in a hurry after lunch. no time no time for picking my butt just do it I hope they're still there when I go down, if they aren't I dunno, I hope Jaime likes me, I kinda like him. I hope I have been writing long enough I think so adios ",y,y,n,y,y

1997\_913139.txt,"9/8/97 Yeah, I've finally gotten around to doing this assignment. I hope I do o. k. Oh whoops, I forgot to check my watch to see when I need to stop. O. k. it's 1:50 so I will stop at 2:10. I just double spaced at the end of that period. I remember learning how to do that in my 8th grade computer class. Oh gosh, what if this is too short? I'm a really slow typer, but this is really fun. The girl next to me is typing so fast, maybe I will be that good by the end of this year. There is a boy now walking around with a blank expression on his face. I wonder where he is going. After this I am going to my room and working on some homework. I like how the keys on this computer feel when I type. I miss my computer at my house, but anyway. This is fun, because I'm so used to typing in an organized fashion where everything is structured. I mean this assignment is structured, but our writing doesn't have to be. My left eye itches, but I'm afraid you touch it because I don't want to waste any time on my assignment. My watch just beeped which means that it is now 2:00, and I have ten minutes left. Wow, a loud buzzer just went off, maybe someone messed up a computer or something. Someone just rattled his change which reminds me that I have only a little bit of money left for the week. I hope I'm writing enough. This is as fast as I can go. I wonder if you really read these or just skim through them. It said this was a completion grade, good. I'll work on the other assignment tomorrow afternoon. the line now for waiting has gotten really long. Thank goodness it is air-conditioned in here. My left eye still hurts and is making me blink. I wonder what the others in here are working on? I wonder what my parents are doing right now? They are probably both already at home. I hope they find a place to stay for parents weekend. Gosh, that sounds so freshman. I only have 5 more minutes left. There is no way the teacher reads all of these. The t. a. must help. I like Scott. I went to one of his study sessions. My nails are long and I wanted to get a manicure. I wonder how many in the class have finished this assignment? Typing is very therapeutic, I feel a lot more relaxed now. I hope I've typed enough. The girl next to me is leaving. I have 2 minutes left. I just checked my watch. I'm kind of sleepy. I think I will go to bed early tonight. Yeah, tonight David Letterman is on. He's my favorite. Oh, my time is up. I'll be back tomorrow to work on the next homework!!! ",n,n,n,y,y

1997\_918806.txt,"I'm just sitting here thinking while I wait for my clothes to clean. While sitting here I realize how much my life is different in Austin rather than two hundred and eighty miles away in Nederland. For example, I always had someone to do my laundry there and if I did it myself I never had to wait for a washing machine. The thing I miss most about Nederland is not having my friends around. Even though my best friend and my girlfriend are also attending U. T and both are staying in Jester I still miss my other friends a lot. I always thought when I came to Austin it was going to be so much fun, but now I realize there is a lot of work involved. Only a week has gone by since I got here and I already have so much to do. That is another thing I miss about home, the ability to do nothing if I so desire. Here ""doing nothing"" is not an option. I feel that if I do nothing I will fall behind and just be wasting time. I miss the little things about home. Even though my girlfriend lives here I miss being able to go to each others house. Sure we can go to each others dorm rooms but I miss the feeling of home and hanging out with her family and mine. That is another thing I have not mentioned yet, I miss my family. I honestly did not think I would but I do. I guess over time I will grow accustomed to living here and maybe eventually be able to call Austin my home. Well, it's time to put the clothes in the dryer so I guess this is the end. ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_957036.txt,"I am constantly thinking about the past. I often think about the good things that have occurred in my highschool years. I feel really sad because I miss my family so bad. I am always thinking about how I never get in trouble anymore because my parents aren't here to get mad at me whenever I come home late. I feel so lonely here. nobody knows anybody. Everywhere I turn I see different faces that I probably wont ever see again this semester. I feel so depressed because my boyfriend is gone. I am always dreaming about being together again, but its not going to happen ever because we just broke up. I miss him so bad and I can't ever be with him anymore just because I have too much darn pride. I wish I didn't have so much pride. PRIDE gets me nowhere all it does is leave you wondering What could have been? or where would I be standing now with him had I not been so proud. I am so sad, but then again I would rather have alot of pride than no pride at all. I wonder what I�m going to do with my life. Everybody seems to know exactly what they are good at. I don't!! I'm totally lost I don't know what I�m the best at. How are you supposed to know what career is the best one to choose. I want to do good in school but people don't work to the best of their ability unless they have certain goals. I'm not determined. I don't know if I will be successful dancing ballet or operating on some dying person. I'm too confused. I'm happy I have my brother I love him so much I don't know what I would do without him. I�m really hungry . I didn't have breakfast, lunch or dinner because I was too mad about my boyfriend or ex-boyfriend I should say. I can't think or sleep or eat I don't know what to do should I let go of all of this pride that I have? NO, it will be better for me in the longrun. Why do people get hurt so much. I don't understand my mind knows that things happen for a reason. I know deep down inside that for some reason this happened and that things will get better, but I�m hurting so bad inside and I still want to smile at people and say hi to my friends even when I don't want to talk to anybody. I don't understand why I have to feel horrible and my friends are all having a blast. Why do some people live the best life and others don't get it so easily. It's not fair to have some people be happy all the time and others who are born without an arm or who's parent's have died or who have some sickness why them and not me for example? ",y,n,n,n,n

1997\_996255.txt,"I just got finished with my Spanish homework and now I can think in English. I don't really care for Spanish very much other than its ability to help me understand another language. Before that I was writing email to friends of mine at other schools. It is a great comfort to be able to have communication with them. If I didn't have email I probably wouldn't be able to because making long distance phone calls is extremely expensive. I just found out that one of my friend's friend is quitting school. I don't understand that. Giving up an education seems ridiculous to me. Gold fishes are also ridiculous. My neighbor has oh wait, had two goldfish. One of them died last night. Gold fish are infamous for being fair-weather fish. One minute they are there and the next minute they are floating down the toilet bowl to a watery grave or a Pepsi commercial. I now have been writing for five minutes and I wish I could stop looking at the clock. I took a computer assisted English class last semester and I am not the least bit more comfortable working with a computer because of the experience. One of my projects last semester had to do with the Tick. He is a huge cartoon super hero dressed in blue spandex and often takes adventures, or nightmares, into the inner workings of his mind, he also has antenna which are referred to as those ""things"" on the cartoon by his cohorts. My little sister likes the tick as well but I don't think she understands alot the humor in it, most of its pretty stupid I will admit. My sister just learned how to say her ABC�s in Spanish last week and wanted to repeat them to me over the phone. the way she says ""w"" is really cute. My brother just got married this past summer and I don't know what to think of his wife, she is cool and all but sometimes acts a little strange. but I am not really a judge of strange since I have been called that myself a time or two. Actually I think everyone is called strange, or weird, at one point or another because sooner or later each person takes a detour from what would be their own normal thing. Like my mom actually wanting me to buy an expensive gift for a friend, when she would normally suggest a nice greeting card, or package of candy. Ten minutes. It is amazing how often people look at the clock. My batteries went dead awhile back and I don't really miss it very much, granted I took my sister's Mickey mouse watch every now and then, in fact I think it is my room right now, but time often feels insistent and that can be stressful. Kind of like how I have time constraint on when and when not to write this assignment. My calf muscles are incredibly sore and I have been complaining about them all day. My roommate said that I shouldn't complain because I was the one who willingly went to an aerobics class yesterday. Well I was unaware that aerobics works out the calf muscles so much, if I had know that this was how I was going to feel the day afterward then it certainly would have made me think twice. 15 minutes. The MTV movie awards are on tonight and I don't know if I really want to watch them or not. Its just a bunch of funny people dressed in funny clothes prancing around telling everybody how cool they are, I get enough of that with going to school here, just kidding. I will probably watch it anyway. My neighbors are pretty cool, even the one with minus on fish. I sure hope it didn't die because she didn't feed it, or over fed it. I don't see the purpose of a goldfish, I like cats much better and will probably own the type of cat that will eat goldfish, even though that is disgusting. I just got a new kitten this past summer and her name was quesadilla, but now it is bob. What ever happened to quesadilla I will never know. I guess my dad and mom just couldn't hang with a name that made no sense. Well it made sense to me, because she was found two days old behind my brothers restaurant, and they have the best quesadillas there. 20 minutes. ",n,y,y,n,y

1997\_478467.txt,"Okay, I've begun writing. One thing I should probably point out as I recall the above statement about disregarding grammar is that I spend so much time typing on the computer that editing grammar and punctuation as I type are second nature to me, so it's not like I've gone back and fixed all the errors. Which doesn't mean that there probably aren't any run on sentences in here. Okay. That's been said. Right now my roommate is being fairly loud. I find that bothersome. I'm not sure if he's stupid or inconsiderate. I'd rather be at home right now. I was spoiled by having to do little to no work over the summer and now I'm having trouble getting the motivation to do anything. It made the summer more fun at the time, but it was maybe not such a good idea. Ideas are like that because of that whole 20/20 hindsight thing. I'm looking at the vents on the side of my computer and for some reason it struck me that they look like gills. I'm not looking forward to having to do the other writing assignment. Which is not to say I think it'll be difficult, but this assignment requires almost no discipline. The other one will require me to have directed thought, and that's not really that big a deal, but it's one thing to sit down ready to do a task and another thing to attempt the task when you know exactly how long you're supposed to be doing it. What I mean to say is that the time will seem to pass more slowly because I'll be watching the clock, so I'll probably be more bored, and I don't like to be bored. I'm not very far into this but my train of thought seems to have stopped. Probably because my roommate(or actually suitemate; I have a room to myself but share a refrigerator, microwave and two bathrooms with two other guys)keeps playing random notes on his guitar and someone else in his room is speaking very loudly. It wouldn't be so bad if he'd just shut his door, but for some reason he hasn't thought of that. They've wandered outside his room and are now talking very loudly outside of my door now. Now they seem to have left, so maybe I can concentrate. No, that didn't work. I've found it previously difficult to make my mind blank intentionally, but now it seems to come quite easily. I think probably I'm tired. The cable system here has more cable changes than the cable at my home, so when there's nothing else to do I usually watch something like Comedy Central late at night and shave a few hours off of a healthy amount of sleep. That's better; time's passing quickly now. Which I normally wouldn't like, but this is something I wouldn't have done if it wasn't a grade(no offense to anyone involved in this research)and when you're forced to do something you want it to end quickly. I think the air conditioning in this dorm is screwed up. It's hot right now, and I had to buy a fan earlier to keep it semi-cool in my room. It doesn't work all the time. Like right now. The fan's blowing on me, but I'm not cool. There he goes again. I think my roommate's playing 'Sympathy for the Devil' now. Which isn't so bad, because that's a good song. I tried to learn the piano once, but I didn't stay on it for very long. I found that the teacher was really good for nothing, because I could learn everything she taught from the book itself. But when I stopped going to lessons I found too many other things to occupy my time, and stopped practicing. I would have liked to have been able to play the keyboard parts in several Rolling Stones songs. And several other of the 'older' bands' songs. Most modern music is pretty much no good. And that brings an end to my twenty minutes. ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_596970.txt,"I just sat down at a computer in the lobby of srd, which is where I live. I just finished checking my e-mail since my computer in my room has not yet been equipped with an Ethernet. My boyfriend e-mailed me because he just got home. He goes to Baylor. He hates it there, though, and wants to transfer here in the spring. I am perturbed by the method of typing this computer is set up with. why doesn't it automatically wrap to the beginning on the visible screen. sorry, I can be really anal at times. I am sorry if this looks messed up, but I couldn�t figure out how this works. sorry again. I sure am glad this isn't going to be graded, or else my body paragraph would get an ""f"". I really miss my boyfriend. I am nervous about my dance-team tryout today. I don't know if I am in good enough shape to make the team. I haven't danced in like four months, and I am really out of shape. I am adjusting pretty good I guess to the whole college experience. I have made many new friends , and already have done things with them. for example, my friend heather and I are going shopping at the mall at 4 to get my boyfriend a birthday present. I am misspelling words right and left huh. I am kinda excited about learning psychology. the brain chapter, I hear, is confusing, but all of the case studies should be interesting I have no more classes today, but I need to finish reading my chapter one in psych. and my chapter two in chemistry. My boyfriend cam for a visit this weekend. I think he had a good time. We went out to eat at El arroyos, which was rumored to have good Tex-Mex food. They were right, alright. some of the best I've ever tasted. we then went to comedy sports, an improv club at northcross mall. it was hysterical. the members of the teams respond to impromptu suggestions from the audience. He stayed with friends at towers and called me the minute he woke up on Saturday. he came over to srd and we went shopping on the drag. I got two T-shirts, a baseball cap, and two books from the co-op. he got some u. t. memorabilia to take home with him to try and persuade his parents to let him come here in the spring. he is going to have a tough time explaining it to them, I think, because they will undoubtedly think that the only reason he wants to come here is because I�m here. I don't know how much weight that pulls in his decision, but I hope that isn't the basis for his decision. he started out at Baylor because they are said to have a good pre-med program, which is ultimately his goal. he met with the hpo office while he was here, and met with an advisor about the science program here. he was impressed that it was so similar to Baylor's. We then went over to the admissions office so that he could meet with someone about credits needed to transfer and other such items. He needs 24 hours to transfer, and after fall he will have 26, so he hopes to be accepted as a transfer student. Amy just walked in and said Hi!. now she looked at my screen I'm not crazy, I am doing stream of consciousness assignment for pschology. as she nods. she is a nice girl. she lives down the hall from me. I needed to get this done today because I have plans for the rest of the week after Wednesday, since this is a two day assignment. I should've recorded what time I started typing, huh! that would have been beneficial. I�m retarded in that sense. i mean sometimes I have no common sense. I wonder what my grades will be like this semester. I am used to straight A�s, and I hope I can accomplish this in college as well. I need to petition my AP grades sometime soon, but I don't know when or where. oh, well, I�ll look it up somewhere, and get it done. I need to do some laundry today, too. I am running out of plain little T-shirts, what's a girl to do. maybe I�ll find something cute while I�m shopping today. I hoe my boyfriend ( jaron is his name, if you wanted to know) likes his present. i think I am going to get him a ring from james avery and have it engraved. always. that is what I am engraving into it. so he'll remember. I am kinda sore from my dance class this morning. all we are doing is stretching but it takes alot out of me. I need to take a shower this evening sometime, cuz I am still kinda sweating from walking from like the stadium back home. in case you didn't know I live at 27th and the drag, so its a good hike to and from classes. I think I have been typing for twenty minutes so I am going to submit this. I wonder what happens if I didn't type for twenty minutes. what if I don't get credit. maybe I�ll keep going for another minute. I checked my mailbox when I came in, and I didn't have any new packages. my dad supposedly sent one on Friday, but it hasn't arrived yet. I think I am running out of things to say, so I�ll let you go on to whoever's paper is next in line. ",y,y,n,y,n

1997\_716840.txt,"pennebaker I used to think it was spelled pennebaker and I couldn�t logon to the web page cause I kept spelling it wrong, silly me. but that�s the story of my life I guess, one time, I thought I was going to psy class, but I had the day wrong, and I ended up going to a chemistry class!! and I said to the guy next to me, ""is that the usual guy who teaches?"" and he goes, ""yeah"" duh. and my eyes are pretty bad and so I was like, okay. and then well, he started talking about chemistry, and that's when I realized that I had the wrong day and was in the wrong class. but I was such a nincompoop, for some reason, I just didn't want to leave the class, maybe it was the really hot girl who sat down next to me, yeah, I guess it was probably her, but anyway I ended up staying in there and finding the class very interesting, and so I wouldn't look like a freshman, which of course I am, I started to take notes. you know, I won't keep them or anything, but I couldn't just sit there while this guy was giving this awesome lecture and not take notes!!! especially when that girl next to me was taking notes so fast like. but there's too many girls are this school. I mean, wait, I mean, too many girls who think they're pretty and try to hard. maybe there's too many guys in the same class, I wouldn't know. but like, I find it amazing. I mean, of course, in highschool, they're were girl who tried so hard to impress everyone and make themselves so beautiful, and all us guys were like the ones who try the hardest are the ones who fail the hardest!!! fail meaning don't do a good job of making them selves look good. I don't know, I just always preferred the beautiful ones who didn't have to paste on the makeup on for hours every morning. sometimes, I would and still wonder how long it takes a particular girl to get ready to go to a college class. it looks like it takes them FOREVER! it's amazing, I just get up, take a shower, do the person hygiene things that everyone does, put some clothes on, and go. I don't know. maybe I should spend more time getting myself prettier. I just find it disgusting, that's all. and one time, one of my friend sent me this email with the most awful, brutal, disgusting pictures I�ve ver seen. I was so depressed for like days after I saw them. I don't know what they were of, I mean, if it was a war or what not. but it was these pictures of people who were dead, and they way the died, it was just horrid. I mean, I�ve seen some nasty deadly pictures of hanging and shooting people and everything, but these were just simply horrid. and I never get sad or depressed these days, at least not any more. I used to be though. and get this, it was cause of a girl that I was so depressed!! can you believe that!? I was going out with her, right, and it was all good, and then one day she said not any more, and I couldn't believe it. it was such a shock, I was amazed, and therefore depressed for like, well, for months, probably around 6 months were I felt that I was leading two separate lives!! it was horrible. and you know, with things like that, the only thing that helps is time. lots of it. I guess that�s what my uncle is going through. uuhh, lemme see, I think it was probably about 5 months ago, maybe more, maybe less, my cousin was at a party where many illegal substances were being used, cocaine, speed, you know, those terrible drugs. he ended up getting in to a fight over the use of a telephone with some African American male (my cousin and I are Hispanics, well, I�m just half Hispanic and half white, but he was pure blood) and they got into a fight, and the African American guy ended up stabbing my cousin and killing him. it was instant or anything, my cousin was a really big guy. strong and big and everything. he had a wife and a daughter. she's so beautiful. she had no idea what was going on at her fathers funeral. I mean, she's old enough to walk and talk and stuff like that, but she was clueless. and so I was I for that matter. she probably understood it more than I I did the more I think about it. his funeral was so so, well, the most beautiful and sad thing I�ve ever seen in my life. that's what my mom said about princess Diana�s death, but it pertains to this as well, at least for me. we buried him. in a cemetery, next to some family members. he was 21. it wasn't his time. it wasn't his place. but, God has a reason for everything, you know. I wonder if I�m just writing this out and nobody is going to read this, and I wonder if and when you, if there is a you, reads this, when that will be. it's 5:28 p. m. Wednesday, august 10th, 1997. I miss him. another really close friend of mine died of cancer on march 13, 1995. but we won't go there, things just kind ad up you know? Anyway, did you know that right now and for the past 2 decades Neptune has been the farthest planet from our sun!? did you know that!? I didn't! I was amazing, my thumb is really hurrying from hitting the space bat so darn often. I miss my cousin. I didn't know him well enough. my other cousin, all the full blood ones, the true ones, they took it a lot harder that I did. they were into to things like that, and it was like a wake up call for them. for me, it was a wake up call that I don�t' think I�m ever going to pick up. it's like it hasn't really happened, STILL. after all this time, I STILL hasn't really happened!!! is that amazing? talk about denial. but it's more than just denial for me, I mean I truly still don't think it's hit home yet. it s just one of those things you read about, see on T. V. it's not something that happens to your cousin. my cousin was murdered. my cousin was murdered. can't believe that, saying that, my cousin was murdered!? is it true? was he murdered seriously!? can that be, is it possible!? is that SO!? IS THAT SO!? I PRAY TO GOD THAT THE PERSON WHO KILLED HIM REALIZES HIS SINS IN JAIL, FOR THE NEXT 25 YEARS AT LEAST WITHOUT BAIL, AND I PRAY TO GOD HE REPENTS FOR HIS SINS, AND I PRAY TO GOD THAT GOD FORGIVES HIM, CAUSE LORD KNOWS I NEVER WILL in memory of Shawn Albert Deolloz ",y,n,y,n,y

1997\_832991.txt,"Hmmm. stream of consciousness. Follow my train of thought. I guess I can say I've had experience with this in that I used to, and still do sometimes, write down stuff when I just had to get something off my chest. I followed my thoughts and emotions. It helped me a lot to get through some things. I had never really done anything like that until this past summer. I guess it was because I hadn't had anything bother me so much until then. But anyhow, I am not about to tell you about my experience; that is personal. I find it strange that I never really liked to write, assignments for example. I found it so boring and pointless. But now I realize that many authors write for pleasure, for entertainment, or to simply get something off their chest. But I guess you learn as you go. So far I feel I'm doing ok in following my thoughts, which have been pretty much superficial. Anyhow, I'm here completing an assignment, and complete it I shall. Besides, there are no right or wrong answers. Now, I'm just looking at the keyboard because my mind has gone blank. I thought this assignment would be easier for me seeing that I've had experience in writing my thought without planning ahead, but I didn't think I would have this much problems in having a subject to write. I just thought of something. It is something I had thought about during the summer, while I was going through the experience mentioned before. I feel that many people skip the thought process and just act with what they feel. I do agree that it is important to satisfy your emotions, your feelings, and your desires, but there must also be some thought put into a decision. Without this thinking process, a person could get him or herself into a lot of trouble. For example, if for some reason Person A decides he feels like killing someone, he could get into a lot of trouble for doing it. If he thinks about it ahead of time, he will see the dark road ahead. He will realize that he is just being crazy and that satisfying his feelings could cost a lot. And yet, I find it hard to believe that some people, some of whom I know personally, don't use this process. Take for example many teenagers. They got out with friends. They get drunk and end up crashing and in the hospital, if they are lucky to be alive. Had they thought about the consequences, chances are they would have realized that getting drunk was not worth it. But then, there is also an ""evaluation"" that takes place when this thinking process is used. In the case of the teenagers, they are probably aware of the consequences of getting drunk and driving. I mean, they see it everyday through various media. They probably realize that the consequences are pretty bad; yet they choose to go ahead and drink. They are willing to take the risk. They have decided that getting drunk is more important, or at least worth the risk, than their lives. It's probably that stage in their lives when they feel immortal. When they feel invincible. I was a teenager once, but never did I do the things that many others did and still do. I consider my life to precious to waste on one party. I have just made an evaluation after the thought process. I have found throughout the years that I tend to hold myself back on certain actions. I feel like doing something, I want to do it, but yet, my mind says ""Stop. Is it right? Is it good for you? Is it ethical?"" etc. , etc. I consider many things before actually making a decision. Although my feelings and desires might be held back for a while, I know that at least my life remains the ""right"" track. You will notice that my college experience will be a little different from other students. Twenty minutes and thirty-three seconds have gone by, so I guess that's time. Hope you enjoyed!!! ",n,n,y,y,n

1997\_835686.txt,"So I�m sitting here typing about whatever is on my mind. Well, a whole lot is on my mind right now, like what the hell am I supposed to do about my car. Good Lord, that's all I needed, my care to really mess up on me. But anyway, right now, I�m really missing my girlfriend. She is all that consumes my thoughts, so a random progression of my subconscious thoughts will most likely be all about her. I really know how much she means to me now that I went back home to see her. Enough about Liz. Thinking consciously about her will just make me very sad. I was thinking about acid the other day, you know, LSD. I was told that Lewis Carroll, author of ""Alice in Wonderland"", was having one hell of a trip when he wrote the book. That would explain some of the messed up things that he wrote about, but I think that if he had tapped into his own subconscious, he would have been able to write about the same stuff. I mean, LSD allows you to see things that you normally would not see on your own, but I think that deep within your own consciousness, that is what you would really see. For example, I have a friend that said that the ceiling looked like it was dripping, due to all of the little bumps on it from paint. If you look at a ceiling like that long enough, with a clear head, I believe that you would see the exact same thing. I guess that the only reason this kind of pisses me off is that there are so many people that believe that really messed up art, music, and literature can only be created by some one who is having one really wicked trip or who is on some drug or stimulant of some kind. That is complete BS because when I write, or draw, or create music that's really screwed up, I tend to always do it in a clear frame of mind. It really makes me mad that some people believe art comes from being fucked up when all the time it comes from the heart (where it should come from) or the inner recesses of one's mind. I don't want people to think that all the art I create comes from drug abuse when it really comes from my own tormented mind. The absence of the love of your life can lead to some really messed up art. I've written some of the most depressing work I�ve ever written lately because of that absence. If it were humanly possible, financially etc. , I would marry that girl in a heartbeat because I think the only way for me to be completely happy is to be with her. The drumming in my head is beginning to start. How quaint for the artistic flow to arrive just as I am planning to leave the site. The drumming will continue the rest of my evening. ",y,y,y,n,y

1997\_871531.txt,"The first thing that comes to my mind is how unbelievably long the web address is to this web page. My gawd! Now I am wondering if this text box has automatic text wrap-around, because, so far, everything is on one line. Oh, I guess I will have to do it manually, and hit return after every line. Now my roommate Brandon is berating me for not knowing how to format this text. Maybe if I ignore him for long enough, he will go away. My glance has caught the sight of the Daily Texan. What a lousy newspaper. It is really short, and the best-written articles are from the Associated Press. That's really pitiful, because the Associated Press writes the most boring, dry articles on the face of the planet. But that is better than the grammatically incorrect and content-devoid writing of the staff writers. I see that they (ah, the non-descript ""they"") have created a virus that destroys the AIDS virus in at least some instances. Supposedly, this new virus has worked in the testtubes, but they will not test the virus on animals until next month. That brings up the issue of testing on animals. I have mixed feelings about the issue. If only the animals were voluntary to (almost certainly) die, then it would be different. And if the animal testing ultimately leads to the eradication of a disease or virus, then, of course, it is worth it. But that doesn't make it any easier to do such a terrible thing to an animal. I saw a Twenty-Twenty about these apes who had been tested on and then were taught to talk. They were so intelligent, and so smart. They were depressed, and so sad. Poor babies. Why do I call them babies? Because that implies that they are poor and innocent. I hate the ""dart"" board in our dorm room. It is not a true dart board, but one of those Velcro kind with the plastic balls that never stick. ""Bulls-eye! Oh, dang it, it fell off. Never mind. "" That is quite typical. I hate studying! The thought of it makes me sick to my stomach. I hate to puke! Just kidding. It's just that I have gotten a little behind in my reading for both astronomy and psychology, so now I am having to read last week's chapters just to get to this weeks. Needless to say, I could use some improvement in my study habits. And the astronomy is so dry! What up with that, G-dawg in da' house? You ask any G-dawg, and that dawg will agree straight-up, you know what I'm sayin', fool? School tomorrow! I don't even want to think about it, so I won't. Church went well today. I played pretty well, with the exception of jumping the gun on the opening hymn in the 9:30 service today, altogether skipping the call to worship. Oops! Thank god my salary is not based on number of mistakes. No, actually, I usually do well, and, that mistake notwithstanding, that held true today. I must say, though, the sermon was pretty boring. Especially since I had to hear three sermons. Two is my limit, and three is just too much. Now I am singing in my head. I cannot stopping ""playing"" in my head the new version of ""Candle in the Wind"" that Elton John wrote for Princess Di's funeral. ""It seems to me you lived your life like a candle in the wind. Never fading in the sunset when the rains set in. "" I believe it has been twenty minutes, so I'm OUTTA HERE! ",n,y,y,y,y

1997\_897862.txt,"NOTE: Something happened when I was typing this-the words never skipped down to the next line. (Maybe it's supposed to be that way?!) Anyway, my thoughts continue to the right-quite a ways. Sorry for the hassle!! I'm not really sure what this whole assignment is about, but it should be fairly easy for me since I think way too much at times. My thoughts?? I am extremely tired right now. I had a very exhausting weekend and would love to not have classes in the morning. I am doing everything possible to procrastinate and not begin my huge amount of work. I still haven't really gotten in to the whole college thing. I feel like I am in some kind of dream world-like I it's not really me sitting in a college class with 500 other students. Maybe I was spoiled in high school with classes of only a max of 25 and a graduating class of only 140. Our teachers probably babied us with lots of one-on-one attention-which at the time I loved and appreciated. But NOW I am so overwhelmed! I'm now only a number out of hundreds of other kids. I guess this whole experience is a big transition no matter what. Anyway, I hope I am doing this correctly. I have no idea why my computer is laying out my words like this. I hate computers!! We just don�t mix well. I am completely computer illiterate. Sorry if this is taking you longer to read. I am very excited about this psychology class. It happens to be one of my possible majors. Who knows what will happen?! All I know is that I am a people person and a very good listener that would love to be able to help people in anyway I can. I know it is a tough major with tons of schooling, but it really interests me. I just finished talking to a few of my friends from high school on the phone. They all seem so far away. I miss them and all the fun times we shared. I love reminiscing about our memories, especially looking at old pictures. My walls are full of pictures of friends and family and I'm sure by the end of the year you won't be able to tell what color the walls are. I miss my family too. ",y,y,y,n,n

1997\_917491.txt,"so I am going to write this stream of consciousness thing for psychology and I�m worried that someone will come in and think that I�m retarded because I live at home because my parents won't let me go. If they read this they will get very angry with me for feeling this way but I don't understand why they even still try to control the way I feel. I don't really know what to say but I guess that's the whole point of this assignment. Which is not of what I say, but what I think. I hope this typing isn't too bad. Maybe I'll go back later and reedit it but I'll probably get embarrassed or ashamed of how I am. That's weird that I get embarrassed of myself. Maybe I think too much and am hypersensitive or maybe this class will help me understand myself. I was thinking about something that the teacher said earlier about everyone suspecting that they are crazy or abnormal as he put it and that's probably right because I always ask myself and others I trust which are few what is wrong with me. I know that there is something or maybe it's all in my head. I know that if I wanted to I could convince myself that my dad just walked in and yelled at me for shutting the door. What was I saying maybe I should not be at home writing this someone always comes in and opens the door or reads whatever I�m doing. I hate this. not this, just my situation. I'll bet I sound pretty negative right now. I suppose it's because of school and my relatives all dying and my family but everyone's got problems right? I wish that I could talk to a counselor. I don't want to think about myself and try not to thing right now about that. I don't want them to see me cry and come in and yell at me or ask me what's wrong and tell me what to do about it. They don't understand. my being unhappy doesn't help them it just makes them mad at me. why am I so unhappy. why am I writing about this because in class it was said not to write about this stuff. I guess you won't read this like you said until a while from now anyway who knows maybe I�ll be better by then. Maybe I�ll have friends, but my family will still be here. I used to wish they died but then I thought I�d feel bad if they did. Everyone is dying. As my mother says, it's not normal to be happy all of the time, but of course she married my dad who is the cause of the problem so she is right about herself, but not me. why when I was a child, was I happy more than now. I didn't experience my father as harshly then as I do now. how would she know anyway, she married him when she was 18 my age. just a kid who didn't know anything made to be a servant to him. wish I don't even know what I want anymore. I wonder what school will be like tomorrow. what will I become in life does everyone feel like me. they certainly don't show it very much . I walk the halls and it's all so big and impersonal maybe its because I�m younger a freshman or I�m not looking at it the right way. I think that I'm too negative the phone just rang once. I wonder who it is. It's not for me because I don't know anyone I miss high school, that's weird when I was in classes I hated it. I guess I miss my friends. I wonder what he's doing now. I cant think about that it'll only make me worse. Why do I feel this way. I wish I could control my emotions like others and look serious and normal, not afraid. why am I afraid. I bet you'll think that I�m weird. I don't even care anymore. Why can't they leave me alone. Those psychological tests scared me. It was . like either write a five page paper or do tests. Obviously the kid would rather do tests than do a billion page essay. but who know maybe it will be fun. I just got a call weird my only friend but I told my sister that I had to go and to tell them bye. Even when I have a friend I can't talk. I just wish that I who is singing. there's no privacy in the house. I wish that I lived in a dorm you shut the door and it makes them want to come in but when you open the door they feel like they can just come in and talk to you. if I shut the door they get curious like that time my dad thought that I was taking drugs in my room what a jerk. why can't he trust me maybe I am bad I have done nothing that I regret but I guess I should reap what I sow. I hate consequences. who is that . I wish they'd just shut up. why can't UT give scholarships to live in dorms to middle class students they�re so stingy about that now I suffer at home alone traveling to freedom at school alone. I want to have friends but am afraid what if someone walks in and read this. I wish I could shut the door but that would disturb me and my stream of conscious like everyone already has. Who is talking. I don't know why they're all worried I think I need more attention but I don't know how to get it what is wrong with me what is she doing. I wish they�d all leave. it's nine and I have to wake up early how much longer. I actually enjoy this it's like purging all of the negativity which I have alot of. This is a good idea. I kind of wish I could read other kids stream of conscious to see what they�re like. if they had the same thoughts and feelings that I did. I don't want to revise it you said it would be completion anyway so I don't have to revise. I want to sleep and forget everything all happened for a few hours of nothingness. then start over tomorrow and feel again. People would be so much better off if they didn't feel at all Less war and no jealousy. I hate love and emotions they only hurt you. and others involved. I have a minute left and just in time because my dad might come in and get mad at me for staying up too late. they�re is never enough time to do anything Why am I negative. I wish I knew what I wanted. what else do I say or think I start work tomorrow. I wonder if I can handle it or not. what if I fall why do I worry so much I wish I didn't worry. then I�d be fine. who is behind me I hope I meet people tomorrow. I want to get all of my work done so that I can work but it keeps piling up will I ever finish do I have the time I hate being overwhelmed high school was so easy. they didn't prepare me at all. it's too hot. why do I complain all of the time I hope that I am doing this right it's not a grade but it might be. who is that behind me. no matter if I shut this door they open it no privacy no body cares they do but they don't show. that's dumb. What do I say next where are the keys for tomorrow I have to get ready what time is it. that's my timer cool I wish I weren't so tired bye ",n,y,y,y,y

1997\_953451.txt,"My roommate won't shut up. O. K. Bert. My friend Bert was just talking to me. I better drop my Geography, because that class is boring. I don't even read the book because it's so boring. I hope I can drop it before the date where I get a full refund. My Dad might get mad, but oh well. I think I'll go home this weekend and work for my Dad because I need some money. I hope he's working. My hand hurts already. I can't study here. I can't wait until I get home. Sometimes I just love being by myself. Man, my friend Matt needs to get a job. It's like I'm running a daycare center. He's always at my house and he never goes to school. He just plays on my Playstation all day. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_973910.txt,"Well I'm not sure what to start talking about. It's taken forever just to get this assignment started. I had to set up an if account and all that before I could start. I hate coming to new computer labs, this one is new to me because I just transferred here. I feel totally computer illiterate, so I start to feel like an idiot when the lab people have to go around with me and me figure it all out. But anyway, I'm here now doing it, and I guess you always learn something from these situations. I learned that I need to get my own account set up from my computer in my room, so then I don't have to worry about coming up here and dealing with this. I guess we are just supposed to tell you what we're thinking about and our thoughts as they change. Well all I keep thinking is I wonder what you are going to think about my thoughts and ramblings when you read this. Maybe you'll enjoy it because I sound paranoid and you can analyze me! ha ha I'm looking out the window now at the trees, wishing I was out there and not working on this assignment. I still have fifteen more minutes to write. I wonder what everyone else here is working on. I'd rather be here doing this than doing the physics equations I was working on before I got here. Psychology is so much more interesting than the other sciences. Well now I have an E-mail account. I never had one before. I think it will be fun to be able to send and get mail. Especially because my boyfriend still lives in Dallas and its getting expensive calling each other every day, but it wouldn't be the same not to here his voice. I've never really been in the UGL before, I registered here but I haven't ever been in here to do any work. I probably should have been in here before now though! I think the chairs are to too low or maybe the desks are too high, its just not that comfortable. I guess they want you to sit up and have good posture like they taught you in typing class. There, I lost my cursor for a while. I guess that�s why it says - Who knows I. Well I have to help cook dinner at my co-op tonight, we are having Mediterranean Turkey. I wonder what that�s going to taste like, good I hope. Well my time is just about up so I guess its time to submit my paper. I hope you never read these but even if you do I guess I won't really matter because with the size of our class you don't know me from Adam! ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_396947.txt,"My girlfriend just ask me to turn off the CD player and do my work. MTV is on and there is a women and a guy fighting for some reason. My girlfriend is now munching with her mouth wide open. I�m attempting to make Baked Potatoes but I think that they are going to burn. I went shopping to day for food and believe or not this was the cheapest trip yet. I think its because my so called girlfriend thinks that I am thinnely challenge. . I'm trying to figure other things to write about but nothing is coming to mind. My girlfriend is still stuffing her face with frito scoops. I don't understand how she can eat just as much as I do yet she has the body of a swim suit model. Her Metabolism must be skyrocketing. My train of thought is fading again. Lets get back on track again. It is 9:22 PM and dinner is almost serve because my lover is about to feed me like a king. I trying to type as fast as I can with out a mistake. My girlfriend just ask if she could read mine yet I really don't want her to. she probably yell at me and call me an idiot. She is now eating her food in front of me and she spilt her ranch dressing all over her new shoes. (Reebok DMX) her baked potato looks so good right now with bacos and cheese and I think sour cream or it may be butter. I cant really get a good look at it!!! I'm a soph fixing to be a junior and my girlfriend is a freshmen. Yet , I'm taking classes that she's in!!! I feel stupid the thing is she is so smart. She was valedictorian of her class. Her major is biology and mine is Kinesiology. I'm studying to be a physical therapist and she wants to save the world by saving the rain forest and finding cures for all diseases. I just transferred in from ACC this semester and while I was there I took most of my basic except math and science classes. She placed out of some of her classes. Do you see what I'm getting at. I feel insecure sometimes about my intelligence. I know I can do anything I want I just wished I would of took advantage of it when I was younger. My life would be alot better if I had just did my work when from the start. My freshman year I took 18 hrs. and dropped 15 of them. Sounds stupid huh I think working at a club until 5 and sometimes 6 in the morning had some affect on it. My last semester at ACC I pulled a 3. 5 and this year I plan on getting a 4. 0 just to prove to myself and others that I can compete with the best of them. ",y,n,n,n,y

1997\_454257.txt,"September 4, 1997 I am not too sure what to write about. I am hungry right now. I have anorexia nervosa, so I not only am constantly thinking about food, I also won't allow myself to eat it when I want it. I am actually in the recovery stages right now. I have been battling this for two years now, have been in the hospital twice, and have had therapy involving nutritional counseling, psychiatry, and group therapy. The only treatment left for someone in my position is to go to long-term therapy. That treatment would be out of state (in Arizona) and would last at least 60 days. It doesn't sound appealing to me at all, but despite the threats that my psychiatrist has faced me with, it still doesn't make it any easier to eat. The battle is all in my head. It is my mind that will not ""allow"" me to eat when I am hungry, and it is my mind that tells me I don't need to gain weight, that I am not critically underweight, and that I am physically in good shape. The whole thing is very confusing to me. My psychiatrist has shed some light on the whole thing, but still no one can completely explain things like this that involve the mind. I think this class is interesting so far. I have enjoyed reading in the book already because I deal with this stuff on a daily basis. I am constantly battling my mind, and trying to figure out its trickery. My psychiatrist says that this is the best class out of all the ones I am taking this semester. (I think she's a little partial to the subject myself. ) I have to go see her on Tuesday, which is only 5 days away and I am scared half to death. She scares me with her threats to send me to treatment, but like I said, apparently it doesn't scare me enough because it doesn't make it any easier for me to eat. Right now, she has threatened me by saying I will have to go to the treatment center if I haven't gained 15 pounds by a certain date. That date is coming up in two weeks. I have had this agreement with her since the end of June. I am really very scared because I really do not think I have gained near that much. It's strange how I can think about it realistically and know that I am still not eating enough and then my irrational side of my mind will come in and tell me I am fine and don't need to gain. But, as the date comes closer to my appointment, I will start to gradually get more afraid, and get mad at myself for not doing enough. And still, that won't make it any easier to eat a thing. You have to make yourself feel totally like crap if you are going to get over an eating disorder. You won't want to do it, you'll feel incredibly anxious and angry with yourself for letting yourself go. I have experienced this a few times ( like in the hospital), but I haven't been able to do much of this by myself. It seems like it isn't worth it to let yourself feel so bad when you could just avoid the problem and not feel the anxiety. Instead, by ignoring it, you get to feel hungry, tired, irritable, you get to think about food all the time because of your low body weight, you make your family freak out, you risk losing your car and your opportunity to go to college. It seems that the negatives of not eating strongly outweigh the positives of not eaten, and I can logically see that. My mind is just totally screwed up, which the doctors say will get better when my weight and body fat percentage increase. I hope I will make it to the point soon. It's just all too confusing to explain. I am sure everyone thinks I am crazy, but you just can't explain to someone how you feel. I wish there was a cure or some more insight to it. I am interested in what this class has to say about things like this. Maybe I'll get some more insight into it (if that is possible since I live it!) ",n,y,n,y,n

1997\_474191.txt,"I hate computers. I think I hate them because I do not understand them. This assignment is hard because I am trying not to think about the assignment and just write about what is in my head. Why is this just continuing on one line? Am I doing this wrong? Should I fix the grammatical errors that I make? I feel stressed I have only been here for a couple weeks. What could I possibly be stressed about? I need to talk to Ashton. I need to talk to him tonight. This is a time in my life where I am supposed to try new things, meet new people, further my education. I do not need a serious boyfriend now. Why is he so nice? Did he see this coming? Is he trying to make this harder for me? No. What am I talking about? He is always this nice. He is such an incredible guy. Bad timing. This always happens to me. I will not miss experiences in college like I did in high school because of some guy. I need to see what it is like not having some guy around me all the time. Josh might be right. I might be afraid of being by myself. I will talk to him tonight. I probably will not. How can I possibly be mean to someone who is so wonderful? He won't understand. I know this is the best thing for me. I need to learn how to operate e-mail. I want to start sending mail to my brother. Josh better come to Austin to see me soon. My sister better come soon, too. I cannot believe that the one weekend I really want to go home (homecoming) I have to stay here and be formally initiated into my sorority. It is Haley's birthday. I am so Jealous that Meredith gets to go see everyone and I will not. We have been talking about how fun that weekend will be since homecoming last year. This sucks. Everyone will be home. I wish the girls in this dorm were a little more considerate. They see me studying in here and they are still so loud. I hope I do not do the same thing. I am having so much fun here, yet I am still stressed about maintaining my friendships with my best friends from home. I hate it that one of my best friends is here in Austin. It puts such a damper on our friendship. I am just so busy right now. I never realized how much time this sorority would take up. Am I neglecting one of best friends? Does she resent the fact that I am making new friends? I love that girl. With everyone else, we know why we haven't seen one another. Ashton. What am I going to do? I am having to talk myself into doing this. I know I need to see what it is like to date other people. I think Richard has something to do with this. I think Ashton is so wonderful because Richard was so horrible. I wonder what Richard is doing. I wonder if he is ended up going SAE. I wonder if he has a girlfriend. I wonder if he is a possessive weirdo to her. Why do I care? No, Ashton is wonderful. Am I going to regret this? What if he starts dating someone else and it breaks my heart. I need to do this. I am so far behind. I need to learn a little about time management. I think I am getting sick. I keep feeling like I am about to sneeze. I need to quit smoking. I would like to smoke right now. Why do I think when I am stressed that a cigarette will make me feel better. I should talk my father into buying me a computer for Christmas. I think that would be a good idea. I am going to be here for a while. I really need to start thinking of what it is that I want to do. Am I taking pointless classes? Do I always ask myself questions? I was really insulted by those stupid papers that basically said that I was in the lowest percentile of students at this university. I have to do well this year. I need to get my act together. It is so hard to just sit in my room and study. I should probably spend more time at the library. What could I be distracted by there? I am asking myself too many questions. I need some sleep. I think I am going to sneeze again. I hate that feeling. ",y,y,n,n,n

1997\_558185.txt,"I�m in my apartment with my new desk, everything is finally getting organized. I feel like this year will be a good one, I am not the same person that I used to be. I feel so much more secure. sure there were times when I would see people gathered in a huge group and think to myself that I wanted to join and be a part of it but when it comes right down to it, I am the kind of person who likes to have a couple of really close friends and then a lot of friends who I can say hi to and visit with on occasion. I really believe that that is okay. my boyfriend and I are great, I think it has a lot to do with the fact that I don't need to be with him all the time so we enjoy each other's company a lot when we are together because it is not so often. he sees me in a totally different light this year and I feel the same way about him. I wonder if Naomi is having a good time tonight with Ira. I think that she is trying to convince herself that she doesn't want any relationships with guys. I wonder if it bothers her that David is here. I hope not but I am not going to ban my boyfriend from coming to the apartment just because she doesn't have someone to come see her. I hope that isn't horrible. Hillel is going really well. it's going to be a really busy year I can already tell but I think that I can definitely handle it this year, I have the right mind set. the meeting last night was way to long though. who wants to sit in a chair for three hours discussing what seems like today as absolutely nothing!!! it was crazy. so many times I wanted to jump out of my chair and leave the room but I sat there and listened to all of the nonsense. this sorority thing is driving me crazy. on the one hand, it has the potential to be a lot of fun, on the other hand it is a huge time commitment and I am not sure if I want to put myself into something that leaves little time for anything else, on the other hand the old Kim wouldn't get involved at all because she would be too nervous. I don't want to be that Kim anymore. I never realized how hard it would be to write for twenty minutes. I feel like I have said a lot and it has only been ten minutes maybe. my boyfriend is in the other room studying, ha he has to go next. my classes are good this semester. history is going to be boring not because I hate the subject but because I am more interested in a discussion class and 1492 to the Civil War is so long ago and I feel like I studied it to satisfaction in high school. last year at UT I remember thinking it would be fun to study history again and I was irritated that as a freshman I couldn't take the class, look how times change. I think I am more organized this year than ever before in my life. my walls need paintings though or at least posters, I wonder where I can get cheap ones. I want to buy those glow in the dark stars and planets for my walls too. I think those are great. I wonder what my brother is doing right now. I hope he does better at school this year than he did last year. I am sure he will. he seems to have more control over himself this year. I can't believe he is taking drivers ed. how weird. I am so tired right now. I have so much reading to do. I am not going to sleep until it is all done, I must be prepared this year. I can stop thinking about some song where it says that the hardest to learn is the least complicated. it's hard to learn to study but once you do your life is so easy. I am going to learn that this year. that was an indigo girls song. what a fun concert. I wish they would come back to town. how great it was seeing Lauren Gasbar and Jamie. I can't believe I didn't see Rysse there. I missed her this summer. she and David will work well together I am sure. I am glad he is working at Hillel it will be nice spending time with him in that setting. ",y,y,n,n,y

1997\_574472.txt,"Right now I am having a weird feeling in the lower part of my stomach. I'm not sure if I just had a bad lunch or if it may be something a little more serious. I'm kind of sad too. I talked to my family earlier and I realized how much I missed being at home. Last night I attempted to meet some new people despite the fact that I am just not the social type so I am kind of down about that too. I hate walking up and down the stairs and stuff here at u. t. I can't stand the heat. I mean I am from the Rio Grande Valley but I never had to walk EVERYWHERE. I hate the food in Jester. I know I wasn't supposed to talk about this until my second assignment, but right now college controls most of what I am thinking right now. I forgot, keep typing, keep typing. In a sense this stream of consciousness isn't as relaxed or real as one might assume it may be. A lot of the thoughts are a little forced because you would have to put your thoughts into words. That itself isn't too natural. I am not a computer person either. I guess it could be worse and I could be an EXTREMELY slow typer as well. Phew. You know, this isn't so bad. It's kind of fun. This assignment simply requires that you ramble for twenty minutes. It's kind of quiet in here. I just realized that. My fingernails are really short. I wish they could be a little longer. a little more feminine. One day I wake up and they are on their way to getting long and the next day I wake up and I've either pulled on or bit them. Even though I am not really the social type, I have managed to make some friends. yea for me. this guy in front of me looks like he's all into his homework when I bet he's just e-mailing his chick back home. Even though I just used the word ""chick"" I am not sexist. In fact, I hate that word. I'm not exactly into all this equal rights stuff. I think it is okay for men to play the macho, take charge role in society. I mean, women are, as an entirety , weaker. So what if we are the ones who play the nurturing half of the species? We have our strong points and so do men. It balances out. Every once and a while you get a person who is stronger in a different and/or unnatural area, but that is fine with me too. There are a lot of computers in this room. While I typed that I had another thought but I can't type 2 things at once so you just missed out on something. of course it wasn't important so who really cares? bop bop bop bop my brain stopped throwing out ideas just then. My friends are sitting to each side of me. I haven�t talked to them since I started this assignment so it feels weird. Oh, wait. I had to talk to one briefly about why this thing typed all the way down to what seemed infinity until it returned to the next line. She just told me to wait. Everyone says you gain fifteen pounds when you get to college. I hope that is not true because I already feel fat enough as it is. So, have you sat down for twenty minutes and tried this assignment? How did it turn out for you? This is a pretty big screen. Pretty big, indeed. I'm pretending to type fast. I hit keys and everyone probably thinks I'm on a role with what I am thinking, when in reality I am just pretending. Crazy, huh. Wouldn't it be weird if I just snapped and from here on out everything I thought was as random and crazy as this. this isn't a personality profile is it? You aren't going to call me in some time and discharge me from UT are you? I guess this isn't what you had in mind for stream of consciousness (I don�t want to spell it takes too much brain power) but I hope its kind of what I was supposed to do. I am one of those students who is always scared of turning in assignments because they might be just plain wrong. I'm really tires of typing. I just read what I typed ""I�m really 'tires' of typing"" that's pretty stupid. at least I know I am not one of those people who thinks a bunch of bad words when I am freethinking. Or at least I don�t think about sex or anything. Well, I did talk about men and women and equal rights so I guess that kind of applies. When I play with the keyboard it sounds kind of like a horserace. Try it, it does. All you have to do is establish a rhythm. My fingers hurt still. I wish I was really fluent in another language. type, I don�t want to type. type I don�t want to type. believe it or not those words just took the form as a song in my head. I cheated. I just talked to my friends sitting next to me. I BROKE. again. I think I went a little over but this has been kind of fun. ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_575279.txt,"I have a ton of things to do. I still need that book for MIS. I wonder what Jon is doing? He's probably waiting for me to call him back. Man, I'm so happy matti called. I miss her very much, I wish she still lived here. I can't wait to hang out with Jon's sister and husband that should be pretty cool. The purple on this screen is sort-of pretty. I can't believe it actually feels cool in this house, it's always so hot in here. I hope you go downtown tonight I haven't been since school started. I'm always studying or I have to wake up so early. I can't believe I'm not swearing as I write. It's kind of a natural thing for me but I'm holding back in case who ever reads this gets offended. I think my mom's home I wonder what took her so long to get home. Usually she is always getting home from work early. I wonder if I'm going to get a bad grade on this because I keep pressing return, but if I don't then I have to click the arrow buttons and that takes to much time away from my typing. Man this is getting easier as I go, I thought I'd start typing and just go blank. Why do people ask so many questions? I guess I do and I just don't notice it. I keep thinking of different things while I'm typing. Days Of Our Lives was so good the other day. Carrie slapping Sami was awesome I've been waiting for the day for Austin to find out that Sami was lying. Lucas doesn't even like her anymore for not telling him that will was his son. My neck is starting to hurt. I would hate to have a data entry job, that would get so old. It's so crazy that I asked Danielle about Mariell today and they got in a fight just last weekend. I completely forgot about Mariell until I saw her best friend the other day when we went tubing. Tubing was a blast I hope we do that again before it gets to cold. I was drunk as a skunk. that food from El Mercado was good or maybe it tasted good because I was drunk and super hungry. I wonder how many students from UT are online right now? I bet a whole bunch. I like this new desk my parents bought for me. It's so much nicer than what our computer use to sit on. I need to start exercising. I have a membership at world gym, and I pay $16. 22 a month and I never go. But if Jon didn't work at nights then I would make him go with me. I hate going by myself, because it's so boring if you don't have some to talk to or if you don't have headphones. My headphones broke so I guess I'm just going to keep making excuses until I get my lazy but up and workout. Right? Right. Well I'm pretty sure it's been 20 minutes so goodbye. ",y,y,y,y,y

1997\_658841.txt," It has taken me a few minutes to get the hang of things. Meaning, I didn't know the steps in getting set up to use the computer because I really have never had that much experience in using the computer. I went to set my e-mail account yesterday and also got my IF account number. Let me see what else comes in mind I have no idea but to keep typing. Oh ya here with me is Brandi who is a senior and is helping me get to know my way around campus and also answering any questions I have over school. I am planning to go to the football game this weekend I am still not sure, because my friends don't know if they would rather go to the football game or go home to Dallas for the weekend. I myself would rather go to the game. I almost forgot that I have to go to my apartment and clean up and then I have to go to the bookstore to return a book that I don't need. Well what else can I write about. . my twenty minutes are almost up but not quite yet. . . I am here staring at other people in the room looking for familiar faces but I don't see one. . . . . Something that just came to my head was that I really miss my family, especially my mom. My sisters, and brother mean a lot to me too, oh ya my nephew also is someone I miss a whole lot. He is the most adorable kid I have ever seen I not saying this because he is my nephew but because it is true. Time up. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_672345.txt,"I woke up this morning and I'm thinking. ""Where am I?"" And then I realize that I'm at A&M. I was so upset last night because I left after class got out at 6:30. Then everything went wrong. The trolley cart fell off the steps and all of my stuff went crashing to the ground. I got in my car and the needle was practically buried to the red empty sign so I stop to get gas, then I decide that I had better eat something because as soon as I get there everyone will be ready to go out and I will be starving as usual and afterward no one will want to stop and get poor little old me anything to eat. And boy was I right. Audrey says it will only take and hour to an hour and a half to get here. Yeah right. Try two and a half. Someone goes off and gives me the wrong directions that takes me all the way to Hempstead! I was so mad at myself because I finally make it here, but I don't have directions to Gayle's or Audrey's or their phone numbers. I found Audrey's and Ginger answered which was exactly what I didn't want to happen. She bothers me. We used to be friends, but then I don't know what happened, it's like all of a sudden, the only thing that she cared about was who she was around and how much she could be seen doing thins with Natalie and Amy. But now that she's up here all by herself she sure decided that Audrey and Gayle and I were perfect people to be her friends AGAIN. I just don't know I mean that I don't like that I feel that way as far as the fact that she just gets on my nerves, but I don't like being mean. I will tell her how I feel, now, because she doesn't seem to have a problem being rude and snotty to me. I went to Audrey's and I wish I had a house like Gayle or an apartment like Audrey & Ginger. It's nice and filled with a lot more space than my dorm, but then again I kind of like The Woo. Aurora and Raya are so nice. They take care to notice if I'm upset about something and they talk to me about it. It just doesn't make me feel any better to know that their mothers don't call them EVERY NIGHT AFTER NINE O'CLOCK JUST BECAUSE THEY JUST HAPPENED TO GET ONE THOUSAND FREE MINUTES ON THEIR PORTABLE PHONE. It's not that I don't like my mother calling, but she calls all the time and tells me to go to bed of all things. Little did she know that I have stayed up until 3:oo every night since Monday, and last night we got home at 2:30 but didn't go to bed until 4:30. I don't know what she is thinking because she actually could not believe that people stay up until all hours of the night studying. I had to let her in on a little secret. All of those nights she thought I was asleep, I wasn't. ",y,y,n,n,y

1997\_731545.txt,"At the moment I�m sitting in my room enjoying a 44 oz. slurpee. A cherry and coke mix, which is my favorite. I have been relaxing after another crummy cafeteria meal thinking about the days occurrences. Tuesdays and Thursdays are rough because I have to go to class all day. Classes aren't really that bad but they seem to put a large strain on the mind making a body feel worn out. The course load for me this year is tuff and it seems that I have little free time left. This is a very strange assignment in my mind. I can't see what y�all can get from hearing me ramble on about nothing, but if it helps then I guess its worth it. Chapter two in the Psy. book is very interesting in fact I have found the course to be interesting. To bad it comes after an hour and a half of chemistry and the most boring class I have ever been in. The selection of girls in the class isn't bad either. So an interesting class combined with good looking scenery is a big plus in my book. Whoa brain freeze. damn I hate those. Well after this I have to start on my M 408D homework. Now that is one hard class. That one and Chem 302 are going to be the death of me this semester. It seems like a 20 minute free flow writing assignment seems like it would be hard, but once you start it just seems to flow, kind of like a good rap song. I really like rap the combination of a good beat and a master on the microphone to me is really fine music. However, I love oldies too The Beatles, Mommas & the Pappas, The Monkeys, and so on are really good listening music. Kind of like returning to my roots I guess. Well that was twenty minutes so I�ll shut up now hope this was enough to fulfill your requests. ",n,n,y,n,n

1997\_736630.txt,"here I am writing a required stream of consciousness essay. but the weird thing is that it just has to be done. it doesn't matter what I write about. right now I�m listening to some music that my parents would consider useless noise. it upsets me that they think that the music from their generation is so perfect and magical and music from my generation is crap. and they think that all of the musicians I listen to are miserable drug addicted singers. their music had its fair share of messed up people. Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, jimmy Hendrix, the grateful dead. despite the fact that these people and other were pretty messed up, they are regarded as some of the gods of rock and roll. I just wish that they wouldn't assume that every band around now is like Kurt Cobain and nirvana. in fact, if my parents would give it a chance they might actually enjoy some of my music like Dave Matthews band, blues traveler, and phish. but I don't want to get off on a rant here. my little window is right next to my computer and I have such a spectacular view. I get to look at the loading dock of the jester cafeteria and on occasion I get to wake up to delivery trucks dropping off some barely edible food at 6:30 am. one would think that with all of the thousands of students at UT and the hundreds living at jester center, they might have some food that tastes as good as week old liver and onions. I figured that I would be in excellent shape after a semester of living at jester because I walk everywhere, but the food at jester is so loading with fat that it doesn't matter how much you eat. if the university can afford to make millions of dollars of renovations and additions to Darrell K. Royal Texas Memorial Stadium, then maybe the could get rid of the somewhat rancid smell in the halls and make the rooms a little warmer that 15 degrees. then they go and build a huge parking garage over a big parking lot. it seems like a good idea until you realize a couple things. about the first two levels are reserved for faculty. if you are lucky enough to get a space in the garage then you have to pay 600 dollars a semester. most of the people that are willing to spend that type of money for parking don't live in jester. they live at Dobie or university towers. of course, I don't have any personal feelings about that issue but I thought someone else should know about it. all in all though , university of Texas is a great place because of a lot of things. beautiful campus, interesting people, a great sports program and , most importantly, absolutely gorgeous women. why would anyone want to go anywhere else especially in Texas. a friend of mine got into duke but that was the only place that she would want to go if she didn't go to UT. Baylor: small campus, nothing to do, and you hang out with the same people from high school. Texas Tech: What is in Lubbock? and their sports program is a joke because the athletes aren�t real students. Byron hanspard, their star running back had a 0. 00 gpa in his last semester. Texas A&M: do I even have to explain? well my 20 minutes is up and I have to go to class. Hook 'Em Horns! ",y,n,n,n,y

1997\_756297.txt,"My thoughts, sensations, and emotions are always changing with each new experience, idea, and whatever happens throughout my life. They are affected sometimes by what other people think and sometimes affected from just maturing and thinking differently. Right now I feel like I am in control of myself because I am doing well in school academically, socially, and mentally. School work is very important to me and I make sure that I do well. I don't go overboard like a lot of my friends who study hours every day. Socially, I have adapted very well in meeting new friends. Mentally, I am in control and focused on what is going on in my life. There were some problems that have caused some stress in my life since college started. First, me and my roommate got in some petty arguments, but now we are getting along just fine. Also, I had some guy problems. I regretted doing some things I knew I shouldn't have done, but now we worked things out and or friendship is even better than before. I know that I haven't been eating right and sleeping enough, which is causing some changes in my body that cause me to be more tired and weak. I always go to sleep way too late and wake up early for my classes. Last night a friend called at two in the morning and I talked to him for hours even though I should have y eight-o-clock class. I am in a very good mood today because everything seems to be working out for me. I'm usually a nice pleasant person until I am faced with a lot of stress or go through PMS. Then I get in a really bad mood. My friends know when to stay away from me. The only thing really troubling me right now is all the reading I have to do for my classes. the assignments they give us are no problem, but the reading is crazy. They bombard us with reading assignments that really aren't necessary. My art class, for instance, requires for the present moment for me to read from pages 13 to 200-something. I really don't want to read about all these statues and paintings and sculptures from different eras. Anyway, I miss my family, but I'm not homesick at all. How can I be when my parents call ALL the time? I know they care for me, but it's really not necessary for them to want to visit every weekend, which I won't allow them to do. That sounds mean, but they're going to have to get used to it. I do miss the free laundry and the home-cooked meals and my own room and my nice bathroom, but oh well. ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_819346.txt,"just sitting here trying to avoid the whole problem of procrastination and hoping that perhaps I can get all of this done and start off the year right. I don�t know anymore about really anything and I sometimes think that I need a change in my life, like college isn't a big enough change in and of itself. The whole problem is that I need to keep doing well so that maybe I can transfer my credits. I want to go to Georgetown so bad and yet I have to do this in order to do that . God I wish that I could easily keep my room mate off of my computer and away from my shit. I bugs the hell out of me to have my email folder full of the useless crap from his anyone can pass classes. Like the morons in there with him really don't have anything better to do that waste their professor�s time and energy by having him spoon-feed higher education to these bastards with a sugar coating. It would just be easier if they were all herded together into a large barn and taught the ABC's all over again, then maybe it would make more sense to them. Maybe I�m just still adjusting to a new environment, of maybe I really do have as much vile contempt for may of the people around me as I think I do. I hope not, that could really hammer my ability to become what I want have if I end up hating three quarters of the general populous. Maybe I just need a stiff drink and a nap. Yes, it is time to stock the fridge. But what to buy, I know that the whole beer issue is a mute point and that no matter what I buy my room mate will drink it, maybe he won't be interested in the wine or schnapps or Vodka, I would really like to get a nice brandy. I just am concerned because he had little or no moral problem with eating the very expensive cheese I got at central market and so he might drink some very expensive wine all n the name of culturing himself. That would really suck. I wish I had brought that bottle of nitrogen from home. not that expect to be leaving wine sitting out that long but it is nice to have in any case. That reminds me, I need to subscribe to the wine connoisseur catalog. they have some really bad ass stuff that would make great gifts for my drinking buddies. Maybe a few brandy pipes for Andy, a carafe for Jonathon, some glasses for James and a bottle opener for clay. It really pisses me off how much of a pussy clay is for not coming this semester. ""oh no, I have emotional problems and might have a difficult time making the transition"". Like he's the only one who has problems and a difficult time making the transition. Get real and grow up. We are all still here and trying to do our best and cope all at the same time, but it is just too much for that spoiled son of a bitch. Literally, his mother is a bitch and the liberal psychobabbeling root of most of the poor kids problems. ",n,n,n,n,n

1997\_859701.txt,"Homework, I hate homework. no it's not that. It's more like I hate the obligation to be busy that it entails. Why is it that after finishing homework or exercises that you feel so great, but actually starting it is so stressful. Why is it that something that is so helpful is hard to motivate? One would think that lazy people would have been weeded out by natural selection by now and it'd be easier for those left behind to get motivated. But from what I've seen in the history texts, people aren't only not more motivated, they're less!! So if this goes on, it'll get harder and harder for people to get things done. And I'm already having enough problems as it is! It makes me wonder if the human race will survive to see a true 'space age'? I mean, We've made so much progress in that area already, but at the rate that apathy and disinterest that sweeping through the population, it's quite possible that we'll never get off of our own little mudball in order to see what the other little mudballs circling a bunch of burning hydrogen look like. Not only that, but what about all these alien theory's? There is a truism (called that 'cause they're normally true) that says, ""There is a seed of truth even in the most outrageous rumor"" So I want to know what that seed of truth is!! What, or who, is out there. If it's nothing, I want to find out. So maybe in my lifetime there will not be any answers, but from heaven or hell or wherever I go, if indeed I go anywhere other than the ground, I want someone to somewhere figure out the answer! Or that there is not an answer. Oh, well. I think my twenty minutes are up. So hopefully what little motivation I've mustered will result in more than just a good grade (although that's good too!) ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_873493.txt,"I'm sitting here typing again I�ve got a lot to do today I want to get all of my work done soon so I don't have to worry about anything this weekend but I probably will anyway cause I always do. I wish I was a speed reader like on this movie I once saw -my stepmother�s an alien- where the alien just stuck her arm in a book and in a matter of minutes she understood the entire content. if I could do that I would have so much free time to write and draw and relax . I�m sure though that there are people who read slower than me. so maybe I should feel lucky. my wrists hurt again. and my head hurts kind of dizzy tiredness that I have to day from of course not sleeping enough last night. was on the phone instead because some times- especially when your tired and missing your friends- it feels like the right decision to sacrifice sleep for conversational anecdotes. but in the morning and now I feel it may have been a mistake I�ll feel better tomorrow. after I sleep it will be nice to see Paul tomorrow. Justin is so funny -all the porn off his computer sticks in my head its so plastic- I wonder if anyone a long time a go ever thought that sex would be reduced to a computer graphic. its an ironic opposite maybe people are slowly changing- they are- to be more electronically oriented- I wont be one of them though I will stand alone. Mr. purdy too, he always talked about how overindustrialized the world has become and how it will eventually change back like in a cycle to the way it used to be- primitive. but I think his optimism is held up by a false sense of security most likely brought about by his memories as a child of a life with out computers . me on the other hand, they've surrounded me since birth so I cant see his 'cycle' but still I think its more morally correct to not get so swept up in industry - it only aids to the separate ness that everyone in our generation feels the nowhereness, and island like mentality- dad told me when I was little that every one is like an iceberg floating in a vast ocean and from the air you only see these little pieces floating so far away from each other, but beneath the surface, in our subconsciousness, we are all made up of the same water that connects us that we are surrounded by. so we aren�t really all alone were all created from the same stuff. I probably sound like a televangelist but I shouldn�t care what you think of me anyway. I wish I could just cuddle up with Justin under heavy covers-warmth- and just feel his arm and shoulder under my neck and feel the ebb and flow of his breath on my forehead and slip away to sleep I love waking up next to him so warm - it doesn�t even matter if we get married - I've thought about it sometimes. its what's now that�s important and I love him and we�re happy if we ever do get married in a million years it will be because that will make us happy then ,whenever then becomes now. ",n,y,n,y,y

1997\_874080.txt,"hmmm, what should I write. This is so hard for me, but I think I'll make it work. That guy just signed on again, and I won't be surprised if he sends me an Instant Message. But I really don't want to talk to him. The refrigerator is making this humming noise that always bothers me, even when I�m sleeping. I hope that my roommate sleeps over at trey's apartment because I don't want to hear her snore. There is somebody talking outside, I can hear them even way up here. I should turn off that light by my bed because if it burns too long everything gets too hot. The creaking of the walls here bother me too. and now some girl just ran down the hall. The airplanes can be really loud here because we are so high. I don't understand why people can't shut their doors quietly or push their chairs in without making so much noise. I wonder if anyone is going to call me in the middle of this. That would make me lose everything. Those people that call that person next door are really pretty stupid. They let the phone ring like fifteen times. In a small dorm room is that really necessary? My typing has gotten so bad, I hate to capitalize. I should have sent that letter on Saturday, but I was just too lazy to bring it down there. Now it's going to have a weird date on the letter that doesn't match the postmark date on the envelop. I guess I�m not the only one that does that though, so it's ok. My feet are cold. They are always so cold. and today the girl next door was complaining about how hot it was. I am never hot in this room. There is some humming coming from outside. I wonder if it is just a bus being idle right now. My computer just got more energy or something because it made some noise. People are walking in the hall now, I can here them. These walls must not have good insulation. There goes a loud car that was revved up too quickly. That doesn't make sense to me. I should wash my dishes. I wonder what my neighbors are talking about when they just said ""that's really bad. "" my wrists are starting to hurt, I should probably change my hand position. I also should do my laundry. the rest of my laundry. I need to wash my towels. I wonder how long I would have to wait in line for the stuff. Probably too long, I think I will just wait till another day. That girl just coughed again. That makes me think that I should buy some cough drops. I am getting sleepy. I wish I wasn't so lazy. My eyes feel like their drooping. I wonder what the score is on the Cowboy game. I need to sit straight so that my back doesn't hurt. I wish I knew why my back hurts so much, I think it must have been that Sunday I helped dad. I really wish I had eaten something other than Burger King. I should have eaten Subway. I enjoy tuna subs better. I just yawned. I think I need stamina. My watch is digging into my are. I now have a whole impression of my watch in my arm. That kind of stuff annoys me. This watch is too little. It is made for little kids. I'm going to close my eyes while I type. I hope I don't mess up too many words. That would a bad think if it couldn't be read. I need to get a haircut, I want to get it styled, but I�m scared that the way it will be done won't look good. I�m taking off my watch now, it 's bothering me too much. why does my stapler have such a big crack down the middle of it I wonder why the mail didn't come yesterday. that makes me so mad. I bet I would have had mail. this gum is tasting pretty gross but it tastes better than the burger. Yawn. now I have goosepimples. why am I so cold. I should probably put on a long shirt. why doesn't my camera rewind all the way. Maybe I should just get a new one. one of those advantage ones that I can take to Switzerland. that would be great for all the scenic pictures. Yawn. why do my eyes water so much when I yawn. that is very annoying. there goes the telephone again. I bet it will ring for a long time. nope it only rang once. I guess the girl is there now. my computer just froze up kinda, I bet I did something wrong, I am always doing something wrong. I wonder how fast I can type without making lots of mistakes. so far I am doing pretty good. why is it whenever you say that you get worse. , the second I said it, it got worse. now my wrists are really hurting. someone is going into their room, and the just slammed their door. that just bothers me so much. ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_878422.txt,"I just wasted over an hour and a half trying to get my stupid Ethernet card to work. the worst part is that I waited over four weeks for this stupid thing to come in and now none of the drivers and software recognize it. I think it is royally <blank>. now I have to waste another two hours talking to technical support so they can take the thing back. what a rip. this makes this day a really big let down, considering I complained to my parents about getting this thing up here for me. I could have been doing some of the hundreds of hours of homework that I have to do. this day has been really wasted. every day is a waste. all I do is homework each day and nothing more or less. occasionally I get to watch half an hour of television or go to the union or go play a few video games, but lately, it seems that every class wants me to spend a few hours each night working on their assignments. I haven't even had time to look around the Austin area. I haven't seen a movie in a while either. this place really sucks. I don't do anything really interesting. I have no life. now I�m complaining too much AND being self-conscious. I couldn't even read my notes on that example. he talks too fast for people to keep up. psychology sounds pretty cool. the breeze never hits Austin. it's like it is always hot and the sun never goes away. maybe one day it will turn into fall in this town and finally it's be relatively cool so I don't marinate in my own juices. yeah, I know it sounds gross, but what would you call it? I take a shower, walk to Kinsolving, when I get there, I�m tired and need to take a shower, and I sure do work up an appetite. it's the way back that is a killer. by the time you get back to Moore hill, you feel like rolling over and dying because of your full stomach, the supersaturated shirt and the fatigued feet. I need to jog more. it seems like I�ll never have time. I never have time to do any of my old hobbies. for crying out loud, I can't even get y network card to install onto my notebook. I wish I had time to do my old hobbies, like photography. I could have and should have majored in photography. maybe I should major is psychology. it's a really interesting class and I kind of like it I wish they served more than three flavors of ice-cream. it's like that chicken. 'today for dinner, roasted chicken. for lunch it'll be chicken dumplings, tomorrow it'll be chicken soup. then creamy chicken blank. tomorrow it is chicken patties, the next day it is chicken nuggets, the next day they'll run out of chicken and serve chicken fried steak with chicken gravy for the steak and mashed potatoes' it's repulsive what they serve us. maybe I should reduce my meal plan. better check in the morning. I still have another few minutes. my roommate is asking about cyanide. I guess that�s what happens when your girlfriend dumps you. tough break. he's been really depressed. he's been like this all evening. I wonder what I�ll do tomorrow. I better get a plan together for what needs to be done. hmmm. I wish I could get my net access. now I�m pissed. ",y,y,n,n,y

1997\_916538.txt,"In the background there is the movie ""Space Jam"" which is a little distracting. I can't help but focus on the comedy the Looney Tunes attribute to communication disorders because it was a topic that was discussed in my CSD class. It's a little too cold in here. My agent is not paying enough attention to me as of late, in agreement with a statement just made in the movie. I still wonder about my sign language assignment tonight. The screen on this computer is getting out of focus, then coming back in focus again. I love this keyboard. The spacing on the keys is wonderful. I wish my face would stop throbbing. My lips are very dry, and it's still very cold. I can feel the fatness in the side of my face from my surgery. the Newman guy on Seinfeld is in this movie. I hate his character. In Seinfeld he's funny at least. this music reminds me of aerobics and now the Eagles are playing ""Fly Like and Eagle"". Michael Jordan is a very attractive man. I wish I lived on campus. I wish I had a boyfriend. I gave the wrong number to my friend. It's hard to pay attention to the assignment and the movie , but it's not my computer so I must make do. no more basketball this season. I love this song, it reminds me of 5th grade and going roller skating. My best friend from 5th grade was really messed up. I wonder where she is now. I need to get the old school Salt 'n Peppa CD. I want a new car. I really want a nice car, not another piece of crap like I already have. I want a new Honda Accord, if life was perfect. I'm glad, this boy is coming over and I am very attracted to him. the movie with Kevin Bacon in it about basketball. I forgot the name, crap. my head hurts. you know that looking at anything that is emitting light, like a computer screen or a TV with the lights off it is very bad for your eyes. I'm hungry, I need to work out. I love the free rec center. My fingers hurt a little. I love playing sports, I love movies. I want to make movies when I get older, maybe I'll just produce. Actually I want to be rich. God, that mouse is annoying. Reminds me of my little sister, she always talks to fast for her mouth. This movie sucks. I am tired and I have to do that stupid Lab tonight. I want to go to an amusement park. I'm hungry. I miss Karen. I need a haircut. God that's Danny Devito's voice. That trips me out. OK , my fingers really hurt. the chubby boy? Who's voice is that? hey time really flies, it's good to hear Jenny laugh. I love it when other people are amused. Why is Michael talking about his butt. My friend Justin called me, it's very cool that I ran into him today. enough. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_470418.txt,"Well, my name is Robert Marshall Reinauer Jr. I am now thinking about what I am thinking. I am thinking about Physics. Physics is hard because I have never taken a class in it and the first one I am taking is a college course. Another thing I am thinking about is how long these lines are and how much of a page am I really writing. Did you guys set it up this way on purpose to see something or to tell something about us. Well, if you want to know something that I am feeling right now is that these lines really annoy me by being so long. That is o. k. cause I will just deal with it. I am also thinking about my home and what my girlfriend is doing. If she misses me and other things about her. I am missing her. Studying here is tough and so are the classes. But hopefully that will just make me learn more. There are two girls next to me and they are talking alot. Usually I get people next to me in the computer lab that talk in French and Spanish so I don't know what they are saying and it does not bug me as much. Finally the end of the abnormal typing line. Well, I can understand what these girls are talking about and I don't even really care but they are still distracting me from providing a researchable paper. It really does not annoy me that much but, I like perfect situations and that means everything goes my way. Unfortunately that does not always happen. Guess what they just left. It is really quiet and I can think lots better. Well, since I have been in college I have thought about the future more. Does everyone think about the future more in college. I bet the majority does. I am really worried about how everything is going to work out after college if there is an after college. I would like to become a big success and become a great doctor but so would a million other people and I know there is not room for a million other people which narrows the picking for medical school. I will just do my best and the hope the best comes of it. Nobody knows though what will happen. This is pretty neat turning in a paper on the computer. Finally another line. I am going to try to pick up another class because I need more hours. I hope I can get something that will help me maximize my time here. My counselors said that I can only take 12 hours which is nice advice but who has to go to school here them or me. I would like to get out of here as soon as possible. Not because I don't like it, but just cause I am eager to see what I will be in the future, a success or a complete failure. Well, 20 minutes is up and I have to confess that I have been correcting my grammatical mistakes just cause I feel better if I do. I hope you understand. Bye. ",y,n,n,y,y

1997\_479089.txt,"I am feeling kind of nervous today because I only have one class and I am supposed to spend the rest of the day at the fraternity house doing chores. I also wonder why I have to do these chores, because all of the actives had to do them when they were pledges? In any event I know that I have to go over there and it will not be fun. I am also excited because next week my parents are going to come in town and it will be the first time I have physically seen them since I moved down here. Also my cousin is going to be coming down here to visit UT and I am excited that I will be able to see her. People told me that I would be overwhelmed when I came down here but I haven't felt that way yet. Things are getting harder by the week, but I think I am handling it well. My room is a mess and I really need to clean it up and do the laundry. I guess I will today since I will have maybe a little free time. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_514574.txt,"I really am tired. I can't understand why I have so much to do and I haven't even started maybe I'm just lazy and I don't think. Could be I'm just a loser. No I'm not! I just want to be accepted for who I am and not for what I am I can't stand to eat Jester food. It tastes better when I'm already full. It makes me sick sometimes and I have to use the bathroom a lot. How many times do you think I can say a lot without spitting on myself. I like this song it makes me think of parties, dancing girls. I miss my girlfriend, why can't I be with her. Too bad. Just be strong, If the person reading this actually knew me I wonder what he/she would say? Who cares! I don't care anymore. Just give me an A. Is that what it's all about an ""A"" we should try to learn something for a change in America instead of taking the shortcut approach. My fingers are getting tired. I'm hungry but it's too early to eat dinner What moron decided that dinner should be served at 4:30? If I get my hands on him/her, I would probably do nothing but laugh. Ha Ho Ha. Funny dude, that's me. How many times do I have to keep hitting the repeat button on the CD player. It's pissing me off. I wonder what would happen If our nipples were on our foreheads. I'm a dick for. A lot of people ask what's a dickfor? Funny huh? You probably think I'm sort of a psycho or pervert. Why won't this program automatically return me to the beginning of the document. If I get drunk this weekend I may feel better. probably not. I really miss her. She's got my heart forever. I wonder if this is the way I should feel. Who knows? I can't stand a cold shower. My phone just rang but I cant answer it because I have to do this stupid homework. I hope I don't get demoted for calling it stupid homework. Tired, sleepy. Do you know what time it is. I really miss my sister. She took care of me. She's only 15 though but she's my only true friend. I can count on her to do anything I ask her. Most of the time. Who knows If she gets married to one of my friends, I could be the best man. Who knows a way to type and answer the phone and do this stuff in one motion. I hope a little pause in my typing doesn't hurt my grade. I don't even understand why someone would even spell phone with a ph instead OF an f. My caps accidentally came on change the damn station roommate. He's gone. Black hole sun. Fair-weather friend. Dancing in the woods naked with a beautiful blonde wouldn't be so bad. She probably wouldn't want me though because I'm black. Who gives a fuck. In the goat ass. Colin's here he's hungry. BEEr dance naked bitches oops I can't stand ugly women unless they are with good-looking ones. Kiss me Pamela. What if your nipples were on your forehead? Piss on me I'm a dickfor. Who knows why we are here. Who's going. In a bloodbath of sweat spot you later hey borrow my card bitch. Please give me an A. I'm a psycho. If you think I'm crazy meet Colin. He bums meals for a living. Poor effort dickfor. Colin's gonna get sick. Spoonman rub Colin down. Who going with Wes. he probably will. why studying comes first. unless you beer. is it for a grade I miss high school life sucks then you die. she stinks. she needs a grille check. He smells like a bag of armpits. dirty bastard. My tennis coach smell like old sow rotten bus seats after school. tired please hurry. She�s cute. Colin was the second gunman on the grassy null. president dickfor. Spoonman not on. Live rules. Tupac's dead but I care colin's a weirdo and wants to be a child molester. not funny. He says thanks send help. My butt hurts fingers' tired I quit 20 minutes die mother f000000 ops remember when transformer underwear were the bomb. / jOINTH BOM WWW. UTEXAS. TIRED AS HELL. EDU. CO. HTTP. COM. FOR WHO'S THE MAN. GOT ACCEPTED WANNA QUIT NOW. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_657222.txt,"Today is September 4, 1997. It is twelve days before my best friend leaves for the NAVY. He has come to Austin to visit. I have dreaded these past couple of months ever since I knew he was leaving. He has been my best friend for five years. We have gone through so much stuff during those years. It is hard for me to say good-bye, but I know I must. We said we would see each other in six years but how will we know. it bothers me to know that he will forget about me, but I hope and pray he won't. Ever since he has come to visit we have went out and done something. Usually we just talk. He has been the only person that has understood what I feel. It's like we have some unknown connection that I can't really explain. But I realize that time will go one and maybe in six years we will find each other and things will be the same as they were be for either of us left. but how will I be certain. I told him that this is the hardest thing for me to do. I don't know if he understands it or not, who knows. It's kind of funny. Everyone believes that best friends (when male and female) make the best couples. And everyone always told us that we will probably get married, I don't think so. There isn't that feeling of that kind of love there. When I came too UT and began to meet other people, I didn't feel that I was loosing him, merely that I didn't think about him so much. But there were times that I missed his companionship when I didn't have someone to talk to. That is what I�m going to really miss the most about him. He has the great capability to listen and help out, even though he is male. But I will always love him and his great personality even if he changes during the years. I believe we have come to far in life as friends to let our friendship fail. September 16, will be a very sad and happy day because he will begin his career and future and I will be missing my best friend in the world. ",y,y,n,y,y

1997\_674797.txt,"What about this school, too many people running from place to place to be of any noticeable . meaning, any noticeable effect. I can't find the word trying to scribe all my thoughts brimming down. It is much easier for me to describe the pictures in my head, the vivid sensations I am accustomed to beholding within my minds own personal theater. I have developed my own way of thinking, so I like to think!, through day dreams and images, which I behold clearly even with my eyes open as if they happened in front of me. I like to write, but not this droning nonsense which may not receive the benefit of human eyes except for its execution and if, if it gets read. I am told it might not be, and it is this insignificance which repels me to the assignment. At least its easy, except for the internet part. I have generally avoided this dismal institution for my years, I spit upon the ""net"" when it first gained its genesis, and I spit upon its multi-media, machination which steals the waking lives from people. But what of it, for that matter, they do it to themselves, I can not pity them for that. If they like computers to sunsets let them use paintbrush to engineer their own nature, but I prefer the real thing made of so much chaos and chance that these simple number-crunchers couldn't make anything with that much sensation, that much depth. That is what lacks in these computers, they are vicarious to life. Not that I condemn them, they are useful tools, and not that I condemn their junkies or pushers for the fact of the creation, and not that I live my life to its fullest potential as it may sound I condemn the computer junkies for not doing. Its just that, I guess, I have found my own niche in the wall of the world, my own peaceful way of doing things that is inhibited by the computer only slightly, in the way that I hate it and most embrace it. I am hypocritical in this matter as well: I own a computer myself, and use it nearly every day. I like to think, probably falsely, that my downfall in the machine is not so complete as those web-surfers who spend 8+ hours browsing the electronic dreams of men. But then, my won mind produces the dreams I live in: whose to say which is worse? I prefer to see pictures of the world inside my own mind, and I can contrive any number of vicarious situation, locations, persons, emotions, sunsets, anything I want with a near vivid copy of the real things my eyes behold. Is this the same as the infernal computer? Is this any less debilitating a habit to daydream in ways even more real than my own, insignificant life? I say insignificant, and I mean it, not in a degrading matter or that I don't feel I have made full use of my potential or that I want for a better standard or situation in my own life, but that it is the truth that all humans are insignificant, no matter how important or influential, save in the numbers of our immense crowd. I'm sure philosophers have pondered the subject as I do right now for a useless computer, but as I have mentioned, I prefer the daydream, I prefer the novel, and I prefer the realistic sunset to a game of doom(not to say that the particular pastime isn't fun, I'm just as guilty as wasting an hour or so, but I haven't followed it up as many have with the endless assortment of clones that rock the computer gaming industry). I am bored with writing this as though I think in words, because normally I do not. Normally I prefer to think in sight, in sound, and even smell(though that's a hard one to master, I don't think I shall). So now I think its time to stop this wonderment I have going and describe what I think about when I don't do it in words: Flashing colors, sometimes geometric-shapes, until I can find something to build the energy in mind into. I remember during psych class when I began to waver off(which I am in habit of doing, sometimes at the wrong moment), daydreaming about my Kendo class coming up soon. I thought about a stalwart master standing over me as I held out a bamboo sword, poised straight and steady. I though about going over the moves I knew so well, I am quite a fan of kendo and cannot wait to take the actual class. I hope, though, that my daydream will predict some of the success I hope to have, but I still recognize that it was not real, only a contrivance, and I will have to wait for the fact to see. back tot he daydream I enjoy remembering, and have thought about since. I then imagined as though I were past the class, but somehow not in the real world as we know it, but somewhere where the sword still ruled the land. I think now it must have been my own idea of feudal Japan, but needlessly I walked around in nothing but a (I forget now what the karate uniforms I have donned so many times are called) but I was wearing one of those, carrying a real sword this time, trudging through muddy roads through a country side constantly lit by an orange, pasty sun. I can�t remember where it went form there, but needless to say much violence, honor, and success followed. That's how my daydreams sometimes run, but sometime they are more erratic. Sometime I let my mind go, though I do have extensive control, and watch bizarre unfoldings before me of pictures melting together, sometimes a forgotten memory boiling up from the depths of my mind, but more often a collage of unearthly landscapes. I have done extensive travel in the southwest of our country, sometimes willing, sometimes not, and have amassed a great many memories of the landscapes. Enough memories, in fact, to create my own realistically, though vicariously, through my daydream ability. Sometimes I imagine titanous walls of huge cliffs, eaten away by a river evidently, but impossibly showing the scores of rain as though it were eroded by that force alone, topped with greenery though the valley below is of rocks and tumbled stones. I like to visualize. I like to visualize so much that on the last vacation I made special note to remember the best landscapes I saw, and discovered in the process that I couldn't remember the scenes if I wore sunglasses. Without them, I could remember the sharpness of Shiprock, the depth of the Grand Canyon, the crumbling stones of Chaco and Mesa Verde. But with sunglasses on, I found I could not remember the details, they seemed clouded and sometimes distorted as thought he glass stole away the true definition of the pictures I wanted to remember. That is the unfortunate part of my visualizing saga, sometime I mar and twist my own memories into fantastic visages only seen in movies, and then find I cannot twist them back. Sometimes I remember the waves at Galveston quite a bit larger then they really were, the sun at the most vivid sunrise I recall that much brighter and golden, though taken from the special effects house and spliced with my memory. and I wonder which is better? To have the memory unaltered or to have the memory better, improved and refined into something so stunning to remember or think about that I might include it in stories. That's how I write, too. don't think out the story, I see though it were a movie flashing before my eyes, I hear it though a speaker were plugged next to me, I feel it though I were in it myself. Sometimes I think about conquering the world, so much to the fact that I have it all planned out. I feel safe writing about here, because it is doubtful anyone will read this carefully or pay attention to it, but I am confident enough of my long-term plans that I would feel bad if someone didn't have the warning. Maybe just fancy, but we will se won't we? If not, then I'll die a normal life, or maybe get a few books out and receive some fame, not as much as I'd like the money though. I'm sure I�ve met the twenty minute interval, but I forgot to check the clock so I'll keep writing a little longer to be sure to satisfy the requirement. So now I will daydream for sure, and write it as I see it, as though it were happening. NO, I better not, it would probably appear too much like my writings, but I will go ahead and make-visualize a new landscapes like I did up there(Earlier) because I enjoy it so much. I see a rising pyramid, sitting atop a four-cornered stone terrace that hold the point towards a sky with two suns, one burning bright and vaguely familiar to our own, the other a hazy blue color, lazily sitting near the point. surrounding it is the ruins of a city, not Egyptian though, but more reminiscent of the Roman culture, with tilted columns and ruble returning to the desert. The sand is a yellow with glitter, like mica flecks imbedded in the sand, which is hot tot he touch but not ruff, it runs like silk through the hands. My hands? I don't know, I just watch. The valley surrounding is windswept, though, perhaps they must be my hand because it appears quite desolate. The wind whips the sands into speeding wraiths across the amazingly flat area around, somehow no dunes develop, though. I wonder how that could be. I said valley, but I do not see any moutons or hills around. I wonder what prompted me to describe it as such. If I were writing a book, I would have changed it or added in a distant mountain line, but not so here. The sand seems compacted though, to the foot, though a hand can easily dislodge it, though it seems to flow back into place. It reminds me of the black sands of California, more gray then black, but equally as smooth and mica filled. Perhaps that's where its glintiness comes from, a mixed memory of TV and actually physical things I've seen. Sometimes its is, most times, though, it is merely illusion, merely contrivance, so I will let it go at that, ",n,n,n,n,y

1997\_735082.txt,"My parents just dropped me off at my dorm room and they are headed home to Houston. They came up for the football game and to see me. My mom calls me every day, whether it be to see if I'm up for school or if just to see what I'm doing for the day. Gosh, I'm starving right now and my friend just ate all of his Taco Bell. I wish he would have saved some for me. when I get done typing I'm going to go find some grub. Oh, speaking of food, this morning I ate an awesome breakfast buffet at the Double Tree with my parents. I just got a computer; I don't know why I'm using my friend, Matt's, computer. His roommate just picked up the phone and disconnected me. But, luckily I got right back on. I have so much reading to do today for philosophy, chemistry, and nutrition. I hope it doesn't take too long because I'm so tiered and I want to take a nap. Every time I wake up from sleeping I feel as though I'm getting more and more sick. I'm on different medications for my asthma, allergies, and my congestion. The good thing is that I have a Doctor's Appt. on Friday. So hopefully I can hang in 'til then. I met a girl that lives down the hall from me named Jenny when I moved in my dorm and it turns out that we long lost sisters. Well, not really, but we do have absolutely everything in common. It really is weird how alike we are. I feel so lazy staying in side studying on a sunny Sunday afternoon. I would love to go swimming right now. I hope that this writing assignment gets to Janel Seagal or whomever it is supposed to go to. Well, it's over and I'm off to eat!! Good-Bye!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! ",n,y,n,y,n

1997\_735238.txt,"Well here I go again. Trying this for the last time. It took four attempts but hopefully this will be the last time that I am required to attempt this. I had to try to write this several times because my computer would not send the four other attempts at writing. So this better work. Well it is really hard to do this assignment when I have already done it four times I can't believe that all the creativity has been drained out of me. I can't talk about anything funny and witty. I am so tired. I am tired of trying to do this assignment and getting rejected by the computer gods. Well let me think. I am in my friend's room. She is in the psychology class as well, and she lives on my floor. She is pretty cool for letting me do this when it is almost ten o'clock and I just went running. But then again, she is also helping my roommate with her precal. What a bud! My whole floor is pretty laid back and everyone is getting along real well. We are in a small dorm, Littlefield, and my only complaint is that the rooms are little. But it is a 70 year old dorm, and my mom told me when it was built the beds came out of the closet. This is really boring. My other four writings were so much more interesting then this. All I can say is that this better go through. I want to go home. But I am going to go home soon. I miss my dog. I am so boring. And I want to be a writer. I am really a more creative person but right now I feel physically drained. I am so tired. All I want is to go to sleep for a long time and not wake up. Tomorrow morning I have a Philosophy discussion session and I really don't want to go. But I guess that I kind of have to go. Have to learn! That is why I am here isn't it! I only have five minutes left and then I can do tackle my English paper. I don't want to work anymore. I want to go to sleep. But I can keep on going a and going and going and going and I am wasting as much time as I can. We are now talking about people in the class. Not good. Well, I think my time is up. Yeah no more typing well no, I have to go finish my English paper. I hope that this goes through because if it doesn't I will scream really loud. Thank you and god bless. ",y,y,y,n,n

1997\_819953.txt,"It is now 4:10 PM, that means I have to do this stupid assignment until 4:30. it's probably beneficial for the psychologists at this school, though. I think I am going off the page now so I will press return okay, that line was probably fucked up but that's okay. I wonder how long it will take to get on a computer tomorrow. It didn't take too awfully long today. I used to be able to type faster than this, I think. I am out of practice from summer. I can't write as well, either. not that I was very good to begin with. This is going to seem like a really long time. I was going to say take a long time, but it's only twenty minutes, which doesn't seem like that long in theory, but it really is. I am not looking at the screen and my writing is going everywhere. I wonder what the other people said, and if they noticed that this thing doesn't automatically scroll down as you type. It's good to do this on the internet because it saves a lot of paper waste, but it's annoying to have to come here and wait for a computer when I�m used to just writing things on paper at home. I wonder if Jonathan had emailed me yet-- I will check on that after I finish this thing. Doh!- It's only 4:16. I have a really long time. I wonder if he can tell whether or not people cheat and cut it short. if you can type really fast then you can get a lot done. I wonder how fast I type in comparison with everyone else. I should have learned how to touch type before I came to college. I still use the hunt and peck version staring at the keyboard. It's hard to do that when you're transcribing a paper or something that you aren't thinking of as you go. I'm getting tired. This reminds me of the simpsons when grandpa is rambling on and on and nobody is listening or cares what he says. ""ewww. what smells like mustard?"". I love that show. I can't wait until the new season starts. I wonder if we'll win the Simpson�s house that would solve all our problems for the rest of our lives. never having to do what we don't want to do. But it would be annoying to live in. I think you can tell a lot about a person by knowing to what degree he or she likes the simpsons. Some idiots like my dad just think it's a cartoon, but it's really so much more. I should really finish that chapter that I didn't read. It was interesting enough, I just didn't have very much time to read. oh, I forgot some of my books, and I don't want to walk all the way to the dobie to get them. it's so hot! I'm so lazy. no wonder I�m a big fat cow, I can't even walk half a block to get my books. I should really start riding my bike again. I like the bus. it's so much easier and I don't have to carry my bike down those fucking stairs. I've climbed more stairs today than I have in a long time. I wonder if I�ll ever be able to go running without dying-- I think I�m just not built for it. Andy is so athletic, and I�ll never be as fit as he is, and I�m really just slowing him down. Yay, it's 4:26, only 4 more minutes. I wonder if you freaks are actually going to read all 500 of these things. yeah, what is the point of this stupid thing, anyway? I could see the point of that research project, but not this. You can't possibly read all these. M back hurts. I should probably try to have better posture. but I like to conserve energy. again, laziness. two more minutes. I�m tired, I think the sun drains all the energy out of me. I�m really sick of this stupid thing, and the minutes are going by so slow. it's really irritating me. I can' t wait to get to my email! I wonder how many messages I got in the last 3 weeks. well, it's now 4:30 bye. ",n,n,y,y,y

1997\_915687.txt,"I don't really know how to start this but I guess it really doesn�t matter Computers are so frustrating. I wish I knew more about them. Its 5:25 now so I need to write until hmmmm 5:45. That�s not to bad. I wonder what that guy keeps laughing about, It must be some really fun assignment or maybe he�s on email with some girl or something. He pretty cute, kind of looks like the guy on The Princess Bride. I love that movie , haven�t seen it in a while. This assignment is kind of hard because I cant type as fast as I think. Oh, this is how this thing works. Kind of annoying You cant even see what your writing! How dumb. I wonder what Heather is writing I hope my email got to Ryan and Jeremy. That would stink if it didn�t. What time is it anyway? 5:35 10 more minutes. There sure is alot of people here for a Friday afternoon. I wonder if I'll be in here alot doing homework. Probably. I'm kind of tired. I hope gosh I'm hungry. I hope that HOPE is fun tonight. I want to meet some people . I hope David comes I wonder if Trey or Jason called. I bet Trey did for sure. I wish he was more talkative but he's really nice. I bet Heather kind of likes Dave. I wonder if I'm going to be able to get out of this computer without having to have that weird guy help me again. I felt so dumb. I need to do my research requirement soon so I don�t get behind. There's a lot I need to do. That guy is laughing again. I kind of wish I could just laugh back at him. Gosh I'm a really slow typer. I hope I'm doing this right. I wish all my assignments were this easy. I need a floppy disk and oh yeah I need to get those Paradigm notes for Zoology. I bet Leann doesn�t remember to bring me hers. Oh well. She's really nice. I wonder where that girl is from. She has a funny accent. I think I've written for about 20 minutes now so I guess I'll quit even though I don�t have very much typed out . I'm just slow. Besides they didn�t say this had to be a certain length just a 20 min. time frame. I wonder what�s for dinner tonight. I think I'll go find out. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_936666.txt,"As I sit here and drink this very nasty coffee. (coffee maker is on the fritz) I look back and recollect on this past weekend. In fact this has been my only thought since Monday morning. So I can give you can better understand what I am talking about, I will give you a background premise to what occurred. I was sitting on the computer, as always, talking to my boyfriend in Houston on a chat group. He and I are still in that ""newlywed"" phase of a relationship, so we are constantly wanting to be around the other. My having to be a couple hundred miles away in school is causing major distance pains. Any way, I was trying to encourage him to come visit me for the weekend. He was regretfully working on both Saturday, and Sunday lunches ( he is a waiter, where we met this past summer) . He replied to my requests with a request for me to go down there. I thought about it for a brief moment, decided that I had no major plans for the weekend, and immediately called Greyhound. I was on the next bus home, in one hour. He was so completely surprised. As he put it, it was one of the largest signs of love that he had ever been shown, for someone to just up and leave on the spur of a moment, spend over $50 that he knew I didn't have to spend, sacrifice a weekend of my time, just to see him. He was on cloud nine, and as soon as I saw him, so was I. Well the weekend progressed, and I had a wonderful time. I also had a chance to meet up with my friends still in Houston, without having to report in to my mother. thankfully I neglected to tell her that I was in town. Well, on my last day there, before my ride to the bus station, he and I had a heartfelt conversation. He basically proclaimed his undying love for me, and told me exactly how special I was in his life. He also went over all the things that I did to let him know how much he knew that I love him. He remembered all the little things that I have done since day one. which really meant something to me cause I know that my actions are received with such appreciation. He felt that this last one, my coming to see him on the spur of a moment, was the ultimate. He then proceeded to tell me of a mental list that he had of who he envisioned his wife would be, what kind of person she would be, and what her traits would be. He told me that I fit every one, and he said that I was his perfect companion. Both of us have seen a lot, and have dated almost every type of person out there. I know that he is the one for me, I have known it for a while. I have been told that when you meet that certain someone, you will know it is them, and you will know that they are the right one for you. Well. my mind, heart and soul are screaming at me that Terrence is him. Well, I stated a few things to him that I had been thinking about, and at one point, I started to cry, out of sheer joy at what he was saying to me, I have never had any one person ever express their feelings to me, and I don't think I have ever experienced love at this level. I was so happy that the tears just came. Oh. to explain the next thing, I want you to know that we have talked, hypothetically about marriage several times in the past. but it was usually never in a fully serious tone, only half serious. but each of us was contemplating it. When he saw me crying, he embraced me so tightly, and with such warmth I felt at totally peace, at that moment, he whispered (and I still don't know if I was meant to hear t or not) that he had ""finally found his wife"". he pulled back from the embrace, looked so deep into my eyes that it felt as if he touched my soul, and right then and there, asked me to be his wife. I was soo taken aback that I couldn�t speak. I have never been proposed to, and wasn't sure how to respond. All I could do was smile one of the biggest smiles I have ever made, and I replied yes. He said that he was completely serious. no hypothetical at all. he also said that he would ask me again, but this time, would present me with a ring. I know that it could be a while before he can get up the money for that. but I am willing to wait for a man like that. I have never meat anyone quite like him. I have only been in love 2 times before. one lasted for 3 years. but it ended as an abusive relationship. the second was only a one sided love. He was leaving for the Marines, and didn't want to return the love because he knew that he would come out a different person. But both times cannot even compare to my feelings for Terrence. Now I come to my contemplations. I had plenty of time to think about my life and where it was going on the bus ride home. I know that I want to spend my life with Terrence, he and I share the same values, we are both religious people in our own ways. we may not go to church regularly, but we are both at peace with God and what He asks of us. I have never met anyone that was religious and not afraid to admit it, but he isn't overly religious to the point that I am disgusted. :O) We both have the same values regarding marriage. in effect, neither of us believes in divorce. Marriage is for all time, and if you marry a person then it is forever. ""'til death do you part"" I know that this could work. The biggest obstacle that I can see is the age gap. he is 28, I am 18. It hasn't posed a problem for us before, my mother likes him, and sees that he shows acceptable behavior, and treats me with the utmost respect. He never belittles me, or disregards what I say because I am young. In fact he looks up to me because I have set such high goals for myself, and will stop at nothing to achieve them. He also knows that I want to wait until graduation, or at least close to it, before I get married. And he knows how important Med-school is to me. He also says that he will not marry me until he knows for sure that he can support me. he is one of those chivalrous guys, that believes that a man should be able to support a family on his salary alone. but if his wife wants to work, or even makes more money than him, then he is all for it. he just wants to be able to know that I don't have to work. At the same time, he is giving me more support about being a doctor than any other person. including my family. One thing that bothers me is that he is 28 and still a waiter. I know that it is only temporary, he is working for a career in music, either with a band, as a musical engineer/producer, or as a teacher (he is one of the best drummers I have heard. and writes INCREDIBLE music. everything from piano pieces, to synthesized complete modern music. he can do it all!!!! I know that with my income alone, we can make it. even starting out, being a doctor will be able to support us. The problem could arise in the fact that we will be in debt for a while, paying off med-school, and it would be a shaky start. But of course all marriages start out financially shaky. I am also concerned that because he is so much older, and more ready to settle down, that he will encourage me to marry before I graduate. that would just be another added expense. By the time I graduate, he will be 31. I just hope that he can wait that long. he says that he can, and that he will, I believe him, but he may grow antsy as the years go on. Bottom line is that I love him, and will do anything in the world for him, but of course within reason. I also know that he would do the same for me, without even needing me to ask. I have never felt this way about any other human being. and I don't think that another love like this is possible. besides I don't want any one else but him. soo. Yes, I will marry him. and we will have beautiful children. We know that once this ""honeymoon"" feelings wear off. our love for each other will change. but as I know my love, I will still be there. by his side. I have never met anyone that completes me, and who I am, so perfectly as he does. not even my best friend. Terrence and I connect we realized this when we first met, and had our first deep discussion. In fact we connected to each other so well. that it scared both of us. and with reason. when you meet someone and the next week you can complete each other sentences. and already know what the other is thinking without them having to say a word, it can be a bit scary. But as we grew, we grew more comfortable with the idea. and now he is ready to marry me. my life couldn�t be more perfect, and I couldn't be any more happier. I am in love. and now, I am engaged!! ",y,y,n,y,y

1997\_956061.txt,"I have to work at 1pm, go back to my dorm, and get everything organized I still have to do my geology homework and study that since science is hard for me. I need to go shopping for food also and get my internet connection set up. I hope my dad can help me because if not I don�t know when I will ever get on the net and all my assignments are due over it. I also need to call my Brad in College Station. I don�t know what to do in that situation. I think I love him but I need to date others--but who to date? I am not interested in anyone I only want to know for sure if it is Brad I want but how do I know if he really wants me when we go to such different schools and he will probably find an aggie woman I could find a longhorn man also . the guy I just met is pretty cool but I don't see me dating him maybe I should just have fun and see what happens no need to get serious yet-- unlike Lori and I do not want to be like her and Ryan. I am glad I didn�t have to quit my job I love everyone there only my manager is driving me crazy with the shifts I am getting hopefully it will all work out but I have to work 2 shifts today and I still have so much to do I just need to relax or something but I cant until I get all my stuff done. oh well I wish I had time to tell my mom and dad everything that is going on here but things keep coming up people are always calling and or dropping by and there is no time to call unless it is at midnight when they have been asleep for hours its funny because you would think that since we live in the same city I would be able to talk easily but I cant tomorrow is labor day I wonder if Jeff will want to do any thing he probably will and I don't know if I have time or not to spend the day with him and if I don�t he will probably throw a fit since he lives in san marcos but he can come home all the time if he wants or I can visit him I wish he wasn�t so needy he has to really we are not together but he has always been like this that is why we could never work out not like brad though he is wonderful but he wrote me some letter I haven�t gotten it yet and he says parts of it are sad and parts happy I wonder is it good sad like he misses me or bad sad like he met someone else I will find out in the next few days I wonder if Ryan got my letter and how he is doing I wonder how mecredy is doing and when he is going back to Dallas the George strait concert was great I wonder is they got to see brad I wonder how Lori is I haven�t talked to her in a couple of days and we have to do the draw together on Tuesday I hope she can stand in line with me and I may have to leave early since I work at 10:30 I don�t know the games are going to be great I hope I get to go to the A&m game! I don�t think I want to hang out with brad that weekend though I don�t know it depends on him and who knows if I'll get tickets I really want to go though Tyler already has some lined up I wonder how you get to college Station I'm sure someone will give me directions I hope it isn�t too scary I don�t know what I would wear I wonder whose car we could take mine would never make it and it has UT stickers all over so they would trash it ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_991545.txt,"ok, go! 20 minutes, and don't stop. what do I write about? I have laundry in the washer. I hope it doesn't shrink. band was fun. only a couple of days till our first game!!! I'm glad I tried out. Meagan and shannon are cool. they helped me alot during summer band. I wonder what they think about me. my microphone fell off. I shouldn't have put it on before I moved up here. college! cool. freedom, school. high school band. Mr. k was nice need to write thank you to Mrs. Burditt. flags, weird stuff. I'm confused. it is fun, but kinda gay. and I'm not! my only way to be in band for now, so ok. submit. internet, wow. find everything, loose sleep. slept at noon today. I need to sleep more at night. our leopard print sheets are so cool. We are damn funny. Mike is funnier. he is just plain wacky. he made callback today. I told him he would. ""na, man"" go ahead and check, mike, you never know. they liked your accent. Biology video was crazy! ""today we are cooking leeches"" Earthworm Jim. ivy had fun, too. she's having fun in Ohio. , but she misses us. I miss her too, I like talking to her on ICQ. too many people have icq, and it's messing up. my computer messes up, too. dell is cool, and their customer support is nice. makes me feel stupid. I felt pretty dumb in Calculus. missed the ques. on the review chapter! I have already taken and aced the class. Jessica is cool. can't believe she's w/ gabe. man, that stinks. I should have done something last year, but nooo, I was afraid. gotta be more confident w/ girls. I'm not a bad guy, some girls even liked me. just gotta do something about it. Library. Mrs. ritter was nice. surprised her good she thought I was snobby, everyone judges me before they meet me. ""that smart guy"" or ""the one on the announcements all the time"" ""the valedictorian"" I don't care. I'm a funny person, very nice, and very sweet and romantic. State solo ensemble. Leslie, that was a fun bus ride. again, should have done something , kinda late, since I was leaving for UT. Orange and white. some colors, some school pride. girl in our hall. we are such losers. not even any alcohol or girls (except Jessica and my sister) oh well, give it time. Kate is cool she came down from Baylor. explorer didn't work. Chevy blazer. ford bronco, white OJ. did he do it? I don't know, but he was proven innocent, leave him alone. LA riots, man there is so much hate. Princess Di. die. drunk driver, come on! everyone knows that! paparazzi, not only their fault. James is a total pothead and such a dork. nice when you meet him, then . Dan. I miss Dan, he's funny. need to call Dan. need to call my parents. mom misses me, poor dad, doesn't have anyone to talk to (except mom) I hope I still have friends when I get to be his age. I know he works too much. Scott is online, so is ivy. I wonder what they're doing. Scott at Notre Dame I bet he's having fun. we're actually doing homework who would have thought. college. never had to study before. kinda weird. gotta read sophie's world tonight. I have another writing assignment for Prof. Ross. weird class the meaning of life?!? MONTY PYTHON!!!! funny stuff. I have their game. no time to play it. I need to buy Interstate 76. Dakota wants to play. His stepdad died, but it was better that way. he misses us. I wish we could come down. we will for homecoming. I hope there's no game that day. band again. PC and Martin, do they even notice me? I try hard, I guess, and I really have fun. I've never done this before. picked up on it fast that's what they say. Meagan is cool. she notices I work hard. she never did it before her first year either. I guess she know what it's like. 20 minutes passed 3 minutes ago. I wonder how much longer on the laundry. I'm hungry. what can I eat. ice cream is good. already had it today. jester express might still be open. I have to check hey, movies are on tonight. SCREAM is on. cool. I think I'll watch it. time is up. ",n,n,n,y,n

1997\_410675.txt,"The computers at Contessa Dorms have no modems. I learned that the hard way. So far, here at UT, computers have been quite a pain in the ass. My password for UT access won't work. Maybe because its nine letters. I can't tell; the instruction sheet said that you're password should be up to 8 letters, not that it had to be at least eight letters. Here in Austin should means has to, I guess. Sir Mix-A-Lot is gone, I guess. He did that Baby Got Back song, and then he disappeared, unless you�re a hardcore rap fan. I once read about some little down in the Midwest where a bunch of rappers lived and made music. Like Robert Earl Keen lives in Bandera, Texas, where I went to summer camp one year. We called ourselves the Homies, and had an old cowboy hat called the Homie Hat. Some guy in another tee-pee shot it up at Riflery one day, so we had a funeral service, of which I was the preacher. We made am H out of rocks above the hole where we placed the hat and said a prayer. The counselor said it was sacrilegious, but we went through with it anyway, and later dug it up and moved it because we thought some one was going to grave-dig it. That�s a great piece of trivia in my life- Where ids the HOmie Hat buried? Someday, maybe I'll go visit Robert Earl Keen and we'll go up to Hamman Ranch YMCA camp along the banks of the ice-cold Medina River and find that H. That would be cool. When I was younger we went to the Monahns in West Texas, whenever we were visiting my grand-parents in Midland. Now my mom and grandmother are in a big tiff over a pins shower cap in the upstairs shower. Its a silly fight, of course, but I guess its kind of interesting to see who gives in and talks to the other first. My favorite tiff ever was the Tongs-Becky tiff of late 1995. It involved car accidents, lies, rumors, name-callings. Now Tongs goes to Montana State, in the Big Sky conference, which brings me back to tiffs. I knew this girl at St. Ed's named Jenn who had a friend she hadn't seen in a long time who went to Southern Utah, which I think is in the Big Sky. So I told her that next time she emails her she should mention that she knew someone in Austin who had a friend who was going to another Big Sky school. I don't think she ever intended to do it, but she emailed her anyway, and this Southern Utah girl never wrote back. I guess she'll never know about the whole Big Sky? Texas coincidence, unless Jenn told her, which I rather improbable. She obviously didn't care. Jorge stole Todd Snider's straw cowboy hat, which is now sitting right in front of me as I write. Todd SNider, from Nashville, was playing at the Luckenbach Laborfest, where we saw him a year before and when he crowd-surfed, Jorge just yanked it off his head. It was badass. Jorge says he doesn't feel bad about it. I wonder if Todd misses that old hat. I think he does, but he learned a valuable lesson, like when Jerry Jeff lost his guitar, and found it at some bar in New Mexico a year later. That story is probably bullshit, as most of Jerry Jeff's seem to be. It doesn't matter- I don't pay to hear storied from an era in his life that he probably really doesn't remember, but I do wish he's play a bigger variety of songs- the man has released over 30 albums- all different, yet plays the same set at every concert. I've never even heard Pot Can't Call the Kettle Black, and that�s one of his biggest songs anyway,. You want stories, talk to old Sean- his stories pretty much suck, but his pride in telling them is what is so interesting. He makes a walk from Georgetown to the Jefferson Memorial sound fascinating, while I almost get lost lost-to-death in some God-forsaken part of East Texas, and I can't even keep people listening. ",n,y,y,n,n

1997\_579195.txt,"I really don't know how to use the Internet and I have a feeling everyone can tell how ignorant I am. I really wish that I did not have to use the computer for my class assignments, its not like I will really have to use it in medicine. I wish my dad would subscribe t o the Internet at home. Oh well at least during the Christmas vacation I probably get a car if my grades are doing real well. I wish my dad had not held me to that deal, I mean what if I flunk out of math, my dad will kill me. Forget the car I just my hope my dad is in a very happy mood during the Christmas holiday just incase I fail. You know I am really scared what if I really do something to endanger me in to getting to the medical school of my choice, what if do get into medical school and I happen to fail, what if I became a doctor and all my patients died on me will I be labeled as a bad doctor and have to forfeit my license. I really have to talk to the microbiology advisor so I can see what courses I should be taking and when I can fit them in so I can graduate in four years. You know what this is a stupid assignment because I am still thinking about spelling everything correctly and capitalizing, this even reminds of my psychology class in high school. Mr. ward was cool but his class was very boring, he should have known that because everybody was falling asleep and hardly anyone did well on his tests. You know if I had been a braver soul I would have blatantly told him his class was too hard and too boring it didn't even help some of my friends who to the a. p. exam. What kind of teacher is that who can't make sure all his students pass a standardized test he has seen before. that bring me to Mrs. whitenight I cant believe I didn't do that well on the a. p. exam, I suffered through out the whole year in her class only to not be able to receive a four or five. I mean really since I suffered and improved each and every day in her class I should have gotten a five, but oh now you know what I could believe that since she was a member grading the exams that she helped get that low of a score It sounds really silly, but who cares I don't have to look at her ugly face again thank goodness. and You know Mrs. Dubner should not try to cover up that she has thinning hair I mean thousands of women each year go through the same thing, if she really wanted her hair to grow she should have tried rogaine or something to that effect. This is almost over thank you God I never want to do this again but I have to. Yesterday my birthday was half good and half bad I cant believe my family could not have fed exed me a package ,it a good thing I have friends like Jean and Rosemary. I still haven�t talked to Dina and I could not believe she chose my major after saying she would not like it, it would have been great had she told me the truth instead of me having to hear it from Regina the nerve of her trying to steal my major. I mean its not like it belongs to me anyway, but it seems like she going around my back trying to one up like so if we go back to Richardson she can tell every body how much better she is at microbiology than I am. I can tell you one thing she will never get that satisfaction I am going to work harder and work better then she will the only class she can probably beat me in is computer science and I can get me a tutor so I can improve my grades in that , thank you very much. I hope I beat enough so that I graduate suma cum laude(knock on wood) and she graduates cum laude or magna cum laude ( I could care less). Rosemary is a cool roommate , I sort of getting a little tired of jean I mean she complains from one thing to the next but she is a great friend I hope we all graduate together and become even better friends. Today I am supposed to start jogging I hope I can make it around the track once with out collapsing, that would be a miracle in and of itself I think. I know I have to call my parents I am especially worried about my mom I mean ever since the death of Princess Diana she has sounded a lot weaker on the phone I hope she gets over it soon. I hope when I am able to get home for a holiday they will have my birthday presents, I can't believe Jean and Rosemary got me a perfume oil for my birthday that has to be the greatest birthday gift I have received from anyone since I got my Cowboys' jacket from my parents on my fifteenth birthday ( in fact that was the last birthday I got present from my parents at all. You know in the two weeks I have been here I have forgotten all about mike almer its a good thing too because I think I was starting to get obsessed about the whole thing. Maybe I'll see him during the Christmas holiday maybe I wont maybe I'll even have another boyfriend who'll treat me better any way I shouldn't be thinking about that right now I'll think about it later when I am about to graduate from medical school. well thank goodness my time is up its a good thing my professor won't really read this its not embarrassing I just don't feel like having anyone analyzing my brain waves or my mind thinking pattern, I would rather be analyzing someone else myself. I wonder what the projects are going to like I hope its going to great well I have to go so I can eat lunch which I have never wanted more than right now. ",n,n,y,y,y

1997\_657978.txt,"I finally got all of my Ethernet problems worked out today, so I e-mailed everyone I know. I wish my mom would call so I could tell her that not only did I get the package with my Windows 95 disk but I also received my Nabisco care package. It had all kinds of goodies in it but I haven't yet gotten to eat any of them yet. I wonder where Scott is. I haven't heard from him since Monday I think. He's probably at work, or playing Magic with Tim and Anthony. I'm glad I got a card from Julie today, looks like she's having a good time at OU. Maybe I'll call her before I go to the Red River Shoot-Out in Dallas, or better yet maybe she's got a place to stay in Dallas and I could stay with her. I wish the guys working outside would be quiet. And for once the girls in my hall are quiet, either that or they aren't there. My fingers are really cold , but they aren't numb yet so I guess I'll live. I'm so excited! I get to go to my first UT football game on Saturday. But I also get to go to all of the other home football games because I got Season tickets. maybe I'll see my Aggie friends at the A&M game November, Kristine doesn't have an e-mail address yet otherwise I�d write her. I don't think I get to go home again until September the twentieth, but maybe I'll get to see Scott then, unless he comes here, but I don't think that he'll do that because it will end up costing him to much money, then again it will cost me a lot of money too, if I keep going back and forth I hope that I�m getting enough sleep to make it all the way through the day. I need to start planning my week like I learned how at the time Management and Study Strategies Seminar I went to on Sunday I think I need to take a nap. I wish I had some nail polish remover, I need to repaint my toenails. I wonder if I can make it through three weeks before I need to get my nails redone. I hope so I don�t want to change manicurists, I like Vicky. ",n,y,y,y,n

1997\_696801.txt,"What to write. I just missed dinner because I came down here to write this paper. I think that they should make dinner last longer then just till 7:00 at night. That sucks. Last night I requested that they give us a new couch because the one we have now hurts my back. Besides I saw what the new couches looked like and they are pretty cool. They are bright blue, not just plan gray. Grey is so boring. I wonder what I will do tonight. I could stay home and do my homework and sleep, maybe get to see what a good night's sleep feels like. But I will most likely go out and party like I always get suckered into. So the guy situation on campus. Not to bad. The one I�m dating now is a sweetie. But now that I�m dating him it is not as fun anymore. Why is that? The fun part is the challenge of getting the guy but now that I have him I don't want to spend any time with him. I am such a bitch. God, my eyes can't handle looking at a computer screen too long. They get all dried out. We have a Nintendo at our room upstairs, and I sit there for hours and my eyes kill me. Well, not really for hours, just a little exaggeration. My roommates are pretty cool. I like them a lot. Sometimes I feel bad because I don't spend as much time with them as they do together so now they are closer to each other and I kinda feel left out. But I spent my time with my other friends. My best friend Athena who is just down the hall and whom I love so very much. I am so glad that she is here. I would hate it here if she weren't. When I fist got here I was kinda upset that she was on my floor because I wanted my space and my time away from her, but now I love it. It is a perfect set up. I can go and visit her anytime I want and she can come to my room if she likes but I don't feel like hanging with her than I don't have to. How come I can write forever and this screen just keeps scooting over, it makes my feel like I�m not writing that much. Last time I did this I only wrote one line. And the sad thing was I was sitting at the computer for about an hour. I just had people distracting me. I wonder how you check your e-mail. I wonder if Chris wrote me. Chris is such a great guy. I hope he comes down and visits sometime soon. I miss the boy. He is the one guy I regret not ever liking. I had my chance with him and broke his heart, but I guess that's the way life goes. I always go for the loser guys who treat me like shit. Maybe that's why I never like a guy after I finally know he likes me, he is too nice and treats me too well. Doesn't that suck. I thought that the psy. experiment in class was very entertaining. I hope that I do well in this class it is truly an interesting subject. But is seems like I won't be doing well in any of my classes. I don't concentrate enough. I came down here thinking that I was going to get a 4. 0, or at least close to that. But now my study habits have gotten so bad that I don't know what is going to happen to my. I think that I will change my ways and get back on track. I started out exercising every day too, but now I haven't ran in several days. The freshman 15 here I come. Ok that has been 20 min. Hope you had fun analyzing me! ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_697491.txt,"It is 5:24 in the afternoon. I wonder how long 20 minutes really is and how much I can write. time always seems to go by so slow when I�m bored out of my mind. it's too quiet in this room. usually there's people constantly talking, walking in and out, shouting, banging, or anything to cause distraction. you see, I�m in my cousin frank's room. well, we're not really blood cousins, just cousins by marriage- his aunt married my uncle. anyway, he's pretty cool. I hated him when I was a kid. we were in the same Chinese class and he was one of those really annoying, obnoxious boys that always teased the girls. I guess we're pretty close now. it was pretty scary finding out we were cousins, but its fun calling each other that. ugh. I�m so bored. the only noise I hear is the humming of the a/c which is right above the desk. it's hot, and the a. c. 's not cool enough to keep me comfortable. I�m really paranoid about frank's room. he's a pretty messy guy, and someone just came in here complaining that there were fleas in here. yuck. I hate bugs of any shape and size. all I know is that I�m beginning to feel itchy everywhere. man, it's only 5:35 now. about half way through this writing assignment. laddy da dee da. I don't know what to write. the more I sit here, the more impatient I get and the more paranoid I am about these bugs around me. frank lives inside an Asian fraternity house. I�m not trying to say Asians are dirty, but sometimes the guys do get a little lazy. I wish they'd clean up a bit. even right after the clean, it's still a mess. it smells moldy, the lighting is really bad, the air is thick, and it just feels nasty walking in here. I hate taking showers or going to the bathroom here. the dim lights are constantly flickering, the seats are a dingy yellow/brown color, and it stinks like shit. and the one stall that's actually half way decent has no lights in it. I basically take a shower in the dark. and the worst part is that I paranoid about guys walking in and out of the bathroom while I�m in there changing. all the guys here know me and respect my boyfriend, but it's just the thought of guys there. yes. it's 5:41. and frank and my friend Tony just got back. they're starting their own racing crew and just picked up stickers for their cars. mmm. and they brought back food. even though I don't like McDonalds, I always crave it when I smell it. oh well, I�m just gonna eat some since my time's up. yeah! ",n,y,y,y,n

1997\_736368.txt, Right now I am sitting at the computer feeling very good that I am finally doing this assignment. It had been on my mind ever since it was assigned. I can't wait till I am done. Because I know I will feel a sense of accomplishment . Ever since the lecture on Tuesday every time I think I can picture that video we saw in class where the part of the brain was warming up or so called cooking. I imagine my brain is cooking right now trying to think of what to write next. Earlier today I found my emotions changing alot today and I tried to figure out why they changed so much at one point I was extremely shy and the next minute I was outgoing. Right now I feel very comfortable with myself and extremely confident. My thoughts are going every which of way right now. Because I feel pressure to do well in school from myself and my parents. I really would like to please them and show them I am responsible and smart. I feel as though it is not me right now. I find it truly fascinating that my mind is coming up with some of these things right now. I find it really intriguing. Now even after going to class I really feel like hearing the lectures really has made me realize alot of stuff I had not noticed before especially trying to feel what I really feel not what I just think I feel. It just occurred to me that I have not looked up once to see how much time has gone by. I could write this for a while just tracking my different thoughts and feelings and emotions. When I mentioned something earlier about my parents and how I wanted to impress them. I pictured my parents and started having feelings of love because I know they are there for me if I need them. I never have stopped and traced my thoughts before until now. I am wondering now if the tests are going to be hard in this class. I feel pretty hungry right now so I can imagine my stomach relaying something to my part of my brain telling me it is time to eat. I wish I could get controller the part of my mind that controls addiction because I sure would like to quit smoking. I feel as if I have no control over it anymore. When I smell cigarettes smoke. I feel my mind say wouldn't it be nice to have one of those. I guess quitting smoking is telling that part in your mind no and to be stronger than that. That was weird how my mind suddenly brought up smoking I guess because I know I have to quit because it is so bad for you. Well that�s time I really enjoyed this assignment. ,y,n,y,n,n

1997\_853759.txt," Okay, I am working on assignment number one in which if I understand correctly, I am to follow my thought pattern. I am thinking about everything that I need to accomplish in the next two or three days. This is difficult to follow because everything seems to run together. This happens to me every night when I try to go to sleep. Sometimes it takes me hours to get there. I have to actually talk myself into clearing my thoughts in order for me to get some sleep. There have got to be some better relaxation techniques that I should try in order to sleep, because I am always tired. When you are always tired, it is difficult to get everything accomplished because your mind and body just do not cooperate. I wonder how much power the mind actually has over the body. Maybe that is something that we will discuss in class. I find the topic very interesting. It is amazing how much more conscientious you become of your thoughts when you are trying to track them. It seems to make you lose some of the negativity or criticism that usually passes through one's mind. It is hard to think when you are trying to, but when you would rather not, you are overloaded with thoughts. Just what exactly are thoughts anyway? I wonder just how the brain actually thinks. The human mind and body are absolutely amazing. They work so precisely that it is quite intriguing. Life itself is amazingly difficult sometimes. All my life, I have wanted to get big, now I would love to be back in kindergarten. Life was so simple back then, Now everything is rushed and hurried and there are still not enough hours in the day to get everything done that needs to be done. I wonder how other people seem to do everything with such ease, because I definitely cannot seem to get away with doing anything easily. Maybe I will be a stronger person because of it, or maybe I will be insane by age 40. Who knows? only time will tell. I wish I could see into the future to know whether what I am doing now will pay off or if it is being done in vain. Time, what a concept anyway. I would imagine that the world would be quite chaotic without it, but sometimes I still wish that it would go away. I have been typing for a little more than ten minutes now. look at that, I just used time in a simple statement. The concept of time has probably always existed in some form or fashion, however it could not have always been this exact. I wonder who came up with making it the way it is today and if that person knew what a profound effect it would have on the world. I am already ready for Christmas break. I had an absolutely wonderful summer and cannot quite seem to put summer behind me and get in the going to school mode. I want to do well in my classes. I graduated fourth in my class and had a GPA of over one hundred. I made one B is first grade and swore that I would never make another. I guess college is a different thing though and I will have to wait and see how everything works out. It is quite an adjustment from high school. I was trying to stay away from this topic due to our second writing assignment, but my mind is consumed with thoughts about everything that is going on right now which is moving away and going to this absolutely huge school. There are more people on this campus than there are in my whole town. Anyway, I have been typing for more than twenty minutes now. I think my mind skips around a lot and jumps from topic to topic, but oh well, that is how I work. ",n,y,y,y,n

1997\_856670.txt,"This is one of the most interesting assignments to date in my educational career. Never before have I submitted my work over the computer. I pretty much knew what I was going to write about when I got down here. my ex-girlfriend. She brings out a lot of sensations and feelings, and I can say most have been pleasant, but not lately. The guy next to me seems pretty cool. Some guy just sat down by me. looked like he was lost or maybe self-conscious because he didn't sit long. I guess this place isn't so bad. I've got a hangover. which isn't too bad, considering me excessive intoxication the night before. What a bitch. People type too damn loud!! The guy running this place seems somewhat dorkey. may that be an understatement. Ryan will be happy to know that I am finally going to break it off with her. It's what he wanted, and I too, but I couldn't do it myself. she's too damn manipulating and she's a bad, bad person. Who the hell is she to think that I'll always be here to pick her ass off the ground like some sort of surrogate mother. Last time I checked I don't have any breasts to breast-feed her. But I'll tell you who does. Tiffany Amber Thiessen (also known as val on 90210). They can't be real, say the girls I was watching the show with. what makes them experts on breasts, maybe the fact that they've had them for a long time. But every damn time a girl seems some guy with a ripped ass body they never take in to consideration that that shit could very well be fake, too. I wonder what that loud noise was. I think I curse to damn much. oh well. Yes that would be a cute chick next to me. but she doesn't look all that good. I don't see any fine girls in here. people talk too much. there are a lot of fine girls here but not as many as were anticipated. now sixth street is where you'll find a lot of honnies. Sixth street is where you'll find a lot of stuff, that's where I got my tattoo, which everyone has said they liked it except the artist(known as forest) who tattooed it on my back. Probably because there's too much detail and his lazy ass didn't want to do it all. I've got four more minutes left to this assignment and some guy just dropped his calculator. dumbass. I'm thirsty . und ein bischen hungry, that was a little German for those wondering(hope I spelled it right). It's odd as soon as we see someone or meet someone we immediately pass judgment on them, we don't know these people but we judge them one first impressions. which can be positive or bad. my first impressions come off better when I've had a little to drink, not that my sober impressions come off as bad, I can always entertain people better when I've had a little to drink. . gotta go ",y,n,y,n,y

1997\_898021.txt,Well I really do have alot I should be doing right now but I thought I would get this out of the way and I want to do it early because I am paranoid it won't get sent by some freak accident. Anyway I really need to get stuff done. I need tp study for French even though it's a French I test and I've been in French for 3 years so hopefully I will do o. k. Some guy just tried to chat with me but I told him I was busy and now I feel kinda bad. Oh well he'll get over it. People in Austin really do try to chat with other people in Austin alot. The only people that try to talk to me are online. Maybe it's because I intimidate people. I'm 6 feet tall. I like it though because most guys find it really attractive. My boyfriend loves it. He lives in New Jersey so it really doesn't matter anyway. I really love him. I met him Cancun In May after graduation and he has called me just about every night since. He's even coming down here next month to see me. I really miss him. He really can't even afford to come down because he works in a casino in Atlantic City. That actually kinda bothers me. He's 24 years old. He really needs some ambition. That's something I really admire in people. I've got alot myself. I hope to be a producer someday and live in New York. I can't wait to get out of here. I'm already ready to graduate. I miss my friends from home. Hopefully I can see Jina in 2 weeks. I may go to visit my brother at A&M so hopefully we can hang out. I really feel like people don't understand me. I really wish Rich lived closer. I know he loves me. I went with my roommate to visit her boyfriend at Baylor this weekend. It was fun. I just really miss my boyfriend even more now. I really nee to read for RTF right now. I want to read ahead for this week. I just want to get out of here. I just wish I could pack up my bags and move to Europe. I do want an education so I guess I'll stick around here for four years or so. I need to call Jina. I ran into my old boyfriend the other day but I pretended I didn't see him. He is someone I will never get over. He had the most amazing mind. He is going to be very successful one day. I feel like he is out of my league. I know I'm not but he just never really understood me. I hope I see him again this week and maybe I will have the courage to talk to him. ,n,y,n,y,y

1997\_918357.txt,"I'm in the computer lab upstairs. I don't know what to write. there are a lot of people here. the computer next to me is broken but I don't know how. the guy who was sitting there earlier was kinda cute in a nerdy sort of way. some guy just walked behind me. there was a loud noise just now. don�t know what it was though. kinda scared me cause I thought I did something wrong and the people who control the computers would come after me and make me pay a million dollars for the entire system. wow the girl next to me got a long email. I got a few emails today. why do people wear socks with sandals? don't they know it doesn't look good? the computer screen is huge. I bet you a million dollars that this is the stupidest writing assignment you will get back from a student. I don't really measure up to the rest of the class. wow the girl next to me is typing really slowly. I'm in the I section. how come on some computers I and l look the same and they also look like 1. ewwwwww that girl should NOT be wearing something so tight. I've been at this computer for a long time. how come there are so many blonde people here. I wouldn't want to have yellow hair. I want headphones so I can listen to music. I'll bring them next time. I'd do this from my room, but I don't have my Ethernet set up because the computer store doesn't have any software there. recycling is weird. why don't they make it a law that you have to recycle. and if you don't recycle, you get fined like a million dollars. why do people read when they should log onto their computer? I mean, there are TONS of people waiting to use computers and then you have people like this who read instead of type. why do people sit at booths in the cafeteria alone? don't they have common sense? a booth is not for one person. it's for more than one person. that's why there are tables everywhere. so you can eat at tables alone in the corner instead of taking up a whole booth alone. there should be a law against that. I�d enforce it. Emily's boyfriend's name is Steve. that's my boyfriend's name. only her boyfriend is close by. mine is far. it's sad. she's going to go out with me and her boyfriend this weekend. she's gonna have sex with him. I want to have sex. but Steven�s so far away right now. I have a chem test on Wednesday. I�m scared. I think I�m gonna fail it. I have to study. tonight is Melrose place though so I can't study at 7. I�ll study after that. I wanna party. I drank too much coke today. i want water. I�m hungry. man it's cold here. how come my room is so cold? I want to change the temp but then it might be too hot. every place is freezing here and it's hot as hell outside. is hell a bad word? why do people think it's bad? and why is God Damn so bad? you can say ass on TV but not god damn? and who decided it was bad anyway? I wrote a high school essay about it one time but I have no idea. why are bad words bad words? who decided they were bad. I want glasses. I think it makes you look smarter if you get a good pair that is. the computer next to me is broken. that noise was loud again. same noise as before. green is a cool color. forest green though. not the crappy lime greens and other green colors. forest green. aha! I�m right under the vent. that's why I�m freezing. I can't wait for Melrose place tonight. I�ve been waiting all summer for it. do you think Amanda's gonna leave? she can't. she's my favorite. I�m glad Allison left. Billy�s a whiner. glad they killed Brooke off. ever watch 90210? it's stupid. why do they have Braille on the number things that say what station you're on? How would a blind person use a computer? I want email. I get a ton of it but I want more. I want real letters though. I want to go down to the mail place and be able to say ""WOAH I GOT MAIL"". :( This paper was a cool one to write. I wanna do it again but I'll have to wait until tomorrow. I skipped class today. don't know why. I was lazy. I need to shape up or ship out. I never liked that phrase. who wants to ship out? how can you ship out? we're all on land. not at sea. Steven�s joining the navy. I wish he wouldn't go. I want him to move here. why do people wear fanny packs? they're not flattering. too many sorority chicks here. we have 2 kappa deltas on our floor. valley girls. UT Austin Recycles. I don't. do they make the whole school do it? I love the smell of freshly done laundry. I did my laundry already but I want to do it again so it'll be all warm and smell good. I want to go to a party. I want to get drunk like on my vacation. not that drunk though. just drunk enough to have fun. wow that guy's cute. he looked at me. woo hoo. there are a lot of old people here. old old old. I wanna be older but I don't wanna get OLD. just hit submit and you'll get it huh? that's cool. I still have to find my way here one more time to write it again. wow so much fun. there are too mane people here waiting for computers. I should go downstairs next time. warning! when you log out all your files will be erased. duh. save em loser. psychology. how come every frat boy and sorority chick majors in psych? how many psychologists can the world have? did you know UT is the slacker school of the nation. I read that somewhere. isn't that cool? this place is huge. wow he's a hippie. what am I? normal. abnormal. quiet. loud. who knows? I�m me I guess. I�d like to know what other people think about me though. might be interesting. time's up. I gotta go check my mail. ",n,y,y,n,n

1997\_991961.txt," I really like doing this assignment. I did it in my senior AP English class many times. I think the assignment was really interesting to my teacher, and that is why we did it so often. I am having a little trouble with this one though because there isn't rally a topic. My English teacher would usually give us a vague topic, just something to get us started. Some of the topics were going to college or music or sports or something like that. My favorite topic was always music. I think music may be the most important thing to me other than loved ones. I listen to it a lot and it makes me very happy. It is very important to me. But I think what makes me the most happy is playing the guitar. I love creating music. I think it is very gratifying. I may not always play real well, but I am always making some sort of music, even if it sounds terrible. The guitar is probably a kind of escape for me. I really forget about everything else when I am playing. It makes me feel so good. But I think I can do some of m best thinking when I have the guitar in my hand. I f I am just sitting there strumming the guitar it kind of clears my head. So I guess the guitar serves many different purposes for me. Lets see. I am trying my hardest not to write about college. It is very hard since it has pretty much consumed my life for the last two or three months. It is mostly because ever since I started getting ready to move there has been so much stuff to do. I am really being distracted by the television that is on in my room. I have terrible study habits that I need to break as soon as possible before I get to far into college. I was able to breeze through high school without studying, but I know I won't be able to do that in college. Of course sport center is on so it is very hard for my to resist. I know that I watch too much sports. I will really watch anything. ",n,n,y,n,y

1997\_430172.txt,"Well I am sitting here in my room and it's about 2:30 PM. My roommate is on the phone so it's not very quiet in here right now. Last week my boyfriend hooked up the Ethernet on my computer. After trying to get it to work we finally got everything hooked up. It seemed to be working, well all of the programs were working but when I went to shut the computer down it came to a blue screen and my computer was messed up. It said a bunch of stuff about pressing a key to terminate a program that wasn't working, well I pressed a key and the screen was frozen. What's wrong!!!! I restarted the computer and shut it down again and it still did the same thing. Today I turned the computer on and it did the same thing. I called the computer center and after being on hold for an hour I finally go help, well I guess you can call it help. He couldn't help me but he set up an appointment for Friday with someone who will help me. Hopefully I can get this thing figured out. I just bought this computer a few months ago and it was very expensive. Well enough about computers. I am a little tired. I had an 8 o'clock class, after the class though I came back to the room and took a nap until 12:30. I think that made me even more tired. Well I need to start reading my English. I have a book I have to finish by Thursday. I am half-way through, but there's still 120 pages to go. I hate reading! I read slow and it takes forever. That's not very good for an English major. I should enjoy to read, especially because I will be doing a lot of it in the future. I am a sophomore student here but this is my first year here. This is a big change, I am very close to my family and it was hard to leave them. I am 2 1/2 hours from home so it's not that far, but it's still a lot of driving for the weekend. I went home this weekend. I was glad to be home. I'm not sure if I like this place yet or not. I think it will take a little time. At least my roommate is sweet, we get along good. That's a positive thing. The bad thing is that last night we found roaches under the sink. Babies so they're everywhere under the sink. It is really gross. I never saw roaches before so I freaked out. The weird thing is that we don't have any open food, I guess the roaches are looking for the water and it's also dark under there. We put a request in to have someone come and spray. They haven't yet. I hope they come soon! Well my time is almost up. This was really weird just writing off of the top of my head. Actually it's kind of peaceful because I enjoy typing. Well I have my psychology class next, at 3:30 PM. I need to get ready for class. I need to check if they got the books in yet. Last Friday they didn't have the book in. Well my time is up so I will submit now. Until the next assignment. see you later!!!! ",n,n,y,y,n

1997\_675028.txt,"I'm so glad Lizz, my roommate, just left to see Brad, a guy she has liked for quite some time now. I think they should get together as more than friends, but sometimes that just doesn't work. I remember a time when a friend of mine turned out liking me as more. I don't know why this computer always makes some kind of noise like it's starting up even when I�m not using it. Someone is very loud in the hall. They sound like they are having fun. wish I could join them. Is Ben thinking about me right now? I wonder were he is and if he loves me the way he says he does. I wish I was a better typist. There is so much chemistry I need to be doing. Is there a party in the next room? Cohen just walked in. is he up to something? This room is kind of hot and I could really drink something cold right now. I just hate people who expect me to understand them when they're speaking a language I don't know. French wouldn't be bad to learn, though. Wish I was at Disney World right now. I just saw Mickey and Minnie on my shelf and remember the great summer we had there. Well mom and dad were fun, but Brandon was a royal pain in the butt. I even have Chip and Dale wallpaper on my PC. gosh, am I a fanatic or what. I think I just know a good thing when I see one. Speaking of good things, I wish I was good at chemistry so I wouldn't have to study the rest of the night and early into the morning. I don't think I'm doing this assignment right because I'm now to the point where I'm thinking of things to say. sitting at this desk is not comfortable at all. My hair is in my face and I wish it was alot longer than it is so I could pull it back. Jester is not a bad place to live except for the constant interruptions. This comp is a pain because the mouse is built in and I always hit it when typing. Who keeps slamming those doors. Doesn't anyone have homework besides me. I put too much pressure on myself to make my parents proud of me. This coo-coo clock on my comp just made a noise and the bird, Iggy is so cute nose itches. it always does. Does that really mean that someone is thinking about me. If it's true I hope it's Ben. I wonder where he is now. Is he going to call me soon. When I get through with this I need to check my e-mail to see if anyone is trying to get a hold of me. I miss Tara. She's the only friend I can really tell things to. If she came up to UT I would never get any of my homework done. But then again she would spend alot of time with my brother. He treats her so bad. I don't know why she puts up with it. I always wondered why people couldn't answer when I asked them what they were thinking. This assignment proves there is always something on your mind. I just hit the home key and it took me to the beginning of this writing and I wasn't smart enough to figure out to hit the end key until I scrolled all the way through what I just wrote. If I could type faster this assignment would flow a lot more smoothly and I wouldn't lose any of my thoughts while typing previous ones. I wonder how long it's been. The way I'm sitting here is hurting my back. I can't believe I wrecked my car and got whiplash. It's been two months and I'm still doped up. I can't even carry a bookbag without it hurting. It sounds like there is a guy talking outside my window but that is not possible because I'm on the tenth floor. It's been almost twenty minutes but this is kind of fun. I should do this more often. It got my mind off of chem for a while and relieved some of my stress. I'm such a basket case anyway, I worry way too much about stuff that I end up doing just fine on. The phone is ringing in the other room. I wonder when Ben is going to call me. If I didn't worry about him so much and worried about chem a little more I probably wouldn't hate it so much. I can't wait to go to the frat party this weekend. There are so many guys there that want to go out with me. I wonder if that's true or if Ben just said that to flatter me or to make himself believe that he has a beautiful girlfriend. Oh I'm so bad, I've only known him for a little while and I'm already second guessing him. He is actually the best guy I've had in a while. He is so smart. how sexy. That guy is still talking outside of my window. I guess I shouldn't be correcting my mistakes when typing but even my friends say I'm a bit of a perfectionist. ",y,n,n,y,n

1997\_696062.txt,"Whenever I do assignments like these, I usually seem to write over the required time. I've always been more of a thinker than a talker. I seem to possess the strange habit of going into such deep thought that I am completely oblivious to my surroundings, something that really annoys both my sister and boyfriend. I guess I don't really feel the need to always take part in hincty conversation taking place around me. At the moment I'm wondering if I'm supposed to go to the next line while writing or if I'm supposed to keep writing in one straight line like this. The screen seems to just be going to the right when I type instead of ending and going to the next line. Right now I am listening to Morrissey. I can hear it from the bedroom- I'm sitting in the living room which attaches to the kitchen. When I walked into this apartment for the first time ever, it had a much different feel to it than it does now. This is Eric's apartment, my boyfriend, and it feels bigger than when I saw it for the first time. I'm typing on his computer-wow, I finally went to the next line-because my laptop has seen nothing but endless problems from when I first got it. My fingers are feeling numb while typing- he keeps it so cold in here. He's gone to run errands for a couple of hours so this felt like the perfect time to work on this assignment. Psychology has always interested me. I went to visit TCU and sat in on a psychology class and never before had a class interested me as much as this one did. Actually, I think it was at Hendrix. I couldn't stop talking to my mom about it. But that's not really the field I want to go into. I really want to go into early-childhood education. While in that class, the professor showed a film of schizophrenia where one example was a woman who, in one stage of her mind, became an infant and when she cried, the whole class was shocked by how much she actually sounded like a baby. I have no regret that I choose UT. I love Austin and I'm not the kind of person to let 500-people classes bother me. I can't help but feel like while writing this I should focus more on my emotions or something- glancing back over this I realize how boring this is and I apologize to the reader. It doesn't seem to me that my thoughts are usually this shallow and simple but then again, when I'm thinking to myself, my thoughts are not usually this clear-cut. They're usually one huge mass of ideas and vibes I receive from my surroundings. Well, once again I think I've gone a bit over my time limit so I'll stop now. I'm glad this is graded on completion and not depth. ",n,y,y,n,y

1997\_732418.txt,"I think I have one of the shortest attention spans. For some reason I can't concentrate on one thing for more than fifteen minutes. I was never diagnosed as A. D. D. though. I don't think I'm A. D. D. I just think I don't put forth the effort to concentrate. I was trying to read for English, but I couldn't keep my mind on it for anything. Every time I sat down to read I go sleepy. I try to stay focused, but it's hard. I wonder why my concentration is so limited. I think it all depends on what I'm interested in . I can read things relating to the human anatomy all day, but I have trouble focusing on things dealing with English or history. My mind often starts wondering. I've really had to adjust these first few weeks. Not only did I have to adjust academically, but socially. Even though I have a group of best friends, I still miss my friends back home. My mom, sister, and I are best fri3nds, and it's is pretty hard because I can't just pick up the phone and call them. It took a couple of day for me to realize this. I also have a boyfriend back home. This has also been hard. It's been hard for both of us. We were in the habit of talking everyday, and seeing each other quite often, now he's three hours away. I think he's taking it a little harder than I am. I'm keeping busy so I'm not constantly thinking about him. There's so much going on here. Between keeping on top of all of my classes, and hanging out, there's no more time left in the day. We've been having so much fun. The other five girls I hang out with are great. We all bonded so quickly. They really help to keep me focused on what I need to do. Of coarse with a group this big personalities flare, and we have disagreements, but surprisingly instead of holding grudges we talk it out. Females are stereotyped as being gossipy, and shady. Yes we do gossip, but if we say something behind someone's back, you can guarantee it's already been said to their face. So far everything's been going pretty smoothly. I hope this bond that is present now remains present for the next four years. It's difficult to say if it will because we can't predict the future, and people change. When we're just sitting around we talk about our future as friends. I've already asked them to be bridesmaids at my wedding. Who knows when that will be. I don't plan for it to be any time soon, but I do hope our friendship will at least last that long. Friendship is a very important thing to me. It gives a sense of warmth, and belonging. It's like we have known each other for years. I hope nothing, but good will come out in due time. ",y,n,n,n,n

1997\_758922.txt,"Well, after two weeks of trying to find a computer after receiving this assignment, I finally found one. Unfortunately it is probably in one of the worst possible locations, at least unbeknownst to the owner of this computer, who is-ironically enough, my poor neighbors who suffer through hours and hours of us ( the people living next door) screaming and yelling and jumping around until the wee small hours of the morning. I can hear the people in my room pounding on the wall now. ohhh shit, this girl who owns this computer just told me, not knowing it was me, that she hates the people who live next door (ahhhh!) I am smiling now. I always find irony amusing. They are still pounding next door. What the hell are they doing. HE HEHEEHEH-they just called us the 'Fort Worth Girls' now that's funny stuff. I seriously have a major stomach ache. It hurts soo soo soo bad. I have been sick for like, three or four days now, I really feel terrible. My insides just hurt and every time I stand up I get dizzy. This computer is slightly difficult for me to type on. Oh well I only have 13 minutes left if I did my math correctly which, knowing my intellectual level, I probably did not do. I kind of feel bad that these people I don't even personally know already hate me and my suite mates. That's kind of depressing you know, but then hey, what can you do about it? Everyone is entitled to pass their own judgements, how ever unfortunately. I wish my computer was working. It's really, really cute. It's a new black compaqe-compaque well however you spell it that's what it is. I wonder how I did on my French test two days ago. I hope that I did okay. I am seeing all kinds of new people. Isn't it surprising all the people that you see all the time, every day that you don�t know and will never meet? I think that that is , well to say the least, strange. MY back really hurts. I think , wow, coughing fit, that I will thank the girl who's computer this is profusely. I feel so bad now, physically and mentally. I cant wait to go home this weekend. Have my mom take care of me and see my guy that I am kind of dating. I miss him. he says he misses me. I wonder if he is sincere in the way that he expresses himself he is so poetic and thoughtful and lovely. I said that I loved him but I don�t know if I really meant it. I don�t know if I could ever really love anyone. After all, I really don�t even think that I love myself. chocolate milk, how random, sounds totally really really good right now. Anyway, he has a boxer dog named Romeo. Very cute. I hate most dogs however. I love my cats. I miss my cats. I am glad I am getting at least this first assignment done. I cant spell for shit tonight. I also manage to talk like a sailor. Oh well. I feel bad, this girl has like left her room, probably until I leave, I guess I wouldn't want to hang out with a strange blonde girl typing on my computer either. I wonder if she is talking about me now or will talk about me when I leave. That must suck, to know that that is going to happen and well, I guess I'll just be as nice as I can be. I really don�t want her to hate me but oh well. Oh hello boy in very very short shorts. That is so Montreal. I am just in extreme pain. I want to work out and I haven't in like ohhh-three weeks now. Hello freshman 15, 25, 55. I�m all about gaining weight this year. My mom is going to freak out and enroll me in every diet program in the country. Maybe I just can start like, slim fast right now, save myself some time and pain with my mere. I want to go to France. I wonder what exactly constitutes 20 minutes. I really must be very very thankful. I am such a terrible person. I really really am mean. ",y,y,n,y,n

1997\_798633.txt,"This assignment was not as hard to figure out as I thought it was going to be. Actually it was quite easy. All I had to do was follow the simple directions. It is pretty cool in here. This library is not quiet though. I thought libraries are for people trying to read or study, but this one has lots of little rug rats talking and laughing. Oh well. Next weekend is going to be a lot of fun. I get to go see my boyfriend, who lives in Lubbock. I can't wait. Boy, I miss him a lot. I wonder how much my phone bill is going to be from calling him almost everyday. These two guys sitting by me are talking about weird things. I don't think they can figure out their computer. What do I want to buy today, when I go shopping? I'm not quite sure. Maybe I will get a new dress. I really need to start looking for a homecoming dress. I have to have it by October because that is when Texas Tech's homecoming is. Hopefully my parents will pay for it. How do I tell them though, that on the way to San Antonio I got a speeding ticket. I guess I will just tell them that I was so anxious to see them that my anxiety caused me to speed. The police officer was not very understanding though, although I was at fault and I am going to pay the consequences. I need to study all day today, but I�m not really looking forward to it. If I get behind in my school work though, it will be extremely hard to catch back up, and I don't want to have to do that. Maybe I will go out tonight and have a really fun time dancing and stuff. That ought to compensate for me studying all day, and release the stress. At least I will have something to look forward to tonight. For now I only have studying to look forward to. Who do I want to go out with? Maybe I will call up Jessica. She's pretty fun to hang out with, or maybe I will go to a club with my brother and his friends along with mine. No, I did that last night. It was fun though, maybe I should do that again tonight. Whatever the case, I need to have a night of fun planned so that tomorrow I can study all day again. I wonder what my roommates are doing. I bet they are watching TV That's all they ever do. It must get boring for them, but evidently they like it. I can't do that, because I get overly-bored. They are the type of people that don't like to do anything outside of the house. I can't believe I got messed up with them. If I only knew that they were like that, I would have never agreed to live with them. They are kind of psycho. I don't know how anyone can fight and be unhappy as much as they are. I try to stay away from there, but maybe I need to find new places to go. My brother is probably half way to Wisconsin right now. I hope he is doing well. At least I got to see him before he left. That girl has a tattoo on her ankle in the shape of a snake. That is so ugly. I would never get a tattoo like that. I think it is so unattractive to guys. That lies right above the piercing on the face. I don't really think too bad of piercing your belly button, but anything else is too far. Actually, I have even thought about getting mine pierced, but I�m not quite sure if I want to go through all of that pain. Wow, that lady has a huge afro. Doesn't she know that it looks really bad. I guess if she thinks it looks good though, then that is all that matters. ",y,y,y,y,n

1997\_819345.txt,"My name is Rebecca Webber. I wonder how many people will start out this writing by stating their name. it seems the logical thing to do since they have just finished typing it and therefore will be thinking about it. I wonder if this assignment is some kind of study that our professor is doing. he did say that he and whoever helps him would not get around to reading these writings for a long time which makes me think that he is compiling some big database to look at find stuff out about people who take a beginning psychology course at the University of Texas and what makes them tick. I wonder how many people will write about how they think that this is a dumb assignment. how come my words are appearing on the screen on one huge line instead of returning to the next line? I would really like to have access to these writings. I bet it will fascinating to see what people will put down. can any of this be used against me in a court of law? I am having a great deal of trouble making my computer operate correctly. that is why I am writing this assignment in the basement of jester instead of in the comfort of my own room on the 11th floor. I am worried about having to run down that many steps if there is a fire. the thought of burning to death does not scare me as much as the thought of drowning. that is odd since I am an excellent swimmer and even have worked as a lifeguard. the summer I guarded, I had nightmares about drowning. I don't want to think/write about that anymore. I wonder if Luke write his article for the Texan. I wonder if Daniel is mad about the letter I wrote him. relationships are very hard sometimes. I have two hard relationships. one with Daniel and one with Abby. gabe is hard to relate at times too. I like Abby more now that I don't have to live with her. I wish that I could just be normal where Daniel is concerned. actually that is the problem: I am normal. I am tired of this. I swam laps today. exercise is very good for self-esteem, not because it makes you look better although it does)it just makes you feel better about yourself. I wonder if there is a hormone released when you work hard at something that makes you feel good about yourself. this seems like such a waste of time. I glad to help professor pennebaker get tenure though. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_833350.txt,"My name is Oscar Criel. I really don't know what I'm supposed to write but I guess I'll start anyway while I have some free time. I don't know if we're supposed to word wrap this thing or not so forgive me for the excessive going out of the lines. I just barely made it here to the Ugl and decided ""why not and just do my homework while I have time. "" Today in Psych class it was pretty boring. I just wish we did something a little more interesting. I took this class because an old girlfriend/friend recommended taking this class. She told about her Psych class and how interesting it was. So far I like the class but I wish we could start on some interesting facts. I still haven't bought my Psych book and I hope I can hang on for one more day. I'm really just worried about whether my financial aid is coming in. I also miss home already. I decided not to go home over the holidays so I could stay here and hang out with my friends. But I think I made the wrong decision. Even though I came during the summer I still miss home. For that whole month in the summer of 97 I just thought about going home. I was in the preview program for the summer but I don't regret being in that program. I met some of the coolest people during the summer than I have my whole entire life. My old friends seem like dumb asses when compared to the ones I met. I just wish I didn't feel so insecure About Math. I hate Math. I used to be good in it when I was in Jr. High and the beginnings of my high school life. But during my Jr. and Sr. year I really slacked off and got my first C's from my Pre-cal class and my Calculus class. That's one of the reasons I came during the summer so I could take Pre-cal. That was one of the worst Classes I have ever taken. I got my first D in the summer and my dad wasn't to happy. He graduated from UT and he wants me to do the same. I'll try not to disappoint him but I don't know what the future holds for me. I just wish I wasn't in a major that required taking a math class. But I hope I get an A average this fall. I better. I just need to work more smarter and know and learn how to study better. Plus I have a work study job now and I hope that doesn't drag me down. I guess It's almost been twenty minutes but I still got about three more minutes to go . It's weird but I didn't think I could type for a solid twenty minutes without stopping for a five minute rest or something. One ting I know right now is that I am starving. That damn job is costing me my lunch. I think I have to start packing a lunch every time I go to work. I need to buy meal replacement bars when I get my first paycheck. I just hope it's more than a hundred dollars. I forgot but I need to call my dad and ask about the financial aid. I guess I'll call him tonight and maybe he could sort out things. I feel so tired. I just want to go back home and sleep for ever. But I know that wouldn't be the wise thing to do. College sucks. I just wish things came a lot more easier to me. I have no more thoughts. I am just stuck here typing on a computer. Well I better go eat now and hope that I typed enough for this assignment. One down and one to go. I guess I'll see you in class. Bye. ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_911224.txt,"I am reading a book called Atlas Shrugged and it is affecting my consciousness and belief system more significantly than any novel I've ever read. Ayn Rand wrote it and it's just a metaphorical portrayal of her philosophy of Objectivism, but the book touches on subjects that I feel are very important to all humans. I find myself newly enraged at those incompetent people of the world. Not because they are incompetent but because they are the ones who ask for help and breaks and favors by those people who built the society in which we live. The anti monopoly law is a perfect example of this. Why should the men who built the country be penalized just to give the other people who weren't strong, smart, or productive enough a ""fair"" chance. It really is disgusting. Just as is, in the theatre department they don't allow one person to get too many leads in order to give other people a chance. THIS IS STUPID. If those others who would never otherwise get a chance can't cut it, then they don't deserve a chance to begin with do they? I also notice the moral depravity of some of my friends. These are the ones who are joining fraternities in order to get breaks when they go into the real world. Personally I would hate knowing that I found my station in life by the grace of one of my old drinking buddies. I would much rather know that my hard work, intelligence and talent got me to where I was. But not many people think like this anymore. I guess that I just have way too much faith in my abilities, but I'm glad I do. Ayn Rand is right in saying that incompetency should not be rewarded in society, but it is. So in the book, all of these genius men, who have built of the industrial world are becoming much too regulated, to the point of ridicule, so one guy called John Galt decides that all of the producers should go on strike against the looters. He decides to stop the motor of the world - hence, Atlas Shrugged. So one by one, men who own oil companies and car, and coal, etc. starts disappearing and the world fall apart. It is such a great argument too. You should never take advantage of the hand that feeds you, especially if you haven't the abilities to perform their task as well as they have. This is not, however, indicative of a condoning of ruthless, unfair capitalism. The men who build the world in this book form a secret Utopia and their motto is that they will never give to any man anything, nor will they take more than is their due. Thus, charging unfair prices etc. is just as bad as giving breaks to the dumbasses. Anyway, I have this friend called Jason and since this is for psychology, hopefully someone will read this and can tell me what his problem is. Actually he's not my friend anymore because I don't want such an asshole for a friend. He's the only person I've ever met in my life that truly believes that he's better than everyone around him. You hear of people speaking of someone like this but they are never quite as serious about it as I am. He thinks that he's found the only way to living, and it's so wrong it's sad. The only thing by which he measures success is economic gain. I have heard say horrible things about all of his ""friends"" and have heard what he's said about me behind my back. I've overheard him saying that he's set in life because when his dad dies he's going to get 500000. This wouldn't be so bad if his parents abused him or something but they are the nicest people in the world and give him everything he wants. Of course, this is probably the root of his problem. I've noticed that he doesn't go to parties unless he's throwing them. If he actually does go to one, afterward he makes it a point to call out all of the things that in his eyes were bad about it. He doesn't want to hang out with these people because they are irresponsible and are potheads, while he smokes just a much pot as they do. And, they pay rent and go to school all on their on while he does nothing but loot off of his parents. He really has sever problems. I guess you'd just have to know him to know exactly what I mean, the biggest asshole ever. Anyway, uhmmmmmm, I went back home this weekend to get my car and I got to see my dog. I missed her more than I missed my parents. She�s so pretty. She's a golden lab retriever and she sleeps in my bed with me every night, Just as she has since she was a puppy. the other day my mom almost got her run over by letting her go to the bathroom without the leash, she ran out in front of a car and they had to swerve up into our yard to miss her. Pretty scary. but she was ok thank god, just really scared. She had her tail between her legs all night long. My roommate is really cool and nice thank god. you never know what kind of freak you're going to get when you go pot luck, thank goodness he's not a freak. He's listens to a different kind of music than I do, but that's cool, because I'm learning a new genre. anyway, my 20 minutes are up so bye bye. ",n,y,n,y,y

1997\_450911.txt,"My roommate has a poster of a wolf beside the computer. it looks like an Alaskan husky my aunt has. I saw a wolf once and a coyote ran across the road in front of me while I was driving. My friend Brandon was with me and said did you see that as if I didn't see a big coyote run in front of my car . Brandon is not very bright but I feel sorry for him because he doesn�t have many friends. We worked together one summer on a farm and he didn�t work very hard and that makes me mad because I had to do most of the work. I just sneezed and every time I sneeze I do it more than once my mother is the same way she sneezes three or four times in a row . I am sure she misses me a lot right now . I can't believe she cried when I left to move to college. That embarrasses me but at least she cares about me. She has more respect for me than my older brother and that makes me mad because I love my brother and he is a good person but since he went of to college and messed up a little she has in her on way shunned him. And now my family looks at me like I am the good child. I am not good but they think I am. Whenever I got my first job my parents thought I was so responsible . I hated that job. I hate HEB to this day . All the people who worked there made me feel like a snob because I was actually going to go to college one day instead of working at HEB for 30 years . Why am I still upset about a job I quit 2 years ago . That's like Amanda Baize cheated on me in the 8th grade and I will never forgive her . It hurt so bad . I mean, I have had a different girlfriend who I love very much for the last three years but I still hate Amanda Baize. Misti Davidson was her best friend and used to be mine but she stopped talking to me because she felt she was too good to talk to me . People would think I am crazy for saying that but that is the truth. Now I am feeling guilty for just complaining about stuff in a homework paper to people who don't even know me and now I feel like when anyone reads this paper they will think that I am a guy with a lot of problems. I am actually a very stable person all my friends come to me for help because I give good advice. I really hope someone can read this paper because I am trying to be honest and type everything I am thinking while I am thinking it but it doesn't always come out in readable text . I am worried about this class because Pennebaker said that students who took some Psychology in High school do worse in his class than others . I don't think I am the kind of person to rest on my laurels but maybe I am deluding myself . One thing that bothers me is whenever I think I am not being honest to myself. Does that make sense ? Now I feel like I am talking to a Psychologist and he is analyzing all that I say and I feel really foolish . How stable am I really? I don't care. I like my life and anyone who says that I have problems can kiss my butt because they have problems of their own. We all have problems but that doesn't keep most of us from functioning. I got a feeling I won't do very good on this paper and I guess I am feeling ""anxiety"" but I have been typing for well over 20 minutes and I have shared much more than I really wanted to, to people who don't really care and frankly I am tired. One of my many faults is that I am too trusting and any time I talk to anyone I reveal too much . Thank you for your time . Sorry for this mess (my life or paper, take it either way) Hasta luego ",n,n,y,n,y

1997\_473319.txt,"Well I finally got into this computer. I have been waiting in line for a while and I'm really not sure what to say on this assignment. My mind is going crazy because I really don't know how to use these computers but I did figure it out. I think I might have sent an empty page or two to you because I wasn't sure that I didn't have to press enter when I was through typing my name and social security number. I shouldn't have left this to be done for the last minute. This assignment is due today by 5 p. m. and I hope that they go through to you. I really don't know that much about computers but they sure are smart. Well the person who programmed these computers are smart. I hope I do well in this class because I would like to have a good grade point average when I finish school. There are only three people in my family that have gone to college and this includes me. I really want to show my parents that I can do well on my own and be ( I just forgot what I was going to say sorry!) I can't think of the word right at this moment but it will eventually come to me. I'm not really sure if this is what you want me to be writing but I will try my best to tell you what I am thinking. I am confused right now because I am thinking of many things that I have to do. I am behind in one class and that is philosophy. I can't really comprehend what philosophers are saying. To me, I think some of the things they say are pointless, but hey that's just what I think. Last night I was trying to catch up on my reading but I can't really understand things when I can barely read what they have to say. I guess I have to read it a few times before I really understand what they are trying to say. It's like they never come to a point until a few hours later. My back hurts, not that you wanted to know that but that's what I'm thinking. I am trying my hardest this year trying not to procrastinate as much as I used to in highschool but highschool is different. I am running out of things to say and I am just typing empty words on the screen because my time is going so slow. I have about ten more minutes. I will tell you what I am doing this weekend and about my apartment complex. When my roommate and I moved into our apartments we had a few problems with management and our ""home"". First we were supposed to get our apartment fully furnished but some things were missing and management decided not to tell us until we had to ask them. We were missing a couch and a few chairs. I really didn�t mind about that because as long as I had a bed to sleep in I was fine. But my roommate finds any little thing to gripe about. It's like she has to have something to argue about and someone to argue with, which is usually with me because I am the only one there. I do not know how her boyfriend can put up with her. I think I am going to live alone next year if things keep going the way they are going. Anyway, back to the apartment, our water was not working we had no telephone and a few things were wrong also but now that they are working I could care less about them. I am so tired, I haven't been awake this early in a long time. Well my twenty minutes are up and I hope this is what you wanted. I should of asked questions but I am too shy or maybe embarrassed to go up to one of you to ask. I think it's shyness more than embarrassment. Good-bye!! ",n,y,y,n,y

1997\_597376.txt,It took me forever to get into this program I had the address written all down wrong and now I am going to be late for practice Shannon is waiting for me and she is not going to be happy I can't believe I have a flat tire everyone was honking at me to tell me on MLK. oh well so I had to walk here and now I am running completely behind schedule I am gonna get Kevin to fix my tire tonight when he gets off work I hope he knows how to change a flat and where to take it because I have no idea he won't mind he is really a cool guy what am I gonna do until then I guess I�ll just walk back home to it is good exercise for me any way now I am so sidetracked I don�t know what to write my parents are coming Friday so now I have to clean for them and that I have absolutely no time for but I guess I'll have to find it gosh my typing is terrible and I keep hitting the wrong letters since I haven't typed all summer. this computer thing is not for me I am so computer illiterate but I am very open to learning if someone would teach me I don't want to go to work on Friday I really don�t like it there anymore I probably should quit then I would have no money whatsoever that it'll be nice maybe I will starve and lose some weight I really didn't me that I could never starve myself I love food too much my gosh Shannon is going to be pretty mad since I was suppose to be at practice ten minutes ago to teach her what we learned now she is just going to be waiting on me because I am gonna have to walk down there and it will take forever. my car hasn't had a flat in such a long time I wonder what I hit because I didn't see anything in the tire but what do I know. my mind is just going blank nothing can run through it cause I�m so tired. I want my shoes back from winstons house they have been there for a week now and they are my favorites but I can't remember exactly how to get there I would probably get lost I can't wait for this weekend the game will be so much fun and I won't be so nervous for it this time I wonder how many people will be there for UCLA how exciting I am so glad I talked to my friend Michael last night he sounds like he is having so much fun in California at occidental I can't wait to visit him he says his classes are pretty tough I would probably drop out! just picking it wouldn't hurt to get a good kick in the butt to get myself in gear. gosh twenty minutes seems like forever to put down all your thoughts I don't even remember what I have attempted to type so far I think my time is almost up though and then I can run to bellmont to help Shannon who has no clue where I am I was suppose to call my friend Whitney last night to see how rush went at her school and I didn't I am a little curious to see what she picked I cant believe she hasn't called to tell me because I am her best friend but I guess I can forgive and forget but hopefully she'll call me tonight last night I talked to rhiannon and she sounded so upset I hope things will get better for her I am so tired I am falling asleep good thing my time is just about up because I am exhausted naturally I cant go take a nap because I have practice I guess its all worth it in the end because I get to perform for a lot of people but sometimes it seems like a waist because no one bothers to tell the new girls what is going on and then we look like idiots I want so much to say something but so far I have kept my mouth shut and just had my own kind of fun I don�t know if they act this way on purpose or they just don't know exactly what they are doing I try my hardest and ever since I hurt my knee it has sucked tremendously I can't strut my usual stuff and I just want to scream because no one knows how much it hurts well it has been well over 20 minutes now so I am going to practice bye! ,y,n,y,y,n

1997\_813079.txt,"ok, I guess I really don't know where to start. I just got out of my BA101 class, which was possibly the single most boring experience thus so far since classes began. I guess maybe I should have stayed longer, but there were so many freshman around me with their eyes so wide open, and trying to make friends with everyone around them, that I couldn't stand it for very much longer. this screen is really bothering me because it seems as though I�m writing all of this on one very long line, I'm wondering if there is some way I can go about fixing it after this is all over, because it is really annoying and it seems as though I'm not writing anything. I don't know what I'm going to do tonight, it's too late to call my boyfriend, he lives overseas, and there is a seven hour time change. I hope everything is going well with him, because he is going into his obligatory military service soon and he is really nervous about it. If only I was still in France that way I would know that everything was going well with him. this is a really huge box that I'm writing in because the wrap around just came into affect. very strange, very very strange. I guess I'm at a point where I don't exactly know what to write about because my mind is kind of going blank. My friend once told me that he never stops thinking, that at all times he is thinking about something, and when you are talking to him, that he may or may not be thinking about the subject that you are talking about with him. that worries me, because sometimes I see I�m smile for no apparent reason when we are talking, and I just know that the last thirty words that I have just said, he is paying absolutely no attention to. my friends are kind of strange in that they are all in their own little worlds, that's not saying that I'm not. But my little world seems a little bit more down to earth then the ones that my friends are living in. Maybe that's why I'm taking psych instead of sociology, it's because I�m trying to figure out who these people are and why I chose them as my friends. It could be an extension off this whole existential kick hat I've recently gotten into. My boyfriend is really into existentialism, and so the only thing I've been reading as of late has been Kundera and Sartre. But then of course I must be honest, I'm taking this course because it is located close to my other class on Tuesday Thursday, and it is at a convenient time relative to that class as well. Not to mention my friends who have taken soc, told me it was echelons more boring than this class was to take. I hope I get a good grade in this class, after this last semester, my grades are suffering, I literally dropped my GPA by . 4 over this last summer semester, which should indicate that I really didn't do very well. But I only have 35 hours, so if I do well this semester, I can bring my GPA back up over 3. 5 and maybe my parents will start being nice to me again. It's not like they aren't nice now, but they are ""really disappointed how I handled last semester"" that is ""considering that we sent you to France last you, you could at least try a little harder"" this would all be said in the James Earl Jones low god-like voice that I always get in my head whenever my Dad is yelling at me. I probably get that in my head, because my Dad yelling at me reminds me of Darth Vader when he's mad at the corporals, and James Earl Jones is the voice of Darth Vader, do you see the connection? Anyway, so I'm trying to make my grades appear somewhat better, because if I do, they will probably let me go on the intensive French study program I want to go to next summer. and then I can see my boyfriend he is so cute. I miss him a lot. I tend to think about him most when I'm either lonely or bored in class. That only either maker me more distracted from the work I should be doing, or even sadder about being all alone. If only he could be American, my life would be so much simpler. Have I been writing for twenty minutes yet, I swear I've been writing for decades, and my hands are starting to get lazy, and tired, and I really don't want all these people around me in the computer room, and I wish that I had had the time to take a shower this morning, because I think all day in the sun has really made me start to smell. I have to have been writing for over twenty minutes now, because the people at the workstations around me have already started leaving, granted they were here before I even started this little assignment, into the mind of the student at the University of Texas. I'm starting to think I'm going to end this pretty soon, because that is the only thing I can think of right now, is when am I going to end this assignment. I think this would probably be a good time because this is starting to redundant. But you said that it didn't matter what we said as long a s we did the assignment and wrote for twenty minutes. so here I am my twenty minutes complete, and I am saying good bye and thank god this is over. only one more to go. ",n,n,n,y,n

1997\_930834.txt,"Well, here it goes. I don't know exactly what to write about because my mind is sort of blank to real thoughts as I've been studying all day. But I'll start with what is the most important thing to me right now--loneliness. What better thing to write about when you're listening to Bruce Springsteen. Anyway, it's not the clinical loneliness from which I suffer. It's more of a deprivation I guess. It's a deprivation of emotional intimacy. You see, I have quite a few male friends which is great because male bonding is always a must. But I'm the type of guy who always needs a deep relationship with a girl. It gives me a sort of basis in my life. Everything falls into place. I do better academically if I'm in love with a girl and I am more confident about everything I do. I am so much happier when I'm in love. Basically, when comes down to it, I love being in love. How do I know? Well, I've been there before. I fell deeply in love with a girl in my junior year of high school. Yeah, yeah, I know ""you were too young to know what love was. "" I really wasn't. There's a Van Halen song which says ""How do I know when it's love? I can't tell ya' but it lasts forever. How does it feel when it's love? It's just something you feel together. ' Well, I completely relate to the togetherness part and lately I've come to realize that I can also relate to the foreverness part, too. There will always be a place in my heart for Shannon. But she isn't the point. She is what was. And life isn't what was, it's what's going to be. All I'm saying is that I know what love is and how to love. I want it back . But it's so hard up here at UT to find it, or so it seems. I should be able to find it because I'm pretty good-looking and I've really turned into a nice person. But every girl that catches my seems so unapproachable. But, there's another factor in this whole game. I'm already in love. I'm in love with someone who lives back in The Woodlands. I had a crush on this girl since my sophomore year and somehow we developed a friendship where both of us went through some peculiar twists. You see, we know we both liked each other and we both wanted to do something about it but we didn't. I didn't because I felt that if I told how I really felt, she wouldn't understand and run away from me(metaphorically). She didn't do it because I don't think she knew what she was feeling. She's never been there before so she's not familiar with the symptoms. It took me a while to figure mine out with Shannon, but when it happened, I knew the second it hit me. I think it's hit her but she doesn't know what to do. Well, my twenty minutes is up so I'm gonna' cruise. But I might actually get on here on do this out of pure enjoyment. You see, I always do this. I always sit down and throw up all this junk onto paper and then sift through the vomit afterwards. It helps when you're stressed. Anyway, thanks for listening, and if no one ever reads this I DO THINK BERT FROM SESAME STREET IS EVIL. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE, GET ON THE NET AND FIND THE BERT IS EVIL WEBSITE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!!!!!!!!! ",y,n,n,y,y

1997\_992092.txt,"Ok, I am really happy right now because after 2 weeks of BS, I've finally got my computer and Ethernet working so that I could do my psychology homework. Cool, huh. Well, my best friend from El Paso just called me and told me she's gonna get a tattoo, which I think is pretty dumb because she's gonna be stuck with it for the rest of her life. See, I would get a tattoo, like my zodiac sign or something, but I just always see myself all grown up and old and wrinkly with a tattoo and I think I would feel pretty dumb for getting it then. Like, right now I just have my ears pierced once in each ear and I�d like to get 2 more in my left ear and 1 more in my right ear but its still kinda like I�m gonna be to old for that kinda stuff in a few years, you know? What else can I bore you with? Oh, my mom sent me a package and I got it today, it was my dry cleaning and some pictures of my dog, Morton Taylor Moore, he's a basset hound. Taylor is a family name, its my granddad�s and my older brother's middle name. Hmmmmmm. . I'm like so happy that tomorrow is Friday, not like I�m stressed out or anything, its just a huge adjustment to go from partying all the time in the summer to only partying Friday and Saturday night, I made a promise to myself that I wouldn't go out on school nights. I really don't have much self control or discipline, but I�m working on it. I was so happy last night, I was in my next door neighbors room and everybody was checking their email and I was just like no, no one has emailed me, but I tried anyway and low and behold, one of my best friends from El Paso had emailed me, I was so surprised. See, he was suppose to move to Tullorosa, NM but it fell through when he got there so he came back, but he's moving to Belize in a day or two but he told me he was going to be back in El Paso for thanksgiving except he didn't have a place to stay, and I really hope my mom doesn't mind, but I offered to let him stay in our extra bedroom. Oh, then I did one of the stupidest things I�ve done in a while, I told him that I�ve had the biggest crush on him since the day I met him, GOD I'M DUMB!!! oh well, its over and done with now, can't change the past, huh. It'd be cool if you could change the past though cause god knows I�ve done a whole lot of dumb things in my life. ok, sorry, my twenty minutes were up 2 minutes ago so have a nice day. Bye ",y,y,y,n,n

1997\_451038.txt," I am feeling a little hungry right now. What should I do? Go to Jester, go out to eat, make something here in the dorm. Maybe I should just go to the Union. Lets see, I will change clothes and go shower or something. I'll get my comb and toothbrush and go to the restroom. What do I wear to go out tonight? I think I will wear my white Polo shirt and my black shorts. No I'll wear my khaki shorts and my white tennis shoes. I can't stay out to long since I have so much homework to do. The entire English rough draft to do, my pre-calculus, and all my psychology reading to do. Man, I feel sleepy, guess I should have gone to bed early last night instead of watching Letterman and Leno. Maybe I'll just come back and sleep after my biology class tomorrow. I wonder what is on T. V. right now. It's mostly just the news. Good! Entertainment Tonight is on now. Hope it's a good show. Let me start washing up and changing my clothes for supper. I don't think it will rain again so I guess I don't need my umbrella tonight. I wonder how much I will have to do tomorrow. I still need to go draw my tickets for the Longhorn game on Saturday. I hope the seats are better than last time. ",n,n,y,y,n

1997\_458896.txt,"This computer lab is scary. I think that at any moment I will mess everything up. This is so weird, writing homework out on a Saturday night. What else can I say? I'm seriously scared that college is not going to turn out how I want it to. Oh well. I'm so tired. There are two girls next to me that are talking just way to loud and it is hard to concentrate on typing. I wish that they would be quiet. Oh Well! Anyway, I really can't think of anything else to type. Man, I wish those girls would talk a little bit more quietly, it is starting to get on my nerves. Some people can be seriously rude. Last night I met the most interesting people. I went to a party at my sister's house and it was okay. At the end of the party there were these guys that live next door to her that got into a fight and called the police on each other. When they got there, the police asked us if we knew anything about a gun. I really don't know what went down with those guys and I really don't care. Those girls are really loud and they are majorly getting on my nerves. Now two other girls on the other side of me are talking really loud about some guy they e-mailed an embarrassing message to. I don't understand why people talk so loud do they think that everyone else cares what they are talking about? I am really getting pissed now!!!! Why are these people talking so loud in the computer lab? I'm getting cold. I wish that the people next to me would shut up. Yeah they did now for a few seconds I can concentrate. I have to clean my dorm room tomorrow. So much fun!!!! I'm thinking about joining a Christian sorority. Hopefully it will be lots of fun. I'm supposed to go to a meeting about it with my friend Leona. Man, I have to remember to find an article for my E306 class for my first writing assignment. I have no idea what I am going to write about. Maybe tomorrow I will find an interesting article in the newspaper. Just five more minutes to go. There they go again, talking so loud, it is seriously distracting and annoying. Don't those girls know that you're supposed to be quiet in the library. I wonder what I'm going to do later on tonight? I think I'm going to watch a movie or talk to my parents on the phone. College is so scary. I'm homesick a lot, but I've been getting better each day that I've been here. I really love Austin but I'm just ready to go home also. I miss my friends Laura, Mike, Bruce and Jimmy. I need to remember to go get my film developed so I can see them. I had so much fun the night before I left to go to college. I'm really looking forward to Monday since there won't be any classes. Well, I think I'm ready to go to sleep. I need to remember to call my mom and ask her to send me some stamps. This is getting boring. I wonder what Mike and Laura are doing tonight. I wonder if they're kicking back without me in San Benito. I miss my best friend Laura, because we always could talk about things without saying much of anything. Well, I'm tired of typing and it has been 20 minutes so I'm going to stop. ",y,n,y,n,y

1997\_477159.txt,"class lasted all day today. on Tuesdays and Thursdays I have class from 8-5, 8 is to early 5 is to late. I like earlier classes its easy to concentrate in the mornings. I worked out today I think I hurt my elbow there is alot of pain in the joint. I have been lifting weights for a long time maybe that has something to do with it. lost 7 pounds today, I now way 310 lbs. my mother thinks I grew another inch I don�t know maybe. this typing is really bothering my elbow, damm thing really hurts. I think I am going to take some aspirin. I've got a biology test in two weeks, lots of studying to do. first test should not be so bad just a review of chemistry. the class moves pretty fast but the professor is pretty good. the seats in that class are way to close together. I am about 6-5 maybe a little more and my knees push right up against the backs of the chairs. it makes it hard to concentrate after about 20 min. all my other classes the chairs are pretty comfortable. I hope we beat UCLA on sat. I hope the d defense can hold Jimmy Hicks under 200 yards. James Brown might not play, but Watson is a good back up. Ricky will have a great day and will kick ass. ",n,n,n,y,n

1997\_570131.txt,"I'm very tired and don't want to take a shower I'll never be able to go to sleep I wonder what mom and dad are doing supposed to call but roommate is on the phone I can't wait until this weekend to see Eric hope everything goes well and works out I really like him Anthony has always been there but I am changing and not happy anymore doesn't seem right not like it used to be I know he will always be special but I'm not sure I'm happy with him anymore I hope Robin doesn't get lost waiting for me after class she probably will because she gets nervous being by herself I have so many math problems to work out and I don't even want to think about them. I cannot forget to bring my notes from last year from home, they will probably help me a great deal I can understand my notes a lot better My feet are so cold I have to put socks on before I go to bed I wonder how Adrean is doing my roommate took her some pizza that's really nice I would be mad too, I hope everything works out she's very upset talking to her mom. Nothing is on TV it's hard to believe it's so late already time flies so fast there's not enough time to get everything done shouldn't have stayed so long at the RSC it was nice though and I had a good time glad I went wonder if Anthony will call back so hard to let go of someone who seems like such a part of you I don't know if it's the right thing but if I wait too long I could miss my opportunity with Eric being friends is too hard because of everything we've been through old feelings are still there and get in the way of being friends I feel bad to do that to him sort of unexpectedly but I can't pretend to be happy with him anymore wonder what will happen we always seem to get back together eventually but this time seems different I can't forget to get my dirty clothes and the clothes I need to wear this weekend at home it is such a pain taking things back and forth Wonder if Anthony will call Eric is working and won't get off until late have to get up so early and have to have everything together I still have so much to do but I'm too tired maybe I'll do it in the morning but then I can sleep later if I do it now I'll just do it before I go to sleep. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_577009.txt," I am sitting here in front of the computer trying to write a constant flow of my thoughts its about 1:30 in the morning the day of the first UT football game that was successfully won by the Horns my roommate is sleeping right now it seem that he sleeps almost 14 hours a day it makes me mad that for some reason that it seems to me that he wastes time so much. All he does every day is go to class, which I guess I should give him credit for that, and when class is over all he does is sit in front of the computer and download things or he lays in bed and watches TV or movies all day he is not that social either he isn't part of a fraternity or any other group or doesn't play any intramurals. He doesn't study whatsoever I guess I am just worried about him because I care about him I mean we've been friends since the sixth grade. It seems kind of weird when we were in junior high he was the sociable type and I was the reclusive type and about since the 10th grade the situation has taken a 180 degree turn I hope they televise the 49er game that they are playing against the Rams and even though most everyone especially my roommate thinks that the 49er don't have a prayer I believe that this opportunity will be a coming out party for JJ Stokes and the emergence of Jim Drunkenmiller the last rookie quarterback to start for the Niners was Joe Montana hopefully a good sign I am also kind of disappointed that I am not able to join the professional business fraternities because they hold most of there meetings when I have my CH301 extension course from 6 to7:30 PM but hey looking at the positive side I have something extra to look forward to next year it sure is great to be alive I feel like I am on top of the world everything is working like clockwork I feel like watching Disney movies well it's about 2 o'clock so I guess that I should go to sleep to rest for the world that lays upon me tomorrow and remember to smile after all physical motion controls the mental emotion ( - : ",y,n,n,y,n

1997\_736518.txt,"I am writing in the Flawn Library. This is my first time using the computers here at the University. I was a little afraid because I did not have my e-mail address yet. But now I do and I am feeling a little better. I still do not know how to e-mail someone yet, but hopefully I will learn. The only people I would e-mail to would be my dad or some assignment I have to do for RTF 305. I am not very good with computers. That is one of my weaknesses. I feel a little out of place here in the computer room because I feel that I am the only person that does not know how to use computers. I guess I will keep asking questions until I finally figure it out. I wish I learned how to use computers earlier in my life, then maybe I would not be at such a disadvantage. Computers could come in real handy. Like for this writing assignment, for instance. In RTF 305, we have to go to the web page and ask questions in a discussion between fellow students. That sounds like a good idea. I am feeling tired today. I got enough sleep last night. I do know what my problem is. It was hard staying awake in class today. Hopefully tomorrow will be different. Before I came to the library, I was supposed to go to a SI for RTF. The only problem was that I went to the CMA building instead of the CBA building. That upset me because I was really looking forward to going. There is one tomorrow, but I have Psy during that time. However, I will be going to the Psy SI today from 4-5 p. m. This time, I know where the building is. I think these SI classes are good ideas because it is a follow up to the lecture that students receive in class. So, if I missed something, I could go to the SI and re-learn what I did not understand. Now, there is no excuses for not understanding material. I did an assignment like this one in my typing class last year. It was the same exact prompt: let your mind flow freely onto the screen. That assignment was only for five minutes though. Right now in the library, there is a long line for the computers. I hate waiting in lines. Today I waited in line to draw football tickets to the UT vs. Rutgers game on Saturday. I hope UT wins the football game. I am a big fan of football. In high school I was in band. That means that I got a free ticket to go to every football game. However, our football team was not that good. I think that Psychology will be an interesting class. I like learning about people and the things they do. I am looking forward to an interesting semester. I hope that the class is not too hard. Some questions that come to my mind right now is why do students have to do this writing assignment? What kind of research is this? What will this writing assignment tell about students? I will also be doing the experiments instead of the research paper. ",y,y,n,y,y

1997\_794682.txt,"I absolutely hate Mondays they make everything seem to last forever, except for the weekend. minutes seem longer, hours seem longer, the entire day drags without any hope for it to end. But in actuality, if Mondays were obliterated from the week, Tuesdays would simply inherit the mundane tasks of being the first day of the week and the thief of the weekend. weekends are not exactly the most practical approach to leisure activity. the ""fun"" things in life we wait to do until the weekend and try to cram everything into the two days that can not possibly be accomplished only to start out the new week on a Monday nonetheless with drained energy, hangovers, for some, and incredibly lethargic. a better approach would be to evenly space the week out with ""leisure days"" in between week days. also by random people taking off different leisure days, the maximum enjoyment could be appreciated due to less crowding, fewer lines, less traffic, etc. traffic is far too overrated. the idea of everyone trying to get one place at one time is beyond me . if every one had their own schedules, for instance of everyone could decide for themselves, when their necessary lunch time was instead of the standard 12:00, the roads and restaurants at that time would probably be less crowded, therefore, traffic would decrease. if traffic were lessened everyone would probably be less cranky and agitated. cranky people are just entirely too obnoxious and loud. simply because of their crankiness is everyone else cranky. its like a yawn once someone else begins to complain about things, you find yourself griping about little nit picky things over which you have no control perky people are the same way only usually they are responsible for the cranky people being cranky. I guess it all goes to say that there is such a thing as too much of anything. you can be too cranky and you can be too perky ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_797908.txt,"well, here I am in my computer lab in kinsolving. I just finished emailing my boyfriend. I really hate writing him sometimes because he never responds as much as I do. then again he is in Houston and still in high school and probably doesn't have as much to say as I do. oh well that's life. god why the hell did I wait until the last minute to write this. I should have done this last week. well, then again I did. but the stupid computer didn't send it. so now I have to retype all that crap again. life sucks! well, it is not that bad, but to me it is. I really wanted to go home this weekend. my cousins re so stupid for not going. what the hell!! now I have to depend on someone else or I have go to their house this weekend. the last thing I want to do I spend a night there with that stupid sima. damn does that girl have a mouth or what. I can't believe that she made all that stuff up about mayur and me. I hope paras doesn't get mad about me emailing about that. god, he believes everything that I tell him. I know that he is wooped in a way. just because he doesn't drive around everywhere for me doesn't mean that he loves me any less. or just because I drive to his house a lot, doesn't mean that I control the relationship. well actually I know that it probably would not have lasted this 9 months if had not driven up there 28 times. do you know how many miles that is? take 28 times 60 miles each trip. that is a lot of mileage that I put on all the cars. I hope he appreciates everything I do for him. actually, I know that he does. he is the most perfect person in the world. he has never caused any grief in my life. if anything has gone wrong it is because of his stupid parents. why the hell won't they give him a break? I mean, what the hell is wrong with them? that boy deserves a car more than any other child. I hope to god that comes to UT next year. that would be the bomb!!! we would be like living together. but I hope we don't break up like all the other couples that come here and do. they have it made, don't they realize that!! I guess being around a person all the time can be a little too much. but that's the thing, I don't think that I could ever get tired of seeing paras. I haven't gotten tired after this long what would change my mind now. oh well, we�ll see when the time comes. I hope we're still together then. I really don't know what would give either of us a reason to break up. I mean he adores the ground I walk on and I love him for that. just joking. I adore him just as much if not more. I mean, that's why my room is like a shrine to him. anyway, my time is almost up and I have to go get ready for neesh's b-day party thing. what the hell do I wear? I guess I�ll decide in a minute. ",y,n,y,n,y

1997\_897973.txt,"okay I�m writing this stream of consciousness things and it's 11:57 and god my roommate is sick as hell she's got this nasty head cold and I hope my typing isn't keeping her up god I wish people wouldn't pound their feet when they go up and down the stairs I wonder if my computer was a bad idea when I decided to place it right by the window oh god I think I am bothering my roommate she just sat up but now she's laying back down again I wonder if I�ll get cold tonight with the fan on cause a cold fronts coming through I feel a little drainage in my throat I hope I�m not catching my roommates cold oh god I hope tomorrow wont be boring or mundane god it's only 12:00 I never realized how hard it is to write for 20 minutes this mouse pointer is annoying me I want to move it but I don�t want to stop writing thud somebody's making thud noises outside god that fan is loud oh I can't stop writing because if I did it would be unethical or shit my roommate just made a very weird snorting sound it must suck to have a nasty head cold your first week of school I�m looking at my water bottle wishing we had an ozarka bottle in our dorm I was mildly planning on drawing up a petition with the other girls in order to get one I was also toying with the idea of creating a petition to get better food in the cafeteria or whatever god I can't wait to use the sorority koozie I got on bid day for some reason I don't like flashing around and advertising the fact that I�m in a sorority, not that I�m not proud of my sorority it's just that it seems such a confining statement to be making to the rest of the world who reads my T-shirt I mean I�m no longer Lindsey (blank) but I am sorority girl and so many connotations accompany such a title so I�d rather start a point 0 with people instead of increasing their preconceived notions of my personality because of my tee shirt god it's only 12:07 boy I�ve never written so much bullshit in my life there goes my roomie again with her congested self I wonder if I�ll be able to swing this college life I mean I want to do well so well so I can prove it to my mom that I can do it yet I want to party a lot I know that sounds real deep and profound anyway my back is starting to ache because I still haven�t attached the back part to my computer chair b/c this task requires me to use some tool that I don't have in my possession at the moment so my computer chair kind of acts a rolling piano stool type dealie, speaking of computers I put this damn computer desk together with my own bare hands and boy am I proud it arrived in 4 foot 3 inch thick box of plywood and screws and it now stands a proud computer desk with a cd holding section, god my eyes are starting to get tired but I really have no reason to go to bed b/c I have no classes before 12 and I�m not a morning person and I already have a hard enough time filling my days with things to do and I don't want to be too tired to party because I�ve risen before 10:00 am. so I have many incentives to not go to bed and I feel like shit if I get more than 8 hours of sleep I�m one of those always got to be busy people so I can't stand not having something to occupy my time even if it is sleeping late in the morning yet I feel like a slug if I sleep to late actually I feel guilty as if I�m wasting my life and not prioritizing my time correctly god my left eye is tired and my nose keeps itching, I�m so proud of myself that I am completing this assignment ahead of schedule at least it appears that I�m off to a good start see I just can't fathom how some girls I know are already missing class, I mean what the hell else do you have to do here but occasionally study, party, and sleep so my belief is you might as well go to class since your paying for it and it makes a tremendous difference in your grade, but I shouldn't necessarily jump on a soap box because I never know how long I will remain this disciplined. kick ass it's 12:18 and I�m signing off! ",y,y,n,y,y

1997\_970131.txt,"I am sitting here in the computer lab of my dorm at SRD, even though I have a computer in my room. I have been too lazy to go buy a network card in order to get the internet on my computer. I have absolutely no idea how to use the internet. In fact, some girl at my dorm had to show me how to get onto this website. Hopefully, I will be able to learn how to use it pretty soon, especially for this class. I don't think I'm going to do very well in this class because I don't know anything about psychology. If my study habits don't improve, then I might not do very well in any of my classes. My math class is kicking my butt!!!! I have tried so hard to do my homework, but I don't know how to do a lot of it. I have a test on Friday and I know I'm not going to do very well at all. I need to do good on this test since it is the first one in the class. I don't know what to expect on college tests because I never really had to study in high school. I just got off the phone with my best friend from home; she is a year younger than me. I miss her so much. She is the one person that I can talk to for hours about nothing. I was supposed to go home in two weeks to see her, I can't. She was upset when I told her. I promised her that I would be home to see her in three weeks though. My sorority is Delta Gamma, and it is so much fun. I have so much going on in the next two weeks with my sorority, which is why I can't go home to see my best friend. All the girls are so sweet and I know I'm going to like it a lot. I am very excited about being in Austin because in Mt. Pleasant, there is nothing to do ever. We get excited about going to a nice restaurant to eat. My home town is pretty small; it only has about 13,000 people. Everybody in the whole town knows whenever something happens. The high school football games are the entertainment for Friday nights. I guess there are some good points about living in Mt. Pleasant though. I have some of the best friends I've ever had from my home town. Also, I get excited about little things that girls from big cities don't get excited about. My classes have more people in them than all of my graduating class. I am amazed that there are so many people at this college! I didn't really get lost on the first day, mainly because I looked at my map for two days. I am about to go work out because I don't want to gain the freshman fifteen like everyone says I will. I don't have room on my body to gain any more weight!!!! I don't really watch what I eat though. I do some exercises and I walk a million miles to class everyday. How do people gain weight here whenever classes are a million miles apart? I am so tired because it is late at night, but I wanted to get one assignment over with early. My twenty minutes is almost up. I have so much to do tomorrow; I have class from 11 to 5. I am dreading it. Then I have a meeting at 6:00 and I have to study for math. I am going to sixth street tomorrow night if I get through studying in time. Well, my time is finally up and I am so proud of myself for getting this done on time because I usually procrastinate. ",n,n,y,y,n

1997\_979571.txt,"I just got done watching ""First Time Felon"" staring Omar Epps. I was very moving. I'm cooking stew right now on the stove. I learned how to cook it from my father. He taught me how this summer. Earlier today, I did this writing assignment and after completing it, I pressed clear instead of submit. That sure got me upset. Anyway, I went to class today and the lecture was funny. The phone is ringing right now. The phone is still ringing. There, someone finally picked up the phone. I have a lot of homework do to which are due this week and next week. And in two weeks I'll start having my first set of tests. They all fall on me at once. When I think about it, I don't want to study. But thinking back on last year, studying late nights wasn't really too bad. I kind of enjoy it. It was cool to walk across campus at three in the morning and see the stars out. I remember seeing the comet when it passed by last year. That was a really nice view. I wonder how the stew is doing. Hopefully it will taste as good as my father's. I see the letter that my friend sent me form the county jail. I really miss him. He was like a brother to me. We always looked out for each other. I'm really good friends with his brother too. He is a good church-going person. Faithfully believes in God. Well, I haven't talked to either of them for some time now. Maybe I'll give him a call tomorrow if I have time. My girlfriend paged me, but didn't leave a number down. It was just a message. I really miss her. She is back in Houston. Her birthday is coming up on the 26th and she wants to come up to visit for the weekend. The problem is that I have a test on that day, and some other tests that following week. I wish I could take the tests some other time. Oh, well. That's life for you. My brother landed an internship with IBM, but hasn't started work yet. I wonder when he will start. His future looks bright for him. I can hear the T. V. downstairs. Some cartoon show is playing right now. My roommates are downstairs watching it. I can see my keys from where I'm sitting. They are attached to the Pekkle key chain my girlfriend gave me. Actually I have two key chains. The other one is of Jesus. A total stranger gave it to me one day and I've never seen him since. I like to think that it was Jesus himself, giving me strength when I needed it the most last year. I was feeling down and out last year. I was sitting by myself in a coffee shop and in comes this man. He walks up to me and gives me the key chain. He tells me that Jesus will never turn his back on me. So every time I look at the key chain, I think of Him and it gives me strength. School is finally underway now. I hope that I do good this year. Anyway, the 20 mins are up. Hopefully I'm doing this right. I know that this isn't even for a grade, but I just worry a lot. Speaking about worrying, I'm worried that my phone bill isn't too high because I've been calling back to Houston everyday. ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_456077.txt,"today I called up some of my friends from Harlingen (where I�m from) and we all went out to the drag. it was sooooo nice to be able to kill time, since it has been going by so slowly. I am so tired from walking all day. at least I found my exploring psychology book at bevos. I want to get fake nails put on tomorrow. my mom said that I could buy whatever I wanted, but I feel bad spending the money. oh well, at least I�m not doing anything illegal. I am so excited about rushing for that Christian sorority. I really want to make some lifelong friends here. not just some people who only care about themselves and what they're going to wear tomorrow. I wonder if it's true that a huge majority of psychology majors become shoe salesmen. great. I�m here getting homesick for nothing. I�m surprised that there are so many people talking outloud here at this computer lab. I thought I would be the loudest one here by simply opening my backpack. I wonder if it matters that I�m not using capital letters when I type. I�m sure it will be fine. I am so thirsty. since I've been here I have already finished off 18 bottles of water. at least it's helping to keep my skin clear (knock on wood). psychology is so interesting. I wonder what my stream of consciousness says about me. who knows, I�m probably sending off signals meaning that I�m going to be a psychotic weirdo when I get older. I like my necklace, but I feel like I am wearing a dog collar. it looks so tight on me; I have a huge neck to begin with. they say that the first sign of aging on a woman is when her neck wrinkles. well my neck has quite a few. I really like this computer. my keyboard is so annoying. this one has keys that write so smoothly. I hope I've been studying enough. I really need to get over the idea that college is extremely hard and requires absurd amounts of studying. I�m doing just fine! I�m really surprised that I have so much to say. I thought I would be sitting here trying to impress whoever's going to read this by using really big words and coming up with impressive thoughts. I guess I was really wrong. I forgot my glasses in my dorm. I hope I�m not damaging my eyes by not wearing them. these girls sitting beside me are really getting loud. it's really getting annoying. all of a sudden they quieted down. I guess I�m sending off bad signals to them. I really feel like brushing my teeth. for some reason I've been brushing them an average of five times a day. it's probably some type of stress release or something. I wonder how my friend Jody is doing back home. she just left to Harlingen this morning. I wish I could have gone home with her but I really need to duke it out here. I can do it!! what am I going to do tonight? probably study or something. I hope my roommate decides to stay in our room for once. I guess I like my space though. my mind just went blank right now and I don�t have anything to say. I really admire the older people who come to college. I wish my mom would. she deserves it. I hope I am that devoted to my child. I don�t see how someone could give up so much for someone. I know I would do it for her, but just the fact that she has done so much for me already is amazing. I wonder if animals go to heaven when they die. I really think they do. it wouldn�t be fair to me if they didn�t. I wonder how Danny is doing back home. I hope he is having a fun time. I�m so lucky to be here. I wish I could give back to someone else. maybe that volunteer organization will call me and ask if I want to help out. I definitely would jump at the chance. I need to go to the rec center and pick up an aerobics membership. I hope I�m not gaining weight here, but I guess I will find out when Jody brings my scale back up with her. I better not be gaining weight, because I spent an enormous amount of money on a personal trainer. what a waste! I hate it when people ask me what type of music I listen to. I really don�t know what to say because I don�t listen to very much music. I�m so glad I�m getting this assignment over with now so that I don�t have to rush to do it at the last minute. I need to go back to Mezes to sign up for some of those experiments. I hope there are some slots I can fill up. I�ll bet that so many people are going to end up writing a research paper just because they'll put of going to sign up for the experiments or because they don�t show up to participate. what a waste! maybe I shouldn't talk, because I can just see that happening to me now. I wish I was good at math. that would be the ultimate! I've been typing for twenty minutes now, so I think I�ll sign off. I�m surprisingly sleepy! you all probably wont read this until a few months from now, but I just want to say thanks for such a wonderfully convenient assignment :) I hope I�m not too weird :)))) ",y,y,y,y,n

1997\_536654.txt,"Well, here goes. I'm in my room right now and it's very warm. My housing is not air conditioned. I'm not used to doing homework like this so you'll have to bear with me. I tried to do this assignment about a week ago. after some fifteen minutes I was kicked off. I was beyond pissed. My ankle is itching. Yesterday we went to mar's and we waited outside and I sat in the grass. For some reason that makes my leg itch. I wind is blowing in my room and it feels good. I am very tired and want to go back to sleep. I took an hour nap awhile ago. Matt came down. I hear people talking in the alley. One of them is a guy. I wish Matt could stay here with me in Austin. I miss him so much. I'm so pathetic. The tissue on my computer is waving like a flag, so are the papers on my bulletin board. I need to call my tutors one day. I need one in math more than anything else. I'm not stupid or anything, I just need assistance on the problems sometimes. Doug say's that I don't have a life. That I has no personality. That made my confidence soar. I know I didn't have a life, but I really couldn't help it. My parents are super, super strict and I wasn't allowed to do normal teenager stuff. Even now that I can I�m restricted to because of my boyfriend Matt. He cam down tonight. I love him so much. He should be calling in about an hour to say that he got home safe and sound. He's mad at Doug because Doug wouldn't leave us alone today. I was kind of mad too. Doug doesn't like the thought of me and Matt spending time together. He's weird like that. Matt should be nicer to his parents. They both have the mind set on he acts like a butt so I will too. Matt is very stubborn but his parents are not very nice. At least I had a close family. Matt doesn't even think that his parents love him. I know they do but he doesn't think that they do. He still sees himself and their mistake. I don't know what to tell him to believe otherwise. I'm going back home on October 4th. Matt's birthday is on that weekend. Saturday will be a lot of fun. After that I�ll be going to the renaissance festival with Matt and Doug. We're going to camp down there. It'll be a lot of fun. Doug can be a lot of fun if he's not in his pouty mood. Maybe he'll find himself a girlfriend by then. Then he'll be happy. I think. He didn't seem to mind our relationship when he was dating. he was too into Amanda. I didn't like her and knew she was going to hurt him but as usual no one listened to me. I like my room it's nice. I live at the women's co-ops. They are cool. All the girls in the house have made me feel completely welcome. I've been typing for about ten minutes. I think that's pretty good. If y�all read this y�all will have a lot to read. I'm trying to type slow so this won't get too long. I'm typing about half of my normal typing speed. Doug liked Elyssa. He'd like to have her legs wrapped around him. He is very crass. Then again Matt can be that way too. He is rarely rude to me though. I'm am usually respected and taken care of by my guys. I'm used to being protected. It's weird being down here knowing that I can actually be hurt. That is scary. My guys live two and a half hours away. We won the football game today. The tower is lit up. I love UT. I love the freedom I acquired when I came down here. It's not that I�m partying and getting drunk and toasted all the time. I just like that fact that I can if I want too. I don't have to beg to be let out of the house or anything. I've even been studying more down here than I did at home. I've kept up with all of my classes so far. I'll be doing some of my homework tomorrow. I read the assigned readings in between classes. The written assignments that actually take time get done at home. I have a quiz in math Monday. My foot hurts. It's been reclining against the chair too long. My hand hurts too. It�s resting on the edge of my desk. I am getting all sticky and sweaty doing this paper. My legs are sweaty against the seat. The back of my neck and my arms are also sweaty. Matt left his bobo feit action figure with me. He's the bounty hunter from star wars. I'm very surprised because he's very important to Matt. I am honored that he did. It's on my desk right next to my pewter angel/moon and stars figurine. I got that with Matt in Florida. We went to Disney with the school marching band during spring break. The figurine cost me seventy bucks. It was definitely worth it. I've been typing for a little over twenty minutes. Bye. ",y,n,n,y,y

1997\_813043.txt,"I want to start with a simple color. Let's say blue. When I think of blue I think of the ocean and where I live. I live in Brownsville Texas. It's ""on the border by the sea"" That's like the Brownsville saying. I also think of baby blankets, actually my baby blanket. This leads me to thinking about a George Strait song entitled ""Baby Blue"". It's a song about his daughter that passed away in a car accident. He's describing her eyes and what he thinks about every day. That has to be hard to deal with. A death in the family is such a detrimental thing to cope with. Fortunately my family has never had an immediate family member pass away. The closest I've been to a loved one that has died, was my great-grandmother. I've also had my girlfriend lose her great-grandmother and her grandmother right after each other. I went to those funerals. I really don't like them very much, It's extremely sad for all the loved ones mourning the death. I guess this leads me to thinking about the color black. It's weird that people usually associate things or ideas to color. I guess it's because we're such a vivid creature. Our vision capabilities are quite advanced when compared to those of other animals. We, humans, are able to see most of the spectrum, all we cant see is the ultra-violet end and the, oh I forgot, I think it's the infer red side as well. We might excel in vision, but are still very primitive in the sense of smell. When we compare our smelling to that of canines, all I can say is that they are able to smell around 100-1000 times better than us. Back to black. Jet Black is favorite color, or at least it used to be. I really enjoy viewing the colors of nature. I have found myself buying shirts the colors of nature. Like a dirt/green or pale/orange, light/yellow or sky/blue, the color of soil. I love the smell of the earth after it rains, it smells so pure, rich, I guess I associate that smell to nature. Imagine what a dog smells after it rains. Now that's something I wish I could take a whiff of. That's around 25 min. of writing. I want to say that this has been a great experience for me. It calmed me down from this hurried morning. I feel more at ease with myself, but I can't explain why. Well, I hope you've enjoyed this little talk with me. I know I'm not supposed to use ""you"" when writing a paper, but the instructions say that it's alright to fib a little in my grammar. Sorry for any misunderstandings. ""Good-bye and Good-luck. "" ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_830801.txt,"In this present moment I feel slightly irritated due to the fact that earlier today I was not able to surf the internet on America Online. The problem of surfing the internet could have been easily solved by going to a computer lab in my dormitory(Jester) and logging on to the internet from there. However. my focus was to locate some friends on the internet. This feature is exclusive to America Online and not possible to achieve in the Jester Computer lab. Ultimately I gave up and now I am in the process of typing this 'stream of consciousness'. Another issue on my mind. even though it may sound trivial is table tennis. Earlier in the day my friends and I were unable to get an open table which irritated me. Truthfully, I will admit that I am fairly easily irritated. I think that a large blame on this problem rests on my tendency to be a perfectionist. When things do not get done, or do not get done the way that I want. I get really irritated. On a good note, one good aspect about myself is that I realize my shortcomings. I am trying my best to overcome these bad tendencies that I have. In my opinion, college means to me a clean slate in which I can start over. I am trying my best to get off and remain on the right foot. One of my foremost goals is to meet new colleagues and friends. Friendship is very important to me. Without friends. the road of life would be lonely indeed. Whether these friends are so called 'e-friends' that I keep in touch with over the internet, or friends I know in person. they are equally important. While I am on the 'e-friend' topic. I feel compelled to mention an incident that happened to me on the internet. I met a nice female an America Online. Considering that America Online is the largest internet provider in the world. I was very surprised that this person happened to live in close proximity of me. We set up a rendezvous at a coffee house in which we met in person. We had a good time. This just shows how the world is smaller than it seems. In addition. I also keep in touch with e-friends in such places and Germany and Singapore. It is very interesting to converse with them. As you can probably tell. I am very much a technophile. I love anything electronic and I especially love computers. But of most importance to me as I mentioned already are friends. I guess I could say the prevalent topic in this 'stream of consciousness' is friendship. To tell the truth. if any of my e-friends were severed from my acquaintance, be it by losing touch or just plain not talking to me any more, I would be extremely upset. However. I know it cant last forever. Sometimes it seems that nothing will last forever. I guess sometimes we just have to move on. ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_857069.txt,"Okay here I am after I've been spending tons of time trying to get a book I need. I'm not worried about it anymore. I will focus on my other homework. I need to go to the lounge and get organized before lunch. Maybe I won't eat lunch. Tonight I have a party to go to and I am excited. I need to tell my friend what time we will leave. Where will I park? Maybe we should walk, but it will be late when we come home and very unsafe. The radio is on and I'm listening to country music. It's so great and calming. comforting--reminds me of home. I am going home tomorrow. I can't wait to see my two dogs and possibly go swimming in the pool. I will also help my mom get the new restaurant organized. Sleep is a priority as well. Oh, and I'll see my friends and be able to talk locally on the phone for a change. Wow, I forgot about the chance that I will get a home cooked meal. I need to get some more clothes from home and do my huge load of laundry. I'll come home Monday evening. I need to wash my car while I'm there. I hope my roommate is occupied enough while I'm gone. She can come home with me another time. I hear people in the hall all the time. It's amazing how many are up as early as I for an 8 am class. No one talks, it's like a march to a funeral or something. without the tears and gloom, just the silence. My eyes burn because I'm so tired. I took an hour nap yesterday, but I don't have time today. I can't get my Ethernet hooked up right and it really makes me mad--I'm VERY frustrated. very chapped! I am getting uneasy now; sitting here typing this is making me realize all of the things I need to do. I know though that I can get it done, just one thing at a time. Plus, I am doing one of those things right now. I wonder how many people here are close enough to home to go visit. I'm an hour away, not bad. I hear this song ""looking for love in all the wrong places"" and it reminds me of Eddie Murphy on the old Saturday Night Live. He did Buckwheat impersonations. I have an ache in my neck either from lack of sleep or carrying heavy books. I hope this doesn't sound like a letter. I am beginning every sentence with ""I"" but that's okay because I am supposed to notice how ""my"" thoughts flow. I wonder who ever got this computer stuff--internet, websites, etc. --started in the very, very beginning. Hmm, well, it doesn't matter that much to me. I just wish I could get my Ethernet hooked up. I like America Online, but it's tying up my phone line. That is also making my anxious right now. I guess the faster you type the longer the paper. I wonder what the other students doing this have to say. I wonder who will take their classes seriously and not. I hope I get some mail soon. I check it everyday and it's sort of depressing. I know people are writing/sending mail, but it just isn't here yet. That's my optimistic side. I hate the cold floor under my desk. I'm in jester, but I have carpet that I brought to go between the beds. I'm thinking of my friend in Alaska that will come at Christmas time. Will we have time for me to show the good stuff about Texas? My throat tightens to think of it. I stress easily. I feel a pressure to make his time here the best and to make him leave here thinking that Texas is the coolest place to be. It won't be as pretty in December though. Great, I have about 5 more minutes. My hands are slipping off this tiny space. I have no room on my desk. I want to get a huge piece of plywood and cover it with contact paper and make a huge desk--like the people down the hall. It would be so ideal. I am getting really anxious to go to the study lounge. I feel like I'll lose the urge to do my math homework if I sit here any longer. Oh, I can't wait until the party. Matchbox 20 ( my favorite group) is going to be there!!!!! I need to remember to take my camera. I also need to iron my shorts and pick out a shirt to wear. All of this by 4 PM--I believe that's when we'll go to the sorority house and hang out a bit, then get our wristbands and head over the block party. Well, my leg is falling asleep and my eyes are really getting tired now. I wish I could go to sleep. I hate it when I can't focus because I'm so tired. I value sleep more than money it seems. If that makes any sense. I am ready to go now, I feel the pressure of having too many things to do. I will take care of my math homework first. Then biology and art history. Psychology is halfway done now, but I need to get the book. no one has it. That is also causing a little aggravation. I hate to not be fully prepared for everything. Okay, my 20 minutes are up, I feel better having done this. ",y,y,y,y,y

1997\_872596.txt,"Labor day weekend was awesome! I love my boyfriend so much. We were so lazy and it didn't even matter what I did with him, because just being with him was enough. We just watched movies and ate. He sent me flowers on Bid day for the sorority Pi Beta Phi. I love that he knows everything about me. He knows when I am sad, happy, etc. I really miss him right know. I hope that he can come on Sunday so that he can se my dorm room and meet my pledge sisters. I can't wait to see what he does for my birthday. I can't believe that I am going to be nineteen years old. It doesn't feel like I should be that old. It just seems like yesterday that I turned sixteen and got my driver's license. My sister is twenty-two years old and engaged. I'm so excited about being her maid of honor in the wedding. I know that I am going to be so emotional that day. Troy is so perfect for her. I know that they will have a long and happy marriage together. He is just like a brother to me. My parents are glad that they will only be an hour away from them. It seems weird that we don't live in Waco anymore. I consider Waco as my home, and not Beaumont. My parents evidently seem to like it there, even though it is so humid. I thought that Waco was humid. It is nothing compared to Beaumont. I love Adam so much! It will be neat when his dad is in session. Maybe he will take me out to eat so I don't have to eat the dorm food all of the time. It really isn't that bad! I just hope that I don't gain the ""Freshman 15. "" Dancing will keep me in shape, though. I love my class. Ballet three times a week is just enough times to keep me from not missing my dance studio in Waco. It is really neat to get a lot of different styles of dance from different teachers. I think that it helps and has helped me to be a more well-rounded dancer, and open to new things. I miss my friends from high school. I just talked to Ashley today. I was so excited that she called. I know that I am going to have to start writing letters and e-mailing my friends and Adam, after my one hundred dollar phone bill in ten days. I feel really bad about that, but I just didn't understand the whole ""phone bill thing. "" As they say, everyone learns from their mistakes. I definitely had to learn the hard way, though. I hope that I have a cheaper bill next month, for my parents' sake. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_878282.txt,"I�m finally getting to write this. I should have done this two weeks ago. well my girlfriend came by, she�s in high school still, and she's going to miss the rest of the day to be with me, but first she has to go to the doctor. I really love her alot. damn I hate it when people call me and want all this information, they really piss me off. Dalmatians aren�t good dogs once they get bigger. they are really mooding and alot are being brought to the animal shelter, I don�t work there or anything, I just heard it on the radio. I work at the library, but I�m not working today because I broke my finger playing softball with my brother, I got 4 hits, but its nothing like baseball, I�m going to walk on at UT but I don�t know if ill make it or not, but I�m going to give it my best try. me and my girlfriend have been going out for a month now, we met about 8 months ago and dated a bit then, but nothing serious ever happened, that�s probably because I was still hung up over my old girlfriend. but know its just me and her and we are in love. we�ve only had sex once and I think that�s good, because with my ex-girlfriend that�s all we ever did when we were with each other, and it became pure sexual. I don�t want that to happen with Erin(my girlfriend now) I really really want to get serious with her, I think I found the girl I could spend the rest of my life with sounds strange, but I really think I have. anyway I wish shed hurry up and get back I miss her. I think the reason we haven�t had sex more often is we never have the opportunity, her parents or grandmother are always home and my parents are home too, but I think that will change. I hope we stay together forever, and I know she�s does because she feels stronger about our relationship than I do, so I know I wont have anything to worry about. six more minutes and I�m finished, oh well I think this is fun. the simpsons are stupid, I use to like it when I was younger, but now I think its just stupid, I�m going to kill myself, just kidding, my brother and his wife are both psychology majors, my brother went to swt for fours years and know is a police officer, and his wife went to Texas for like 8, she was on the deans list and everything she�s super smart. well I�m getting on out of here, its was nice talking but I need to go to class, ",y,n,n,n,n

1997\_935249.txt,I'm wondering how long it's going to take me to find a girl I really like and if girls look at me as cute or a skinny dork. I miss my dog and the country life I use to live in. I'm scared of not making the baseball team and not completing my goal of pitching in the majors. I'm pissed off at my parents for not getting me a new car for graduation. I'm wondering if people act like they're cool with me when I'm around and make fun of me when I leave. I wish I had perfect teeth so I wouldn't have to get braces. I'm wondering if I'll ever forget my first love and if she'll ever forget me. I wonder why people look down on pot smokers even though their parents probably did it. I wonder when I'm a upper classman if girls will want me more and if I'll look different. ,y,y,y,n,n

1997\_451150.txt,"Geez, this long hair gets on my nerves sometimes. Ok, it's 8:35 now. so if I just write till 9:00. This being on a web page reminds me that I need to get working on my boss�s web pages soon. more like it makes me feel guilty that I haven't started yet. Oops, better throw that away. Boy my room is messy, wonder if my roommate cares. He said just so long it was on my side of the room, but . I'll clean later. Though I need to do more homework. (8:37. boy, I'm really watching that clock). Japanese is hard. I really should wear chapstick instead of just licking and chewing my lips. Geeze, this room IS messy. I'm glad my parents aren't here to see this, or they'd freak. They�ll probably be irritated that the last e-mail I sent them was so short. I need to go get my course schedule planned out. I hope I can get my typing speed up, 75 wpm is fast, but I'd really like to improve my accuracy. I wonder if I should drop a class and get that job Dan was talking about. Maybe I'll drop PSYCHOLOGY. Nah. Why is it that people don't accept pagans? Ever wonder that, reading person? Do they not realize that all of us are silly fools, and us no more than them? Oh, well. That quote was cool: Once dogma enters the mind, reason ceases to function entirely. Damned if I can remember who it was by. William Wright or something. Man my memory sucks. I caught myself forgetting what I was talking about in the middle of my sentence several times today. It's a wonder I can remember forgetting. Dam, what was I fixing to say? Probably need to condition the hair tomorrow or it will be upset with me. And use my retainer or the orthodontist will hang me with it the next time I go in. It's cool that Jodi finally got her braces off, She's been wanting them off for a long time. She looks much better without them. Looks like Stona noticed (devious snicker). I really hope this doesn't turn out to be too long. Being able to type fast probably means that I'm going to get more down here than other's would. I wonder if they make some kind of odor-eater stuff for sandals. This things smell like the north end of a southbound horse. Hey, look John's online. Boy I'd hate to be the people reading these. But then, I guess they like reading people's random thoughts, since they are in the Psych department. That hole in the stupid couch-bed here in my room reminds me of the one I cut in our couch at home playing with a razor blade. My parents will never let me live that down. Woah! It looks like my roommate had been home (8:47)! I should be more observant, should have noticed the change sooner. Home. my parents would be very pissy if they found out I was referring to this place as home soon. You know, having to write these thoughts down really interferes with getting them in the head and processed properly. I mean, I'll remember the ones I get, but I'm not getting as many as I would normally because I have to dedicate so much of my left brain to typing this stuff. I would really like to be programming but I have so much homework. 17 hours is just too much, but I don't think I'd dare take less unless I had a reason. Boy I hope I can fond a job that pays well enough for me to stay down here over the summer and still be making enough to stand up the $9/hr I would be making in Dallas. You know, I can probably spell check this for you. hold on. Ok, well, that's kind of cheating, doing computer stuff while I'm supposed to be typing ,but I'll type a little longer to make up for it, eh? I was just checking to see if you were using a form mailer so I could have my emailer check the spelling for you. uh, oh, a message for ME? AHHH! I don't understand this program! Oh, well. OH! I see. Ok. Nevermind. You�ll have to get used to me, I suppose. I don't ever actually ask people questions, I just ask them to stand still while I say a question at them and figure the answer out for myself. The only questions I ask these days are things I don't feel like looking up in the reference manuals myself. I really admire Stona for making those ""What I believe in. "" memoirs. I really should make some of my own. But then there's the book I'm trying to write and stuff and that's just too much. AHH! So much to do. Oh, well. Just have to forgo literary stuff to have time for the other stuff. Messy messy messy. Damn, why do parts of your body in contact with other parts sweat like hell? It's not like they're going to get any cooler by it, and your body is wasting moisture, you'd think that that would have evolved out. But then, I don't suppose that animals rest in contact with themselves often. I wonder why Casey didn't take my Contact when I offered it to him. I finally have a book he shows an interest in reading, so that maybe I'll get to loan HIM books for a change, and he turns me down. I really wish he's come visit, he just keeps driving down to SA, like Austin isn't even on the way there. And to see MY girlfriend. I'll just give him a guilt trip and he'll come by. Or at least, stay away from janice. Great, that means that now Janice will think that Casey has time to go down and see her but I don't and Casey lives even further away. Super. She's going to be thinking that, I know. (8:57) This is long. But it is easier to do than I thought it would be. Maybe I should do this more often. It's a lot easier than a journal, and seems to g o a little faster. Go. I think I'll write a game of Go. That sound easy and fun. yep. Then I'll let Dan and his happy functional programming self make the AI. Nope, there are some things I will NOT write in here. Thank you. I wonder how accurate Pennebaker's lie - detector tests really are. I wonder if some Yoga guy came in that has awesome control over his heart rate and blood pressure and sweating and stuff, if he'd be able to fool it. I wonder if I would. Prolly not. I suck at controlling my breathing rate. Which is really cool. Hey, person reading this, I have a recommendation for you: Meditate. Cross self-hypnosis with the meditation method of your choice. It works great. Trust me. Ok, well, it's 9:00 now. I hope you help someone with what I've written here. Thank you. Bye. ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_477443.txt,"I can't believe kevin said he'd go with me to the date dash. I think its going to be fun. I'm having a hard time writing I don�t have a watch on so I�ll watch the clock I guess what am I going to wear??? oh I�m confused jenny better go that�s all o have to say then things wont be so awkward. I wonder if he really wants to go or if he�s just a nice guy I think everyone in this lab is foreign I only have one foreign friend and she�s from India well soriden was born in Cambodia but I consider her an American its really hot down here Tomorrow I have audition and I haven�t even done my monologue full out well its not like I�m going to get a part I�m a freshman most parts go to graduate students which is kinda why UT theatre is bad way too many students but it will make me want to stand out and try harder I guess gosh some people are so stupid when it comes to computers oh well I�m really tired of school and its only been what 5 days I who ever painted those window panes messed up and painted part of the windows I feel like I�m in a basement dud Sara you are I want to watch Adventures of Babysitting what made me think of that I wonder what the cute blonde in psych's name is he waved back to me maybe he'll talk to us next time. It feels so much later than 9:40 I do not want to do that stupid study questions or whatever they are called for languages of the stage. every single week I want to meet some hot guys now!!! Excessive baggage was a cute movie! Alicia Silverstone is cool someone sneezed and nobody says god bless you that�s so rude well I didn�t so I guess that makes me rude too I wonder to what age I�ll live to be I hope at least 90 100 might be too old for me anyway I�m not typing too good today my stomach is hurting me I had a good dinner at A-Chi-o tonight \my lines are totally ending random I wonder if boys can use this lab or if there is one in Andrew�s probably there is one since genius live there or geeks that study all the freakin time I could if I wanted but I don�t want to I really like my day planner it makes me feel important you know gosh I have some many things I need to do this week what am I going to wear I have no idea Jill says to buy a new outfit but then I�m making a big deal out of it he did seem interested or at least kept on talking after I asked him that phone just scared me I wonder if I�m doing this assignment right it bothers me that I�m not using proper grammar what kind of name is pennebaker? I don�t even know if I say it right hey there's my ra ana sitting at that computer computers make such an annoying bussing noise but not like a bee a lot softer and different my shoulder hurts and I don�t know why I need to go work out and get into shape because I�m not at this moment but I�m getting some exercise waling around this campus I wonder what the twins have been up to or if they even think about me probably not but I don�t care cuz I don�t like jax anymore really I don�t there are so many other guys here I figure out of 48,000 18,000 have to be guys and at least 5,000 have to be cute so at least at least 100 have to be gorgeous if not more why cant I find a guy I just don�t understand what�s wrong with me they only want the super skinny girls or I don�t know I mean I�m not ugly and I have a great personality I think I�m pretty not supermodel gorgeous I always say that when someone asks if I�m pretty I�m too shy aghhh why is it that Mac computers aren�t as cool as IBM???/ I've always wondered that I need to blow my nose its itching popping your neck or whatever sounds so crunchy I think if I ever got in a car wreck id break and die because I pop everything its kinda gross if you think about it ",n,y,y,y,n

1997\_510841.txt,"I don't really understand. I am supposed to track my thoughts and feelings? Write about anything as long as it is for twenty minutes? OK. I kind of miss my old life at home, but I was so looking forward to moving on to other things. I have a friend that just went into the Army last month and I will never see him again. Other friends have gone off to college and moved away. Life is starting to change a great deal. I work for a company called Vector selling Cutco, or at least I did this summer, and we had conventions every now and then. I would always make friends from around the country, but end up never seeing them again. People don't keep in touch with each other like they should. I try to stay in touch with my friends and people that I meet. It is often difficult, though. I don't know. I am really thirsty right now. I was thinking of going up to my room first to get a drink, but I didn't figure they would let you bring drinks in here, and I didn't want to wait to get this done. I have waited long enough. I need to stop putting things off. I need to get things done. I guess it is just lack of motivation. Well that and lack of a computer. This is the first time I have been in the computer lab here at Jester. I am really thirsty and my throat is dry. I need to get this e-mail thing worked out. I haven't tried to use it yet. I might do that when I am finished with this. I wish that things could be the way they were, but then I don't. You know how sometimes something happens and you just want to freeze that moment in time and never leave. That has happened to me recently. Not since I have been at UT, but before, when I was with my friends. I like to spend time with my friends because they make me feel comfortable. I like to be around them because it is just very uplifting. My arm is starting to get tired because I don't have the right kind of writing area. It is uncomfortable in here. I need to go get a drink, but I still have a lot of time to keep writing, so I won't. I wish I had a computer so I could get things done on my own time. Life would be a whole lot easier, I think. I think I should go home and see my dog before the neighbors try to steal him again. If I don't pay enough attention to him he goes to stay at the neighbors house. They decided one day that they liked him and they were just going to keep him. They tried to give me an ultimatum (I don't know how to spell that word). They said that if I didn't give them the dog, then they did not want him at their house anymore, but if I didn't want the dog they would take him. The whole situation didn't make any sense to me, but what do I know. I don't think that they had the right to ask for my dog. He is MY dog. Whatever. Needless to say, I didn't give them the dog, but I got him fixed and had to tie him up for a while. He eventually learned that he had to stay at home, or at least near our house if he didn't want to be tied up. It rained yesterday for the first time in a long while. It didn't rain much, though. I missed most of the lightning the other night because I don't have a real window in my room. It is just like a quarter of a window and it gives me the feeling that I am in a dungeon. I hate my room. I wanted to get a plant, but then I realized that there wouldn't be enough light to keep it alive, so I axed that idea. I wish there would be a big storm because I like to watch the storms. The lightning, thunder, rain, and winds are really relaxing. My parents are building a house, but it is taking them forever. Anyway, you can sit on the back porch of the house and watch the rain. It is very nice. My friends Kate, Abby, and Alana are at Southwest and I was just thinking about Kate's yard and how nice it is. I bet it is really nice out there after it rains. The other night I watched a meteor shower and that was really beautiful. I like to look at the stars, but I dropped Astronomy because everyone said that it was really hard and that all it was a lot of math like distances to stars. I didn't feel like taking a math class so now I am taking Physical Anthropology. I don't know. My twenty minutes is up now so I am going to quit writing and submit this because I am sure it is really boring anyway. I feel sorry for whoever has to read this. My wrist hurts. Ha. ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_539448.txt,"This is the first time I have ever had an assignment like this before. I have never had to use the internet before, either. I wish that the computer in my room wasn't so difficult to hook up to the UT internet system. I am so tired of going to the same computer store over and over. First, they managed to sell me over one hundred dollars worth of computer equipment that I didn't need. After, that was sorted out, I had problems with the Ethernet card. Oh well, I will ask my boyfriend to fix it for me. I am so glad that he lives in Austin. I am glad that my best friend is my roommate. We always get along and we never fight. It's great because if she wasn't my roommate, then we would have a huge phone bill. So far, everything about UT is as I anticipated. I really didn't believe people when they told me that I would have classes with over two hundred people. That came out to be half true. I only ended up with twenty or so in my English class and about one hundred and fifty in my biology class. My chemistry and psychology class end up in the same room. both are enormous. I didn't even know how to spell psychology until about three days ago. Whenever I wrote the word I always looked at the course schedule or at my textbook. Books are another problem. The co-op had the wrong listing for my biology book, and I had to go through a huge hassle to get my psych book. I shouldn't be complaining. I really love it here. I love being one in fifty thousand. I love being known as only a social security number. The atmosphere is so relaxed and go with the flow. "" I think that I am adapting well. Twenty minutes are up. s ",n,y,n,y,n

1997\_578488.txt,"Okay, so we're supposed to write for twenty minutes about nothing really. It's a show about nothing-Seinfeld. That is an episode for all you non-Seinfeld watchers out there. You really should watch it though. It is really funny. I like funny. Funny is good. I am trying to type fast without looking at the keys and it is not working. Alessandra thinks she's so cool cause she typed faster than me in micro computer applications last year. I wasn�t a very fast typer. I am stupid because I forgot to look to see what time I started writing. I am going to assume that I've only been writing for about three to five minutes. At least I am getting this done though. I have to go to psychology class in forty five minutes. Last class we took these tedious surveys for eligibility in experiments. It wasn�t fair because there were like 2-3 surveys for just girls. So all the guys got finished and left to go take naps or eat. Speaking of eating, we ordered Poky Sticks from Gumby's pizza last night. I hope the roommates pay me back for that. But I don�t want to be rude and ask for the money. I am really cheap. But it is all coming out of my spending money. My friends are all getting money from their parents. My dad is being annoying though. He wants me to learn to budget my own money. He would have given me so much a month if my older sister hadn�t told him that she didn�t get any money her first year in college. Those older siblings cant just be happy for the younger ones can they. Everything has to be fair, doesn�t it. Oh well. I shouldn�t be complaining I guess. I am getting to go to the school I wanted to go to. I am getting the feeling that people around me are trying to read what I am writing. I know they're not though. They have better things to do I'm sure. I�m just paranoid I guess. Today is Thursday. We have a floor meeting tonight. A chance to meet our neighbors. Warning !!! When you log out all your files will be erased!! That is what the sticker on this computer says. I think they are over-using exclamation marks there. But that is just my opinion. I am not really one to use exclamation marks very freely. I think it is raining. I had to walk back from the library yesterday in the pouring rain with my roommate. She is pretty cool. She smokes too much though. I am trying to break her of that horrible habit. I think she is just getting annoyed with me though. She has bad posture. We've bonded already. I m glad I didn�t get some kinda weirdo for a roommate. She says she is getting a haircut today. Then again she has been saying that for the past two days. I really need to spit this gum out. I've been chewing it for almost two hours. Some random guy gave it to me when I was waiting to go to my boring English class. I need a computer in my room. My mom says she bought me a lava lamp for my room. I really want her to come down and drop it off, but I don�t want her to stay for the weekend. I am getting very sleepy. This staying up until 2am every night cant keep up for much longer. I have about five more minutes to write. What else should I write about. I feel like a lab rat. Are people going to read this later on and analyze me. Will they get in contact with me if they find out that I have some kind of mental illness? Or will they just forget about it and write a book about Me? My shoes are stiff from the rain yesterday. and I have to go to the bathroom really bad. Gotta spit this gum out. I am getting antsy. I think its been twenty minutes. This was fun. ",n,y,y,n,y

1997\_598253.txt,"I am sitting here at Hardin House, boy I am so stressed out. I have these two writing assignments for psychology a whole bunch of pre-cal homework and tons of reading to do for Biology and Sociology. this sorority stuff is starting to take up way to much time. I really don't like the feeling I am getting when I am set up with a date because it makes me feel like I am cheating on my boyfriend. I know I shouldn't feel bad since I am just being friends with them and nothing more it just really bothers me sometimes. I really don't feel like going out tonight because I still think I am sick from yesterday. I need to go and call my mom and dad since I haven't talked to them in about five days I am just way to busy. I think I really need to work on some major time management skills because I am worried about getting behind and I want to get 3 As and 2 Bs so I can start off good before my classes get too hard. I am really excited about UT vs. OU weekend I hope that Jaycob can go so that I don't have to go with some random guy. I wish it wasn't the same weekend as my schools homecoming so that I could go home oh well. I need to take a shower and get ready for the KA mixer and try to read and definitely watch 90210. That was 20 Minutes. THANK YOU! HAVE A NICE DAY! ",y,n,n,y,y

1997\_750691.txt,"Right now I am in my friend's Jester dorm to do my writing 1 with her computer. I will probably do all my writing assignments in her room because all the other computer labs in the U. T. campus are always full. It is really annoying when I have to wait to use a computer. I just don't have time to wait, since I have so much homework to do. I feel very nervous and uneasy about all my classes because this is my first year in college. People told me that the method of studying in college is different from high school. I am still not use to living in the dorm. It is too small and just doesn't feel as comfortable as home. I miss my parents, my dog, and the freedom to drive my car out. I am going to work very hard in college in order to have a very successful life. My leg and arm muscles are aching, since I played basketball and worked out at the Rec Center yesterday. I like the facility there. There is a good variety of things to do. I plan to reserve time everyday to play sports, especially basketball and tennis. The Boyz II Men new song called ""The Four Seasons"" is in my head right now. I enjoy listening to the song. It sounds very sweet and peaceful. The song reminds me of the time when my mom and dad send me off to here at U. T. I am now listening to the movie called ""Space Jam. "" My sister and my friend are in the room watching the movie. I saw the movie about half a year ago. I thought it was a very cute movie. It is amazing how the creators of the movie can mix animation with real people. My favorite basketball player, Michael Jordan, is one of the main characters in the movie. I like to watch him play basketball because he always makes incredible shots. It is so cool when Michael makes a slam dunk. He really does fly a little. I hope tomorrow will be a good day for me. I hope I won't be very nervous when I go into my classes. I have four classes to go to tomorrow! I am really excited about seeing my senior U. T. cousin tomorrow! ",n,y,y,y,n

1997\_790253.txt,"I am very excited to be taking this psychology class since I was unable to take a psych. class in highschool. I am hoping that this class will give me some direction on my major. As of this moment I am supposed to be working towards pharmacy school, but I am beginning to think that it wouldn't keep my interest for very long. (You know it is very hard for me to just write in my train of thought, and I don't know why. I'm not much of a perfectionist or anything) Anyway back to psychology, Psychology really sparks my interest. In class, we discuss finding answers to many questions, but they normally pertain to other people than ourselves. Most of the questions that I would like to explore pertain to understanding myself. I am generally a happy person, and although I know that I will go through tremendous changes during my college career, I feel that I have a pretty good grip on the person I am. But--even though I feel this way, sometimes I have uncontrollable and unexplainable emotions. When this happens, all I can think is ""why?"" Psychology is one of those things that I don't know much about, but even with the little knowledge I have, I am amazed. I think it is very possible I may want to have a career in this area. I don't really know how I got on this spill about your class; probably because it drives me crazy not knowing what I want to do. I've always had everything very planned out, but after really thinking about it, that isn't the way I want to plan the rest of my life (if that makes any sense). What I mean is. I can't just pick a job (say Pharmacist), and decide ""I�m gonna be a pharmacist. "" That is what I did about a year and a half ago. I even got a job as a pharmacy tech at Walgreen�s which could help me out a lot. But, now I feel like pharmacy would get very dull and boring. I feel like I'm on an endless search for something that really sparks my interest. I've never been really exceptional at one thing or in one subject, and that makes me feel kind of lost, like I don't have a calling. Psychology sparks my interest more than anything else, but I haven't been through the course so I can't really say if I have a ""passion"" for it or anything. Along with my search for a ""passion,"" I want success more than anything. I have had an average life I guess, but my life would never be complete with out stress. Not stress in general, but financial stress. I know that I am much more fortunate than many others, so why am I so stressed. I guess because all of my best friends were spoiled rotten, and I began to forget that I was so fortunate. I wasn't able to do all the things they were able to, I didn't get to drive a nice car, go shopping , or out to ear. These are all things that I believe are superficial, but I would like to be able to do these things with no worries when I am older. Even more so, I would like to spoil my kids rotten when that time comes around. Anyway (I�m a little scatterbrained today), I am a little afraid that when I find my so called passion that it will be something that will not allow me to accomplish my second goal. ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_835938.txt,"I feel kind of strange doing this assignment like this -- I don't think I've ever had such an informal assignment. I just got off the phone with this girl that I met in Galveston when I was a junior in high school -- the whole time I was talking I was also thinking about how I wanted her to shut up so I could do this assignment. Well, anyway, here I am sitting before this CRT not really concentrating or doing anything special -- just king of chilling. My roommate is playing Quake on his computer on the other side of the room -- also the radio is on and so it makes it king of hard to concentrate with all the noise in the room. I think the artist on the radio is Natalie Merchant -- damn I really hate her music -- it's so poppy it's disgusting. everything the drums to guitars to vocals sounds so devoid of feeling or meaning -- it's a mind numbing, spirit-crushing experience listening to this crap . I just wish she would shut up . I prefer bands like Korn or Pantera. they sing with so much feeling, and all the songs are sung with vehemence and anger and lust and disgust and hatred. the entire spectrum of emotions is explored in their works. other favorite bands of mine are helmet, Alice in chains, pearl jam,etc. I guess I kind of got caught up in the whole alternative revolution phenomenon. I WORE FLANNEL AND HAD RIPPED UP JEANS AND DOC MARTENS AND I EVEN DID THE DRUGS THAT WENT ALONG WITH THE WHOLE ALTERNATIVE SCENE. A BIG MISTAKE IN MY OPINION BECAUSE THOSE VICES WITH WHICH I EXPERIMENTED LAST THEIR TABOO AND SO NOW I HAVE NO FEAR OF THEM AND WOULD HAVE NO QUALMS ABOUT TAKING THEM OTHER THAN THE FACT THAT THEY DESTROY YOUR BODY AND MIND. NOW I ONLY DRINK -- ANOTHER RESULT OF MY EXPERIMENTS WITH ""ALTERNATIVES"". IT'S FUNNY BECAUSE IN HIGH SCHOOL I WAS A DRUGGER AND AN ""ALTERNA-TEEN"" WHEN I WAS WISHING THAT I COULD BE A MUSICIAN. BUT NOW THAT I AM ONE -- I HAVE MY OWN BAND -- I DON'T REALLY FEEL THE NEED TO DO LIVE THE ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE. I DON'T DRESS STRANGE OR HAVE STRANGE HABITS. I HAVE A 4. 0 GPA AND WAS THE VALEDICTORIAN OF MY HIGH SCHOOL, SO THAT KIND OF BELIES SOME OF THE THINGS THAT I'VE SAID HERE. bETTER MAN BY PEARL JAM JUST CAME ON THE RADIO. I LIKE THIS SONG ALOT. PEARL JAM'S NOT AS GOOD AS THEY USED TO BE. THEIR ALBUMS TEN,VERSUS AND VITALOGY ARE MUCH BETTER THAN THE ALBUM NO CODE IN MY OPINION. NO CODE SEEMS SO STERILE AND NOT PEARL JAM. I THINK IT HAS A LOT TO DO WITH THE FACT THAT THEY HAVE A DIFFERENT DRUMMER--THE OLD DRUMMER FROM THE RED HOT CHILE PEPPERS. HE SUCKS IN COMPARISON TO DAVE ABBRUZZESE--THE OLD DRUMMER FOR PEARL JAM. I WISH THEY WOULD PUT OUT ANOTHER AWESOME ALBUM. IF THEY DID I WOULD BE VERY HAPPY. OH YEAH, MY ROOMMATE JUST REMINDED ME ABOUT THIS GIRL THAT I KNOW. SHE'S A FAT GIRL AND SHE'S KIND OF A BITCH. SHE KEEPS CALLING ME AND CALLING ME, BUT I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO HER BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE HER 'THAT' WAY AT ALL--BUT SHE LIKES ME LIKE THAT. . . . I KIND OF LIKE LIVING IN JESTER BECAUSE IT IS VERY CLOSE TO EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON CAMPUS. THE FOOD SUCKS REALLY BADLY, BUT THERE ARE PLENTY OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS THAT LIVE HERE---SO THAT IS REALLY COOL. I JUST GLANCED AT MY WATCH BECAUSE I AM TIMING MY TIME HERE ON THIS ASSIGNMENT. I ONLY HAVE A FEW MORE MINUTES TO DO THIS ASSIGNMENT. I JUST THOUGHT ABOUT HOW DELICIOUS MY SUPPER WAS TODAY AT MY FRIEND DREW'S UNCLE'S HOUSE. WE HAD BADASS BARBECUE AND HE GAVE US BEER AND MARGUERITAS. HE WAS A REALLY COOL GUY. I WANT TO GO BACK THERE SOMETIME AND HANGOUT AGAIN. HE'S GOT A REALLY NICE HOUSE AND HE'S BUILDING A STUDIO FOR RECORDING. THAT WILL BE COOL. MAYBE MY BAND-THE GOODSIDE-WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE USE OF THIS TO RECORD SOME STUFF IN THERE. WE HAVE OUR OWN STUDIO BUT IT'S IN THE DORM ROOM SO IT'S NOT REALLY EASY TO RECORD ALL THE TIME IN THERE BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE INTO ACCOUNT OTHER PEOPLES' SLEEPING HABITS AND WANTS AND NEEDS--THAT'S ANOTHER THING THAT SUCHS ABOUT THE DORMS. IT KIND OF CRAMPS THE LIFESTYLE OF SOMEONE WHO MAKES A LOT OF NOISE. WELL, I'VE GONE OVER MY TWENTY MINUTE MINIMUM, SO I'LL GO AHEAD A START READING FOR OTHER CLASSES. . ",n,y,n,y,n

1997\_890789.txt,"I just don't understand some people. Why do guys think that (okay, not all guys) it's okay for them to act like animals? What does he market? It's not easy to write and watch television at the same time. It's even harder to write and talk to someone at the same time. That was so disgusting! Why do girls stay with guys that they don't like? why am I with Chris? I think that I love him, but do I really? I mean how could I do what I did last night if I love him? It could be possible, I guess. What are these people talking about? Is Katherine. what was I going to say? quit making so much noise!!! Clink and clank. All trash is gross. Don't you know that? My mind keeps drawing blanks. Maybe I am trying too hard to think about what I am thinking. Have you ever thought about how you think of things? Well, I guess that is what we are doing here. Ha! This guy is so funny! This show is very funny today. I cannot believe that that lady just cut her old man's hair off. Why don't people have better opinions about themselves? Like me. Why don't I? This thing is annoying. How am I supposed to write my stream of consciousness when this stupid thing says I'm being idle? I ask a lot of questions, don't I? When are these twenty minutes going to be over? Am I going to have to pay Alison to use her computer? Did I spell her name right? Who is that lady? These people act as if they know her. Do they? Oh! I guess that she is a comedian. I guess anyway. A man with a plan! Ha! My hands are cramping. Come on time! Go faster! Faster, faster! Sock sniffing? Okay, whatever you say. Alright! Time is over! ",n,y,y,n,y

1997\_891831.txt,"Well, I finally made it to the computer lab. Of course I waited until the last minute. Now that I figured out how to get in here it won't be so hard tomorrow. I hope I can get it done tomorrow by 5 because I only have an hour between classes. I am so happy that I got out of my class early today. It gives me time to study other things. I think I did fairly well on my quiz but who knows. I should have gone to work today. I feel a little guilty for leaving when I did, but I show up and they aren't even there. What am I supposed to do, just stand out in the hall like an idiot? This job is a waste of my time. They never have anything for me to do anyway. I wish I could quit, but I can't because Mom is friends with Linda and I need the money. Especially now because of the car situation. I swear Don is just being a big baby about the whole thing. I hope I'm not in a bad mood this weekend. It will be nice to just relax without having to go out. I hope my dinner turns out ok. Wally might be sorry he asked me to cook for him. I need to call him tonight for his birthday. I hope the package he got was either from his mom or dad. I can't believe he didn't get a card from either of them last year. I know he was upset about that, but of course he would never admit that to me. It's too bad sometimes that I can't talk to him about everything. Like last night, I know he didn't know what to say when I called, but I just kept thinking that if I had been talking to Rica or Renee they would know how to handle the situation better. But what can I expect, he's just a guy. He's told me before that he doesn't handle the mushy stuff very well. At least he listens to me. I'm glad I had the chance to talk to Genia yesterday. I really do feel bad about not visiting her, but I knew it was best for everyone if we didn't see her. At least she doesn't live here anymore. I think that would be a bad situation. I really hope she gets over him soon. She's been sad too long, and it's just not doing her any good. I've completely run out of things to say, and that doesn't happen to me very often. Unfortunately it's happening more often. I really love it here at UT, but it is incredibly lonely. I see thousands of people everyday, but I'm still lonely. I guess that's why I'm on the phone for so long every night. I need to feel connected to my friends even if I don't see them as much as I used to. Unfortunately, I'm on the phone so much that I don't get much studying done. It's alot different than High school. I never had to study in high school. Now I'm so behind, and I don't know if I'll ever get caught up. I guess when I'm done with this I'll go study until my next class, which happens to be psychology. I thought this was supposed to be a lesson in stress relief. Well, this assignment has given me nothing but a headache. Speaking of headaches I can't seem to get rid of mine. It's either stress or allergies. Either way I'm suffering. Well, I'm finally done so I guess this is it. ",n,n,y,n,n

1997\_956235.txt,"I hope I am doing this write! I never really used the internet before and it took me forever to try and figure out how to log on. I feel better now that I am actually doing this, I thought I wouldn't figure it out in time then I would get a zero and bring my grade down. I am a freshman and I really want to do good. I hope my roommate isn't wandering where I am. We were supposed to do laundry after my class which was your class and ended at5. I was glad it wasn't raining when I got out because I didn't bring my umbrella. I am kind of upset that I couldn't find a smaller one than the huge one I brought. I don't want to look like a dork. I miss my boyfriend he is in San Antonio where I am from. I wish he would've gotten in to UT like me. It would have been so much fun being here with him without parents always watching over us. My time on this machine expires in ten minutes and it doesn't seem like enough time but it was almost twenty minutes that I have been typing maybe a few minutes less but it took me a while to figure out how to get here anyway. I not a very fast typer so I hope I have written enough and about the write topic that is whatever I am thinking. Well thank god I am almost done I only have one more minute so I have to push the submit button before it cuts me off. Bye. ",n,y,y,y,n

1997\_499042.txt,"I am thinking about the pain in my throat right now, I have mono. Soon I will find out whether or not I have strep throat. In fact , I need to call the medical center hotline later, although I guess it really doesn't matter that much because I am already taking penicillin. Last night I could not sleep at all I was in so much pain. I would try and try to forget about the pain, and finally slip of into sleep. But, then about an hour later I would wake up and wish I was dead, not literally, but I just wish the pain would go away. I can deal with feeling sick all the time because I know that will eventually go away. I have so much stuff I need to do still, but I never have the energy to do it. I miss all of my family and sometimes feel lonely, but, I guess that is part of growing up. Texas plays Rudgers this weekend here and I already have my tickets, I wonder what that whole day will be like. I also miss all of my friends from high school, but I got two letters 2 days ago. I always feel sort of lonely at the start of school. Even when I was a little kid I would be really nervous when starting school, but it always ended up getting better by the end of the year. I was so ready to get out of my house this summer, my mom and I argued all the time. But, now I seem to really miss them, I think because I am sick I miss them even more because they have always been there to comfort me when I was sick. I wonder how my brothers are doing, I haven't talked to them in a couple of weeks. Everything here at UT is overwhelming, the system just doesn't seem to care about me. The people here are nice, but the red tape is difficult to cut through. I hope I can actually make good grades in my Calculus class, which is really hard. I guess I need to get a tutor and work on not putting my assignments off to the last minute. Computers are really interesting. They seem like part of the ""system"" and red tape involved in everything. Not that I don't appreciate or like technology, It just isn�t personal at all. I need people around me in order to feel good and have fun, that is why I think I miss my family, they were always there to talk to. I know I can graduate from college, but I sometimes wonder whether or not I really can. I also wonder about the many paths my life could take. Will I be truly happy in the future? Will somebody love me enough to marry me? Will I ever find a person I want to marry. What job will I have, how much money will I make. Will I be as successful as my Dad? Can I live up to all of the expectations of my family? Sometimes I see answers to these questions, I don't know how, and what are these visions, are they just part of my imagination? I feel like time is passing and I am not really making an impact. ",y,y,y,y,y

1997\_512804.txt,I am at work right now but I don�t start to work until about 30 more minutes I wonder if any one is going to if anyone is going to ask me what I am doing oh well there is this person that I think is real nice so I cant really how does this thing work any way why won't it go to the next line by itself so I guess ill start to press enter when I cant see the words I am typing I feel like laughing I don�t really know why well I do but it would be to dangerous for me to type them down. so one might see I wish I could go home I just found out that my botany class test are short answers great. I still like the class though cant wait fort he day to be over. I is supposed to rain today I want it to but I don't want to walk home or any where in this assignment is kind of hard I cant type as quick as my mind thinks I'm not sure I like this computer either well I�m still skipping my thoughts on the next assignment I think I better write it down instead. ok the truth I did erase something from the beginning of this document. I�m at work for goodness sakes. why do I keep putting periods down I guess it is hard to write with out using punctuation also his voice sounds wonderful ok I've got to stop that oh well I didn�t know that the top lines of the document eventually go up that a good thing she smiled at me probably wondering what I was doing I wish I had more time to write some more poems I will though I really want to perfect the one I wrote about the tanut this I going to look crazy when they print it out. I like this assignment though I never did ask if it was ok for me to be doing homework on the computers at work but mine at home is not fast enough to or doesn�t have enough speed to get everything on the net on my computer I rally want to buy some more software for it but I don�t know if I can afford it so this guy that I was telling you about is so fine I feel like I want to jump his bones I even had a dream about him last night nothing nasty though it wasn�t even sexual so I wonder if they are going to see how many times a guy verses a girl brings up the topic of sex in their writings I hope my TA gets all of this information. anyway he's so sexy I have a boy friend thought it will be five years in November I don�t believe it I love him though ok my mind has gone blank I cant think of anything I wish that when I write paper that the information I need to write him would flow a quickly as it is right now that would be cool so I could write a complete 12 page paper in one day I guess I would procrastinate one time though come to think of it yesterday I should have been writing my thoughts down I actually because aware became aware of what I was thinking it was kind of weird why to I keep trying to correct my mistakes maybe so it will be easier for the readier to follow I bet they are going to be having a grand time reading this class assignment I wonder what they are looking for. any way it would probably mess up the study if I did know. naked why I don�t know so one to the next topic my the way I wasn�t taking bout the Winston cigarette ads you know I don't smoke anyway well two more minutes until I have the file away my life at least to you its a play on words because it is part of the job description that I do I won't be doing it for the rest of my life though I do know that for sure actually I�m not sure I know what I want to do bye. 't be doing it for ,n,y,n,n,n

1997\_555388.txt,"And so know I begin my first assignment in psychology. I don't know exactly how to begin this but I'm giving it my best shot. Typing isn't my forte so this is going pretty slowly. My roommate just walked in and then right out as soon as I told him what I was doing. Wow, there's something on the screen besides solitaire! He must be thinking. I hope my computer gets fixed soon. It'll be so much easier being able to send this through the internet from my dorm rather than going to the SMF lab and waiting for an open computer. They should have come to fix it by now. I guess they have a lot of people to help considering that I've called them two or three times already. And when the Ethernet starts working that will be awesome. Lightning fast access; no more waiting and waiting and waiting. . At least the phone lines are up and running ( in my room anyway). And not only that I got two free phone cards on the street today. I love it when they just hand out free stuff! Uh oh, I just heard some cars screeching outside but I can't see anything from my window. I hope they're o. k. I can't leave this keyboard! Hmmmmm, I just got writer's block and I'm writing through my stream of consciousness. I wonder if that's bad. I just got a song in my head but it's not like I can write down the notes ( it's instrumental ). My gum is losing its taste, I think that I might need a new piece soon. It's Winterfresh gum. It's my favorite. I don't exactly know why it's my favorite gum, but maybe I'll find out in this psychology class. Psychology is a kind of hard word to type and it takes a little longer that some of the other words. My roommate just turned on some music. Its called Prodigy, the group that is, and they play electronic music. It sounds pretty cool, I think I'll go listen to it. ",y,n,y,n,y

1997\_651413.txt,"I am sitting here writing this on a Sunday afternoon. Tomorrow is my birthday. I will be 20 years old. I think I am going out to eat with my parents tomorrow night. It is sunny outside right now. I do not feel like sitting inside and working. I think this is cool how we can turn this assignment in over the web. I wish more assignments could be like this. In almost 6 and a half hours I will be 20. That sounds so weird to me right now. Last night I went to the Rage Against the Machine concert. It was pretty fun. I went with a bunch of friends. Sort of like an early birthday present. I am running out of things to write. I have a Spanish project to do after this. I still have Rage songs in my head from last night. There were so many people there last night. I heard that over 10,000 tickets were sold. It seemed like that many people were there. I am still tired from the show last night. I was disappointed that one of the opening acts for the show didn't make it. I wonder what I will get for my birthday. I already got a GoodFellas poster from one of my friends. GoodFellas is my favorite movie. I have the movie and seen it at least 40 times. I want to take a nap, but I have to much work to do. Hmm, can't think of what to type. I hope I get some money for my birthday. I guess I'll just have to wait till tomorrow to find out. Later I am going to call a friend of mine who I haven't talked to in a while. Last night I slept with my contacts on. I better go take them off after this. I don't think that is good for my eyes. So far the school year is off to a good start. I am seeing friends I haven't seen in a while. ",n,y,y,n,n

1997\_758039.txt,"Well it's hard to pinpoint my first thought as I begin to write, as it would be hard to pinpoint one thought that I have at any one time. I think constantly, usually about things that I should or shouldn't be doing at that time. For example, I constantly think about things I should be doing to help myself apply for medical school, like joining organizations, volunteering at hospitals, or studying to have that 3. 6 or higher. It seems like I'm always on the go now. This summer was pretty leisurely and then I move down here and I try to work the same hours taking 12 hours instead of 3. It's not the best thing for the soul. Speaking of soul, I try to go to church when I can and I feel guilty when I don't, but I haven't found the chance to go yet. And I hate making excuses, but I do a lot. I just watched a TV show on MTV called Austin City or something like that. It really excited me because I'm from a really small town, which I don't think ever makes the news. I have been really impressed with UT and Austin so far. All my professors have been great and I can learn from their lectures. I went to North Texas for two years, where I had to learn most things on my own. I transferred with Express and it is a lot harder down here. The manager is a lot stricter; I can't lean! I'm going to cut my hair off this Friday, but I don't know if I should. But, on the other hand, my hair causes me to get really hot and sweaty. I have already made the appointment, so I guess I will go through with it. I can't imagine how boring this must be for y�all to read, but I guess it could get pretty interesting depending on the students I guess you can tell how confused I am all the time. It shows in my writing how often my thoughts conflict one right after the other. Writing this hasn't taught me that though, I already knew I was confused. ",n,n,n,n,n

1997\_777805.txt,"I am sitting in the computer lab at ESB wondering if what I'm writing will stay confidential, and I hope it doesn�t become some neato example for all the psych-kids to wanna do tests on me or something. Besides the fact that its kinda cold in here, the only other thing I can think about is how distraught I am that my girlfriend/potential wife wants to end a three year relationship. I know that I have done nothing wrong to cause the break up, and she assured me of that, and that is what confuses me. I would rather it be something about me that she didn't like rather than it be nothing at all, because I could at least come to terms with that and learn from it. She is such a wonderful woman and I love her very much. She said she doesn't NOT love me, but that these three years she has seen no internal peace, and with her graduating this fall, and with all the stress of her future, she can't bear this unrest any longer so she must stop the relationship. She told this to me just two days ago, after not seeing one another for the entire summer since she was working and out of the country while I was here doing summer school (or should I say that summer school was doing me). She just decided to leave me on her own accord and expect me to throw away three years in a single phone call. I am going crazy inside. I cannot understand why she gave up on me over the summer. She is a kind hearted woman and I know that when she told me she loved me that her words were true, and that is why I cannot understand why she's willing to let it all go. Right now I can fell my heart beat very hard. I can sense every time it moves my chest and I can see my shirt moving slightly around the area of my heart. I can see my shirt moving to the beat. My fingers are cold and my mind in total and utter confusion. I sat through two classes phasing in and out of lecture, trying to pay attention, but I can't. I told her that I am coming this weekend to college station to see her and talk to her face to face. I need to know what I can do to remedy this situation. I ask God for guidance, and I can't make out his message. I need to open my heart a lot more and let him inside and clear my mind of this so I can hear him correctly. I can feel the tears beginning to form in my eyes and I push them back very quickly so as to not let on how I am feeling to anyone in this computer lab. She tells me that there's nothing I can say to change her mind, but I need to try nonetheless. I really could use someone to pick me up right now. Now I�m thinking about my 15 hours semester course load and how its going to be so difficult to think straight with this on my mind. I've got to ask my friend/roommate to help me thorough this. 20 minutes. My times' up. ",y,n,y,n,y

1997\_835986.txt,"Every time I get one of these writing assignments my mind always seems to go blank. They tell me ""write about what is in your mind"". It shouldn't be that hard I mean I am always thinking of something. For example right now I'm thinking I shouldn't have missed breakfast. Anyway this is sort of like writing a letter to a friend where you don't have to worry about grammar and things like that. At least I hope not. I feel like the twenty minutes are never going to be over. Actually I am amazed at how fast I am typing, and I've never taking typing course in my life. Well I think I'm typing fast. I don't know how many words a minute I can type. I hope I do well in school. This place is huge. I am enjoying myself. I've never been on my own before. You can call it a learning experience. There is not much to here with out a car. I hope I get credit for this. I wonder if this one of those things were they try to get into the mind of America's youth. They probably didn't get much out of me, since I don't seem to be thinking anything interesting. Maybe I don't know to type all that well. Some people just sit down and all you here are them hitting the keys. I wish I was like that, I could finish my assignments quicker. I need to take a typing course. I also need toenail clippers. You guys probably don't want to here that, but you asked to write down what I was thinking. I also need a poncho because it looks like it's going to rain. No chance in you guys getting me one? Well the twenty minutes are up. c-ya ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_872817.txt,Right now I am tired and I am thinking about going to bed. I imagine what my classes will be like in thew morning and that I have to get up at 9:40 to be ready on time for my Astronomy class. I think if I have any home work or stuff that I have to have done for class. I then think of my next class which is Psychology. I think if I have any preparation I need to do for that class. I then think about what I'm gonna eat for breakfast and then for lunch. I then think that I need to go to the Microcenter to get the software I need for my business classes. I am disrupted by one of my friends who call me on ICQ. I talk to him for a few minutes and then get back to writing. I then immediately receive a phone call and I talk on the phone for about 5 min. Then I begin to worry how long I've been typing for and I try to remember when I started. I feel that it is time to go to bed so I decide to submit the assignment. ,n,n,y,n,n

1997\_891464.txt,"Boy am I hungry right about now. I sure do miss mom's cooking, even though the whole eighteen years I've been eating it, I thought it was gross. Computer are cool. Internet is awesome. I like being a guinea pig for psychology class. Jester food stinks. Man I really hate it. However, the pizzas okay. Wu tang is cool. I wish I hadn't lost the CD. Racquet ball looks interesting. I want to play intramural Basketball. I wish I had a Car. I wouldn't mind having an S-Class Benz. Is twenty minutes over yet? Guess not. I love UT. I love Bevo. I don't really miss Houston that much. I could live here forever. Man, I'm hungry. I could go for some fried chicken and biscuits with mashed potatoes and gravy. I wouldn't mind have some Cajun rice with that. I want to go jogging, but I have too much too read tonight. I should not have registered for morning classes. It sucks having to wake up at eight in the morning and dragging myself to class. Wow it has been exactly ten minutes. Apples are good when they are crunchy and sweet. I miss Houston Radio stations. I can't seem to find a good club station in Austin. I miss the clubs at Houston. However, the ones here in Austin Aren't that bad. Corn dogs at Jester are nasty. So far my classes have been easy, but I haven't had an exam yet or even a quiz. I don't know what to expect. I had a weird dream last night. I was at a party and every one who was there was a person I had met but not really was good friends with. However I did not feel uncomfortable, I even felt like I had known them my whole life. I like Cajun rice. Red beans and rice is good too. I feel like getting something to eat. I'm starving. My stomach is telling me to run to the fridge, but my mind is reminding me that it is just empty. All I have to eat is ice cubes I made last night. Man, I'm starving!!! ",n,y,y,n,n

1997\_894347.txt,"as I begin this assignment its seems weird to me that I am in college and I locating my professor on the computer I don't have to be in the room to hand you an assignment I have to get up early for class tomorrow usually I'm in bed by now I don't know why I up, I seem to have this spurt of energy tonight I've gotten so much done tonight though I so stressed out this week but today I realize that I've been stressing over future stuff and I was looking at the wrong dates on my syllabus oops forgot to hit the return button typing is making me so much more tired tonight when I'm done I will go to bed I love waking up in the morning its such a fresh beginning feeling forgot that stupid button again next door the music just got turned on real loud they better cut it out by the time I'm ready for bed I wish Wesley were here to go to bed with me Maryland is so far away at 1 in the morning, not that its any closer at 2 in the afternoon but things are so much more in perspective at that time wow I bet this is really improving my typing skills, not that they are bad I had that typing class in 9th my back hurts this position hurts but in 9th grade that teacher what was her name. . . oh yeah Mrs. reader and she had that annoying voice. aaaaaaa now class . bbbbbbb is everyone understanding how to switch the fingers to the right letters? this class psych reminds me of my mom she is a therapist I like hearing her talk about that kind of stuff but I don't like when she uses her therapy shit on me anyway I miss her I hope her business trip is going well Virginia seems far away at one in the morning I wonder why I typed that 1 out and just pushed the one key for the last one? anyhow or anywho I can not stand that . anywho! I am not capitalizing my I's anymore cause I�m tired and you said we didn't have to worry about grammar well I have two minutes and to tell you the truth I am now ready to quite and go to bed. ",y,n,n,y,n

1997\_899272.txt,"Ok so here I am at my computer lab and I am supposed to be typing about what is going on in my head. well nothing really, just waiting for the weekend to come and what I am going to do . I have no idea on what I am going to do maybe I�ll go out with my roommate or my friends Kristen and tiffany, I don't know. I wish I could see Jason, I miss him so much, but he is coming down the weekend of his birthday so I�ll just wait. am I falling in love, oh well too late, I am already in love but I can't be cause I�m here and he is there and I just can't do this to myself. but am I going to find somebody here. I don't want to throw myself on guys but I don't want to be just some face in the crowd. how can you meet people if you just don�t want to talk?? I don�t know I don�t care I do love Jason and I wish he would get his act together so my mom and dad will like him a lot more and we can have a serious relationship. It's been three years now and I can't stop going back to him, do I just want the feeling of knowing that I have somebody or what? I have been a lot happier since we started talking. I don't know, I'm so confused. I don't want to turn out like my sisters that married someone that is somewhat worthless and have no money for half of my life. I am better than that. I don�t know. am I saying that too much. I am so glad that you are not reading this because you would think I was a complete psycho. I hate English class, I ] hate to write. It sucks sooooo much. My hands are starting to hurt. I don't practice Santeria, I ain't got no crystal ball. Well I had a million dollars but I spent it all if I could find that heina and that sancho that she found I pop a cap in sancho and I�d slap her down, well all I really want to know , I cant be and all I really want to say I cant define blah blah blah blah that I s one of my \favorite songs but I cant remember some of the words oh, well I have a lot more time new song, I�m on a one way street with a one night stand with a one track mind out in no man's land, the punishment sometime don't seem to fit the crime , yeah there's a hole in my soul but the one thing I�ve learned for every love letter written is another one burned now you tell me how it's going to be this time is it over, is it over cause I m blowing out the flame, take a walk outside your mind, tell me how it feels to be the one who turns the knife inside of me. ok new stuff let�s talk about what I am going to do for Jason�s birthday. I will hopefully get some goods from Jennifer and then get a hotel room and we can \smoke out in the hotel room and get really drunk and pass out but before we pass out we have to do some stuff. If I had access to all the drugs in the world like so well where all I would have to do is have money and call one person, I would be the biggest addict in the world, well not the biggest but pretty close. I love doing drugs, I love getting drunk, I guess I�m just curious about this , once I try it I might not like it but I have to at least try first, oh I think my 20 minutes are up in four mor3e minutes do you want to here me sing. Maybe this time I'll be lucky Maybe this time he'll stay Maybe this time for the first time love will hurry away he will hold me fast I�ll be home at last not a loser any more like the last time and the time before every body loves a winner so nobody love me lady peaceful, lady happy that's what I long to be well all the odds are, there in my favor something�s bound to begin IT'S GONNNA HAPPEN, HAPPEN SOMETIME, MAYBE THIS TIME I'LL WIN!!!!!!!! CAUSE everybody oh they love a winner, so nobody love me lady peaceful, lady happy, that's what I long to be well all the odds are , there in my favor something's bound to begin IT'S GONNA HAPPEN, HAPPEN SOMETIME, MAYBE THIS TIME , MAYBE THIS TIME I'LL WIN!!!!! ",y,y,y,y,n

1997\_910412.txt,My Thoughts. As I sit here thinking my mind wonders into so many different plains of emotion and depth. I like the music I am listening to but my concentration is probably dying. I hate typing. This is a great way to see how I am thinking although I am tired and my thoughts are probably greatly distorted. I am glad I came to college station last night. It feels good to be back here and to see all these people I know already. I am already tired of seeing people it is almost impossible to get to know. My roommate is probably sitting at my apartment all alone and that is too bad I wish she had something to do as well. I like her but we do have some crazy differences. I am extremely thirsty. It is very hot in here. The past few days have been so terribly hot outside. I like the Fall and the Winter better. Everything is a lot more enjoyable then. I cant wait to see my old friends when I go home during Christmas. In High School I always thought I was Different from everyone else and to an extent I was. I hate yellow. I like to write but I would rather be reading a good book right now or maybe going to play put-put golf. Twenty minutes is a long time to write about nothing. Charlie has gone to work and I don�t have much to do now other than this. Why do people act so stupid today. I am scared to meet people because they all seem so strange and their thoughts all seem to be the opposite of mine. I want to breathe a breath that is new. I see nothing as far as my life is right now. I live my life with the shadows and I know that this is wrong or is it . I will find a place I have before. My head hurts what else can I write oh sweet brain. I love psychology it is so exciting and new and apparent . I am going to enjoy this class even though is has about a billion people in it and that is a change since my town only has 1400 people living in it . all so big BIG big I feel like I have been bent and thrown around right now I need to get some more sleep but I cant do that right now I am falling into this trap of thinking about my thoughts and my thoughts are typical and dull to me but I am not typical and dull WHY ARE my thoughts coming out this way on paper. Maybe it has something to do with trying too hard or subconsciously knowing complete strangers are going to read this (I like to write my thoughts for myself. Sorry 20 minutes is up . ,n,y,n,n,y

1997\_919223.txt,"Right now I'm sitting here at my brothers house. I'm very tired and wish I was in my bed. We had a Tri-Delt meeting tonight and I'm so overwhelmed with all the stuff we have to do. It just seems like their is something everyday. I wish I could just do some stuff and not all of it. I hate other people having control over me and telling how I have to spend my afternoon. I just want to be able to study, meet people, and sleep. Maybe I shouldn�t have joined a sorority. Oh well! I just need a break everything is happening so fast and I'm having second thoughts about the whole Tri-Delt thing because I really don't know anybody yet. Maybe once I start to meet people I feel more comfortable. I'm very excited because my dad is coming to Austin thurs-sunday. He is going to the game with us and taking us out to eat. I haven't talked to my dad in awhile so I can't wait to see him. I guess I'm a little homesick or at least more than I let show. I just worry that I/m the only one feeling this way and I don't want to look like a big crying baby to my roommate. But I don't really care what my roommate thinks because she gets on my nerves have the time and is not that much fun to be around. She is not interested in the same stuff I am and just sits around and plays on the computer. Well enough about that. I'm really hungry but I don�t want to eat anything because I worry about gaining the freshman 15. All my roommate eats is fat fat FAT. So their is all kinds of junk food in my room and I get tempted to eat it. She isn't worried about her weight. I very excited because this girl who is one of my pledge sisters asked me to room with her next year in an apartment with to other girls. She is real nice and I was surprised that she asked me to live with her. I said yes but I will have to talk to my mom because she is the one paying for everything. Last night was the weirdest thing I set down and started thinking about all my friends that are off at different schools. This was the first time that I had the chance since I've been here to think about everyone and wonder what they are doing. I even thought about my camp friends and how it seems like a year ago that I was with them. It was just two months ago. I wish I was back their right now because I had no worries and was so happy with everyone their. Well it has been 20 min. so I guess I'll let you go. Got to go study!!!!! ",n,y,y,y,n

1997\_935738.txt,"that's no good. I was informed as I entered the room that my friend tom's girlfriend broke up with him. they were engaged; I hope he comes through this ok. he gets depressed sometimes, and uses poor judgement. wow . . . it just occurred to me the more complex problems I face as I age. there's a volleyball game going on outside in the jester courtyard (I assume . . . tom's roommate insists that it's a drunken festival of debauchery - I can't see out the window). I find their play loud and distracting, but the courts are there for that purpose and I have no right to complain. the stereo turned off and I find the only noise in the room to be that of my typing. I like music as I work. it helps me to concentrate. I find that I�m considerably addicted to sound. when I was younger (and not paying an electric bill) I even needed music to sleep. I listened to my Beatles record whi9le I cooked dinner tonight. chicken fried steak, mashed potatoes and abbey road - fantastic combination. I found that there's a slight scratch on ""Mr. mustard"" - those bastards at the record shop are supposed to be honest about the condition of the albums . . . it would be easier had they allowed me to listen to it before I bought it. what kind of record shop has no turntable? still, I�m glad to have it - I collect old vinyl from some of my favorite groups . . . certain bands have a different sound and feel on record. I started collecting when my brother bought me ""working man's dead. "" he originally inspired my interest in the grateful dead, I guess that fits. I have discovered in the past few years just how, in my younger days, I religiously aspired to be like my brother. he's a great guy . . . I�m glad that he's succeeding in life - we went through some troubling stages together. I miss him when I�m at school. it's been five years since we lived in the same house, but at school I�m 200 miles away rather than across town. tom's talking on the phone to one of our friends, Andrew, who goes to school at Vanderbilt. computers are amazing things - my phone bill would be outrageous if I couldn't e-mail my friends who attend school in other states. he's talking about the ""break-up"" now. this whole situation sucks. ",n,n,y,y,y

1997\_950322.txt,"Right now I don't know what to write. Marc sure is cute, and funny too, it was nice of him to email me I wish Scott and I hadn't gotten in a fight earlier today. he overreacted I am glad dad emailed me. I miss my parents I am sick of this school the work is hard my astronomy makes no sense I am going to fail Michael is giving us too much work I need to read for eng and psy I don't know what to expect from the tests here. I can't wait to go home dinner with Christina was fun it sucks that laurissa and I don't hang out anymore. neither do Eileen and I no one ever writes me I wish that I went to U of H and lived at home I am not motivated I don't like my edp teacher. she makes no sense in our assignments Vicky is so inconsiderate about the TV I hope linds likes her present. . it wasn't exactly cheap. too bad we aren't closer. I wish that we were I wish that she would get better and get on track. . . I wish I would get on track. . . I am so disorganized! Psy is going to be hard. I can't remember anything! I never did study. study skills class is a joke b/c I know it won't help. boy, my typing sure does suck I miss my work! I need to email or write Christy. she was a sweet boss. Vicky hoggs the TV and is inconsiderate but lupe is nice. julie is too nice for her own good, and she talks about ""daddy's money"" too much. people like that are annoying I hate it here b/c its just too much to handle I can't wait to go home this weekend! that will be an adventure with all of the family roller coasters! I can't believe aunt rita did it before she got married! actually, I can, but still its weird. linds needs to get over paul I hope we go see a movie on Friday. I hope she wears the necklace I got her. I miss Scott. . . I wish he were a little more considerate of my feelings. . Vicky is SoOOO presumptuous! to change the channel while I am watching it??? I hope that no one thinks I am nuts when they read this. I am getting upset b/c of how inconsiderate everyone is!!! I am so glad mom called and dad emailed me! I miss them. I can't wait to go home. I hope the 20 mins goes by fast!!! this is getting boring. I need to read for English marc is so funny. . . the way he jumps around subjects is so cute! Scott thinks he is the only one with stress in his life. I am so glad I got the stupid ""brain picking"" out of the way. Christina worries too much. right now I am annoyed with everyone and everything! I am going to miss Thursday night shows b/c of stupid astronomy. I want to marry someone rich and stop having to study. I hate to study this sucks. . all the work! my time is up sooN!!! okay, maybe not. I wonder if they would know I did it for half the time, probably so. everything I am writing is stupid. I am tired and hate astronomy its too broad a subject. I can't visualize the universe so I can't understand any of the topics. I am a visual person. I have to see to understand! Noelle took Pascal, so did the girl next to me. I wish that Noelle and Chris would stop being so ""happy"" and Sappy with each other. its sick and I think it is unhealthy that he cries about her all the time. he�s a big baby and I think it would never work with them b/c its soooo sappy and I think its unhealthy that they plan their lives around each other when they have only been dating for 7 months. Scott and I don't do that and we have been going out for 4 years. maybe we should break up. . yeah right, that'll never happen b/c we're too comfortable, bad! Oh well, that�s life and what can I do? Vicky totally monopolizes the room. Marc is so funny. I can�t WAIT TO go home! I miss my parents, they have such a hand full with Lindsay! Why can't she be more normal and get ""it"" together. I am tired of everyone blaming me for her troubles, its not my fault, I am bossy but that didn't make her the way she is. Yes!!! only 4 mins to go! Thank GOD. I really should go to church here, I sure have strayed into the last 2 months, we never missed before we moved. Scott lives too far from the new house, glad he got a car. can't wait for Saturday�s Date!!! Hope he takes me to carrabbas, I am sooo hungry. wish the store was still open, I want pizza. vic is selfish. I wish she would go to lupe's tonight. I prefer to have the room to myself. I don't like her too much, thought she is okay some times, but still, UNCONSIDERATE!!! just b/c she�s a soph, doesn't mean she�s superior to me in any way!!! She needs to just get over herself and go to lupes for the night. . . I liked it better when she spent the night out. I am hungry. stress makes me hungry, I am mad and upset with vic, and Scott too, I hope he called, so I can call him back! YES. . . one more min. this was harder that I thought b/c I am soooo tired. couldn't check my messages b/c VICKY was on the phone!!! AHHHHHH I don't like her!!!!! she needs to be more considerate like me. I bend over backwards to be considerate for her!!! ahhhhhhhhhh THE END. THANK GOD!!! ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_806274.txt,I feel weird I know I�m about to pull an all nighter and I have this eternal sense of flux but I�m not in anguish at all I�m actually euphoric some how like I said I�m feeling weird that's why I�m doing thins now I don't know really what I�m supposed to say but I guess it doesn�t matter well I�m kind of at a stand still I hope you can read all of my word I�m a totally phonetic speller you see I�m dyslexic how ever you spell it well I�ll just start talking then things are always weird well nothing is normal it's not suppose to be that would be incredible boring and stagnate but it's just we never know were we are and never know exactly what we want and even if were some were we never know is this really were I want to be is this what I want to do I guess it don�t matter much were always were we are and were always how we are entail we change which is normally but different than how I usually am because its different but I�m not indecisive I think I just question it all and I�m yet to come up with the answer tired but awake I actually like this and I cant what to participate in the experiments ( I�m lazy and all I do is procrastinate that�s why this allnighter thing is happening) tired but wanting to do my work I actually get cote up in it when I actually do it I like working but I procrastinate there's all ways people to talk to and women to hit on and don't get me wrong I just need people my friend and especially the female ones I just need close people that all is there to be with and together nothing more the one but any way I get mad at my self for not doing what I need to in school because I actually like it all I love learning but I just cant put my ass in the chair and sit once I do I get it done and have fun doing it I still feel weird just lackadaisical and it's one of the few times I feel like reading and studying even though I do like it when I do it I feel like I�m giving you the wrong info. just not what your looking for well sorry but it happens I think I want to do work because my body wants me to sleep and I�m just procrastinating from that like usual its also why I�m taking so long to do this its not reading its just like me sitting out side talking but I guess its enough and I hope it works for what you want so I�ll put me always phrase in here and say good bye have fun ,n,n,n,n,y

1997\_964636.txt,"I am at my friends house right now because I don't have a computer to use at my home. I just decided to get this assignment over with. This room is really hot. There are four people in this house right now. Jack, Richard, Julie, Sarah, and me. My girlfriend, Sarah is asking everyone of us to quiz her on her vocabulary that she has to memorize by Friday. It is very noisy in here and Jack is telling me to shut up. I really want to get drunk and have fun but I can't because I have school tomorrow. I need to stay focused on my school work and keep myself in control. I'm only a Freshmen and I'm really worried about UT because of the horror stories all my upperclassmen friends told me about. My father told me to concentrate on my studies because it is my responsibility to do excellent in school. He said that it is my life that I'm preparing for, not his. I'm also using my money because I'm using the loan that I received. I've been dating my girlfriend for two and half months and I think we're doing good. Everything is working just right. I cant wait till this weekend so I don�t have to worry about school for about two days. Actually, I have to do some reading and a short homework. I wonder if anyone sent me a E-mail. I better check it when my twenty minutes is up. I cant believe how much money I spent ever since I came to Austin. I spent so much on food, clothes, gas, and more food. Oh yeah, and mostly important, the books! (Yeah right!) Oh man! I did so bad in Philosophy today. I read my homework but still got a zero because the quiz was a little tricky. This is kind of fun expressing my thoughts on the computer. Oh! Twenty minutes are up! Bye Bye! ",y,y,y,n,n

1997\_801472.txt,"I just met you. How can this feeling be? It is a happy feeling. Its just awkward. I haven't felt it in awhile, at least since another soul and I grew apart. Things just faded. Two different people, two different lives. But now the emotion lurks once more in my heart. I try to fight it, but I can't. Something tells me to follow my heart, submit, and give in to the strong, enticing feeling that is just starting a war inside me. Thoughts just continuously rumble through my head; they won't stop. There's no control. I can't change how I feel. This is a crazy world. Everything just seems upside down. There is too much to think about in life. Who ever said it would be this complicated? I wish there were just a secret to life and somebody would fill me in. I could just do anything I wanted to do. Pleasure could be my sole guide down every path in this extensive journey. The thought of consequences would never even enter my mind. I could live life day by day, and my only obligation would be to live. I would just enjoy life and breathe it in. Too many people today miss out on the beauty of their surroundings, the people they come in contact with and their environment. If a person merely goes through life only seeking material success, where is the true worth in that life? That person would miss out on everything with true meaning and depth. Therefore, he or she is not really living but merely becoming a trained robot to fit into the machine of our material world. Things are so weird now. It seems that people have lost site of their morals and are only living to climb the corporate ladder. What kind of life is that? Oh well, everybody is different. What is important to me may not be important to others. I went to Mount Bonnel yesterday, and it was breath taking. I watched the sun set and the stars and moon come out. There was a gentle breeze that would pass over my face and lips and blow through my hair. At that moment, all stress seemed to disappear. It was complete tranquility and bliss. It made me want to just sit up on the mountain, take in the view, let my thoughts run free, and just live. ",n,n,y,n,y

1997\_178075.txt,"I went to my sorority's crush party last night. I didn't really know what to expect because they had it at Buffalo Club and I don't dance, I don't smoke, and I certainly don't look 21. At any rate, I wasn't having very much fun after 30 minutes. At that point a guy came up to me and asked me to dance, I figured it couldn't be any worse than standing around so I said yes. We ended up hanging around with each other the entire evening. We exchanged phone numbers and I kind of figured that was the end of it. It was about twelve-thirty when I drank half of my ""big sister's"" Long Island Iced Tea and I have to say I think that it really impaired my judgement. I got talked into going to Dance Across with three of my sorority sisters and the guy who had been hanging around me. I had fun, we danced, but he isn't exactly the kind of guy I'm particularly attracted to. For some reason I put that aside, became extremely flirtatious, and even let him French kiss me after having met him only four hours before. I feel really cheap now, I never do things like that. I don't really know what the reason for my actions was (I'm blaming it on the drink, but that's probably not the problem because the effects had worn off before the end of the evening). Maybe I'm somewhat lonely, it's been about three months since I've had a boyfriend. The problem is that I woke up this morning and regretted last night. I feel like I used this guy, I didn't mean to. Maybe it's not that I don't want a boyfriend, maybe it's that I don't want him as a boyfriend. The worst thing about this is that I've been in his position before (having someone kiss me than decide they don't want me, in fact, it was last week) but it hurt my feelings and I think it's extremely insensitive of me to do the same thing to someone else. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_255728.txt,"I am so mad right now that I can't believe it. I wrote out an entire stream of consciousness thing and I pressed cancel instead of submit which erased my entire writing assignment!! I am so angry and tired and I just don't feel like doing this anymore. I can't believe that I am so stupid!! Why am I doing this anyway?? It doesn't seem like it's doing any good and I don't see what it's serving. I don't have anything to write about anymore and I don't even know If I'm doing this thing right in the first place. I don't know if I'm supposed to be pressing enter at the end of each line or if I�m just supposed to write to infinity on one line or if I should press enter. I don't know. I don't think I even care right now. I'm cold too. my dorm room is always so cold. I don't know why we put the AC on so high maybe because Austin is always so freaking hot! Why is it so hot anyway? I hate Texas. I wish that we never moved from NJ; the weather was always so good there it was never too hot or too cold. I miss my friends too. I don't know what to do right now. or what to do when I'm done with this stupid assignment. great, I have about fifteen more minutes left. what the hell. why is this taking so damn long sorry about the swearing but I'm just really pissed right now. I'm also tired because I went shopping with my girlfriend today for over 7 hours and I'm so fatigued mentally and physically. How do girls do it? How can anyone possible walk for seven hours straight and not get tired. In that respect I completely admire them. wow. not left with anything left to say. I must have . who the hell is making so much noise in the hall way? this dorm is always too loud!!! I just want to move to an apartment and get some privacy. I hate these public bathrooms, they're so unsanitary. I'm having trouble breathing now. My asthma is acting up again. probably because it's so cold in here. I wonder what my girlfriend is doing right now. She left in a hurry after she dropped me off. That's the gratitude I get for going shopping with her for so long. I bet whoever is reading this thing is hating the fact that I can type 65 words per minute and I bet she is getting tired of reading all this crap. I'd go crazy if I have to read ten of these things, much less over three hundred. Man I can't breath. I need to get my inhaler. I think I need to go to the bathroom too. but I can't leave this computer to do it. Oh boy. what is life getting to? wow only ten more minutes before I am done!! and I still don't know what to write about. Those people sure are making a lot of noise out there in the parking lot. OH. I wonder who won the UT football game? I guess we did since the tower is lit up orange. but I wonder what the score was. I think I need to ask someone. Not that I actually care about football in the first place. my leg is itching why do we have so many nestle crunch bars laying around here anyway? I think we need to give some away. ouch I just got a really big stomach ache. all of a sudden I'm really really tired. I want to get some sleep. I never get enough sleep in college seven minutes left. good. I need a haircut. I'm too tired to think. My ear canal itches now my face and shoulder itch. I can't do this anymore. I'm debating whether or not I should just submit this thing and say that I wrote for twenty minutes since I type faster than most people anyway. No one would ever be able to tell the difference. only five more minutes. I can't think of anything to write. I need to call my girlfriend but her line was busy the last time I checked. I think her roommates are on the phone line. need some sleep why the hell can�t I just stop??!?!?!? I'm so tired. My arms are getting heavy. I'm not thinking of much anymore. can't lift my fingers. Think I�ll just sit here a while and hope that time will fly by quicker. easiest thing to do is zone out and not think of anything at all, that way I won't have to type anything. but then again here I am still typing. what the hell. I can't win either way. I need my inhaler really bad now. I can hardly breathe. only one more minute. can't think of anything to say getting really really anxious now. come on. um. I guess that's it then. I've got no more to say. ",n,n,y,y,n

1997\_318159.txt,"WELL, I DON'T LNOW WHAT ALL TO TYPE ABOUT, SINCE WE CAN TYPE ABOUT ANYTHING. MY BOYFRIEND THAT I HAVEN'T SEEN SINCE I MOVED DOWN HERE THREE WEEKS AGO CAME DOWN TODAY FROM DALLAS, SO I'M PRETTY EXCITED ABOUT THAT. I WISH HE DIDN'T HAVE TO LEAVE ON MONDAY, BUT HE HAS SCHOO, ASLO. MY ROOMMATE IS ON THE COMPUTER NEXT TO ME, READING ABOUT EL NINO, AND HER BOYFRIEND IS WATCHING ME TYPE. THIS COMPUTER LAB STINKS. MY BOYFRIEND IS BORED OUT OF HIS MIND, BECAUSE HE WANTS TO PLAYS GAMES BUT CAN'T GET ON A COMPUTER. I THINK THIS PSYCHOLOGY COURSE IS GOING TO BE HARD, BECAUSE THERE ARE SO MANY PEOPLE IN THE CLASS. FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLR IS A BIT TOO MANY PEOPLE TO HAVE IN ONE CLASS--HOW WILL ANYONE LEARN ANYTHING? ALSO, THE WHOLE EXPERIMENT THING IS VERY STRANGE. WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO STUDY ABOUT US? I SURE AS HECK AM NOT GOING TO WRITE A RESEARCH PAPER, THOUGH. I HATE WRITING PAPERS! I'M GLAD THAT WE DON'T HAVE A FINAL IN OUR CLASS. BUT I HAVE A FINAL IN MY PHILOSOPHY CLASS, AND IT'S ALSO ON THE LAST DAY. THAT SUCKS. I WAS HOPING I COULD GO HOME AND WORK DURING THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, BUT SINCE I WON'T LEAVE UNTIL DECEMBER 16, THAT'S NOT GOOD. AT LEAST WE DON'T HAVE TO BE BACK UNTIL JANUARY 20, THOUGH!! THAT IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. AARON AND I ARE BOTH GROWING IMPATIENT. I FEEL LIKE I HAVE BEEN TYPING FOR AN HOUR, BUT IT HAS ON;Y BEEN TEN MINUTES. I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT. ME, AARON, MANDA, AND BRANNON ARE GOING OUT TO EAT AND TO SEE G. I. JANE. I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SEE THAT MOVIE FOREVER. IF BRANNON DOESN'T SHUT UP, I'M GOING TO BACK HAND HIM. AARON IS PLAYING WITH THE MOUSE AND IT IS DRIVING ME CRAZY. NOW HE'S LAUGHING UP A STORM, AND IT IS ALSO DRIVING ME CRAZY. BRANON IS A PERVERT. O, EXCUSE ME, HE THINKS HE'S ROMANTIC. NOW WE'RE ALL LAUGHING AND TALKING ABOUT DON JUAN DEMARCO, WHOEVER HE IS. I AM SO HUNGRY. I HAVEN'T EATEN ALL DAY, AND MY STOMACH FEELS LIKE IT'S GONNA CAVE IN. NOW AARON IS TALKING ABOUT TACO BELL, AND I'M GOING TO VOMIT. I HATE TACO BELL, AS WELL AS ALMOST ALL FAST FOOD RESTAURANTS. NOW AARON IS READING WHAT I AM TYPING, AND IT IS ANNOYING ME. NOT REALLY, ALMOST EVERYTHING HE DOES I THINK IS CUTE. I MISS HIM A LOT, I'M REALLY GLAD HE'S HERE THIS WEEKEND. HE'S FIXING TO MOVE DOWN HERE IN A MONTH, BECAUSE HE'S GRADUATING FROM THE ART INSTITUTE OF DALLAS ON SEPTEMBER 30, THE SAME DAY AS OUR FIRST EXAM. NOW THEY ARE TALKING TALKING ABOUT HOW NASTY UNDERSHIRTS LOOK. IF AARON PICKS AT HIS FOOT ONE MORE TIME I'M GONNA SLAP HIM. NOW MY TIME IS UP, I'M REALLY GLAD. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_848404.txt,"Writing about the stream of consciousness is really not my thing. The only thing I understand is that I am suppose to put my feelings and thoughts as of now, on paper. Well, what I am feeling right now is tiredness. Last night I only had 5 hours of sleep and I am really tired and sleepy right now. I figure, since I have time to kill, I better do it completing an assignment that requires action and movement to keep me awake. I am suppose to meet a friend for lunch at 3 o'clock and it is merely 1:30. As I said before, I really need a nice comfortable mattress so I can take a nap. Other than feeling really tired and lazy, I am also feeling happy. I am glad that I am where I am and grateful for my parent. I realized that that last sentence really didn't make any sense. Oh, well. In a way I can blame the tiredness I have inside of me on myself and partially on my cousin. I blame myself because I stayed up late on the phone talking to the friend that is taking me out to lunch today. Then I can blame my cousin because she wanted me to take her to get her immunization shot. Then what turns out is that the clinic we went to did not operate immunization. Which brings me now to understand that I am frustrated as well. Being that the clinic that we went to, didn't do immunization, I am going to have to wake up early again on a different day to bring her to another clinic. I really, really hate waking up early. No matter what it is for, it has to be pretty important for me to get away from dreamland. This seat that I am sitting on right now is really too high for me. Either that or I am really short. The seat is so high that it has my legs hanging off the ground. Which really sucks because it is making my knees hurt. They feel sore now. The truth is, is that I am really not that short. I am 5'4"", so that is about average. Anyway, I realize now that writing about your consciousness is really strange and something your think about at the spur of the moment. Trying to put every- thing down is kind of frustrating when you cannot type as fast as you think. Well, the 20 minutes are up and I have to run. I don't want to bore the person who will be reading this. Although it is already boring as is. ",n,n,n,n,y

1997\_887984.txt,"For some odd reason, I felt really cold all day long. Whether I was in my room or just walking around campus, my insides felt really cold and hollow. Maybe it is due to the fact that I had to come back today. All weekend long I was at home in Round Rock. The thought of having to come back really annoyed and made me nervous for no particular reason. Sometimes I get in this really dark mood and I imagine myself attending all these funerals, and all I can see is black and empty space. I wonder why I feel this way sometimes, but I always come out of this zone and cannot even remember what triggered me to have these images or feelings. Whenever I get this way, all I see is the vision of someone dying or screaming in pain from something so horrible that cannot be explained. Once, I had this dream and I witnessed what seemed like the end of the earth; I came face to face with celebrities that only I dreamed of meeting, and when someone would die, their name and accomplishments in life would be announced on an intercom. You see everyone was captured in this underground tunnel type of cave and we were all waiting for the tide to come in and take us away. As soon as I heard my name, birth date, and my few accomplishments in life, I could taste the saltwater in my mouth and that is when I woke up crying and all wet from sweat. I was really scared and curious to why I had such a dream, but I could never really comprehend what really happened, nor could my friends. Some of my friends gave me back some interesting feedback, but the majority of them thought I was definitely insane. But after that weird experience, I have not had another experience like that one. The cool thing is that one of my good friends was doing an interview the next day on weird things that people experience and she interviewed me. My quote "" I witnessed the end of the world"", was in the school paper. Some of her friends on the staff wanted to talk to me about my dream, but I figured since they heard everything I had to say in the paper, there was no reason for me to elaborate any further. Another weird encounter I have had with near death was that in my dream, I was at my mother's funeral. The weird thing was that her death was due to cancer. Well that seemed kind of odd because there was never any talk about my mother ever being sick. Well in my dream, I felt so alone and cried out to her and became hysterical. I couldn't help myself. When I woke up from the dream, I was crying and I was covered all over with sweat. Those two dreams are the only serious ones I've come upon. But I wonder why I have such dreams; could it be a result of my odd days when I feel dark and hollow, or is it caused by some stress factor experienced during the day sometime. I have heard that people have weird dreams when they can't sort out all their problems during the day. I am really interested in why people have odd dreams and would like to further study the factors as well as reasons that cause these events. Whenever I have a dream, I hate the fact how I can never remember the following day, even though it's what wakes me up. Why is it that one can have a dream and after he awakens, he can no longer remember what or who was in it. I would really like to study the causes of our dreams and the reasons why we become so disturbed, yet can remember nothing. It would be interesting if someone did an experiment on students as a project; to detect and understand maybe the basis for having dreams. ",y,y,y,y,y

1997\_233350.txt," There is this chomping sound coming from my brothers mouth. He's eating cereal. Sometimes I am jealous of this, because he has his own place with a kitchen and food and everything. Even Quinby has his own place with a kitchen and everything. Someday I will have these things for myself. My own life, with my own things. Like in Days of Our Lives. There will be days of my life when I do what I want, with whomever I choose. Until then I must continue doing things their way . Everyone else�s way, like my mom. My nose itches. It is a very natural thing to scratch an itch, or itch a scratch? It is very annoying to itch. When I got sunburned, I itched extremely badly. Sara laughed at me because I was jumping around in discomfort. I never want to feel like that again. Sunburns suck. I miss Sara though. Even though I did not see her much, I always knew she was just down the street. But things are different now. That made it sad for me to leave. The fact that she isn't down the street anymore. That was like a security for me. Just knowing. I am in a hurry to finish this assignment. I have to be in class in about half an hour, and I am nowhere close to where I need to be. Life can make you feel like that. Like you are never at the right point, where you need to be. Everything in never alright. That's and oxy-moron. Things don't work that way. But things do tend to work themselves out. You just have to keep moving to get through the bad stuff. I always want something better. I feel like I am always in transit. It's had for me to be happy with the present. At least I can let go of the past, now. That was an accomplishment for me, not to dwell on memories anymore. Still, I look forward to, and fear the future. I do know things are good now. I am on my own, a little bit. I don't want to rush things. I am in no hurry to grow up. Well, not a big hurry at least. I do want the rest of my life to come. I want to marry Quinby, have a house, and pets. I am going to have a rabbit. Maybe two. Kids eventually, but not for a long while. The television is such a distraction! I can get side tracked forever. I like how it takes me out of this life. It is definitely an escape. ",n,n,y,y,y

1997\_727234.txt,"Today has been an interesting day. I woke up late from a bad dream and instantly felt I was in a bad mood. Then I went into the kitchen to have a bowl of cereal and I thought I would read the morning paper the Austin American Statesman to keep up the what is going on in the death of Diana, Princess of Whales. Since I am starting out in my major right now, which is Journalism, I find it most fascinating that such a huge world story would be at the forefront of all media coverage in every medium. It seems strange that I am 29 years old and am just beginning to read the newspaper for the first time. It is somewhat embarrassing to think it has taken me this long to be interested in my professed major. I am actually studying Public Relations, but I have to study Journalism as the foundation for my study. I guess I chose PR because my dad is the Public Information Officer for the Portland Fire Bureau. He has worked there for over 25 years and I used to accompany him to work on some occasions when I was a kid. I think I liked going to the fairs where his fire prevention trailer was set up and we had displays of actual things that had been found after a fire was extinguished. Also, we would show films on fire prevention with animated characters that would appeal to other kids. I liked watching those and helping rewind the film to show it again and again. Also, I loved helping pass out junior fire fighter badges to kids as they came in and out of the trailer. Oops!! I just got interrupted by a phone call while typing. It was my husband's Professor that is the chair on his dissertation. Her name is Nina and I always joke with Thomas that she likes him and is trying to snatch him away from me. I don't really believe it, but I like to tease him. I know Thomas will be very faithful to me. That is one of the things I love most about him. Anyway. Getting back to an original point from what touched me this morning was the fact that I read more articles in the paper about the death and mourning of Diana, Princess of Whales. I think the articles have caused me to deeply admire the princess and the life she led that I didn't even know about before. I don't worship Princess Di, but I feel very saddened by the fact that she is now gone. The articles revealed how much she is the People's Princess and how everyone from all corners of the world are in deep distress about her death. I think to myself, wow! What kind of person is this to touch so intimately so many lives and to cause nations upon nations to mourn her so. She did many wonderful things for the poor and she had a genuine interest in helping children and AIDS victims. She was the compassionate and humane side of people that reached out and gave others hope, not by elevating herself, but by being a servant. In some ways, I see her doing a Christian's work of being a servant and helping and loving those less fortunate. I believe it is the most wonderful thing when people have power and/or fame which demands mass attention and respect. I love it when these people use their power in a positive way to reach out to humanity and make the world a better place by showing grace, mercy, and compassion to all peoples of the world and not just the rich or other famous. I am so grateful that we still have people in this world who are motivated by the integrity of wanting to make things great instead of showing off how much power they have, or worse yet. by abusing that power for evil purposes or intentions. I am feeling very sad once again. Why is that these wonderful people who reach out and make positive impacts on us are usually plucked out of our presence at such young ages. I wish that humanity as a whole would be more on the positive side and looking for the good in each person. Why do we judge one another and value others more highly than another. I believe every human life is precious and deserves respect and dignity. I am thankful for people such as Princess Diana and for the example she has been to so many. That brings me to another reoccurring thought. Is it good enough to just be special or important to others or does one have to prove themselves worthy of esteem by his or her works. I believe we are saved by grace and not by works lest any man should boast. God wants us to recognize that He is the one in control and we will not realize how good life can be until we recognize who is the giver and taker or life and turn to Him for guidance and help in this life. So getting back to my earlier point, taking Princess Diana as an example. Some people are mad that we are celebrating or focusing rather on the death and life of Princess Diana this whole week in the media. Well, why not. she touched so many around the world personally as well as through the charities and campaigns she was devoted to. Isn't it important to take a least a week to honor her for who she was and what she stood for, like why her death has left so many people feeling distraught. Yet others complain that it is old news already (only three or four days after the accident), or people are just bored with all the coverage because after all she was just a foreign princess who didn't DO anything like make new laws or something important like that. My goodness!!! That just burns me up that people equate how important you are by what you have produced or established. That is unfair. I think there are lots of things made, established, what have you that doesn't mean much to society as a whole. Every day there are new pieces of legislation or rules or ideas that have zero impact on me or others in the world. Why should the proposers of those things mean more to me than someone who has actually gone out and visited the sick and dying, who has given of him or herself personally for causes they believe in. I know that when we die, all we take with us our memories of relationships we've made and times spent with family, friends, or colleagues. Why is this world so focused on accomplishments that are so ME-centered than spending our time reaching out to others with help, hope, and healing. Why can't we share one another's burdens instead of always gratifying ourselves. Haven't people realized that there is no joy greater than serving others and using your gifts and talents to reach out and build up relationships has a joy unlike any other. My wish is that people will carry on Princess Di's compassion for those less fortunate and would continue the torch of servitude to give others hope, help, and healing. We could be such a strong world if we would only learn to love and serve one another. Well, this has definitely succeeded the 20 minute allotment. I thank you for reading this, or at least for allowing me to get these things off of my chest. It has been aching in my heart a lot this past week. We need more heroes like Diana. She is an example to us all. It is so tragic that my profession of journalism is what helped put an end to the life of one so dear and so special. I pledge my spirit to use my journalism skills to expose our true heroes for the building up of mankind, not to drag it down even to the death. ",y,y,y,y,n

1997\_634976.txt,"It is now eleven o'clock and I'm getting hungry for lunch. I don't know why I'm hungry, I just ate a couple of hours ago. I really wish I didn't get hungry so often. Sometimes I think I'm not really hungry, but I just like eating. I'm not overweight, but I really haven�t felt good about my body for a couple of months now because I've been away and too busy to go to the gym as often as I used to. I'm worried that when I go back home to California in a couple of months for Thanksgiving people are going to think I've gained weight. When I go back I want to look good, even better than when I left. I can't wait to go home, well actually, I can. I know when I get home I'm going to wish that I was still back here. My dorm room is already starting to feel like home to me. I was really upset that Joe didn't call last night. It's been over two weeks since I talked to him last and he had promised to call the next day. I don't even have his phone number so there's no way I can reach him. I swear, that boy drives me mad! Oh, well, I'm not going to think about him any more. I'm really glad to finally be doing this assignment. I've been meaning to but my computer isn't set up so it's been impossible to do. I am so frustrated with this whole Ethernet thing. I've been to the store so many times and they never have the part I need. Finally I thought about using the computer lab here in Kinsolving. It's really nice as a matter of fact. It feels good to be on a computer again. I miss mine from home even though I wasn't on it very much. I wonder if anyone will ever really read this paper. I think I would laugh at half the stuff I've written. I don't know why I'm telling you these things, you don't even know, or care, who Joe is or that I have a computer. This place just got really full, it's weird how people seem to come in clumps. Have you ever noticed that at places there will be no line and then all the sudden there's a huge long line? That's weird, I think. I miss my dog. He died this summer while I was away in Germany. I just wish I'd given him more attention when I was home. I knew he would die some day, but I just never thought it would be so soon. I miss the meyers. That�s the family I was with in Germany. They were so nice to me, I felt like part of the family. Not many people get to do all the cool stuff I've been blessed enough to experience. I love to travel, but it's always so nice to be home. I was never bored this summer. That's a first for me. I'm almost always bored. I didn't get any letters today. That's the first time I haven't gotten any since I've been here. It kind of sucks. Sorry for swearing, I don't usually swear. I still have ten minuets to write. I'm running out of things to say. You must be so bored by now. Someone is playing music in the lobby. It's really annoying me. I can't wait to go to sleep tonight. Why am I always so tired. I don't even care if I go out anymore. I'm so jealous of my roommate. She is always doing cool stuff with her sorority and I haven't done much yet. She's really cute. I love her curly hair. We tried to make mine curly but it was more of a wave. It looked good, but I didn't know what other people would think about it. I just realized people could e-mail me down here That's good because people have been bugging me for my address. I can't wait until my computer is running. I'm so excited for the football game on Saturday, I just hope it's not too hot. I hope we beat UCLA because a lot of my friends are going there and I know that they'll think of me when they see UT and I want them to be jealous that the Longhorns won. That's bad that I want them to be jealous. It's not really what I want, I just want them to think of me. It would be really neat if I could get on TV then they could see me here and know that I'm okay and having fun. I really am having fun, but it sounds so fake when I tell people that, like I'm just pretending or something. ljliujiojkl ",n,n,y,n,n

1997\_612557.txt," I am so glad that I came home this weekend. I really miss all of my friends and family. I feel like I need to be studying for some of my classes right now. I want to but I also want to spend time with my family. I need to go shopping today. I still need to buy an answering machine and some shower shoes. I really like UT, but I just feel so lonely sometimes. I am so used to being in high school and seeing all of my friends every day. I am so used to being able to ask any of them for help with homework when I needed it. I really miss them. Now most of them have gone so far away and I won't see them for a long time. I am so happy that I got to see Vicky yesterday. I had not seen her in a long time, but it is almost as if I had never left. I can't believe all the things that she told me yesterday that I had never knew before. I am nervous about going back to class on Tuesday. I am so afraid that I am not going to do well in college, but I really want to . I feel like I am already behind because I have alot to do. I am starting to get hungry now. I haven't eaten all day and my stomach is starting to hurt. I can't believe that Princess Diana died. It is so hard to believe. I feel so bad for her kids. I feel like I have so much to do today, but I don't know where to start. I am so tired. I want to go back to sleep. I want to go out and do something tonight. I haven't gone out in so long, and I am tired of staying home every night. I don't want to sit at home and watch TV again. I wonder if mom and dad are going to go somewhere again tonight. I hope that they don't. I would rather them just stay home with me. I wonder why Michael is acting so weird. Sometimes he is nice to me, but then sometimes he won't even talk to me. I really don�t want to buy anything today. I have been spending so much money and I feel like I am running out. Maybe mom and dad will help me out and pay for a few things. I wish that the rest of my friends were here. I really miss them. When me and Vicky were talking about them yesterday, it made me miss them even more. Now I am feeling like I was on Friday. I was in such a dreary mood because I felt so alone. I wish I could see more people that I knew at UT. I wish that my parents would stop nagging me all of the time. Sometimes I feel that I can never do anything to please them. I ready to go back to Austin. I can�t study when I am at home. There are too many thing to distract me from doing it. I am really hungry now. I think that I will go and get something to eat. ",n,y,y,y,n

1997\_790797.txt,"Wow, I really don't know what to write. All I know is that I'm kinda behind on my studies. The bad thing is that it's only been the first couple weeks of school. I know I shouldn't procrastinate like this, but I just can't seem to help it. That's why I'm doing this assignment at the last minute. Bad, huh? Hummmmm, this chair is kinda uncomfortable. I just took a shower and my hair is still kinda damp. I have really long hair, so it takes quite awhile for it to dry completely. I really miss my boyfriend. The funny thing (at least it's funny to me is that I'm Vietnamese and my boyfriend is black. Well his father is black and his mom is half Arabic and half French. My boyfriend, Mohamed, was born in Africa but moved to Paris when he was only one years old. He's lived there for the past 18 years or so and have been here in the U. S for only two years. He speaks five different languages. Pretty impressive, huh? I have no idea why he hasn't called me yet. I haven't seen him in two weeks. I miss him sooo much. I wonder if he misses me or not. What do you think? My problem is that I'm not calling him until he calls me first. That's just the way I am. The guy always has to make the first move. I guess if he really wants to talk to me or hear my voice, then he will sooner or later pick up the phone. I really hope he will call soon. I really, really miss him. I guess it has to do with the fact that he is my very first boyfriend. If my parents ever find out I'm seeing a black guy, they would absolutely FREAK! That's how they are. Actually, that's how I kinda was. I told myself I would never ever like anyone but Asian guys. Boy, was I wrong. You know what, my arms are kinda getting tired now. For some reason, I'm sitting real straight up in my seat. I never do this when I'm just typing for the heck of it. Maybe the fact that I know this is for a grade makes me a bit uneasy. Oh well, I don't mind. There, I kinda sat back a bit and it feels a little bit better now. I just yawned. great, I need to stay up kinda late tonight to do some other homework. I have ten more minutes but I don't know what else to write. I guess I type kinda fast, and so it seems as though I'm writing a whole lot, huh? I don't know how you are going to grade this. I know it's gonna be a completion grade, but how are we going to benefit from this. I bet you're just making us do this so whenever you don't have anything to do, you can just pull these up and give yourself a good laugh at our expense, huh? NO, I'm just kidding. . Oh, Oh, OH, OH, yeah, yeah. I love you more than I can say. , I'll love you twice as much tomorrow, Oh, OH, I love you more than I can say. OH, don't you know I need you so, OH tell me please, I gotta know. Do you mean to make me cry? Am I just another gal, That was just a song that I usually sing when my mind has nothing else on it. How do you like it? It's kinda funny how sometimes I think of myself as pretty decent looking and at other times, I think I'm the ugliest troll. Why is that? One day I would have complete confidence in myself and the next day I would feel so small and vulnerable. Why is it kinda weird for me to meet guys, especially Asian guys. Well, I kinda know the answer to that question. Since I'm Asian and I want to meet an Asian guy, I tend to feel more self conscience when I'm around them and that results in a behavior that's not really mw. I've noticed lately that most of my guy friends are white guys. Because I don't really see them as a potential romance interest, I am very relaxed and calm with them, and I guess we just click like that. I know I should do the same with Asian guys, but it's hard just b/c they're Asian, also. Why is it so complicate, man? Well, tomorrow, my friend Cheryl and I are gonna take a bus to the mall. I've only been on the bus twice here around campus. I've never taken a bus on a highway before. I have a feeling it's gonna be quite an experience for the both of us tomorrow. Wish me luck. Man, my whole arm is aching now!!!! Isn't that weird? Okay, I'm gonna stop Bye-bye. . . . . . . . . . ",y,y,y,n,n

1997\_731982.txt,"\*\*\*\*\*Why does this keep going to the left instead of down a space at the end of each line Prof. Pennebaker?????\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* As I sit in this library, I can't help but notice the pleasure I get from the quietness. It is the same feeling I get from sitting in a park or on a golfcourse. Perhaps even in a bookstore. The quietness provides my mind with an escape from the everyday world of horns, traffic jams, and yelling. From this feeling, my mind seems to work on a smoother track, with less obstacles to overcome before I can finish a complete thought. If the world was in a complete silence at all times, or perhaps even if I were deaf, I believe I would be wiser and would be able to formulate thoughts easier. Does this mean that deaf people actually have an easier time getting by in the world? Or is their inability to communicate too much of a burden. Maybe this is what's wrong with today�s world. Communication lines are so mixed up due to language barriers and different types of slang that the world is like one large deaf fishbowl. In that case, deaf people WOULD have an easier everyday life because they would be minus the struggles we all go through with communication. If communication were an easy things, and we all saw eye-to-eye on all issues, achieving things such as world peace, business agreements, and compromises would be no big deal. Where did the communication lines go wrong? Why did humanity branch out into hundreds of different languages and tongues when one universal language could have eliminated so many problems. The answer to that will most likely never be found. This girl sitting to my right is awfully attractive, but I can't muscle up the courage to talk to her. Is it once again the problem of communication, or does this have to do purely with a lack of courage. I would like to think it is a communication problem, but that would probably be just a lame excuse for not talking to her. Of course it is a lack of courage. Although I know she won't bite my head off, slap me, ignore me, or flat out dis me, I still am too much of a coward to begin a conversation with her. What if she knew what I was thinking right now. Would she be flattered, embarrassed, insulted, or just flat out shocked? I guess I'll never know, unless I ask her. We both know that isn't going to happen because we've already established that I'm acting like a coward right now. No big deal, there are plenty of fish in the sea. Wow! I can't believe how fast twenty minutes just went. Writing without structure is a lot more enjoyable then writing with it, and as they say: Time flies when you're having fun! ",n,n,y,n,n

1997\_518093.txt,"So it's time for me to start writing this assignment and I'm really tired. I've been studying all day and my brain just can't take it I've decided that the brain must be like a muscle in that if you don't work it out regularly it gets out of shape. Right new my brain�s fat fat. But that's OK. I've started running and through running I'm going to learn more self discipline. It's really annoying the way the screen doesn't return automatically I wonder why the heck it doesn't do it. I guess it's some programming error but surely it can't be hard to do. I've decided that running is just a conversation. One between your body and mind. Your body says ,""Hey I don't feel very good can we please stop. "" And your mind says ""I know but we're almost there can you give a little more. Lately when I've been running I have been giving up before my body has too. This is further proof to me that my brain need conditioning. For the past year or 2 I have given up running for Aikido. I've decided to get back into running. Man this isn't very stream of consciousness. I wonder if anyone will ever read this. I seriously doubt it that's one big \ freaking class. But at least I know one pretty girl. Now that I think of it why the heck does this form ask for sex. I mean are they going to do some kind of statistical analysis or something? No way what could you do? count words? When I think of psy class I think mostly about the pretty girl I know in there. I'm helping her out with this computer stuff. I wonder if she has a boy friend. I wonder why I care. I sure don't need a girlfriend right now. This is the first semester of my new life with my new major. Don't need no girly distractions. I about an hour I'm going to see a movie with my home crowd . /We're seeing swingers. I like it because it's a ""nice guy"" movie. with realistic camera shots. Wow it's already been twelve minutes. Over halfway there. Man I hope the research part of this course doesn't take up too much time. I think it out to be extra credit or something. Maybe they should defray the cost of the course or pay us or something I hate being a free guinea pig How the hell do you spell guinea. I 'm sick of paying fees toot this university. When I was at UNT I didn't have to pay sooo many hidden fees. They always lurking around the corner. Today was a pretty good day . Except for playing the stupid video game before starting this I have been very productive. I went to a habitat for humanity meeting. Maybe I'll start doing that on Saturdays. I'm hesitant to commit though because this is my new and improved life. I hope my grades improve this semester or I'm just going to have to quit school or something. I'm kind of tired of school. I want to get my hand on the real world and start making a difference. It�s amazing how much I�ve been using the letter a and how terrible a typing job I have been doing. , It�s my roommates keyboard. It�s extra sensitive or something. I wonder why I keep cutting off the middle of words whenever I hit return . You'd think it would bee natural for me to hit return whenever I finish a word My fingers are cold. This room is 60 degrees. Man I wish they'd turn up the air. ",n,n,y,y,y

1997\_434159.txt,"Well, I'm in my boyfriend's room typing this. I'm pretty sleepy too, I'm in Longhorn band, so I had practice last night until about 8:30. Then I went to a freshman meeting and decided to run for freshman representative. Believe it or not, I actually won. It surprised me a lot because I don't know anyone. I've met lots of people, but I don't really have any good friends there. It makes me really happy. I feel like I can now establish myself there and be a leader in LHB. This assignment is pretty weird because I really do write like this in my spare time. Whenever I get stressed, I usually grab a notebook and just write everything that comes to mind. This is different though, it's a little harder to type your feelings. It somehow loses some emotion or something. There's really not much stress in my life right now, except the usual going to college stuff, but I'll write about that later. My French horn teacher was really mean to me on Wednesday. He's this little old man that looks kind of like Yoda. He always wears bolo ties and well, he's just a little jerk. He enjoys watching his students cry and have emotional breakdowns. We'll see! I've never let him see me cry and I never will. I think he sees me as a challenge. I mean, he's really talented and of coarse I have lots of respect for him. I just don't understand why he enjoys hurting people so much. There is a picture of my boyfriend and me on the wall. I like it. (I actually look decent in it) I always look ugly in pictures. I have this friend that always comes out pretty in pictures. I'm jealous. Well, I've surpassed my 20 minutes, so I better go. ",y,y,n,n,n

1997\_435972.txt,"This the third time that I am typing this thing. I am so frustrated. Every time I get close to the 20 minutes I get cut off. There is a party I want to go to now I am here stuck here spending an hour doing this thing. I don't know what to type because I am tired of staring at this screen. It seems as if in the past two weeks I have had no time to myself. Between pledgship, school, and studying, I have no time. The only time I spend in my room, is done sleeping. I am just going to describe what is going on in sportscenter because I haven't watched it in about a week. Chris Berman is talking about the upcoming pro football games this weekend. I used to idolize berman. I also liked dick vitale. I was so obsessed that I wrote him a letter. a few weeks later I got a copy of his book with a personalized note on the inside. I am halfway done! I am starting to calm down. I have never been to hot-headed. I try to keep a level head all the time. The only time I really cut loose is when I am in a competition that I feel I can win. this may not be very often but when it does happen I thrive on the situation. Only eight minutes left. I really respect Pudge Rodriguez. he is the catcher for the rangers, my hometown team. I also like ken griffey jr, he seems like a team player that gives his all every game. mo vaughn is a very large man, he won't win any stolen bases titles anytime. only five minutes left. I like the expos and pirates, just because every year they are competitive even though they have no money to win with. they are building their team through the farm systems, which is how it should be done. I hope to get good grades. I wish this assignment was over. I love college football. I loved to play football but I never was big enough of fast enough to play up to the level I wanted to . I hate danny schayes. his dad was a great basketball player. One minute left!! my favorite team is the cowboys. I love going to the games and cheering them on to victory. I think my time is up so I will write later! the simpsons is the best show on tv by the way. and caddyshack is the bast movie ever! ",n,n,n,n,n

1997\_697536.txt,"today if the first Sunday that I have been here alone and it is interesting because I don�t have my parents looking over my shoulder telling me what to do. I can just walk out of my room and go have a cigarette. this is different because before I would have to think up an excuse to go and have one. my feet are cold right now and I need to take a shower. I didn't get up till about 11:45. the MTV music video awards and not very exciting and I am tired of listening to all of these peoples memories about their favorite moments. they, the awards are just a simple kind of propaganda. Michael Jackson does like little boys and should stop trying to cover it up with all those insignificant women. the only reason he wants children are for the obvious. it sucks he has that kind of problem. many people do like to eat corn but they don�t seem to serve it here in the jester cafeteria. I wonder if this is going to get through because I cant even send my mom an email. it would suck if it didn't. this is the largest class I have ever been in. I hope it is the most interesting. I need to check how much money is in my account. I came with alot and am still wondering how much I will leave with. Dana Carvey is a funny guy and I figure he had a bad childhood because his brother is a bearded man who rarely says a word. I miss running track. I need to go and workout but will when I�m done. Hanson is the most ridiculous group in the whole world. if they can make it I know that I can. I am really infatuated with this girl and hope that I run into her again, actually there are two that I am. Eddie Murphy is a pimp. I cant believe that princess Diana died. I think that she staged her own death to get away from the photographers. she had been harassed her whole life and would have and could have been driven to such extremes. I do not know how long I've been writing but will keep writing for another ten minutes. I feel like Beavis and butthead because I am verbalizing all of my thoughts. I stayed up till three o�clock last night and still slept nine hours. the song by Aerosmith, dude look like a lady, is it about a homosexual or a crossdresser. is cross dresser one or two words. I still think that notorious b. i. g. and tupac are still alive. I need to get the c. d. tom petty and the heart breakers greatest hits because I miss listening to them. I still seems I haven�t written that much. van halen is so cool, not. this is ridiculous my thoughts. Daisy fuentes is hot and I�m glad that she is not bald. what is Marilyn masons deal ?>????. he is a freak and I had the pleasure of meeting him and his band in the theatre. he was busy throwing gummy worms at the people attempting to watch star wars. he reminded me of a lost child. maybe that�s why he dresses like he does. he is a freak. the chocolate milk in the cafeteria is good. I kind of want to go to breakfast tomorrow because I have never eaten in the morning in the cafeteria. I have done absolutely nothing today and I thoroughly like it. I do need to go and take a shower because that would be proper. I wonder how many people only take showers every other day. I wonder if commercials actually do influence the ways people buy products. that's it has been twenty minutes. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_791837.txt,"Well, it's becoming quite obvious to me now that the homework is beginning to pile on, but I'm perfectly okay with that because of all the stuff I went through last year in school. I did one of these for my psy class in high school and I remember some of the stuff I wrote about was quite funny, but hey, it's a stream of conscience. I actually love doing these kinds of things because for the majority of the time, the way we think is a stream, and it's never-ending. I really want to play tennis sometime soon, but today I just don't have the energy. I wonder when I'm going to get physically ill from staying up so late every night, and changing my habits a great deal. I'm getting quite used to the college way of life now. It's rather scary that I'm becoming more and more comfortable with calling my Jester dorm ""home"". I definitely miss my bed in my real home. I wonder what else I have to do tonight. I love having all the assignments, tests, papers, quizzes, etc. ahead of time so I can plan ahead and not be able to blame my teacher if I forget something. This is really good for typing practice. I love my schedule, yeah tomorrow's a terrible day for classes, but aren't all Mondays terrible. I can't believe my hand is cramping up already. That has got to be a bad sign. Sometimes I really am not sure if I'd want people to know my stream of conscience. At times it can make people sound very stupid, like now. I'm very excited I received a call from Jeff tonight, he's such a great friend and I haven't seen him or talked to him since I left Albuquerque. That's a terrible word to spell, but hey, living there my whole life I should be able to do it in my sleep. Oh, sleep, that sounds like a great idea. I am way too tired to do anything, but that's when I need to force myself, and just get into a studying groove. I'm really not looking forward to the noisy people that will be hanging out below my window tonight, playing guitar, singing, talking loudly, until early hours of the morning. Then I'll have to call down to the Jester desk again and complain. They must hate me by now. I wonder when I follow up for the psy experiments. My roommate has way too much stuff around her desk, but she lets me use her computer, so it's a fair trade. I love typing, although crazy as it may sound, I do. I am just itching all over. I want to go outside, but I really don't feel like leaving the comfort of my room and face the people of Jester. I am terribly blind with out my glasses or contacts. I really need to call in my contact prescription tomorrow, so I can actually see. I feel that I've been more tired lately because I haven't had my contacts, and I'm self conscious about my glasses, so it's quite a strain on my eyes, and as a result, I am more tired. I just lost complete track of my thoughts. Oh well, must start on a new track, I mean isn't that the purpose of the exercise. Speaking of exercise, I really want to get out and run a few laps, I know that it would help in being so tired. I'm tired of the Jester food, I've been living off of bagels, not from Jester. My roommate just came in and told me something that changed my thought pattern and now I'm concerned with the issue of how guys talk about girls, and how they treat girls. The whole issue is a problem of some sort in everyone's life, I just wish I didn't have to deal with it. I am quite addicted to diet cokes and diet drinks in all, I think I have a serious problem, yet I live for it. I feel like one right now. Boy do I need to do laundry. It just keeps piling up, of course the one day I finally decide to do it, everyone else has the same idea. I can't wait to go through the dorm experience, and then move on into an apartment and have things of my own. I wonder if I will have an apartment next year, and I wonder who would be my roomie(s) then, if any. ",y,y,y,y,n

1997\_030596.txt,"Well, I figured I should write this right now while I have time. I am really busy lately. It kind of seems like I have no time for myself anymore. I am trying out for crew. There are a lot of people trying out though. I think like 130 people are going for 32 spots. I hope I make it though because I don't deal well with failure. I tried out for the soccer team and did not make it, but that was a little unfair because I did not know the work out to prepare for and everyone else did. So now everyone probably thinks I just wasn't good enough when that really was not the reason. I was just too exhausted after running to play with any skill. Oh well. I guess it taught me how to cope with failure. But it really hurts every time I fail. I tried to get into the business school and was denied. That got me so mad. There are all of these total morons in the business school. I know because I take classes with them and always make better grades than them. But alas, they can do what they want with their lives they entered right out of high school. Oh well. I am still going pre-law so it doesn't matter. Unfortunately my roommate and a lot of my friends are in it, so it is a constant reminder that I did not get in. But I think that all of this just makes me a stronger person. I am trying to be really involved this year. I am lifeguarding for the rec center. It is kind of fun, but I kind of dread going to work all the time. I just seem to have a lot of things on my plate. I had a fight with my boyfriend the other day. I am not sure if it was his fault or if I caused it because of all the stress I am under. Oh well. I think that things have really changed between me and my roommate too. Last year we used to be like best friends, but now things are different. She seems to be really distant. I am not sure what is wrong with her. Maybe it is my fault. I am not around as much as I used to be, so maybe she just wants more attention and is finding it elsewhere. She also has a boyfriend, so she spends a lot of time with him, which is fine with me. I just feel like things have totally changed. She went to a party last night and didn't invite me. Weird. I think I am really different from most people. I always seem to put everyone else's feelings before mine. I just don't understand why people don't do that. Or maybe I don't understand why I do that. Like, I would invite everyone to come with me if I was doing something cool. But all the people around me just I think are selfish. Maybe I just need to find a whole new group of friends. I mean, I had my first day of tryouts for crew, which was a pretty big deal to me. And when I see my boyfriend, he doesn't even ask how I did. He totally forgot about it. That gets me so mad. He seems to forget about everything. He then says how he is a bad boyfriend. Unfortunately, I have to agree with him. But don't get the wrong impression of me. I am actually a very happy person. I am just going through a lull right now. Once I get into a normal routine in my life I think I will be a lot happier. I just wish that my family was here. My parents live in Virginia, and it is hard with them so far away. At least my brother is here with me. That makes it a lot easier. I don't know what I would do if he wasn't here. I never realized how dependent I was on other people. I always thought of myself as a kind of loner, but I guess I really am not. I like being around people, and maybe I do get jealous when they do not choose to be with me. I think I really need to work on the jealousy thing. That is probably why I am having problems with my boyfriend. He finally made some friends here, so he hangs out with them. I think I also don't really trust him. I don't want him sharing intimate things about us to them. He was asking me the other day why I back away from intimacy and am afraid to talk about it. I just don't like talking about it. I consider it a private thing, and should just be shared between two people. It is nobody else's business. But I guess since we are in college, that is the way things are. Sex is on everyone's mind. But it just doesn't really seem to be on my mind very much. I would much rather just cuddle that have sex. Maybe I am weird, I don't know. But that drives my boyfriend crazy. He want's to have sex all the time. I think that is a major problem in our relationship. Oh well. Well, I guess my time is about up. I now have to go to crew again. I should do good today because it is strength training. I am pretty confident about that. Well, I guess I only have one more of these to write. That relieves some of my stress. Actually this was pretty cool doing this. I could just write down what I have been keeping inside. Pretty neat. ",y,y,y,y,y

1997\_783160.txt,"Ok. Stream of. ""Come as you are. I wonder if anybody actually misses Kurt Cobain. ""No I don't Have a gun""? What? this is really a dumb song. leave it to a group named Nirvana, whose leader shot himself. Blues Traveler, much better group. I wonder how many people have killed themselves because of Kurt Cobains death. That takes intelligence. Kurt's dead, life's not worth living. Why did I wait till the day before this is due to type it. Ohhhhhh I love this song. It reminds me of my boyfriend and I. ""When she says she loves me"". except I don't say I love him because according to every one of my friends I'm afraid to tell him I love him. Something about a fear of commitment and love. I guess it's all supposed to be Nathan�s fault, my ex, for cheating on me every day for a year and a half. oh well. "" When she says she loves me. say you love, but you don't speak love"". Good song. I wonder how many people actually think about the words of the songs they listen to. Oh yah, classic Sting. I have absolutely no idea what the name of this song is. I never really liked Sting anyway. I should really be doing my other homework. What do I have to do? English paper, read my classic civilization, read my English, study Psy notes, and phl notes. I guess I can do most of it tomorrow. Third Eye Blind. Where do they get names for these groups? Tomorrow is another day{Go Scarlett}. I really don't want to go to work tomorrow. At least I have a decent boss for once, not some 57 year old pervert. what time is it? Wow 15 minutes really flies when your writing a paper that you can't possibly fail. I wish they were all that easy. Yah right. That probably wouldn�t get me into Med School. Medical School, four more years of college. Hopefully I can get through these first four. I can do it, because I�m good enough I'm strong enough, and dog-gon it, people like me. Well it's been a great 14 min. I'll be back at it tomorrow to do the other paper. I need to do these more than a day before their due next time. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_262585.txt,"I am wondering whether or not I should try out for the dance team. In away I want to so I will have something to be a part of but at the same time I'm fearing the inevitable rejection. Rather than be rejected I'm just not going to try but then I'll always wonder whether or not I could have made it if I had tried. If I do try out and then I fail everybody will know that I FAILED AND I'll be embarrassed. I risked failure when I pledged but I did it anyway. My neighbor failed and I didn't think any less of her so why should I think any less of myself. I'll look fat in the leotard and tights, but one reason I want to do it is so I'll stay in shape. Everything is too competitive. I wonder what my cats doing since when you gave this assignment you mentioned a dos so I started to think about my cat. Then the picture frame I got today since I have a picture of my cat but I have to get another frame for my cat picture. My entire room is decorated in cat things. I found a gecko in my room today. There not have as big as the lizards we used to find in the house when I lived in Arizona. they used to be at least a foot long. I wonder what I'm going to do tomorrow I have reading to do in the morning. I can't help but put in capital letters at the beginning of sentences and periods. My mom wanted me to copy this and run spell check, how stupid. that what you get for having an English teacher for a mother. I want to get a calendar to put up all my things. I�m scared to death I'll miss something like a homework assignment or test. I wonder if I need to be studying more often. It seems like I'm not doing enough. I don't know what I'll do if I fail. I hope I'm doing this write. It seems like the paper is just going on and on and on. I seem to worry about failure alot. I hate typing, I never memorized where the keys were so I keep goofing. My parents always told me to take typing but I was too lazy and afraid I was going to not get an A. I wonder how my sister got involved, society of women engineers. I say a bent today on the way to class. The other graduate students are coming on the 19 here. I bet it would be easier if I didn't repeat to myself what I was typing I need to go by the Newman center to meet n9ice boys. Why bother I never going to get married I probably not even going to get good grades and I'll never get in to med school and I'm going to flunk out. God I hope not or I'll end up as a house wife not that that's bad but I always wanted a career and my sisters so successful. My parents would be so disappointed. Now I'm starting to sound negative like that survey said but I was much more optimistic in the survey I wonder if those ever prove anything or if people really lie to themselves when they're doing those even though they think they're being realistic this girl beside me took forever doing the survey. How much time do I have left? IS anybody even ever going to read this? Probably that was why it was done on the internet that reminds me of the guy I sat next to in Chem. I hope he doesn't think that I was offended by his remark it doesn't bother me I'm used to it with Adam and all. I feel like I've typed forever and it looks like nothing on this sheet the way it goes to infinity on the right. I keep on thinking about what to type instead of just typing what I'm think I just its just a habit from writing so many in class essays and such I'm so happy I passed the AP that way I don't have to take any English classes and I showed Mr. Cody and my mother I wonder what Patrick's doing. He got a 5. The girl at dinner the other night was so stupid she thought she got a 560 and the SAT's and the AP's were the same thing that's why I'm not a pom that and the fact I'm not talented enough since I spent a lot of high school studying instead of dancing or anything else. I can't imagine having three hours of practice a day. I guess I had as much with games and all but it seems like a lot less. I had a ton of fun at games though and wouldn't have given it up for it now. That's how I tell whether or not it was worth it if I would trade it for something else now not that I could go back and repeat it so I guess it doesn't matter anyway. ",n,y,n,y,y

1997\_070317.txt,"The day is over again and still so much to do and to think about. I hope my parents are settling down up in Colorado with good business and a place to live. I hope no conflicts will occur although I know they are going to fight one in awhile. I miss my mom the most. she cried at the airport and I can still see those tears in her face. her voice was so weak when I called to say hello. is this it to college life? I wonder where Tim is has he called me and left me a message? I have precal class with him first thing tomorrow morning and I don�t know where to go yet. I hope to get my beeper soon because I needed really bad and I don�t know when ill get it. as I look at the screen I wonder if the writing will ever go down onto the next line, or will it go on forever. I really want to go home I feel as though I have to be with her 24/7 and I feel like she'll follow me everywhere I go. I don't want her to , but at the same time I don�t want to hurt her feelings. I hate it when she smokes she smelt so bad in the classroom wow it finally has moved down to the second line. this stream of conscious writing is kinda pain in the butt because it is nearly impossible to actually start typing without thinking about what to type. lookin at the screen uhhh she wants to come over today but I don�t want her to I feel as though she's gonna stick with me wherever I go and I feel like she's never gonna find a friend to hang out without me. but I shouldn�t think like this because she�s my friend and we've known each other forever. but I feel that she�s going to hold me back in the future as we go on. either that or we're gonna fall apart, not easily, but I feel that someone�s gonna get hurt and I don�t want to be the one hurting her. my head itches. I gotta go home and call my mom and talk to my dad. I wish they had the same kind of water here as Colorado. their water is so nice. I would like to know if Tim likes me or just as friends because he actually we act the same way towards each other but I don�t know if I like him or not so I wonder if he feels the same way. my pastor is here from Dallas to teach bible study and I kinda feel guilty because I said I�d see him and stuff when he is down here but I cant get my self to go and sit and listen to him. I feel bad. I wonder what lee is doing he seem so quiet yet outgoing but not really I would like to get to know him but I wonder if he even knows that I exist. I think he does but who knows. sitting here typing wondering what time it is . what can I eat for dinner? I have an eye appointment tomorrow and I want to meet Tim somewhere so we can go to class together. cant wait to go home I�m kinda glad I didn�t room with her I can't imagine how hurt she'll be if she really knows how I feel. she gets on my nerves time to time and she asks me if she gets on my nerves, but I can never tell her that she does because I don�t think its right. I want my friends to come over to my apartment but I don�t know how my roommate is going to react. how am I suppose to find a roommate for next semester when she leaves . it almost time to go I hope they don�t make us read this later on in the semester. I think I really want a boyfriend but not really, I don�t know what I want. Michael is pretty cute only if he was taller I would fall for him so hard. but I�m glad we're good friends. I�m kinda glad that they broke up too. I think she�s too self fish and he can do so much better. I better memorize the medical terminology by Thursday. what should I do this weekend I bet she wants to come with me I feel as though every time I�m with her I�m blocked off from the crowd in a way I�m uncomfortable with her around other people. I wish she stop smoking she looked so crappy up times up and I don�t feel like typing any more. ",n,n,n,n,n

1997\_101670.txt,628-10-1670 Sean crow male 1 I sure hope this thing works. I hate computers. I have been trying to figure out how to use these things forever now and I am going to pray that it w works out well . Does stream of consciousness require correct punctuation I sure hope not. I am tired today because I stayed up tell four in the morning and woke up at nine o'clock. the guy sitting next to me is weird because he types so very loud. I sure hope this assignment works out all right. Psychology is very interesting to me. I used to want to be a psychologist until I realized doctors probably get paid more. I am a not happy today. I feel that the world is against me right now. That is stupid because I will probably feel better when I finish my homework. I hate school. What is a zip? my feet are soar. I got in a car wreck yesterday and I have a bump in my head that hurts me very much. My friend was afraid because he lost his wallet that had a drivers license in it. It is cold in this room yet it is hot outside. my Eyes are tired from the sun. My sister went to Barton springs today but I could not go due to the fact that I am tired. I am the worst typer. I due one finger at a time. I like to sleep. Tequila is disgusting tasting. why do I feel so depressed at this moment. Probably because I had too much fun last weekend. It is impossible to have fun during every weekend. The rest of my weekends will probably be very bad and disappointing . I have not been in a theater in a while. I wonder what my old girlfriend is doing now. Is she thinking of me. Probably not. I think that this is not going to reach its destination. I am feeling extremely nervous right now. I think my twenty minutes is up. SOmethin is very unusual about the way this looks. ,y,y,n,n,n

1997\_147396.txt,The one thing that I miss here at school is my drums. I couldn't bring them with me to college because there is no where to put them. I used to play in a band and people used to tell me that I was really good but then I stopped playing and I got worse. When they were always there for me to play I never wanted to but now I wish I could play them more than anything. My best friend is a drummer but he always kept on practicing and he got really good. So good that now he is moving to Maryland to join a band. The band he is joining is pretty successful death metal band and they have two albums. I miss my friend and I hope that he is doing alright up there. He left all of his friends and family back in San Antonio and he doesn't know anyone in Maryland except for his band members and he really doesn't know them too well. I wish I could go up and see him and watch his band play since I am a big fan of death metal music. I listen to all types of music but death metal is definitely one of my favorites. I don't like it when people talk bad about death metal when they don't even know anything about it. I want death metal artists to be able to someday get rich off there music like all of the other pop artists. Because the talent that comes along with death metal music is remarkable. ,n,y,n,n,y

1997\_369589.txt,"Stream of consciousness, I just ate breakfast and my stomach hurts, my stomach hurt when I got in my first accident two years ago. stupid car, I got in a wreck just recently I was going down the road and I came to a usual stop behind a car sat there for about 3 sec an the stupid ford ranger just came billowing into my rear end and crushed it, what are you looking for, would this be considered paranoia, why do you care so much about what I am thinking, I want to go home some times but to the home you see in movies, the ones with home cooked meals and clean rooms or even sofas to sleep on and it would be a good experience. I really want a dog, my do at home really sucks, she is old and acts like a cat, a robber came into our house a few years ago and the dog peed on itself the ran away, stupid dog. do you think I hold allot of hostility, I like to portray I don't care what anyone thinks, but that is not always true because some time to reach my goal I have to care a little bit, stupid hormones. you probably will not even read this so I guess it really does not matter exactly what I say. I wonder how long these things usually are, mine based on the amount of time I have spent writing will be four lines long, but those are some really long lines. I thing the guy next to me is hitting enter, so his is longer than mine. you know your class is too big it is hard to get any interaction so it gets boring. I tell my friend he has , he is not my friend, but I tell him he has no tact, but when I think about it neither do I and I grub with my money because I do not have much of it too spend I am 'a broke bitch!!' actually my lines are probably going to add up to about 3, but that is cool, the gut next to me has not written for 20 min, but hey jip the man, that is my motto, take as much as you can and get your moneys worth, I leave the lights on all the time in my dorm room because I want to waste electricity, and I leave the water running in the sink when I brush my teeth!! yeah jip the man. I really want a computer in my room and it is upsetting that I do not have one because I have had one all my life and I am supposed to start right now not having one what kind of cruel god designated the lot in my life for. I want to learn to hack into very large computer and take control of them, haha!! I will the most powerful man in the world, my and my delusions of grandure@idiot. com. what ever, I figured out that that could be take as an insult, doesn't surprise me though, people take to much to the heart these days! this girl I met she is a room mate of a friend of mine, but she is constantly telling people about her promissory ring and about her boy friend, but then after a party she messes around with my best friend, it is not that I am jealous of he so much that he got to mess around with her but the fact she did it at all, he gets some much action. I kind of respected her bitchiness, but then she had to go off and just go back on everything she said. dork. I am kind of jealous of the fact that Joe messed, really broke her, that is kind of cool, and I wish I got to do it just for the reason of doing it. I really need to get a girl friend, I want some one I can rely on every once on in a while. beats the hell out of me, girls are too confusing. music can control my feelings, NIN can send an adrenaline rush at me hard core. I drink too much when I drink. I do not drink all the time it is just when I do I drink too muck of it, so nothing can stop me now. I am out, this is cool I might do this again. later. ",y,n,n,n,y

1997\_202481.txt,"well here I am sitting in front of this glowing monitor trying not to tell the editor in my head overtake me. It's more difficult than it seems but I must keep trodding. Shoot. I just realized I missed a club meeting tonight. I also remembered about the informal classes Ill be taking Monday. I should also be practicing guitar but I'm too lazy. (Homework for that matter) Boy it's something else being 27 stories up. People look like small ants moving around in the strangest fashion. Now I don't even know what I'm saying anymore. I feel sick from the food I ate for dinner, and it's inhibiting me from my studies. What else to say. . . . . I remembered I should call Peggy since she left a message the other day, but that can wait till later. Oh, and Rob, well I need to inform him about the Houston concert info. I wonder if those airline tickets to D. C. came in yet. And where are those items I ordered from the catalog? I'm beginning to worry. I cant believe B of A charges a dollar to merely check a statement from an ATM. They also charge for depositing and withdrawing currency from the bank teller instead of an ATM. outrageous. I'm really looking forward to go back home soon. I'm still homesick, but it's fizzled somewhat since the first few days. Looking at my bookshelf, it reminds that I bought Contact by Carl Sagan, which I keep intending to read, but never get around to it. I hate that. Why did I buy the book? Well I thought Contact was an excellent movie for the moral implications that are brought up. It's a great thing to see such a science oriented film focus on faith and not mere facts. Carl Sagan must have been a brilliant man. My next door neighbors just turned up the stereo, so there goes the silence. Hmm what song is that?. Oh yeah, semi charmed life. I should look for those guitar tabs later. That reminds me, should go to the party next door on Sat. or not? I suppose it couldn�t hurt, but then I'd get further behind on my studies. How long have I been writing so far? Hmm. almost 20 min. I haven't really said anything profound which disappoints me, but then again, this is a stream of consciousness assignment. I'm liking college a lot. It gives me space ponder and let my mind wander. It's amazing the places one can go if you just set your mind free. I don't know why, but sometimes I have an impulsive urge to write poems or songs, but once I get distracted from that sudden drive, I lose the will to do so. I guess I have to be in a certain mood. I noticed that I had mere frequent occurrences when I first got here. Perhaps it was due to the seclusion and sudden separation from friends and family. Being in a strange environment w/o a guardian is harder than I thought. I feel like I'm being forced to grow up faster than I'd like to. But I suppose it builds character, and I have never been one to back down from obstacles. Think of it as a gateway to another world. Hmm time's up. My train of thought has sure been a wacky one. Bunch of random thoughts strewn together. does this represent a part of who I am? certainly, but not hardly. maybe a paradox of some sort. one thought to add is that I have been such a weak willed person lately. I have those intentions, but I cant seem to get them to take root. That needs to change, and I guess I do notice a little improvement, but near as much as I'd like ",n,n,y,y,y

1997\_409960.txt,"I kind of don't know what to write. I am sitting here next to a guy who knows just everything about computer. I feel like I am stupid cause my typing speed and I didn't even know how to get on UT web page. Oh well, I will learn how to do that later. that is why I am here. I really like computer, I learned a lot about it in past two months. I really hope I still have AOL, so I can talk to some of my friends up there. I wrote like thousands of e-mails. But my e-mail box was empty. I can't believe it. Did all those friends of mine forget about me!!!!! Oh well! they are not really friends. I don't even know what they look like. I don't really care, but I like e-mails. I like getting attentions. =) I really miss my boyfriend. he is in Houston, and I am going back tomorrow. Coming to college can be so much trouble. I hate facing problems on my own. I need someone like watch my back or something. I need my boyfriend's support. He can be so sweet sometime. he makes me forget all the problems. I always call him when I am in stress. taking to him makes me feel comfortable. Man! my phone bill is going to scare me. but I can't help to call him. he means a lot to me. he is black. My parents don't really know about him. I wonder what will happen if I tell them. Like all other Chinese parents, they probably kill me or something. I wish my parents understand, but I don't expect too much. I know how it is like. they don't really know much about other race. They didn't even like my exboyfriend, because he is half Vietnamese half white. I been typing for a long time, but there is like so little on the screen, oh well I am going to type a little longer. I wonder how does the instructor know how long did I write. is there is clock in this program or something. it like counts the how long I been writing. I am like so surprised myself, I am writing a home work on the day I got it. and the due day is like a month away or something. I need to study more in college. I wonder if I can. I am afraid to promise myself, cause I might not do it. oh well , let's see how things go. My life is so hard. I wish I can write like everyone else. I wish English was my first language. no I don't, I am happy I can speak two language, but it was so painful when I didn't know how to speak English. it will always be a scar for me, mentally I mean. I always talk about how hard it was. I don't know if people like to hear it. Man, this page is wide. Is there a way I can make it narrow. I been writing for so long. this thing is such a pain. but I know it is good for me. I can improve my writing or something, but it is for psychology class. Anyway, it is cool. ok, I been writing for a while, I think it is enough. I am gonna stop. okay bye, until next time. =) gone sleeping =P ",n,y,n,n,n

1997\_053414.txt,"This blank screen is staring at me and my fingers are moving in my peripheral vision and this screen is so retarded. I wonder why I put 3 dots at the end of that sentence and who made that up anyway. my shoulders are getting sore-I probably shouldn't type with my arms straight out like this. I wonder if that helps combat carpal tunnel syndrome-ok, I�m going to scoot up. I can't believe its Sat at 700 PM and I'm writing this. I'm such a nerd. actually I'm not. ,. I'm cool--but that's all relative I guess. I�m really into drinking my coffee and I�m staring at my green porcelain coffee cup with its drip coffee stains already on the side from where my lips have been. steam is rising out of the top and I really want to pick it up and have a sip of it but then this writing isn't continuous is it? Jewel is playing in the background volume 5 and she's kind of distracting. here comes foolish games. I can totally relate. I wonder if Scott is thinking about me right now--I hope he's not the T. A for this class. This is so incredibly weird. I think I like him but I�m not sure. he reminds me of Scott wolf and I can't stand him is that a bad sign? I like Richard's accent too. wow English accents are really cute. Like in London. all of the guys were so amazing. especially that one in the subway that looked like Gavin Rossdale but he was speaking Italian so I doubt it was him. I wonder How Liz is doing? And Michelle? Why isn't Ken calling me? I hate it when guys ask for your number and then never ever call you back. or else they wait a really long time to do it. Kind of like max. I wonder how he's doing I wonder about his dumb model sister in Paris. whatever. I love Jewel. I want to play piano right now even though I haven't played in six years. my gosh it's 7 :20 already and this is pretty fun. I should probably get a diary and do this in it but then what if someone reads it and thinks I'm a rambling idiot? I have an ache in my heart about the council. I wonder why my name isn't on the list? I swear, my application was the best one out of all of them. They are so retarded. Maybe it was too sweet and idealistic. maybe they think I'm full of crap and Making it up. but I really think that way. Maybe it's cause I was listening to Jewel at the time,. I wonder when my roommates are getting home they are so active. of course they didn't have to get up at 700am this morning for crew tryouts. Ok, I probably didn't make it cause those chicks are total hosses. I have a lot of respect for those girls on the team. I wonder if St4eve will get back to me on being the coxin. I have no idea how to spell that word. my tongue is dry and why did I staple Scott�s number to an orange sticky note so it's staring right back at me? He writes like such a guy. My walls are so bare. and the st4reaks of light from the blinds are coming in golden. I wish I could write songs like Jewel. I want to play the guitar well too. I miss my Dad. he's staring back at me from my wall and he looks kinda sideways and I wonder why I returned that dress. this screen is so confusing I lose my place my toe hurts and I feel full. My wrap was gross though. I can't believe they didn't take my CDs--they�re so retarded. My tailbone hurts and I hope I'm not sore tomorrow Steve was a bit extreme. I keep hitting the wrong keys I really need to get to the container store and get some hangers but I know I need to do my homework. I hate calculus homework. I�m dreading it. I wonder why I�m so down and pessimistic today? I'm usually not. Oh--gosh, I've got so much stuff to do and organize and my thirty minutes is about done. I wonder if I typed more than other people did and I wonder if a TA. actually reads all this crap and how he grades it? weird. Maybe I should play my guitar. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_266831.txt,"I am sitting at my friend's apartment. The guy are watching the UT vs. Rutgers game on t. v. Why do guys get such a kick out of watching this? I guess it's entertaining, but it's not all that. It's kind of cool in here. My stomach feels nauseous. I had Chinese for lunch, and I slept right afterwards. This stream of consciousness thing is harder than I thought. I wonder why my friend is so upset about the whole internet mess. I don't think it's that big of a deal. Maybe she's just really sensitive. Yeah, she is sensitive. Twenty minutes seems like a really long time. I was trying to stay awake for the Princess Di thing on t. v. I couldn't stay up long enough. I think it's pretty tragic. Mother Teresa died the other day. I think she's done more than Princess Di, but lots of people don't even know she passed away. I'm really not in any mood to do this for twenty minutes. I am pausing way too much. I have a really funny taste in my mouth. I feel like playing the piano. I wish our class was smaller. I feel like a tiny fish in a great big ocean. Why am I saying stupid things like that? Is this timed? My big toe on my left foot is sore. I think my nail goes down too low. When is my financial aid check coming in? I need money. I have to buy some more books. I don't really have an appetite for jambalaya right now. That's what's for dinner tonight. I need to read chapter two. I had such a hard time reading chapter one. It was just not very interesting. Oh well. I wonder what time it is? It feels like I've been typing away for hours. Ten more minutes to go. I wanna learn how to play the harmonica. It sounds so cool. They're still watching t. v. Is football really THAT interesting? I think it is better than baseball. Baseball, by far, is the most boring sport in the world. How can anyone sit through 50 billion innings? Do they actually get paid as much as I think they get paid? I need to study tonight. Should I go to the library? I want to, but it's so far. Why did I move to Riverside? I should have stayed close to campus. Sunchase was pretty fun. I wish we did this in an English class, and this was our final paper. That would be so much fun. I'm almost finished. I'm really craving Jell-O. kiwi-strawberry Jell-O. Yummy. Mmmm. Four more minutes. I can do it! I feel so dumb. Why are my toes so long? Am I the missing link? Arghh. I have to use the bathroom. I wonder how many people have done this so far? O. K. times up. This was fun. ",y,y,y,n,n

1997\_058607.txt,"Ok. Here we go. Well I really don't have much to say right now. I've done this type of writing before. It was a strange experience. All I ended up writing was the lyrics to some song I couldn't get out of my head. I just kept going over and over again. Don't you hate that? I especially hate it when it's like some obnoxious song that I only know the chorus to or something. Hmmm. Right now I�m wondering how in the world I�m supposed to keep on typing for twenty minutes and keep on coming up with things to say. It's kind of like when you meet someone new and you're trying to have a conversation with them and you keep hitting those brick walls. I constantly do that. You can only ask a person their major so many times. I wish I would have taken a typing class in high school. Everyone else I know did but I procrastinated so I could only take a programming class for my computer credit. But it was good that I took that class. Now I�ve learned that I really do hate programming. I have to come to terms with the fact that I like computers yet I hate programming. I think my brain would slowly build up pressure and then explode when I�m in my 40s if I became a programmer. My typing skills are atrocious! I think I�ve been out of practice. I wonder what Agnes is doing? She's my roommate and she's sitting next to me. She always gets a lot of e-mail, yet she complains regularly that no one writes her. I like get nothing but that could be because I don't write anyone either. Oh well. I think if I got into the e-mail habit again, I would waste way too much time in the computer lab anyway. Oh no. Mind block. This is kind of like writing a letter to your closest friend. (which I also haven't done in a while. ) Just say whatever an who cares if they care or not. What are you guys going to do with this information anyway?? I missed the first day of class so I really don't know how this stuff is going to be used. I've always been afraid that if I ever went to a psychologist or something, that they would end up telling me that I�m nuts or something. Or they would know something about me that I really don't want them to know. And there's a lot of that kind of stuff. Everyone in this room is staring blankly into the screen of their computers. Isn't it amazing the power these little boxes of silicon and metal have over us? Imagine our world today without computers. (apparently I actually learned something from my comp sci class here) If one day all computers just stopped working, we would all be screwed. The world would go haywire. I would go nuts. And don't limit it to the computer in the traditional sense. We're talking the little computer chip in your remote control or in your light fixtures. Everything. Hey. that would make a good story. I bet it's been done before but I think I just inspired myself. That'll be my second movie. Did I say I wanted to be a director? Well I do. Now I have three ideas for my first films. I really can't wait. I need to go out and buy some books. I've been running out of things to read. I love books. Actually I have a new favorite author. Jeff Noon. That reminds me I need to look him up on the web. I wonder if he's written anything else?? I hope so. ""Vurt"" was one of the best books I�ve ever read. Well, times up. :) ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_012113.txt,"The lights are all out here in Hardin House. Thank goodness Amy has this lap top so I can do this assignment. I still have to do the other one too. They both are due Friday. The lights just came on. I'm so relieved because now I can feel the air conditioning. I'm a little bit off the assignment because Cara is watching me. Cara says hi. she is really sick right now and her nose is always runny. she snotted on my bed. or maybe she just drooled. I don't really know. Tonight I need to go to the theta house and study. We have to get certain amount of hours done . I don't really want to read anymore of the Great Plains by Webb. It is like a history book. It makes me want to fall asleep sometimes when I read it. The most interesting section was about the animals on the Plains. The little jackrabbit has a white patch on its butt so that whenever it is in danger or something it flares it up to communicate with it's own kind. I guess that's how it works. Right now it's talking about the north vs. the south and it is way boring. I have about 70 pages to read tonight. It is a little overwhelming. sometimes I get behind and feel real guilty about it because I want to keep up with all my classes. I need to do my math homework too. I kind of just feel like taking a nap until we go study but then I'll never get up. My bed is sooooooo cozy. I just put on some pink sheets and they rock because they are soo soft. I kind of feel like watching Backdraft. Whichever Baldwin guy is in it is really good looking. He reminds me of this Stratford guy that is living in towers. He is really good looking obviously and really sweet too. He walked us home the other night from the KA house because he thought it was too dangerous. then he started talking about what church he went to. I was thinking this guy is too good to be true. But then someone told me that he had just broken up with his long time girlfriend because they are at separate colleges. I don't think I would like to get in the middle of that. If that's the only reason why they broke up then that's not enough. Because obviously they had something big to hold onto and not let go of just like that. But he is one of the better guys I've seen around lately. I kind of want to just ver out tonight but I know that I'll feel bad about it later. I'm so into making good grades but I haven't quite gotten into the hang of doing homework in this new setting and everything. Danielle just called. I'll be living with her next year. I think it�ll be good. Me , Cara, Allison, and Danielle. I don't really know her too too well. Seh and Allison are friends. Cara, Allison, and I have been hanging out a lot lately. She's so cool. It's really awesome to get to know people from different states and become close friends. She's from Oklahoma. Oklahoma is so random. What is in Oklahoma? Maybe we'll all go there to see her family sometime. We might go to Houston for The Rice game. Then I'll get to see my little brother. He is so cool. He's growing like a weed right now. It's crazy. Now that I'm gone he is like an only child. I hate that for him. Maybe he likes it a little. He gets all the attention now. I don't want to lose the awesome brother/sister relationship that we have right now because I'm 3 hours from home. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_057160.txt,"I suppose we all get caught up in a web our first year. I wonder sometimes if it is going to be too much for me to handle. I guess everyone feels the way I do. People sure make me feel that they are smarter than me though. I should do well. Why not, I have just as much potential as the next person. This person sitting next to me now is making me tense. I wonder why. Come on Chris, your a Drama major, your not suppose to feel nervous. I feel better now that she left though. Man some of these people really type fast. I don't even hear any pauses. Great, another victim sitting next to me. I suppose we are all victims though. I wonder what everyone else wrote on this paper. It feels a little odd. Seems kind of like my mind just rambles on. I guess everyone's does though. I really need to speed up my typing. I used to be so quick. I really have a lot of stuff to do today. Man I miss my best friends. I miss Kelly even though I hate to admit it. It seems like I tell her that more than I tell anyone else. Maybe she is the same way. I know she probably is making up some reason why I don't love her anymore. She is just whiny like that. I wish she wasn't so negative. I'm always going to love her. Too bad she is in Dallas. Ok, somebody turn on the air in here. It is getting a little warm. I wonder what Bret and Brian are up to. I know Courtney is mad at me but I only wish she knew the way Chad really is. I mean, it is not like I'm the only one telling her to watch out. Ten minutes to go, or is it five? Oh well, I'll just keep pecking at the keys. I really don't want to go to class today. I don't know how people can skip though. That is all I need is to get behind on all my work. I still have another one of these things to write tomorrow. My classes are cool though. I shouldn't panic too much. Come on, I'm only taking 12 hours. But then, I am just a fish. I'm sure most people feel the same way. I know Micah does. I wonder if he ever goes out and does anything. I'm really surprised that he came to Mihir's party with us. Ahhh, he had a good time. This city is definitely not Dallas. I hate to admit it, but, I think I like it better there. I wonder who I will end up together with. I'm lonely but yet I don't think that I want anything serious. Oh what do I know? 12:01, I think I have 4 more minutes. Whoever is reading this probably thinks I'm nuts. I wonder if someone really is going to read all of this since there is so many students. Wow, the typing is getting better. It is funny what a little practice will do. I wonder if they have a word processor down here. Why does everything have to be online. It might not be so bad if I could get mine to work. I wonder what I am going to do. Oh well. Yea, finally through. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_074063.txt,"I had just returned from other interesting dinner experience at my frat house when I realized that I was just wasting time as usual. So I decided I'd turn on the old computer and do a little stream of consciousness writing. I'm sitting down at my knew desk, that to tell you the truth, has done me no good except for a good place to put my computer. My roommate, an old friend I've know throughout my life is out doing his fraternity B. S. and probably won't be back until twelve. This I really do think is funny because coming into school I was completely busy from day one, while he just sat on his beanbag chair and watched t. v. To tell you the truth all I really care about any more is the amount of time I get to spend sitting in my beanbag chair watching t. v. Although it's not really as fun as it may seem, because while sitting in the beanbag chair the only thing on your mind is when you're going to have to get up and go do stuff. I realized today in class that when one begins to get about half the amount of sleep that he used to get it does become a little bit irritating and depressing. All I can think about is when I can rest may days have turned from full productive days with good night sleeps over the summer to half ass, sit around and make up excuse my I shouldn't leave the room so I can get some sleep worthless days. I'm pretty sure that last sentence made absolutely no sense, so on that last thought I think I'm going to leave the room for the umpteenth time today and go do things that I really wish I could accomplish by getting into bed and closing my eyes. ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_165590.txt,"Last night I had another fight with my mother. Maybe it was not such a good idea to stay home for my first year of college. As far as I can see I have only brought her pain and no comfort. Although she does make several good points about my unorthodox behavior, ultimately I am a grown man. If I told my friends that she tries to make me come home at a certain time the result would be ridiculous. Not that opinions and thought of my buddies would really sway my mind, but many of them respect me for where I came from and what I have done. I've got a good job(insurance company $7. 80/hour), pay for my car, attend college, help my mom at her beauty salon, and still have time to go out and party with them. My mother thinks that my constant ventures to places she has never been will bring about my demise. Certainly there is no way I can deny about her role in my life. She has always been there for me and lately we have grown even closer, but I don�t see how she can try and write my schedule out for me according to her opinions. Recently our dog had 7 puppies and she spent much of the time caring for them and taking them to the vet. Six of the puppies have been sold, and the one that is left originally belonged to the mail dog's owner who changed their mind about keeping it. so my mom blames me for not cleaning up after the puppy I don�t even want. I tell her to give it away and then she blames for being a cruel person in that we don�t know what kind of person would get it. For a while now I have been looking for a female. And I don�t mean just any ol' girl I can get plenty of those. But a lady who I won't get tired of after the first night in bed. There is several ladies out there who I would like to be with, but for some reason it never turns out to be the way I thought. So I just go on with flirting' around. Most girls I know think that I except something from them, but I'm simply trying to be friends. I guess that�s the rep I got at Anderson high. Maybe because of the people I hang with. Hopefully I've written enough, and if not here are some more of my thoughts for the prof to analyze. In college I've tried to have different study habits then high school. In high school I could do nearly nothing and still maintain a high average. Here I know this can not be done. this of course another concern of my mother. I can not dismiss actual reading and studying as not important at the university of Texas or I might end up with a poor man working for McDonalds�s or begging for money on the drag. A few days ago I read (in the psychology book) that in order for your mind to expand you must exercise it like a muscle. Interesting idea. ",n,n,n,y,n

1997\_123854.txt,"I don't know what just happened, but all that I just wrote for the last 10 minutes just got erased. This makes me a little perturbed, but I don't really care. This just allows me to write even more interesting things. Maybe this time I'll talk about movies. Yeah those bad ass little things that I l0ove ohhhhh sooo much. In fact I'm hoping to film a movie by this years Oklahoma game. that way I can show my best friend who will join us from K. C. Together we made 6 movies. 4 movies for English and two for our own enjoyment. Okay the preview for Scream2 is on the tv behind me and its a little hard to pay attention to this assignment, but I guess this is also part of the assignment. How many people does it take to rip off a football from the bumper a of a frog. jello. jello. retard. Bug women can kick my friend's ass. At least that is what he always says. He says that he is going to start going after those women who could actually kick his ass. Me I'm just going after the beautiful intelligent type. It seems like it is working out thus far, but not from m shoes. 4 women are in my life right now. One is an ex-girlfriend who I was very attracted to, but broke up with me for seemingly no reason whatsoever. I think it was because I became too attached, whatever that means. I guess loving someone too much is not a good thing. That was sarcasm. I really don't think there is such thing as loving someone too much. I do sometimes watch myself when I'm trying to meet a girl. Now I wonder if they think I'm trying too hard. Anyway, my ex gave me a call and we talked for 2 hours. In the talk I felt like going over there and hugging her right there, but she would be missing out on sleep for her next day. I think she valued her sleep more than me. Well no not really, I think we just weren't mature enough to know how we really felt. I still can't really say whether it was true love since I have never had any other taste of love that I could compare it to. Al I know is that I miss what we had, and I want it back. I thought I was over it. He's 30. I am over it. Today I realized that life is not as complicated as we all make it out to be. It this ""real world"" that we have made up that keeps us under constant stress. The mind analyzes everything and tries to figure out the real world. It is the heart that I try to follow. The heart gets past all that which seems and goes straight to what feels right. I believe in that feeling over the appearance of a situation. I have led a very happy life and I think I am doing things right. I jus t recently had to decide whether or not I wanted to be a frat guy. Isn�t it funny that I brought this up right after I mentioned I think I�m doing things right. I take that as a good sign. But now I�m hesitating so I take that as a bad sign. Basically I�m still trying to figure out whether I turned down the frat for personal reason or to please other people. When I did decide to quit the frat I became extremely happy, almost to the point of crying in my car. This was when I came up with this decision on my own outside the influence of the other people I know. Then the damn frat got me to come into their house and talk to me one on one. This showed me all the people that I would be letting down by not joining the frat. I can't stand letting people down. I try so hard to help everyone, but its just impossible. I think the reason I felt like an asshole yesterday was because I have let a lot of people down the beginning of this year. Namely the frat and my brother for not joining the frat like he did. He is trying to live vicariously through me and it is a little annoying. I think I first showed interest in the frat just for his sake. I would like to explain to my brother that we are not alike and that my whole life is not revolved around women and beer, but anytime you talk to m brother he just makes you look stupid and I hate that. I don�t feel like I can explain anything to him unless he already believed it to begin with. I think this is why he became a lawyer. ",y,n,y,n,y

1997\_057748.txt,"here I am typing this thing for my psychology class. I am typing it for 2. 5 percent of my grade. this isn't too bad, it could be worse. twenty minutes isn't that bad. however, I�d rather be playing chess. I don't want to think about school. I just got out of summer school. I took cs310 computer organization and programming and m427k differential equations . that was a rough summer. I almost reconsidered my degree, but I've come to far now, so I guess I�ll finish. maybe I�ll do a coop this summer , or take ee316 or both, that wouldn�t be so bad, I need the money and the credit. who knows. I just want to take a break. at least I�m taking interesting classes. all of them are alright. I just got done with my cs307 homework. I�m glad I switched to Novak's class, and got out of Richard�s class. all of the students that are taking Richards are really hurting now. I talked to one of his students, she hates that class. I think Novak's class is alright. oh well. this isn't that bad at all. I need to get a job though . my loan is going to run out on me pretty soon. it's nice to not have to work though. I like waking up late on the weekends and not have to get ready for work at 4 o'clock. that sucked. no more restaurants for me. no sirree. I hate working in the food industry now. that really really sucked. I like the people there. I�m going to miss them. I had a lot of fun, going out, partying, meeting new people. I can't stand the restaurant business anymore anyway. just as soon as you meet people the quit or get fired , move or whatever. and the management sucks. I want to get a more laid back job where all I have to do is be there because the business needs someone there, just to be there. I think ill be a proctor next semester for cs307, I don't know what I�ll do this semester, maybe I�ll ask my mom for money. she said she would give me money now that I�m at UT. oh well . I just want to play chess. I almost got my rank up to 1200, I think I can do it if I pick on the 900 and 1000 crowd. that would be nice. I've almost got another name up to 1200 and 40+ games. that win I had at the tournament was sweet . my time for writing this assignment is almost up . hah hah. this is easy points. I just hope I do well on the tests . I better start reviewing this stuff. I've got the chapter read and 2 hours of experiments done. I just need to review a little bit tonight . I need to do the vocabulary. I need to do my vocabulary for cs307 too. and review matrix multiplication for m427l. I have to wake up at 6 am . that sucks. but my classes will be over pretty soon. that will be nice. I get out at about 2 o'clock on those days, which is nice, I can take a nap and then study or something, waste time, and then study, or whatever. I just have free time. for now. later it should get harder. I hate thinking about school. I want to play chess or go read a book or go out or something fun. its 5 o'clock . just a few more minutes of this and I�ll be done. jeez this seems like a long time to right now that I think about it . my hands are getting tired . I wish I couldn't type very well right now. oh well . I�m going to get carpal tunnel from this. maybe not. I don't know. who cares. I think I�ll just finish this thing of with a bunch of . what do you call them. phrases that people. oh yeah. wait a minute, I forgot again. what is it. hmmmmm. oh yeah. cliches, that's it . I can just finish this thing off with a bunch of cliches. waste time. but I forgot any cliches . so I guess I can't finish this off with cliches. but I wish I knew a bunch of cliches to finish this last few minutes off with . that s ok though it's not so bad . I can just let my mind wander like it always does. the count , Bela Lugosi's dead. bela lugosi's dead. Bela Lugosi's dead. undead. undead. undead. undead. undead. undead. I�m listening to Bauhaus right now. one of my favorite bands. maybe . I like them at least. I want to get the Fields of Nephilim album. I think they only have one album out. they were pretty good though. almost as good as Bauhaus, or maybe Bauhaus was almost as good as them. it's hard to tell. I like them both a lot. I just need to get the money to buy the album. I hate not being able to get more music. I m addicted to music. I am suffering from CD withdrawal. ah ! it sucks! oh well just one more minute . one more minute of typing typing typing typing typing typing typing typing typing typing typing typing typing typing typging typing typing typing and I�m done. bye. ",n,y,n,n,y

1997\_012750.txt,"I have watching Comedy Central for the past hour or so. The program involved people getting paid not to laugh while listening to comedians. If I were one of those people paid not to laugh, I wouldn't pay attention to the actual words the comedians was saying. Listening to the skit would most likely make me laugh, so I would think of something else. I would discuss with myself something really boring, so as not to laugh. Speaking of boring, I received two letters today from my boyfriend. He was talking about being bored in class. He attends A&M, the idiot. My parents don't know he's my boyfriend. They think he's just my best friend since that's what we were all last year. My sister, whose computer I'm using, doesn't know either. I hope she doesn't read anything I'm writing here. If she did, I'm not so sure she wouldn't tell my parents. My mother loves my boyfriend, but I don't think she or my father would let me visit him at A&M if they knew he was more than just my friend. Otherwise, I would love to tell them. They would be so happy for both of us, seeing as how they love him. I just want to be able to have him visit me and me visit him without my parents wondering why we're visiting each other. Plus, my parents are quite protective. I don't know how their attitudes towards him would change if they knew. All of my past boyfriends have been introduced to them only after we became boyfriend and girlfriend. My past boyfriends were very different from my current boyfriend. Their outlook on life, intelligence level, looks, interests, and families were exact opposites from his. He's exceptionally smart, and I'm not just saying that because he's my boyfriend. He loves Einstein, his theories, and computers. My old boyfriends loved roller blading, and non-intelligent ways of spending an evening, if you know what I mean. My boyfriend actually listens when I talk to him. He will also talk if I ask him a question. He doesn't lie to me, which is a big change. In fact, we spend most of our time together just talking about differing interesting things. You would think we would run out of things to say, but there is always more. We've had these talks for at least nine months and still have more to talk about. I can actually see spending the rest of my life with him. I can't believe I just said that. I never thought I'd be able to say that about anyone. Wow, I'm impressed. He's one of the closest things to my heart. It's weird actually talking about this. For the longest time, I didn't want anyone that close. Now it's kind of comforting. Oh boy, I have been typing for quite a while now. Sorry. Bye, and have fun reading this and delving into my soul. ",y,n,n,n,y

1997\_059580.txt,"okay well I have 20 minutes to write this paper well isn't that exciting. I believe I�m the worst speller and typer in the world. it seems like this is a really long page anyway I just wrote to my friend marissa who goes to southwest and I was going to write my friend Jamie who I meet this summer at work but I was stupid and didn't get her email address of the letter she sent me and erased so now I can't write her, she probably thinks I�m the biggest bitch right now . I wonder if you all actually read these and analyze them . I want to go into criminal psychology because I think it sounds very interesting and believe it would be good for me when I try and get into the FBI I hope I can get into it. what if they turn me down. then I�ll have worked all these years for it and gotten nothing from it . I think I will get in though . You know what I hate is when your hands get on the wrong keys on the key board and if your not watching you can write three sentence all messed up because of one little misplacement of the hand . I really hope you all don't read these because mine is kind of silly. anyway I slept for a long time today and I still feel tired I think if you sleep to much it makes you more tired, that's just my theory. It seems like I've been at this computer for ever because the note I wrote to my friend Marissa was really long and I�m not that fast of a writer. When you stare at I computer screen real long it seems like your in a trance just like when you watch t. v. you just totally can veg out. a girl just poked her head in the door. I�m down in the computer lab right now because I don't have a computer and the one my room mate has doesn't have the Ethernet set and she's hooked up to America on-line so I can't use my password to log on so I have to come down here. I really want a t. v. in my room. I know it is such a trivial thing but sometimes it's just nice to come home and relax and watch some t. v. Noelle said she was going to get one before we came down but now she doesn't want to spend the money on it and my parents and I don't have the money so we are just stuck with out a t. v. It's okay though I'm sure it's better for me. the only thing is I don't know when anything is going on . I need to find out about the ani dafranco concert for Jacob I just don't know who to ask or where to look. anyway about the t. v. I don't get a newspaper and the daily Texan doesn't tell you every thing that's going on around the world. so a t. v. would be helpful so I could watch the news. well my mind just went blank and I have nothing to talk about. I love to people watch , it's cool to see the way different people act. That's why I think psychology would be interesting. I like to know how people tick. I hope me and Shawnee stay best friends through out the year because I really want her to move down here next year, but when I went home last weekend I don't know if she had fun with me or not. oh well I won't worry about because what ever happens will happen. I�m sure it will all work out for the best what ever it is. my 20 minutes is up now so I�m going back to my room . so long. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_366633.txt,"Well I'm finally getting around doing the writing assignment, I'm feeling relieved. I thought that for some reason I would not have the time to do it, actually not get around to doing this assignment. I don't know the reason behind that worry. hmmm. what do I write? well I'm getting tired already and I'm thinking will I be able to stay awake for thirty minutes to type all this??? I hope so. well I'm thinking about my classes and panic is setting in. I'm worried. I'm falling behind with reading material in my courses and not . my mind has moved to something else. THE MCAT. I realized that I had to take it this spring so I�m getting really nervous about it. I'm getting nervous now thinking about it. well my eyes feel really tired. I want to sleep. I still feel nervous and anxiety towards this semester/the mcat/medical schools/exams. I usually don't feel this nervous but since this year counts so much with medical schools I feel that top performance is . what's a good word? ummm. My mind is drawing a blank. essential? well good enough. I feel I must perform beyond my own goals. hmm. well I don't really agree with that statement. I just feel I need to do good. I need to be satisfied. Hopefully get a 4. 0 this semester. what else? I'm thinking what else I should write about? It's quiet in here. the fan is turned on. BUT its a Huntington. or bay something. let me see if I remember?? NOPE I sure don't. Well I didn't exercise today, which explain why I'm soo tired. I love running it gives me so much energy and makes me feel great. I love working out, but nowadays I don�t have much time b/c I live off campus and commuting and parking takes too much time that I just run at home sometimes, if I find a running buddy. the nervousness is gone, but it left a massive headache. massive, I like that word its sounds so cute when English people say it with their English accents. I'm worried. again. actually I'm thinking about my teacher recommendations which is getting me worried. so I'm worrying myself now. too much of this is not too good. I knew a girl who used to give herself ulcers,, I'm wondering if it was psychological? well,, probably there was some psychological reason. woow,, I'm so happy I'm taking this course. its soo cool. I'm really tired. and bored now. yet I feel indifferent. as I was saying I think psychology is soo interesting. it seems really cool. The lectures are awesome. I'm happy. until the first round of tests. curiosity and anxiety well not really I'm kind of curious . I'm thinking about my friend. old roomie. she�s in the corps at a&m and I'm worried about her. I wish she would quit because they are so ridiculous. their little rules are ridiculous. when people have to pee in their sinks because its easier to do than go to the bathroom that's when you have to worry. I'm still worried. she's a good person. but that the path she chose for herself. I�m hoping this will make me feel better. its working I feel better now. but I'm still worried not so much upset,,, I wonder how long I've been typ8ing? I hope long enough let me take a peek at my watch. YUP!!! yes! its been 30 minutes I'm not sure if I did this right. I sure hope so. I'm getting sleep and I still have a ton of work to do. I think I'll sleep my brain needs to replenish the exhausted brain cells. well I guess I'll end this now and go to bed. One thing I noticed is that I was kinda indifferent not too emotional all through this because of my fatigue. well . good night. and sweet dreams. and as my old roommate would say. "" don't let the bed bugs bite"". I hope she pulls through. ",y,n,y,y,y

1997\_071988.txt,"Hello you wonderful people who are reading my paper. I hope you really really enjoy this one after all the other ones you have read. Anyway right now I am really excited because I'm just about to go to the Rage Against the Machine concert. I'm hoping that I have a blast and I know I will. My brother and a lot of my friends came up for this concert. So, I will be able to see them. AIN'T THAT THE GREATEST THING. Earlier today, I was wishing that I could fly. The reason for that is that we were stuck in traffic. Just think about it, just flying through the air, your hair flying back, brushing across your face--but I guess if we could fly, we wouldn't think that much about it. Yesterday, I got an e-mail from my sister. It was really COOL and all, and she should come visit me soon. My sister is the one person in my family that I really enjoy--but enough about that. I'm going to a concert, and to party! Oh, just to throw something in here. I was noticing that many people here get really excited about going out and staying out till whatever time in the morning. I think this is really hilarious because I come from Laredo, Texas. That is a border-town to Mexico (not that it could be Canada in Texas). Well, we have clubs and discos in Mexico that are just a few minutes away so I'm use to going out, staying out late, and drinking. Therefore, I came to the conclusion that most of the people here have not been able to go out and have fun during their high school years--whether this is attributed to their parents or themselves. That is why there is such a high drop-out rate here in UT, and why a lot of students struggle just to pass. I hope pass all my classes with A's if possible. I'm planning to be a plastic and reconstructive surgeon, and I kind of need a great GPA to get into Med School. Oh by the way, I want to clear up the reason why I want to be that kind of a surgeon. Many people believe that plastic surgeons are doctors who are just in the business for money. Some people don't even consider doctors as real doctors. They are seen as individuals who help superficial people stay young and beautiful. Although plastic surgeons may do this, they help build up the self-esteem of the patient. There are some people who were born with defects or were in a really bad accident, plastic/reconstructive surgeons help these people enter the world again. Most people with some type of defect usually have a low self-esteem. Therefore, they do not really enjoy life nor do they participate in daily activities with other people. Plastic/reconstructive surgeons allow these people to enter into the world. They feel better about themselves and as a whole their spiritual self is improved. This is vital to the survival of the individual--for without it there is nothing to live for. Well, I'm going now hope I didn't bore you too much! :> ",n,n,n,y,y

1997\_140292.txt,"I'm at home right now. it's weird because I don't really live here anymore sine my new home is at UT. 'm glad I got to come and see my dog and my cats. they miss me alot. I love my sister. she already says she wants to be a d-g and she knows nothing about it but that her big sis is one. I have so much to do that it's crazy. I feel like no mater what I do there's always something else to do. I am sooooooo excited about Friday. my ex-boyfriend is diving down from tech to see me. it's been over a month since I�ve seen him. I can't decide what to do about him. we get along great. he can treat me well, when he doesn't he doesn't do it on purpose. I know that this sounds pathetic but it's not. I�m confused because I want us to get back together this weekend but I also want to just be friends. it's just that I love him so much and could see myself married to him. I know that he loves me. he said that he wanted us to get back together, but we'll see what happens. it's amazing how the boy is always on my mind. I mean, the more I try to stop, the worse it gets. I guess that's how you know that you're in love. ok, it's been ten minutes and I still have ten to go. yeah, not. I hate to write. I hate that I had to take freshman English because I got at 600 instead of a 610 on my sat2. dumb. the class will be easy though. I like college life. the only class I�m scared of is calculus. I was supposed to take it in high school but was busy with dance and pals so I didn't take it. big mistake. I�ve forgotten so much stuff since junior year. my lil sis is a big sophomore now. she still seems so young to me. my parents went to the airport to get my older bro. he's the perfect son-national merit scholar, works for my dad, etc. the cowboys won today. I was exited. Josh, my ex, and I used to bet on the cowboy games. this reminds me to copy that e-mail he wrote. he was fighting with this other guy over me. how romantic. I miss him alot. I�m so glad I get to see him this weekend. I know that this is materialistic, but I�m worried about what to wear. I have this effect on him that he can't resist me(I know it sounds like I have an ego, but he has the same effect on me which makes it so hard) it was easy when I�d see him every day because it made him want to be with me. but I�m worried now that he's away, he'll forget about his woman in Austin. but whatever's mean to be will be. I�m very religious, but today I didn't go to church. it's hard to find time in college. excuses, excuses. I need to go by and oil-absorbing mask. my oily skin is gross. well, I�d love to sit here and type some more, but my time is about up and I have to go to the store before my parents and brother get home for family hamburgers night. I can't decide if I�m going home to UT tonight or not. I think I might just stay here but I can't decide. hope that my mind helps you in this experiment or whatever this is. I can't to learn about all this mind stuff. it looks coll. well, bye for now. ps- I feel like I just wrote a long e-mail to a friend. maybe that's what I�ll do now. ",y,n,y,y,n

1997\_286966.txt,"So what should I write? I have no clue. Oh, about the survey I did in the class today. It's pretty good. I mean I like the one on homosexuality. I am gay, and I know my answers are very biased. To me, I either strongly agree or strongly disagree. Hey, it's about my identity and the society I am living in. I have to, sort like, defend for what I believe in, although I don't have much choices in picking my own identity. What am I thinking? Why am I so excited about it? I have come out for a rather long period of time, yet I am still nervous about the whole issue. I am a very lucky guy, I have not met a lot resistance from the society as a whole. Somehow, I only have the problem finding the right guy. When I was young, I have those innocent thoughts about love and romance. I have always believed that there definitely is a right guy for me. Yeah, that was a huge joke. As I become more mature, I become more practical, just like everyone else. All right, I shall only speak for myself. I know love to me is a pathetically realistic concept. No more space for imagination. God, why am I writing this? I had just promised myself to forget about the existence of love, right after the Jonathan issue. It shall not work for me. I am too pretentious, arrogant, determined, etc. Anyway, moving on to something else. Man, there are 10 more minutes left. The sky is so dark. I wonder what is out there. I know one thing is that I am not scared of anything. I want to know, I want to discover, I want to enjoy life beyond it's practical dimensions. There is the moon. No, I am lying. The moon is not visible at the beginning of the month. Well, I wish I could see it though. I have heard enough Chinese stories about the angels on the moon. I hope I can live there sometimes. The earth is too complicated, and it is also very cruel. I just want to go somewhere and forget all the problems and relieve all the stress. I really just want to be with my closest friends for a little while and leave everything else alone. Oh, not possible. Why am I writing this. I swear to God that I have never been so senseless before. My fingers are typing things which my mind cannot direct. Weird, I need help. Maybe this is the point of this assignment, to get lost and throw away the conscious. Ok, 2 more minutes. What am I going to do this weekend? How about 6th street. I really like Paradox. The music is good and so is the place. Yep, that's it. Friday night hanging out with pals. Cool. Maybe I can meet some cute guys. Oh, come on, my brain is out. My roommate is home. Finally. I gotta go, time is up, my fingers are little tired. Bye. ",y,y,n,n,y

1997\_161444.txt,"I don't know what I am going to do in this. This type of assignment is something I have not done before. I guess I have no idea is because that I do not have a topic to write on. I have always have had a topic assigned to me. This is el-hazard music. Just by looking at the images of the CD cover, I can tell that this is going to be good. In fact, I am listening to it right now. I have no idea why I am writing this down in here, but it is a part of my thought. This has a lot of base, but it does not stick out. Has a very good balance of treble and base. What am I going to write about. I am hungry. May be I can go to kinsolving later. I think that they start dinner at four thirty. Another track has started. This is a slow song now. It is the music from the fourth episode where the demon goddess is freed from her master's control and gained her freedom for the first time. The cat Ura was cool. She can mountain climb. I think that was a cliff. She is the coolest cat ever. I have to do this for 20 minutes. What oh yes the ura. The series is El-hazard. They don't have anything good on the internet on it. this sucks. I have to download that song tonight. I hope this time the connection is good enough. Why is some of the music stupid. Wait, if I listen to this closely, it is very good if the voice of the actress is older. The story has good development. The ova series starts with the discovery of the demon goddess Ifurita in a certain high school and the main guy is sent to the world El-hazard through a portal created by Ifurita. Why is the TV series different from the OAV series. The princess Rune Venus looks cute, I like her better in the OVA series. I think a world like el-hazard lives in our hearts. Rune Venus was rescued by the teacher. That was cool. Fugisawa kick. There were this little girl in the story. She was Aielle. The 3 priestess was pretty. fire, wind and water. Reminds me of Ah megamisama. 15 minutes. Ifurita was awakened by junnai. Then he and Ifurita invaded Roshiraria the kingdom of El-hazard. They had to use the eye of god for defense. The TV series was called the wanderers. that was cool. The main guy can access ancient relics. He gave back ifurita her freedom by turning off the master obey chip. The war was still going on the Roshitaria used the eye of god. Kimdom of bugrom got kicked. The shadow nation intervened. The moved the eye of god out of control for the revenge a long time ago. They were remnant of the tribe that come across this world when the eye was first fired. They were hated afterwards. Makoto. I am hooked on this series too much. The main guy got control of the eye through Ifurita but Ifurita sustained the impact and was transported to the location where the high school will be in 10000 years. Ifurita then waited 10000 years for makoto to appear and send makoto to the land of el-hazard. After the impact, Ifurita learned the secret of eye of god. It is a dimensional cannon. what was cool. is it 20 minutes yet. Still 2 minutes. Have I been keeping time correctly. KOR orange road. I am still listening to the same music. cool. I can't wait to see the TV series tape # 2. It is going to be very good. I don't know I guess I am too excited about this thing to stop, I have not even realized I stayed on the same topic for long. men. ",n,n,y,n,y

1997\_071933.txt," So far I have been at UT for I guess 6 school days, and I can already feel myself slipping. School was so much simpler in middle and elementary school. Why can't I go back? Let�s see. what did I do today? I woke up around 2 (we have lives around here), and was bugging my sister to take me to church. I haven't been there since I don't know how long, but I need to start going again. my ex-boyfriend called and I don't know how it made me feel. I want to be free of him and not have to deal with any of his problems. I don't want to desert him, but I don't know what he wants from me and what I can possibly do for him. it wasn't a really serious relationship and to tell the truth I have no idea what I was thinking when I went out with him. he's not my type at all and my parents would be so disappointed if they found out. thank goodness it's over already. I don't know how I feel about him. I would like to be his friend, but that's it, and I also don't know what he wants. isn't this depressing? Guys. Don't they all suck? I wrote my would-have-been-boyfriend in high school and for some silly reason I am still waiting for him to reply. I don't know what's wrong with me. Maybe things will work out in the next ten years or so. I get really tired and depressed when I think about my ex and I don't know what to do about it. I want to be his friend, but I know he wants more and I don't think I can offer him that. I need to ask him what he wants or rather expects from me. He comes from a broken home and has a LOT of problems that I don't want to deal with. He's from Port Arthur and asked me to come down for his birthday. Funny I was actually considering it. what's wrong with me? I called my little sister (12 yrs. old) and she wasn't home. Neither were my parents. I think they are at my aunt's house eating as usual. they live in new orleans and I miss them a lot. I need to come back and visit and I don't think I can do that until Christmas vacation. that sounds a lot better than Christmas break. It really bothers me that I didn't capitalize most of the words that should be capitalize, but I shouldn't be worried about that right? I am so unenergized right now. I need to go jogging or something, but it is late. I can't believe Princess Diana died. Mother Teresa also died, yet she didn't get as much attention as Princess Di. So much has happened in my short 17 years life span. I can actually tell my kids that I was alive when Princess Di and Mother Teresa died. it seems as if everyone is dying. isn't that sad? I just found out that an acquaintance of mines is pregnant again. I don't know how to feel. this isn't her first pregnancy and she should know better. what is this world coming to? my cousin is going through a break up right now and I don't know what I can do to help. I know she can do better than him, but I also know that she likes him a lot. What's a girl to do? I am really relieved that I don't have a boyfriend anymore, yet why am I still commenting on that? I was a lot better before he called. I just wish he could disappear and I don't know. he really needs to straighten out his life. you know what the funny thing is? I think that the bad guys are the guys that like you more. it may not be true, but when it is, it is. let my rephrase that. when a guy that's on the wrong side falls (for you), they fall hard. I don't know if anyone has fallen for me yet. it is midnight and I still have other things to do. thank goodness I remembered about this. I actually don't mind typing like this. this is just like one of my journal pages that I try to do at least twice a week. I really believe that it serves as a stress reliever and should be done more often. well it's been 35 minutes so I�m outta here. lan ngoc ngo ",y,y,n,y,y

1997\_033283.txt,"I don't like having to write an my couch. I need a better place to work. I don't want to go to work tonight. I sometimes feel like a trained animal jumping through a hoop. I really want a dog. Somebody that will always be there for me. I thought I had that in my boyfriend. I was always there for him Why is it that I always find the guys that I like or care about are unstable. Is it because I myself am unstable and I want someone else to make me feel better about my soft insanity. Or do I project such an image of pure stability that they desire. I would like to be in a stable right now. Talking to a stable and then an unstable person, while grooming a horse. I want a horse to be able to ride him fast an hard through an open field to a tree that I could climb. The last time I climbed a tree I was trying to escape being pursued by a guy who had a girlfriend. I should have probably just told him no. Should I be more aggressive? I think that I am not because I can feel at times so much what other people are feeling. I don't them to be hurt by me because I myself have been hurt enough. I have always wished for an average American family A dog, a house with a fence, 2. 3 kids. I never got that though. I am beginning to realize that I am glad that I didn't. I like the person I am very much. I still need much more from myself though. I wonder why I surround myself with the things that I do. Why do I make my home a haven. Why I am afraid. Why do I have Disney videos for kids or feel the need to buy myself flowers. I need more books I want more knowledge I don't want to be another close-minded individual in this cruel and cynical world. oxymoron. Jeremiah would like The Picture of Dorian Gray. I hope he will read it. Where am I right now what do I need to be doing to get to my destination. I need to allow God back into my life. I need to stop shutting him out. I need to vacuum, and do laundry, paint, to do my chemistry, and talk to my soon to be ex-boyfriend. That is scary. I am going to alone again Why do I fear that so much. Maybe I am looking for the father I never had I need someone to be there to praise me. I need to spend more time with more people. I put myself into seclusion to much But I like it My bicycles wheels are awfully big. they are huge, I don't understand why guys always wish that they had a bigger penis even when they are large in the first place. Why do I have such a sexual mind. Have I Made myself that way for guys or am I naturally this way. Few things are natural anymore. I want to go camping and run through the Forrest naked like a nymph or a fairy. I want to appear magical to all those around me. ",y,n,y,n,y

1997\_160412.txt,"I am in the computer, I wish I�m I bed right now, God I'm tired. Are my doing this right I sure hope so. Do I need to hit return after each line. Man this is harder than I thought. only 5 mins past. I wanna go eat lunch now. Boy I type fast. That girl is really good looking, I wonder what her name is. That music is really loud will you please turn it down! The computer lab is closing in 25 mins, I think I can finish before then. Man this is weird, writing down want you are thinking. I need to go back to Houston and bring my basketball here. I missed my room. Need help? The lab assistant is there to answer any of your questions, yeah right, that girl here yesterday was no help at all. I wish I have a computer in my dorm. I wonder if my roommate is still asleep. I should be sleeping to. I think I did this in high school, but I�m not sure if it's the same thing. I really need this ten points, so I better get a good grade on this. I missed Ling, I wish she's here with me right now. I wanna an ice cream. Boy this is Boring, I really do think about a lot of things. Turn the music down damn it. Hey I like this computer. Do I need to print this out? Boy two more papers to go. I wonder if Ying will go out with me ever, nah, she's not my type any ways. Do I need to do this in Paragraphs, I sure hope not God How long do I have to do this. I'm thinking about what do think now. yes today is the 4th. nice hat. I need some money. Shoot, gotta do my math homework later, man this sucks. I gotta go eat lunch before my next class, how much time left for this thing? I think he got the same class with me. Where is Jenie, we gota do the topic thing together. I wonder what is on TV today. I think the computer lab is about to close. Can they tell how long I have been writing this? I don't wanna go to Jester West. Cute girl. nice mouse pad. I really need a computer. Man she is tall. I really think I did this in High School. Today is the MTV award, yes. Oh no, I gota a meeting session, I think I�ll skip it. I can't, I got to turn in my homework, man this is not good. How long has been. I really should have kept track of time better, I Think is been 20 mins now. I'll write a little more just in case. I hope my friends waited for me to go to lunch, they better. I need to go to the gym again today, do I have enough time? The lab is kinda empty now, may be I should go too. I'm sure it's been 20 mins at least. okay five more mins and I�ll go to lunch k. What is he writing over there, I think it's a web pager. Why didn't this web pager work yesterday? nice screen saver, I think I�ll get one too when I fix my computer. I wanna a lap top. I'm getting sleepy and I just woke up too, boy this is boring. Do I really think about all these different thing before, nah. okay the lab is closing, I think I should go to lunch now bye. Yes, one down two to go. ",y,y,n,n,n

1997\_460592.txt," It surely was a good day today. I found all my classes without any difficulty. I have been at this school for four days now. And today is the first day that I didn't lose my way to the classrooms. Anyway, I don't particularly like this school, but this is the best business school which is near my home, and my mom doesn't want me to leave the state. I was hoping that I could have a math major at MIT, but again family argued that it would be so hard to find a job and to have good pay if I had math as my major. As a Chinese, I would have to follow their tradition that to obey parents. I know that it probably will sound strange to you, or many other Americans. But it just the way it is. God help me! Gratefully, I am always a positive person who usually challenges the changing world with unchangeable doings. I might be somewhat too confident sometimes. I enjoy my confidence though. I always enjoy to look at the world from the bright side. I know that there certainly are something ugly, but I think that people don't have to be so critical. If everyone takes good care of himself or herself, be more open-minded, more self-controlled, and more concerned for the good of the society as a whole, then our world will be much brighter, much more beautiful, and much more peaceful. I believe that before we watch out for the others, we should first watch out for ourselves; before we try to change others, change ourselves first. Before I complain the shortcomings of others, I try to check with myself that if I have the shortcoming too. This practice requires a peaceful and logical mind. So keep cool! (Not only the outside, but also the inside. ) Thinking through the past and the future, specially after I finished my pretest on this class, I become more and more grateful that my parents taught me to be what I am now. The skill to cheer myself up no mater how bad the situation become is really helpful. I believe that as human beings our biggest challenge in life is to overcome ourselves. No one can ever make you cry without your permission. Choices are always ours! I guess I have been writing for over 20 minutes by now. Hopefully this assignment is well done. Hope your have a good day. Sincerely, Linda (Da) Li ",y,n,n,y,y

1998\_010017.txt,"I really want to go swimming but I don't want to tell Sylvia that I don't want to see her dumb brother play in that stupid baseball game. I really want to go home this weekend. I know for a fact that my mom would never let me go well maybe she would let me go out with Gera even after I haven't seen her for a while. Maybe I just don't want to go out with him I think that I feel guilty for some strange reason and I can't get the courage to tell Gera. This air conditioner is really bothering me. It makes so much noise and does not cool very much. I am so hungry. My roommate sucks. I don't know why I'm so mean. Maybe I'm just not used to someone always wanting to know everything I do. Maybe she's just too smart and I feel stupid. I'm really hungry. I don't know how I'm going to get to eat if I go with Sylvia and Loni. I wonder if Gera is calling me right at this moment. I wonder how come his dad didn't say goodbye before hanging up. I think I'm making too much noise typing. I get the feeling that I'm disturbing everyone behind me. I can't believe Loni. She just met this guy today and she already has him in her room. I wonder if her parents know the way she is. I still have one more question to do for Economics and I don't really feel like reading. I learned that I should wait to be told what to read before I stress That stress test Sylvia and I took was weird. I think that man thought that my life was pretty boring. I bet he thought I was weird. He could right away tell what was bothering Sylvia. I know that Manny really has Sylvia thinking about him day and night. He's such a jerk. I can't believe what How could someone treat someone that way. Maybe love is blind. I wonder why people around here are so free. I can't believe that girl I say two days ago. She was wearing next to nothing and felt no shame. I assume she must have felt fresh or something but doesn't she have one bit of self respect for herself. I wonder why the lady behind me just apologized to the girl. I had to turn around for a second. I think that I'm a nosy person. I often catch myself eavesdropping on other people's conversations. During lunch today I listened to two complete conversations. I could not believe the things that people talk about. Why does my roommate have to be so selfish. I think that I want to make everyone healthy. I don't know why but I am so self conscience of the way I look. But I hear that is actually average in girls my age. I went all out on this diet until I lost up to 25 pounds and now I think that I am too skinny. but I say this girl today that was a bit over weight and she was beautiful, then why do I gross myself out when I see my roommate eating horrible and then I see her change and I feel that I have to go workout. She gets offended very easily. I don't even tell her anything about her weight or anything related to that subject anyway and she jumps up and becomes aggravated very quickly. ",n,n,n,y,n

1998\_012971.txt,"IF I COULD ACTUALLY PLAY IN MAJOR TOURNAMENTS LIKE THE US OPEN, THE FRENCH OPEN, THE AUSTRILIA OPEN, ETC. EVEN IF JUST ONE TOURNAMENT, I WILL BE SO GREATFUL. AS I CONTAINUED WATCH THESE PROS PLAY, I PUSH MYSELF IN WORKING MY WAY UP THERE;I PRACTICE AS MUCH AS I CAN,I TRY TO LEARN AS MUCH AS I CAN, FROM THEIR MENTAL PART TO THEIR TECHNIQUES; ALTHOUGH IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE THAT I WILL EVER BECOME AS GOOD AS THEY ARE. YET, I NEVER GIVE UP MY DREAM OF ACTUALLY PLAYING IN ONE OF THE MAJOR TOURNAMENTS BECAUSE I BELIEVE THAT DREAMS DO COME TRUE IF I WORK HARD FOR IT. IF THIS DREAM NEVER COME TRUE I WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED AT MYSELF, AT LEAST THERE ARE GREAT MEMORIES LEFT IN ME. THERE ARE OTHER DREAMS AND MISSIONS I HAVE PLANNED TO WORK FOR, NOW AND IN THE FUTURE, AND I WILL ALWAYS BE POSITIVE IN EVERY DREAMS I HAVE AND IN WHATEVER I DO. ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_037552.txt,"My roommate is trying to ask me what we are going to do while I'm typing this. We played basketball for about two and a half hours. For some reason I played pretty good today, I usually don't play that good. I'm not really sure what to write, well I mean type. I went to a sorority date dash last night. It was pretty fun. They rented out some club on sixth street. I saw some people that I went to highschool with, and I didn't get home until about three so I'm really tired . I really doubt that I'll stay out that late tonight. Tomorrow I'm going to san Antonio for the beastie boys concert with these girls that I don't really know that well. I hope everyone has a good time. The next day is my grandpa's birthday and my entire family is going to meet at our ranch in Gonzales. That reminds me I have to get him a gift. I'll get him something from ut of course probably a hat or something. My suitemates went home this weekend, one lives in Arlington the other lives in deer Park. they are pretty cool guys. Sometimes they get on my nerves but I'm sure I get on people's nerves too. My roommate is going to a church thing right now. He said that the people there are really nice but they are extremist about how they worship, I think it makes him feel uncomfortable, I can relate I've been to some church functions like that. But he is also going because he met some girl there so he is getting the best of both worlds learning about god and hooking up with a girl. I WISH I COULD OF GONE. I can hear my neighbors radio through my wall incase you wanted to know. It kind of makes me want to turn mine on since my time with you is up. ",n,n,n,y,n

1998\_039155.txt,"I still need to do my homework for Spanish. I'll be spending a lot of time in this building in the spring because I'll be back in design and vis comm. I'm getting hungry. tonight Amy Alex and I are going to get pizza. Alex and I weren't getting along too well for a while. it was because I have been dating and spending less time with him. for a long time it was always just the two of us, neither one dating. now that I am it bothered him just a little bit. oh well, we talked about it and he's better now. which is good, I don't like to fight with Alex. I have a lot to do this week, tonight I need to read and I would like to work on and ,ideally, finish my calculus homework. tomorrow I am going to apply for a job at the nature company in the mall. I talked to one of the managers this weekend at the forum and he said that they were hiring. that would be a good place to work, at least I like the store. we'll see. I guess I need to call my sister tonight she always gets all worked up if I don't talk to her once a week. I just talked to her the other day though, sometimes I just don't feel like talking to her. I hope that someday she'll stop trying to mother me. I hope that now that she has a child she will let me be. I actually sort of enjoy my calculus class. this is my first time to take calculus so I didn't know what to expect. it is pretty interesting. I'm really getting hungry and it s going to be a couple of hours before I get to eat dinner I wish my computer at home worked it is so annoying that the computer people are being so stubborn about fixing it. I 'm glad uncle mike is going to help me with it. mom really did a good job when she picked uncle mike to be my financial adviser ii really care for hm a lot. it is always amazing to me that it is usually your friends that you can count on more than your family. you always are expected to help your family whether you like them or not but your friends are chosen and they like you and want to help with things and they won't hold it over your head. unfortunately most of the people in my family are big fans of the guilt trip. I can't stand that sort of thing. ",n,y,y,y,y

1998\_045186.txt,I want to go to Mexico and dance I have not dance in a wile no time the is so much good live music here it because money though I am hopefully going to get a job I need to turn in that application tomorrow too I have a lot of stuff to do oh well I am going take it as it comes though bye. ,n,y,y,y,y

1998\_049174.txt,"My toes are kind of cold, no, they're very cold because this room is always frigid. At least I've got my flannel pants on that are so comfortable! I love them. I could live in them. My T-shirt isn't too warm, but it's okay. I'm kind of wondering how I'm going to do this for 20 minutes straight. My thoughts kind of wander, but I'm not sure how I can record them for that long. I have a kind of upset feeling in my stomach right now. I think I'm just hungry. The rest of me is very relaxed because of the day I just spent out at Hamilton Pool, swimming and hiking. I loved the cold water that felt so good after the hot sun beating down on me in the car and during the hikes. The hikes were fun, though, because everything was so clean and clear, and it was fresh and refreshing. I wish my desk went back farther because I feel like the monitor is right in my face and it is too big for me to look at the whole thing. I would like a less-focused perspective on it, but I guess that's a dumb thing to say because it's nice to have a big monitor and it's not such a problem. People down the hall are getting kind of loud. It kind of annoys me when they talk really loud all over the dorm, but I guess it shouldn't because I could always just shut my door and it wouldn't be a problem. Plus, I know that I'm really loud a lot of the time, especially when friends come over and find my guitar, speaking of which, I need to get my guitar out of Dave's trunk so I can practice it because they're so much better than me at playing and if we're going to do music for the Happening, I need to be better. I'm wondering if I'm doing this assignment right. I mean, am I supposed to record what I think and feel right now, or if my mind wanders to tangents should I record that too? I guess I'll just go with my stream of consciousness, like the assignment says. My fingers are going to get tired of typing. I feel like they are getting worn smooth by my fingers always tapping on them. I guess the real problem is that my fingers are cold so there is a kind of loss of sensation and they don't move so well right now. My fingers always get so cold during the winter, especially. I'm kind of dreading fall for that reason, but I love fall and winter, and I'm actually really excited about it. I wonder if I was reading this if I would think I am a negative person. I mean, the whole thing is about negative stuff: cold toes and fingers and stomach pains and annoying stuff going on around. I'm actually a really happy person, I don't know why I complain so much. I wonder if I do that in everyday conversation, too. I guess I'm kind of whiny, but I catch myself doing it so I stop-plus, people know that I'm not really serious about it, I just like to make noise sometimes. rrOoooh, I like popping my knuckles-there I go trying to be positive-it's funny that that's what I came up with to be positive. I just did it, and it helps them feel so much more movable, which is ironic because it'll probably give me arthritis and keep me from moving them when I get old. Oh well, it's a habit I can't seem to break. On my desk I have pictures of my cousins. They are so cute-the little ones, the older ones are just goofy and funny. I love them. Just looking at them makes me laugh about dumb stuff that we've done. There is also a picture of my little sister making a really silly face into the camera. She's in her bathing suit, wearing goggles and everything. Everybody laughs at that picture, including me. There is also pictures of a church retreat I did called Happening. I love those pictures because that was probably the best week of my life and those people are probably my best friends in the world-except for my family because family has always known me and will always be there. I'm so glad that I'm saved. I used to never use that phrase bc I thought it was cheesy and overzealous, but it's so true. Where would my life be without Christ? I just don't know. He brings me so much joy that it's overwhelming. I wish I could share that with everyone who has never felt it, but some people don't want to hear it. that's too bad because I know people who need Christ (well, we all do, but I mean people who complain about a void in their life that they don't know how to fill) and they're the ones who I most want to tell about Him, but there is such an attitude in society that you just don't ""preach"" to other people, and they would resent it if I tried to tell them. They don't realize that I just want to share-""I know it can do it for you-you've got to know what it did for me. "" (song lyrics) but I'm labeled as one who judges-funny thing is that they're the ones who are judging me. My intentions are pure. It's not like I'm on commission-one extra year in Heaven for every person you bring to Christ-I just care about people and the Lord, and I want to serve Him and help them. It's the truth, you know? If only I could just tap my experience into people so they wouldn't doubt me or think I'm false or that I'm just trying to glorify myself because I'm not. ""What do I care about pleasing men? If I wanted to please men, I would not be a servant of God. "" Gal 1:10 That's Reagan's favorite verse. Hmmm, I wonder if Reagan is back in town yet. He went home for his dad's birthday this weekend. I should call him tonight, and now my 20 minutes are up so I can do that! wow, that went fast. it's kind of scary how fast that went! ",y,y,y,y,y

1998\_054183.txt,it has been raining for the past 4 days and I guess that has a lot to do with everyone's attitudes. I feel a little relieved and tired though I had my first test of the semester this morning. I feel tired because I spent the majority part of the weekend partying rather then studying like I should have. now I was forced to cram study this morning just because of my laziness and inability to control my desires to go out with my friends. I should recover with a good nights sleep tonight. I called my father today. I'm trying to get on his good side now because he has been very disappointed in me. for some reason I seem to keep getting myself in situations that are to his beliefs not appropriate. the bad part about it is that I know that I am doing wrong but I still continue to do other things that make feel that he has failed as a parent. I guess he think is that if I am not perfect then he has failed as a parent. I'm trying to get it to him that I still have a lot of things going for me. I guess as a parent you want what's best for your child. so any little flaw on my part makes him feel that he did not do a good job raising me. I feel totally different though. I believe that I have thee best parents in the world because they have provided me with al the possible things to help me better myself in every way possible. in other matters work is going pretty well I will probably be getting a raise soon. my performance has been really well so maybe it will be a substantial raise ,y,n,y,y,y

1998\_059087.txt,They are playing OU as I write this and I am hoping that they loose. I keep telling myself to hope that they win but deep down I really want them to loose. When they win his main concern is football and when they loose he concentrates more on me. Is this some psychotic way of wanting to control him? I know that if they win then he will seem more appealing to other girls. This makes me extremely jealous and insecure. Adrian is my first love. He is the first person I ever really cared about. I don't know if I am wasting my time in this long distant relationship though. There are so many more important things that I should be worrying about right now in my life. I am in my prime. I am terrified of getting hurt. I'm scared that I am going to put effort into this relationship only to get screwed over in the end or in a time when I really need him. I can almost see history repeating itself: in high school I stood beside Adrian when he was a dork and always sat the bench in football then when he got good and things took a turn in my life to where I needed someone there for me we was too good. I still have a tremendous amount of anger towards Adrian for the things he did to hurt me. This relationship is not good for me right now in many ways but I'm am too scared of loosing the only person in the world that I would be willing to lay down my life for. I don't know if I am being insecure about our relationship because of things Adrian has done in the past or because I feel insecure about myself and in some way feel like I am not worthy of someone liking me. ,y,y,n,n,y

1998\_059964.txt,"Last night I was almost done and my computer just shut off. I don't really understand why but oh well. I don't usually understand computer stuff, or any technical stuff in general. I hope that they have my packet today at the co-op so that I can be totally done with mis before tomorrow I think that I am pretty organized in relation to homework more organized than usual at least I think that Lucy will be a good academic influence on me since she is a good studier its so much different having a roommate that studies since angie didn't do much last year but it is a good thing may be finally I will get to go to sleep earlier and that will make me healthy I still can't believe that I didn't catch mono from angie last year I have a sore throat now I hope that it goes away soon I don't really want to have to go to the health center you never know when th3ey are going out have to take blood and that really freaks me out I can't believe that it is already time to start school again this summer went by so fast and rush was such a blur and we have had no time to recuperate before jumping back into school this semester is going out be really hard and busy I think I thin k all of my classes will be really interesting, but difficult I am so glad that I was able to get out of art history and into philosophy that will be a lot more interesting it is so weird how some teachers can teacher art history so differently so many people told me that they liked it and that it was easy but I know that that class wouldn't have been easy it was such a pain to add/drop though I am so glad that it is done next weekend is the first football game I am looking forward to it I am glad that billy and I got season tickets so that I don't have to go draw or anything it s so nice to have all of them now and especially the OU tickets I doubt that I will end up going to the a and m game because I bet I will stay home for thanksgiving well, billy can invite one of this friends to go with him I can't believe that he wouldn't stay home for thanksgiving though that surprises me his mom is going to be very unhappy with him I am getting really hungry I wonder what we will do for dinner I wish that billy and I could get together but we are not on the best terms right now I can't believe that we got in such a big fight last night maybe we were just tired I hope that everything turns out okay it was nice of eric and Jeff to come over last night sometimes I miss having all those guys next door like last year we had a lot of fun last year together I am glad that Cindy and eric get to be together again, but I hope that they are prepared for what's ahead it will be hard for them to adjust out being together all the time especially when the stress from school really kicks in I am kind of getting a little homesick I am anxious to see Lauren's new car I can't believe that she is really turning sixteen I am really afraid for her to drive so I hope that mom and dad are taking her out a lot for a lot of good driving experience she really could use the practice I am anxious to see dads' new office space too I hope that he is a little less stressed I know that going out the party last night was probably pretty hard for him, but I am glad that Steve a. will be available to help him because he needs some new employees I know that mom is getting worried about him being so stressed all the time but I know that she really is glad that he is not going out Minneapolis a lot that was getting really old it was nice to see Meredith this weekend it is so weird being I'm the same city as her again I wish tat I could have gotten to see brad too, but he was busy my feelings were kind of hurt how he acted toward me at the party on Wednesday night, but I understand they both still seem pretty immature and I am kind of worried about Meredith and I hope that she is careful. I am glad that she found a date for the date dash I can't believe that they are all living on the same hall that is just a little too weird for me but that's pat for you I hope that they all have a fun year and I hope that we all keep in touch it was nice seeing Ashley this weekend too her room at the house is really nice I think that her sorority house is really nice also it is really big and it must be nice to have their own bathroom and not have to do the community thing I am glad that Lucy and I are going to go on a walk I could really use the exercise I am going to try to start aerobics tomorrow I really need too get back in shape I felt so good about myself last year when I was going to aerobics everyday I need to get back in that mode I don't think that I really lost that much weight this summer but things seem to be fitting better now. I seem to not be snacking as much as I did last year which is a very good thing I hope that the food at the sorority house gets better because it hasn't been very good lately but I think that it will get better I hope that billy calls me after he gets home from work he is working way too hard I guess that he won't work next weekend because he will be at the football game that's a good things maybe we can spend some qt together okay this is getting hard of more things to keep talking about I think that I might be repeating some of the same stuff over and over again I hat it that mom can 't really send packages to the apartment but I'm afraid that I would never get them since there is no real apartment address or anything I'm afraid that they would just leave it outside my door and then something might happen whit it I hope that Amy and Meredith had a good time with their boys this weekend I will go down later and see I have a lot of fun with them we are really similar in a lot of ways I am really glad that they are living at centennial too there are so many tridelts here it is a lot of fun I wonder where Lucy and I will walk too we need to somehow walk by the coop I hope that it is not too hot outside when I went out onto the balcony a couple minutes ago it was really hot I think that it will be fun to study out there once it gets a little cooler I am anxious for it to cool down it was so hot walking out class the other day especially to the art building I was so disgusting by the time I got back form class Mondays and Wednesdays are going to be long now that I go from one to five but Tuesdays and Thursdays will be pretty easy except this Tuesday I have that class from six to eight o'clock which really stinks I wonder why all the good shows start again I can't wait to see the friends season premier and 90210 I am so excited this year should be very good well I am going to stop this now it is now over 20 minutes ",y,y,y,y,n

1998\_070315.txt,"I am completely computer illiterate and I never trust them. I have a lot of reading to catch up on and I am worried that I will not have enough time this week. A bunch of my friends and I are flying to Los Angeles on Friday morning for the UCLA vs. UT football game. We are only staying until Sunday evening but that takes away an entire weekend. I should probably bring some of my books with me on the airplane because I think it's about a four hour flight. I am also mad at myself because I took a really long nap today which wasted a lot of time. I think I really needed to catch up on my sleep though from this weekend. We stayed up really late after the game on Saturday and then I woke up early on Sunday to drive to Houston. I went in town to visit my family because I missed them and hadn't been home in a while. We went out to dinner on Sunday evening and then went to look at my Dad's new office. He just moved, it's a little bit smaller than his old one but he doesn't have a partner any more so he doesn't need as much space. Well, now I'm off to try to get on to the Pretesting page. ",y,y,y,n,n

1998\_074464.txt,"I wonder if I am doing this right. I can't stop thinking about truyen. I need to stop. Jesus, she is like two hundred miles away and I can't get her out of my mind. I need money. I need something. maybe a drink. maybe I need a cigarette. I was trying to quit but I just can't seem to do it. its only been two minutes now and I have already run the course of my brain. I need to do my laundry. I want to swear, but I might offend whom ever is reading this . if anyone is reading this , what should I do???????? I 'm hungry. shoot I stopped. Oh well, I can get back into it. I really don't think I am doing this right. I wonder if heather will feed me? I really want a drink. I am stressed out and I just need to party. I'm not an alcoholic. I think my hypothalamus is screwed up. shit my bag is in my way, It's on fire AAAHHHHHHH I can't breathe. I keep pushing that damn backspace button. I am just not going to push it anymore no matter what mistakes I make. I wrote that entire sentence without a mistake. ironic huh. shit! I pushed it again. What in god's name am I doing here? I 'm talking about a backspace button and what 's really on my mind is the fact that I have no money and I am lonely. Maybe I shouldn't be writing this, but oh well. I don't care who reads this. You only know that I am a number. Maybe if you got to know me I would scare the living shit out of you. I am screwed in the brain. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAaA I have like fifteen more minutes and my arms are getting sore. I need to stop, but I can't' stop! I need to press on with my story of nonsensical blabbering. I want to go home. I need a job. I need a woman. I have a woman but she is in Dallas and I am in Austin. Am I forcing myself to think this? Am I just doing this for the show. No I really am hungry. Who am I talking to anyway. That guy next to me thinks I am weird. WEIRD I can tell he thinks that I am just typing away on this little machine and not really saying anything. But am I? TEST I like to push the buttons, George. I push them all at once and lock up the computer calm down now. I can't just blab on this thing all day l9ong. I need o go home. I need to go back to Dallas. I need a hamburger. I need a drink I need a A in this class. I need a smoke. Me memmemememem why is it always about my needs what do you want? what do you need? these chairs are comfy. my I have a dirty shirt long arms weird hands. Am I just writing these things,. hoping that someone will read it and tell my what is wrong? Am I looking to be labeled? Am I crazy? Am I stupid? I'm not stupid. I know what's going on. I can see you guys are trying to make me paranoid, well it ain't going to work. Nobody makes me paranoid. That's my little joke, get it? I'm paranoid about being paranoid. It's funny. Laugh you friggin computer ! Is my time almost up yet In this land you can't stop until you have been programmed. Am I programmed yet? what the hell am I doing? I want to go get something to eat. I can't I have no $$$ I have a job interview tomorrow. I hope I get the job so that I can eat and buy gas to go home and tell Truyen how I feel about her. FUCK you your never going to tell her that. Someday I will. yeah right. No If I just go to her and say, hey I really like you and I want to marry you, she will run screaming and never want to see me again. I can't do that. But I can't just sit in my biology class with all these beautiful women and think about her all my life. I need to do something. The time has expired. ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_082105.txt,"Is there a reason? These questions have been filling my mind often lately. When I talk to my friends about it they say that they have the same problem. Is this a problem that every young man encounters? It kin of scary because maybe I'll never find out. Also, can I ever be satisfied. Whenever I gain something I find my self always wanting more. I am incomplete. I have pushed many limits and yet have found no real answers. Some say a man with out a purpose will drive himself insane. Maybe , a man with all the answers has no purpose. ",n,n,y,y,y

1998\_090119.txt,"However, I feel I could be falling into a trap that could severely effect my grades. My roommate is a friend from high school and unfortunately for me he likes to stay out very late. I have early classes and it is starting to take a toll on me. It doesn't seem as if there is enough time in a day. I am looking forward to playing club volleyball here and I really enjoy the coach. Volleyball is by far my favorite sport. I need to start asking some girls I have met out on dates. I am enrolled in a dancing class with one of my girlfriends and I am having a lot of fun with it. My parents are coming up to see me tomorrow and will be bringing my bicycle with them. It is funny, I love my parents very much but I really don't miss them. I don't have a desire to go home any time soon. My suitemates are having friends stay the night and I hope that they will not be too noisy. After the football game tonight I think I will do some homework and go to bed. I am looking forward to this psychology class. I find it very interesting so far. I need to be sure to keep up in my reading. ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_092455.txt,"I am from San Antonio. I feel sick all of the time. I don't feel nervous or anxious, I just don't feel well. I started feeling this way when I moved to Austin. I usually don't get more than 4 hours of sleep a night and I usually only eat one meal per day. I don't think that I am depressed, although last night I cried for about 30 minutes because I was thinking about things from the past. I miss my ex-boyfriend. When we broke up I felt like a failure because he was the only guy that I tried for. He has been the only guy that I have ever cared about. I also cried because I miss my mother. She died from leukemia when I was 9. Right now I don't feel like studying for my Chemistry quiz tomorrow, even though I really need to. There is this problem I seem to have with caring. I just don't. There are only two people in this whole world that I would cry at their funerals if they were to die. Those two people are my dad and my brother. Lately I feel like they don't really care to talk to me though. My best friend is also my roommate and she has gotten a call or a visit from someone in her family at least everyday. I haven't gotten a call from anyone in my family yet. I guess it doesn't really matter though. There is this guy in Austin that I may start to actually like. I met him at the summer orientation for pre-freshmen. Then, over the summer, he spent five days looking up my phone number over the internet. (Or so he says) Well now we are sort of dating and I'm starting to get a little interested. I'm very insecure though, and I think that he is too good-looking for me and soon he will find someone better. That's why I try not to let myself care too much for him. My roommate thinks that I am just a player because I talk to a lot of guys, but that is not what I want. I want someone to want to be with me all of the time, and no one else. I only want one person for me, but at the same time there are so many new and interesting people attending this University that I have a hard time being serious about committment right now. I don't know. I guess I will just have to see what happens, right? My dad doesn't understand that I don't care about my new step-mother. She is my second step-mother because my dad and first step-mother got a divorce. I didn't care about her either. My first step-mother had two sons of her own and I was glad when they got divorced because I didn't like her or her sons. My step-mother now, I like, but I just don't care what happens. She is not my mom. You only have one mother in a lifetime. As long as she makes my father happy, she is cool. I'm so tired, but I probably won't be able to sleep again tonight. Most of my classes are giving me a lot of work to do. My friends all say that it sucks to be Heather, but I don't really care. I have a job interview on Friday. I don't want a job, but my dad wants me to get one. I want to go home. Home is not my dorm room, and it's not my house in San Antonio where my parents live either. I say that I want to go home all of the time, but I still don't know what I mean when I say it. When I find that place where I am happy I guess then I will know what I mean. I'm not a happy person. yet. I am content, but not happy with my life. I have this one candle that I light when I feel truly happy. I haven't lite it in years. ",n,y,n,n,n

1998\_105169.txt,"The on e thing in my mind right now is obviously college. I didn't really have to study to get past high school, but I foresee a lot of changes in my schedule, just 20 min ago I did ALL my math homework for the first time in maybe a year. If studying was my chief concern than I would be perfectly satisfied. Unfortunately that is not my only concern. I am originally from Houston, so as much as I hate to admit it I miss my home, and even my parents. there are so many things about home that I miss, thing that I nerve thought would matter, things like going to the bathroom. Well I miss the past, and I am worried sick about the future. How will I do in my first test? How will I register for spring classes? Will I have enough hours to graduate with a BS degree in biology? Will I get into Medical school? If I don't get into Medical school, then what will I do? Obviously time is the only thing that will answer these questions. but you can not help but worry about them. Ever since I was little I wanted to be a doctor. Well not from the beginning, I have wanted to be a doctor ever since I was 11. That is when I had a brain surgery. After that I wanted to use the life that was saved by another as a tool to save other people. There have been a lot of changes that have occurred in me but one thing that has stayed consistent within me is my passion to help others. The one thing that made me feel occurred when I was 5. My grandfather and I were walking down a street when we ran into a beggar. my grandfather had just bought me my favorite kind of ice cream. When my grandfather took the ice cream from me and gave it to the beggar. at that time I hated I'm for it. . but when I went to sleep that night all I could see was the gleam in the eyes of that beggar. it was at that time that tears starting coming out of my eyes. I felt proud that I had participated in something so beautiful. Being a doctor to me is the best to repay god, and my family, and those doctors that saved my life. The one thing that I am afraid of is the one thing most people are afraid of. failure. Fear of failure has always driven me forward, it is my opinion that fear of failure is the one thing that keeps this world going. everybody has a goal in their life and the fear of failure makes them work as hard as possible. hopefully one day I will walk out of a doctor as a doctor, who just helped saved someone life. . that would be a dream come true. ",n,y,y,n,n

1998\_121308.txt,"I'm in my boyfriends apartment and my friends and I are doing our laundry. I feel very tired since I have an 8:00am class. I've had a pretty good day though, I love UT. My classes seem okay and I'm sure I'll do fine. I don't feel at all homesick, which is good. My parents miss me so much though and I feel bad for that. I'm going home this weekend even though I don't want to, but that's okay. I don't think I'm doing this right. no one will probably ever read this so why should I care. I feel like such a number at this school, but I am determined to change that. I feel like I'm writing in my journal. Emily and Annie are over here too and they brought their homework. I wish I had brought mine. I am so afraid that I'm going to get behind in my classes and not make good grades. I want a gpa of 3. 5 or better. Maybe it was stupid to set a goal that high, but that's good for me because last year I could have done a lot better. I don't regret it though, I had a very nice senior year. This year I want to study very hard though and be able to say I tried my hardest. I also want to get a PhD in psychology. I don't know why though because I just want to be a housewife. I love the idea of people calling me Dr. Hutchins though, that would be so cool. Being a medical doctor is waht my heart desires, but I can't stand the sight of blood. that causes a problem. So, I figured I'd help people another way. If I do work I want to be a child psychologist. I have a passion for kids and want to help as many as I can. That's why I want to be a housewife, so I can be with my kids all day. I'm getting tired of typing now, it should have been 15 min, not 20. I wonder what other people are going to type about. My back is hurting from sitting like this so I'm going to stop. it's been 20 min anyway. I feel weird writing something for school and not using any kind of format, but I really enjoyed it because I hate English with a passion. I took two years of AP English and I didn't pass the AP test my junior year. didn't bother taking it my senior year. Alright goodbye :) ",y,n,y,n,n

1998\_125075.txt,"I just finished my last class for the day. I sit at he computer for almost two hours without knowing what I wanted to do or where I wanted to go. This is my first year here at UT. My mind is very messed up today. I don't know what I want to do. I would say that I'm kind of lost--confused, worried, and depressed. Usually, the first day of school always seems to be the best day of school for me throughout the years from junior high through high school. However, today, I'm finally in college and for some reason I don't feel any excitement at all like I used to. Perhaps it's because something that's bothering me inside. I don't feel like talking to anybody. I wanted to go to class yet when I arrived to one class, I just want to lay down on the little desk and rest. The day is almost gone by and I still don't know what my destinations are. There are so many things that await me. I don't know whether I should go to parlin to pick up my English portfolio, to go to the library to do my homework, to go to the bookstore to buy my books, or just go home, take a shower and jump right into bed. I don't even know what I'm writing now. I'm just simply typing in what I have in mind now. All these confusions that I have right now. Well, I'm thinking what am I going to do tomorrow. Should I wake up early or should I sleep for another few hours? I mean I don't have to come to class until half an hour after noon tomorrow! I hope I could gather my thoughts together soon so that I could determine what is that, that I really want to do. ",n,y,n,n,n

1998\_125780.txt,"I wish I had a car though, but I think that will bug me for a while because it'll probably be a while until I can afford one. But I will always get by, I know. Well it appears that laundry day is tomorrow, so I still have to wake up at 7 am even though I have no classes till three but then again that's probably why it's laundry day. Well I didn't get to talk to my girlfriend tonight because she was in class late, but at least she's at class. That's good because she needs to go to class as often as possible to pull up her GPA so maybe just maybe she can come to Austin and live somewhere around here. I wonder if whoever reads this will ever understand why people ramble. Anyway, I'll call her tomorrow to see how her first day at community college is. It's pretty nice in my appt right now, a cool 70 degrees which is nice after having to carry about 50 pounds of groceries up a hill and up a flight of stairs. Just kept on saying ""Can you feel that!"" to keep myself from stopping because once you stop you just might not be able to start again. I guess that's the focus to my whole life. Not sure if that's good or bad or what. Probably what got me in trouble last semester when I was half way thru the semester. Pretty crazy that I'm my worst enemy, but in a way, I guess that makes me my best friend (except for my girlfriend and real best friend of course) but if I didn't kick my own butt to do better who would? So I just keep on chugging. I don't know why I'm so success driven? Lord knows I'd like to be able to loosen up a bit and have some fun, but I never can seem to do that. Try alcohol to do that, but pretty sure my body didn't take too much of a liking to that. Oh well. I'll probably grow out of it (please please please). So enough of that, I hope the Aggies have lost against FSU because then I get to email my Ag friends and laugh. But then again that might not be the greatest idea if the Horns don't fair that well this year. Don't know what I'm listening to on the radio now. Oh yea ACDC!! Rock on! Anyway, I loved that Howard Stern movie, not quite sure why, but you almost have to love someone that pathetic. Movies, that's a topic. I love going to see movies. Just like the escape I guess. Thrillers are the best, not the goory (sp?) ones but like the one with Kevin Spacy Usual Suspects, that movie was great. Also, that Primal Fear was terrific, saving that line for the last was brilliant technique, and the acting superbe. I was getting all sorts of recommendations from the guy at blockbuster this past Friday (yes I was a pathetic party pooper but I did manage to do some socializing). Anyway I get these movies and come home. Now I'm already disappointed because I have this great new TV in my living room and no cable hookup to watch anything but Fox thru a lot of colored snow. So I figure I'll rent a movie, that has to get reception. But NOOOOOO, the VCR is goofed or something. It may have something to do with the tracking, but I don't have the tape anymore so I can't experiment. I'm usually very good which technical things. I knew everything about my first VCR before it came out of the box. But last Friday was definately not my day (triple low I've heard it called). But oh well, my friends liked my spaghetti and my (MOM's) sauce so that was good. Not a complete loss. Man I would hate to be the person trying to pick stuff out of this. So anyway, I have 5 minutes or so to type. I have a printer sitting next to me still in its box, and a vacuum cleaner in its box in the closet. Tell you anything about me? Actually, I'm a pretty neat ship keeper; I do have a bit of a paperwork mess in my bedroom but the livingroom is quite presentable except of course for a big big (like really large and at one time really heavy) TV box. But until the cable guy comes on Wed. , it'll probably stay there. I have to make sure that I can support my mother beginning this summer because I think she may need it at some point. Wish I had a godsent car that would work and then I could probably swing insurance payments and gas, but with car payments it'd be too much. Oh my, listening to Eye of the Tiger, how old is that?!?!?! So, maybe I should just go to sleep after writing this. I need to go see if I can to the pretesting for this class, but I tried before this and couldn't get it to load up. Something about the server being down. Well, such is life. I think I should do pretty good this semester, shooting for a 4. 0 again. Got to stay in head of my brother, we are so competitive, he's a yr behind me but transfered in with a bit more credit than I did, and with leaving mid-semester last yr, he's got a good chance to stay pretty close. Times up, bye now!!! ",n,n,n,y,y

1998\_129982.txt,"Adjusting to the classes, increased freedom and increases in ""having a good time"" have all been fairly easy to get used to. Meeting new people has been exciting and the ""name game of trying"" to remember everyone I have met has been a challenge. This Labor Day weekend I saw the huge different between high school and college as I decided to take a road trip with three other friends to Galveston, a popular Labor Day hangout. I don't know if it was the college parties that made the night we were there seem dull or just that several key things were missing that usually made the time memorable. Seeing my younger friends made me feel out of place, and talk of curfew violations almost made me laugh. One thing is for sure those times are over and getting further away, but also new and improved times are ahead. This weekend has also showed me that I am a very patient person. My roommate Paul has shown this to me. Having my windshield broken, being almost evicted from our apartment and being irresponsible are just a few of my things my roommate has done this weekend. If I am still sane at the end of the year I think that I will be a stronger person, because of having to deal with Paul. I feel the classes are picking up as professors start talking about future exams. O, I almost forgot to mention my goals for this year (in no specific order)- get good grades (a 4. 0), not get fatter, stupider, not get into too much trouble and have a blast. Basically I hope to work hard and play hard. ",n,y,n,y,y

1998\_160205.txt,"like a paper boat that's filled with water and slowly sinking. I'm not sure how to describe my thoughts at this particular moment. My thoughts seem to roam from one thing to another in a split second without me actually aborting all the information. I guess what to say is that my thoughts are unorganized like my backpack, all scattered around in bits. What pops up in my mind as a thought is how I'm going to go home after my classes are over for the day and check off the things that I remembered to do and those that I forgot to do. In my mind, all that I can see is my thoughts as a candy and it being surrounded by a mob of ants. My feelings at this moments are being jumpy and nervous at anything I see. I can't seem to calm myself. I also feel out of place and not all there, really unprepared. I guess to say is that I feel like I'm on a roller coaster ride and all alone on it. My sensations are at this moment very glad that the day is almost over and excited about hurrying home. My sensation at this moment also indicate anxiety for the next day and a sign of relief. That I can take a deep breath instead of gulping down small ones. ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_163952.txt,"He will be nineteen this Saturday. I think I am going to go crazy trying to get something for the boy who has everything. He just left my dorm room. and we just had a fight. he is going to his apartment to check if his dog made a mess on the carpet. I think he likes his dog more than me sometimes. I am listening to the soundtrack of the tape that I do yoga to because it soothes me. when I do yoga I am so calm. I actually feel very centered and like my whole body is in a perfect line when have finished the whole tape, its an hour long and it really is a workout. my mom got me started on yoga, she's totally addicted now. I am too, but I'm going into withdrawal because there is nowhere in the castilian where I could do it. I am going home to Dallas this weekend and I'll get to see my whole family!! my mom will make some really good dinner for me because she thinks I'm starving here. I'm not but there's just nothing good to eat. everybody loves the food that their mom cooks them though. I went home last weekend too. the people down the hall are being so noisy . I want to change this CD, I think I just fell into a trance. I do think I was in a trance this morning in biology. my roommate was up until 6 this morning doing some paper and she kept waking me up. she takes a lot of my stuff without asking , and that's not cool. Oh well , she's cool otherwise. I've got other homework to start now so I don't keep her up tonight!!! ",n,y,n,y,y

1998\_167124.txt,"I don't know if I can handle all of this. Every semester I procrasnated with only 13 hours to worry about. And for the first time, in a long time, I am facing reality and taking my school work and my life seriously. The good thing is that I have a loving mother who understands me most of the times; I have a father that I do love and who does love me, but I don't watn to get in to it; and my pride and joy is my boyfriend who I love dearly, and Labor day is our first year anniversary. I have no clue what to get him. I mean we've always given each other what's in our heart (we don't like superficial stuff)--I've made many creative stuff like ""two peas in a pod"" with clay, paper mashad hearts for Christmas, cranes in a bottle,. and he too have made me stuff like putting our baby pictures to gether in a frame, written me poems, made a model Plymouth Plower (my favorite car last year), and he even went so far as to sew a heart for me. FOr a guy to sew is absolutely a amazing. It was so poorly put togther, some strings were loose, some parts were't even attached. etc, but it was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. I must have cried, partly because I was mad at him at the time because I felt that he was not thinking too much of me. Was I surprised. So here's a delinma. How can I show him what he means on our anniversary when all my ideas have been used? Plus I only have exactly 6 days to do this? I was originally going to draw the entire Disney fairy tale characters, but he doesn't like disney. I was thinking of writing him a poem, but I'm just so much better at prose. So far, my idea is to just to write him a book with old scripture. Hopefully, with everything that I have to do this week, I'll be able to write it. ",y,y,y,n,n

1998\_172542.txt,"I don't like people to know how my mind works if I don't even know them. I guess I have always been protective of my true thoughts and feelings. The irony is that the more you reveal of your self, the better you get to know and become closer to your friends. The first few steps of trust can be some of the hardest (besides the ones after a loss of trust). I think that it is possible to gain trust back. It takes a long time and complete honesty, but it should be acheivable. It is really funny. People say that they don't trust any one they don't know, but they trust checkout people and opperators all the time. Just think about how much information is handed out each day between people that don't know each other. Of course we would be quite paranoid if we didn't trust any one. It just seems like we are ready to talk to some one we have never met before and never will see again more than we would talk to some one in a new class. People are overly concerned with making good impressions. It is important to realize that we are all pron to error. I say this, but I still worry about making good first impressions. I worry about it more if I think I am going to see the person again. If I don't think we will ever meet again, I am more relaxed. My mind is currently switching between a rapid pace of thoughts to blanking out. It is really scarry to think that your mind can just go blank when your not really doing any thing. I can understand your mind blanking out on a particular subject while you are trying to consentration on it, but the total lack of thought is just wierd. Oh my gosh. I just looked at the clock. I hope I have time to take a shower before the floor meeting. I have been going every where to day including a short (very short) workout at the gym. I probably smell. Not that I did that much exercise today. All the machines were full so I was only able to do two machines today. If I had been with a friend I would have stayed longer since I would have had some one to talk to in line while waiting. Athletic centers can be very intemidating places. Every one always seems to know what they are doing and seems to be in great shape. Of course, if you go to work out enough, you are going to be in shape. My back really hurts. I need to sit strait. I am always slouching over. I try to keep my back strait; it just never works for too long. I'm getting tired now. Typing is becoming harder as I become sleepier. Sleep is such an important part of my life. I probably sleep way too much, but it is better than some habbits people have. There is a consceted statement. Trying to say that I am better than some other people. Who do I think I am? We all have are assests and faults. What time is it? I really need to go soon. I just hope that when I get there I don't smell too bad or say my thoughts out loud. I am not saying them out loud, but typing them is very similar. The toughts must be processed to make sense and be comunicated. Writing is just a different form of comunication compared to talking. I hope I can find this place. I wish I had a friend to go with me. Large social events can be intemidating when every one seems to already know eachother. May be some of the people I met Saturday night will be there. Then I can finally figure out two of their names. It is so weird. I can remember the conversation we had, what they wore, where we were sitting, every thing but their names. I can't ask them because they remember mine. I don't want to hurt their feelings. I have to go now so I can get there on time. ",n,y,y,y,y

1998\_191094.txt,"I keep coughing so much in class I think I probably annoy the crap out o everybody there. I should stop smoking so much. It feels good to be back in school, seeing friends again, but I miss my mom. She is wittiog all the way in Ethiopia and I'm over here. IT sucks. But there is always Christmas time, so it is not that bad. I have no idea what that holiday is going to be like. This guy just bumped in to me an did not even apologize. I hate it when people do that. He just walks by like It's okay to knock people into a damn computer screen. Jerk. I don't understand how I am going to keep writing for twenty minutes. The way I type it will probably be the worst thing anyone has ever read. I tend to type fast and then screw up a lot along the way. There is a guy near me talking a bout the Swiss air crash and Jerry McGuire. I hate baseball so I couldn't care less. There goes my cough again. I got to get home soon, I got a date. This is really a nice girl and I hope it works out, but I will probably spend the hold time coughing anyway. The guy is now talking about wire services. What in the world are wire services. I am getting kind of thirsty and I should get a drink of water, but I do not know where the water fountains in this library are. I hate asking people about it, I guess I feel stupid. I wonder what the guys who read this stuff do. Do they analyze it of just laugh at the kind of things people come up with. I would probably laugh a lot. If this was me reading it I would be cracking up. Then a gain I am kind of a jerk. What I don't understated about the internet is how people think its so much phone. I like e mail and research its great. But this whole surfing the web for hours like its some sort of athletic event seems kinds stupid. I thinks I sound like some commercial I saw. Its amazing how TV effects you like that. You watch some stupid ditcom and then start using the vocab all over the palace. IT hate the people who keep going yadda yadda because of Seinfeld. But then again I pick up enough catch [phrases anyway. I just looked at the watch, another ten minutes of writing. This is really weird. This is the first psych class I have taken and so far I enjoyed it. This is a different kind of activity. I have difficulty understanding how this helps us learn anything, but then again I am cynical by nature. The prof was talking about the brain today and it was really technical I thought the class would not be like that. Not that I mind or I did not understand it, it was just a surprise. Somebody once told that psych classes are some of the most fun, I hope he is right. I don't see much of him anymore, he got married and has kids. So his life really changes. He's like my brother, wee used to hang out and drink beer all the time and go to games and stuff like that. Now he only wants to take his baby to the Children's museum and do family things. I love the kid, but I miss the old him who would drive off to new Orleans on a whim because he wanted a sandwich form a particular cafe. It's funny who people change. I' feel I have changed in college. I would not say I grew up, I just found out things about myself that I would not have ordinarily known like what it's like to be away form all the comforts of home and how I would handle it. Or to be away form Africa and in America again. I kind of glorified it but it did not turn out that way. I hope that December comes so, I am looking forward to all my friends and my parent, an my dog . I want to get a dog hear but the apt does not allow it so I guess I am stuck. My place is too small anyway. I have not really seen that many apt in Austin that allow pets. but I am sure there a lot. Hey that girl is really cute. ",n,y,n,n,n

1998\_194376.txt,"Tonight I get to go to a date dash function with my new sorority. Some of my friends set me up with a guy that I have never met before. I can't wait to meet him. I hope he is nice and at the same time, good looking! This week has been good. All my classes are going well, so I feel confident about them and life in general. Lunch today was especially good, since I haven't eaten a real meal in a few days. I love college. It's so good to not have to worry about a curfew and letting my parents know exactly where I am going to be, etc. I love my roommate, and we have almost the same schedule, so that works out perfectly. Last night, I typed an extrememly long letter to a friend that I hadn't talked to in a few weeks, so my fingers are still kind of tired from typing then. That's ok, though, because I am getting some homework done early, so that I don't have to worry about it later on. That is definitely a good feeling. I am also feeling excited because I saw two guys on campus this morning that I know from high school. Ever since the first day of classes, I had been wanted to see someone I knew. It just happens that those two that I saw today were also some of the cutest and most popular guys that I know. Lucky me! This gum that I'm chewing is from a blow pop that I finished a few minutes ago, and it is already losing its flavor. Those things never last long at all. I have a problem with one of my classes. see, I swam all throughout junior high and highs school, and I want to continue in college, but every time I want to do something, the class is in the way. I've already changed the time once, but it still causes conflicts. That is very stressful. I don't know if I should change it to an early time because then, I would have to take a shower in between classes, and it might be a pain. But then at least I'd have time to go to my sorority meetings and all the fun parties and stuff. But would I have time to take my regular naps in between my classes like I usually do? No, I don't think I would. Let's see. which is more important? I guess more things will come up in the evenings than in the mornings, so it might be better to change to that early time. I just don't know. WOw, I have like nine minutes left. THis isn't such a bad assignment. Psychology is actually really fun. I've only been to two classes, but the professor is really funny and definitely keeps my attention, which is hard to do for an hour and a half. I hope the tests aren't too hard, though, because I'm not that great at analyzing and stuff. I took psychology in high school, and it was way different. My teacher bored us to death, and we learned practically nothing. It was the easiest class ever! I am going home to Houston this weekend, which is very exciting because all my friends from different colleges are coming home, too. We are all going to go see Clay Walker, my favorite country singer. My ex-boyfriend will also be in town. I haven't seen him in over two months. He goes to West Point in New York and had to leave in late June. I talk to him every once in awhile, but I miss him so much. We are still great friends, and I can't wait to see him again. We dated for a year and three months, so its strange not to see him at all anymore. This gum is really ready to be thrown away, but I'll wait for my four more minutes to do so. I have one more class today, and that is a study hall calculus. Those are never stressful, since the T. A. just helps us with some problems like our homework. He's a nice guy. The first time all we did was say our names and stuff like that, but I'm sure we'll actually accomplish something today. At least I hope so. Getting to know people is good, but I really needed some help with a couple of those problems! Well, I guess it has been twenty minutes, so I better go. Hope anyone who reads this is having a great time! :) ",y,n,n,y,n

1998\_200855.txt,"Realizing that I am on my own left to create a future all by myself is a responsability which excites me. Everyday, I open my eyes and look around the room to see my roommate ( a perfect stranger only a few weeks ago) eating her daily breakfast and I have to hit myself just to make sure that my life is a reality. I have waited so long for college, for freedom for independence and now I posses all these things. And as excited as I am, I also ponder in thoughts of dissapointment. Not in myself or my actions but in all I have left behind. Yes I am talking about my family and friends and my own room and homemade meals, but I am also talking about my childhood and innocence. Ok, go with me for a little bit--- I know it's cheesy and a little extreme but it's true. I am on my own now, making all (well actually most) of my decisions on my own. I don't have my mom yelling at me to stop talking on the phone or to start doing my homework. My teachers aren't there to take role call or to ask you how life is treating you. All those thing that I took for granted but were a daily part of my life. Don't get me wrong, I love the freedom of college and the fact that I can talk for hours without my mom yelling at me or the fact that my teachers won't call my mom if I happen to skip class. I really don't know where I'm going with this, all I can offer as an explanations is that just because a freshman loves their new found freedom does not always mean that they don't miss their old life. It's hard growing up and facing up to the challenges of responsibility. I am often tempted to call my parents and beg them to send me a homemade meal or to remind me to set my alarm clock so I don't oversleep. Yet, I should confess that so far, I am handeling the whole responsability thing quite well. One thing I certainly enjoy is the fact that I can spend more time with my friends and I can go out on weekdays and I can eat unhealthy food as much as I want. Not to say that I indulge myself in such activities constantly. I guess the point of it all, is that I am confused. I am trying to find out who I am. And I think college can bring such valuable experinces as to help you understand yourself a little more. Throught the lonly moments, and the paries and the classes, through it all, I think that we are all supposed to learn a little about ourselves as well as others and the world surrounding us. Oh, and ofcourse, to get and education. ",y,y,n,n,y

1998\_203337.txt,"being new in Texas and on a strange campus with a lot of different people that I've never met, and have no idea what their backgrounds or thoughts may be is weird to me. back home this wasn't the same. All my friends knew me and I knew them. They didn't care about my little flaws. My family was there to support me and care about me. now, I'm hear. alone and people are starting to show their real colors. At first the girls on my floor were accepting and sweet, but now everything has changed. They have this different feelings and thoughts about me. I may have done some things to upset them, just like they have done to me, but I am a forgiving person. I do not hold grudges like others. Which my sister says is a bad trait. guys down my hall, who used to be nice to me, now make fun of he way I talk, the way I dress, just generally me. its hurts a lot. I'm not the kind of person who shares my feelings with others very easily. I try not to let the things they say hurt me, usually they are just joking around. but, it still does hurt. no one likes to be made fun of. Maybe I'm scared of what people think about me. maybe I'm nervous and afraid because I'm in a totally new atmosphere and situation and nearly everyone else has their family and friends nearby, if not living in the rooms with them, the talk to. People who know about their mood swings and personality. but, I don't. At first I didn't think much about all this stuff. I was having a good time in rush and with all the new people I have met. But, things have changes and I kind of wish I had chosen to go to the school where all my home friends went instead of starting anew. but, I guess the reason I'm hear is because I wanted to get away. or at least I thought I wanted to get away. one thing I don't' really like to do is burden people with my problems, especially people I don' know. they usually end up telling me that I should think better about myself or that what I'm thinking isn't right. but, no one really knows what's right for me except me. I tell myself every night that tomorrow I'll try to be a little better at this and try to change that about myself, the things that people get annoyed with so that people will want to be my friend. but, I can't change how I've grown up. my family values have thought me how to be nice to others, but I had to learn on my own how to take it when those people that you think you're the nicest to and like the most can turn on you in a second. that just because you might say a nice thing about someone, that's doesn't mean that the next day they'll remember or even care enough to stop people from hurting you. My mom calls about three times a day. We're pretty close. but, when I was at home she'd annoy me because she always wanted to talk and be around me and I thought I just wanted her to go away. but, no its different. I call her too. I tell her everything that's happened to me that day and ask for advice. I thought I would be that kind of person, but I was wrong. I can't wait to go home and be with people that really know me and accept me right away. I don't' remember the last time I had to work at being someone's friend. I wish I didn't have to write this for so long. I just feel like I'm babbling about the same thing over and over again. I can't type very well either, so some of my words can only be read by dyslexic people. its alright. I'm trying to be as honest and open as possible. A couple of years ago I used to cry everyday. About nothing about something it didn't matter. I was going to go see a psychiatrist. I've never been to one but was always intrigued about what would happen if I went. I think for a little while I'd tell me parents that I HAD to go to one. I convinced them. I dot' know what that was all about. just a phase I guess. I'd still like to go to one. I can't see how someone could like the job of hearing other peoples problems for hors on end everyday. That would be totally crazy. When people tell me their problems I just think about mine and feel bad for myself. I guess I'm self centered or something. I hear people talking in my hall and wish that I could go out there too, but I promised myself that I'd get some work done before I went off to class. I really haven't eaten a lot since I've been here. I skip breakfast don't' eat lunch or dinner. Its crazy. My appetite has totally left. the food is really nasty here. Oh well. When I get home I'll make my parents take me out to a nice dinner. My boyfriend used to take me out to nice dinners, then for some reason her totally stopped. I'm kind of materialistic. or, at least that's what he'd say. but, I learned o accept it because I loved him. or at least I thought it was love. I don't' know yet, and I'll probably never know until I find someone who I feel the same way or more about. That hasn't happened yet. okay, times up. ",y,y,n,y,y

1998\_212331.txt,"this song is really sweet my computer is slow but it's cool it's doing pretty well for me I should start typing next to each other just in case I run out of room. well that's better. hehe. I don't believe Monica did that. actually I'm not sure if I can write that type of stuff on here. it's kind of personal and what if someone reads this. I don't mind if Pennebaker or Matt reads it. but what if it's someone else. never mind about that. start thinking and type what your thinking wenshi. great now I'm talking to myself. that's funny. well. the songs over. what's next. prem is a really sweet guy and I am very lucky to have him. I'm also very lucky to have friends like Amy, phong, thang,julie, janet, sean, and so many more. and especially lucky to have such a mom and dad and three brothers that really care. they take care of me. they do lots for me. wenjen upgraded this computer that I'm using to type. isn't he so nice. what a brother. it's really cold in our room. I feel like I'm talking to someone. and tell them everything about myself. but I don't think that is what stream of consciousness is. I don't know. well I'll just keep typing until time is up. oh yeah. I need to call Janice and ask her if she has an extra cable for our TV in the room. good thing I wrote sentences right next to each other. this assignment would of been really long if I didn't. I know I don't have to worry about spelling and grammar and all but it kind of bothers me. it's not much the grammar and punctuation but spelling and spacing of words. I guess I'm just anal or something. who knows. I think other people like my friends and family know me better than I know myself. geez that shouldn't like that but I think that's how it is. oh well. hmm. what else should I think about. that's weird I'm thinking about what I'm thinking. hehe confusing. I miss my friends from high school that aren't going to UT. I miss my family too. my hometown isn't that far away compared to others but I still miss my friends and family. wow I don't know how others from out of state or even the country do it. it must be hard for them. I'm worried about mommy she's home all by herself. everyone is at a different place. wow. but in October all of us should be together. I can't wait until that day comes. it's going to be so cool. it hasn't been like that for more than a year. my goodness only 13 minutes have passed. I have written a lot in 13 minutes. geez. and 7 more at least. wow. I wish all papers in all my classes would be this easy. I mean it's not easy but easier than other writing assignments. you don't have to worry about spelling, grammar, punctuation, and just about everything else. just need something on paper. what kind of paper is that. I think I'm in paper heaven. hehe. that's like the coolest thing. I wish other teachers would be so generous. what happened to my music. I didn't pick this to be in my file or play list editor to play music continuously. but it's still a good song. I didn't even know it was in the file. that's pretty cool. actually kind of weird. hmm. I wonder how long it's been now. my hands are kind of getting tired and hard and tense from typing all this continuously. it's actually tough to type so much because you are thinking of so much at a time. it would be easier if I could type faster or my thinking would be less. hehe. that's never going to happen. I have been told I think a lot. and my mommy says I have lots of wrinkles under my feet. she says that means you keep everything to yourself. it's true for me. I don't know about others though. I think that's a cool but weird saying or superstition whatever you want to call it. it is funny too. well. what time is it now. let me look real quick. I started when the time said 1:10 and now when I looked it's 1:29. just one minute away from the minimum time. I'll type a little longer so it's not like I stopped right at 20. well the music stopped. you know what I just realized. I did pick all those songs I thought I didn't pick. that's funny. oh well. well. the playlist is out of songs I have to start it again when I'm done typing which should be ok to be now but let me check just in case the minute isn't over. I don't want to cheat and make it 19. 5 minutes. let me see here. it's 1:32. so I've been typing for 22 straight minutes. wow. my right arm is sore. it really hurts. I guess I should stop now. well nice typing for my first writing assignment in psychology. I'll be writing another one soon for the second writing assignment. well see this page later. hehe. ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_219457.txt,"I wonder if he thinks about me as much as I think about him. I met this new guy though. I hate it because I have no idea what anyone else here is looking for the same things as I am. I honestly can't wait to be done with school and get on with my life. I hate how slowly the time passes. I just want to be done with school and everything and get a job and get married. I really want to meet someone and fall in love. Its like I am constantly looking for a relationship or something. I guess that since we just broke up I want someone. I wonder if that is how he feels right now too since he just broke up with his girlfriend, so maybe that Friend thing wasn't such a good idea. But I really like him and think he is marriage material or something. I just don't want to be a rebound girl! I don't know, I wonder if Michelle is coming home today because I hate being here by myself because I think too much when I am alone. I am having so much trouble studying because I can't concentrate. I think about stuff that is constantly on my mind. I am really worried that I am not going to do very good this semester. It really worries me. I feel so overwhelmed with things to do and its like I really want a relationship to take the pressures off. I hate to think about what other people think about me, since I am starting my life over here kind of its like I want to make a good impression. I wonder if anyone else feels like that. I want to meet Mr right so bad it seems. I hate how I thought I really loved Damian and all that stuff and then I come here and think about him a lot and now lately after I met this guy all I think about is him and I try to think about Damian. maybe the reason I think about him so much is because he is the first guy that has really shown any interest seriously or made a conscious effort. I try so hard not to make a bad impression. I guess it doesn't really matter. Sometimes I really wish that I could just totally get something out of my head or someone and not even think about it. Sometimes I am thinking about something so much that I can't even sleep. I used to want to go home really bad to see Damian and now I want to spend time with this guy. he just broke up with his girlfriend and all but he makes me not think about Damian. I really thought I loved Damian but he made me feel so crappy all the time and lately I honestly haven't thought of him. He better email me so I will think about him. I don't think he does think to do things for me though. Like he is supposed to go up to the college today and do it but he won't want to make the effort I bet. Ugh! That is one of his worst qualities. I am too consumed by relationships right now and I really wish that I could concentrate really hard on school and get out of here and get an awesome job. the future really scares me. I am really worried about school too. I feel so tense and stressed all the time and there is so much overwhelming me. I can't keep track of everything and know I am going to end up forgetting something! I hate the feeling and nothing can make me not feel this way. Sometimes I wish I didn't have to come to college and try to be successful. I hate how competitive everything is here and all. I really feel ugly all the time too, and fat and I need to go work out but there really isn't ever time to do all this. I am a horrible procrastinator and can't seem to get things done! I really need to write my mission statement for BA class. I have had so long to do that and I haven't done it yet. That is something I have absolutely no desire to do and I wish I didn't have to do it. I am feeling so stressed out right now. It is so hard to make myself study and I never feel like I know as much as any one else and I never feel like I study enough. I have only really studied like two times and I need to get on the ball. I am so scared about Calculus and have a really bad feeling that I am going to do bad in there. There are so many things I want to do in a day and feel there are never enough hours. I hate walking everywhere. Everything is such a huge chore or task it seems like here! I absolutely hate feeling that way too. I feel like I was kind of rude to my parents when they were here. I feel like I don't have time to ever really enjoy my self! I can't stand that feeling either. I think I would feel so much better about myself if I would just spend more time studying. Then I wouldn't have to worry so much about school or doing badly. I also wish I would go workout more because I really am going to get fat pretty soon! I feel like taking a really long road trip and not thinking about school or guys or my future. Just without thinking about anything. ",y,y,y,n,n

1998\_261656.txt,"I'm curious to know whether or not there is or isn't a timer in this program and if it were possible to just quit typing and claim that 20 minutes have passed. My thoughts and emotions concern my future and what I'm going to do. Do I really want to be a psychology major or am I just saying that because it sounds cool. I want to counsel, but id really like to make a ton of money. Maybe everyone is right, I should be a business major, that's what everyone else is doing. But I don't want to deal with that crap for the rest of my life. I think its boring and stupid. The future is such a difficult concept to ponder. Sometimes I have different goals for it. should I try to satisfy myself, friends or family? I mean it when I tell my friends that I want to be a professional wrestler, it looks so stinking fun. Just jumping around and bad acting. Well, an acting career would be nice too, but I'm to shy and insecure for that. I think I could do it, but I wouldn't want to associate myself with the thespian weirdoes. I don't think id be able to be my best if I had a problem fitting in with weirdoes. Maybe I'm the weirdo. nah. probably not. I may be stereotyping them, but, hey, they're weird man. I've seen the way they act. They put the stereotype on themselves. I'm sure there's a couple nice ones though. I wonder if all the famous actors were at one time like that. My mind just drifted to Tricia. She sent me a message saying that she had a couple of dates this past weekend. I wonder how true that is. Of course its true, but its weird how she never dated in high school and then all of a sudden at A&M she's a hot item. I still think about that monster crush I had on her my sophomore yr. I wonder if she liked me too. Everyone thought she did. But I never had the balls to find out for myself. I'm going to regret that for the rest of my life. I'm such a fucking pussy. The same thing last yr. If I had the balls, I think I could have got something started with Erica at Baylor. Instead, now, we're just good friends. I could have used some support too. But that fucking Ray would have been too jealous if Erica and I got something started. That prick, I think he could've hooked me up with Courtney too. But he needed her, if not, who would he use to cheat on his girlfriend??? Then her roommate, Darla, man, she's such a little bitch. The thing is, she's not even pretty man. Its okay to be snobby and bitchy if your hot, but she was an ugly little girl, with nothing to show for herself. Amazing how she was dating all the time. Then her fucking attitude about how she has the perfect mate in mind, but wants to date, because its part of the college experience. Ray thought like that too. That's such a fucking crock man. As Christians they shouldn't be thinking like that. if this almighty god already picked out the perfect mate for them, there is no reason for them to date around to have fun. They love justifying things. There is something wrong with what your doing fi you have to justify it man. And then ray went to that Mexico trip to witness to a bunch of poverty stricken Mexicans. Its funny how he couldn't convert me to Christianity in 9 months, but he thinks he can do a whole Mexican community within a couple of weeks. I guess its easier when you feed them and shit. talk about taking advantage of people. Why don't these gung-ho Christians go witness to the people who really ""need Jesus"" They should make mission trips to Washington D. C. and talk to the politicians. they're the fucking sinners man. and the business people too. they're the ones fucking this world up. working for Satan. They don't want to witness to them because they're smarter than them, and they can't find a way to take advantage of them. Christianity is fucked up sometimes. Sometimes I feel like a hypocrite for going to CBS, but if I didn't I wouldn't know anyone. They're nice and I enjoy being there. But most people there have less of a commitment to god than I do, so oh well. I'm glad I'm at UT though. its way better than Baylor, god, I used to get so depressed there. but I'm proud of myself, I toughed out that bullshit. I miss a lot of the guys though. It was a different sort of friendship, but it was cool. I still wonder if I would've stayed if my 1st semester was like the 2nd. but then again I was about to go crazy towards the end. Jesse and Miguel. and big John almost killed me!! I hope I date here. I think that's all I need to be happy. a good woman. I'd like to have what lijay has, or anything really. I think I'm the only one in our click rite now without someone to ""talk to"". times up. . ",y,y,n,y,y

1998\_268942.txt,"I just always feel like I am better off when I get things done. I have found that I have been procrastinating a lot lately and I just want to get things back into order so I can do more fun things. I was happy about passing by the UT tennis club booth on my way back from class, I am hoping to have time to do that. I really wish I talked to the UT tennis coach abt playing on the team but ihope the players in this club are competetive and have fun personalities at the same time. not only do I like tennis, but I am happy bec it will give me a workout. I don't have much time to go to the gym now and I really want to work out more often. I picked up an aerobics schedule today so maybe I will have time for some classes. but all of this reading and studying I have to do takes up more time than expected, I just feel like I don't have enough hours in my day to accomplish all of my goals. tonight I had a sorority meeting to go to which was so boring and I just wanted to leave so I could do more imprt things with my time. but I know in the long run this sorority thing will pay off bec I will get to meet a lot of people and it is an easier way to make friends whenyou already have this sort of group formed and you just have to actually meet the people already selected. ok, that was a really long and complicated sentence. another worry that is on my mind is regarding that experimental thing we have the option of doing. when I went to sign up today, all of the experiments were full so now I am worried I wont get a spot in a study and I will have to do the research paper. not that that is terrible, but iw ould just prefer not writing the paper, especially since I already took my time to fill out the pre testing form last night. whatever. I will have to just get used to everything and all the new changes, since I am a freshman and everything. when that happens, then I will be better able to organize my time and not stress so much. speaking of stress, I should have signed up for that reducing stress freshman seminar, it would have been really helpful abt now. actually, all the seminars were full by the time I got to register, since I was at the last orientation session - terrible mistake. I should have come to an earlier one but I didn't decide to come to school here until it was too late to get into the earlier sessions. so I had to go to the later one, oh well. at least I got classes that are required, I can't get everything I suppose. going to the university of florida was my other option but everyone I know, from my high school and every other part of florida, goes there and I kind of wanted to get away from everything. even though I do miss pewople a lot, I think I am better of here. and, the good business school was a main consideration. since I was accepted, I felt like it was a good opportunity and I shouldn't give it up. everyone always asks me why I came all the way from miami, florida to texas and I always say bec of th ebusiness school. and that's true and all but ir eally like other thinga abrt it too. I was just admiring today the fountains - I love the nvironment. except for the people hanging around on guadeloupe that I have to pass by on my way back to the castilian everyday - where I live. those people scare me, and I know I have nothing to be scared of I just don't like seeing them there. anyway, I am looking at a picture of me and my mother now and thinking about how my parents are leaving on a trip to europe tomorrow morning - that will be fun. I hope they have a great trip an safe. I am always worried abt them, I just don't want anything to happen to them. I know my mom is scared of flying and I just hope everything is ok for them. they have wanted to go to france and england for a long time. actuakly, they wanted to got o italy too - they were all jealous that I got ot go there with my friends a couple of spring breaks ago. whenever I think abt that trip I think abt how I wrote abt it - the uffizi museum to be more specific - in my application to the university of virginia. even knowing that you souldnt write abt trips I still did it, I guess I thought they wouldnt care if I did it. that's funny. I guess I am still bitter I didn't get into there, it was my top choice of schools. but I am happy at UT. I hope it doesn't get as cold as it sometimes does. anything below 50 is terrible for me, coming from miami and all where the temperature stays on an average of 80 - I love it. speaking of which, playing tennis all the time int hat heat was not too much fun, but it was loads of fun. I miss my tennis coach, she sent me a present here but I havent gotten it yet, I should call her. but I havent talked to her inso long I think it would be weird to call her, oh well. maybe I will one day, I guess I should to say thank you when the present comes. or I could send a card, whatever. I will decide later, if it ever gets here!! well, 20 minutes is up and I would like to write more but, like I said before, so much to do and so little time. I still ahve to read a million and two pages and I only have 2 classes tomorrow. I just want to get te next days reading out of the way so idont have to thinka bt craming it all in tomorrow night. this was fun! ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_320428.txt,"I mean, each day I wonder why I am here on this earth. and then other times, I wonder why I go through some of the stuff I do go through. it seems at times that the ""good"" people get the worst parts of life, while the ""villains"" in life seem to get the better things in life. that bugs the hell out of me. then there is love. something that is near and dear to me. I look around and I see great females who choose to stay in relationships with guys who treat them like ""scum"". it's so ridiculous sometimes. the worst is when these girls as for the nice guy, but when one comes along, they ignore him and guy for the guy that may boost their social status. sometimes I guess the girls out there that are like that deserve the treatment they get. other than, life seems great right now. every piece of the puzzle is here. except one thing. I have no one to wake up for each morning. but other than that, thing seems to be falling into place. I use to be a person that required love and what comes along with it. but after my last relationship, I have learned to take life A LOT easier and just ""chill"". sometimes I might take it to an extreme and therefore I do get myself in trouble or do things that make me disappointed in myself. I worry that this new ""care-free"" life may eventually take me over with it's great appeal. but only time will tell if that will happen. most of my close female friends feel that I have changed to a more fun and loose person, but at what because??. some feel I have already changed too much and have become a totally different person. I do see myself as changing, but the core of who I am has not changed and hopefully it will never change. I feel that my beliefs and morals and etc are still the same. I have changed a few beliefs, or I should, I am considering changing a few beliefs I have, but it's nothing to strong. it's more like how I choose to take life and what I think is important. but some of the beliefs that I am considering changing or what has my friends worried. because once again, they feel I may become a totally new person and become a person without the same sympathy that I use to possess. but like everything else in life, only time will tell. but I see my myself as evolving rather than changing. make sense??. it's like I am becoming a stronger person. especially emotionally. I am still as sensitive as I used to be. tears come natural for me. but as far as love and stuff. it's not as blinding as it used to be. it's like I gained ""sunglasses"" somehow as I evolved. even my poetry has changed with my evolution. my first couple of works were specifically about love and what goes along with it. but my most recent collection focused on death, suicide, and the afterlife. I wasn't at all suicidal or anything. but the artistic side of me wanted to try something different from the usual love stuff. but it seems through everything I do, that I have matured. I am less likely to hold grudges than I used to. I have pretty much become friends with most, but not all of my past ""grudges"". I guess once you get out of high school, things you once considered important seem ridiculous now. kind of odd huh??. there were people in high school that I would have died for and would have died for me, but now we barely talk. and then there's the people I never talked to much, but now I spend most of my time with. it's weird how one summer can change so much. but I guess this past summer ""weeded"" out the friends who weren't really friends. the friends you have now are the ones that will stay true to you for awhile. or at least until something catastrophic occurs. I remember in high school, I thought my click would never break up. we were almost like brothers. but now we are like strangers. maybe time will change things back. or maybe it was just meant to be. but as of now, my life seems to be a constant vacation. yea there is classes and stuff, but everything is so laid back. there is no pressure whatsoever. not yet at least. but we'll have to see how all that goes. life is a mystery and I doubt anything will ever make sense. just take whatever opportunity you get, and never postpone anything until tomorrow. cause you never know, there may not be a tomorrow. and one should always keep their mind open to anything. the most sure people in our world have changed their minds. sometimes our past or the facts that are presented to us can alter our opinion on matter. however, it's okay to have a strong belief about something as long as you believe in it with you heart and nothing more. a lot of people today are just followers. they believe what they are told. they don't think for themselves to see if what they are told makes any sense whatsoever. many cases in history have resulted badly. look at World War 2. the entire country of Germany followed the madman named Hitler. he was a lunatic, but one has top give him credit for being able to convince a whole nation that he was right. then to convince them to allow him to be dictator. the sad thing is that, that could still happen today. maybe not with the same ""material"", but if a person said the right thing with the right motivation, any country could fall. even the supposed ""untouchable"" U. S. A. nothing is untouchable. just like how nothing lasts forever. nothing ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_324101.txt,"I thought I could cry forever and I wanted to until I feel eased and better. I guess that made me feel at least somewhat better since I don't feel as depressed or sad right now. I saw mo and ricky this morning. mo probably thinks I've gotton weird, edged, or I don't know, just crazy and there's something wrong with me. yeah. there's definitely something wrong with me. I wanted to talk to him so much. I miss him so much when I don't see him and I don't see him as much or at least I don't try as much to see him or hang out with him. before hanging out with him was one of my better comfort or pleasure, but it hurts me now to him. he is, to me, one of my best friend and I care for him a lot. I want the best for him and he doesn't deserve a person like me. I am so confused. I am so depressed. I know that I should talk to people about it but it isn't so easy after all. connie doesn't understand or I know understand her. I tried so hard for her but she seems so insensitive or she is being a jerk on purpose to be insensitive to me. I don't even think she knows what she's doning to me. God please help me to get through this time. I truly believe that only you could help me and pull me through this misery. I miss feeling your awesome love. I feel so lonely. I feel bad but I can't really talk to my mom about this my whole crazy situation. she expects so much out me. she loves me so much that it hurts her so much to see me being like this. but Lord, I really don't know what I can do. I don't think I am capable of doing anything well or at least I don't have any desire to do anything. I thought mom was okay with elementary education and I thought I could do that, but she says, ""no, no!"" to it. what can I do? I really want to be the daughter my parents want me to be. I really want to be a friend all my other friends want me to be. I really want to be a sister sungmin and sungchan want me to be. but most of all, I really really want to be someone that I want to be that will please everyone and the most of all You. I am so confused. Lord I don't know what to do and this makes me a sad, depressed and unhappy person. I don't have any motivation to do anything and this is so hard because the school has already started. whenever I feel like I want to cry or feel down I want to go to certain people like timmy, steve, mo, betty, connie, mom, and etc. but timmy, as much as I want to go to him, I can't for some reason. instead, I'm so mean to him. I don't mean to be. I hope he knows it. I wonder if he still likes me. I sometimes feel like he does, but I don't think so anymore. guys are so frickle. steve. I want to but I can't depend on him too much because he will be married soon and I shouldn't be near him so much. mo. I want to but you are one of my problems. why can't you be just a friend to me. betty and connie. I shouldn't talk to them so much, in fact, I kind of regret telling them so much about me. I shouldn't have. oh well, they are my friends and I hope they don't ruin my trust on them. well, I feel so much better just writing about everyting or most of the things that bothered me for so long. I guess my 20 minutes are up. maybe things will be better today. ",n,y,y,n,n

1998\_333355.txt,my duty is to get a date tonight for Friday when we have our mixer that is 70's based. I am looking forward to meeting some more girls than I already know. I believe that this stuff is fun whether or not it takes a whole lot of my time. although I have not had enough time to work out as much as I would like. I feel as though I am losing some muscle tone. the food at towers does not help with the dirth of a suitable protein source the food is extremely inedible I have a very hard time consuming enough food to keep my normal body weight up. at dinner I usually eat with either my pledge brothers or my roommates. my roommates are nice guys even if my suite mates are afraid of girls and this hampers our activities. I have a large amount of laundry to do but really do not feel like doing it. I have to acquire red wing boots by tomorrow or my team will lose the game. school is strange because I am never sure if I have done all my work or if I need to study some stuff more it is hard to judge how much you need to study when you have never taken a college test before. I reckon the tests will be fairly challenging although I think my high school prepared me well for these tests. I need to ask a date to the rice football game but I am not sure just who to ask. the football games are cool although my ticket at the first game had my on the highest row possible. I think Ricky Williams is good although he is not as good as jamal Williams of Tennessee. I think Texas will lose by a large margin to UCLA then they will get stomped by Kansas state. we will finally win at rice but then we will win at the other teams I think although the schedule is a mystery. I can't wait to go home to Memphis at thanksgiving to see all my friends. and my freaking car. I wish I could play more basketball and release my athletic energies. ,y,n,n,n,n

1998\_350692.txt,"she probably didn't but she can be so irresponsible sometimes. I guess that's because she's the baby of the house. Maybe one of these days she'll grow up. That reminds me I need to call a doctor and make an appointment for her. Today's Tuesday. That's good I only have one class today. Oh darn I almost forgot I still have to call the electric company to check the meter. I don't see how my electric bill was so much this month. That's an outrageous amount for a 750 sq. ft. place. There's got to be something wrong. At least I don't have to deal with those jerks that live below me anymore. Next time they park their truck in my parking space I'm going to have them towed. I sick and tired of dealing with those childish idiots. I can't believe they actually sit on the balcony with binoculars and gock at the sorority house next door. They have no manners what so ever. Is my time almost up? I still have another six minutes to go. I wonder how Chris and Amy are doing I have talked to them since the Saturday before they were about not leave for UGA. I wonder what it would've been like if I went to UGA. I wonder if Marlow ever called Katie back. Even if he did she was probably sleeping. She was out of it last night. I hope she doesn't fall for that jerk, Lee again. Hey what do you know my time's up. Well I guess I better get my other stuff done. ",n,y,n,n,n

1998\_367064.txt,"I love it when things are like that, things have calmed down since I last wrote my entry. I have learned that indeed almost everyone else is feeling frazzled right now also. I had English today at 9 am and really enjoy it, I like my teacher a lot and have a small class, which I like also--more of a high school feel. It is my birthday tom. and I am not excited about it because I have really crazy classes tom. an 8am to 11am which nearly always kills me. All my friends are already talking about where to live next year and I am not sure why. They all say that things fill up so quickly. I got my feelings hurt because my best friend committed to someone else without even checking with me, I guess I had assumed we would live together next year. College is so much money. I feel like at every corner I turn there is another fine or whatever, even meals really add up. I am not working this first semester because my mom wanted me to adjust to college before having a work schedule, I am doing some babysitting though. Kids are my life, I do not know what I would do without them. I was thinking the other day, my dogs back in Houston--do they know I am gone? It made me sad to think they have no clue if I am OK, I am very close to them and it sucks to think they don't understand a move. My phone is ringing but I think I will ignore it, no one seems to call me but maybe that is why, I have gained a lot of weight and I can feel it, I am slower and get more tired quickly. I wonder how it will feel to 19! Almost 20, I feel like just yesterday I was at my 14th birthday party-a slumber party, often times I miss that stage in life, the innocence. a lot of my friends have changed since then and change is good, but I miss my friendships since then, all my friends are so different. Right now my friend Connor is here and she is sitting on my other friend's bed. She is thumbelina, so cute. There is a vacuum going on in the background, I really need to shave my legs. and lay out. My brother called me last night and said hi and he misses me, I miss him also but sometimes I wonder if he misses me driving him around, he is only 12. I want my older brother, who is 31, to have another kid, that would be so exciting for me. He already has two. I am a theta and I really like them. Tonight I am going to get yogurt with my mentor who has the same major as I do, she will give me advice on what to do and stuff for the future. My e mail is broken and I am so sick of my computer company because they do nothing about it. They are so slow. Now my friend has left the room, I feel like I can not say private things while she is in here, she was reading over my shoulder-how awkward, she wants to go eat in the cafeteria, and I am not hungry. I am scared for one of my friend's futures, she failed summer school and is doing bad at ACC and is not trying. she is depressed and stays in bed all day, it worries me. lunch at 11 am? is she crazy, I think the TV show Jerry Springer is so dumb and should not be aired, before all the fighting started no one really watched it and now everyone knows what it is because of that, how weird. I love beanie babies, they are so cute, but I do not understand why people pay so much money for them. they are beans in a bag, worth about 3 $ max!!! I love the summer and am sad it is almost over! My 20 minutes is up so bye bye. ",y,y,n,n,n

1998\_374668.txt,jamie signed my yearbook a funny way what a fun guy man I forgot that he's not around I wonder how belmont is. probably fun I bet he has some really weird choir friends but I bet he'll make it big maybe in the music business doing something. maybe producing but I seriously doubt that he is going to perform unless he spins records --turntables are expensive--two turntable and a microphone I wish I saw beck at edgefest and I wish I went to the first edgefest I want to see the nixons man sarah is a jerk I hate how she acts like a little kid and she thinks she's all hot and stufff how arrogant I bet she feels lonely back at home but maybe she'll change I don't think everyone I know will change because of college even though elliot thinks so except maybe mark cause I can see him getting a big head cause of his car but I can't believe the sex thing how could he even think about having sex he must be pretty immmature I want to play basketball with the gang when I get back I wonder if I'll see jason probably not since michelle isn't going to dallas I don't think. in need to get kheang's phone number my time still isn't' up have to keep writing I can't believe I'm writing so much I bet if I was a slow typer then this would look like 20 minutes I bet I could stop right now and my professor wouldn't even know that I didn't type for the whole time but I kindof just told him just now so I guess I 'll keep going but I could easily just erase it can't believe no one showed up for my ba 101 class that pisses me off that no one showed up business people seem to only be into material things like that guy with the beard from new york or miama what a boring life I would hate to work my whole life for some chump company like motorola what a waste who cares about cellular phones I want to make a differenece and work for a company that is making a positive effort to improve the world like a medical company but what about all this hmo crap I don't understand it my mom is so good at that stuff I wonder what well do when I get back to dallas I hope I'm allowed to stay out late and see elliot venkat and emily I guess even though she's not really my friedn I keep making typing errors and my back hurts I need some dr. pepper I wish I had a lot of food in my refrigerator only drinks I want some lunch meat some bread and some other stuff finally I got a canopener man I hope I will see that chick from my y psychology class again she is so freakin hot I hope she'll still go out with me even though I heard she has a boyfriend man she has an awesome face and a good body and she is so exciting maybe cause she seems difffernt than most girls on campus she 's not super easy and she seems like so much fun I wonder if she'll like me I think maybe cause she introduced herself to me and maybe she said I was cute I can't remember I'm pretty sure but that doesn't mean she'll go out with me it means crap cause you never know what women are thinking except some who are so stupid and you just tell them what they want to hear I can't believe katie's called me so much she's so crazy I guess I just told her what she want ed to hear yes and now she wants to lock me in for next summer what if I get involved here theni'll feel bad telling her no maybe I wont' but ahh I guess my morals about women are changing maybe I'll just do whatever for a while and calm down later sounds like a good plan my mouth is dry and I'm tired of typing almost done no messages on the phone what the heck I want some messages I hat hangups especially from chicks that pisses me off I hate missing the phone 1:20 done ,y,n,y,n,y

1998\_392683.txt,"It was the second one for this job at the astronomy lab. I would be really excited if I got this job. Mostly because the people seem really laid back and fun. Also because I want to know about the stars. That would be neat to be able to impress people with my boundless knowledge about the boundless sky. I think I have a pretty good chance at getting the job. I was the very first person to call after she put the advertisement in. She told me to come in for an informal interview, mostly to show me around the place and introduce me to people. By the time I got there, 5 other people had called. Today she said she had spoke to about 30 people and narrowed it down among me and two other people. I think the interview went pretty well. I concentrated on sending out a hire me vibe. I wonder if being the first caller will increase my chances. What a cool job. So John has asked me to go see Giant with him tonight. I think I'll go. I hope he doesn't fall for me. That sounds conceited, but almost all of the guys that I want to be just friends with have a nasty habit of falling madly in love with me. it's really annoying. Maybe I should concentrate on being just friends with all the boys and that way the ones that I want to fall madly in love with me will. this sounds like the null hypothesis that we learned about in biology the other day. It's something like making a hypothesis based on past data. it's based on the theory that all populations are alike and any abnormalities are due to chance alone. So if all the boys that I'm just friends with fall for me, all the boys that I continue to be just friends with will fall for me. At least in some way. I think I'm a likeable person. I think people feel relaxed around me. People are always telling me things and then saying I can't believe I just told you that. things just tend to slip out. So I may go see Giant tonight. I think James Dean is in that. My sister used to be a huge James Dean fan. That's a main reason why I'm going. I love my sister. She is so smart and I was thinking last Monday night that she has influenced me in many wonderful ways. I was at my friends house last night and Jeremy started playing blackbird on the guitar. My sister and I shared a room for a while and she would always play that song as I was falling asleep. Not because she wanted to play me a lullaby or anything, just because she was trying to teach herself guitar, which she did very well by the way. The other song she used to always play was, um , I forget the name but this guy was playing it on the street today. Today it made me smile while the other night, Black Bird almost made me cry. I was in a sad emotional mood. I think I get moody right before and right after my period. The other night was right after. What was that song. it's by pink Floyd. Oh well. I really want to get my CD player back. it's up in Denton at my x boyfriends place because I wasn't' going to need it this summer so I let him borrow it. I'll see him in a couple of weeks. I have mixed feelings about seeing him. I'm excited but scarred that I'm really not going to like him anymore. I think he's going to move to Austin over Christmas. I hope that works out. I also hope we can find some happy medium to our relationship. He was one of the reasons that I was so down the other night. I think I was lonely for a male companion or something. And I sort of have this crush on that guy Jeremy. His roommates are Jill and Leslie. Jeremy and Jill used to date, but John, Jeremy's best friend who I'm going to the movie's with tonight says that Jeremy broke up with Jill and that's why john is glad that Jill has found another really nice guy to date. But I think that makes Jeremy sort of regret breaking up with her because you can tell by watching them how much they still care for each other. It's kind of frustrating since I kind of like Jeremy now. This sounds like some sort of soap opera. I've never been into watching those, although my sister used to watch Days of our Lives religiously. I'm wondering if anyone is really going to read this since there's no wrong or right answer. The assignment was to write for at least 20 minutes and that's it. So is somebody going to read this or are you just going to check off names to see that it was done. I think another reason I want to get this job, other than making money, well I guess it is making money because there are a lot of things I want to buy. Every time I go to the book store I see this little disc man that I really want. I don't have a CD player here, remember? and I could use it in my car this summer. I really want a CD player for my car. Well, if I get hired today, I will go out and reward myself by buying that disc man. I went to my friend Jed's ranch this weekend. I came up with this awesome idea. I want to get a climbing harness and rig up some ropes so I can throw the rope over a tree limb, hook it back to me, and hitch myself up and sit among the tree branches. I think this is an awesome idea, so it probably already exists in some form or fashion. Basically I'll need all the things they use to rappel down cliffs. I'm going to go the gym to check out the equipment and how it works to decide what kind of design I'll need. My 20 minutes are up. I think I went over, but I don't know by how much. Wouldn't it suck if I accidentally hit the clear button instead of the submit button. I will have to be very careful. I just remembered that the other song my sister used to play was Wish you were here by pink Floyd. ",y,n,y,n,y

1998\_432472.txt,"All I want to do is sit on my couch and take a nap while sitting in front of the TV. I'm trying really hard to not procrastinate as much as last semester. I usually wait until the last minute to accomplish anything. This was assigned about two weeks ago and I'm just know doing it. I've had plenty of time to do it, but I find myself wanting to plop in front of the TV instead. I love being a couch potato. My mind wonders a lot and people tell me that I'm a daydreamer. Whoever reads this will probably agree that I can't keep my train of thought on one idea for more than two minutes. This weekend I have to go home and see my grandmother who is in ICU because she was in a car wreck. I really hate going to hospitals and seeing how sick everyone there is. It scares me to think of what might happen to me in the future. My mom told me that she probably won't even remember me. I can't decide whether or not to hang out with my friends when I go home this weekend. I know that I will and will not accomplish a lick of homework or reading, but I will still give it a whack and take my books home. I don't know why I even bother lugging them around when I know that they will sit in the corner of my room. My brother and I are not speaking and it's been about two weeks so I kind of miss him. I'm supposed to be in his wedding in November so we better start talking by then. I can't decide what I want to do tonight. I might try staying in for once but that is very unlikely. Even though there isn't really anything terribly exciting going on during the week I still manage to find anything to do but be at home. There actually isn't anything good on TV at 12:30 PM, but I sit in front of the TV anyway. Usually I keep asking myself why I'm watching this stupid show and wonder who in the hell actually thought that shows like ""Sister Sister"" and ""the Smart Guy"" were even remotely funny. Why do those shows even stay on? I don't know a single person that watches or thinks that they are funny. ",y,y,n,n,n

1998\_432648.txt,"I mean, really I do. Only draw back is it makes for fairly lousy formal papers. I really ought to put my desk together. Then I wouldn't have to type on the floor. Hey, a castle! Groovy! I'm not sure if this should be a dialogue with a nonexistant reader, but that's how I'm going to treat it. That's what my last regular stream of consciousness writing was. In 12th grade I took a theory of knowledge course for which we were supposed to keep a journal. At one point, I digressed on the memory of a goldfish which is about 3 seconds. Therefore, every time they swim around in their little bowls, they see a whole new world. Hence, Hey! A castle! Groovey! I've got to get my Relafin refilled. Them maybe I won't spend do much time fantasizing about setting my leg on fire. And we always thought my brother was the pyro . . I really want a new modem. Rephrase, I want a faster modem. I keep getting a java script alert when I try to do the pretesting, so I thought it might be my version of Netscape. So obviously, I decided to down load a newer version. That was about an hour and a half ago. I'm still downloading. ah, ethernet. Your sweet siren call beckons me away from independet living towards a dorm. Oh wait. I would NEVER get housing. No, I'm not bitter. No, UT didn't send back my housing application because I'd sent too much money. No I wasn't over 800 on the waiting list for housig. Grumble. Really, it doesn't bother me. Shoot. Another fifteen minutes. My brother's girlfriend is online. Back to my previous thought. I'm still not quite adjusted to being back in the US. First, I lose all energy and appetite every time I go outside. I don't deal well tith humidity and heat to begin with, and moving from six weeks of 60-70 degree weather straight into Austin in August, well, it's not pretty. Also, every once in a while I'm confused as to which side of the street the cars will be coming from. The one time I crossed the street right after I got back, I reached the middle of the road and was SO confused. Why does my neck hurt?! For some reason, I don't feel a need to rip it off and set it on fire, but I'm definitly considering doind it to my hip. Hmm, someone else is online. I'm going to check. Nope, just the program making noise. I REALLY don't get along with this computer. I have a better relationship with my hip. Stupid computer. No,no, it's not the computer's fault. At least not entirely. I still haven't forgiven it for trying to tell me I had no modem. And preventing me from getting into Windows for a week. Oh. And fo not letting me run any DOS program written after 1988. Ooh Baby. Seven miutes. Bloody ""n"" key keeps sticking. Ah well. I wish I didn't have to type this. Writting or typing cannot keep up with my jumble of thoughts. In the time it took to write that sentence I flashed to my philosophy study groupo, and this sentence saw the thought about the Romans in Winchester. ""We don't like the river where it is. Okay, we'll just move it then. "" I wonder how upset they were to not be able to build Hadrian's wall in a perfect straight line. Poor dears. I should not find the Romans amusing. Oh well. Hey! A castle! Groovey! I'll type for another four minutes or so. My neck really hurts. I still don't want to set it on fire, though. Gee. all my sentences have ""I"" in them. We're certainly being egocentric this evening. Me, me, me. That was a joke. Poor and only for my benefit. All right. I'm finished with this exercise. Good night, so long, TTFN, and Cheers! ",n,y,n,n,y

1998\_439361.txt,"He'll never live that down I'm glad I finally got to this website so I can get these essays over with, I still have to write the other one before Friday--I can't wait till homecoming, Natalie is such a sweet girl--I wonder what color her dress will be? Who else will I know there? Is it wrong that I'm going back home after just being there this weekend? I had so much fun with Natalie but I'm very upset with Brooks. I just have to forget about him and continue reminding myself that he's a jerk and Natalie doesn't like him how could she ever like such a loser he can't get along with anybody and he brags all the time. If I ever get like that I hope someone tells me and I hope I listen to them. Wow, this is really neat- it's like getting all my feelings out and it's really relieving some stress. Can I swear, I'd better not, I don't want to get in trouble--this is college you don't get in trouble--Tomorrow is my birthday! actually my birthday is in less than an hour--18 years old means I can buy cigarettes, dirty magazines, get into clubs, get into bars--of course, I would never do any of that stuff--only perverts get dirty magazines and I hate smoking--It would be cool to go to a club sometimes but most of the girls you meet there are pretty easy---I like Natalie so much--I was going to be really upset if she didn't ask me to homecoming--Even though I'm at college and surrounded by a bunch of really cute girls, I would rather be talking to Natalie than any of them. This was the first time we actually spent multiple days in a row with each other. her mom is so old-fashioned--""you saw David yesterday so you don't have to see him again for a long time"" Well we went to a football game Saturday, Chili's on Sunday, and bowling on Monday I bowled so well 156--that's like the highest I've gotten in 2 years--she's just good luck I guess I'm so lucky to have supportive, caring parents they have taught me that school comes first so it is not really that hard for me to be away from home and I don't have too much trouble getting myself to do homework. that stupid lab stuff is due tomorrow. no maybe it's due Friday I wish I didn't have to take ch 204 it looks like it's going to be the class to give me the most homework I heard it was a weed-out course for Chem E I don't really feel that much stress right now--I should be really scared about not making it as a chemical engineer because my dad, uncle, and sister are all chem e's but I know I can do it and I know the only way I won't make it is if I don't study I can't wait to be 18 I can finally get a credit card-- if I get a credit card will I spend more money? I doubt it I have check cards and they're the same thing I've got to stop eating out so often dad is paying for all my meals at doby and if I'm too lazy to walk over there it's my own fault ---lazy--am I gaining weight? the freshman 15--would Natalie still like me if I were fat? I don't think I'll get fat--I can always diet I lost 20 pounds just 2 years ago boy I hope my parents buy a smaller house so they can get me a car I wonder if they'd ever get me a camaro probably not ""no 2 door cars you can't get groceries in them"" how often will I be putting groceries in my car anyway? boy I type pretty fast I could be a court whatever it's called who types what everyone says--that would be such a scary job if you ever got behind how would you ever catch back up again? has it been 20 minute yet I think so ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_447523.txt,"I called her to ask how to cook a roast. I think it's funny how much I still depend on her - how much I still need her. I call her almost everyday. Sometimes just to hear her voice. It seems to comfort me and I don't really know why. Thank God she has a 1-800 number at her office, otherwise I would have to call collect and she probably wouldn't appreciate that. When I put the roast in the oven, I started to think about all the meals she has ever cooked me. I wonder where she came up with all of her ideas. I only know how to cook three meals, and they are not even that good. I wonder if my mom was born a good cook. She probably was. That's what my dad says anyway. I kind of hope she wasn't though, because then there might be hope for me. She told me that she taught herself. I hate when people say that. She had to have learned how somewhere. Maybe my grandmother taught her. She told me that she didn't, but she probably did. My mom doesn't like my grandmother, so she probably doesn't want to give her credit for anything. I guess I don't blame her. Now the roast is starting to smell good. I love it when you come home and the whole place is filled with a mouth-watering aroma. Delicious! But it always smells the best when you're the one who is cooking. I wonder why that is. Maybe it's because you-yourself created it. It's your own little personal accomplishment. I can't wait to taste my accomplishment. ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_448871.txt,"I am doing this at the last minute and feel bad that I am but we do not have internet access at my house right now because our America Online is on the fritz but I am very happy that I can do it at the library. Now that I have been typing for three minutes I feel more relaxed and confident, I hope that this computer will submit this to you after I complete the assignment. I have a lot going on in my life at the moment, pledgeship is taking its toll in me and consuming a lot of my time and at least my business has slowed down at the moment. I have a little time to catch my breath. I am very pleases and excited with UT and look forward to getting back into my groove and having a set schedule. Pledgeship is taking up a lot of time but it is only for 8 weeks and that is good I need a date for the party this Friday night and am a little preoccupied with it. , there are a few girls that I have in mind and would like to take and of course I want to make a good impression at my first pledge party so I will look good to my fellow pledge brothers. my pager just went off which means that I have another job to go do and I will do it tomorrow I hope that I am doing the correct thing for your experiment I firmly believe that there can never be a random experiment because once a person knows they are being experimented on it can and will influence their outcome. this is what I told my statistics teacher when we were discussing random surveys. come on have you ever been in the mall and somebody asks you to do an experiment and you slightly alter your answers because either you were embarrassed or the like, sure we all have and that is why people are not truly random I believe that we all have logarithms that are inherent in our minds, kind of like blueprints or instincts that tell us to act of do certain things and with these being in our mind we can never truly be random. If broken down to the lowest level a pattern would form and from this pattern we would be able to predict responses and behavior thus disproving the theory of randomness My time is about up I hope that you have enjoyed listening to the voice in my head and I also hope that you will see things with a different perspective now. If you don't that's okay because not many people think that the random theory is true anyway. But I do. ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_449776.txt,"Even though I am so tired from running around all day. My gosh, I have to get up at 7 this morning just because Priya's alarm goes off. After that, everything is a blur. I can't go to sleep, but have to be in the half and half stage. Terrifying. I don't like her. She is just so. weird. I mean, she would stand there and just stare outside. Doesn't she have anything else to do??? I am so tired of seeing her all day. Well, my day pretty much is over except for Psychology class. Why is the class all the way over in Jester anyway. I am tired of walking. To Jester and back. That is 15 minutes off my time. I am tired of myself also. Why do I complain so much lately. And so emotional also. I feel pity for myself, which is not cool. Hey, playing racquet ball with Thinh is kind of cool. I miss him so much. I think he was about to cry when I was saying good bye to him. So cute. Hmmm. something about me. Why do I want to see a guy cry all the time? I think it is something very sexy about it. But the problem is, when they started to feel comfortable and can cry in front of you no problem, then they become too emotional. I want a man, not another ""feminine"" one to take care of. I want him to be my safety, no crying around me. Not too much anyway, unless there is a legitimate reason. Freddy was such a cry baby. So girlie I might say. Man, I think he was just crying to get my attention. Why am I thinking of that dork anyway. Thinh is such a nice guy. So thoughtful sometimes that I am scared I am not good enough for him. But well, that is that. Somehow, I have a feeling we will end up being together. Actually, it is not a feeling, I know we'll end up together and very happy together I might say. I wonder if he is at home now. Hey, I am typing pretty fast. It is kind of creepy when I found all those ants on my short this morning. I look like a mad woman, trying to fend off all those creeps. But the thing is, nobody knows what I am doing. All they see is a girl looking down on her short, prying the slit out. How embarrassing. Oh well, it passed. Nobody would remember me anyway. Just a girl. An ordinary girl. Nobody cares. That stupid Nhut. Johnny and I gave him $200 for his wedding and this is how he treat me? The nerve. Not that money counts. I am not using money as a criteria. I just want him to treat me right. The way I should be treated. I mean, Thay and Toan's dad had to apologize to me? I don't want them to apologize to me. I want an apology from Nhut. That egg head. Actually, I don't think there is much in that head anyway. I am so mean. Let's see. my hand is getting tired from typing all of this. Actually, I think my writing will be one of the longest ones. I think I can type pretty fast. I don't want to write anymore. My eye is so tired. I want to be somewhere else. I want to sleep. I want so many things. But the thing is, those thing that I want doesn't require money. It doesn't cost anything. So I think that this is okay. As long as I don't hurt anybody right? These things I want are because I don't get much of it. I want Thinh to come to UT and be with me. But then again, if he does come, I think we will be both in trouble because we would not concentrate much on school. Okay, my head is hurting, and I am yawning. I am going to go home right after psychology, eat and then take a nap. Then wake up, take shower the go study. I have to at least get through with the Organic and physics today. My gosh, I have so many things to do. There is Organic, then there is Micro. , Physics, Physics lab. I have to return books to Co-op, and buy books. Buy class manual, then there is those Micro equipment I have to buy. rrArghhh. life as it is with me. so much to do. Why do I have to be such an overachiever??? I hate it. I wish things could just come easy to me. But then again, would life be fulfilling to me if everything I want, I get. Who cares, I would have an easy life. I am itchy again. I think it is just psychology playing on my mind again. You think you have ants on you, therefore you get itchy. rrhehehee ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_455323.txt,"I miss my best friend. My other friend could care less of my existence since he has a woman now. I am so unorganized, and I can't type for shit. I am definately frustrated and scared. I am scared that my classes are going to be extremely hard, but most of all, I wish that I did not have to decide on my future. I have no clue what I want to do with the rest of my life, and that is a really big decision. I wish I could just travel the world and never look back. I really wouldn't mind being a bum, as long as I was in paris. I wonder what Lestat is doing right now. I have so much to read and do, but I just never find the time. THe time is just sitting there waiting on me, but I have yet to find my way. Organization is a good thing to have. Something I do not aquire. Figures. I want to meet some really cool friends, but for some reason, I don't think they are here. Maybe I should have moved to Boston. Now I will prolly never go. Figures again. I paused to think of what to say, and a really bad word came to mind. Again. I don't know what to do. I'm a dork magnet. I have zits all over my face, and the cute guy next door has yet to be seen. Figures. Ambulences. I hate that sound. I find it very annoying in the middle of the night. Gas. Roommate - uncertain. I was hoing for some drop - dead woman, and get a sad little home-schooler. Oh well she says. Well, it looks like my time is up. . C-you. ",n,y,n,y,y

1998\_458651.txt,Tony just walked into our apartment and Ashley is asleep. Maybe I need to work on some other stuff. This pre-testing page is down. it keeps shutting down every time I try to use it. I wonder why I even try sometimes. Why am I doing all this stuff enter night. into night grain of sand. off to never-never land. I just typed Metallica lyrics. I don't even like Metallica this is kind of weird. I don't think that I can keep doing this for 20 minutes. Ashley's starting to wake up now. at least most of my studies are done because I'm going to play Broomball later tonight. Do I play at Trees or not? I just think that it will be too hard to actually get to Dallas in time to do it. I can't relax enough to do stream of consciousness. I'm completely aware of everything I'm typing even though it's not selective. boy Tony is loud. Ashley's so cute when she's sleeping. she's starting to wake up. oh wow. I can see her underwear. she'd be a bit embarrassed. she's up know. and gave me a big smile. now she's laughing at me. now she's trying to talk to me and distract me from my work. going on for twenty minutes? My word. I don't have time for this. I think I have the Psychology department figured out but I think they just have everybody take these intro psyche classes so they can get info for their own experiments. they just make it look like a class so they have a bunch of subjects. a cigar. I could use one right now. I'm so stressed out. I'm tired of that bare naked Ladies song. Zach is talking to me right now. what a moron he is. . just about random stuff. . yes go on. exchange the genesis for mario kart. that's a good idea. we're getting mario kart. . I guess I'm going for twenty minutes. . it's been a long time. I have no more to write. I'm going now. by3e. ,y,n,n,y,y

1998\_458908.txt,"the reason for that is because of this girl I'm interested in. this relationship has had a lot of problems, but nothing I can really do about it. this girl is someone that my roommate dated last semester. I was with her at the end of the semester and I felt that things were pretty good. now my roommate still likes her and tries to make moves on her. this guy is a real good friend of mine too. because of this I don't want to be serious about this girl. I think she really likes me, but then I feel guilty about what I'm doing. she's the kind of girl that has a lot of guy friends. I went to a club last night and she was there. I was dancing with her and felt bad because my roommate was there also. I felt so bad I sort of pushed her away whenever she got close. during that night she also danced with my roommate and other guys. all those guys danced real close to her which made me made me feel real sad. I don't have the right to be jealous because we really are not together, but emotions are too hard to control. I just wish I could hold her and be with her, but the situation is just too awkward. ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_458998.txt,"m exdcited. All classes seem interesting. I'm way on top of the medical school admission process and I keep thinking about it. I am so ready for school. summer school was fun this summer, but for some reason I just enjoy havin the challenge of shool on my hands. It makes me feel successful. That's important to me. I have to make sure to stop and smell the roses also, though. I can be kind of bad about forgetting to do that. But then again succeeding in school is one way I smell the roses. Everything here is so exciting. There are so many girls and I really dig that. I have never seen so many girls in my life. But even with the massive amounts of women that are here, my love woes are the same. I'm just too damn picky. Yeah, yeah I know that's supposed to be good and stuff but it gets old. It seems like no girl ever meets the qualifications. It's like the really pretty girls that I am attracted to are stupid as hell. And the ugly girls or mediocre girls I know have the most wonderful personality in the world. What's up with that? So goes college life. Despite the lack of girls with any character and looks, its still a thrilling experience. I feel sorry for women. I mean they are totally forsaken in almost all aspects of life. They are judged so much more on how they look, and what bugs me about that is I totally participate in all of the judging. So goes manhood. I like to think of myself as much different than other guys. Someone who is more compassionate and has thought things through, but even I revert to complete childish mentalities sometimes. It can be fun though. girls, though, I remember a few weeks ago before a Taekwon-Do testing, in which I was to help judge (I used to be a taekwon-do instructor), one of my good friends who started taekwon-do with me was also invited. her name is Joanne Walker. The head ""male"" judges decided that she should watch over the receptionists desk while testing commensed. That was such bullshit. She outrankedhalf of the judges, but just because she wasn't more ""assertive"" as they put it, she got looked ofver as usual. This fucking pissed me off. I mean, for the first time I realized that this wasn't the first time this has happened to her. Whenever I won a tournament, it was my name mentioned, whenever there was an award tobe given, it was to be, never to her. I know that the instructors didn't do it on purpose, it just never occurred to them to give credit to the lady. And then it hit me, ""wow, girls totally get looked over, more than guys. "" Enough about that. I am bored. I want to go play with all of the other college kids in the other room, but no I am disciplined, rooooaaaaarrrr. Anyway, man I hope the Astros go to the series this year, I know that they can beat the braves (maybe). hehe Oh, I saw this thing on Latrell Spreewell today, that professional basketball player who hit his coach. What a fucking idiot. Man, he was sitting on TV talking about how he was suine the NBA for lost wages. Poor millionare. Something about Mary was very funny, and oh my god, was Saving Private Ryan awsome or what? I mean that movie freaking changed my life. And Good Will hunting was good too. I liked it partly because it was in Boston, and I would love to go medical school at Harvard. I think I have a good shot at getting in if I do well this year and kick ass on the MCAT, don't worry I will prepare well. Football, this next Saturday, oh yeah! I can't wait to enjoy the game witht eh buddies and a few budweisers. That budweiser commercial is hilarious, with the lizards. That is a genious whoever came up with that campaign. There are too many stupid-ass commercial advertisers out there. There should be a law against commercials that suck. Like we could havwe a commercial selection committee that could pass a commercial on a 2/3 vote on regular commercials and by a simple majority with Little Caesar commercials. Oh remember that Deep thoughts, by Jack Handy that used to play on Saturday night live? It was hilarious and this stream of consciousness essay reminds me of that. He would say stuff like, I wonder what the world would be like if dogs ruled the earth. I bet doverman pinchers would control most of the countries, but that would be sad because I'm sure there are some Chiuahauas with some pretty good ideas! hehehehehe, I freaking hate that I don't know how to spell Chiuhua. ahhhhhhhhh! ",y,n,n,y,y

1998\_459461.txt,"It is 2:20 on Wednesday the something. I never remember the date anymore since I quit my job this summer. I think it is the 2nd now that I think about it. Anyway, I guess I will be writing until about 2:40. that gives me a little time left over until I have to go to Psy 301 today. I wonder what the movie will be about. I really hate sitting in class for an hour and a half strait. What really stinks is that all my classes are like that. Except my Calculus discussion class. It is only 50 minutes long a day, two days a week. I just got out of that class. My TA in there is really boring. He reminds me of a Seinfeld episode. The one with the low-talker. I don't really watch Seinfeld, but I saw that one. He is extremely dry too. He stands in front of the board when he writes, and that makes it extremely hard to see what he is doing. Sometimes he even erases stuff before the class even gets to see it at all. Some teachers just really stink like that. Other than that 100 minutes a week, my classes are going pretty good. I have been writing for 7 minutes now. Whoever is reading this (if anyone is at all) will have to trust me. I am not an ultra fast typer, so the form might not be as long as some students, but I guess it isn't the size that counts. :-) I am at a loss for words now. My roommate would love this assignment. He can talk forever. I have know Aaron (my roommate) for nearly 6 years now. It is weird that we are still friends. He is so moody all the time, I never know how to act around him. He is great and all, but it is like living with a women who is constantly having her period. Serious mood swings. He is gay, so I guess it is kind of like living with a women. I'm not gay though. Here is a question. You decide whether or not this is fair. the University of Texas at Austin thinks nothing about letting two homosexual partners (male or female) live in the same room with one another all year. UT doesn't have one problem with that. However, they get all pissy when my girlfriend is in my dorm room after 11:30 on weekdays, and 1:30 on weekends. Tell me the logic of that. Please. Someone tell me the difference between me and Aaron having sex all night long (not going to happen though) and Kristen and I having sex all night long. Not even sex. Just sleeping in the same bed. Tell you what, not even sleeping, but just talking with one another. I am not a sexaholic yet anyway. Does that seem to bother anyone else but me? I guess I found a few words. It is 2:35. Kristen and I have been dating for nearly 6 years now. I have only had one other girlfriend in my life. We started dating in Junior High school. Man! It hasn't even seemed like that long. We were engaged for a short period of time last year, but since then we have decided to back up to ""dating"" again. It was her decision really. I wanted to get married this Christmas break, but she had a change of heart. We are still going to get married, just a little farther down the road. Well, I suppose that that is my 20 minutes of streaming. That flew by rather quickly. This was a good idea on your parts. See you all in class. Louis A Barrow III ",y,y,y,n,n

1998\_463122.txt,"I wonder if the twenty minutes is what they're grading for because I type so slow they'll probably think I only wrote e for five minutes I didn't realize the assignments were due today I thought they were due tomorrow, oh well I wonder if that means if I have to9 finish that damn pretest. I guess so that girl has some funky hair, I can't even type without having to look up its just like bam!!! in front of me, I need a computer at home so I don't have to come to the library all the time. I don't get much done at home though so many distractions what can I make for dinner there s nothing to eat at home, maybe kimchi cheegae but I made that two times already maybe robert got some groceries, we need some onion and garlic otherwise I can't really make much oh shit I need a rice cooker still before I can go and make all this maybe I'll invite Angela over to eat. yeah I wonder when her classes are even over. yeah I can just tell her to bring her rice cooker over and I'll cook, she will probably want to eat Korean food anyway because I'm pretty sure that the Dobie food can't be that good. if it is at all like the jester food, that stuff gives me the runs. I don't know maybe they put supplements in it to reach nutritional guidelines but whatever it is it is not any good for me. the jester people must get used to it part of their body's way off adapting to a new nutritional source. nutrigrain bars are awesome. I'm so damn hungry. they should have a cafe here in the PCL so those late night studies can have some refreshment lemonade that's what I want it's funny how me and Angela have so much in common I bet she is thinking lemonade right now. I wonder what Ben thinks of her? that would be fucked up if they were both lying to me. I guess I just have to trust him. I've known him for so long but sometimes you'd do fucked up things for a girl, I couldn't blame him either because I've done such before also. I regret it of course. this guy told me not to ever regret something you've done because if you keep doing that then it is like you're asking back everything you done in you're life. so you may as well not ever be living it. I didn't even really know him we were just fishing next to each other and ha was old, I wish I could go fishing right now. it relaxes me and all this stuff is stressing me and I need to relax. I guess I could go fishing in freshwater but that can't beat the sun nothing can beat fishing the surf of san Luis pass all night even if you don't catch anything just being there when this sky turns purple then blue then a whole myriad of colors that you can't even describe from yellow to black and than the sun comes and you make your last couple of casts not even caring really to catch a fish kind of a solute to the sun for thanking whatever you caught or didn't catch for next time. ok that's been about thirty minutes and I'm going all philosophical I think I'm done ",y,n,y,n,y

1998\_470852.txt,"I am moving my foot back and forth and I find that to be very reliving for me . I can't believe that the only thing keeping me for getting married is my girlfriend, is that such a big deal am I ready for all that stuff. who is the best person I can talk to that won't ever judge me, I think that it is my girlfriend. I can't believe her, she is so rude to me when I do something that is not good as far as she is concerned. hard to believe is not it. I don't want to talk about this any more because I am not to worried about it. I have to swim in this thing some day I use to play football for A&M. I walked on my freshman year and now I don't do anything. I wish I could do something like that now not only reason to stay in shape and but also because I miss it and I want to play again. I type to slow I am very tired of it and I need to go. ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_471243.txt,"I'm missing my friends as I always do when we're not together. I sort of wish I would have gone to school with my best friend Eliza. I had too much fun this summer and now I'm just really bored with Austin. Even so my classes seem interesting enough. I'm glad I switched majors. My family got a puppy. I told them they should name it Bevo, but I think that that would make my Aggie sister not to happy. I can't wait for my friends to visit me in October. Real stupid, huh. I'm all looking forward to two months from now. I feel kind of bad though, because I think Troy likes me too much and I'm just not interested. I really hope Mandy doesn't get mad at me if I hurt his feelings. Like she is one to judge. I'm really looking forward to going jetskiing, but I really want to go dancing. I can't wait to go to clubbing. I hope Lisa calls me today. She's being a real butthead. Well I guess I understand. We're all having money troubles. I hope I find a job. It's really going to suck if I don't. I'm sort of wondering if someone is going to read this. I really hope not cause I think I sound kind of stupid. I am sort of stupid, but that doesn't mean everyone should know. I hope Danny writes to me soon. I'm going to feel really dorky if I write to him and he never writes back. Bambino. I think I'm going to play a trick on Bert today. He is such a jerk. I cannot believe that he was so rude to me last year. I really expected a lot more from him. I sort of miss our friendship, but I guess that's how it goes. I really miss Eric. I wish it hadn't ended the way it did. I feel like crying now. How is it that you can ever forget someone that you loved so much. It's like he's dead to me now, cause I can never talk to him again. Oh well. I know I would hate it if we got back together. I feel like I'm writing in a diary, but I can't say the really juicy stuff. I want to go to Six Flags. I love amusement park rides. I wish Emily had gotten on the rides with me the last time. It was so funny to see her so terrified. I miss Gerry. I should write her a note today. I hope she still has email. I'm really going to miss her if I can't find her. Gerry is one of the greatest people I know. She is so nonjudgmental. I wish I could see her again. I have to stop procrastinating. I don't know what else to write . . OK I hope Lisa comes to pick me up soon. I would really like to see her. I am so pathetic. Here it's only been a week and a half and I'm already wanting to see my friends again. I was going to write something, but I forgot. Damn it I hate it when that happens. I hope I make some more friends this year. People who like to do stuff, like Emma. I can't believe she actually took me to Mexico whenever I wanted to go. It's to bad they grounded her at the end of the summer. THAT' ALL FOLKS! ",y,y,y,n,y

1998\_472096.txt,"I don't have a clue of why I am feeling this way . I am thinking about many things as I type this paper. One thing is, I hope I have a good freshmen year in college. I was not worried about college until I got up here. Now that It has started I'm nervous. I'm waiting for the day when I have test in every class, I don't know how I will handle it. I going to have so many things going on such as fraternity stuff. This is going to be gun but I hope I have some free time to study during pledge ship. If I don't my life will be miserable and I will end up at good ol cleburne Texas. So far in Austin I fill comfortable when I m around other people but get home sick when I m alone in my room doing nothing. I fill weird because when I was at home I could call my friends and girlfriend and we would go out and do something, now that I don't know a lot of people I can't do that. I fill that your class is going to lots of fun because you came across as a good professor. Tonight i am going out to have fun with my pledge brothers we only have 2 more days of freedom. I hope I make it to christmas, if I do pledgeship will be done with and I can go on living a normal life. Right now I fill like eating something but I don't know what. Jester food does not go down right. I think that is why I am sick. My brother is a senior this year and will graduate in December. I wish I was in his place. I'm ready to settle down and hopefully make a good living to support my family. I fill at this time that I want to do something in computers. That is where the money is. the thing is that I'm not ready for really hard classes and bundles of homework. Well my 20 minutes is up so I'm going to submit my paper and grab a bite to eat. ",n,y,n,n,n

1998\_474113.txt,"I have finally made it to college. I miss my family and friends but at the same time I am proud and happy with the changes that have come as a part of college life. It's is something new. I feel confident that I will succeed here at UT, but most importantly, I want to succeed. I am excited about all of my classes and look forward to gaining the knowledge that each professor has to offer. I sometimes worry about finding my special little niche here where there are so many students. However, each day I feel a little more comfortable with myself and the university. Above all I find myself missing someone back home who I have only known a short time the most. He is a wonderful person with whom I have this extraordinary mental connection. Being away from him has made me think more in detail about how the human mind and the concept of relationships depend heavily upon one another. It makes me wonder what abstract thought can make a person be able to relate everything they see and do someway to another person. I am positive that it is not an obsession but it is something stronger than just a casual feeling. Well I guess I will just have to continue to ponder about the whole situation. ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_474386.txt,"so there you go. my one feeling. tired. I think ill get to know that a little more as the semester goes on. and now I'm beginning to feel another emotion. that of annoyance. my roommate is talking to me about a bunch of crap while I'm trying to do this thing. I've got a dull sort of sensation in my head. I guess I've been working to hard. or maybe that could be from that lack of sleep. but then why do I want to dwell on this the whole time. can I not think of anything better to say?. that brings me to my biggest character flaw. not knowing what to say. and why the hell do I want to bring this up. I don't know. my mind wanders again as he talks somemore. I'm also beginning to feel a little overwhelmed with the college work load. I don't really think it is that much stuff. it's just that I have one class I don't like at all. that being good old rhet/comp. and how can I hate a class like that so much. I hate writing and reading. simply put. I have a strong sensation to end right here with this writing. but then that just wouldn't be right. and then I think I might be able to get something out of this. I kind of feel like I'm doing this incorrectly. seems more like a diary to me. and now the people outside the dorm room are making noise. do they ever have any freaking homework to do. at least I havent heard the bass being played way to damn loud today. the sob was playing the stuff at 2 in the moring. not that it woke me up. but I got to hear my roommate bitch about it. I kind of feel proud of myself somewhat today. I had somewhat of a social interaction with a girl. something that hasnt happened in a while. if ever. yeah. sad state of affairs for me. that brings me back to think of why I havent gone anywhere in my life with the opposite sex. I guess if I just got to being a little more social. yeah. I could fix that problem. well. at least that was a start today. now if I could just keep stuff like that up and not be so much of an introvert. I might just turn out ok. now I'm low in the well of ideas. what else to type about. am I even doing what the assignment was asking of. I remember going to the therapist while I was in middle school. she said I had to express myself. and not be afraid to feel my emotions. yada yada. I know I have emotions to feel. I guess I'm just too damn shy to show them sometime. and now I hear female voices outside. I'm kind of glad I hear them. takes my mind away from doing this. and lets me concentrate on them. I don't know why I like trying to figure out what the hell they are saying. I guess I like seeing how other people interact with one another. speaking of that. me and my roommate. we interact. just don't talk too much. we need to get the hell out of this room a little more often and meet different people. I can't force him to do anything . but I know I can maybe get myself out to do some stuff. I'm kind of pissed at the people from school that came to UT. it's almost as if they fucking ignore me. but then thats ok. I know some might be doing that just because I am with my roommate. they don't really like him much at all. I just got a little laugh hearing my roommate having computer problems. I'm really having a bad time when I have to talk about something like that. well. I'm kind of proud of myself. I was able to spend 16 minutes so far talking about almost absolutely nothing. one last thing to talk/bitch about. I like the food here at dobie. yeah. nice to know. but the fucking lines are a bitch. 2 mins remaing. go clock, go. wooh. I used a comman. I better learn to have more patcients (spelling) with the hw assignments. I always find myself watching the clock, seeing how many pages I have left, or anything else that I can use to see what kind of a pace I am on. and once I find out how slow it's going for me. I get discouraged. oh well. the clock on the computer reads 10:50. that would make 20 mins complete. 1/2 way done. lets get this over with ",n,y,y,n,n

1998\_475183.txt,"Losing my best friend the day before classes started doesn't necessarily ""enhance"" my college experience. So much has been circulating through my head. Why did this happen? She and her sister had so much to live for, and now they are both dead because of a freak accident. A careless mistake took the only two children their parents will know to be their own. In a perverted way I find the situation ironic. Alice had done so many stupid things in her life and come away from them without a scratch, but her sister took a turn too fast and it took both of their lives. I find myself unable to think too much about it recently. I am able to say ""my best friend just died"" but I haven't found it possible to truly feel the extent of pain that I do. I find myself going through the day forcing a smile here and there, a laugh if I hear something funny, but I have never had such a consistent view of the sidewalk. I am polite to the girls in my dorm, but I am somehow furious that they don't understand my pain. I wouldn't either if someone had come to me with this situation three weeks ago. No one does until it affects you personally. It's like one of those after-school specials on teen-aged depression. I find myself shutting down sometimes and hating the world. If I believed in a god, it would only be one more person to hate and blame for this. I know I need to make new friends but can only wish to see and talk to my old friends, friends that understand. I know I need to get out and do things, but the thought of socializing with strangers frustrates the hell out of me. I find myself going through phases of denial, then rage, then depression, and then denial again. Sometimes I want to put my fist through the wall, other times I want to curl up in a little ball and just stay there for weeks. Sometimes nothing seems important. What good does it do to strive for perfection if it can all be taken away that quickly? What good does it do to have people close to your heart, if it only hurts that much more when you lose them? Of course I know the answers to these questions, but recently I've challenged everything I have trusted to be true. ",n,y,n,n,y

1998\_475235.txt,"don't take waste a minute you have to have no worries. spending time with people you love and have fun with is what makes those great memories that you look back on. right now I should be living life to it's fullest ( I should always actually) because things only get more and more complicated. sometimes I feel so confused and it gets me down, but the weird thing is, is that I can't pinpoint what I'm confused about. that's bad for me because then I can't talk to anyone about it--that's what usually helps me get things off my mind. I am going home this weekend to see my brother from l. a. California and he is bringing his new girlfriend. I'm anxious to meet her because she sounds so sweet. I wonder if this is the girl he will marry--I always think of that when a relationship begins. I truly believe that a couple should go out at least one year and a half before they think of marriage--it takes a long time to see all of the other's weakness, and characteristics. it is way too hot for me--it drains me so much. I dropped history because I had a really bad feeling about it--the teacher was on a different level than I was and I could not learn from her. I feel a bit weird and guilty for dropping it because I usually stick things out no matter what, but I need to do well this semester so I had to make sure. I really want to go tubing, or hiking or something outdoors every weekend. being outdoors really relieves the stress in me and I am automatically happy. I miss my dog. some people just don't like to get up and do something. they sit there and think about how much energy it is going to take to do something (such as go tubing) and think about how long it is going take to drive there/ rather than just getting up and doing it! I need to do things that I think of and when I want. no better time than the present. I hate nightmares. they've been sticking in my head lately all day after I wake up. they seem to be getting stronger and stronger. I dream about sad or fearful things all of the time. exercise is so important for me ( not to lose weight etc) it seems to keep me happy and feeling good. it's not a chore for me to exercising. what should I write about. I think I want to go sky diving but I seem to be getting more and more fearful of things. more nightmare--fear of animals getting me. I don't want to be a baby about that sort of stuff because I don't want to miss out on anything. I want to do so much outdoors but it makes it hard when I am so scared of animals. I used to be a tomboy and play with worms and bugs etc but it's a different story now. kids also make me happy. they are full of innocence and curiosity. I could sit there and just watch kids all day. I miss soccer and art from when I was in high school. those are things I enjoyed. I decided that I am going to play intramural soccer here. I hope I have fun in it. I want to do tile paintings when I get older. my mother is so sweet, people seem to take advantage of the nicest people in the world. my brother always gets his heart broken because he is so nice. I want to find him the perfect girl because that's what he deserves! I love and miss my family so much. we have always been so close and everyone can see it. it's a weird close because we don't show our love to each other all of the time but we are very very protective over each other and interested in helping every one out. there's five kids. big families can be difficult but there are so many good things about it too! ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_475402.txt,"I am really confused right now because this girl that I think is so incredibly attractive and fun and nice and well you get the picture. Anywho. She says that she likes me it's just that she does not want a serious relationship. I totally understand that because the more that I think about it I don't want that either. I am not really sure what it is that I want. I know that I just want someone to be there for me. It would be nice to have someone who you always know will be there. Maybe I should just explain to her that I am not asking her for marriage. I am just asking for her to be there for me when I need her and I will always be there for her when she needs me. In high school I really was kind of a guy who moved around A LOT!!!! I could never be satisfied with one person for an extend period of time. I mean hell I just got bored. But with her it is different. The first day we met we stayed up until 8am the next day just talking on my friends couch in his dorm room. Then we fell asleep together on the couch and when we got back up we just started talking again. I have only know her for a week but I feel like I have know her forever. I mean I found out so much about her in such a little time. I sometimes don't know that much about people whom I have know forever. I don't know. I don't know. I just don't know. Women are so darn confusing. Well maybe it is the situation that is actually confusing not her. Or maybe it could be me?!?!?! Well guys aren't confusing. I mean we say what we mean and girls just read way to much into it. I guess I just want her to feel the same way about me that I feel about her. However, there is a lot going on this fall. I have just started college (and I think that may be the reason that she doesn't want a boyfriend) and I am thinking about joining either the Business Council, the Management Information Systems Association, or the Iron Spikes (they are the baseball teams spirit organization). With all of this maybe I won't have time for her. And I would not want to be so into her then have her start liking me and I stop liking her. I would feel so bad if that happened. I just want a good girl who will treat me like I deserve to be treated and like me for who I am. I guess I should just give it some time. Things happen for reasons and who am I to think I can change someone. Well I guess if I really wanted to I could manipulate her into doing what I want. (I am too good at doing that. It kind of scares me) But what the hell would that accomplish? Nothing. Well nothing good can come of it atleast. Someone once said that we are who we are today because of the choices we made yesterday. So I am going to make a choice to just let things run their course. If it is meant to happen then it will. If not no big deal. \*\*\*side thought\*\*\*\*\*\* I am not the fastest typer and my fingers are starting to get stiff. \*\*\*side thought is over\*\*\*\*\* I am not really sure what this writing assignment is going to accomplish, but I hope it helped you as much as it helped me. It actally gave me a chance to sit down for 20 minutes and actually reflect on something that has been bothering me for a few days. Wow this psychology stuff is pretty cool. I may just have to minor in this. I am starting to like it. :) :) :) :) :) :) :) ",y,n,n,n,n

1998\_475448.txt,"I tried three times to get this web site and it kept bringing up that the server was down. I am the mother of a 10 month old and when he goes to bed, that is the time I need to get busy and do my work. I often stay up until 2 or 3 am trying to get everything done that I need to get done. I have the King and I on the TV, I am looking very much forward to going to the Bass concert/ performing arts center to see it. I bought three tickets. My husband and I are going and taking my grandmother for her 75th birthday. it should be a real treat. the house is quiet except the TV (on low) and the dishwasher. I love the sound of the dishwasher. It is a night time sound for me because when I was growing up my mother would turn it on after the news on her way to bed. It is a comforting sound. It was a normal bedtime noise then, now 20 years ago, and now in my own home I enjoy the sound. I would miss it if we were to get one of those new expensive machines that didn't have the same rolling and tumbling sounds. I love water, the ocean, it kind of reminds me of that, but in thinking about it also probably sounds like being in utero. This musical is so beautiful, I just love the musicals of the past, a time long gone except you can visit through videos, theatre in your mind. Its sort of and escape from daily hectic real life schedules. Speaking of hectic every day schedules, my car is in the shop. It was there today since 9am and at 445pm I hadn't received a call about it yet. I don't think they are very considerate, I had to call, and if I hadn't would they have closed up and gone home without saying a \*\*\*\*\* word to me! probably. In order for me to be in class at noon tomorrow, I need to have Nicholas at the daycare by 11am . and I have to have a way to get the car. Freddie works night at the post office and he needs to go to bed when he gets home, not fool around waiting to take me down to the Honda service dept. being without your car is a big pain in the butt. It is the air-conditioning , door locks, and electric window. of course, it is the drivers window that is messed up, and when you unlock the door with the key, it sometimes does and sometimes doesn't lock and unlock the real drivers door. and usually it is when I have my arms full of stuff, the baby, and when I am in a hurry. As soon as I am finished, here in a matter of minutes, I can go read the mountain of books I had to get this semester. Man, this assignment is making me sweat. When I complain about things I often feel bad, because I know there are people who have it worse than I do. We watched TITANIC . broken up in three evenings, it was good, but it made me cry. what a way to die. or lose your family or loved ones. Life is the sweet with the tart. I guess. I am curious what will be achieved from your collection of these stream of consciousness writings. I have more than satisfied the 20 minute requirement now, I would like to print this as a receipt, but guess what? my ink cartridge is out, and it was for the survey too, so I hope I can pull it up again and print it when I get out to buy one, I tried at target last week, but of course, they were out !!! the story of my life. ",n,n,y,y,y

1998\_476356.txt,"I am very disappointed. its been raining all day and I'm tired. I didn't sleep last night, that isn't any good. I can't stand not sleeping. Sometimes I think that maybe I'm just not good enough for college, or at least UT. Things have been hectic the whole time I have been on campus, and if I don't do good this semester, I'm going to fail out. I hope that I can pull this all off. The weekend was nice though, partying with all of my fraternity brothers was a good time, and seeing all of my old high school baseball buddies was cool too. I need to do stuff like that more often. I hope that things can get back to the way they used to be, since I liked everything much much more back then, when my whole life was a hell of a lot simpler. I miss high school, sadly enough. I liked school a lot better when it was just me and 1500 other people. I knew everyone, everyone knew me. Life was good. I can't stand this 50k of people on campus around, it drives me crazy. I'm lucky to see A friend walking around campus, let alone a lot of them. Oh well, I hope that life gets better soon. This weekend should be a lot of fun. Oh, my pizza is ready, its been 18 minutes since I sat down. I spend a lot of time thinking and then trying to transfer things to words. Same old problem for me. I can think great, but when it comes to putting things to words, I suck. ",y,y,n,n,y

1998\_477189.txt,"Metallica. Some of the old stuff so its a lot more music and fewer lyrics. But really, now that I think about it, twenty minutes is a long time to write. At some times, my head is full of random thoughts I can write about but there are not too many tonight. I think part of that is because I am tired. I knew Mondays would be long when I registered for classes and ended up with a lab from seven to nine on monday night. But today seemed long. At least my classes are manageable except for Calculus. I think I will have to work harder to keep up in that class. Actually work hard just to stay with it instead of working to be far ahead. Well maybe I won't have to take too many more difficult math classes after the next couple of semesters, especially if I transfer out of elec. engineering and go into the business school. But I heard the other day that not many of the classes you take in the engineering courses transfer well to business so I may have to start over. I know that the computer science course I added will not transfer but I decided to take it anyway because I would like to know how to program at least in a general way. Never know when that could come in handy. It sure has been hot the last few days. Weeks. Months. I have also had to walk all over campus just to get all of the administrative stuff out of the way like paying my add bill today and getting the sports package over at the stadium. I got a lucky break and got to pay in the UGL instead of having to wait in the very long line for the cashiers in the main building. A lot of stuff has happened in the last few weeks. I wonder how Tricia is doing. And Daniel. And Chad. He really had a tough week last week. I feel bad about writing that screwy email. It just reminded him that he didn't get to go to the college he wanted. I wonder what caused the extra fees? Too bad he won't get to play football for them. That reminds me that we are going to the game Saturday. I need to go get tickets tomorrow. In the morning after class. The food has gotten bad over the last few days. Maybe it comes in cycles of the stuff I like. Or maybe they just serve the good, fresh stuff the first week or so to give the impression that the food is actually good. That is the funnier one to tell. It is always good to have a good cafeteria joke for all of the family and other people back home. Sterotypes of college. Most are at least partway true but sometimes it gets tiresome trying to explain the real so you just let them believe it and so forth and so on this paper is dragging on I really don't think they mean to read them all. Should I include all of this stuff or just do some selective deleting? I guess if anyone reads this they will never know anyway. What do you think? Do you think I deleted anything? That will remain one of life's little (very little) mysteries. That about does it for the twenty minutes. Only a few seconds to go. I wonder if I will finish with this sentence or if it will go on until the time ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_477540.txt,I tried to get onto your pretest experimental thing and it didn't let me on that's very bad for m e since I will have to waste more damn time tomorrow doing it I heard it takes a long time to do. This whole college thing is really starting to scare me I missed my Si session today for Rtf and let myself down. I f you want to make an impression on these people you have to grab them by the balls with a 4. 0 average. How am I going to do that when I have already missed one of the damn Si's I'm telling you I better get my act What am I even doing here I need to get my mind on other things like movies why aren't your thoughts ever on movies they're always on what to do to impress the next person . Just get ahead of thy game early and you'll do fine God I hope I get a $. 0. $. 0 the way to go. I don't want grad school though California Vivian Yeah that's where I'm going to be in a while no matter what. I have it the right stuff. Ed Harris. Good movie. Remember what the guy at Northwestern said The Right Stuff had god use of parallel editing. where you edit two frames together that are similar in how the shot is set so as not to disrupt the audience's attention. What is the audience's attention . Movies. this paper what am I rambling about I wonder if the proff will read this Jesus you type like a gorilla . Sigourney Weaver Gorillas in the Mist about some ape lady Aldrich something. Ironic that was in our psychology book. ironic but not funny just ironic sue me I took a pause to see how much time I had left this is all anyway what is it supposed to prove that our mind wanders is it supposed to give us some great insight into how we think rrAAh. it is pretty fun and it will be interesting to read over this am I supposed to wow I'm a slow typist that sucks. What was it sophomore year that I got a B in keyboarding yeah I told Chad Crady about Stephanie McKinnon and we always used to fight each other in class and he'd pretend that I was beating him up why are you and all of these people so concerned about each other especially women is it just to procreate that we are interested in women or is it like Psychology. professor says that there can be different views on the whole thing. Of course dumb question there can be different views on every thing but which is the right one? time up ,n,n,n,n,y

1998\_487593.txt,"Sometimes, I don't understand my ex-Boyfriend. He tends not to tell me everything, especially the ones that he thinks I shouldn't have to worry about. Maybe it's because we didn't have enough time to know more about each other before I left. A lot of times, I sincerely wished I had known him earlier, and things between us could have been lot better. When we were together, I didn't think I would miss him that much even if I came back to US. But, somehow, he knew I would miss him. But I really didn't realize how much I miss him until now that I am back here. I couldn't call him nor email him. The only thing I can do to keep in touch with him was write letters. It takes about a month back and forth. And one month is really too long for me. I want to know how he is doing and if he misses me as well. I wish he could come here to see me. But I know it's just my imagination to something that's almost impossible. Even though we never really talk about how we are now since we are so far away from each other, at least, I know that we are still good friends. ",n,n,y,y,n

1998\_488580.txt,"guess ill just have to wait. atleast I can get this out of the way then. I'm so tired, but I think its that coffee from mojo's thats keeping me up. I have that song stuck in my head by aliyah. ""I got what you want, I got what you need, can I get another shot, this time I going to make it hot"", oh well, enough of that. I finally get to see salima again!!!! this friday!!!!! I can't wait after forever, I'm so excited. anyways, my hands are getting tired from typing this much, and its only been 2 mins. I'm going to go crazy, no way I can write like this for 20 mins. oh no, this sucks. oh well, nothing I can do, I have to stay awake for my laundry anyways. atleast my roommate eric stopped snoring now. and finally that damn pretesting crap worked. I finally got the confirmation sheet, now I'm set to go do some experimenting. hope nothing messes up though, I don't want to end up like the nutty professor or like in flubber or anything. its probably going to be easy, like analyzing dreams and crap like that. oh well. guess I shouldnt call it crap, I mean this is psychology class, I can't make fun of it in a psychology paper. that doesn't even make sense, I'm goin crazy, because my hands are HURTING!!!!! oh man, my eyes are closing, I'm fading fast, got to fight it, can't sleep, I can do it, then all I have to do is sleep in class tomorrow. oh, but I can't, I have . my ear itches. just scratched it. anyways, as I was saying. I have a damn quiz tomorrow, and the TA hasnt taught us anything. she's so sorry, I know more than her. but its those word problems that are messing me up. I can do the work just fine, just those word problems sound too complicated, and I get confused on what its asking me to do. oh well, hopefully there wont be any word problems to do. man this sucks. I'm bored, gloria is sleeping, so I can't chill in her room tonight and ""study"". salima is asleep, so I can't talk to her. kajal is being a bitch, so I don't want to talk to her even if she is awake. amar and ripal are both asleep, steve is probably awake, but he talks too much, so I don't want to chill with him. hopefully when I get off the computer gloria will have left me a voicemail telling me to come upstairs and chill with her. maybe she is awake, because I just called her and talked a little while ago. she said she was going to sleep, but oh well. she likes some other guy now, but thats ok, I already got what I wanted from her. but she's cool, we'll have other ""study"" sessions, I'm sure of it. she was pretty good though. oh well, can't get into that now, just in case somebody that shouldnt be reading this does. damn, not even 10 mins yet. I've never wrote this much so fast ever. its kind of cool, but weird at the same time. because none of it makes any sense and none of it flows, thats ok though, I guess thats the point of the assignment. now I'm wondering about what experiments I will be able to do. seems like fun. I can't wait. I'm excited because my check card came in the mail today. now tomorrow I have to go to the co-op and buy the solutions manual for calculus, because the TA doesn't know how to teach, and she's a aloser. I hope I'm typing everything fine. I'm trying to type with my eyes closed. lets open my eyes now and see how things went. hey, pretty good!!! anyways, I hope fauzia brings me that paper in class tomorrow about selling your notes and all, it'll help out, I mean, every little bit counts!!! well I'm almost done know. its been 12 mins. so not too much to go. this kind of sucks, meghan and angela are coming on friday, in the evening, and I'm leaving for back to dallas in the afternoon. hopefully I can stop by baylor on the way back from dallas and check out the dorm room. we'll see what happens. man, now that I'm thinking about angela, gloria did the same stuff to me that she did, but gloria went farther. oh well, she looks a lot better than angela anyways, so I guess its better that way. ok, enough of that. I'm just really hoping we can do that kind of stuff later on also. ok, enough, for reals this time. man, my contacts are sticking, and they're causing my eyes to shut. oh well, hopefully when I'm done with this, the clothes will be done. that way I can get em out, and go to sleep, I havent had good sleep since I moved here. I got to wake up all early. and besides that I'm always awake, never sleeping. but I guess missing sleep last night was worth it, after what happened. hehehehehe. oh well, ill miss sleep for that any night of the week. I don't care about sleep when that is concerned. I was all sore last night from working out too, but I'm not going to let that stop me. hellz nooooo!!!!! I'm still a bit sore, because we started working out on saturday. its starting to wear off, so I'm getting used to working out, I just hope we stick to working out everyday, because I need it. but I kind of like that sore feeling, because atleast then you know you're doing something, and that something is improving. man, this is loooonnnnnggg, but its ok, I doubt anybody will even read it. I guess its just like a completion grade. man its hard to have your words and all agree with me. don't just play with me like that. well actually, you can play with me anyway you want. oh good, only 2 more minutes than I get get ready to hit the sack. 1 minute!!!! this is weird its like a countdown for newyears, but hena didnt make a big deal about leaving. I wish salima understood more and didnt cry as much as. whoa, just opened my eyes REAL wide, now I can see, and I see that it has been over 20 mins, so I am done. bye bye ",n,n,n,n,n

1998\_491143.txt,"I just came back home to Austin from Houston this morning. It was not a bad drive today. I am now at home relaxing for the remainder of the day. I really kind of miss home but I guess I will get used to living on my own after a little while. I miss my parents and girlfriend. It is hard to leave the people you care about the most knowing you won't see them for a period of time. Hopefully though I will start to meet many new people here at the University of Texas. I really like Austin, now I just need to explore it. I know a few people up here and they have helped make it a lot easier to be here. I hope school is not too terribly hard. I know I must study and do all of my assignments and make sure I do not fall behind. I think reading and attending class are two of the most important elements of college. I am somewhat scared though at the fact that three tests comprise your semester grade. If you do bad on an exam, you will really have to work hard to pull yourself back up. I just don't know? I need to get into the routine of college before I can give a valid evaluation of what college really is to me. I hope I do well. Enough with school. I am so excited to be living on my own. I have new responsibilities as well as many new freedoms. There is nobody here to tell me when to come home or what to do. I am the superior. With this new freedom though I know I must watch and take care of myself. No one is here to pick up after me and no one is here to watch over me which is kind of frightening. It creates a sense of happiness, but at the same time a sense of fear also. ",y,n,n,y,n

1998\_491167.txt,"By back hurts when I sit like this and I can feel the little tendon that is inflamed. I don't really have to think about each letter that I type on the keyboard I just think about what I want to say and it goes from my mind through the fingers and into the computer. I just stopped to think about what to write about next but I don't know exactly what I'm thinking so I'll write about what I just thought. my mind is telling me that it is lunch time and my stomach is agreeing. I think that I am going to eat healthy today because I have been slacking off pretty bad. I should probably eat some of the food that my parents gave me this weekend so that my roommate doesn't eat it all. Gosh my back hurts. Damn rain. Houston has a lot of rain, probably more than Austin I think I like usstin a lot better than Houston, it is cooler here to there is not nearly as much humidity, Gosh I have a bad cough, why do I get depressed so easily I think my problem is that I am always trying to please everybody else and not myself. I guess that is good because it is unselfish but it is my life and everybody says that life is short but see there I go listening to everybody else again. Goodness I have a cough a headache and my back is so screwed up , it sucks to go from being very active to nearly useless . My whole life has been about having fun and playing sports and now it hurts to bad just sitting here. it is amazing that I was not paralyzed, I could not imagine what it must feel like to know that you will never stand up strait or run or even walk again. that suck but I see now that my situation is not as bad as many peoples. what do I write now I wonder. I wonder how many people will be on sixth street I wonder why my nose is itching and I haven't stopped typing to scratch it . it must be a zit trying to emerge. Janel if you read this you probably think that last statement is gross but I am very frank. I wonder if I am going to do good here at UT. I wonder what song that is being played down the hall so loud. I wonder if that is. Oh well the reptilian part of my brain is telling me that I have written for twenty minutes and that I should do something else. ",n,y,n,n,n

1998\_491269.txt,"I even went to summer school here in the Preview Program and I still find myself in amazement sometimes. I am adjusting well-- a great deal better than my mom. That could be because college is something I knew I had to do and the University of Texas at Austin has always been the place I wanted to be. My classes are okay. I have a sort of messed up schedule. I really cannot complain. Tuesdays are the only days that totally messes with my mind. I cannot seem to get signed up for a research experiment in Mezos. I have went by a numerous amount of times. I like to get things done ahead of time. I am just now doing this because the lab is always full. I am too lazy to go to the one at my apartment complex and when I came to the lab yesterday I totally messed up on the waiting list procedure. When it asked for your name, I put in my name instead of my if account. so I couldn't log in and it assigned my computer to someone else. When I used the lab over the summer I never had to get on a waiting list, so I did not know. I did get quite embarrassed though. I did it right today. But I guess I did not anticipate doing so, I did not bring a disk. As far as I can tell though I don't need one to complete this assignment. so let's see, school is doing fine. I am having roommate trouble a little bit. I live off-campus and I have 3 roommates. Well, 3 of us get along fine. But one attends ACC and she is 17 years old (boy, does she act it). Well, that is the only thing that is bothering me. I am stuck with her for a year. She lied to get in our apartment and now we are stuck with her. Oh well. In my Philosophy class, which I just left by the way, Professor martinich is so interesting. He wrote two of our textbooks. He' s real perceptive and insightful. I am taking Philosophy of Religion. There are about 150-200 people in the class, so we have SI Groups. I hate my SI. We are supposed to discuss and we actually get graded for it. But, I don't fell comfortable doing so. I love to talk and I have plenty of opinions, so that's bothering me. The only thing I can come up with is that when talking about a thing like religion everyone comes into the discussion with strong opinions. Like last week, we basically argued. I made a comment and they looked at me like,"" Boy is she stupid. "" I don't like that. Even the TA acts like he has his own views and those that are against the grain aren't worth listening to. He questions your comment and accepts others. I don't know. I am thinking about talking to Dr. MArtinich. I guess I'll give it one more try. that was just the first one. I shouldn't get counted off for being in an uncomfortable environment. ",y,n,n,y,y

1998\_491828.txt,"I mean, there were many questions about over eating. of course everyone wants to lose weight that is a given. and the thing about the spiders is just plan dumb. oh but my friend on the fourth floor asked me to go up and kill a lizard for her. when I went in to the room she was on top of a chair with a flashlight shinning at the lizard. it was hilarious. and it wasn't like the lizard was huge. she was just really really afraid. man, I have a lot of homework and studying to do. I came here in the summer and I always had reading to do and now it is like I have 3 times the work. it is very cold right now. my room always stays below 60. oh man, I woke up at 11:00am to the sound of someone drilling!! I was very upset. it lasted about an hour and a half. I have a lot of laundry to do. my clothes are all strung out on my floor. I wonder if anyone is going to read this besides the psychology department. I don't think any normal people would want to read this. you know it wasn't until this previous year that I learned how to spell psychology correctly. weird huh? I just never took the time to learn. my sister went and watched saving private ryan. she said that it wasn't any good and that she hated and the killing. and now she will have a test over it on monday. she said it was hard for her to pay attention. for her sake I hope she paid good enough attention that she passes it. I had the same english teacher that she has right now. I won't mention any names but she is a really hard teacher. she started out as a dean of students at sul and then she went to my old high school. she was really hard and expected a lot out of us. I found that I like the challenge. I think that someone just had a wreck. I'm sitting here typing and I heard screeches and then a bang. I heard that this morning, only it was a bigger bang. I didn't get up to look. I was very tired. I hope that everyone is okay. my room is very cold!!! I wonder why they set the thermostat so low. here it is in the summer and I'm sitting in my room with sweet pants and a long sleeve shirt on. I normally have on a sweater. you know, I wonder what everyone else will be typing about. I decided not to worry about capitalizing my words because the instructions stated to not worry about grammar or sentence structure, which is great because I'm not that good with grammar and sentence structure. I wish we didn't have to type for 20 minutes. I have been going for 13 minutes now. I hope that the next seven minutes go by fast. to whoever is reading this, how many have you read? I wonder if there are any interesting. I think that psychology could be interesting. I just don't like some professors. for example, in my exercise physiology class I have this proff that just kills the class. not literally, but it is a very interesting class and I have trouble staying awake. I wonder if I chose the right major. I mean I like physical therapy and all, but I think that I would rather be working with cancer patients. I wonder what people are writing on this thing. I wonder if someone is treating it like their own personal diary. I have four minutes now. after these four minutes are up I'm going swimming. no not really, I have to do homework. I have a big concert to go to tomorrow and I'm trying to finish all my studies. you know I use to never use the word studies but for some reason it just came to my head. I like to write papers like these, no grammar, no structure just typing. I like to type I can type over 70 wpm. I'm currently looking for a job. and so if the person reading this knows of any available positions that I might be good for, you just let me know. I have one more minute left and I plan on finishing at the time I am suppose to. I bet that some people don't type for twenty minutes. I could have typed for 10 minutes for all you know. for some reason at the beginning of this assignment I was thinking about things to type but not any more. obviously. well my time is up. peace out. ",n,y,n,y,n

1998\_491851.txt,"it stresses me . I this what I want to do or I am finishing something merely because I feel I have to. I think this is what I want my degree in but just maybe not what I want to do seriously. I am so much happier about my life at school already. I want to meet a good guy that I can hang out with and not worry about how I look and stupid stuff like that. I just hope it happens pretty soon. I love art now. There something so mysterious about it to me. What were they thinking? Although I think some of it is sketchy as to call it some sort of meaningful piece but I guess it is to them. It is definitely one of those things left to the beholder. I am not sure if I buy into all this psychology stuff, It is a little hard to follow. We'll see. Just out of curiosity, what are they going to be able to tell about me from this bit of blabber. I bet they read a lot of weird stuff. I am normal, I guess. Sometimes I am a bit complicated but in an interesting way, of course. I do stress about that. If I am to complicated for the guys I am around at school. So many of them are just existing until their next beer. Get a life. and a job. I think I am looking in the wrong place. maybe I am looking and that is my problem. It is kind of something that makes time pass. You know, waiting for the next guy, wondering what he'll be like, if you know him already, if he has a girlfriend. I am stressing that I will have to stay up too late tonight. Couldn't stay awake in class, That bothers me. It is rude. I don't know what to say for 20 minutes. I probably won't go the whole time. I have a lot to do. I wonder what they think of me so far. Honestly what I am thinking now is not always what is on my mind so forming some sort of a synopsis is unjust. Just checked to see how much I had written. This is really boring, you know. I talk to myself all day. The last thing I wanted to do was write it down. I have to try to balance my spending every month. I have 3 weeks left and its not looking good, already. If only I had a job, I wouldn't feel so bad about asking for extra cash every month. But I don't and I do feel bad. I must go, this is driving me insane. I keep thinking about what I have to do. ",y,y,n,y,y

1998\_493289.txt,"I got very bored doing my chemistry homework so I decided to do my psy. I am very excited about tomorrow night because my sorority is having a mixer. I am a little confused about what is going on with my ex-boyfriend. I guess since that is what I am thinking about I might as well write about it. I don't understand why boys expect so much from girls when they are starting college. Sometimes it really gets on my nerves how they expect you to come see them in another town every chance you have. They must not understand that we have other things to do. They are not always more important, but they are things that we are obligated to. For example, all I have heard about for the past year before I even came to school here was how bad sororities are. That is the biggest bunch of bull I have ever heard. I am now in a sorority, broken up with my boyfriend and having the best time hanging out with my friends. Now he is telling me that it is great that I am in a sorority, but I just think it is a bunch of crap. He is just telling me what I want to hear. I have done it plenty of time. Anyways, why worry about that. Well on to a new subject. I love how brain wanders in very different directions all the time. Like tonight, I planned on staying in my room and making the most out of my time. Well since I love my friends so much, when one of them called me and asked me to take him to his truck, I got up and did it. I wasted an hour and a half just out talking to people I did not know. Oh well, I made a couple of new friends. I also hate it when the phone rings non stop and every call is for me and I have to stop reading to talk to these people who call asking me how I like college. What do they think I'm going to say, that I hate it and want to go back to litttle bitty Bay City. Yea right! I was excited though when my aunt called and told me to come over any time I want to. And when I got to talk to my best friend in the world it was a lot of fun. Anyways, I don't even have the slightest idea what I am writing about because I can't remember what I have said. I guess I am getting CRS like my mom. I guess it happens when you have more things to organize and think about. I am really glad that my parents made me take typing in high school because I would have a problem typing all of this if I could not type. I am really pumped up about the football game this weekend. I am so glad that a group of us are going. Well my time is almost over and then I can go up to my room and mark off one assignment from my list that I made. I am really glad that I am an organized person and take on responsibility well. So far organizing time for all of my homework and all of my social activities has gone rather well. I have not had to miss anything and I have kept up with my reading. Well since this is not a grade, I guess since I rambled on it is o. k. My mind is not thinking very complex right now. Just very simple no brained thoughts after a very long day of classes! ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_493717.txt,"Yesterday I could not get it to work and I was frustrated. I am feeling happy now that I know how to do this. I am also all caught up in my reading so that is also a good thing that makes me feel good. I hope I can do that for the rest of the semester and stay on top of things. I am worried though about an assignment I have do tomorrow and need to get it done on time. I have to find an example of it though on the computer and that hasn't happened yet and that makes me feel frustrated. I will be relieved once I get that done. I have never done an assignment like this before and it is kind of different and new to me. I am not used to writing down everything I think about and my feelings. I am also pretty tired right now and could use some sleep. I hope I get my things done early tonight so that I can get some sleep. Today it has been hard for me to concentrate and not start daydreaming in class. When I am tired it is hard for me sometimes to pay attention. I make sure though I hear what the professor is saying and not get behind or that would bother me if I knew I missed something important that he said. In a little while I have to take a Calculus quiz that I am worried about. I don't like to take quizzes because I get nervous before they start, even when I know the material. Right now I feel like I need to go workout. I enjoy working out and haven't done much of it since school has started. It makes me feel better and more energetic when I run. I feel good about myself and what I am doing. I like to take breaks when I am studying, so that I don't study for long periods of time without taking a break. For example, after I finish one subject I either watch TV for a little while or grab a snack and then go on to the next subject. This helps me when I am studying and I feel great once I have finished studying or reading a subject. It has been really hot outside today and it feels good whenever I finally come into a building that has air conditioning. I had to walk all the way across campus from class to my friends dorm and once I got there I was tired and hot but now I feel a lot better. I have always carried a backpack with me even in high school but now it is harder in college because you have to walk a lot greater distance. I really don't know what else to say. It won't be long and my next class will begin and I must get prepared for my upcoming quiz. I am really glad though to have at least one of these writing assignments done now. It is one thing off my list of things to do. I feel I have now finished one more task of the day. ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_494559.txt,"I believe sometimes I think to much about what's at hand. I always have to be scheduled and know what's to come. I wonder if its just good discipline or if its a problem. For example its the first day of class and I'm doing the writing assignments already, it was my mind so I did it. My mind is wandering, I'm thinking about my girlfriend at home and what she is doing and thinking about, hopefully me of course. What are my other friends doing that went to others schools, do they feel pressured. What am I suppose to be thinking or typing about. I wonder if your looking for any certain topic we should be thinking about. Am I going to do well in this class, will I get an A, B , C, D, or even fail? I guess I will find Out Eventually. ",y,y,y,y,n

1998\_495472.txt,"Its really cool being able to see all of my friends and hang out. Yet, I feel like I'm somewhat out of place. It was really strange coming home yesterday. As soon as we came into town, it felt like I was in some kind of mirage. It was like I was dreaming and it still feels that way. I really need to do a lot of homework but I don't think I'm going to get a whole lot done, considering the circumstances. I went to our high school football game last night. Wow, was that strange. I saw some old friends and it just felt so strange. Its going to be even worse going back, because now that I've seen everybody I somewhat want to stay. But, on the other hand I need to go back, have to go back, and I do want to go back. I've met people and I still want to meet more people. I've had a lot of fun down there, and so I want to go back. I have too much homework now. Uhhh, that sucks. Well, the UT football game is on and they're already losing! I guess it is UCLA, but come on guys. Oh well, I guess I'm supposed to be talking about my college experience. So, anyway, I don't know, I'm getting adjusted pretty well to the university. I love the campus. Absolutely, love it. The buildings, especially in the six pack, and with the view of the capital and the tower is just amazing. I'm from Dallas and the Austin area is just so much nicer and I feel so much safer. There's not a lot of places like that up here, but it seems like everywhere in Austin is like that. I've been down to the river, and it its so much better than our river up here, the Trinity. And the lakes in Austin are so clean and nice. Plus, there's so much to do. Which, is also somewhat of a bad thing, since its harder to get my work done with so much going on. Something that does seem really weird is that I can actually study better in my dorm room than I could in my own room here at home. I guess because I realize that in college, I'm paying for my education, so I'm taking it a lot more serious. I can't screw around now, and I actually do find myself wanting to learn. Surprise! I actually sit in class and listen to the professor. I have a lot more respect for the teachers down here because I know that they know what they're talking about and I want to learn more. The whole is experience is so much different and better than high school, in my opinion. Coming back home, and seeing friends still in high school; I feel sorry for them. High school was fun and all, but college is fun, and I feel I'm getting a quality education. Plus, in high school, there's way too many people who just don't want to be there. And they have to act so stupid for some reason, and it was just extremely annoying. In college, everyone who's there is there because they want to be there. So, they're aren't people who just want to cause trouble and act stupid all the time. Food. What is the deal with the food at Jester? I mean some of its good, but the main course is always terrible. Its cold and looks like something has infested it. But, to be fair, there is some good food, every once in a while. Home food. Now, there's a big difference. Mmm. Got to love it. That's got to be the best thing about coming home, at least one of them. Also, not having to worry about money is a great thing. I'm getting along great with my roommate. I had heard about all of these horror stories about roommates, so I was a little worried at first. But, I usually get along with most everybody, so I figured it would probably be ok. And it was. He's normal and listens to the same music as me. We're getting to be pretty good friends. The only thing I'm worried about now is the tests. Everyone keeps telling me that no matter how much I study some times I'll still fail. That worries me. I would like to think that if I know the material then I would pass the test. And so far, I really haven't had that much homework to do. I have had to read a lot, but I haven't had much writing work to do. I think I'm running out of things to talk about, or rather, think about. But, well, its been twenty minutes, and I guess I understand what this was all about. Plus, the UT game is on, and hopefully we can somehow, with the grace of God, pull off a win. I think that may be impossible though, so maybe then we can get some kind of close loss. Man, we are getting killed. Oh well, next week we get to play Kansas St. ! And they're only like, what, 5th in the nation. That's not so great right? Out defense just plain sucks. I mean, I don't think I've ever seen such bad plays as what I'm seeing right now. But, hey, we've got Ricky though, so maybe he can pull off some kind of miracle. Yeah, its going to be one of those games that goes down in history because we came back and won. There, that's positive thinking. I think that's what the team needs the most. And if football can't do that great, we've still got some other great athletes in some other great sports. That's the great thing about UT, we've got so many sports that something's got to be good. And I love how there's like an organization for everyone, so that everybody fits in. The organizations are great because they make you feel more at home. You're able to be with people that you feel comfortable with. Ok, its been like way past twenty minutes so I guess I'm through. Uh, bye, I guess. ",n,n,y,n,n

1998\_496009.txt,"I already wrote a 20 min passage for this assignment. Unfortunately, when I tried to submit it, it didn't work. There was some sort of error and now I am having to redo the entire thing. So basically, I simply feel frustrated that I have to redo this assignment when I could be using my time for something much more useful than this. Beyond that, my thoughts are concentrated on my future. I am currently trying to decide what I am going to do with the rest of my life. I feel as though this is a very big decision. well, it is! My decision today is going to affect the sequence of events for the rest of my life. My career choice will determine what kind of people I meet and what kind of contribution I make to the world, and what the value of my work will have. It is important to me that I make a good decision. For this reason, I feel a lot of pressure to choose wisely and not rashly. I want something that will be viewed as impressive and intelligent. I suppose this shouldn't really be a factor. After all, isn't the most important thing that I am satisfied with my job? The opinions of others shouldn't influence me. And yet, I want people to think that I am intelligent. I can't help it. That is just the way I am. Perhaps I have a bit more of Peter Keating and a bit less of Howard Roark in my than I would like. Another important factor is the value of my work. I would like to have the satisfaction of contributing something useful to the world. For example if I were a microbiologist, I could work in the medical field to find a cure for a disease. Another important factor is money. I would like to say that money isn't important. However, this is a lie. I want very much to make enough money to be able to enjoy life. I want to be able to order food at a restaurant without considering the price. I want to be able to go on vacations every year. I want to see the world. Of course I need someone to have fun with while I do these things but that would fill up an entire additional 20 of writing if I went into my thoughts on social and antisocial feelings. The underlying point here is that I want to have money to do things that will help me enjoy my life. If these were the only criteria, I think I could find a job fairly easily. The real clincher is the next criterion. I want to enjoy my job. I know that some people think this is not important, my dad being one of those people. However, I don't want to spend the rest of my life in a job that I am going to hate. I don't wan t to get up in the morning and dread going to my job. I don't want to have to drag myself out of my bed. I am going to spend many hours every week at my job and so I want to make sure I enjoy it. Not only do I want to enjoy it, I want to make sure I choose the career that I will enjoy THE MOST. Perhaps this is the reason that I find it so difficult to make a career decision. I feel as though I am currently being productive in my career quest. I added a class this semester that will allow me to explore engineering and determine if I might possibly love a career in architectural engineering. If not, I have determined that I should remain in the college of natural science because that is where I will find a courseload that interests me the most. Surely if I choose a major that interests me, a career that interests me will be a corollary. ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_496110.txt,"It is Friday, which means that school is done for the first week. My classes have gone extremely well. I have calculus, MIS, Psychology, Intro to Western Music, BA101. My calculus teacher is kind of hard to understand, though. I am also very happy because I have worked out at the gym every day since moving here. I am trying to lose weight and have already lost three pounds. I am also trying to eat better. I run for between 10 to 30 minutes, walk, and do the bicycle machine. The Castilian looks like it has delicious food, but since I'm trying to eat healthy, it's kind of hard looking at all the people eating ice cream, pizza, hamburgers. Once I get to my goal weight, I am going to allow myself one food treat a week. Another reason I am happy is that my email is finally working. It took two hours for a man here to set up my internet. I was on the phone yesterday for like eight hours trying to set up my email. No one seemed to be able to help me. A guy came in today and hooked me up in less than half an hour. Now I have a ut account and one with Juno. I emailed my dad today, and he wrote back. Tonight I hope I do something fun. It is great having a roommate I have been friends with since the sixth grade. We both know when to study and when to have fun. We study every week night and try to go to bed as early as we can. She is in Architecture. She is going to be very busy with that. My sister did not go to college. My parents are moving to Austin in September. That will be convenient for when I want to see them. The window to our room is open right now and it feels great out. The tower is chiming and I am in a fantastic mood. Earlier, when I was in the elevator, the lights turned out for a second and it seemed as though the power was going to turn off. I gasped! I feel lucky to be able to come to college here to get an excellent education. I hope to have a job I love once I graduate and to be successful. Once I get my first job after college I plan on saving a lot of money and also investing. I think about my future a lot. I'm kind of a worrier. I've met some really nice people at the Castilian. A lot of the girls here just got finished rushing for their sororities. I didn't do that. I don't think I have time for it as well as how much money it becausets. I was surprised that two of my professors are women and the class I haven't gone to yet is also taught by a teacher. For some reason I felt that a lot of the professors were going to be males. I did not bring a car to school because the car I had was really old. We've had it since before I was born. It's a 1979 Toyota Corolla. I had a love/hate relationship with it. I loved it because I've known it forever. I hated it because it was so slow and had no radio. I had a yellow jam box in there so I could listen to tapes I made. It got really good gas mileage, though. A lot of people from my home town, Temple, go to school here. My roommate's older sister is a sophomore at UT and she stayed at the Castilian last year. We requested her room and got it. We face the tower. I forgot to take my vitamin today. I should do that before I go to dinner. I can't wait until I can have a dog. I love dogs. When I was in elementary and middle school I had a Yorkshire Terrier named Candi. She was the cutest little thing!!! My roommate had a really great mutt the whole time I knew her named Charlie. He had to be put to sleep. Her family got a new dog who is really stupid named Bailey. His parents names were (not joking) Terry Punky Panda and Cowboy Junkie Jow. This dog is literally the stupidest dog I've ever met. He doesn't understand when you don't want him near you. He's chewed up a lot of my roommates stuff at home. Both her mom and my dad work for the same company. Hopefully this coming summer I can get a job there doing something. I've had a job since I turned 16. Well, Got to Go. I'm going to eat dinner and take a shower for tonight. I am in a great mood!!!!! ",n,y,n,y,n

1998\_496713.txt,"it is 7:30 right now and I have to write for 20 minutes. my roommate is going to come in here and read this and make fun of me. she said she would be home at 7;30 I bet it will be a lot later. damn, I'm really bad at typing, iwish I did't have to look at the keyboard while I did this. I wonder who will be reading this thing. I would really like to read someone elses. I hope after this I can get back on that pretesting thing because it sure as hell wasn't working for me earlier. what if I can never get back on it. I'll probably fail this class. man, I just got a call from someone at atm. I could see it on the caller id. shit, that means I'm going to have to calle them back and pay for the long distance. I couldn't answer it and let it skrew up my thinking process. ireally wonder who is going to read this. I wonder how much more time I have. I don't want to look at the clock that will make it seem worse. I wonder what my parents are doing. I bet they're pretty bored. I really suck at typing maybe I should take keyboarding class or something, am I going to run out of room here? it looks like it, oh no ican keep going. I feel like doing something fun. I wish bryce would stop calling so damn much. watch him get on line and be able to read this. iwonder if thatsa possible. I bet you have to know my social security number or some thing. but the university knows it. I wonder if the computer is like timing me or something. my mom would be really proud of me for doing this she doesn't think I know what I'm doing when it come to computers. my roommated will also be impressed when she come home from whereever she is. I bet this would be a lot harder to do in that class room with 400 people. iwould probably start writing about the people around us. by the time I finish a sentence I've already thought about 10,000 other things. I wonder if other peoples are going to be like this. they are probably going to talk about something worthwhile. I used to think it was worthwild. I hear voices outside my window I wonder if they can see me. they're probably saying that girl looks at th e keyboard when she type instead of the screen. wow time is going by really fast, I only have like 4 more minutes. I wonder what will be done with this and if I will ever see it again. where the hell is lindsay? I think I'm starting to get a crick in my neck. I have 2 more minutes. computers are pretty fun I wish I didn't have such early classes. I keep thinking some one is going to knock on my door. geez my suitemate is really weird. I wonder what she does. damn almost all my thoughts from 20 minutes recorded. that is pretty cool. shoul;d I read over it? ",y,n,y,n,n

1998\_496905.txt,"Why must it be so hard? Why must I live like this? Would it not be better if I simply throw away my life? It would be so much easier. I wouldn't have to worry all the time about people's criticism. I wouldn't have to worry about making mistakes. But then, I'm human am I not? Aren't we social creatures? If I seperate myself from others, would I not cause myself harm? Would I not also cause others pain? A life lost is a gift lost. It is so difficult for me to live like this. Always in pain. But sometimes I gain a sense of glory when I live through the sufferings. It's as though these sufferings are meant to makme stronger. Like steel being tempered in a hot flame. Yet, there's still more pain to come. Will I survive? surely there will be a point when I will not get stronger and break. But then how will I know where my limit is? whether I live a mediocre life or on to te fullest, I will die. However, it seems as though the latr fashion of life is better. Therefore, with spirit, I will strive to live out that lifestyle. I try each moring, to fight the tempatations and do what is expected of me. If I live this way and think that it is the best way. Should I not persuade others to do the same? Why not? It seems that if everyone lived their life more fully, mankind will be more efficient and fruitful. We will prosperous as whole. But if I were to tell this opinion to others, someone will tell me that I should respect their opinion that they can do what ever they wish. But if it is right to repect all the opinions of all people. Would there not still be a conflict which contradicts that opinion that says that we all must respect the opinion of all? For example, what if someone else's opinion is that people should not accept all opinions as truth. Would not the opinion of the person saying that we should respect all opinion be contrary to that opinion? This brings about a lot of contradictions. Hence, notall opinions are to be respected. ",y,y,n,y,n

1998\_499467.txt,"I'm not sure since I've just started College and haven't had any tests yet. I need to be working it my girlfriend has started to grab me and choke me but now I'm getting hungry but wait she started licking my ear and stroking my stomach but is it going to rain today and will I ever get some sleep. Not if I have to keep typing this damn assignment. But who needs sleep anyway I wondering if I have any beers left in the refrigerator and if the born on date is really when the beer was born. Two really nasty people just walked by outside the make me say to myself damn those people are nasty but who am I to judge people for being nasty. My girlfriend just said that I'm nasty but who cares she still kisses me. I need to be working so I can make money to pay for this damn class that is taking up all my time and keeping me from getting any sleep so that I have to worry about being tired at my job and then losing my job and not being able to pay for this damn class which I'll probably make a bad grade in anyway because I don't have enough time to study since I have to work to. Oh I'm wondering if they are going to open the UT Tower again and if some people will find out just how tall the tower is. I don't think it should be opened because if people are stupid enough to jump off the tower, they would have went somewhere else and jumped off something else. It has been a very gloomy weekend that was once again to short. But live moves on sometimes a very slow pace and sometimes at a more rapid pace. My significant other is wondering what I'm typing right now, so I am going to type faster so that she can't read everything that I just typed about 15 minutes ago. Anyway, I'm tired of typing and a fat whale just walked by outside, so I have to go chase her so that I can return her safely to the ocean. Alright then bye know because I've been typing for twenty minutes and I need to go smoke a cigarette. ",n,y,n,y,n

1998\_510203.txt,"I am going home for the weekend, and I'm wondering what it will be like after being gone for two weeks. I miss home, my friends, my family, everything about corpus christi. I mean, I'm not sad or anything, but I really cannot wait to get there. I'm thinking of how the bus ride will be on the way home, how it is kind of inefficient to take greyhound because of the schedules and long time that it takes to make a relatively short trip. basically, my mind is not thinking about one specific thing. rather, many thoughts are coming to me during the days here at UT. memories of high school, things I did, things I said, just normal context between me and my friends. after not making longhorn band, I often find myself reflecting on band in high school, the band that we all seemed to always be complaining about, but the band that now seems so great to be a part of. I think about being in it, taking solos in jazz band, and that seems to be where I want to be right now, most of the days, that's where I'd like to be. I think about the solos I took on various songs, the ideas I came up with, and the ones I'm coming up with now; I wish I could be in it to play them, I whistle and hum the different rhythms that I would play, my friend and I try to remember all of the songs that we played last year, and the various experiences that came along with performing. I also am thinking about my family and friends, how I miss them, and how I'm going to them this weekend. I think of how I want to be in corpus, and how to make the weekend last as long as possible. I'm trying to think of what to do there, and whether or not I will get to go to laredo to see the football game for my high school. hopefully so. besides that, I think about my sister in Houston, how she's coming to austin this weekend, and how I'm going to corpus this weekend. but I know that we'll see each other soon. I think about my room at home. the food I'm used to eating in corpus, how I really want to eat there because I'm tired of this dorm food. I try to remember as much about home as I can, but there always seems to be more that I think of later. so much complexity about home; however, when I was there before moving up here, sometimes things seemed to boring, but not now. corpus seems like home, because it is. I just can't wait to be there, and I can't wait to go again, hopefully in two weeks. I also think about my classes here, how I'm wondering how I'm going to do in them, if I'm studying enough or writing down the right things in my notes. I hope that I will do good on my first tests, and I hope that the semester is not too hard as long as I study and keep up with everything. I think of my classes at high school, whether I was that smart or not, I wonder if I'm smart enough to be an engineer, I hope that I do not feel inadequate about myself or start feeling like I'm stupid or something. I think all of these thoughts right now, and like I said, they pop in and out of my mind, with no constant or predictable duration or timing. it almost seems like I'm thinking about everything at the same time, and I guess, various specific thoughts become highlighted or standout every now and then, but while I think about everything I can concentrate on one thing while also thinking about everything else too. other than that, my thoughts are pretty much summed up in this paragraph. ",n,n,y,y,n

1998\_511209.txt,"I want to get good grades in all my classes. My goals is to get between a 3. 5 and a 4. 0. which is really going to be hard between fraternity and classes. I really like this college and have seemed to have adjusted well. I like my roommate. He cracks me up. his little insights on lfe entertain me. tomorrow I am going to work out. I need to run. this will keep me healthy and make me feel good about myself. I have to ask a date to My fraternity function for Friday night. the girl I want to ask isn't home but hopefully will be there later. I think that she is cute, and that she might like me. I am worried about classes. I haven't been able to review all my notes. there is just too much to do in this damn town. I heard about my ex-girlfriend today. I hope I never see her again. she amde my senior year so hard. I was so upset over her. I never understood how one person can have such an effect on another person. She might come in for AC, a sammy party. I hope that she doesn't come near me, because if I'm drunk I'll probally tell her to go to hell. I mean, after all she broke my heart. I was the one who felt like shit all the time. I hope she chokes on her own food. But I don't want her to die. Professor said today that love and hate are mixed together. he is so right. I hate stacy so much, but sometimes I just love too much. I wish I could sever all ties with her--oh well shit happens. She just makes me so angry, but my anger is a sign that I haven't gottne rid of my ties to her. this assignment take a long time. I'm really tired because I have been up since 5:15 in the morning. I had to go get football tickets-yea! I'm going to the 1st game on saturday, that will be a blast. The crowd will probally be nuts. I can't wait. This university is so cool, I just wish that there were no street people on the drag. They just sit around and smoke and ask you for change. These kids need to either go home, I hear that they choose to live that lifestyle, or become a ward of the state. I am almost tapped out. Writing my thoughts is a very hard task. it is mentally challenging. I want to go downstairs to ask out slyvia, but I dn't know if she is home, maybe ill just call alec and see. I have one more minute. My mind is almost blank because I'm so tired. This course is quite hard and I wish you would explain the concepts better. I have to go read my book. Times up. See you in class ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_512626.txt,"At the dorm where I live there is a girl that is Anorexic, and we all call her Annie for short. This s probably the rudest thing that you could ever possibly do to a person in this state, but then she doesn't know that we call her this. I am also confused about guys, and why they react the way they do. My friend told me the weirdest story about her weekend today. She said that she was dancing in a club and this really big guy started pissing on her leg, and then her boyfriend hit the guy right in the sweet spot, and the bouncers kicked her boyfriend out instead of the pisser. That is so not fair and disgusting! I can not believe that someone would actually do that in the middle of a crowd of people. Anyway I really do not know what to talk about because I am really tired. I slept today for about two hours, and now I am more tired than I was before. I ate lunch at Papaduex today and I had Alligator for the first time. It was really good and it kind of tasted like chicken. Well I just talked to my boyfriend on the phone and he told me that one of the guys he used to work with died today in a high speed car accident. The funeral is on Tuesday, and he wants me to go with him because he can not cope with it by himself. I have a problem with dead people and funerals, and I swore that after my grandpa died, I would never go to another funeral. Well I really want to see a movie pretty soon, because I haven't seen one in a long time. I really need to see the Horse Whisperer, because I heard that it was a really good movie! ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_513098.txt,"of course I don't ever really cry--or at least not very often. I've been waiting for a really big cry since I moved here a month ago--but no tears. I left some of my best friends--though I have over a dozen friends here from my home town of College Station--but not all of them and I left my house and my birth city and my parents and two of my dogs(the third one I brought with me). though I don't really know why I am writing this to the computer as if it will respond back or much less cares at all about my personal life. I suppose that i am just suppose to ramble and write what is in my head--yes I am so tired that I am repeating the directions for this assignment out loud to myself and I am actually so bored and tired as to write them down as part of my assignment. I suppose that that bit alright. it is now 1:28 am and that means that technically I cannot write again until after mid night tomorrow or today or whatever which is too bad because that would make my life easier to be able to do it tomorrow afternoon because I only have one class but I suppose I should stop bitching at the computer. because frankly it is a computer--of course now I am worried that this should have been some philosophical expression of how I, erin, tick as a human being--but now I am way to tired to rewrite this--if it won't send properly then I promise myself to do something deeper next time--for now, however, I'm done. ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_514101.txt,"I have so many things going on in my life right now. Pat Wedge, the cheerleading coach, called me yesterday and invited me to come and work out with the squad. I do not know if I am ready to cheer this semester. Right now my biggest concern is my grades. I am going into am interview on Wednesday with romie, from K-Hall agency, I love to model and I hope my career will progress in Austin. Then today I called thr director over the Miss Austin paegent, she is going to mail me information to compete in the paegent in Feburary. All of this adds on to my never ending stress. I guess you can say ""I do not like to put all my eggs in one basket"", at least my mom tells me that. I like to try everything life has to offer, so I will fill satisfied. Besides all my extraciricular activities, I feel a little empty. Being a freshman I am having to deal with moving away from my family and starting a new life on my own. I finally knew I was grown up when I got my first phone bill! I really enjoy Austin, it has so many things to offer. My mom misses me, we were very close. On sunday I met her in Temple and we talked. My feelings are very strong, but I know how to deal with them. I have had many obsticals in my life and I had to learn from my mistakes. I think in the long run I would not change my past. It made me grow up a lot quicker. I also feel in more mature for my age than other freshman, because of my past expirences. I can not wait to see what the future holds for me. I guess you can say I get really excited about life, because there are so many directions god has allowed me to go. I will just let him guide me, and I know I will be happy and sucessful. ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_514882.txt,"first of all I don't have set prison like rules and regulations. the classes are a lot more laid back and I can do self paced. high school was much more busy work which was crap. I am worried however about how well I do in college. although I did well high school, college is much different. rather than burning the info into you through busy work and assignments, we have to learn on our own. everybody says that they learned more their freshman year than in all of high school. seeing as how I cram all my assignments into the night before it's due, I plan to change dramatically on how my work is done. the influence of my friends also worries me. because of the many groups of friends I don't think I'll have much time to do studying or productive work. I am hoping that by writing all of this down, I am able to recognize my weaknesses and change them before they do any great harm. since this is stream of consciousness I can't help but write about the catcher in the rye, one of my favorite books. since I'm in psychology, I hope that doesn't mean that I'm going to assassinate any powerful people. the book is great written in stream of consciousness and I feel many of holden's feelings. such as the phoniness in society. the phonies in society really piss me off! back to college, I hope that I can discipline myself and succeed in college. right now I'm listening to red hot chili peppers. I don't know what that tells about me, but I love their older songs. I can make disappear have no fear! music is my airplane, is my airplane. rrahhh! four more minutes. I don't know what to write. I have so many thoughts but they're not organized. sex of course is on my mind, and since it's the first day of class, that's on my mind. the crazies passing out the Christian leaflets is also on my mind. it really pisses me off. not that their spreading the word, because I'm catholic. what pisses me off is that they're so hypocritical. they go out preaching but then turn around and drink it up (under age) and sleep around (pre marital sex!) that disgusts me. although I do drink a little, I don't go out preaching. many of my friends are atheists and agnostic. I view many of their views such as religion's role in being a social and moral standard. after all, if there was no fear in sinning then crime would skyrocket and the moral stability of society would disappear. while that is true, not all will revert to barbaric life. while there are laws, religion adds more to the discipline in obeying the basic commandments. we've had hours and hours of discussion on religion and god. from these discussions I see that many misinterpretations of the catholic faith exist. for example, many believe that (through the narrow-mindedness of the teachers of their religion) that Catholics worship Mary when in fact we pray through her. they see that as a way of discrediting Catholicism by pointing out verses in the bible stating that ""thou shall worship no other god than me"" or something like that. ",n,n,n,n,n

1998\_517115.txt,"Well my leg kind of hurts. Last night while Caitlin was out with Jonathan, I spilled my ver hot tea on my leg. It hurt like hell. When she came back I was laying on my bed with a frozen dinner meal on my leg. The burn is on my right upper thigh. It really hurt when I took a shower last night to. Today it doesn't hurt as much, but it has this really huge blister on it. I don't know if I should pop the blister, or what, so emailed my mom. She works nearby off of Windsor. I wonder if she misses me as much as miss her. ? I guess I'm quite a home body, because I live only 20 minutes. away yet I miss everything around my house. I especially miss Stephen. He's this guy I've had a crush on for like forever. When I was a sophomore at Westwood, he was a junior, and we ended up in the same physics class, anyway he was on the soccer team then and I thought he was cute. I need to pluck my eyebrows, and these desk chairs here at jester suck. I can't even sit cross legged. rruugh. This place is beginning to smell too. I don't know why, but it is like you can't shake it, its everywhere. Back to Stephen. We work together. Have for the past two summers. It's kind of funny because I don't even remember really thinking about him until the end of the summer, but this summer. we were friends from the start. I wanted more, but he never acted on it, it's just as well though considering I have a boyfriend and all. Well I don't know if I love Stephen, but I sure as hell miss him terribly. I almost cried the first day here. I missed him and everything so much. I gave him my email address, but I suppose he has better things to do than to talk to me. Maybe he doesn't have a computer!? wishful thinking. oh well, I get to see him at Thanksgiving that's only say 4-5 months away. Sucks. He isn't even that cute, and he can be such a pain in the butt too. Well, I'm going home this weekend because I have to go to the company picnic. I should leave on Friday, but, I don't know what I was going to say Andy just I'M'd me. oh yeah, I want to go home for a bit, but I don't know if I'll miss a bunch of things happening here. I'd ask what do you think, but you can't answer me. Alan. He's my boyfriend, we've been together for about eight months now. I love him I truly do, but sometimes he is not very exciting like I know him to well or something. That is probably why I am attracted to Stephen. He's new, parties has goofy friends. I wanted to kiss him goodbye, but that would be wrong plus, he probably doesn't even think of me that way then I would just be embarrassed. I don't know what to do about him, but I should seriously think of something soon , I've been saying this all summer. But really it is beginning to effect my relationship with Alan. The electricians are driving me crazy with their drills. They woke me up the first day I was here, and they've been at it ever since. I tried to take a nap today but couldn't because they are too noisy. Alan should drop by soon. I hope at least because I have a feeling I'm going to get bored in this place soon. Caitlin is laying on her bed doing her homework I think. I can't believe I'm in college. I don't feel old enough. I think I can handle it though. I don't wont to gain the freshman 15 though. Stephen did. I want to look good, great when all the people come back from college for Labor Day or Thanksgiving I guess I should go to the gym. I need to sign up for some class but need money in my bank account to do it. I also need to sign up for APO's a service frat. I hope they pick me I'd be crushed if they didn't. Especially if Caitlin got in and I didn't. She is in so many clubs and organizations. I think I should got to some things. I should probably sign up soon. ",y,y,y,n,y

1998\_518444.txt,"What time is it. I need to be at the house at ten. My mouth feels like the sensation you get right before you throw up. They say that Gatorade is a thirst quencher but why does it make your mouth so dry. It is so quiet right now. As I stare at my roommates applied calculus book I am lost in the colors. The bright colors formed in various shapes and sizes make a maze for my wandering eyes. I wonder what I have to write for the other assignment. God, I could really use a shower. It seems like I have been sweating all day. I wonder where my roommates are and what they are doing? My roommates are slobs. I feel as if I am in a sea of clothes as I sit here on my roommates computer. I wonder if that picture of Bevo was ever really a picture that was taken by somebody or was it all just from computers. If it was a picture that was taken I wonder what that bull was thinking. he was probably thinking how ridiculous humans are. Actually, he was probably thinking where the best area in the pasture to eat grass is. I don't like this assignment very much. I feel like some druggy. Look at the colors man, and all the shapes. I don't know. It's kind of cool to put down on paper the th9ings you are thinking. ",n,n,n,n,n

1998\_518720.txt,"In this short amount of time I changed from a kid who major worries were only about him self. I feel that I have really grow up. I believe it was all the time that I got screwed over by my so called friends. The first time was a the first of my senior year. Well I meet this guy named Kurt and he was from Indian and we shared common interest. However he was new in town and did not have a girl friend. However I was dating this one girl for about year. Well This girl was very possessive, and very wealthy. Not to forget she was beautiful. During the summer I worked as a Life guard and taught swimming lesson in the mornings at her house(made tons of money) Any her family and her left for Europe and had me house sit. No problem making money had a garage full of tool to work on my cars and basically had my own house. I had not friends because they all graduated A year earlier and Cara had been my only friend this past year. Partially because she was so possessive. Well I meet Kurt at the end of the summer and became good friends. He was going to start school with us in the fall and everything was great. Until Cara got home and said not more Kurt. She did the same thing with an early friend Kc. However I finally told her either she relaxes or we break up Decision help by Kurt. So we broke up. So I was dating again. Before Cara I had a new girl friend every two days. Kurt and I were dating these two girl Casi and Lorine. Well Lorine and Kurt started dating and the only thing between Casi and I was a Physical thing so once I stop see her. Lorine influence Kurt in stop hanging out with me. Five months down the road I have and new group of friend they a grade younger than me. They have not had as much luck with the girls as I have so I am letting them meet some of my friends from out of town were a very tight group for about two months when one of the guy in the group named Justin thinks I am having a sexual relationship with a girl he likes. Because she has hickeys on her neck. That same week I had really bad scratch marks on my back not from her. Well he think something is going on and starts a fight with me at school and I break his nose in front of the entire school assembly. Later next week Kurt girlfriend and him break up. So the next day Kurt is at my house. We hang out not stop for about three weeks. Fishing hunting cruising for girl everything, well Lorine wants to get back with Kurt so she brings out this story from way back in the past. (lorine and I were dating a long time ago) She said that I was inviting her over to my house. Well I was, to a party so she can see Kurt. But she tell I so Kurt gets mad at me and tries to fight me. At my own house during this party. Kurt is a very Muscular guy and very big!!!!. Well I talk it out after we both have black eyes and we have not been close since. Anyway I now dating this really nice sweet girl who is very intelligent and pretty. I just hope it stays as good as it is now. ",n,n,n,y,n

1998\_519414.txt,"I used to day dream about this time when I was younger. After I saw my brother and sister leave for college, I decided that was going to be the best part of my life. Of course, it is a lot different now that I am here. There is a lot more responsibility in reality than there is in my dreams. I don't really mind it so far. I want to be able to handle it, and I am excited about my classes. I wish that I could be an expert in every subject that I take. Psychology is very interesting to me, but not enough to be my major--I wouldn't want to do it for the rest of my life. My brother has a bachelors degree in psychology from Southwest texas, but he hasn't done much with it. I am taking this class as a social science elective; my other classes are required for my major. Right now I am an undeclared major, but after a few classes in my geology of engineering course, I am pretty sure that I want to major in geosystems engineering. It seems to incorporate a large amount of subject material that I am interested in, and it would be a job that pays pretty well. If I did well enough at UT to get into grad school, I would love to follow it up with a masters or Phd in Geology. Of all the courses I have taken in high school and college, these seem to be the best ones. Some of my favorite subjects are: geology, geography, astronomy, archaeology, and history. I would love to be an astronomer in a second if it paid well enough. My reason for this is that eventually I would like to have a large spread of land in the hill country somewhere west of Austin--near a lake--with a boat. This requires $$. I love the outdoors, and I want to live away from the city, yet close enough to it that I could drive into town to do things. This is probably a common ambition among people, but I don't really care. Enough rambling about all that. My reason for being here at UT is to learn, and to get an education, and to do well. If I do all of this I will be very pleased. It will be hard though. I love to have fun, and that can easily get in the way at UT. I haven't joined a fraternity or gone out for rush yet, even though some of my friends who are in frats here keep bugging me. I want to join some organization that has fun and kicks ass at a lot of things. Hopefully that will work out. These are the things that are on my mind at the moment; at least until I move on to the next thing. ",n,n,n,y,n

1998\_519673.txt,"I have tried on three different occasions to do my pretesting for this class and the stupid computer tells me to try again later. why should I try again later. I'm already going out of my way to come down here in the first place. my dad hasnt brought up my computer from home yet so I have to come down here when I need to get online to check my email or whatever I have to do for class. it seems that everything is done by computers these days. take this class for instance, I am handing in my writing assignment via some electronic force. I'm not actually handing in paper anymore. its all done so technically and confusingly. have I mentioned I absolutely hate computers? its not that I don't think theyre useful, its just that I'm not exactly copmuter friendly. well actually, I'm willing to be its friend, I just don't think it likes me too much. at home the only thing I knew how to do was check my email and write people back. oh yea, I also knew how to get to microsoft word and to solitaire, but that's about it. here there are so many options on what I can do, but don't they understand that by giving me all these options, theyre really doing me harm instead of being helpful. whoever made up computers must be very smart. sometimes I think about the things (technologies) that we live with and do in our every day lives, and it just boggles my mind. how in the world did that guy--I forget his name--- come up with a device called the telephone. I mean to even dream up of it and then to actually make it work. sound travelling through wires--- this is a crazy world. if the world had been populated with people with about as much intelligence as me, I know for a fact that we would be the most uncivilized dummy-heads roaming the earth. sometimes I wonder what the world would be like if there were none of these technologies. I don't think technologies is neccesarily such a bad, currupting thing. I mean, it is peolple who are inventing it. it doesn't come about on its own. like you know how some people think tv is so terrible, or those religions who don't allow light bulbs or radios in their homes because its like the devils advocate or whatever-- I don't see how some people believe the things that they do. I mean, wake up and think for yourself. who am I to talk, I'm not all perfect in the catagory of thinking for myself, but I probaly have a better sense of things than a lot of other people--or maybe not. life is confusing. that's probably why I'm taking comparitive value, contemporary moral problems, and psychology. can't wait to get to know myself better. ",y,y,n,n,n

1998\_530331.txt,"I've always wondered how the mind works. What are people really thinking when they say one thing. Why do they say one thing and mean another? People can be so confusing. I wonder what college life will be like, and if there will be people there who will act like that and just say one thing to me while meaning another. It's all so overwhelming right now. Computers have never been my strong point, and all of a sudden, everyone wants everything done on a computer. It's strange and somewhat exciting. I like living out on my own, without my parents watching over everything I do, but I am beginning to get a little homesick. I miss being able to see the stars at night and to feel the breeze on my face as it blows my hair back off of my neck. I went to a star party last night, and the stars were barely visible. I wanted so much to be able to see them, but I couldn't. I felt like I could cry at that moment. I didn't though, because then my friend would laugh at me. He doesn't think I'll make it here on my own. I guess I am somewhat of a Daddy's girl, but I can be alone. I enjoy being able to hear myself sometimes. I have to be alone to write poetry and to think about who I am. I wonder when I'll figure myself out. I want to be somebody important someday. I want to make other people feel welcome and to make myself feel good about helping others. I guess in a way, whenever I try to make others feel good about themselves, I'm doing it with the underlying purpose of making myself feel good. I suppose that's okay, but it seems to defeat the purpose of helping others when all I'm really accomplishing is helping myself. I think life has so many hidden points that no one will ever find all of them. I wish I could search the world over until I could find all the secrets of the history of people's actions, but that will never happen. People are so secretive that so much history is lost. There are some people that claim that it can be found, but there's got to be more exciting history out there. What would the world be like if everything interesting was discovered. Then there would be nothing to wonder about. Things would be dull for the future. I wonder if somebody across the world is taking this exact same course and writing this exact assignment right now as I'm doing. That would be the coolest thing ever. I wish on stars every night and feel that life is to be cherished. I wonder if there is another woman out there with my exact feelings and thoughts, that looks exactly like me, only another color maybe or size. So many questions I ask myself will never be answered, but what if someone is watching me right now across this computer lab and wondering how I feel and what I'm thinking at this very moment. If only I knew, maybe I could meet up with this person and tell him/her my thoughts. I would love to share with someone I don't know. I'm afraid of rejection though. There are so many people on this campus, and hardly anyone has talked to me yet. Somehow I feel inferior to some of them. I don't know why. Everyone is equal, but some people seem so rude. I try to talk to people in my class, because that is how you make friends. So far, I have only made one friend that way. She's really nice. Her name is Christen. I met her in my German class, and we get along really well. We haven't done anything outside of class, but maybe if we keep talking to each other, we'll become closer and maybe she'll even go home with me to visit my parents. I don't understand the need for human contact. We would be so much better off if we didn't get caught up in emotions and feelings. But then again, we wouldn't be human if that didn't happen. I know I could be more efficient if I didn't need anyone else in the world, but as it is, I have faults. That's okay, though. Everyone has faults. It's just part of being human. I hope the world is full of exciting adventures for me. As I come to a close on my writing, I feel purged of all my frustrations. I had a good cry this afternoon. I miss my boyfriend so much, but I know I'll see him again soon, and that makes me very happy. I hope I can become even happier with where I am now. Hopefully, I'll be able to find me. ",y,y,y,n,y

1998\_531732.txt,"Why do we even have computers if they are so slow and crappy and can't hold more than ""X"" number of people at a time. time. And why can't I put Chip Smart out of business. They sold us a computer that doesn't work worth a crap. We had to replace the sound card and the modem. modem. I am pretty ticked off right at the moment. I don't feel like writing this assignment. I had to buy First Aid 98 to get the new modem to work. It just started working after a long and horrid battle so I am not in the mood for battling for a space on the computer to finish this assignment. Why does this class have to be so complicated in lecture and textbook reading. I don't care about every method in psychology just give me a briefing. I hope you really aren't reading this, because I am in entirely too grumpy of a mood to write anything that makes sense. I can think of nothing else but the immense dislike I have for my computer. I should name it Lucifer. Let me tell you a little about myself. I just got married Aug. 8. Therefore I am thinking about my husband, especially because he just walked in the door of our apartment at Bridge Hollow here in Austin. I miss my father. His birthday was 9-7 and I forgot!!!!!!! I felt like crying all day. I miss my mother too. Her birthday is coming up in February. (2-5-51) I truly don't know my father's age. He is older than my mom I know. They divorced when I was 5. After that I guess I lost count. I was adopted here in Austin at Marywood. I was extremely lucky, because I got the best 2 parents in the whole world! I truly mean that. I love them. I also miss my brother. He is in the Waco Youth Center right now doing much better. He wants to start working on his career now. He had a hard time with a lot of things, but he sure is strong. He is 3 years younger than me and is learning disabled. He had a hard time in highschool, but let me tell you that when it comes to technical and architectural knowledge, talent and ability, he is awesome. This center will help him get a job at what he is good at and that he will enjoy. Well, as you can probably tell I love my family. More importantly I love God because He sent His son Jesus to die for my sins and because I accept Him, believe in Him, and in return I have given Him my life to use me for His glory. Time is up. ",y,y,y,y,y

1998\_534795.txt,"first, it took me a long time to get through the Austin traffic. then, when I got home, and called jenny, she wasn't ready to come over. she came over anyway even though she hadn't shaved her legs. that was kind of bad. next, I still had to deal with the fact that she had messed around with Justin, one of my supposedly good friends. all they did was kiss, but it still really hurt me. she had told me that it would never happen again after she and Kevin messed around, but she lied. I can't believe that she did that. then I told her about the fact that I had sex with heather back during the summer, so she wasn't really happy about that, but that's understandable. I still love her, but she has really putting me to the test this weekend. hen, later on Friday night, she told me that she had liked Justin, so what happened wasn't as much of an accident as I had first thought it was. come to find out, she had gotten drunk at her apartment and then called Justin to come over. that's when the kiss happened. that really hurts me. so she told me that, but she still wanted to have sex with me. I agreed, I don't know why, but I did. and then, in the middle of it, she started crying, that really hurt me. then after that, she told me that she didn't even want me to come with her to college station with her. that tore me apart. I didn't know how to handle it, so I freaked, I just started yelling at her. I don't know why, I should have been more calm , but I just couldn't do it. I tried to calm myself down, but nothing worked. I still can't believe how mean I was. and then, on Saturday morning, I called her, because I thought she was going to leave without calling me like she said she would. and then, she told me that she had changed her mind, and now she didn't want me to go again. then I freaked again. I started yelling at her. I was really hurt, like id never been hurt before. I couldn't believe that anybody could hurt me this bad, but she could do it. s I called Justin, and got a ride with him to college station. it took me an hour and a half to eat my McDonalds lunch. I had lost my appetite. I was miserable. Kenny could see that. I got to a&m, but I had no desire to party, all I wanted to do was talk to jenny so that I could apologize to her for what I said. I ate like half my dinner. it was good but I just didn't want to eat. so, we went to the party, and I was miserable, people were drinking and all I wanted to do was talk to jenny. finally, Kenny gave me the number to Amy's cell phone. so I called it, and Amy wouldn't let me talk to jenny. then Kristen answered and she wouldn't let me talk to her, and then James, her brother wouldn't let me talk to her. I was really hurt. so I got her brothers number from Justin. she had given it to him. that really hurt me, that she gave her cell phone number to Kenny, and her brother's number to Justin. that devastated me. I just wanted to cry. it just wasn't fair. then Justin called her, and convinced her to come to the party. he handed me the phone, but she really wouldn't say anything to me. I was crushed again. the one thing that I loved more than anything in this life, including myself wouldn't even talk to me. I have never felt so bad. I wanted to crawl in a hole and die, but I couldn't do that, I had to stay semihappy for the party. it was all an act, I was not happy at all. finally, at 1230 she came over. she wouldn't even acknowledge me. her roommates hate me now, and they weren't afraid to let me know. fuck Amy, I hate that bitch. I have never liked her. I just want to beat her fucking head in. she is a stupid dirty whore. I don't care if she hates me, I hate her. I feel bad that cristin hates me. I like her. I really regret saying anything bad about her. then breiane came out and tried to start a fight with jenny. she claimed to be my friend. fuck her. she s a bitch. she acts like a stupid tease. she a dumb tease, she never gives anybody anything. she just likes to pretend like she's a whore. I don't really like her anymore, but it still hurts me that she doesn't want to have a friendship with me. and then, on the way home I got a speeding ticket. oh after I talked to jenny, I got a half-as hug, and then she hugged Justin and didn't want to let go. then she didn't even say good-bye to me. I was hurt again. back to the speeding ticket, it was for 70 in a 30. I'm going to be fucked if my dad finds out. she didn't call me on Sunday like she said she would. that really hurt. I wanted to call her so bad, but I couldn't, I wanted to so bad, not even funny. on Monday, I talked to her for two hours, it was great, we made out. I liked it so much. she didn't call me last night. she called me this morning at 7. it woke me up. I love her, but she hasn't called me tonight yet. I really want to talk to her, so I hope that she calls me tonight. I stayed up to 3 waiting for her last night, then I fell asleep. tonight, I wont make that same choice. I'm going to go to bed early tonight. ",y,n,n,y,n

1998\_535096.txt,"It started out kind of good because school hadn't started. All I had to worry about was relaxing, working out, and enjoying life. Now, another variable, school, has been injected into the equation. I realize that it is a necessary evil because without it, I can never advance in life. Hopefully, one day I can work only when I want to work. Until then I will try to make the best of my life and enjoy every day like it was my last. You know, I should start my mission statement right now. I have also been wanting to put together a compilation of my own philosophies so that I would have a road map to live my life. I wish it were that easy. Anyway, here I am revealing how my mind works. It is kind of like a release to me. I should do this more often. Recently, I have been thinking a great deal about my own shortcomings. These include my limited ability to speak, my limited athletic ability, and my the fact that I am not as charming and smooth as I want to be. Part of me wants to admit these shortcomings and accept it. The other part of me says I should always keep a positive outlook and refuse to accept these traits. I am at a point in my life where I don't know if I can ever fully improve this. As much as I would like to, it seems that I have hit a plateau and maximized my potential. But I guess I have to keep hope. Moving on to other subjects, I wonder if I will ever find a woman to spend the rest of my life with. Relationships require so much work, more than I may be willing to put in. This bothers me because I don't want to be 60 years old and lonely. Sometimes I realize that having faults, emotions and feelings is part of the price I have to pay for being a human. ",n,y,n,n,y

1998\_535599.txt,"I am almost five hundred miles from home, and I don't know anyone here. I'm not sure that what I feel is loneliness because I'm constantly surrounded by people here at the dorm, but I just don't feel at home here yet. People here are very nice, and I know everyone else is in the same position as I am in, but I really feel that this place isn't for me. I really want to go home so I can be around the people I grew up with and feel at home with. I have many regrets about coming here away from all my friends and family, but then again, I realize that UT is a great school, and my educational background will be greatly benefited. I suppose it's worth the sacrifices in the long scheme of things. Maybe it is better for me to be here away from everyone else, as it should help me become much more independent and learn how to function alone. I've already learned a lot in the week since I've been here, and I feel that I've grown up a lot. I've had to do everything for myself, and force myself to go out and meet new people. My trust issue has become worse here, however, because I used to trust almost everyone, and now, I'm not sure who to trust and who not to trust. I know that if I can just stick it out for a while that I'll grow to love this place because I love learning and new experiences, and I'm definitely going to get both of those things here at UT. I can always transfer back home next semester if I don't adjust here well. I love the people here because they all seem so friendly. I do feel that I'll eventually make many new friends and this place will seem like home. I cannot sleep or eat here yet. I think it's just the adjustment phase. I have nightmares when I try to sleep, so I've grown accustomed to very few hours of sleep each week. I have no appetite, and every time I try to eat, I get this very sick feeling. I'm seriously hoping both of these feelings will go away soon. Maybe that is just due to being homesick and not being in a place where I feel comfortable yet. I want to go home for the long weekend, but I think that will make it much harder when I come back. I don't think I'll want to leave my home again to return here. Maybe it's just the people I left behind that I miss, but I think mostly it's always knowing someone everywhere I go there that makes me feel comfortable back in my hometown. On top of these things, my ex-boyfriend calls often here, and that makes it very difficult. We're still best friends and tell each other everything. The only reason we're not together now is because of our different college choices, and talking to him makes me want to return home even more. We do plan to get back together as soon as we graduate, but that's a long time from now, and not seeing him often is going to be very hard for me. I've known him for 13 years and relied upon him for everything. I went out with someone else this past weekend, and I felt very bad for it. Even though we're not together, I know that he's the one I want, and I wonder if it's wrong to even date other people if I know I still love him and always will. It's made me feel bad when I talk to him, and I even told him about it. He says it will all be ok, but I just don't know. I'm so confused. There isn't a simple answer to anything I try to do here, and everything I do seems to have some kind of drawback to it. Maybe if I sink myself into my studies, I will not forget, but maybe set aside the hurt that I feel right now. I think I should give that a try, and maybe start a rigorous exercise program so that I will be more tired at night, which might make me get some more rest and increase my appetite a little bit. Maybe I should try to get out of this building. It seems very cold and uninviting, and I think another place might be better for me. Well, I know that with my faith in God that everything will work out for the best if I just put my complete effort into it. It's all for the best! ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_535687.txt,"I've spent my second day at the university of Texas and I'm trying not to hate it. I feel lonely and depressed. I miss Wesley, I miss knowing everyone in my classes and what's going on with the school. when I first went to Wesley I hated how your professorss were so involved in your life, but now I know what the other extreme feels like, I really miss it. I kept looking for a familiar face, or even a friendly on, when I was on campus today. everyone looks different that the people in Boston. actually they all look the same as each other just different form the kind of people I know. I feel alienated and unsure - of myself, of the situation, of what to expect. I can't just look at someone and judge who they are and if I'll like them, because I don't see anyone who fits my idea of what ""friend"" should look like. no one looks like me. it was so good to have lunch with Kate yesterday because I didn't feel so alone and different. she looks like people should- I say that joking of course, but I guess I feel like I can understand her motivations, where she's coming form - I mean I know who she is and it's what I expect. I'm so glad she came here too - I don't know what I would do if I were totally alone down here. I think it's really a different experience for me because I've never not had friends, or had any trouble meeting people, but here I don't even know how to start. there are a million people in most of my classes, and the small ones are upper division, so people already seem to have friends. I didn't expect to miss Wesley so much. I thought it w0ulds be kind of fun to be anonymous, and that there would be a lot more funky people. nearly everyone I've seen is the sorority/frat type and I hate it! I never thought Wesley was that diverse or funky, but I guess I've realized what I had all along. maybe I'm just remembering things with a rosy glow, or something. I mean I know there are plenty of Wendy Wesley oh-so-perfect women at Wesley who drive me up the wall, but I know how to deal with them. and most of them have at least an open mind, or something interesting that got them to the place where they are now. what else to say? I just had an argument with my mom and I feel really guilty, I haven't seen her a lot lately and I was really looking forward to seeing her today, but as soon as she started in on about how I should rrahhhh - I hate that. I told her that I was going to use the computer for some web stuff and now she tells me I can't do it, right when I'm in the middle of an assignment. I'm totally annoyed. this just completes my feelings of displacement and loneliness. I'm at acc where I worked this summer and I came here because 1-I have no idea where the computer lab on campus is, and 2- I thought it would be nice to see everyone and feel like I still mattered to someone. now I just feel like hell. I think I want to cry, but I always feel so crappy when I do that - since I usually do it for some really stupid reason, like I feel like a jerk or something. god, I just feel like telling everyone to shove it today! what a way to start the semester! ok, I'm trying to think of something a little more cheerful and stop whining. I'm excited about going to the swing dance tonight, but I hope I can. I really want Eric to go, but I'm not sure if I want to want him to go. I hardly know him and he has lots of not-so-great traits. plus, I'm sick of getting hurt. I think I might just like him because he's there and I'm feeling so lonely right now. I don't know if it's right to be with someone just to be with someone. if it's not that serious, would it be that big of a deal? I'm not sure. I keep going over this in my head - why can't I find the right one? not the one to marry or anything as serious as that, but one that I really like/ one that fits all the qualifications I want who can entertain and teach me, who's nice and funny and interesting. rrahhh- this is ridiculous. I'm feeling really stress about the time now that she came over, I can't fully concentrate on what I'm thinking about. it's amazing how your mind rambles in loops or something - one thought brings on another and another until you're thinking about something totally different than what started the ramble, and you can't really remember how you got there. ",n,y,y,y,y

1998\_535986.txt,"In the past I have always had a set of instructions to follow. On well, here goes. I guess that right now I was back, at the beginning of summer, sitting in my room in El Paso, Texas. This summer was really good. I got to go home and talk with my friends. In addition, I was able to do work and get my history requirement fulfilled. Everyone wants me to go out and get a job. That's okay with me, but I don't really know how to go about getting a good job. You see, I feel that with almost 60 hrs of credit, I should be able to get a decent job. One guy I know is making over 50,000, and he isn't even out of college. I guess it's just easier for some people and not for others. I promised everyone that I would get an internship with a company next summer. That's kind of cool, but it is going to be a completely new experience. I guess I could call up some of my friends who have parents in business and ask them to see if I could get a job with them, but that just wouldn't be good. I want to be able to say, ""here is what I did, and I did it all by myself. "" I know that it's natural to want to get out from under your parent's wing, but it just seems to me that it takes forever. I have been blessed, though. I have done well in school, and fortunately I have a comfortable place to live, food to eat, and clothes to wear. Sometimes it bothers me that I am more preoccupied with which movie I am going to go see this weekend than with more substantive subjects. There are people in this earth who can't even find enough to eat. wow, this is really getting deep. I don't want this to become a ""dear Abby"" kind of assignment, so I guess the best thing to do is to change the subject. I am mildly interested in why this assignment was assigned. I have a certain hesitation when I deal with psychologists and people who are interested in psychology because I always feel like everything I do or say is being evaluated, and that bothers me. Well, I can hear my neighbors (they just turned up their stereo system. )Back to the subject at hand. I am not nearly so stressed this semester like I was last year. I guess that's pretty cool because I am adjusting to the whole college thing pretty well. At least now I know what is going on with this school, this city, and everything else in my life. I by no means have everything figured out, but at least I am not as clueless as I was last year. It is interesting to look around and see the freshman, with the look of panic in their eyes and realize that I was in the exact same predicament a year ago. Since the brother of a friend of mine just moved to Austin and started attending graduate school in engineering, I feel a certain obligation to help him. It is awful to be in the exact same situation without anyone to help. Anyway, the guy is really cool, and I think that a really good friendship will develop. Friendship is something that there is never enough of. Money can't buy good friends, and even though people will try to replace friends with artificial benefits, it just never works. I used to know a man who had loads of money. This guy was really wealthy, but he was never happy. However, if you ever asked him how he was doing, he would never admit that he was unhappy. I guess that is really sad. To be miserable is one thing, but to be miserable and not really know it is something completely different. I think that it is possible to elevate your situation if you are miserable, but I also believe that it constitutes knowing that you are miserable. Rrahhh, my neighbors just turned down their stereo system. Thank God for the little things! I don't really understand why people are always claiming they are depressed. I've been through periods when I feel down, but all I ever do is call my friends, turn on the television to a program I like, go work out, or a host of other things to elevate that situation. I don't believe that 10% of Americans need to be on Prozac, or some other drug which makes you feel better. Oh, well. I guess the only thing that I can do is change my own destiny. Even though it scares me, it is kind of cool. I see so many people who are in a rut, and it makes me feel like their lives are hopeless. I know that changing is hard. I don't really like to change. However, it always seems that when I do, it is for the better. Of course, there are those times when you change, and it proves to be a change for the worse. That only goes to reinforce your opinion that changing is wrong and you shouldn't do it. I believe that a person should experience all the things life has to offer at least once. That way they can say that they've done it. In addition, they'll know what it is. You know, I always feel awkward when I am in a conversation that turns stale. (I. e. the kind of conversation where no one really knows what to say. ) That really is bad. It seems like I have been in too many of those type of situations. I don't really know what the future has in store for me, but I am both excited and apprehensive. It is easy to look back on my past and think that those days were the glory days when everything was easy. Unfortunately, those days proved to be no different than today. Is that the way it always is? Your memory improves memories as time goes on? If so, I can understand how the past was so alluring and appealing to many people. I know a couple people who only want to reminisce about how good the past was and how awful the present is. That's pretty sad. I think that they need to start living today for what it is worth. That's what I try to do. I guess my 20 minutes are up. This was kind of an interesting experiment, but I am not entirely sure what the results are. I don't really know myself, and I don't know if it is possible to know yourself. There are so many different facets and sides to me that it would drive a person crazy to try to document them. I can't even do it. ",n,y,n,y,n

1998\_537522.txt,"I know there's nothing ""wrong"" I can write, but I still feel like whatever I'm writing may not be what they had in mind. It's about 11:20, and I am starving. As soon as I finish this I'll get to go and eat. I just came back from calculus, which is at least a 15 minute walk away from where I am (which is Dobie). I don't think I'm going to learn too much from the professor I have for calculus. He doesn't ever explain what the hell he's trying to do, and, like today when this guy tried to ask him, he almost yelled at him for jumping ahead. It is really frustrating because he first says something and then writes it down verbatim, and it makes me really mad. He wastes so much class time writing down the obvious even after he's said it ten times. I tried taking notes, but I doubt they'll help. I have always loved math, but this is just frustrating. My friend Ashli (who also lives here nad is from my tiny hometown) has a suitemate named Sonia, who had him last year. She said it's horrible. SLhe only knew two people who got an A in his class. She was telling me about how he writes down every little thing, and now I see what she means. She also said his tests are nothing like the homework, so I don't know what to expect. I am so hungry right now. I didn't eat too much this morning, because I never seeem to be hungry when I first wake up. My roommate is really sick. Ithink she has strep throat. Which means it'll only be a matter of daysbefore I get it too. My immune system has never been that good. I know, I know, I never really exercised that much, but I never seem tok have too much energy. My mom always thought I was anemic, but tests show I'm supposedly not. It's so weird how whenever I walk around campus I keep seeing people I know. Well, not really know, but I recognize them from camptexas or orientation or somewhere like that. I usually don't get to know too many people from placeslike that because I tend to be a little on the shy side. People always toldm e I'd outgrow that, but, well, I'm still waiting. In fact if there's onet hing I could change about me, ti'd probably be that. Everyone says you can make yourself not be shy, but I'm sorry, I don't know how. I've tried and tried, but to no avail. When I'm around a lot of people I know, it's not too bad. Like in high school, I knew everyone in school (it's a small school and we've allb een together since kindergarten) and it was never too bad. I didn't love public speaking or anything where a lot of attention was directly on me, but I was always pretty comfortbale around everyone. But here I feel kind of lonely. My cousin, GArrod, who is a sophomore here, says it was that way for him lst year. I can't even reach one of my older friends here. I don't know what the problem is. And my other friend I called never called back. I don't know if she just didn't get the message, or if she's not calling back because she doesn't want to. My friend Ashli and I spend a lot of time together (we eat together and stuff) but she's already separating form me a little bit. At least we're going to the football game together. I'm looking forward to the game. I miss football. I never eallly appreciated it until I played powder puff last year. I somehow always feel like I'm overlooked because I'm quiet. At lest I hope it's because I'm quiet, and not just because I'm easy to overlook. I'm the youngest in my family, and whenever my older brother would be talking to my mom, she would always listen to him and ignore me, no matter what I was saying, until he left the room. Honestly, they thought because I am younger that whatever I say can't possible be as important as what he's saying. I could be telling her the house is one fire while he was telling her how he drove to town, and she wouldn't listen. Don't get me wrong, she has always been a great mom, but that has always bothered me, maybe more than it shoyuld. I don't really believe in those horoscope things, but sometimes when I have read them (at the end of theday) some eerie things ahave been true. Anyway, I read one of them on the ocmptuer. First of all, I have never been a ""typical"" sagittarius, like the magazines and articles say. They say they're all outgoing, and at times I am painfully shy nad introverted. Well, the one I read on the computer said the way to most hurt my feelings was to ignore me. And, that's true. If one of my friends is a total asshole to me, I will usual forgive them if they will just pay some attentin to me. I don't' think I have too many people in my life that I can count on, and that's really what I need most. I don't know if there's anyway I can fix that, but it's been a long 18 years. This probalby sounds like I'm a manic depressive, but before you call the authorities, let me assure you I'm not. I just don't have very high self esteem at times, and I often feel like I'm all alone in the world. I ahve a fear that I'll never find anyone to love me (like a husband). I don't see how someof these other people manage to meet tons of guys, while I'm always alone. And most of those girls don't even appreciate them, and I know I would. Maybe it's back to the shyness thing. I really don't know, but I wish whoever did wuold tell me. I don't know what I want to do with my life. I was hoping my classes this smester would help, but I don't know. Part of me wants to go into business, but by the time I get accepted into the business school, I may change my mind again. I'm in the natural sciences thing as an undeclared pre-med right now, but who knows howl ong that will last? I'm not lazy, but it takes me a hwile to get readjusted into going back to school. And even though I was in two ap classes my senior year and I graduated valedictorian by a long shot, I never had to work TOO hard in school. This stuff just came naturally to me. ",n,y,n,n,n

1998\_538805.txt,"right now I feel like I'm kind of pressured to do this thing right because it's my first assignment for the class and I don't want to mess up. I hate that feeling where you think your doing something right but when you turn in the assignment in to the teacher they say that you did the assignment wrong. especially when you ask the teacher how long an assignment/paper suppose to be and they say they don't care but when you turn it in they tell you it's too short . well anyway I guess I'm getting off topic . I tend to do that a lot sometimes . Right now I'm feeling a bit hungry cause I only ate a small bit of food for breakfast (at 1:00pm that is ). Yes I feel very well rested too cause I slept till noon. speaking of food it reminds of this lady who works in the cafeteria at the place I'm staying at. I don't like her very much because she said something about me in front of my face to another worker in Spanish. she assumed that I didn't understand what I said but let me tell you---I didn't take five years of Spanish and not learn to understand the language. also I didn't work with Hispanic people and not learn how to pick up a few words here and there. so what really pissed me off was not what she said (which really wasn't that offensive at all) but the fact that she would say it in a language she thought I wouldn't understand and more importantly she did it while I was still there. oh here I go about things in the past. I know I should just learn to let little things like that go but I can harbor a lot of my emotions for a long time, but they do eventually go away. besides I'm glad that I can know whether or not what I feel is justifiable. never mind forget what I just said it doesn't make any sense. it's hard to explain. you know I wish I could type as fast as I think cause by the time I finish this sentence I've already thought up of something else. I think my mind thinks too fast I feel old. I've noticed that recently I've begun forgetting a lot of stuff. not important stuff but miniscule little information that I would normally remember . usually I could remember a lot of pointless things but now it takes a little while for me to. wow I wish I could write papers like this because the time just flies by. you know what I don't think I stuck with the topic. I mean it is kind of vague . I mean chances are if someone is sitting in front of a computer and you ask them to write about their feelings at that instant they're probably going to be a little apathetic at that moment unless your referring to what they've been feeling like through the date because if that is the case I guess I can elaborate. so far I've been kind of tense , worried that this assignment might be too boring to take the time to write I mean it is twenty minutes but I guess twenty minutes is too much. Also I was worried that the computer lab might be too full but it wasn't and then I was worried that I might be able to connect to the site because I was afraid that the site might be down (I've heard horror stories about it). I guess I worry too much but I consider more of an asset to my life more than a hindrance because the fear makes think of all the things that can go wrong so I plan ahead of time and think of the alternatives. I wish I could say the same of my little sister but it seems like he never thinks ahead and about the consequences of her actions oh well times about up now my only fear is that the submit button will work properly. ",n,y,n,n,y

1998\_539712.txt,"Very rarely do I just sit down in front of a blank screen and start writing without having any idea where my words are going. At this point, I'm really wishing that I could get some peace and quiet. I've always lived in an extremely quiet house and I guess I took the peacefulness for granted. However, despite the occasional clash between my study and the party in my room, I have no complaints about the present state of my life. I'm heading home this weekend, and while I've only been in Austin for about two weeks, I feel like this is home now. My house is just like some place I visit on occasion. I can't decide whether its a good thing that this change in my life doesn't bother me or whether its a bad thing. Either way. what are you going to do. I am just completely blanking on what to write about. Anything that is running through my mind would take too long to explain and I don't usually tell stories about myself anyway. For an arbitrary subject, I guess I'll write about my best friend. She goes to A&M and I will be seeing her in about a week for her sister's wedding. It seems strange to be her without her. We talked everyday in highschool. Four years. that's a long time. However, I don't feel like our relationship has suffered at all because of the distance. I always believed that once you got to see what is inside the center the someone, what makes them tick, what makes them unique, then the relationship never ends. Because, what is inside someone never changes. All of the stuff we put on for show, that changes, but not what's inside people. I am looking forward to the wedding though, because it feels like I haven't seen her in a long time. O. K. Second arbitrary topic. Dating. I am really looking forward to dating in college. I mean there are about 25000 new girls wandering around here, and at least some of them are bound to be interesting. However, it is a bit strange to think about dating because its only about month since I broke up with my last highschool girlfriend. Damn, it is so hot in this room. Well, my ex-girlfriend. that subject is going no where. I guess I have a tough time talking about the past. I always figured that everyone distorts there versions of the past. Memories are either viewed through rose-colored glasses or blinders. I'd rather think about what I'm doing right now. Memories are nice on occasion, but as with anything else, you can over-indulge in them. What's really foremost in my mind right now is making good grades and not losing my social life or mind in the process. I really don't think that will be too difficult though. When you study something you enjoy, then its not really work. Instead of draining your energy, it gives you more energy. New things to learn, new things to strive for. I love it. I really have no clue how long I've been writing, but I assume I'm pretty close to 20 minutes. Mental note to self: pick up new Pat Green CD for dad tomorrow and call Angela. Well, this is my stream of consciousness. Its not a deep stream but damn it its mine. To end I will remind myself of some sayings a very wise man said once: Never play poker with a man named Doc. Never eat at a place called Mom's. Never date a woman with a tattoo of a dagger anywhere on her body. Never try to teach a pig to sing. it stresses you out and annoys the pig, and finally, the ultimate truth in the universe: frogs have and always will whomp their asses every time they jump. Thank you ladies and gentlemen. Be sure to tip your waitress. Good Night! ",n,n,n,y,y

1998\_551027.txt,"It is weird to be here because usually people are here and I could visit them but no one is at home. My brother is now doing all the stuff I did last year and it's kind of a weird role reversal. I am also frustrated because I am here and if it was normal circumstances Jared would be here but of course his family decided to take a vacation and they are out of town. and it's so weird and frustrating to be here and not be able to just call him and see him, I guess it is part of the annoying ""sensitivity"" that girls seem to employ. I need to get out of that habit. But, in an hour and a half or so, I will be driving back to UT and bringing my roommate's and also my friends from here. The whole situation did not work out exactly how we planned because I was going to stay here this whole weekend but then Jill's ride got all messed up so if I don't bring her up today I have Chris and Emily who will be very disappointed and I would feel guilty if I just stayed here instead. but actually I kind of just do want to stay here at home for awhile and actually get some stuff done and just relax but I also am torn the other way too. Whatever, my mind is so strange sometimes. and also I am feeling stupid writing all these thoughts down. Am I going to be diagnosed with some kind of disorder by what I've written? rhetorical question. computers can be very frustrating. It is really getting on my nerves that I am not allowed to complete my pretesting requirement on here. at first I couldn't even access the screen to type in my social security number and then when I could do that it won't accept my password or user name. That is all very frustrating and I've tried all these different computers trying to access it. Oh well. Hopefully, I will finally figure it out. As I just skimmed over what I've written thus far, I am worried. The blurb above says there is no right or wrong thing to say but I have before, just done completely the opposite of what was intended on an assignment and I had to redo it so this makes me slightly nervous as to if the content of this is adequate or not. It is very quiet in this area right now and my thoughts seem so loud in comparison since they are all that I can ""hear"" and it all the activity that is going on. This assignment is actually kind of ironic because usually, I do write down everything that is in my head, like my thoughts and my feelings, and it helps me sort things out. It usually angers my friends because then they never know what upset me before because I wouldn't say anything because I'd have to go write it down to figure it out. Yet, while I'm typing this, it seems so forced to have to write down my thoughts. I guess because the ""audience"" I am typing for is so unknown and I feel self conscious of what I write. I just thought about this calculus homework I've been trying to work on for the past hour or so. It is so aggravating to try and understand something and completely fail or only understand a little bit which does nothing for progress toward solving the problem. I guess that is something I miss. I miss my smaller classes where there was always a lot of discussion and interaction. I guess in a way I'm being selfish but I can't help feeling that way. Oh well, I guess I am still in transition but I'm used to everything I just am not sure how much I like everything. well, I guess that is all my thoughts for now. I am so random sometimes. My train of thought that leads me to some comment or question is sometimes so mixed up and completely out of nowhere that I can't even believe how I think of some things. I'm not sure. But I bet a psychologist somewhere could figure that dilemma out. : ) ",y,y,y,n,y

1998\_551049.txt,"In high school I felt smart. Now I just am a face lost in the crowd. There are so many peole-so unfamiliar. What will I do? All my friends went to different colleges. The only new people I know are my roomates-and they all have friends from high school to hang with. I feel like an outcast, like an ugly, fat, freshman, high schoolish girl. Even in my pledge class, all the other girls know each other from camp or home or watever. I have made friends though. I feel like my story is a depressing one, but I really am a happy person and I am enjoying college-being away from home. I thought that coming to college I would somehow escape the whole social thing. Obviously there is no escaping society. I was a Debutante, Neches River Festival Grand Lady-in-waiting, Senior Class Vice-President, and so much more. I was shown in the ""higher"" society. I hated it some, I liked it some. I guess I mainly liked the in control feeling and the attention. I went to public school, not private like most all of the people who came here from Beaumont, so I really am not friends with mopst of the people I know. The girls I know-from home and in my pledge class-all live in Hardin House. I live in Towers. There again, I feel like an outcast. I feel that somehow these girls look down on me. It seems like all the girls from Hardin house are all so close-and I am not allowed to be a part of their ""group. "" Sometimes I just want to go home and be with my friends-where I felt I belong. I am excited to be in college, but-now I'm crying-but anyway, I just feel too young. But going home would show a weakness-I can't go home-I can't show that I want to or have an interest. I have always been the strong hard-headed type that doesn't show emotions. I was sick of being at home-I like it here, but it's hard-school that is. I want to do good in school and show my parents and grandparents-that I am a worthy person and I can survive-on my own. I really am happy, but I guess it is just cold feet. It is just going to take some time to adjust and become a sociable person, again. I know I can do it-make my grades and everything-even if it means giving up a party, or two or ten. I will make it and I will succeed. I am forever changing and growing up, but I need to find who I am -as an individual and on my own rather than hide behind the shadow of my comfort zone. ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_551340.txt,"I 'm doing this because for the first time all night my modem got out og dobve without the number being busy. I spent the whole night doing homework as well as most of the day. I'm really hungry right now which sucks because no pllace is open right now. I'm really happy I got bakc with my girlfriend last night. I went thrugh what I'd call semi depression during our breakup. I lost 20 lbs in 2 weeks and would eat maybe one snack cake per day. I was really forlorn. I cut all my facial hair, which took me 2 weeks to grow. I got a short note from her last week saying she wanted to get bcak to gether. I called her talked and on Sunday night we went to Creed. / It was one of the best concerts I've seen I n a long time. I think I might buy that CD. Jeesze I'm starving. I wish I could get a bite to eat. I have to be up a 7:10 tomorrow f or class, That really sucks that I havce to gfet up every morning at 7 while my roommate sleeps till noon. Its not faiR! I think I'jll call Leah ukp tomorrow. I haven't talked to her since Sunday. I miss her. It's pretyy cold in my room right now. Last night it was freeszing. My roommate brought over his friend and wastched Pollitically INcorrect while I was trying to study how rude. She was disgustingly overweight. She desperatley needs to go on a diet. I saw this really fat guy at the concert last night. Weighted at least 500lbs. I hope he didn't take off his shirt during the middle fo the show otherwise that'd be gross. I'm getting sick of listening to Pearl Jam and I 'm gettting really tired. Maybe I should skip my early class tomorrow. I was fine this mornign and around 5 I started becoming really drowsy. I don't understand how I can always be tired at 5-6 but then take 3 hours before I fall asleep. Well I'm going to bed. ",n,y,n,y,n

1998\_552508.txt,"ever since the first day of school on august 26 I have felt so much fear. it has never hit me so hard as right now typing on a computer not knowing one person around me yet some of them being my classmates. my thoughts of u t are hard to explain. some days are bad some good, it just depends on the day and class. I grew up in a small town went to the same school district my whole life and graduated with 89 people in my class. my psychology class has close to300. its very overwhelming . I have made a few new friends but I still feel very alone. I live with my boyfriend off campus and its hard. I just feel very alone. my parents seem to have forgotten about me, but the already had by the time my senior year had come. my brother goes to tarleton in stephenville near ft worth. my best friend goes to Texas a m in college station. i'm taking 13hrs and my favorite class is swimming. I'm really bored and I want to go shopping after I get done with this writing assignment,. english is my last class today and it ended early at 1030. I'm really bored and only 10 minutes have gone by I'm tired of writing. I hate seeing all the little rich girls with their fancy clothes walking around campus. it pisses me off because I screwed up and moved into a apartment. early this morning I was in the lab signing in to use a mac. the computer told me to go to b5 so I did and when I got to the computer there was stuff on it but the computer screen had my number on it so I know to use it . but the bitch comes up and starts freaking out about it was her computer. people piss me off because my parents taught me respect and politeness and everyone at ut seems to thing that they need to be rude I just don't get it I'm thinking of transferring to Texas a m because I went down there to help move my best friend into her apartment and I had the best time I've ever had. we went to a bar and I drank at the bar and I'm only 18 so we had fun you could never get away with that down here in austin. its almost time for me to stop then I'm going shopping with the little money I have. I can't wait to get off campers because boyfriends name is jimmy and he is going to go to acc in the spring to get a degree in electrical technicians he already is one but he want a degree to get more money. it almost time to stop its almost time to stop its almost time to stop then go home it's labor day weekend and I'm so glad because were having a party at the lake house and taking the boat out to go skiing,. can't wait. well its time to stop so I'll ",y,y,y,n,y

1998\_556774.txt,"of course I relize that things could be much worse. I mean this could be a real writing assingment, which would totally suck. I'm thinking about if I want to ask this guy to come to a show with me and my friend and her boy toy, but I don't knoe whether or not I will probably not. I just e-mailed my mom - I had never used e-mail before and it was quite an experience of course now I'm wondering how in the hell I'm supposed to get this little disk thingy out of the stupid computer I'm the most computer illiterate person that I know. college kind of sucks man it's not like on t. v. - it's much hotter. I freeze in my stupid room and roast outside no wonder everybody gets sick here. so anyway blah blah I have some dumb-ass roommate meeting to go to even though I just love my roommate to death and she of course reciprocates the feeling so we have no problems we're just one big happy family speaking of I miss my twin brother a lot he's in chicago at the art instite of chicago I just LOVE to tell people that because I am damn proud of him god typing sucks I've probably been going for abtou 20 minutesff saoe already opps little mistake there but its all good right>? I'm such a slow typer jesus christ this sux man I wonder what the next assignment is have a nice day man peace and love all around ",n,y,n,n,y

1998\_557358.txt,"I know so many people already, but I don't feel as that I have made that many close friends. I spent a lot of time deciding whether or not to join a fraternity, and ultimatley decided not to, and now I wonder if this was the right idea. I tried to think of both all the positive advantages and negative disadvantages of joining a frat, and came to the conclusion that it would be too time consuming. But now I see a lot of my peers invloved with Greek organizations, and they seem to be having a lot of fun. All of my room/suitemates are in frats, so they talk about it and go to their activites all the time. I do not know if I made the right decision, but there is nothing I can do now because the pledge period has already started. I will have to make the best of my situation, but I am confident and hoping that it will work out. I have some very close friends fromm my hometown of Fort Worth who are not in fraternities, so I plan on hanging out with them a lot this semseter. To find worthwhile activites, I plan on joining some student organizations and Jewish groups. I am excited about all the people here at UT, and sometimes feel intimdated about everything that is going on (especially since at my dorm, Univeristy Towers, a majority of the residents go Greek and they are always doing something). I am an optomistic person though, and I will do anythign and everything I can to have a successful and enjoyable year in school and in Austin. I am worried about a growing threat of religious fundamentalism in the world, and not only in the United States. This month, an Islamic ultranationalist group bombed two U. S. embassies in Africa. This same group has vowed to destroy the State of Israel, which is very scary to me and for all Jewish people throughout the world. Osama Bin-Laden, leader of the terrorist group, supports and financially funds Hamas, a Palestinian terror organization and Hezbollah, a Lebanese terrorist group as well, and has the support of many Muslims in the Middle East. He is very popular, and will do whatever it takes to achieve his goal- the immeidate ""Liberation of Palestine from Zionist aggression"" as he calls it, or ""total annihilation and massacrre of the free people in the secular, democratic, peace-loving State of Israel"" as I see it. He sees Israel as a hostile nation which should be removed from the world map. As all intelligent people know, Israel is a peace seeking country that respects the rights and liberites of all its inhabitants, regardless of religion. Bin-Laden has growing support of his movement from his radical fundamentalist supporters, and they are the ones responsible for commiting these terrorist acts throughout the world. For instance, this week he was probably behind a nail bomb which expoded in Tel Aviv, injuring and killing many. Also, Pakistani radicals this week announced plans to overthrow the secular government and instill a new parliament based on Islamic religious law. In poor Middle East countries, where starvation and poverty are extremely high, people having nothing positive to look forward to, so they turn to fundamentalsim. The same movement is happening right here in the United States. Some religious fundamentalist leaders, like Pat Robertson and Ralph Reed, are calling for mandatory school prayer and the inclusion of religion into public instituition. It is their intention to make the United States a Christian nation by passing legislation in favor of the religious right, which happens to be WRONG. The founders of our country included a seperation of church and state clause into the Constitution for a purpose, and that was to keep America a secular nation. The radical right wing is trying to change this very core of our country. Learning fundamentals might be good in athletics, but preaching religious fundamenalism is a dangerous threat to all of society. I commend freedom seeking nations like the United States and Israel for doing their part to combat this worldwide problem, which if not stopped will affect everyone in a very horrific manner. ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_559341.txt,"I don't know what to expect. By best friend's father passed away Monday and I am really worried about the family. His mother does not work and he is in college without much financial aid. I hope he will be able to continue school, but I don't know what's going to happen. I am scared to face them, though. I can't see the family being whole without the father. They were always so close to one another and could share anything with each other. I envied that relationship because my family was broken up at an early age. When my father and mother divorced, I was only about two or three. I actually don't even know when they divorced. I really can't even picture my parents being together at all. They are so different now. I guess that is why I was envious of my friend's family. I never have had a very close relationship with any members of my family. I feel alone inside my parents house. When I went to my friend's house, though, they were always so open with each other and there was never any tension or anxiety between them. I don't see how a family like that could be torn apart, or actually why. Some people think there's a reason for everything, and some people believe that it's all a part of God's plan, but I, personally, have no idea what reason or higher purpose there could be for this man's death. Maybe there isn't any reason. Maybe humans have a natural tendency to search for reasons, causes, purpose. Are we all just misleading ourselves? Could it be that humans are merely just another species on the face of this planet? Who knows. James' father knows. He has all the answers to all the questions in life. It's funny that the questions of life are only found in death. He is dead, nevertheless, and I still can't come to that realization. Traumatic experiences just never happen to me or people I know. Until now, I guess. What the hell happened? Five minutes to go. I remember just before I left, coming back to Austin for my second year, shaking his hand, and hearing him wish me luck. How can that man be dead? Then I remember that death is a part of living; death is the price tag of life. We all have to face it sometime, and I guess it's not going to happen at our convenience. We have to prepare ourselves for anything, but how? I don't know of any way I could have prepared for this. If I would have known that he was going to die, I would have tried to stop it from happening. I would have wanted him to keep on living. Why is that? If death is so common, why do humans try so hard to prevent it, rather prolong it from happening? I can't say that it's selfishness, I wouldn't want him to live just so I could live happy. But that is a part of it. But, the answer awaits me as well. I guess I'll have to prepare myself for my death. That means I better start living my life. ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_559695.txt,"I mean. like I am really burning up. I got this really huge headache. I need some medicine. I wonder what is going on in UT right now? I wonder if the football team won. I think I am beginning to like it there. It's a lot better than being in Houston now. It's so humid. I enjoy the air in Austin. Well most of it. Like the smog is getting bad up there. Other than that I like it. I wonder what I can do while I am here. There is like no one here anymore. My whole life is still in UT. Hmm. I wonder who I should go back to UT with? Tai or Paul? As long as they can fit all my stuff it's all good. I hope I cam get my computer up there soon. I can finally feel I am back in contact with the rest of the world. I hope I get a really awesome computer. I can finally quit begging my roommate to use his computer. Just asking him to use is it is like a big master plan. He is so protective of his computer. But that's ok. once he sees this 'baby' that I got, it's going to be a whole different ball game! rrHahahah. Even though I had some problems with my roommate at first, now things are a little better. I can actually open the door wide open!! What a luxury!! Oh jeez I forgot to do my laundry!! I better to do before I go back to UT. I'll have stinky clothes everywhere. I got to get some CDs from my friend before I go back to. Free games and software for my computer. Ultimate hook up!. And food for when I get back to UT. That Jester food can really get to you. I swear sometimes I think they have fillers in there are something. Cause. I can usually eat like a lot. but at Jester. I can eat a hamburger and get full instantly!. But there food. I think is not too healthy. so I find myself going to Gregory gym more often now. I never used to workout in high school cause you had to pay membership just to get in. Good thing Gregory is free as long as you are a student there. I feel healthier now then when I was in high school. I played tennis for high school, but. I get more satisfaction when I can workout when I want to than. continuously playing. I get burnt out easily that way. ",n,n,y,n,n

1998\_564982.txt,"In the summer I had a surgery on my shoulder and currently I am in therapy. The pain I am experiencing right now is pretty bad. I am an athlete and I am used to bear with pain. But all the pain I have had before was relatively voluntary. I am also very anxious to get to my normal daily training. My body is screaming for training. But my body is not a problem, my problem is my soul and mind. I really miss diving and I want to come back and kick everybody's ass. I am also anxious to start studying. I am looking forward into this semester and I like my classes. I feel very excited about school and want to get great grades this year. That's all that I think about at the moment. I am home sick and I want to go home. I can go home for Christmas but I want to go right now. I want to be with my family. I have not seen my family for over a year and I really miss them. I want to be with my friends and see them every day. They are all at home in Russia and I can not wait to see them again. Some of them had babies recently and I want to see them as well. I have known my friends for 10 years and we are very close to each other. I hope I will see them soon. ",n,n,n,y,n

1998\_575921.txt,"I really think the professor is funny and can hold the class' attention. I am listening to a Dave Matthew's CD. I was never really a big fan of his until recently. My roommate and best friend ( she is also taking this class) loves Dave Matthews. She asked me to go to his concert with her months in advance. I had heard a few of his songs, and even though I wasn't crazy about them, I agreed to go. It was two weeks before the concert and a really good friend of ours was moving to Houston to go to graduate school. Dave M. was going to be in Houston on Friday and Austin on Saturday. So Robyn ( my roommate) decided to sell her tickets and we would help Justin move and see the concert in Houston. On our way to Houston the U-Haul had a blow out and a few other tragadies occured, forcing us to miss the concert. Robyn was devastaed. So Saturday we headed back to Austin and bought tickets to go. After several beers we were there. Somehow I got seperated from my friends. When we found each other I cried, I think it was from the alchol. Anyways, we happened to be at the right place at the right time and a guy came up to us and brought us armbands to go to the front of the stage. I pushed my was to the very front and managed to convince a bodygaurd to give me a backstage pass. At the end of the show they took me backstage, gave me flowers and then showed me to Dave. I was the only one that wasn't freaking out backstage, so he came up to me. We talked and he signed my ticket (the only thing I had on me). He left but came uback up to me five min later. I was talking to somebody and I saw soomeone come up besaide me. Then I felt a hand on my breast (the right one). It was Dave, signing my chest. I thought I would faint. His voice is so sexy. Later right before he left, he came up to me and kissed me. I love him and will marry him one day. Sorry I wasted ten min blabbing about the same story. I guess the point of the entry to to see how many ways my brain goes. I just thought of something else. I have a crush on a waiter that I work with. I'm a hostess. I haven't had a crucsh like this in a long time. I'm so mad because he didn't work today or yesterday and he won't work until Friday. I don't even know anything about him. That's probably why I like him. The last guy I dated was gay. He won't admit it but I know he is. We're not seeing each other anymore. I usually don't talk about guys this much, but for some reason they are on the brain tonight. I just set up my email account today. I'm soo excited. My parents have been bugging me to get one. I'm using a friends computer right now, but we will have the internet set up by Friday. I really hope no one reads this horrible shit. I know it doesn't make any sense and no one cares about any of it. I have to go read 19 chapters for English now. Aren't you jealous??!! ",n,n,y,n,y

1998\_576460.txt,"In fact I always think about her whenever I have a spare moment. She is in my every thought. She is so far away from me, yet in my heart she is so close. I read some poetry tonight, Love Sonnets, and all I could think about was her. She is so beautiful. I long for the next time I can see her. It seems like only yesterday we met for the first time. I talk about her constantly to all my friends to the point, where they are either sick of hearing about her, or know her almost as well as I do. I know it's not the best thing to go through, but I am seem to be sad all the time. Not literally, or maybe literally, but it is hard to explain. I love her more then life itself, but I ""hate"" her for leaving me. Not really hate, but I don't know how to explain it, but more like I guess a little dislike. Nothing I can't handle, I just wish she was here with me. It doesn't seem fair. I see all of my friend's with their significant others, and they are next to each other always. Sharing all the ""special"" moments in their lives, but I have to wait at least a week, before I can call her. The bill is too expensive otherwise. I beg her to come back, knowing full and well, that she can't do that, but it seems to help but sometimes hurt at the same time. She is so special to me, and I can wait forever for her. Most people think that is absurd, but she is my everything. Being sad a lot I know is to a degree not healthy, but what can I do. The moment she walked down the corridor in the airport, I heart stopped smiling. Since that gloomy day in June, a part of me has been gone. Although I smile on the outside, on the inside I am sad. The day her sweet embrace takes me in, only then can I smile. That day is not too far away, and I long for it. I guess this is the best part of being sad, because I feel better thinking about the future, the only thing is that it is a type of perpetual loop. As soon as I think about the future and being with her, I get sad again thinking that I have to wait another few months. Then I think about all the times that I will be ""alone"" without her. As much as my friends are great, I have none really. She is my one and only TRUE friend. I have some friends, I. e. my roommate, and a several other people that genuinely care, but most of them don't. I have pretty much stopped ""trying"" to be there as much as I have in the past. I feel that I am only a friend in the convenience of someone else. I feel that they only come to talk to me when they need something, or when something is wrong for them. I used to try so much, but in the past month's I have stopped trying. That may not be the answer, but it is something that I have come to. I tell all my friends that if they do need me, then I will be there for them. I called to see how my friends were. I paged them telling the just a simple ""hello"". Calling them randomly just to check if everything was cool. And that favor was never really returned. So, now I don't care as much. I am still there if someone needs me. I could NEVER abandon a friend. I care too much about people for that. All of this leads me back to my girlfriend. She is the one person that ALWAYS cares about how I am feeling. She always knows when something is wrong or bothering me. She always wants to take care of me and love me. And for that I return the feelings back 10x over. I love her and I don't want anything ever to happen to her, so I check with her as much as I can. She is some kind of special and I can't let her go. She is too good to me. It's moments like these where I get to feel better about my situation, because I know everything will be fine in the ""end"", but at this moment in my life, I am not so much worried about the ""end"" as the now. Maybe worried isn't the best word. I just wish she was here to spend time with me. So we could eat dinner together, go see a movie together, to study together, to love together. All the couple things and all the friend things. It just seems unfair, and then there are points like now, where I miss her like crazy and I think I am going to go nuts without her. I know I can be strong and I can surpass this and the end will be that much sweeter. So with that in mind, I can end this ""journal"" entry on a good note and feel good about everything. ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_578140.txt,"I don't have to right in paragraph form or write any sentence structures or even spell right. I don't have to put any grammar or punctuation on this assignment and I can talk about anything. I don't understand what the point of this assignment is and I don't care as long as I finish it. So I guess I'll just keep typing and typing and typing. Right now, I feel an itch so I'll scratch my arm. I'm typing on my friends computer, so he can't use it for at least another seventeen minutes. I don't think understand the point of this assignment. I could do this: and nobody would care. This assignment is just to type for twenty minutes about whatever I think and I keep thinking this over and over again. I don't know what I'm doing and I don't care as long as I finish. I started at 2:28p. M so I'll stop at 2:48p. M. Man it's another fifteen minutes until I finish. I'm tired and I want to go back to sleep. I need to do my laundry, clean the bathroom, do my homework. That reminds me I have so much homework to do. I don't understand anything in calculus and I'm worried about that class. My final is fifty percent of my grade!!!! I don't understand why some teachers would do that. It's like the semester grade depends on this one test. If you were making an A in the class, before the final, you could end up failing if you really screw up on the final. What kind of class is that??? I don't know but I'm scared. I have to study hard for that final, but first I have to understand the material we're covering right now. I'm so behind. But the good thing about the final is that it's my only final and I have a week to study for it so I should do O. K. I hope I get a B in this class. I don't want to do any homework, and that reminds me that I'm behind in all of my classes!!!! I have to read so much and I don't like to read. I think I'm going crazy. I need to write this assignment do the second writing assignment, read for Theatre, do Calculus homework, read for this class, do a peer review sheet for English, and chores around the house. So much to do, so little time. Only 9 more minutes to go. Oh, and the pretest survey to see what surveys I will be used in, was messed up. I didn't start reading the top of the survey which tells you what answers to fill in until the middle. So I think the survey thinks I'm a girl, since I answered some FEMALE ONLY questions. Except I checked the male box when it asked whether I was male or female. But it kept on asking me questions that were very feminine. I hope I don't get in trouble for that. But I doubt it, since there will probably be other people who will do the exact same thing I did. There's always somebody else. I hope I don't get put into some strange category or something. What I didn't understand about the survey was that why did it ask some of the same questions over again. I think it had to do something with me answering FEMALE ONLY questions. I don't know if that's why but I answered most all of them except this one question that asked if I was more guilty about eating than most girls. I was like: ""Hold up, what's going on? This survey thinks I'm a girl!"" Damn, well whatever it's O. K. everybody makes mistakes and I'm not going to come down on myself because of that. My friends staring at my assignment right now and saying this is an easy assignment. Well I guess it is, it's just that my fingers are tired. I don't want to type anymore, and I have 2 more minutes left. Yippee!!!! After this I'm going to take a break and then do writing assignment number 2. After I finish that I'll take a nap and start on Calculus. Oh man, so much work to do!!! I should have started earlier instead of playing these first few weeks of school. Well my time's up. So goodbye!!! ",y,n,y,n,n

1998\_578648.txt,"I thought I would because I've visited with my friends so many times before, but now that I'm actually here it's finally true. I'm away from my parents, it's so great. I live with three great girls in my suite and we're so popular here. I've always been a socially outgoing person, but now I feel like it's going to work. there are always large numbers of people in our living room, bringing in food or beer to contribute to our refrigerator; everyone munches from it. and it's OK. the RA told us about this girl in another room who got so upset because her roommate ate her store bought cookies without asking; she called her mom and was so upset. I'm so glad its not like that here. we all contribute and all consume. But it's not like there's always noise and party's here. only when we all decide. if one person wants to read or study or sleep, we're really considerate. I hope that lasts, I'm pretty sure it will. At our building there are many foreign exchange students which is always a plus because, come on, who minds a foreign accent every once in a while. this guy from Belgium and this one from England are always watching TV in our room, which is another amusing thing: we don't have cable, or an antenna, or a VCR, so we only get FOX Channel 7. We sit around and watch whatever's on. in one way it's good because we don't have arguments over which channel to watch. maybe simplicity is the root of compromise. We had a floor meeting the other night here and they discussed some issues that had come up. it was so funny because almost all of them referred to our room's shananagans. This one guy came here from where he lives in a house to use the laundry (he's one of our friends- our referring to my roommate and I we've been friends since 2nd grad, long time, huh? ) anyway, he dropped like half a box of laundry detergent on the stairwell and no one noticed for a week. the RA got mad and cleaned it up herself, but it was amusing because he doesn't even live here. another thing was the ""stolen furniture"" incident. we are given this loveseat-type couch in our suite's living room that can maybe seat 3 people if you're lucky. and in the lobby of the 3rd floor in front of the elevator there are 2 large couches that just block the pathway, no one ever sits in them, and they could probably seat 5 or 6. so when no one was around, my suitemate and I and 3 other people that happened to b in our room at the time helped us move our dinky little couch into the lobby which is down the hall and around a corner. we hauled the large couch down the way and we had to tilt it sideways and temporarily knock off some of the ceiling tiles just to make it in the doorway without banging down the door across from us. now we have a nice couch that is well used and the RA's are threatening to do a room check to find it. why? its going to more use. It's all kind of a double standard anyway. The head RA is always in our room hanging out and drinking our beer. he has a crush on me so he always brings us stuff and won't mention the couch to the others and lets us into the cafeteria at night. it's pretty funny, one night the night guard knocked on our door because someone had made a noise complaint. we opened the door and the guard stood in the threshold and the head RA stood behind the door quietly while we got reprimanded. it probably wouldn't have been in his best interests to b seen in there. He's only 20, but the building is changing management, so right now he's the head guy. its odd. I'm 18. finally. I could be in a management position at the pool I lifeguard at in the summers, next summer. it seems odd that I'm really an adult. when you're a kid u never think that you're ever going to get to the point where you decide when to come home and when to do this and what to do in this situation, type thing. its like the transition from high school to college really is that much of a change in that you're independent. it feels so good to finally b independent, financially, physically, emotionally. its wonderful responsibility. I am responsible for watching my budget, if I don't, no one will bail me out (well that's probably not true but you know). I guess I'm trying out freedom on borrowed wings, I can always have that security blanket if I want, but I don't want. I want to be independent. I am right now, I hope to stay that way ",y,n,n,y,y

1998\_578686.txt,"The class is very interesting. The psychology class I took in high school was rather boring. I planned to be a psychologist, perhaps clinical. After taking the class, I was turned off at the idea. This class has renewed my interest and has caused me to begin thinking again (finally). At this point, I just looked at my watch and realized I have only been typing for three minutes. I am not sure what else to say. The first idea that came into my head was my car. I own a 1971 dodge charger. It is a nice car and is also quite fast. It used to belong to my father, and he gave it to me. We got it out of storage in 1993. At that point, we began to restore it, a job that still isn't fully complete. My high school experience was a strange one. I spent my first three years in Texas. For my senior year, I had to move to Oklahoma. While there, I realized that I matured mentally. I thought about the differences in society, and how people only a few hundred miles part can vary so much. I am glad to be in college now. The classes are not what I had expected them to be. To succeed, one must be very self motivated. I am finding it slightly difficult to get things done at times. Cafeteria food is another factor on my mind. First of all, most of the time I don't like the food. Next, when I am hungry, there isn't anything to eat. The cafeteria is closed for some reason. I don't know. Nothing more is coming to mind, other than the dull glow of my computer screen. My time has elapsed, so I will finish by saying that. I can't think of anything to finish with. ",y,n,n,n,y

1998\_579133.txt,"I don't know what to write about really and I have a bunch of other things on my mind. I haven't eaten breakfast yet and I'm pretty hungry, but I fear that if I don't do this now I might never get around to doing it. the assignment doesn't seem to be that difficult, but sometimes I have trouble thinking of things to say. I'm not going to my calculus study session because I think it will mainly be review of what I have already learned in high school. my roommates friend Henry just called and somewhat interrupted my thoughts. I don't think my roommate likes Henry very much but I don't know that for sure. he always calls when my roommate isn't here which to me is a signal that they're not really in sync. when I feel most confident about my relationships with others is generally when we're in sync with each other. I think that the more time you spend with a person the more you become somehow linked to that person. I've been waiting to read a book for some time now and my friend just finished and gave it to me. I think everyone should read Ain't Nobody's Business If You Do: the absurdity of consensual crimes in our free country by peter mcwilliams. not only is it a very controversial book, but it is also humorous and very informative and educational. Peter McWilliams has AIDS, cancer, and was using marijuana for medicinal purposes under California state law, but was arrested and thrown in jail. I agree with mcwilliams 100% about consensual crime being ridiculous and I think it's wrong that he's in jail now. I got fined $15 recently for parking in lot A67 next to Jester. the parking and traffic administration expects me to park on the other side of red river, or better yet i35. I think this is stupid and am very upset with this, I plan on writing a letter of complaint to David kapalko. my parents finally came to their senses and bought me a computer for school. that is one of the main reasons I am able to do this assignment now. I didn't feel comfortable writing these kind of personal thoughts in a computer lab full of other people. my parents got a good computer for a low price and now I can work from my dorm room, so I think everyone is satisfied. I just wonder if having a computer will be another hindrance to meeting new people especially girls. not that there aren't plenty of girls that use computers, but I don't really get out enough as it is. I know it's up to me to make the effort but I almost feel trapped in a situation where I don't meet enough girls or hang around them enough. ",n,y,n,n,y

1998\_580120.txt,"He became my good friend and we had an understanding, we connected. He left this morning. We saw him off. His mom was there so the send off wasn't so bad. The other guys are afraid to show emotion. They've got this macho, I'm afraid to feel attitude. They're smart and all but maybe not as expressive as my close friends back home. Guess that comes with time. The cheebye had to leave so damned fast. 1 week and one day's notice was all he had. And all of us, especially me, feel so betrayed. We had great plans for this summer and the fall. At least I'll be seeing him in december when I fly back home. I like stuffed toys. Beanie babies rock! but. I have to watch my spending, yeah, too many beanies'll break my bank! college isn't all that cheap. I'm not a loaded person. I've got to think about my budget for this month. sheesh, I've already overspent and am going to be stretched till october. cheebye! I wonder if anybody's going to read this rambling. if somebody is, hmmmm. you can call me. I'm ""new"" to america and don't have any american friends. sad isn;t it? but that is the case. what's the point of going overseas for an education if you don't imerse youself into the country's culture. oh well. I've got lot's of things to do now. like get my ""lunch"". I'm starving. hmmm. ",y,n,y,n,y

1998\_590140.txt,"It said tall macintosh so I wasn't sure what that meant. Anyways, right now I am kind of upset because my roomates are messy and keep on leaving the lights on when they are not occupying the room. I hope our electric bill isn't very high. Man, I have so much reading to do it is not even funny. I miss my boyfriend and family a lot and want to go home. Sometimes I wish I could just go to college at home. I can't go there cause I have a scholarship to attend this school. I have been very bored lately. Wow, I am so suprised that there wasn't a humungous waiting list to use these computers. I sure hope this computer isn't for a handicap person cause it is higher than all the others. Oh, well if a handicap person comes I'll just move. The guy across from me looks funny because he is looking at his computer with astonishment and his mouth is wide open. I'm trying to think of things to write but it is kind of boring in here so my thoughts are not flooding out like they usually do. I tried to do the pre-testing but it wouldn't let me in because it said other people were already using it. That sucks!!!!! Man, after this I think I am going to move to another regular computer because I am starting to feel really guilty. There are a lot of empty computers right now. Cool there is a huge M hanging above my computer and my name starts with M. After this I will probably search the web for volunteer agencies that I can volunteer for for my social work class. I have about 8 more minutes to write. Man, something got on my beautiful, cute kitty folder and made some of the paint come off. I wonder what it was. These computers are cool because you can bring cd's and listen to them. Is that a girl or a boy? First I thought it was a boy but he/she had a very colorful girlish looking purse. I think it is a boy. My hands are starting to kind of hurt from typing. I probably sound like a baby. Oh man, a guy just sat at the computer that I was planning to use next. I guess I'll just sit on the next role. 5 more minutes. I hope it is not dark when I go home cause I have to walk. I'm bored!!!!!!!I can't wait to go home and eat. What shall I eat??? I certainly don't feel like eating hamburger helper leftovers again. Maybe I'll order something from Plucker's or walk over there. 3 more minutes. They should have music in here. Nah, that's not a good idea cause not everybody likes the same kind of music or can concentrate with it on. I can. I think I've seen that guy before somewhere. Well, time is about up, finally :) ",n,y,y,n,n

1998\_590709.txt,"I think that I am just supposed to write whatever flows from my mind for this one, so here I go. I really like the theory that writing about a problem helps you sort it out. It is interesting to me that putting that problem onto paper helps symbolically remove it from the mind. Theories like that always seem to capture my imagination, I am a huge fan of symbolism. I miss my girlfriend a lot. I think about her multiple times each day, she just pops into my head all the time. I wish I could have called her today, but I just didn't have time. I just realized that I called her my girlfriend. I guess we are broken up now, but more because life drew us apart than any conscious decision. I am dying for some reason to call her and tell her that I love her. I haven't said that in a long time, I think it will make her incredibly happy to hear it. I hope she hasn't given up on us, although that is extremely unlikely. I have not been able to talk with her much lately because she has been grounded, but when we spoke the other day she still sounded like she cares. We've been through so much, I think she always will care about me. It seems almost corny to say ""We've been through so much"" because everyone says that about their sign. other. But with Christal and I it's not like we've just been through a time where we fought with our parents or ended up almost splitting up, we have walked as close to Hell as I care to come. There are still some things I hate remembering and I block from my mind. Every now and then I will remember something which seemed to have vanished from my memory and I am amazed I didn't remember such intense emotion before I was reminded. I suppose it is repression, it is very odd. I don't like to think about a lot of the things we went through, it's just an emotional roller coaster I don't want to ride again. I still imagine myself with Christal automatically when I think of the rest of my life and who I will be with. I cannot wait until semester when we can spend more time together. I just got a flash of memory of what it is like to be a couple who sees each other and spends together a lot. I miss her being an active everyday part of my life. She is still an everyday part of my life, but only in my thoughts. Not in physical reality. I will definitely call her tomorrow, after my dreaded chemistry test. I am sure I could be studying so much better right now if I had talked with her today. I am scared that when she finds out about Shea it will hurt her incredibly, the odd thing is I would do it again. But it remains to be seen if I would do it again after we talk. I feel so out of touch with her. She changed so much in the wake of everything that happened I feel like I need to get to know my best friend again. I am sure that her core personality is still the same though, I just feel weird because we have both changed and grown so much apart from one another, I am scared that we grew into two people who aren't supposed to be together. ",y,n,y,n,y

1998\_593630.txt,"I just don't feel like I have quite gotten into the groove of school yet. I hate that we start before labor day, because I feel like I am just getting my schedule back to normal when I get another vacation. I think I'm going home to see my mom this weekend, my birthday is tomorrow and hers is on Monday so were going to have a girls weekend, shopping, makeovers, haircuts, I can't wait. I wish that Glenn was coming with me though, I hate to travel by myself, especially flying, I'm glad the flight only takes an hour but I really do not like to fly. I can't imagine going to Europe and being on a plane for an entire day, I would want to jump out, it just makes me feel trapped at least when your in the car you can stop along the way for a travel break. anyway, besides getting ready for this weekend, I have a lot of homework I need to finish, so I can have fun while I'm home, my horoscope told me today was a good housecleaning day, I've been needing to do that ever since Glenn's party, so I better do it today, or ill have to wait till the next full moon, or favorable planetary alignment!:) I don't really believe in horoscopes, but I still read them, especially around my birthday, silly superstition I guess, my horoscope for this week said I should do something memorable and kind of crazy for my birthday. I'm thinking that's not such a bad idea. I've only got a couple more years left that its still socially acceptable for me to be irresponsible. what crap, I hope I'm doing pseudo-irresponsible (not life-threatening and stupid, just fun) until I'm very, very old. its so weird that I would want to be like that, because I don't think I give off that image to the world. actually taking risks really scare me and I avoid them in real life as much as possible, but my rich a varied fantasy life is full of them. this should give you a clue to how type a I am, my fantasies about taking risks usually just include planning them, hardly ever actually doing them. where was I? oh yeah birthday, so I'm kind of bummed out bc I gave Glenn a really great party and bought him lots of presents bc at the time we had money, but surprise his stupid company hasn't paid him yet so right now a great birthday present for me would be to pay the bills. I'm feeling a little guilty about the way I spent money on him, when I sort of knew what the situation would be, but I can't do anything about it now, and I feel like its selfish of me to want him to reciprocate what I did for him. I guess that's my spoiled only child coming out. I really did have fun watching him opening his presents and enjoying his party, I didn't do those thing so he would do the same for me, but I would be nice! okay back to school I'm feeling okay about most of my classes even chemistry, but I do not want to fail calculus again! that would suck, I already dislike the prof's teaching style. I know he wants us to learn by understand the proofs, he thinks that doing tons of problems for practice, which is what I like, is a ""high school"" way to learn, he actually really gets on my nerves. I really don't care about understanding calculus, I don't even have to take the second part, I just want to memorize formulas and pass the tests, too bad it doesn't seen to work like that in his class. I guess if I just keep up with it should be okay, that was my problem last semester, I just kept getting further and further behind, and tried to cram the night before the final. that works in my liberal arts classes, but in none of my science classes, which I guess in a strange way is why I like them. when I enjoying what I'm learning I don't mind reading everyday, and usually by the end of the semester I can really apply what I've learned in broader terms. it was really cool to see that a lot of the methodology and general theories I learned in my ecology classes were also used in psy. calculus is not one of those things I feel like I'm going to enjoy ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_596111.txt,"what is the purpose of this? where is Jackie? oh yea, asleep. I love that girl but she is driving me nuts with the pressure. oh well, who cares. I love my dog Hershey. why wasn't she excited to see me when I came home today. what else should I say --stream of consciousness--bull shit. I am never fully conscious. why is banc one spelt with a c? I need to put some lotion on my hands. Jackie sure did miss me. she is a great girl. I need another t shirt. going back to school on Sunday. lots of homework this weekend. calculus is going to kill me. I am going to need a lot of outside help. a lot. Pennebaker, what origin is that? psychotics. why do serial killers behave the way they do? will I learn that? I guess I should check the syllabus. jack would want this whole stream to be about her. she always gets what she wants because I spoil her. she is so beautiful. my momma knows me so well. she is a great woman. I wish my dad would get a job but not travel because my mom will be really lonely. that is no good. I kind of want to worry about sentence structure and grammar but I am trying not to. this is a really unique exercise. I have a really scattered brain. I can't concentrate on anything. I have a worse attention spell than dustin bell or even mark that fucking bastard. if he ever tries to get jack again I'll kill him. she is my angel. she sure did miss me more than I did her. I guess that is because I am to bogged down with other things, ie: psychology and this wacko assignment. Pennebaker. I would like to pin a baker to the wall and beat him like raw meat until the blood from his ecoli filled body puddled around me. that was pretty sick. I think about shit like that all the time. why? am I weird for that? I guess I just have as screw loose. not like david does though. Jesus, talk about chemical imbalance. that fucker has some serious problems. ever since the mushroom incident I haven't looked at him the same. crazy guy. and his mom is such a bitch, and his alcoholic dad, and his pot head brother. with his mom dying I hope he's all right. poor guy. its a shame he doesn't care. Dave is some one that dr. / Pennebaker auto to analyze. you'll find some unique stuff in that crazy bastard. wow, what a nut. why are the keys on the keyboard organized the way that they are? some one is an idiot, but it all works out pretty well. will is a nice guy, but I don't want to go to his church groups. I feel guilty for leading him on. maybe I'll go once but that will only make the problem worse. immigrants are bastards. especially Mexicans. I don't want Texas to have more brownies than whites. that will suck. our native tongue will be worthless and the school systems will go to crap because English as a second language will be in the core curriculum. screw that. speaking of screwing, I wouldn't mind getting laid right about now. to bad Jackie is on her period. I would definitely like to get laid. I guess I can crank off later, but it is no where near as good. maybe I can get a blowjob this weekend since I did come in unexpectedly. I'm so nice. I still haven't figured out exactly why I cam in. just a few more minutes to go. I'm really kind of enjoying this. thoughts on paper. that is how things get accomplished, no? well going to college is pretty crazy and at the same time pretty boring. a lot of good looking women in dobie. everyone in jester is but ass ugly. I guess it is good that I am not always surrounded by hot chicks so that I can stay faithful to Jackie as long as I want to. I don't know what is going on inside of this crazy head of mine. who really cares? I guess the psychologists do. well, time is up. I guess I'll do this again in a few days. alright, later ",y,n,n,n,y

1998\_596135.txt,first a bit of background last Friday on my way home at three in the morning my brother flipped our car and it rolled twice I guess my last few days have been mainly taken up by thoughts of what happened I guess I am the kind of person who analyzes what they do after the fact and right now I'm trying to go through my emotions really wasn't afraid I wonder why I mean we were that close to death if we had flipped 10 yards later we would have fallen fifteen feet into a creek but as it was nothing happened so really I just kid of went on with my life so I'm not dwelling on the crash what I am dwelling on is the fact that I was over the crash in a meter of minutes this is the kind of thing that shapes many peoples lives but it seems to have no impact on mine I'm not more or less kind I don't enjoy life more I even had fun that weekend I don't feel that I am truly any closer to God I am not praying any more not that that is how I judge my relationship with God but even how I judge my relationship a no closer weird I should have done this later on I think better at night but if I wrote what I was thinking on here tonight instead of on paper I would lose these thought so I guess it is better this way I can always rewrite what I type onto paper but then I would feel the urge to revise and I haven't fully come to the conclusion whether that is right or wrong yet I mean what is what I truly think and feel what is spur of the moment and straight from the heart or what is what I can put together over time so I haven't yet presented myself with the option by trying to rewrite what I write neater or type it I guess they are both valid or it's hard to type as fast as I think why I write on paper what I this but then even I can't read what I write half the time on a more petty note I am worried about math I just have no idea what to expect but that is something that I can put to the back o my mind I'm trying not to think of anything school related because I want to write on that next time but some overlapping is probably ok I'm worried about math because I don't know what to expect that is the difference between high school and college in high school you could mess up on the first quiz or test and not worry about it because you had twenty more grades to bring it back up in college if you misjudge the teacher and screw up on the first test it will be very hard to bring the grade back up for the semester it would be like taking an entire six-weeks in high school to learn how a teacher gives tests oh well ,y,n,n,n,y

1998\_596818.txt,"like how my day was, yeah, I woke up real early today, likie 800 and theres still ab unch of people walking in and out of my room like this one girl who likes my roommate, and I know I left my last topic right in the middle but illcome back, so anyway, this girl that just walked into my room like my oommate, and she seems really nice, and shes cute enough, but someone told my roommate that shes not cute and now he doesn't like her, now I must concede that in the past, I've realized that girls aren't as beautiful as I originally thought, bcause someone else told me they didn't think so and I relized id been projectin something on the girl, or looking a little too hard for something that's not there, so I shouldn't judge or somethinng like that and and so I woke up for an 830 class this morning, and it was a Cal stuy session that was completely pointless, I miss my high school calculus class, I miss my high school cal teacher, she was a very good teacher, I ad lot of those in high school, so I guess I'm pretty lucky, but she was a really good teacher, and a lot of my friends in the class got together ad had a great study group, because, well for many reasons, first of all they werent my best friends, thy were three girls and my brohter, but they werent my best friends, and so I didn't have to worry too much about getting too off topic at the biegginning of the year with stupid inside jokes, we could just study, and later onwhen we became better friends, we could talk for hours about iomportant stuff, or reminice, and still know when to crachk down and actually study, also like I said the teacher was just great, I'm going back this weekend and since its labor day we don't have school on monday so I may just skip school tuesday and stay home to go back and visit some of my old teachers, and I've only got 6 more minutes of writing, but I really think thatd be nice, uhh I'm out of tuff to say again, and everyone is babbling in the background, and I'm trying to tune him out, or them out, but now I'm losing total train of thought and so I'm going to start babbling again or risk having to stop all together and so I don't have any more classes today and I'm struggling here and my roommates playing playstation, so I went and worked out the other day, actually yesterday, and it was the first time in 4 months, but I'm going running and weight liftin again today, and I havent run in about the same length of time and so I'm sorta worried about taht, but I'm looking forward to it to, getting a little chubby you know, so I'm starting to work out 6 days a week, about one to two hours a day, and I'm worried is going to but a strain on my homework, but I've always been able to to manage time in the past and I just noticed that I've got less than aminute and now I'm done so I'm wrapping up saying goodbye if you ever read this, I ope you enjoyed this little window into my head ",y,n,n,n,y

1998\_596948.txt,"I am thinking about Jason and wondering if we will get married. I am really happy but then there is Tim, who wants to get in my calculus class and my teacher is an absolute freak. what is a freak anyway I don't know but I have heard that there are a lot of freaks here. my roommate is asking me what I am doing and I want to tell her that I am typing on my computer. can't she see that? some people are just redundant. this paper is redundant and life is redundant. people keep making the same mistakes over and over and over again, and they don't see the pattern. it took me a while to see the pattern of my redundancy but now I see the pattern and I still make the same mistakes. I always make mistakes and I do the same stuff and I didn't even make a sorority and I really don't really care. I can't type fast at all now I am stealing my roommates thoughts maybe I just am really dependent on other people and I can't even think for my self. Hey sweetie? What's your name and major? I just heard my messages and they are not even my messages because I cannot think with my roommate complaining about how popular she is, I used to be popular I was so damn popular. And now I am just a number-my social security number Gone is my identity and my boyfriend and my family and my roommate is trying to sleep and I am getting tired. I wonder what you would say, yeah you, if I told you that I slept through your psychology class and don't really care about what everyone has going on in their messed up heads. I am doing this because I have to, I have to do this and I have to be responsible. I can't believe that my father yelled at me today He is lying when he says he loves me. He told me that the only person he ever loved is mom and if I am rude to her once more then I will suffer. like what is he going to do? Put me in a gas chamber or send me to jail worth no food? I can't believe this stuff is happening to me, At the party tonight I felt miserable. I hate Jason for making me hurt so bad, I hate loving someone that is so far away. I hate the way I feel that I am missing out, but when I try to lead a normal college life I only wish I was at his house playing pool. I'm good at pool now. The holes on his pool table are smaller than average so that when I play on a real table I could really hustle somebody. Hove I ever been hustled? What all can one be hustled in? I must be the victim of some huge pimp like hustle that follows me around and lets me fall on my ass when I feel good about myself, I hate you Kevin Hogan, I hate your lies and my lies to everyone about you, I would have made it somewhere had you never kissed me and hustled me. I wish that this computer would stop beeping, Beep Beep Claire needs to sleep. ",y,y,n,n,n

1998\_600217.txt,"Today I had a very fun (sarcastic) schedule, I worked out and also participated in my NROTC drill team, which I am a part of. My thoughts are nothing but satisfaction, a vigorous week of PT (physical training), academics, drill, and discipline have finally ended for three glorious days to elapse. Yes, just another three days or so, then it's back to the normal vigorous routine. My feelings for joining the NROTC unit is my decision, the option to choose the path to become a Marine Corps commissioned officer is brave for my part. For the past week, PT has been vigorous and I sometimes find myself out of shape for the activities. My ankle, which has a long history of spraining, is not helping either. My Gunnery Sergeant and my Staff Sergeant and I agreed that the Leathernecks, the ""Marine Corps"" part of the team, will help me get up to standards, after all, the Leathernecks and the entire unit looks after its own. Looks after it's own. I want to be part of the team, a part of the unit, a player, a leader, not a manager, not a weakling, nor any of that. I want to prove that I am someone. That I am a human being, someone worthy of being respected and liked. I have had a couple of bad experiences before I reported to UT. One was that I broke up with my girlfriend for the summer. She and I, even though we liked each other, found out that we were 'incompatible' and the separation of college (me going to UT, she going to U of H) would only make things worse. Sometimes we would find ourselves arguing over something as petty as 'who left the door open?'. It was a bad experience and the breakup just before college hit me like a MACK truck, just like all my bad experiences before. After my breakup, I wonder whether I should date again. There's a nice girl (I won't name her name or how I know her) around that I know but I don't know if I should get to know her more. Maybe it's because I had a bad history of dating, and I sometimes wonder if I would take the circle path back to where I started, broken up and feeling depressed about myself. This girl, I like her a lot, and I think she thinks I'm ok, but I don't know if she really likes me. To take another risk like that will probably leave me either being shunned my rejection or being depressed by another break up. That's why I must concentrate on other things. My priority is to the team, and I will work as much as I can to get my unit up and running. I am in the pistol and the drill team and I want to learn more and know more. Also, I want to get a 4. 0 GPA, so I can get a scholarship from my unit. PT has been tough, I find myself being killed by the active duty Marines when we PT, but I can't quit. My ankle had me forced to drop out of the runs two times, but I won't quit the program. I cannot quit, and I will not quit. To quit will put me forever in disgrace as a quitter who couldn't 'hack it' and also in the shun of my teammates, who I left them high and dry by letting them down. To quit would also to put me down further into the downward spiral of depression. To quit is out of the question. I will keep on going no matter what happens and I will do anything that has to be done to pass. I will not fail. ",n,y,n,y,n

1998\_603731.txt,"I am happy that I made the transition from Georgia Tech to UT. I am cautious about my future and what I want to get involved in. I want to become a Texas Wrangler but I am unsure that they will take me. I want to do well in school and get in to law school. I don't study as much as I want to, and I need to work on that. I love sports and I like football most of all. I wish I had played football was a kid. I am excited about the future of our country and I want to get involved. I don't understand what this assignment is about, but I will write everything that is on my mind. I worry a lot about stuff that is of no concern to me. I try to be the best student and person that I can be. I have a lot of pressure on me from my past and the way I have been raised. I've always been a good student and pretty athletic, and I try to be the best at everything. I knew that is bad, but I feel that that is the way I was born. I believe our President is guilty and should be impeached for the good of the nation. He is a smart man, but he is personally corrupt. I have a roommate that is good. He is Norwegian and is a great student. He is fun to hang out with and we get along well. I have a girlfriend and I'm not sure if we should stay together. We get along well, but I feel like I have the whole world at my fingertips, and she is holding me down. , WE share a lot together and we are best friends, but she wants more. more time, more money. etc. My parents are strong Christians, but ?I am not sure that that is what I want. College is a time to figure all of this out, and I am glad I am here. It is a fun place and the knowledge here is overwhelming. I am like a sponge trying to get it all in my head. I want to be an attorney and I feel like al the knowledge will make me a better lawyer. I want to be the best that I can be and make a good future for myself. My Mom never went to college so she wants me to make the most of it. It is a lot of pressure from her, and I try to be a role model for my younger brother. He is a trouble maker, and I want to be a positive influence in his life. He is a good kid, but the friends he is with are not good for him. I love my family very much. I can't wait for the UT UCLA football game. I love the game and I love the school spirit it provides. I was an engineering major at Georgia Tech last year and I made the switch to UT all by myself. I am proud of that move, and I wouldn't have it any other way. It was the best move I've ever made. I like the big school here and the number of students here. I want to run for public office when I get older and make this country a better place. I feel like I can be a good leader and bring good things to this country. I am a good person, and I believe others will think so too. ",y,y,n,y,n

1998\_613201.txt,"I honestly have no earthly idea. I just woke up about 2 hours ago. Drop off my younger sister at her school, which is my old high school. My boyfriend is still a senior there. At times it is awkward going there but at the same time very comfortable. I brought my (old) teacher a lot of buckets for the upcoming carnival for the little kids. I enjoy bringing her to school 1, because I remember how horrible bus rides were. So I never rode it. Actually I rode it 2yrs in middle school, because my mom could not drop me off. And secondly I get to see my Bert. It is weird being in a relationship, not because it is uncomfortable. More like it is a different experience. I never really had a relationship until my senior year. It really isn't hard balancing my priorities. My number one priority is finishing school. Hey, I realized that my typing isn't as bad as I thought. I still have to look at the keys at times. Back to Bert. He really is an extremely wonderful person, cute, good husband material( not that I am thinking about that right now) It's just that it really is hard to find someone genuinely nice and sincere to everyone, and especially you. I think it just sucks that he is my first true relationship. Because, the old notion that the first most likely isn't the last. Only time will tell. It's about 10:02 and I didn't go to work today. Instead, I am doing this lovely assignment. Excuse my typing, I am not that good. Oh, I know what else I am thinking. My big 18 B-Day is coming up, and my dad is still holding strict control over me. Like I am twelve all over again. He doesn't realize that I am growing up and staying home this year doesn't help. Although, I love my home and mother. I only wish certain straining attitudes would alter. My first class today is math 305G. oh, boy! My teacher is actually, pretty nice. Right now it is much more of a review, and my homework assignment is due today also. There were only actually a few problems that I quite couldn't recall. I just have to practice on more problems. I am not at all surprised of my needed review. The problems were wonderful word problems which I have never seemed to master without practice. Well look here it is three minutes past my 20 minutes. and these people are becoming a little antsy (I think that is how you spell it) about time limits. Oh, if you actually do read any parts of these assignment I HOPE YOU ARE READING THIS BECAUSE I JUST WAS THINKING THAT YOUR CLASS IS ACTUALLY ENJOYABLE. AND I HOPE TO MEET ONE DAY NEXT WEEK, INSTEAD OF BEING A NUMBER IN YOUR 50000000 PERSON CLASS. (JUST A LITTLE PLAY WITH NUMBERS) Adios, till we meet again for the next writing assignment. Which I'll do tomorrow, because we can't do 2 in one day. Bye WRITING ASSIGNMENT 1 433613201 ",y,n,n,y,n

1998\_613453.txt,"I'm pretty happy with my first week and a half of classes. I've met a lot of people. It means a lot to me. I am a very quiet, sort of shy person. I was afraid of coming to UT because I'm not the best at making friends. So far though, it hasn't been a problem. My big classes have been a little intimidating because of there size. I used to have classes about 30 or less. Right now I am happy, UT won its first football game. I'm glad I was able to go. It was lots of fun. Now I feel a little exhausted. I haven't really done all that much today. I actually got to sleep for 12 hours last night. I could be exhausted because I am hungry. I think I'm pretty lucky. My parents sent me some food. My brother brought it to Austin. He and I will share it. I'm already starting to miss home-cooked meals. I think my 20 minutes are just about up. I probably fix a bite to eat, watch a little T. V. and go to sleep. ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_614375.txt,"I feel a bit stressed out this week because it seems like my assignments are piling up. Computers are not my specialty so I am glad I made it on this web page, now if I can only figure out how to check my e-mail. I went to a alpa Kappa Delta Phi meeting last, which turned out to be pretty fun. I am so excited about the whole sorority experience. I hope I get a bid. This would be such a great experience - to make new friends. At this moment I am trying to get things done because I have a class in an hour and I have to attempt reading the Wall Street Journal before 5:00. I would have gotten my paper yesterday, but I couldn't figure out the lock combination, so I called the Wallace Distributors and left a message yesterday. She called me this morning and treated me as if I were a child, speaking real slow and in my opinion she was patronizing me which I really hate. I think I am going to be nervous all week wondering if I am going to get into KDPhi. My roommate and I are getting along pretty well so I am pretty happy about that. She is trying out for Spirits and I hope she gets in because she deserves it. I am worried that it will be difficult for her to get in because 200 girls are trying out for 23 positions. ",y,y,y,n,n

1998\_623903.txt,"at this point I am very unsure of what exactly to do or where my direction for the future is. My paranoia that I developed from living in ny has certainly overcome my life as everyday is almost a struggle at times to go on because I so easily find something to mess it up. I feel as if everything is always ready to go wrong, so I guess I need a more optimistic view of my life so I don't have to have negative beliefs everyday that ruin a perfect day. I guess I am also questioning whether I belong in Austin or if I should return to NYC and transfer to nyu business school. I will need a 4. 0 both semesters which will be close to impossible for myself in order to stay here. in addition I also wonder if I belong here and if I can fit in with everyone else. they are all nice to me but I just wonder if I can fit in and if they are all being fake to me behind my back, not that I don't already have to deal with that in ny. if it were not for people I could trust like Reid or Jason or a very few others than I don't think I could make it here. I am very surprised to find how certain people have just drifted away and its like I make an effort and they don't even care about it. I just feel that sometimes things are not any better here than in ny and if it came down to the two I would probably just go back to NYC. NYC has a very special importance to me. I feel in a weird way that I can fit in there and it is my real home. to have the opportunity to live there for college and party all the time is really exciting, although I wonder if it would be the right choice to go back east since I was so miserable there. Danielle is the only person who I can count on and maybe even Nicole if I was not so pissed at her for going out with mike, but then again maybe that is my fault. if I wasn't so flirty and actually expressed my feelings than maybe it could have worked a lot better, but then again I always find someway to screw things up as usual which always haunts me at every task or thing now because I go in with such a negative attitude all the time. hopefully I can have another positive year like last time and it will help me be more confident. In the mean time I really need to focus on new goals and establish myself more positively: 1. get a 4. 0 average so I have the opportunity to stay if I want to but keep all transfers in mind especially nyu or something in the Boston area in case I feel the need to leave. 2. keep working out and getting big - competition is tough and I have to compete with you know who so I feel as if I must keep on going and hopefully it will work and I will look decent for once in my life - I also need to stay healthy and I need, I want a 6 pack by years end if it kills me 3. work on being social despite my physical problems and hopefully I will win out with whatever way it goes 4. help your community out and help others - remember you have been bad and need to fulfill certain things because the lord put me here for a reason and I want to be helpful and give happiness to others since I am not happy at least Remember to keep it real and tight . CAN'T NOBODY HOLD ME DOWN!!!! I CAN'T STOP! I WON'T STOP! I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO STOP! ) ",y,y,n,y,y

1998\_628315.txt,"It is not as though they dit down and say ""hey, I'm going to change who I am today, just for the fun of it!"" and if they do they aren't serious about changing. I have changed. A lot. It almost scares me how I have evolved as a person over the past several months. My thoughts have changed, how I view myself and other people, how I respond to certain situations, my opinions, beliefs, morals, attitudes; they have all been dramatically altered since this time last year. The funny thing about this is the reason why. I always considered myself to be a person set in my ways, never to step out of bounds, never to go against what I thought was socially acceptable. On a small scale, I was my own person, unique in every way, but in the scheme of life, I was right there with every other middle class high school girl. Trying to fit in, to wear the coolest clothes, listen to top 40 music, go to all the parties to make and appearance and be friends with certain people just because they were ""popular"". Then I met Cody, and I realized that there was so much more to life that what I was used to. The world wasn't one big happy carousel, spinning and singing and whoever got the prettiest horse was best. No, that's not how it was. There were problems in the world, and I realized that I had been ignorant to them, and it wasn't right. I came to realize that there is so much hatred and apathy out there, and it's tolerated. Not accepted, but tolerated, and that's wrong to. Cody taught me that it's okay to stand up for what I believe in, even if everyone else wasn't doing it, to do it for myself. Not to condone the racism, sexism, homophobia and bigotry that goes on behind closed doors. If we ignore it, it will only fester and grown until there's nothing anyone can do to stop it. I began to realize then that it doesn't matter if you're wearing Polo jeans, or if your parents just bought you a brand new Mercedes, because in the scheme of things, it's all irrelevant and pointless. This message was made clear to me through Cody and the music we listen to. It's okay to be different, it's okay to spike your hair and pierce your eyebrow, because the people who frown upon you for doing so are the people who are afraid of change, the same people that tolerate that same hatred I previously mentioned. It's okay for me to be different as long I know that I'm doing what's rights, and the two should never be confused. You can be considered a social outcast and still contribute more to the well being of society than some big shot in his three piece armani suit, (the epitome of luxury that most people in America idolize today) sitting behind his desk letting his greed for power and money boil into hatred to the point that he will step over all those ""lower"" than him to get what he want's. This isn't right. Yet this is the American dream. What is wrong with this picture? ",y,y,n,n,n

1998\_631077.txt,"She kind of put me in a depressed mood for the passed few days because she started telling me that she often writes her dad in trying to make her feel better, and it does, It kind of put things into perspective for me because I wouldn't know what I would do in her situation. well now that I am back in Austin I try to work hard and try to get thing s like this off my mind. not that I necessarily want to because that would be bad. well now the people I am with right now are bothered because I am using their computer and I don't want them to see what I am typing, I usually feel this way with anything I do, I don't like any one seeing or reading g anything that I write, do, or accomplish the time isn't really going by to fast right now . I have so much in my head put can't think about it right now. I am a strange strange person. everyone always tells me that because I always hold back my thought and when I want to let them out my mind draws to a blank. it gets me frustrated, good thing that I work out to work off my frustration. the life is tough, that is what my dad always says, and it is. I don't know how he made it here and have 5 kids have successful lives. my parents have done a good job, they really have. but know in trying to give so much more than they had it's hurting them financially and I feel that me going off to college is putting an even bigger debt in their pocket book. But they tell me not to worry about so I tell them not to worry about me, I also tell them that if anyone is going to go in debt it's going to be me. let me pull out the loan s in my name let me do all that I will be able to take care of it in the long run. right now I'm just tired of being a burden I know what I have to do and I am going to do it. I have done this type of assignment before, I once turned it in as a paper, and my teacher loved it, it was more in the structure of a poem, it ended being about 20 pages long and my teacher said it was outstanding, and nobody even believed me when I said that I was going to turn in that abstract paper and they didn't believe me when I told them that the teacher actually liked it. and that is 20 minutes. ",n,y,n,y,n

1998\_631209.txt,"I come from a small town of 5,ooo people and everyone knows your business. I have 4 sisters and 0 brothers. I am the 2nd to the youngest person of all 5 girls. All 3 of my older sisters are married except for my youngest one. She is only in the 6th grade. My father is a elementary school teacher and my mother is a pharmacist technician. I love my parents to death and they have been for me continuously. I respect with all that I have to offer and much more. I hope to do well in school, not only for myself but for them as well. I hope to go to medical school one day and eventually be doctor. I have high expectations of myself and I hope to accomplish all of my goals. I know that I am the only one that can mess up my life and my goals. I have this roommate, and I worry about him every now and then. He seems to know what he wants but, he keeps on screwing up. I have this friend who has to do homework. She would have been done by now but she is a huge procrastinator. I can be like that too, but I work better under pressure. A lot of people tell me that I do not have common sense, but I really don't give, because I don't care. As you can see, I am writing whatever is coming to my mind. I wish I could just type the same word over and over again. For example,---- say etc. Sometimes I wonder what the world will be like in about 20 years. if it is even going to be here or if we are not. Huh. About what. Oh man hey one of you'll do me a favor, nah I need a big favor. I am not going to pull your finger. No for real I need you'll to do me a favor. It depends. Will you'll go pick up Erica? Yah, if you give me few bucks. Well, I really don't know what to type anymore, I have been typing a whole bunch of crud and now my twenty minutes are up or at least almost up. I have paused for a while, but that is only because it is hard just writing what ever comes to your mind. so I won't lie, but It has been an experience. ",n,y,n,y,n

1998\_639546.txt,"I just ate and am full. I feel a little stressed trying to write in a flow and finding enough things to write for 20 mins. This is probably one of the strangest things I've ever had to do but that's why this class is so interesting I'm so excited to major in it. I'm having a bad morning, because I slept late and now I feel that my whole day is ruined. It's so weird to be doing homework like this, I guess I'm just not used to this. I'm so glad this class is so different. I also love philosophy too. I really feel like sleeping right now, however my scholastic obligations are more important right now. This is such a pivotal moment in my life, as I embark on college life. Right now I'm actually very proud of myself for getting all of my studies taken care of, rather than succumbing to sleep, as every college student would like to do. I feel like my roommate is really impressed with me as I click away at this computer so concentrated and intent on this assignment. I'm having trouble concentrating because the phone keeps ringing, and Riana keeps talking on the phone. I get distracteed very easily, and am not good at concentrating while there are distractions about. Right now I'm getting irritated, because she is always on the phone with her boyfriend and I cannot concentrate. She's always with him, and I can't be with mine because he lives in college station, and I'm sad because were growing apart, and I can't stop it from happening, and I'd really like to. He's so perfect, but I'm beginning to think there's more out there, and that gives me a terrible feeling inside, because I love him so much, and he's my best friend in the world, and the last thing I want to do is hurt him, so I may just lay a passive role in the relationship until I can settle things in my mind. I feel so odd confiding in a perfect stranger like this, but then again no one may ever read this. I have so many confusions and distractions here. My friend is getting screwed over by a guy who keeps telling me he's in love with me. I loved this guy as a friend, but I've lost so much respect for him, by the way he's playing games with my friend's head. I got my first speeding ticket yesterday, and surprisingly, the only thing I was upset about was the fact that I have to ruin a Saturday in defensive driving. This assignment wears you out-my fingers are aching. I'm really worried that when I finish this and press submit, it won't submit, because I accidentally pressed it before, and at the bottom of my computer screen it says done. My very first assignment , and I've probably already messed it up. I guess I'll have to explain the problem to the professor, and hope he understands that I've never used the internet before, and I am an idiot for messing up. well I guess I'll end on this paranoid note, because I really want to do well, and make a 4. 0 this semester. No one believes me, but I have high hopes and determination, and I won't let them bring me down. Well I guess I didn't end on such a bad note after all, but if that's what you need to make it, then I guess I'll end up ok after all ",y,y,y,y,n

1998\_651210.txt,"I am very attached to her and am having trouble dealing with her not being with me 24/7. We have dated for almost a year and a half and I don't want to date other people, yet I need someone that is physically with me that I can become close to. I call her all the time and it seemed that nothing has changed in our relationship after being with each other this weekend, yet at the same time as much as I want to see her as much as possible, I have so much trouble saying goodbye to her and letting her go that I sometimes think that it is not worth even seeing her. I knew long distance relationships would be hard, but I didn't realize how tough it would be mentally as opposed to physically grueling. We both don't want to date, yet we will have to get used to the fact of not being able to see each other but 1 or 2 times a month for the next 4 years. I am confused and I was told in the first place not to get myself in this position of having a long distance relationship, but we started dating the summer before senior year and I didn't know it would last this long at the time. On one hand I wish I never met her so everything would be easier, but on the same token she is the person closest to me and besides being my girlfriend, she is my best friend. I know if it was meant to be, then it will work out, but for now I don't know what to do. ",y,y,n,n,n

1998\_652525.txt,"I am twenty-two years old and I still have apprehension towards computers. I don't really know why. I guess it is because of my lack of experience with them. I am also worried about the pre-testing. I tried to access the site but it would not let me connect. My boyfriend just told me that he thinks it is stupid that a class is relying on computers so much. At first I agreed with him, but as I am typing this, I am beginning to think that it is sort of cool. Speaking of my boyfriend, he is currently in his kitchen heating up leftovers. I can smell them and it makes me sick to my stomach. Oh well, I will get acclimated. I have something on my mind. But first I would like think about my day and my new major. Well, I changed my course of study, but not really. For the past two years I have been in the school of architecture. I love buildings and I love to design. I sacrificed a lot to get into the school and not to mention adding on three extra years to my college life. It was such a major decision. Well, I just entered into a new course of study, it is architectural interior design. The interior design program moved into the school of architecture so they beefed up the program and gave it prestige. Back to my boyfriend. I feel like I had an emotional affair with his best friend. That really sucks. I can't seem to get the other guy out of my mind. I am even having dreams about him. I e-mailed him today. It was a big step ",n,n,y,y,y

1998\_652588.txt,"of course maybe today is a good day because I am feeling such a flood of emotions at the moment. and this will probably be a good release, you know? I don't know I have been kind of down lately. maybe it is this new university environment. I'm having difficulty adjusting I guess. it's all kind of overwhelming. too many things at once. I really wanted to call mauricio and talk about what happened in Mexico. stuff that shouldn't have happened between us, but it did nonetheless and it really shouldn't have but I am also kind of glad in a way that it did. but instead of calling him like I wanted too I called randy. I hadn't talked to him for three weeks I guess. I want to talk to him about what happened in Mexico also, but I can't. I just can't. it would just cause more unneeded problems I am afraid. so I called him, he was a bad mood as usual lately. I had already been feeling poorly lately and talking to him while he was in that mood wasn't such a good idea it's just that he is one of my best friends and I want to know what is going on in his life. I realize he is having a hard time right now, but he I don't know. I just wish he was more excited to talk to me or something. instead he just upsets me more, and that on top of everything else just makes me cry. crying is a good release though. but I didn't want to. so being like that I wanted to call mauricio even more and sort out some things with him so that would be one less overwhelming thing to deal with right now, but I agree with Andrea and think I should wait for him to call me. but I don't know if I am going to be able to. but I will try. I called my step-mom instead. she immediately knew something was wrong with me. I really miss my mom. Venezuela, my friends, the life I had there. it was so great looking back on it. but I don't want to think that the best years of my life have already passed, I want to think that future holds so much, that I have so much to look forward to. I believe I do I just need to get past this emotional slump I have been in. but it is kind of difficult. I really miss mauricio. I wish he were here in Austin. I feel like right now he is the one I should talk to about everything. I wish I knew how he felt, I just wish he would call me. Christi, thinks I should go and buy a new telephone cable among doing other things. she thinks that if I had regular internet access I would be a whole lot happier. it's not that I not happy. I don't want to be a depressed person, I want to be a happy responsible in-control person. not a sad depressed one that no one want s to be around. I don't think I am usually. I just am in a bad situation lately I guess. I am letting too many things get to me and drag me down. I need to focus on what is important and do one thing at a time. and not get so overwhelmed. I think going home next weekend will be a good break for me as well. I didn't think that I would miss it so much, but I do. a lot actually. I just want to feel my normal comfort level. to know what is going on, although I do not want to be in high school. I just want to be able to I don't know be normal. I thought I would be here, but I am not. I don't know how people do it. how they cope. I think I am lot weaker than I thought. I don't mean that. I don't know what I think. I think that I am almost done with this assignment. it has almost been twenty minutes. I can't believe it. I thought it would take forever. but I guess it really didn't. hopefully I will talk to mauricio soon. I now I have been focused on him a lot. but it's hard not to be. of course I might not see him for a long time, but. let's not think about that right now. ",n,n,y,y,y

1998\_656677.txt,"The reason being is because I am in good health, I do not have problems studying in my classes, and I have now set a routine where I can exercise, study and have fun at the same time. I do have long days on my classes on Mondays and Wednesdays, but when I get through them I recover on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Last year I was not as fortunate with my schedule and my health. I had problems that required I go to a doctor and have x-rays done as well as other tests. Many of the friends of my family also passed away during that year and I was also trying to get myself used to the transition from highschool to college while taking some pretty difficult courses. Overall, I was having a tough time adjusting. I had to miss several classes in order to go in and check what my health problems were. I sometimes even had problems walking at U. T. because of the pains I would feel and did not always fully concentrate on what I needed to. I also seemed to have more distractions my freshmen year and did not always study like I should have. I still made pretty decent grades but I feel I could have done better. Compared to then, life is good. My emotions are better intact, I do not get as nervous as I used to be, and I do not get embarrassed easily to answer questions in class like I used to. I also seem to tolerate more in terms of the differences in people. I still want people to know that I consider God to be important even though they may not. Some people used to tell me that I would change as soon as I entered college and would become like everybody else. I haven't and I want people to understand that even though I may be alone in a lot of issues, I will stand alone and not follow what I don't believe to be true. Sometimes I do not appreciate the fact that some professors don't really care about those in the class who regard God as important and ridicule every person who may believe in that way. I feel sometimes that as a student respects a professor in some of their opinions, then a professor should also respect the student likewise. I do, however, express my feelings to the professor if I feel they are not correctly handling the situation. I do hope the professor does not feel it is an attack on my part and I try to get my points across as diplomatically as I can. With most that I have talked to, I get a pretty good response and we are able to work things out. I do have strong feelings but I hope I do not have to express them in a way that nobody wants to hear. I'm willing to work things out, and I hope that the other individual involved would be the same. ",n,n,y,y,n

1998\_658776.txt,"I am thinking about my roommate who got the wrong book for his Japanese class and didn't realize it till he tried to do his homework last night, he had to get up this morning and drive to get the book and try to do the four pages in the book that were assigned for homework before class started. He is crazy, he and I always get into trouble like that. We've known each other since elementary school and have had some great times. One time I remember we were studying for a chemistry test our sophomore year in high school, it was really late so we decided to go to the store and get some jolt cola to help us stay awake. I ended up backing my truck into the ditch in front of the store and we were stuck. We sat there forever trying to get my truck out of the ditch and then finally I called another one of my friends who had a four runner. He took us to Wal-Mart and we bought a tow strap. We went back to the ditch and hooked our two cars up together. He then tried to pull my truck out and his tires just spun around and around. So I had to accelerate and my roommate had to push my truck from behind, by the time we got my truck out of the ditch it was like 2 so we were way to tired to study, so we went to bed and failed the chemistry test. I ended getting a 79. 4 in chemistry and being moved to the academic class because of 1/10 of a point. If it was for my roommate coming up with the great idea of going to get jolt cola in the middle of the night I might have been able to stay in chemistry honors, but even if that was the case I would much rather have that memory than an extra point on my high school gpa. My roommate and I now live in a two story townhouse that is 1180 square feet. We got a really good deal on it because the week before school started the apartment complex we preleased with called and said that had no apartments left for us even though we preleased 4 months ago. We had to drive to Austin and look for a new place that weekend and while we were here we stopped by the leasing office and talked to the people there, they said that someone cancelled on a townhouse and that since we had to go through all this trouble we could have it for almost the same price we were going to pay for and apartment about 3/4 the size. We got so excited and I am really glad things worked out like they did because I don't think I could live in a small apartment cause I need a lot of space or I go crazy too much space makes me crazy too but only when there is no one to share it with. But our townhouse is just the right size and its nicely furnished because both of my parents have been divorced and remarried so there is a lot of furniture that no one uses, so I got some pretty nice stuff. There aren't many decorations in the townhouse but there are lots of dishes and silverware. I took my stepmom's couches which really surprised me because I didn't think that she would let me have them because sometimes she is strange but I guess she can be pretty understanding sometimes. I used to hate her but now I realize that she really does want the best for me and only gets frustrated cause she raised her kids differently than my dad raised me. ",y,n,y,n,y

1998\_659134.txt,this job is going to drain me if I don't say something to these people I think they're too spoiled 1 minute almost done okay want to go home oh but yeah I need to check pretesting this is the longest minute okay bye. ,y,n,y,n,y

1998\_659344.txt,"First of all is my class ME 210. I don't want to be taking it at the moment but I will have to take it sooner or later. I am not good at drawing and that is what the class is mainly about. I would love to learn how to do that but I just wish I didn't have to get a grade. I am more worried abut that class than I am about second year cal. I could postpone the class and take it later, maybe during the summer, but I don't know. It will be a hard class for me. The other thing that is on my mind is whether or not I should play baseball. That is a very complicated subject for me. I would be a walk-on. However, several people who know have told me that I could easily make the team. On the other hand, that would be very time consuming. I have a girlfriend back in Waco who is still in high school and I really want to be able to see her. I am afraid that If I played baseball then I would never be able to go home. Also, I am an aerospace engineer and I will have a lot to do besides. The other side is that I have the ability to play and if I don't then I will look back and wish that I had. I have had to deal with this issue all summer. If I do play baseball then I will likely have to change my schedule. On the other hand I think that one of the reasons that I don't want to play is because I might be afraid of not making the team or of upper classmen or scholarship player harassment if I did make the team. People have always told me not to take my girlfriend into consideration when making my decision but I can't do that. They all think that just because I am going off to college that I will find a new girlfriend, and I may, but I don't want to and It won't be anytime soon. We've already talked about marriage and how when she graduates from high school she could come live with me. She is a junior right now so she has two more years. I would love it if we could be living with each other right now. In the year that we have been going out we have never had an argument. I enjoy her company so much. Well that is what is on my mind at the moment. ",n,n,n,y,n

1998\_659638.txt,"I'm feeling pretty good after my jog, but I usually do. I haven't worked out in two weeks; therefore, I was a little surprised that I could still jog the mile. I'm a pretty slow jogger. When I jog, I usually have company--either one friend or another. It's cool when I jog with friends that have about the same speed I do; that way, I don't get burnt out after jogging for only a short distance. In the summer I used to jog with some friends who had much longer legs than I do, and they were more fit. They used to joke that I had to jog two steps for every step that they took. That's good though, I'm getting the better work out. I used to have dreams about jogging and working out before I actually did start exercising regularly. In one of my dreams, I dreamt that I was running forever and it felt really good--I didn't get tired or anything. This past summer, I experienced something kind of like my dream. I jogged straight for thirty minutes without stopping. When I was down, my muscles felt like jello! Also this past summer, I didn't do much but go to summer school and work on my craft projects. I used to watch these do-it-yourself shows on PBS when I was little and I guess a part of me has always wanted to try some of the ideas out. In the past couple years, I've begun to do some craft projects on my own. My friend Tina wonders why I would buy so many supplies. I like the variety and after I make something, I usually give it away. so it's not like I'm keeping a dozen replicas of something in my apartment. I do use a lot of the things I made to decorate my apartment. without them, my apartment would look emptier than it already does. I don't have a couch right now, but my parents are coming up this weekend and I think we are supposed to buy a futon. that would be really neat. I've never had a futon before. I went to the Texas union last night and my friends and I saw a bunch of for sale signs for futons and sofas. I might have to go ahead and buy one of those if I don't get a futon this weekend. my friend peter said he'll take me furniture shopping too, at some thrift store. I don't want to buy any new couches right now because it'll be such a big hassle when I have to move out. for this coming summer, a couple of my best friends invited me to room with them if they stay up here for summer school. if I do that, then I can move some of my furniture into the apartment we share. ",y,n,n,y,y

1998\_676910.txt,"They are playing the Atlanta Braves. They're good but I think we should be able to defeat them in the playoffs. There closing pitcher, something like, Lightenburg is the ugliest guy in the league: pretty close to Randy Johnson of the Astros. I'm really hungry right now. I want a nice juicy ribeye steak back in Houston. Houston has the best restaurants. The night before I came to school I went to anthony's in houston. I had duck with cherry dressing. It was so good and the dessert was even better. We ordered practically everything on the menu. School is really different from high school. There is so much freedom compared to high school. Not only are parents out of the scene but teachers don't know if you show up to class or not. My bed is so comfortable. I put my two twin beds together and now I have a king sized bed. I love sprawling out on my bed after walking back from class or coming home from a night in Austin. I love UT and I cannot wait until the first football game even though I am leaving town. I am going to Birmingham for my grandmother's 80th birthday. It will be good to see my parents again. My sister is a senior at UT this year and she is going to graduate in the Spring. She is a PR major. This summer she interned for your daughter at Pennebaker Designs. Well I think that is 20 minutes so I am going to stop. I think I am going to go get something to eat. Pizza or maybe some quesadillas. ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_677547.txt,I still do not understand why my father after twenty years of marriage to my mother decides out of the blue that he is not happy and to get a divorce. why he feels that he needs to be with that other slut. my mother has been a great wife to him and without her he would probably be nowhere today. he thinks that just because he will give her money that she will be okay without him. but money can't buy happiness. I just hope that my little brother is a okay he is only twelve years old and he gets sad when he thinks about his dad not being there I just do not know how I am going to be ready for my test on Wednesday I have to study way too much for the next two days and I need to get an a in biology I need to do good in all of my classes to raise my GPA I just hope that my mom does good on her test also because she has been working hard to make the grade my little brother has been working hard in football to get the starting position with his little friends I wish that could just go back to being a little kid when everything was okay with my parents and I did not have to worry about anything but just being a little kid I would not need to worry about anything hopefully he will come back to his senses and come back home ,n,y,y,n,n

1998\_679454.txt,"I'll try my best not to organize my thought though and just write what comes to my mind. This stream of consciousness reminds me of my senior author oh what was her name she wrote To the Lighthouse and Mrs. Dalloway. Her name will come to me in just a second. She was a very depressed person I still can't believe she committed suicide by drowning herself she must have really wanted to die. Oh well, I can't remember her name write now. It is strange that I can't remember her name considering I read over a 1000 pages of her writings and wrote three papers on her work. I think I can't remember because I feel too much stress the remember it. In fact, I feel like right when I stop thinking about it her name will pop into my head. I can still vividly see what the covers of all her books look like in my head. Ok I am going to stop thinking about her for right now and think about what I read earlier today from C. S. Lewis' Mere Christianity. It is amazing how much I am learning about the Christian faith and I have been a Christian for a while now. I like what Lewis says about society and morality. How what a person does my himself is important for society because laws do not make moral men. No matter how many laws one can write up the immoral man will always find new ways to get around the laws so what a man does by himself is important to society which had important implications what how society should run and about many privacy issues like abortion. Well I think that privacy is an important thing and it really bothers me how we use of social security number for everything and how the government wants to assign us all a medical id. I will vehemently oppose such a measure. It is hard to write all the thoughts that are in my mind because my mind works a whole lot faster than I can write. So while I'm in the middle of writing this sentence I have already thought of 2 other things. I am kind of disenchanted by politicians and politics. To get to such high positions of power, one has to compromise which means one must be corrupt but I wonder if that is really true I wonder if there can be honest politicians I wonder if there can be honest lawyers. I surely hope so You know I remember reading one that Diana always had a feeling that she was going to be someone important one day. I wonder if everybody had that same feeling and if it is just a fantasy or a dream that everyone has I still can't believe she is dead you know I feel like I am kind of censoring what I write because of the possibility that so TA might what to read some of these stream of consciousness writings to get a couple of kicks out of it. I think I probably would if I were a TA it must be really difficult to be a TA and be a grad student. it is hard enough just being an undergrad student. my head kind of hurts right now I wonder if that is from stress I think it is. My apartment is quiet right now I am very glad I didn't go out with my roommates I like being by myself every once and a while. I love not having to worry about any body but myself but I also love being around people. I really do like having a roommate because you can talk and have fun together I guess everything has its ups and downs Even though today was the first day of class my first day is not really till tomorrow because most of my classes are on Tuesday and Thursday instead of on MWF I'm really now to nervous right now but I am sure I will get stressed out this semester I really need to learn how to deal with my stress. if not make it go away at least manipulate it to my benefit. Ok I only have to write for a couple more minutes. It is interesting all the strange connections that one thinks about it seems like I think about the same basic 15 things over and over when ever I have quite time to myself I wonder why that is I am excited about this psychology class. learning about human behavior is always interesting to me I think some people like psychology so much because they want to learn how to manipulate people and control them -- I guess sort of a power issue I hope that now why I am interested in psychology. Well, my time is up now It has been kind of staged my writing but only slightly so I still have in the back of my mind this the knowledge that some one might read what I am writing Oh well ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_679951.txt,"Towers seemed to have gotten an illness that spread very quickly last week. Only difference is everyone felt like crap for a day maybe two, I was sick for four. However, I'm feeling better so perhaps tomorrow is my last day. My mother brought some Echinacea- it's an herb that supposedly helps during the cold and flu season. I pray it does the trick. I am extremely excited about this upcoming weekend. I get to go home- Houston. Isn't that strange? You're supposed to go to college and never want to leave; here I am jumping up and down at the very thought of home. Unfortunately, the University of Texas at Austin doesn't fit like I thought it would. The university itself is awesome. My professors all seem great and the classes are interesting. The main problem exists at home- University Towers room 301. I typically refuse to stereotype- but I'll make an exception. Most people here are self-absorbed, fake, rich kids. I care more about people and their life experiences. They care more about what you drive or what your father does for a living. Oh well, at least I'm not in this alone. One of my best friends from Houston isn't content here either, except she is at ACC. My roommate, Sharon, is really sweet. (I went pot luck). She lived in Houston most her life but her dad got transferred to Holland, so she moved as well. I love hearing stories about the differences. She went to an American school so it's not like she learned Dutch, but still the opportunity was once in a lifetime. My parents moved to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil only a month ago. I was able to visit for a week early this summer and sure enough It Was Beautiful. My dad works for Houston Industries and was offered a promotion, salary increase, housing/driver paid, among other things to work in Rio. So they went to check it out and discovered it would be worth it. That's crazy to me. They are 54 years old and completely changing cultures, countries, etc. In a way I'm thrilled for them. Yet, my sadness that they're 10 hours away overcomes that. It's not all a sad story though. I have a gorgeous place to visit for Christmas vacation (there it will be spring I think) and my parents and I are going through life changes at the same time. Also, my house will still be there; my oldest brother and his wife are moving in. So I have my oh, so comfortable bed to retreat to at Thanksgiving. This is strange to me. a writing assignment that doesn't require revising and outline and spell check. Actually I like it more because I feel like I'm talking to someone. I'd much rather talk than write. English is my least favorite/worst subject. I do well in math but I don't like it. History is okay, depending if the teacher makes it exciting. Science is the best. if I weren't so crazy about dance and teaching I'd become a chemical engineer. But I believe I'd get bored of that job real quick. Well, times up. I'll sign off and go study. ",y,y,y,n,y

1998\_684784.txt,"Well I have been thinking about a dream I had last night which was bothersome. I have only vomitted twice in my life and so my dream had to do with me throwing up all over the place and in my dream I was trying to wake up from the dream because I don't like throwing up. I was also thinking about all of my school work. I am very frustrated with the pre-testing website because I can never get on it. There always seems to be some sort of technical difficulty, and I don't know what to do about it and so I came up with one solution and that is to get Netscape Navigator but that also didnt work out like I had hoped. So I tried to see if there was a problem with my Internet provider so that whole thing is causing a lot of frustration for me. Well I don't like thinking about it too much because I am hoping sometime between now and September 11th my problem willl be solved. I am also overwhelmed in my spanisk 312L class which my last semester of a language and it is very difficult and I dread going to class every MWF from 12-1. As I am writing this I keep thinking about how the instructions of this assignment says not to worry about grammar but I still have to make sure that I haved spelled every word correctly not so much the punctuation but the spelling. This assignment is very fun for me. Also I am thinking about the conversation my roommates and I had last night about God right after we were discussing God in class on Monday. We had a two or so hour conversation about death and God after I had stated that the ONE subject that I do not like talking about is death. So ofcourse we talk about death and then we go on to have a deep conversation which is something I enjoy doing from time to time just to see what other people feel about certain topics. I am also constantly thinking about guys that I used to know in high school and the one or two that are a year younger than me that I still talk to and that have at one point or another had an attraction to but don't know what will come of it meaning whether or not I will stay friends with the two boys as time goes on. I am also thinking about what is going on on the television show that is on in my room. It has to do with sexual harassment and it is the guy accusing the woman of sexual harassment at a Dominos Pizza Company. And he won the landmark case. It is funny because the comedy show that was on prior to the present show had to do with the same issue. Well that is all --- This assignment was very pleasing to me because I enjoy doing assignment like this. ",y,n,y,n,n

1998\_690595.txt,"It's so stupid. All these people think they're such hot shit because they're pretty now or whatever. And it's pathetic how they're still emotionally screwed up because Joe Blow made fun of them in the third grade and they still haven't recovered. Give me a break. It's been 20 years - get over it!!!! And I hate when the audience says -""You must have gotten the wrong Jenny, You don't need Jenny Jones - You need Jenny CRAIG!"" Ha Ha Ha. I feel really bad for lying to Matt last night. I love him so much and I don't know why I always cut corners. Where's the harm in saying yeah Matt 2 pike idiots were here last night and I drank a couple beers. He won't care. It's like I lie more when I'm completely innocent than I do when I'm totally guilty. Not that I'm guilty ever but anyway. It was so stupid that he got mad about Anne being over last night. Oh that guy is hot on tv. Anyway, It's not like I'm all buddy-buddy with her now. We were just reminiscing. Though we had a lot of shitty times together and I essentially hate her psycho guts, we did have a lot of good times together. Halloween was so much fun. I hope this year is just as fun. I hope Matt doesn't come down and be a bum. I hope if he's here in Austin he'll dress up and be stupid with us. I also hope he starts liking my friends more. I love him, but he's got to accept all of me. Damn, nice house. This guy has a really cool pool with a bridge over it. Neat. But - --I forget what I was talking about. He's been so sweet since I left. I never heard him be so goofy over me and writing me letters and saying how much he loves me all of the time. I don't know if it's just because he's so lonely in SFA but I like ie. He makes me feel good when he's all mushy and stuff. I really need to turn off the tv. Everything I think gets clouded up by what's on tv. Oh well because my time is up. ",y,y,y,n,y

1998\_691770.txt,"what to write? I am happy right now because I just got a phone call from a frat that I am going to join. we are having a get together tomorrow and there are going to be strippers! that should be cool. but I don't know what to wear. I always get nervous about what I should wear. I hope my girlfriend does not find out, even though I will probably tell her, and she'll probably get mad like she sometimes does. I wonder when clay is coming home? we have to work out tonight, and I still have a lot of Persian how to do. my throat feels better today than it has all weekend. I was really sick for the last three days so I stayed home and watched the 30th anniv. of Planet of the Apes. that was a good movie. I have never seen any before and now I want to go buy the whole set because it was so good. but I need to get my job first and save up my money for headshots, an agent, then I can buy crap like new clothes and videos and cds. I can't wait until tomorrow, it is going to be so much fun! I hope that I feel okay. I feel better today but tomorrow I need to be totally healthy. I hope I did one of those things where I got sick at a good time so I didn't miss anything important. This writing takes forever, I have other stuff I need to do to. Oh, well, it's for science. I m bored. my eyes are drying out from looking at the computer screen. when is clay going to get back? I also have some theater homework I need to do. I am so tired, maybe I should just forget the how and go to bed early so I feel good tomorrow. yeah then I could fail all my classes and get kicked out of UT. that would suck. I did nothing today. it was a relaxing though somewhat boring day. but I needed it because I have been sick all weekend. I have been able to start smoking again, but I really should quit sometime soon. I am tired, it's hard to focus. I guess my body has been working over time to kill this damn disease I got. I need to call laila, I miss her. maybe we could all play solarquest. my neck is stiff but I still have 10 minute to write. this takes forever. I wonder when it is due? I heard the 11th but I am not so sure. I wonder what the other assignment is about. I hope it is not like this. , I have a lot to do tonight but I must be in bed by 12. I need all the sleep I can get. I am tired. this is really starting to bore me. what is the point? write down every thought you think. seems creepy. I hope who ever reads this one is laughing and enjoying themselves. some how I doubt it. this is not very funny--it would be though, if I could say it. I hope no one minds all the hundreds of mistakes I made, and if they do, who cares? what are they going to do? put in computer jail? Someone I knew said that all the time. but I can not remember who. I miss Joann. I wonder how she is doing at Sam Houston state. I also miss jena, I really hope I see her before she goes and flies off to Germany. I hope her life is not hard, and I wish here and michael all the best. my ear hurts. four minutes left. I was beginning to feel trapped in time. stuck forever by this computer typing away through all eternity. I am really tired, but I am glad I got this one out of the way. just a couple of minutes left. that woman at the dinner was so weird. and what about her HUGE 2 year old? that was scary, but so is ""Walt"" so I guess it is okay. Well time has run out and now it is time to go. that took forever. ",y,n,n,y,n

1998\_693467.txt,"My friends keep me awake until ridiculously late hours, and then are so inconsiderate as to wake me up early in the morning. Today for example, my friend Kevin woke me up around 9 this morning, after keeping me awake until 4 in the morning! I have 4 and a half hours of classes on this day, not to mention a bible study at 7, and I'm supposed to help clean up the Erwin Center for a fund raiser after the Shania Twain concert. I don't think I'm going to do that though, as I really need to catch up on some sleep. At the same time though, I'm also excited to hear from my friend Jaren in Maine. There's really a weird story behind how we met. As most people do nowadays, I was chatting online in one of the chatrooms. This girl was the only one who didn't seem to lie about how pretty she is and how rich she is etc. , so I had a fascination with her from the beginning. She actually sent me the private message first and asked where I was from, what I do for fun, what I look like etc. From that day on, there hasn't been a single day where we haven't written each other. After a few months in fact, we began calling each other on a regular basis, which didn't please my parents at all. hehe. I know her better than her friends do, which really gives me much pleasure. We send each other pictures and we're really open about what we do and stuff. I don't think I've ever kept anything from her, and I know she doesn't keep anything from me because she tells me things that she knows would upset me, but she tells them anyway. Over these last few months, I've grown to love her as a girlfriend. Weird, I know. Well, she feels the same about me and she's planning on visiting for the first time sometime this winter. I even get jealous when she talks about other guys, which is really weird, first of all because we've never met in person, and second of all, because she lives over a 1000 miles away. Talking about her always reminds me of my other friend Christina. There's another funny story behind this relationship as well. She was best friends with one of my good friends, Yoon. Well, Yoon liked this one guy named Young, and they always hung out together. Christina and this guy Brian hung out with them too all the time. Well, Brian started to like Christina and she detests him, so she felt really uncomfortable alone with him. One time, she felt so awkward, that she decided to call me, even thought we'd never met or talked before ever, rather than have to talk to Brian. Yoon gave her my number and told Christina that I was easy to talk to and to get along with. Well, Christina and I ended up talking for over 4 hours that night. Every night since then, we talked on the phone every day for hours at a time. If it wasn't for her, I would've averaged more than 4 hours sleep a day!! I began to grow very fond of her as well. I got incredibly jealous when she dated my best friend Allen. He treated her like crap and that really upset me. They broke up after a month, but because he was best friend, I couldn't ask her out. I wasn't sure what the consequences would have been. She moved to California in early June, and that was probably the most sad I'd ever been in my life. A few months before she left, I decided to tell her how I felt, and to my surprise, she felt the same way about me. That actually depressed me even more, because I passed up the chance to be with the girl I wanted to be with most. Well, things don't always work out the way you want them to. One thing I'm worried about right now has nothing to do with what I've been talking about. Its my car stereo. Many people think I'm weird because I have this fascination with naming my possessions. For example, my car stereo cost over 2200 and I named it Veronica. My tennis rackets have names as well. My favorite racket is called Excalibur. Anyway, I'm famous for my stereo because not only does it sound very nice, but it can shake your house from miles away. hehe. Well, my apartment that I live in isn't in the nicest of neighborhoods, so I've been extra cautious about playing it loud so that people won't know its in there. Last night though, I was showing off to one of my friends and forgot about it. A group of who appeared to be ""gang members"" walked past my car and everyone of them was staring at my car. I heard stories about how many people got their cars broken into, so I was really scared at that moment. I'm always looking out the window when I hear a noise now. It's getting kind of ridiculous. My roommate warned me about that, but I was too caught up in trying to show off to my friends. I can only hope that it doesn't get stolen. I've got a huge headache right now too. I think it's a combination of several factors. One, is that I haven't gotten any sleep. Another is that I am ""kind of"" sick right now, feeling a little light headed. Its also very hot in this house. I try to take naps after class, but I had absolutely no time today. But at least I have the weekend to look forward to. My eating habits have been rather unhealthy as well. Too much fast food and going out. Its showing too, around the gut that is! Some people have started calling me ""jiggly jay"", while others change it up a little and call me ""gigolo jay. "" I'm not quite sure why they call me Jay either. My name is Jason and I've always gone by Jason. Some things just don't have an explanation I guess. Hope you enjoyed reading this. ",n,n,y,n,n

1998\_694305.txt,"This comp science lab is pretty nice and I'm kind of confused about what to say or do here. I mean I've been thinking about all this stuff lately and now that I come to write stuff down nothing really comes to mind except filler, you know, the kind of random thoughts you think that don't really mean much at all, I mean look at this thing I'm typing right now! I didn't make the band but that's ok I guess more time for Geology 401 and Matt isn't in it either so its all good. I want to go swing dancing tonight but Jeff isn't there (well and Rob's line is busy so its kind of bunk) cause I take the bus, but it doesn't run as late as I'll be out. Anyway. Um well lets see I guess I'm supposed to be writing about what I'm like thinking and stuff. Actually I'm wondering if anyone will ever read this, so I'm somewhat apprehensive: I've been thinking some pretty damn personal stuff lately so I don't really want to broadcast on the World Wide freaking Web. I also just typed a profanity and replaced it with a euphemism. I guess that's in case someone actually reads this too. Cara. Hehehe that was cryptic, wasn't it?? See I'm kind of giving a vague notion here. I just type what I think. So there you have it. Wow Five minutes and my wrist feels funny. the FAC Typing things. keyboards, I mean. they aren't very ergonomic if you know what I mean and the surface of the desk kind of hurts. Replace Keyboard. Well it looks like Matt is getting into this assignment, too. which is really kind of cool when I think about it. It will be interesting to me to actually go back and read the thing, cause I'm always editing what I write but now I'm just kind of going forward. relax. I don't know let me see well I'm kind of hungry, isn't that like part of the Id? I always heard about that-- you know, along with Superego and stuff hey check it out I just read the instructions while I was typing that line and I didn't even miss any keys. Not bad eh? This is kind of odd for me in another way, too because I'm a Linguistics Major and well see I know most of the stuff they teach in 306 already, but the Professor seems cool enough. No more high school. Ten minutes to go. Living at home is ok. I can take the metro bus. Matt is cracking up. If you read his (That's ""Kay, Matthew"") you probably shouldn't count it as much cause I can hear him stop typing to re-read what he already wrote and that's not ver continuous, now is it? I hope I have enough money for food this week. $20 has to last me. I hat this space bar it sucks a lot. You have to hit it real no really hard just to make it go. see what I mean?? I hate it when people use adjectives instead of the proper adverbs. How hard is it to put on a little anyway? My generation doesn't care, I guess. She's so smart. In fact she went to Duke when she was a Junior in High School. Damn it I get mad just picturing her somewhere else having fun with someone else. But its cool I don't have to worry. or so I say. how could someone so Awesome be alone for long? No no no. I only see her once a week. It will never work. Okay. well no I'm better. I didn't mean to go all mushy, in fact I'm thinking about going back and deleting that stuff. you know, in the name of science and all. Isn't that weird how I use the second person? As if I actually expect it to enhance readability or something! I guess I'm trying to make this whole thing like a VERY one sided conversation. Click click goes the happy little keyboard. My fedora is on the table. I learned the other day that its a Bush Hat from Australia and not really a fedora but its all good because I still think it looks good. People think I'm funny wearing a fedora all the time, but I don't care. They can just piss off. I get lots of Indiana Jones jokes. Loss. I'm at a loss here. Ever since that paragraph where I talked about her it got all funky and now its happening again. No. I have a striped shirt on that's white and burnt orange but nobody said anything. I guess that's ok but I thought it was really nifty. 20 minutes seems like a long time at first but then I guess when you get to the end of it its not really WELL DAMN Matt is looking at my screen, that bastard. I had to stop typing for a sec to make him look away. I guess he didn't see anything deeply embarrassing. rrHahahah Well times up. I want my cookie. ",y,n,n,n,y

1998\_695943.txt,"For instance, adjusting to the enormous crowd of students and coping with the overcrowded lecture halls has been extremely difficult. In addition, meeting new friends has also presented another challenge for me because I live off campus. I attempt to meet new people in my classes; however, it seems I haven't established any new friendships yet. However, I will continue my efforts throughout the semester. Furthermore, I have been overwhelmed by the hours of homework I have been assigned each evening. It is a drastic change from my responsibilities in high school. I have made a strong commitment to myself to succeed- no matter the obstacles I encounter. I have dreamed of earning my degree at the University of Texas since I was a small child. As I grew into a young adult, I never let go of my aspiration to attend the University. My unceasing desire motivates me to apply my abilities and employ my talents to surpass all odds. I will accomplish my goals and I will prove to myself and family I can do anything that I put my mind to. When I get discouraged, I refer to the scripture, ""I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me. "" I know I can succeed at the University of Texas with my sincere desire and strong determination. ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_696197.txt,"to tell you the truth I really have now idea what to say. So. I guess the easiest thing to do to make the 20 mins. pass as quickly possible is to tell you all about myself. Where to start??? Well. I was born in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia in the Clinic B Hospital. To my fellow Aramcon's I am also known as a ""clinic B Baby. "" I am, however, not the slightest bit Saudi even though the experience has had a wonderful and great impact on my life. What brought my parents, Dan and Karen, to Arabia in the 1st place was the huge amount of oil. My father is a geologist and a graduate of UT. My parent's have been visiting me here in Texas and are leaving tomorrow back to Saudi:-( I'm used to the good-byes though so although I am quite sad it is something that I have learned to get used to. I attended a little all girls boarding school in McLean, Va for the past 3 years so I guess my transition went quite a but smoother than that of my fellow Freshmen. Well. I am getting bored of talking about myself so I guess I'll move on to something else. I just returned from UT's caving society meeting. It was BY FAR the most interesting experience of my day. Well. to begin. there were no other UT students from the looks of things excluding the friends that I went with. Instead I ran into a TON of my parents old family friends. My parents met while caving with the UT club in Mexico AGES ago and my uncle TR was the famous old president of the Club ages ago and discovered some huge cave in Mexico. I had know idea what I was getting myself into when I happened to see a little flyer about the meeting and am so excited about caving in the near-by future. This weekend I'm going camping with my sister, Katie, and we're supposed to do some caving while we are there so I'm psyched! Only 2 more day to go! Bye! ",n,n,y,y,y

1998\_711068.txt,"I can't stand how removed the users are from the control of the system. With internet explorer I can't even get it to work with trumpet Winsock, so if I want to use IE then I have to go down to the computer center and pay them a bunch of money for the UT connect system when I already have trumpet Winsock that has always worked fine in the past. now with Netscape I keep having a completely different problem, there are several times that I go to web pages that I know are there and they aren't for example I tried to go to the pretesting WebPages and I soon as I sent my social security number out over the web, which I'm not especially happy about having to do, it tells me that the document has no data. The same thing has happened before when I try to log on to the Columbia house website. I consider myself a pretty smart person, but I cannot figure out at all what the hell is going on with this stupid then. I know I have to go down to campus and use a computer down there for 45 minutes to do the pretesting. and why the hell is it when you connect to UT and go on the web the connecting is so freaking slow. I swear UT must have some really outdated equipment down there because my download speeds never get over 1 K. that's ridiculous. but this is the way at UT. When you go to a school with 50000 students everything takes a little longer and your chances of having to deal with an idiot are raised considerably. I think I have an especially low tolerance for stupid people. Uneducated is different but there seem to be a lot of people out that that are truly student I think, and they frustrate the hell out of me. It's not that I'm a genius of something, but there are some real idiots out there. There is this girl in my engineering economics class that sits up in the front and will ask questions that make no freaking sense at all. How in the hell does someone get to be an upper division engineering major and be so stupid. obviously it happens through, although most of the really stupid people that I have to deal with come from working at Wal-Mart. I guess that's my own fault, it's not like I should expect anything else. When I was a CSM we would have some cashiers that I have not idea at all how they got hired. I think personnel hires anyone with a pulse sometimes, I mean if the person sitting across the table from you just has this completely blank look on their face, that's a good sign that you shouldn't hire them. Another thing that bugs me are all the stupid laws regarding alcohol in this country. I mean either it should be legal or it should, but alcohol seems to be the only think that is legal to some of the adults and only part of the time. I mean were are talking about adults, some of them may not be especially bright but they still are adults. if 18 is good enough for every thing else then it should be good enough for alcohol. you can get married, go to jail, go to war, own property, get a gun, hell anything that any other adult does except drink. seems pretty backwards to me. something else that is freaking stupid and at the very least unfair is the way that car insurance companies can completely screw over guys. when a girl turns 21 she gets a good rate, but a guy has to wait until he is 25, hello but most of the really awful drivers that I have ever been around are women, they are the ones that pay no attention at all to what is going on around them. but since older people control the laws etceteras the younger people are going to continue to get screwed over, I think they should make people over 60 pay the same rates as 18 year olds, that would be funny. oh well out of time, it's been real ",n,n,n,n,n

1998\_711712.txt,"that is what I think about a lot right now. having finished highschool, I was mentally done. I had had enough of intensive studying. I forgot however that I still had to college. the other thing I also think about a lot is the fact that I wish I was in the east coast studying. I wanted an out of state experience. but unfortunately could not get it. n. e. ways. right now I am also thinking of my first paper. I think it will be easy. but the fact remains that I have to do it. I can do papers once in a while. but if it ends up being every week or even every other week. I am going to have some serious problems. I already am having trouble reading. there is just too much to read and I am used to not having to read. in highschool, if you paid attention in class then you don't need to read. in college. paying attention in class usually doesn't matter. some teachers teach different things. but the crux of the info remains in the book. there will never be enough class time to teach everything in the book . so you have to read in order to teach yourself. I went to Chicago this weekend. the last attempt to extend my vacation as much as I could. now on I keep telling myself that I need to start buckling up. but Chicago was awesome. I met all my friends I met when I went to a camp in D. C. during the summer. it was cool seeing them all again. and making sure we keep in touch. I don't know if we'll keep in touch though. a lot of them live far. Chicago. new York. its hard maintaining friends here at UT let alone 1000 miles away. UT is pretty fun although. no matter where i8 am I can have fun. its just that I wasn't wanting this as my experience. since I have to take it I will make the most of it, but I know there could be better. plus. Austin is almost like an extension from Houston. and one of my goals was to get away from Houston. to get away from the same people. to get away from a bunch of social crap. the incredible thing is the fact at how awesome some of the girls are. I'm already having fun here. four days into school and I got a lot of fun!! I guess this is different than the type of girls I hung out in Houston. most of them were pretty traditional. here its really easy to get to know some girls who like to play around but are also pretty cool people. not the skanky or ho type. just cool girls who like physical fun. oh well. I'm getting pretty tired of expressing my stream of consciousness. plus I've been typing for about 20 minutes any ways. . so if anyone is really reading this. I'll see you later ",y,y,n,n,y

1998\_711744.txt,"Although, I constantly advocate to my friends that one should make the best of everything, I failed to do so. Recently, I have noticed a drastic change in my life. Prior to the major transition of my life (college), I used to constantly worry. worry. worry. Although I still worry, I have learned to view life from another perspective. Each and every minute I must be productive, but no longer is my school work the only ""productive"" thing in my life. I realized that simply chatting with some friends or relaxing can result into a more elaborate learning experience then simply books. For instance, I was watching a movie last night (something I rarely do because I feel I am not being productive) that enhanced my knowledge of the world around me. Very few movies make me think long after I finished watching the movie, but this one did. The overall design and structure of the movie was not to great, but the plot behind the movie sparked some circuits and made me question particular aspects of life. All in all, I am trying to stress that I am still learning regardless of what I do. This certain attitude towards life has allowed me to be open-minded and not as stressed out as usual. Today, I have several things to do. My priority list is very long, but I am limited with time. It seems the more I think about how much I have to do, the less time I have to do it. I have two tests next week. Chemistry and Calculus, respectively. My weekend is going to be centered around studying for those two tests. Hopefully, my mind will allow me to concentrate on those two tests and only those two tests. Austin, or rather UT, is a very convenient campus. Opposed to my hometown, UT allows me to travel many places on foot or even by bus. This form of transportation is very tempting! I just bought a laptop which I am very excited about. I felt rushed when I bought it, but it is too late now. I still have to buy a PC card for it so I can access the internet from my dorm. I want to designate a weekend to upgrading and buying software for my computer, but I have so many things on my mind. By the time I get around to doing so, a whole new line of computers will be on the market!!! My life is busy, hectic, stressful, etc. But, I enjoy it! I am confused on what organizations I should join here at UT. I am used to being a part of and active in nearly everything I am offered. Here at UT, I am unaware of everything they have to offer and therefore, not a participant in everything I want to join. I hope that I will gradually reach the peak I was at in high school. I am sure I will. I was unaware of my surroundings a minute ago and this man was asking me a question. whoops. I believe I have reached my goal now, after reading the assignment nearly 20 times. ",y,n,n,y,y

1998\_711991.txt,"I don't know why. I guess I shouldn't be confused since this assignment is really easy. A sensation I'm felling at this moment is a tingling sensation in my foot since it is asleep. I'm starting to get a little pumped up now because I'm listening to a Beastie Boys song right now and I really like it. I really want to start dancing. I really love to dance and I'm feeling a little angry at myself because I had chance to go out with my friends tonight but I turned the opportunity down because I have to get up at 9:00am tomorrow because of a class. 9 might not seem early but it is for me since I haven't been getting up until 2:00pm. My hand is starting to hurt now because of the angle I'm holding it to type this paper and it hasn't even been that long. I'm already starting to get tired of this assignment. I feel like I'm going to go to sleep, rrahhh now I have a very irritating itch,. Anyway now that my itch is relieved. As I was saying, I feel tired, it could be this assignment is boring me, or it could be that my contacts are bothering me. , Actually I'm sure it is my eyes, they really are irritating me. I also feel a little upset because I know I have a couple of spelling errors and punctuation wrong, I hate it when that happens. My foot is now falling asleep, I guess I should change my seating position, but I'm comfortable. I'm just relieved that I can do this writing assignment in the comfort of my room, in my own apartment. I'm glad I'm not in the dorms or at some computer lab. I'm getting excited now because a great song just came on TV. I'm watching a tape of old 80s videos and I love this song. It's great to see the old videos again. My hair is bothering me, it keeps falling onto my ear. I just realized that I really get bothered a lot. Rrahhh, my knee is cramped so I finally moved. I wonder how my friends are doing. Are they having fun or is one irritating the other? I guess I'll find out later. Hip to be square. Sorry the song is on and had to type it on and sing along. . just pling along with the music. Hey, another typo, what do you know. rrahhhhhhhh I've got about three minutes left to type. At least I'll have it over with. I wish I could do number 2 afterwards. I've got to get everything done soon cause I waited till the last minute all last year and my grades suffered, so I'm trying to get it all done early this semester. I feel at a loss for words now, I keep going through the same emotion, sensations, and feelings. My leg will itch, but mainly I just want to start jamming to the music. Alright I'm just about done, and have got a sense of accomplishment. I don't know how long this is but it seemed like it was forever, hey Conan is on, I guess I'll cut this off, I've done the time. ",n,n,n,n,n

1998\_714052.txt,"Ok I'm thinking about old school Nintendo man those were the days, my friend Ryan had a lot more game than I did but I did not meet him till 8th grade and until then I though I had a lot of games, which I guess is saying your happy with what you got till some on else gets more than you and then jealousy sets in but id like to think I've grown somewhat sense then . I remember a science tech class I used to take in 8th grade. all years go back to 1988 almost everything has some tie in my mind to 1988 I don't know why and It pops up o very often. It's Like velma from scooby do all cartoons go back to Velma, I guess you'd have to see Cartoon network to understand it, m thinking of my mom It's odd but I sometimes worry that she worries too much about me, she was really overprotective but very loving, and now I still have feelings like hatred for being held back by her over protectiveness. SO whenever we are together I try to make sure she doesn't think I turned out goo because some how I still feel a grudge against her methods and think I missed out too much when I was little. nnnnnnnnnnnn captain N that was a cool cartoon. hmmm I wonder I caryn is around or Selena they are kind of friends of my best friend so It kind of awkward but I think they really like me more than I deserve because Ryan always says things to them about me and well I'd like to get to know them better but It awkward because he was friends with them first . I reorganized my room this ear it pretty cool. Something you just don't turn in for a grade even if you think it wont be read but just let it be known I'm thinking f those things. well enough of that what is on my mind. the lawnmower man. that doctor guy who look like a gu from that x-files rip off kieger or something. the At tem a crack force of firearms specialist design to heighten an experience, if I can't even understand now that was true stream of conscience I lost complete control let me try again, Hotdogs, mustard, ice cream, maybe I'm hungry, barbecue chips, why the hell did I just think of feminine hygiene product , milk ducts, cows, chickened, crunch, superheroes, dad comics, pride, going monkey zoo hen turkey target where I work love in the zoo with oink hungry I ran and bombings in Libya contra scandal the e president a cool president I like if only to be rebellious and also the Kennedy's stereotypical drinkers which I will be partaking in he festivities to night but you know that's ok I guess I finally got that damned questionnaire filled out after I thought it had not saved because it read 0% when I logged in again but I guess I was just being an ass. I don't like it when I'm ignored I know I act stupid and say silly things a lot but oh well that guy Joe next door is doing something Damn I think I really want a girlfriend again it really sucks not being able to act straight around girls I just have to stop being shy and be suave but less rryohoyoho a pirates life for me and al I can say is that the future is looking bright and I've got to got rrahhh rrahhh run away tommyboy is a really good movie despite what people might say I think it s really funny at a lot of parts well looks like my time is running up so I ill go tell no one or else I will probably be embarrassed. ",n,n,y,n,n

1998\_715038.txt,"I have a paper to start writing for English, and I'm dreading it because it will be very hard. It's about the short story ""A Room of One's Own"" by Virginia Woolf. In that story she also wrote in sream of conciousness so that is kind of weird. I really do not like the book at all. It's incredibly boring. It takes a feminist standpoint of women writers, and since I am not a feminist and only took that class because it was all that was open (I wonder why),I cannot relate to the anger Woolf seemed to have about there not being many women writers. Now, I am trying to figure out exactly what else to write about in this paper. It is really hard for me. I did the other assignment first because I found it much easier to do then this one. I don't completely understand exactly what I am supposed to be writing about, but we did stream of consciousness in my AP English class last year, and I think that it's all about writing exactly what the thoughts are that come into your head as they come into your head. My geography class is awful. the teacher is so boring. I've almost fallen asleep every time I go into that classroom. I decided to sit closer today to try and pay closer attention to what he's saying. I wonder if it's just a myth that the closer you sit the more you pay attention. Maybe that could be a psychologiacal survey we do- if one has not already been done on that. Now, I have again drawn a blank in what to say. it's so much easier to think when you don't have the pressure of having to write it down. I think my fried Alison is mad at me. She goes to A&M, and I had to write her an email about A&M's unfortunate loss to FSU yesterday. It's not like she hasn't made fun of UT. I feel like I'm back in Jr. high! Alison and I have been friends forever- actually only since 9th grade but it sure feels like forever. I miss my friends at home. I feel like we've gotten so distant from each other and it's only been a week since I left. I talked to my friend Ann last night, and she was distant to me also. We just didn't have much to say, our lives are completely different from each others now. It's so weird how much people change from each other when you change their surroundings. I guess we were so much alike because we were constantly together. that could have a big effect on things, huh? I wonder how long my friendships with people will last. The only one that seems to be maintaining right now is with someone that I wasn't even very close to this year- it's so odd to me how that happens. This twenty minutes sure is taking a long time to end! I have to go put some money in the bank today. Actually I have a ton of errands to run today, but I need to finish my homework first. I still have a lot of pages to read in ""A Room of One's Own"" even though it was supposed to be read by today. Oops! Then I have that awful paper to write over it. I mean who really cares about Mary Carmichael, Mary Beton, and Mary Seton? I don't even know how to start writing it, I don't even completely know what I'm supposed to write about. Well, it's been twenty minutes and my thoughts are becoming jumbled so I'm going to stop writing now. ",y,y,n,n,n

1998\_727868.txt,"I just sent him an email message. actually, we are having , well not really problems, it is just hard because of the distance. It makes me feel like maybe I made the wrong decision by coming all the way here. I didn't really have a good reason, other than I knew I wanted to go out of state and this is a really good business school. Everyone asks why I came here. I'm sick of explaining it. I wish there were more out of state students here. I was really homesick the other day I just couldn't wait until thanksgiving. I couldn't sleep at all. Hmmm. that's just what we talked about in class today. Whether people would sleep longer if they were sad, or f they would have trouble sleeping. I just felt terrible. It was the first time I'd ever been that homesick. However, I've never really been this far away from home before, and for this amount of time. I wonder if all these papers are going to be approximately the same length, or if people who type slower will have really short papers. It's only been like 5 minutes so far. I wish I typed slower. We had to do some kind of journal similar to this in My freshman English Class. We would give them names and everyday, we had to write for ten minutes about whatever first came into our heads. Back then I thought what a waste of time, but now I wish all our assignments were like this. It's great mot having to think of making sure all the sentences are in the right tense or I am using works correctly. I'm not in my room right now. I'm borrowing the computer ozone of my neighbors. and his suitemate just walked in with dinner. It smells really good. Now I'm hungry. I tried reading the first chapter in my psychology book over the weekend. I don't know, I just get so discouraged because I have a really short attention span especially when not reading ""Reader friendly material"" I just can't concentrate on it. I've tried lots of methods, like taking notes and speaking it aloud while I'm reading it and all sorts of stuff. It just doesn't seem to work. Don't get me wrong, I think this will be my favorite class this year, It is just hard to digest. I'm glad I didn't take Psychology in High School. Supposedly, the teacher was really hard and the class was pretty useless. Instead, I took all hard classes. That's why I'm here. Because I was one of the 69 out of state students who were accepted into the school of business administration. I feel bad telling people that though. It makes me feel stuck-up. I don't want to be stuck up. I know too many people who are and I see others talking behind their backs. I really don't want that to ever happen. Actually, I'm pretty happy with myself the way it is (or was in Illinois) I had a lot of really close friendships that I left behind. Some are still kind-of open ended, I didn't get to say goodbye, and other things like that. I made my plane tickets today. I get to leave on Tuesday to go home for thanksgiving, and on the 12th for christmas. I can't wait. I want to see how everyone has changed, and I guess, hope that they didn't change too much. Some I was worried about because they like to take things as they come into play and don't really think about how it might affect them in the future. I just want them to be safe. Tim just asked if I wanted any of his soup. I guess that is what he got for dinner. He's nice. actually all the guys next door are nice. My roommate however will take some getting used to. She is Muslim and I'm Christian. We kind of clash with religious opinions. Well, I guess I'm done now! ",y,y,y,y,y

1998\_732702.txt,"I don't have enough time in my day for important schoolwork, studying, work, rest time, AND enough sleep to make me feel good. I haven't even left myself enough time on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays for lunch. What was I thinking making those work hours for myself. I gave myself 30 minutes to get to class. I have to wake up in the morning and work from 9 until whenever I get off to get to class in 30 minutes. that's no time to even stop and think or do an errand here and there. I had to go home this weekend to get a bunch of homework and studying done. I have one of the busiest weeks this week. Everything seems to be due on the same day, but thankfully not the same hour. When can I sleep? I have to write four menus for four dinners of twenty people and write the ingredients list and have everything organized and typed. At least I can type and work here late at night. it is a getaway from my hot house and hot room. I should stay here all night one night. it's so cool and comfortable in here. I have to clean sometime today in between classes. the only reason I have time for anything now is because I didn't work today. I had to wake up with not enough sleep and I didn't even work today. I guess it's good though because I'm getting this and the pretesting done and that's important. I wonder if we get some sort of receipt for doing this like we are supposed to in the pretesting. I hope so it would be my luck that it doesn't get submitted. if someone is reading this, it was submitted. I wonder if anyone is actually reading this. it makes me so mad and frustrated with the mail system. it's always the really important letters and mail that gets lost. why did it have to be that letter that got lost? I have to go to some building to get my password for receiving email because I can't remember my password. I have to also pick up my financial aid check. maybe it's in the same building. I can't help correcting my errors as I type. it's a habit thing. my finger automatically goes to the delete key when I see an error. at least now I can what was I typing??? I think faster than I type and I type pretty fast, but as I type one thing I'm thinking of something else. it's weird to write down what you think. I don't usually think ""oh I'm thinking about this"" I just think. thought just go through my head. usually the thoughts that I really hear are the worried and stressed out thoughts because I know I'm slacking already and what is it like the 3rd week of school? has it been 20 minutes yet? when you watch the time, it goes so slow. maybe that's what I should do to savor my time. just watch it. if I could watch a clock as I sleep it would be perfect. my sleep time would be good and long. well it's been twenty minutes. it makes me feel good that I got this done. that's one thing on my long list of things to do. What if they don't like my menu for the week? it's too boring. the menu for this week has so my variety. oh I don't care. I have to stop thinking or I'll never stop writing. ",n,y,y,n,n

1998\_733941.txt,"Not only was the server down but it has taken several minutes to upload, even when I am connected at 32000 bps. I'm also seemingly tired because I just got back from water polo practice and we did a lot of swimming today. I feel a sense of responsibility doing this assignment and the others so I can get back to reading the text and doing other subjects. At this point I'm winding down the day to get ready for bed and this is the time to release all the stress and aches and to clear my thoughts. The only thoughts the come to my mind are what I will put in this assignment after each word. I do feel a little amused because I am also having a conversation over the internet with a friend in Houston, so I am not totally out of it yet. I also have to arrange my classes for the next day so I can be prepared with my bag and books I guess. I also need to set my clock and get ready to wash up and finish this letter. But I guess this is all the time I have and I will be ending this right now :-) ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_735496.txt,that sucks what the hell am I supposed to do until then I have to go to a friends place to type all my papers and send all my email from there I feel like everything goes wrong at once I mean come on what kind of cheap ass computer breaks after having it for only 4 days everything else is going fine except for all the meetings and crap I have to go to everyone up here expects so much from me I just sent a thousand people e mails and all the people who I wanted to hear from did not answer and all the people who I did want to hear from never responded I guess I can't hold on to this false hope that all my friends from high school will also be my friends now unfortunately I haven't made any new friends up here either everyone else seems to be doing okay at making new friend and I don't think that I m antisocial or anything I'm just not as outgoing around people I don't know that well I'm trying to do this stupid thing while watching TV and its not working too well but its the MTV music awards and therefore its worth watching I like music and the radio stations up here are pretty good and they don't play that many commercials so there is a lot of music on all the time so last weekend my friends wrecked the car and I can't take my computer to get fixed these girls that I used to make fun of in Houston are still mad at me up here I mean how long can someone hold a grudge I emailed both of them today and if they email me back then I will know that they aren't still angry with me well my twenty minutes are up now and I can get onto my homework and watch some of the music awards I think that me and my friends might go clubbing tonight and maybe I can meet some good looking honeys ,y,n,y,y,y

1998\_737632.txt,"Since I am already on the computer I am going to do 1 writing assignment. That's good because I wont have to worry about it later. I can take care of other things on my list, and I 'll be that much closer to going home. I like my new place. Its big and cold and my best buds live there. Theyre all cool except for the new guy, jon. This fella really has a stick up his ass. I respect that he works full time and is usually tired, but come on. Working doesn't give you any special rights except to get a paychek. It sure doesn't mean that all of your roommates should feel sorry for you and get you things. I can tell this is going to be a problem. We've already had words several times. What blew my mind was that this guy was willing to let it escalate into a fistfight in less than a minute. I mean, he's got to live with me for a whole year! Am I the only one thinking here? I really had to get raw then, telling him that that is NOT how we handle things in a civilized society, especially mine. He wants to shack up with me, Cap, and Bob, then he has to realize that we're tight and that if anybody gets roughed up, its him. Also, Bob's girlfriend has become a permanent fixture, already. I don't understand why she can't live where she pays rent, and carry on a relationship simultaneously. Everyone else does. I love bob to death, but this woman is no good for him. They're engaged, and she still gives everybody the ""look"" when he leaves the room. I feel sorry for him. But I should probably be glad it's not still me. I think the only reason that I bitch about some things is that it frustrates to see my bros not have it together like I do. Like half of my boys from dobie last year aren't even coming back. and the clincher, the real salt in the wound, is that none of them couldn't mentally make it here, its that they were so fucking lazy and unmotivated that they pissed it all away. Those were some of my best friends ever. I'll keep in touch with them, but when I talk to them I always feel a twinge of anger at them for not filling thier end of the bargain. They say they'll be back next semester, but I don't believe. A lot of them are so lazy that not even seeing what they'll miss is enough to get their attention. That's why I stay focused and that's why I'll stay at ut. ",y,n,n,y,n

1998\_738270.txt,I took a class in sewimming last year and it was a lot of fun. my cousin megan asked me to come to her dance recital in october but that is going to kind of difficult since I have three tests on the following week of school when I get back but life is short I may as well seize the day. I didn't call my girlfriend last night so she is probably mad about that but anyway. I like the class schedule that I am taking right now but it is only thirteen hours so I hope I finish my degree plan in four years since I don't want to be in school forever. I have a headache and don't feel like doing anything but relaxing. I wish I was traveling righnt now maybe around the swiss alps and doing some hiking camping and fishing and even some swimming just exploring beautiful places that I have never been to before. I woild love to just have a job where I could explore travel destinations and tell people if it was a good place or not or even just travel the world. I love adventures especially the ones like indiana jones does in his series of movies I think that that is so interesting and fun but I kjnow it is only a dream since all of that is just make believe but hopeuflly on e day I will get married and we can travel the world exploring different copuntries and places and seeing everything this world has to offer. this summer I got to visit seattle and it was very beautiful except that it rained every single day adn that got kind of depressing and made you feel gloomy but it was an experience and a very expensive one at athat. this christmas me and my cousince and bro are goign to go on a road trip kind of like the one on mtv called road rules where we go exploring places and then camping out and living off the land which is really a lot of fun. I hope my mom is having a good day and my dad and sister. my brother is up here in austin with me so we hang out my birthday is tomorrow and I will be the big 21 I can't wait. my firneds are throwing me a party this weekend so it is going to be a lot of fun. I have math homewrok thath I need to do ,y,y,y,y,y

1998\_749689.txt,"Which is funny, because I have no idea what the hell it is I want to say. I guess all I can say for now is that colege is sorta a rude awakening. No one give a shit about your ass anymore. it's all on your own. I love this place though. No kidding. What makes it all funny is, the people are nice, yet in a way, weird. Weird in a sense that they are so superficial and incredibly narrow minded about EVERYTHING. It's like the asians stick amongst themselves, the white boys stick amongst their littl eall american jock group,(of which I detest), and the chicks are well, they're just there. Forget I ever said anything about females here. Some are really on the bizarre side. Some are really great and interesting. Then their's the ones you wonder a whole lot about. This reminds me of high school already. I wonder what writing about anything for a good twenty minutes will do for my psychological condition. Does it make me say,. . alert to my surroundings? Or is all this just a buch of really great BS? Something tells me there is a higher lesson to be learned here,. even if it IS BS. So, It's about 1:07 in the damn morning, and I'm thinking Jeez, I need to finish this quickly so I can finich my economics. Speaking of which, I cannot believe how incredibly and uterrly boring my economics professor is. Six times is how much I fell asleep. she is certainly entertaining with her material, boy. This assignment sorta reminds me of my favorite book, the Catcher in the Rye. I feel like Holden Caulfield, for some freaking reaosn. I guess I just feel apathetic towards everything at the moment. I don't know why. . great, I just figured out how the hell the refrigerator and the microwave can coexist together. This is a bit strange. I sudden;y feel as if I'm just rambling to myself. As if I had nothing better to do than to talk to myself. Then again. It's 1 o'clock. What else can I do at 1 in the morning? Evidently nada. One thing bothers me though. All my friends are constantly talking about what fine chick he sae today and how much he wanted her. That;s perfectly normal and all, but I just don't get it. For one thing, I really hate just ""asking out a girl"". That is so stereotypical and well, it sucks. Men are so pathetic sometimes when it comes to the opposite sex. I'm only too glad that we run this whole damn world,a not the ladies. Thy would screw up everything, damn near! Great, now I'm being cynical. And I'm still talking to myself. This can't be good. I think I should talk to a therapist about this someday. Better yet, I'm jsut going to talk to the professor. This is nuts. I need a vacation. Preferably somewhere in the Carribean. My brains are etting fried up from too much studyin and what not. So,. . I have two minutes left. Great. Good. I was getting a bit hot. That;s better. I love air conditioning. Anyway,. . whoa, . yet another surprising twist. Where did I hear someone say ""she's skinny cause she's thinner, for she eats her breakfast, lunch and dinner, she takes care of her body, for she's a really great winner. Good nutrition rules?"" That does it. I'm calling my psychotherapist. I wonder why there isn't a thing called linner of dunch. I mean, there's brunch and all. . ",n,y,y,y,y

1998\_750868.txt,"So, far college life has been pretty cool. I really enjoy the freedom. I think I have a big problem with authority though. I'm terrified of the first test in each class. Especially psychology. Those people are experts on how to mess with students' minds and how to ask questions in order to trick you. I really don't think that there is all that much adjustment to college life. Basically I do the same things I did at home, except now I have to do my own laundry. But the bad thing is that I don't get to cook. I love to cook. I'm also really good at it. Inventing my own recipe gives me such a thrill. My parents say that's why I'm good/like chemistry. That's another thing. I'm really worried that being an engineer will be really hard. This semester my classes are not all that bad, but I still have a long way to go. Everyone says that engineering is the hardest field to go into, especially chemical engineering. I don't really have that much confidence in myself, and basically I just want to pass with Cs. Although I'd do anything to graduate in the Cum Laude. School is really the only thing that I've been better than average in. I don't even think I really excel in that! There just always seems to be many others that are better than me. For once in my life I want to win something or be the best at something. But, I'm rushing for the Theta Tau fraternity. It is a professional engineering co-ed fraternity. I met some of the members today. They seem to be REALLY AWESOME! I'm nervous that they won't like me though. They seemed to be interested in me today though. More so than the other people who were there. My boyfriend, whom I love dearly, is pledging the Phi Psi fraternity. I don't approve at all. He spends most of his time with these guys. NOT ONCE has he invited me to go to their parties/outings. HE always comes back telling me how they can't wait to meet me, and how other guys' girlfriends can't wait to meet me. I can't believe that other guys bring their girlfriends, but he doesn't bring me. I know he loves me, but I still feel left out. Most of the time, the activities really are only for the guys though. But on Thursday night they're having the pledge line thing. It's a semi-formal party. He HAS to bring a date, and coincidentally this will be the first time that I meet these guys. I really don't like fraternities or sororities. I hate everything they stand for. But I like Theta Tau because they are not superficial or big partiers and they rally care about engineering and finding a job in that field. These other Greek groups are more concerned with drinking and members of the opposite sex and smoking and conforming to a specific type of person. I DETEST smoking. Ever since my boyfriend began hanging out with these guys he's become a ""social smoker. "" I have told him how I feel and asked that he at least not smoke when I'm around because I refuse to kiss anyone that tastes like smoke. Besides, I don't want him to turn into a smoker and have health problems. I care way too much about him. We've discussed the possibility of marriage-much later in life of course. He's really important to me and I'd do anything for him. That's why I hate the fraternity so much. I see the bad influences they have on him. He wants to go to medical school, and he MUST have the grades and the dedication in order to fulfill this goal. He certainly has the potential and I really don't want him to fail. But, I really need to learn to let others lead their lives. I know I can't boss everyone around. I know I'm very controlling and that I've really made some bad feelings between us, but I can't help it. I get a huge blinding and violent surge in me when I think about all that stuff. I hate it when people don't listen to me (usually I end up being right too). Well, that's 20 minutes. ",n,y,n,y,y

1998\_752807.txt,"john is talking a lot. I don't care if a lot is supposed to be 2 separate words. I like this song. wow It's already been 1 minute. I guess I just think slowly. hmmm, my mind just went blank. oh crap, I have 4 classes tomorrow. did I finish all my homework yet? oh shit, I have a lot of calculus to catch up on. I've only done like 1 assignment out of 4! John is talking to Alice and it's interrupting my stream of consciousness. hey. if you're unconscious, and you have a dream, is that stream of Unconsciousness?? hahaahahaha that's a cool thought!! ahhahahha!! oh cool, my friend is online! she was at the party on Saturday that I dj'ed. I thought I dj'ed crappy but everyone says I DJ like a club DJ. I wish I could DJ Austin but Austin is owned by DJ boombai. I wonder if he's any good. he uses records instead of CD's. I hear he spins hip hop. I guess I have a chance since I mix club music and not hip hop. Sam is instant messaging me! argh, I've written so much and it's only been 5 minutes. do I really have to do this for 20 minutes? this is pretty brainless. I wish all writing assignments were like this. wow it's late already. I go to sleep too late everyday. I better go to sleep early. all we do is watch TV. marc mcgwire broke the homerun record today. that's pretty cool. I wonder how Sammy sosa feels. I bet he's happy for him but deep inside he was like ""damn, I almost had it!"" he still has a chance though. wow my bed is messy. the covers are like everywhere. I like my posters. chow yun-fat's gun is cool looking. Acura integra is such a cool car, especially the type R. I wish I had a type R. after college, I want to get a type R. I wonder if I'll be rich after college. I hope I'm rich. I wonder what my future will be like. I wonder if I'll be living in an apartment or a house. I wonder when I'll get married. I want to get married around 25 - 29. I wonder who I'll marry. I wonder if it'll be my girlfriend right now. I really like her a lot. I can't imagine being without her. she was at the party on Saturday too. I wonder if anyone else will get me to DJ their parties. I hope so - I want to make some extra money. what the hell kind of song is this? mp3's are the coolest things! I can download them for free and burn them onto a CD and make my own favorite CD's. I might go for a masters degree. I might get more money. I know! when I get my bachelors, I'll look for a high paying job. then if I don't get a good job, I'll go back for the masters. I can imagine myself as a traveling type of businessman, getting up early in the morning, taking a shower, putting on my armani suit, kissing my wife goodbye, driving my Benz to work, coming back in rush hour traffic, and doing it all over again. ooh how long has it been? it's been 15 minutes. cool! I'm almost done with this one. I wonder how long the next assignment is. I still have to do that pretesting thing. Ben and Tony have been gone for a long time. I wonder when they'll be back. I wonder what they're doing. did they work out or hoop? my girlfriend is a private investigator. hahhahhahaa lethal weapon 4 was a cool movie. jet li is awesome. he kicks ass. I wonder if I'll have time to take martial arts next year. should I take capoeira or kung fu with my because? I hate this song. john's taking a shower. something is beeping. my contacts are dry. I want to play starcraft. that's a fun game. I like to build up and overwhelm the opponent. oop, times up. ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_759985.txt,"Although overall, I am having the time of my life, finally being away from home and family and finally free from parental restrictions, it's not all fun. I'm actually on my own. I can't believe it - for the first time, I won't have my parents to rely on everything for. I'll have to take on so much more responsibility for myself. And I think I'm prepared for it too, which is a very good feeling. Even though I've made soo many new friends (and some enemies), it's not the same anymore. I don't know if that's good or bad, but it's just different. I still would've preferred going to the college I wanted to go to, Columbia U. I guess I'm still angry at my parents for not letting me go out of state. oh well, I'll just have to accept it. Right now it's late, almost midnight. I am tired and I have so much to say right now but I just can't get it all out. most of what I think about nowadays is what my future will be like and what I actually want to pursue in my education. Do I really have the commitment to study medicine? What am I going to major in? I'm just full of doubts about myself sometimes. A lot of my motivation comes from my desire to just be successful and happy in life. Right now my parents are preparing for their trip to India. They haven't been there in 2 years. I feel so distant and alienated from my relatives over there. Somehow I feel my parents' families resent me because I was actually born in America. Also, I don't really feel ""indian. "" I am American in the full sense of the word. That's been a huge conflict I've had with myself -- my ethnic identity. The indian community I have lived with tends to separate itself from other cultures, an idea which I dislike. So I find my self associating more with people of other races, which is terrific for me. However, I find myself separated often from people of my own heritage because I act different. I don't always hang out with Indian people. In fact, I rarely do. Strangely, it's a good feeling, knowing that my identity was developed by ME, not by the culture of some country my parents happened to live in less than half their lives. I don't know why I can be so bitter about this subject. I guess I just resent the idea of the Indian culture trying to shape my life. I am about ME, not about being Indian. Ok now that I'm getting into this stream of consciousness thing, I'm going to complain about something else. How about religion? I am very proud of the fact that I am a christian. However, my parents don't seem to believe I am religious because I do not shout and jump and down and speak in tongues and faint at church services. I am more of a reserved person, and my parents don't seem to recognize that. It's the same way with the Indian church I used to go to. I left that church because basically everyone there was a hypocrite. Church, to them and especially for my dad, was something to make themselves look good. As long as they pretend they were holy and righteous, they were in good standing with the indian community. I couldn't stand it so I left for a better church. Spiritually I am thriving and growing with christ, and it's been such a blessing for me. Right now, my roommate is out partying and I'm stuck in my room sick and my legs hurt. funny, I don't really feel lonely. I actually like being by myself. With others sometimes I feel like I have to act like I'm someone else. Alone, I can actually be myself. my hands hurt and they are tired now, but I feel like typing more. I wonder if people think I'm some kind of nerd or recluse. I hate when people assume that about me since I'm not a party person and I do well in school. I really am different from most people, and I like that about me. When I get married and have kids (IF I even want to have kids), that's something important I want to teach them -- to develop themselves as individuals, not part of a group. That's what the problem is today with gangs or other kinds of cliques. people feel such a great need to belong to something or a group. not me. and I don't care what other people think. maybe I'm too proud of myself. who knows. if someone were to read this, they'd think I have no friends or something. nothing can be farther from the truth. I really do have a lot of friends. basically I look for some shred of intellect and personality in a person I want to befriend. So as I'm winding down writing all the thoughts that my brain is oozing out, I have to express a couple feelings. I'm excited about my new beginning in life at UT. I'm still pretty apprehensive about my future and what my goals actually are. I know I am competent and capable of doing anything. before this starts to sound really gay, I think I must end this. ok no I wont, haha! I still have a little more to say. I am a night person. I don't know why. but I just love being awake at night, not in the daytime. it's so peaceful and quiet. it's a strange feeling knowing you're awake and alive and you are so energized while everyone else is sleeping. I feel like I can do things I couldn't do in the daytime because everyone would see me. I wonder what people think when they see me. are they repulsed by me or what? I know I'm not the most attractive person in the world, and that's a fact. I wonder how much less people think of me because I am fat. I am really trying to lose the excess pounds though. don't get me wrong -- I'm not dieting because of what other people think. I KNOW it's not healthy for me, and believe me, I intend to live a long healthy life, and I need to start. sometimes I feel I am less of a person because of my physical imperfections. I don't intend to be a statistic of the ""freshman 15. "" well, with all that said, I am ending this now. ",n,n,y,y,n

1998\_762608.txt,"It was very frustrating to get on to the web site. However, the weekends are fun. I get to see my friends that are not at this school. This weekend I went home to see one of my friends who signed with the Kansas City Royals. I also got to see two of my best friends that are guys. One goes to TCU and the other goes to Tomball Community college. He was supposed to go to Georgia to swim, but two days before school started, he called, and they told him that his spot on the team was gone. Now he is writing other colleges and the Yale coach called him. If he does not swim, he will probably come here next semester. I also got to see my boyfriend. He goes to Baylor. He was my best friend first and now we are together. It is great. However, I miss him a lot. He is the sweetest guy I know. Anyway, right now I am borrowing a friends computer because mine doesn't work. It is really a pain. I need to go tomorrow to the computer to have them install my Ethernet card. It is not compatible with my laptop. I am right now in the school of business. However, I am really interested in psychology, and am thinking of changing my major. My dad thinks this is a terrible idea. My mom thinks I should do what will make me happy. I guess I need to get as much information as I can about the type of jobs that I can get with a psychology degree and the amount of school I will have to complete. I will also need to see what schools have good psychology departments. I really do not want to go here next year. I want to go somewhere smaller with less freaks. I will probably stay in the state. I will probably go to A&M of Baylor. Oh well, I guess I have a while to decide. ",n,y,n,n,n

1998\_768748.txt,"I probably will not get too much typed because I type kind of slow. Anyway, my Girlfriend is not talking to me today. It actually started yesterday because she says that I don't back her up. Whatever. Anyway, Lately we have been getting into a lot of fights. I think she is only PMSing this time thought. Oh well. Ernie left his Binaca on my desk. He better leave today, That boys got to go home. I'm actually typing kind of fast now. Johnny's Pekkle is so dirty. I need to make more friends. I also need to call either Jefferson or James and find out when the IEEE meeting is tonight. I still have to write for 12 more minutes. It took me a long time to Get on to the psy homepage. I wonder why because all the other Internet sites I go to always show up real fast. I guess Kristine is not going to go with me to sign up for psychology experiments. By the way I thing that these experiments that we have to do are BS. I think that that the psychology department needs someone to experiment on so they make the psy301 students be the guinea pigs( I think I spelled that wrong. Oh well. ) If we don't do the experiments they punish the students by making them write a 5 to 10 page paper. Ultimatum. I really need to work on my spelling but I won't. Oh yea I also have to pay the $4 it owe UT. I'll do that by TEX after I finish this essay. I still have 4 minute left. I really hate writing papers. I'm Glad that I got out of English. Everybody says that I need to get into study groups if I want to survive Engineering. I Need to get into some study groups I guess. By the way I didn't mean to caps the ""need"" in the last sentence. Oh well. It's 2:36 So I guess I'm about done now. LALALALALALALALALA ",n,n,y,n,n

1998\_769425.txt,"god I can still remember it. the last time we did that was at our graduation party. one of our friends that night was a real bitch. the party even though their were 4 of us had to have it her way. but she is going to live ion McAllen for the rest of her life and of course the next time I will see her is when she is taking my fast food order I am so happy to be here the guys are a big improvement from where I'm am from tall and cute a real McAllen novelty. oh and the cafeteria guy is the best so far. this Friday I have instillation for apo. I hope I have a good guide. the person I liked left this week my friend still has her guy I had a good time at the football game although I had to relearn all the cheers I had a great time I finally got my disco ball to work I would love to put on some relaxing music and turn it on I could really use some me time right now I would love to have more than 10 minutes free at a time and more that twice in one day. of track roommate is here so the topic is toes my feet are retarded the littlest toe kind of curls under good the air just clicked on I really hope to have a good time this weekend I hope their is another party I had a great time this past weekend. the parties were a lot of fun is time up yet god I hate ok don't hate it but dislike it its playing right now and boy does it all sound the same only eight minutes left I wonder how my brother is its his first year in high school he didn't even get any of my teachers, he never does I hoped they would give him a hard time but no luck I am so tired yawn dinner was good haven't had micky d's in a while I tried not to eat today but finally had to take out the time to eat tomorrow should not be that long of a day I am going to relax and watch TV I need to go to Wal-Mart and get foot things for my shoes yawn I hope someday I get to check my mail soon we still have no either net god two weeks and nothing just trying to make time to do this is a big problem without a working computer. I hope I get to see the cute guy tomorrow I hope I don't fall asleep in arch and society two more minutes left my poor friend got grabbed by a guy today and I am proud to say she broke ",n,y,n,n,n

1998\_770914.txt,"I live in Amarillo and I can't exactly drive home to see them. I envy the people in my dorm who only live a few hours away from home. They can visit their friends and family on every weekend or weekday for that matter. I feel a little guilty because I miss my friends more than I miss my family. Maybe that is because I had a better relationship with my friends than I did with my family. this is probably because I spent a lot more time with my friends during the past few years. It seemed I felt empty if I didn't see my friends for a day, but I could go weeks without seeing my family and I'd feel just fine. Don't get me wrong, I love my family, and I do feel slightly homesick, but I have a stronger relationship withe my friends. Whenever I spent ""quality time"" with my folks, all we would do would sit on the couch in the living room and watch Seinfeld; we would never talk, but it really wasn't their fault. Whenever I would feel like talking about something important that was on my mind, they wouldn't have a problem with it, but I would feel awkward. It has always been that way, so it's not some kind of ""teenager"" thing that just kind of happened during my rebellious years. My parents are the greatest, and so are my three brothers. I have one older brother that is about to turn 20, so the age difference is pretty narrow. We used to do things all the time when we were younger, but now we hardly talk at all. I also have two younger brothers, 8 and 14 who are also great, but they're not so easy to talk to. My brother, Kyle, who is 14, has a lot of problems I think. He doesn't have any friends and he always just stays home and watches tv and plays video games. When I ask him how his day was, he just says fine, and thats all the conversation really consists of. I couldn't really talk to him because I felt so sorry for him. I also worry about my mom because she loses sleep trying to find ways to help him. My youngest brother, on the other hand, has plenty of energy and self-confidence and a lot of friends. I think he'll be one of the ""popular guys"" in school, and I feel bad when my little 8 year old brother can outdo my 14 year old brother Kyle. I also try to think up ways to raise Kyle's self confidence, but I'm really not much of a help. I find myself making fun of him unconciosly just like many big brothers all do, but I really feel bad about it. I sometimes know how he feels because in junior high I didn't always have five or ten friends to hang out and talk with, and I sometimes found myself at home on the weekends feeling like a loser, but I eventually found my place and my friends in high school, and I hope that's what he does when he goes to high school next year. He is old for his grade because he was held back in the first grade, and he has some kind of a learning problem and when I try to help hime with his school work he gets embarrassed and won't let me. I just really hopes he finds his place in high school or if not, in college, like many people do. so, maybe I should spend more time with my family when I get home in a few monthes instead of with my friends ",n,n,y,y,y

1998\_773959.txt,"So much needs to be done within the next two days, it seems practically impossible to get it done. I have to write these two essays, redo the entire freaking' pretesting crap just because I completed 79% of it and then when it kicked me off, it didn't even save it although I was informed otherwise. So, frankly, I'm disturbed by a lot of things. I have a journalism test tomorrow morning, which, by the way, I haven't studied for, and tonight I had a presentation for APO, a service organization I would like to join if, in the midst of all this chaos called ""college"", I can somehow find the time for a decent social life. So this ""stream of conscience"" theory is going to be more of a ""Kelli needs to vent"" period, because frankly, that is all that is on my mind. I had a crappy day, and I don't expect writing this will help me all that much, but I'll go ahead and say what happened. Some egotistical freak from the male species grabbed my ass today while I was one of the many cross walks on this large campus. Granted I hyper-extended is wrest, at worst I broke it, I would like to request respect from the gender that so frequently asks the inevitable question ""why"" when the finger always points to them!! It was freaking' hot outside all day, and running from class to class always makes it oh so much cooler!! And the whole idea of college is running through me now when I have deadlines for tests, papers, and self-indulgent pompous professors who think they know the answer to the world, and what's even scarier than that is that WE pay to wake up at 8 AM to go to their lectures and believe the handfuls of bullshit they try to feed us. (I was making a generalization about the professor part of course, some lectures are actually stimulating. ) To top it off, somewhere in the midst of all of this mumbling jumble of chaotic words, I feel almost depressed tonight. I met a guy at the APO organization meeting mentioned before, and I REALLY like him, and I heard that he was interested, but I haven't seen him in six days, and I honestly think that he could actually calm me from this feeling of intense pressure. If I could just see him I would relax and then take a different view on all the crap that I still have to do. I guess I just need him right now, and the longer I go before I see him again, the more distant and hopeless I feel toward him. I guess you can say I've been lulled into inertia by my subconscience feelings to see him. Anyway, my twenty minutes of rambling has come to an end, so it was great venting and I hope, in some weird way, this has satisfied your requirements and calmed your thoughts and revelations about the stream of conscience in a frustrated, tired, and ticked off college student. ",y,y,y,y,n

1998\_775006.txt,"I think that I am a pretty friendly guy who is fun to hang with but no one ever calls me. I don't know if its because I get decent grades and look studious that they figure that I won't want to do anything or if its just because they don't like me and they are just pretending to like me. I used to think that I had good judgement of people but after finding out that all my friends in high school basically used me in class and ignored me outside of class, I have questioned in from then on. My quest to find a good group of reliable friends always seems to come to a dead end. I look at both of my sisters who are always getting calls from their classmates and friends and I never get any. They don't help much either because they are always reminding about the fact that I have no friends. I know people and I say hi to them in the hallways and class and they talk to me normally in class but outside of class I have no touch with them. I admit that I have done the best of job of keeping in touch with anyone, but I've started to this year but with no results so far. I always end up doing the calling and asking what people are up to. No one ever calls me. It just makes me mad. While people are complaining about all the junk mail and excess mail they get, I basically hoping or looking forward to getting one message per day. Lately, I think I'm so obsessed with it that I religiously check my e-mail hoping that something new happened. Other than that everything so far is going well. I've already joined a couple of clubs, got some leadership positions and will be volunteering. My resume is starting to shape up. Now if only my grades would follow, a decent grade on the MCAT would give me an excellent chance of getting into a decent medical school. Before none of these things bothered me before, even in high school. Just like in high school I see other people doing things and never cared that I never did. But once I came to college, it just started bothering me. I don't know if its my sister's influence or what its become a problem that last year kept me from doing good in my classes. Whether its same or not this year, I'm not going to let it ruin my grades. I hope to get a 4. 0 from now till I graduate. I tried talking to people, opening up about my problems and things like that because some people told me that I was to closed and that they didn't feel at ease with me because it looked like I was too serious. Everyone that knows me never seems to think that I'm serious. They don't think that I give a care about anybody or anything but myself. I don't mean to come of that way but I'm just good at expressing my emotions. When I do, the response that I've gotten from others is that I'm stupid if I can't even figure it out by myself. I figured maybe I caught them at a wrong time or something and would try again but same thing happens. After a while I feel like I'm starting to bug them and just let it go. I think that I am a good listener but no one ever tells me about their problems. I think they think that they can't trust me or won't be able to help them. I wish they would because I truly do get a rush out of helping people for some reason. I'm not saying it because I'm egotistical or overwhelmed by myself but I really do enjoy helping others. If I didn't become a doctor, I really wouldn't mind becoming a teacher. I don't know if its because I get to showcase what I know and understand or if its because I just enjoy making someone else understand but I just like it. I would hate it if it was an ego thing, because I always tried to fight against the ego thing. Sometimes I can be at certain moments but later after I think about it I usually apologize for my mistakes. Most people get on me about being egotistical but if they ever looked at themselves objectively they would find that they have a greater ego. If I point that out to them they'll just ignore and say that I am wrong and give me longer lecture on me being egotistical or something else. I try to use their own words, conversation, statements examples whatever but they just deny it. I'm not strong willed enough to continue the argument so I usually give up. I lose a lot of arguments. I think that humans generally think that if they win an argument then they must be right and not necessarily because they just talked more than the other person. I find or observe a lot of ironic things about humans and wonder how the things can co-exist. I find them very interesting. Just the possibilities even the slightest that something every is against is actually the right way. When I try to discuss this someone else, they just look at me as if I'm just crazy. I have a lot of curiosity and like to explore but at my own pace and not at societies beckoning. Maybe that's why I have a hard time fitting into society. I haven't found a group of people yet that are categorized as me or have the same ironic interests, at least ironic according to societies view. I'm a mix of several things both culturally and socially. Well that's about 30 minutes now think I'm going to go on to assignment two. ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_779688.txt,"I was wanting to get that pre-testing stuff out of the way, but like most every body else in the fucking class I logged on right after the class, and now the damn test site won't respond. Knowing me, I'm going to forget about it or something. I was just in the mood at the time, and it was on my mind you know? So now I decide to polish off something else (this thing) in hopes that when I'm done, the other will be free. Before I go on, I know that you may read this and think, boy this kid sure is edgy or sure gets irritated about a lot of stuff, and you know what? I DO! anyway, since I'm on this whole you know what I hate kick, I'll just tell you things that irritate me that have happened to me recently. For one thing, the battery in my watch went out this morning, and I went to buy a new battery for it today, but can't replace the old one cause I don't have a fucking screwdriver SMALL enough. So now I'm walking around campus wearing a watch that doesn't work and continuously looking at it to know the time. And every time I look at the damn thing, it's blank and I remember that it doesn't work I get mad at myself. And soda machines piss me off too cause every time I really thirst for a particular drink and push the button for that particular drink, I most always get something else. And of course you're left with this drink that you don't want, yet you don't want to just throw it away cause you just spent your last 60 cents on it. Anyway. . ok so how's the family? good? that's great. no serious3e4ly to continue the theme of today's ""stream of consciousness"" let's talk about music. Now, I listen to all kinds of music ranging from frank sinatra to Fear Factory, so I not judgmental in terms of genre of music, but my friends and I go out from time to time to see bands in Austin perform that are, in our opinion good, without record deals much less MTV support meanwhile talentless bands successful solely due to sex appeal (Bush, No Doubt in particular) thrive. Now you may say, but Alan what about the Spice girls do you hate them? And my answer oddly enough is no. Why? Cause they are all about sex appeal and they know it. Bush and No Doubt actually think they're serious musicians. times up. ",n,y,n,n,y

1998\_781969.txt,"I've never liked writing and any other literature stuff like reading. I also feel a bit different because I've never done my homework on the webpage before. It's a new thing for me. Everything in college feels different. The schedule is flexible; you can have classes from 10 to 11 and then jump to 3 to 4, not all continuously throughout the day. There's also the good thing that I don't have to go to classes I don't want to go to. This freedom of choice gives me a feeling of relaxation but also fear. I feel great that I can do whatever I want, but feel fearful that my choices might not be the best for me. This assignment gives me a feeling of nervousness. I hate writing, especially when I have a time limit on it. It's hard enough for me to come up with stuff to write about when I have plenty of time, and it gets harder when I have a time limit, whether or not that there is no right or wrong things to say. I feel like I'm saying many wrong things because a lot of this is not so much feeling but some experiences I went through in college. I can't write about my feelings for 20 minutes because it's hard to know what I'm feeling and even harder to write about it. ",n,n,n,n,n

1998\_789844.txt,"I am totally hopeful that in the next two hours I will be able to find a date. also I am feeling a little stressed because I don't know what is going to happen to me if I don't do good and transfer into the business school because if I get denied I am probably going to have to transfer back to an easier business school in the Midwest which is the last thing I want to do. I really love it here in Austin, the people are so much nicer than people back in Chicago where I am from. Southern hospitality is really not a myth, the people are truly charming and I love the Southern accent. Back in Chicago the people are not nice and overall the attitude there is obnoxious. That is one of the major reasons that I decided to come here, I knew it would be nicer and it is. But the only thing that I don't like is why I get the vibe from some people that I shouldn't be here, they always ask me ""Why did you come here"" and they don't ask it nicely. I wonder if it is a possessive feeling that people here in Texas have about their state. It is definitely still going to take a bit of getting used to before I am able to feel like I fit in because right now I feel like a foreigner in a faraway place. I am definitely not used to feel like a minority, it is something I am also going to get a lot of crap for especially with my fraternity, because out of 60 pledges only me and a guy from Minnesota are the only out of states. Pledgeship doesn't worry me but I am anxious to meet people and it isn't happening here I n the Towers where I live because it is so much like an apartment complex and not a dorm that no one goes out of the way to meet people which I truly did not expect. I wish that this stupid girl next to me whose computer I am using who ditched me on the way to your class is are really not nice girl who is way too cool for me , she s got a slight attitude problem and I think that it relates to boyfriend problems. See you later. ",y,y,n,y,n

1998\_790525.txt,"I feel overwhelmed at the size and population of the school and classes, but at the same time am overjoyed to be here. I spent a year at Stephen F. Austin for my freshman year of college and liked it alright, but the school was not right for me, I think it had more to do with the town than the school, but anyhow I like being in Austin and love being around old friends, but at this moment I feel as if I haven't gotten into the school year just yet. I haven't studied enough and that makes me feel inadequate inefficient, worthless. But I don't dwell on that thought and one of the things which bring me happiness is having my own home this year. Two friends of mine from high school have been rooming together for the last few weeks and there is a lot of freedom involved in having your own place and that brings a lot of comfort to me. Right now I feel relaxed, relieved to be through with classes today. tomorrow is another day and I feel like I have a lot of time to get all my assignments finished. Another comfort for today is getting to finish this assignment. This is the first day I have been able to get into the UGL computer library and luckily I made it in before the deadline. I tried trice before but was rejected each time by some substantial reason which inhibited my using these wonderful machines. These are SO much better than the computers from SFA that I think I shall nut my pants. one other comfort is being able to write freely without impending restrictions from keeping you to a fake writing of what your thoughts are but not really because one is not able to freely express himself through outlawed writing styles, such as uncapitalized letters, lack of punctuation, all borders are allowed to be crossed and I love this freedom. I am feeling very good about myself right now I have just completed my first assignment of the year, well almost completed. I hope I have done this right and this has actually been fun. I look forward to writing on this assignment again. I have 4 more minutes to write I think just to be safe ill keep going a little longer . I am thinking about how this will be graded . I wonder if there could be some way of directly reading what I am writing in real time. and maybe he has hired hundreds of his minions to read just as we write so that they may choose while reading who is doing the right thing and who is not . I think I may stay here all day I like doing work and doing work well I am going to do all of my projects ahead of time so that I may be ahead of all my classes and pass in flying colors. I love school what else do I need to accomplish? I have to sign up for some experiments as well I'd best do that also. I am feeling so stress free right now , very relaxed. I think I have wrote enough but am not sure. so anyway I am the greatest artist on this world and will revolutionize this world in some way in my lifetime. this is my goal to change the world to revolutionize it to be known to be the best at everything to learn to be knowledgeable to be experienced? experienced, and to learn how the brain works is good to, and to learn how the world works , that's good to I love life who ever does not appreciate life and appreciate the sun rising every morning is insane, I am wishing I had a disk right now to save this stream of coincioussness writing style I like it I am going to do it again, . goodbye I am submitting my work now in a minute three more minutes. I wonder what I will wish I had accomplished when I look back ten years from now. like I look back and wonder when did I think I would be right now ten years ago? hmmm that's ponderous man really ponderous. I am glad to be here rather than home because at home I can not get much done yet it is still such a new experience that I have other priorities ahead of school work there but just there not here and only sometimes. like if kori came over I would never do homework again. yeah. ",n,n,y,y,y

1998\_790795.txt,"homework in the midst of my pre-cal assignment because my pre-cal is too long and really rather boring. plu, I need to catch up because I didn't start doing homework until the begiining of this week instead of doing a little each night, my mistake. I hope to finish this writting assignment, the pre-test, my pre-cal assignment and read some for astrology tomorrow. it's a lot but it will catch me up. then tomorrow I can begin my new pre-cal assignment and I can focus on my art project thurs and if necessary I can catch up on more psy. and pre-cal thursday evening. I'm also going to lunch with my frien james on thursday. james is a very good friend of mine and whenever I need to talk or unload my thoughts, james is excellent. plus, I'll put in a good couple of hours at my intern. david is going to teach me how to use my dad's camera and stuff so that sunday I can run another photo shoot and have some pictures developed. then, I'll have those pictures to play with and I plan on getting some of my negativesput on a cd disk so I can manipulate those pictures also. I have a very busy life going right now. I don't know how I cram it all in sometimes, but honestly, I like to have something to do at all times. I don't know why, I'm not very good at sitting still alone. only if I'm watching t. v. or something. I'll get my new job schedule on thurs. I just changed jobs because I was tired of working at the old one, that and I hadn't received a raise in a year. the sad thing is, I don't know if I'll be getting paid any more at this new place. as long as I don't take a pay cut I'll stay, I just need a new enviroment with new things to do. I'll be working at bath and body works, I think it'll be fun, because I like the things they sell there and I get to be the saleswomen. I enjoy selling things to people. my managers seem nice also. I might have to work at five in the morning a few times a year and I'm not looking forward to that at all. I've never done inventory before so I don't know what it involves, but I don't see the point in getting workers to the store at such an early hour if we'd be more productive a little later, even seven sounds more reasonable. I'd rather not worry about that until I know for sure that I'll be going in that early. I wonder what you're gather from all of my ramblings? five more minutes to go. I don't know how this is suppose to go, whather I should just write waht's on my mind or as if I'm talking to you at the other end. I gues in the end they're both going to get you the same stream of con. types of thoughts, huh? I hope I can log onto the pre-test when I'm done with this, I tried it first and the server wouldn't let me on, yours or mine I don't know, I don't like computers much any how. I guess this was as good a way as any to put off the rest of my pre-cal since I'm being productive in the mean time. I could have gone and watched tv, or read my book (not some school assignment. ) well now, that wasn't hard at all, I guess I'm good at rambling. my time's up. ",y,n,n,n,n

1998\_793662.txt,"I ran out of the regular clothes I wear to school and all that was left in my closet were dresses. I'm also a bit upset because the guy I am interested in keeps giving me mixed signals and his emotions just run hot and cold. I feel that he may just be leading me on and it really hurts me because I really like him and I have felt this way for a while now. My friends tell me to just forget about him but easier said than done. And I'm afraid to say anything to him because I may just be making a fool of myself. But, I really hate to think about this because it just depresses me (a subject we just finished talking about today in class). I hope to learn more about it and maybe learn something about how to analyze his behavior with me. Aside from that and probably the biggest thing on my mind right now is all the reading I have to do for my classes. I know tonight I will be up pretty late even though I have to be at school at 8am! I have forgotten how stressful school is. I guess lazing around all summer couldn't last forever. Oh well, it doesn't matter I actually like school and some of the pressures. It makes life interesting. Now, I'm wondering if my roommate will be home when I get there. She is a great person and I really like sharing an apartment with her this year. The only problem is that we goof around a lot together and don't get much done we decide to do homework in the same room. Good thing we have a 2 bedroom apt. Speaking of our apartment. I'm really hungry! My stomach was growling so much in class the guy next to me was looking at me funny. I just wish there were more hours in the day so I could get more things done. But, I guess everyone feels that way. As I write this I'm just glad I am at least getting one assignment out of the way. And I wish all of my assignment for all my classes were this easy. haha Well, I guess I am running out of things to say so it's a good things my twenty minutes are almost up. I'm just mad that I can't check my email because there is something wrong with my disk. I swear computers hate me. Now I won't know if my friend Raul wrote me back. I will buy an other disk tomorrow. great another expense. I need a job. ",n,n,n,y,y

1998\_797096.txt,"it cuts into my social time and I hate that I can't do some things because I have to get ready for my classes the next day. I enjoy college that much. well I enjoy the social aspects and the fact that I can meet all kinds of new and interesting people, but I am so sick of school and the first week isn't even over yet. that is very sad. I wonder if everyone is this way. well at least I am trying to get a head start on all the psychology requirements. if I get them out of the way immediately then I don't have to worry about them at the end of the semester when I need to be worrying about my other finals. I am very grateful that we don't have a final in this psychology course. psychology is very interesting to me. I don't think I could pursue a career in it though. I just think it is neat to study what people are thinking and why they are thinking things. I think I can handle the class. think I can handle everything this semester. I just hope that I don't get too homesick and that I get along well with everyone. I can't wait to see Chris my childhood friend. he is so smart. he is fixing to start working on his phd in pharmacology. he hasn't always been this smart. when he got into high school his brain started to kick in gear I guess. ever since then he has made straight A's and has been the class genius. I guess what he needed was a boost of self confidence. his brother on the other hand needs confidence and motivation more than anyone I know. he irritates me sometimes because everyone has to go to him and he won't go do anything without people forcing him to go. I love him though. it is funny how someone can irritate you to death but because you've known him forever you have to accept his faults and still love him. it is funny how people are so impressed with money and the people that have a lot of it. if you had a bunch of money you could have instant friends. it drives me crazy that people don't look at the person but what the person has. you end up worse for it because that person that has all the money just ends up annoying everyone else. anyway there are some people out there that aren't like that and don't go crazy over someone because they have a lot of money. that is one thing I have learned that you can't stereotype people at all because there are always exceptions to the rules. well my twenty minutes up and it went by real fast. it is funny how fast time goes by when your mind is preoccupied or you are having fun. I think it is neat. ",n,n,y,y,n

1998\_798053.txt,"I wonder if you are out there watching over me as I stumble through this maze called life. where on this heavenly universe do you have the time to make sure I don't get run over by the UT buses or nearly crash as I recklessly drive home from alli's house? you must be there because you are witness to my every sin and good deed. did you send a special angel to watch my every step and blunderous move? that's how I feel sometimes is that everything I do is wrong or misguided and I'm always worrying about whether or not I did the right thing. but I'm so glad I have Alison and Melissa to help get through this social forum called college. if I could go shopping right now I'd buy every single maryjane shoe in sight. oh to have money! but I feel so guilty to have these materialistic desires that Christ does not approve of. he tells us to let go of these worldly possessions if we truly want to be a follower in his footsteps. I'm 18 for peaches sake and want stuff!!! As the father said at church during the Homily, ""it's very hard to be a Christian"" am I one? I was baptized and received communion but did not go on to be confirmed into the catholic church or heck even do my first confession! that is way to weird for me. and what about finding the right man to fall in love with? what if he is so wonderful in every way but is skeptical in Christian faith. like the guy in one of my classes I've never spoken to him but he seems sensitive and so good looking yet doesn't come across and ""Christian"" but appearances are always deceiving so I will hope for the best. oh my! I feel so guilty over something so insignificant but it bothers me. I did not say good bye to josh, only the sweetest boy in the world. he would have said bye. he even said hello to me and remembered my name. now I know why alli is having such a hard time getting over him and that he is perfect and has a girlfriend he really loves. that's so understandable. I wonder what it would be like to read all these confessions of the soul by psy 301 students. some people's brains I would be very scared of. I wonder what psychology boy wrote. quiet soul. like me. I like that. I wonder if my mom is doing good. I hope that I get to grow spiritually when I go t o church camp. yay! meet more people and make new friends. I find that hard to do I am always going out with Allison. it's like she's the only person I hang out with. but we cling to familiarity and that's okay. I met Erica today and talked, well, she talked. like her. good person. geo is nice boy I wonder if he still loves Krista. I wish I had somebody's heart like that. god, when will I find him? I guess I m going to have to crawl out my shell if I want to meet the boy and leave earlier for class and sit right next to him. I'm really tired and I think twenty minutes have passed. alright, girlie. you are going to go to sleep and dream of sweet things and cute boys who open the door for you. thank you lord for allowing me to get these words out of my head into the cyber-psychology world. ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_798752.txt,"The day I moved into Jester was a rainy, cloudy, and gloomy Saturday. The whether showed how I actually felt inside. kind of sad, glum, & anxious. It was hard for me to leave Houston at first, but now that I'm settled in and have started classes now I feel somewhat better. I miss what I've left behind, what is familiar to me, my friends, family, pets, and yes, my radio station 97. 9 THE BOX. I love Houston and will go back to live there again one day. I also miss my house, my room, and my bed too. It was kind of like my comfort zone. Whenever I had a problem or felt sad about something, I could hide in my room, my parents would try to comfort me and I would sleep away my problems. Well, I know sleeping doesn't solve your problems but it sure makes them seem not so bad after a nap. Now that I am in college, I will have to keep my head up and make new friends so I can lean on them when I need a shoulder or helping hand. I also feel anxious about meeting new people and talking to my professors. At first, to someone new, I might seem kind of shy, but once they get to know me they can see how I really open up and seem a little crazy too! But it's sometimes hard for me at first to open up to someone and just be myself. I don't know why, it just depends on how I feel at the time I guess. There's also a little bit of fear inside me that makes me feel doubtful as to whether I will find my ""niche"" or my group of friends that I can hang out with. I have ran into a couple of my friends from highschool that I have been doing things with lately and that makes me feel good. Whether or not I want to join a sorority is something that I will deal with next year. If they seem cliquish and stuck up, I don't think I want to join one. maybe I'll go rushing and see what they're all about and then make my choice. I'm also curious about what I will get out of my college experience. Will I find my future husband here or get a good job right after I graduate? Will I struggle the whole way and stick it out, or will I give up and drop out? Just to let you know, I plan on doing my best and graduate in a couple of years. I have already been to each of my classes once and my mind is about to explode with all the information that was given to me. The professors told us what to do and gave us a syllable, now it is up to us to do it on our own time and to manage it wisely. I seem to think that it will be hard to keep track of all my assignments and homework. I hope I can stay organized throughout the year and not fall behind in any of my classes. I feel like I could get lost easily at such a big university with so many students. On the other hand I do have some positive emotions about college and my new experiences. I have a fresh start at a new life (with no parents!) and I can be whatever I want to be and do whatever I want to do. There are so many things on campus and in Austin to get involved with and do. and the good thing is that it is my choice! I just hope I don't blow it! ",y,y,y,n,n

1998\_799973.txt,"I work at a daycare in the mornings on Teusday and Thursday before class and friday after class. During the day I am in my classes and at night I have meetings or readings to do. I am sytressing out right now, and I am trying to not think about how much I need to do. Each time I finish with one task I feel a little better but after a few minutes I get stressed out again. I can not wait for the labor day weekend though, because I am going to spend some of time catching up with all of my readings and some of my time just relaxing. I think after Labor day I will be relaxed and I will not be so stressed out with all of my work. I like my job in the mornings on Teusday and Thursday, I work at a daycare for infants. I work with the two months to two years, from eight in the morning until twelve-thirty in the afternoon. I like working with that age of children, because they are so trusting. They are away from their parents, but they still are so relaxed and trusting with all of the teachers at the daycare. I feel dumb writting this, because I have so much going through my mind but I can't write it all down, because most of it is the same thing over and over. Wondering how I am going to finish all of my homework and go to work and go to my meetings. I geuss for the most part I am just stressing out because it is the begining of the semester, and my goal for this semester is to make at least a 3. 75. I feel that if I get behind at the begining of the semester, I will never be able to catch up, and I will not reach my GPA goal. I am a very opptimistic person though, so I know that if I keep up with my work I will be able to reach my goal, and maybe even get higher. Another thing though is that I should be a junior in years, but I am nine hours short, so over next semester and the summer I have to catch up, so that I can graduate on time. I am not worried about that, I am more concerned with my grades, because I know that I can catch up in summer, and next semester. I feel a little bit better no that I have almost completed this assignment, so that is a little off my head that I do not have to worry about. Now all I have to do is read 300 pages for three more of my classes, and do the pretesting, although it won't let me on right now. maybe when I am done with this assignment I can get connected to the pretesting, but if not I will have to wait for tomorrow to do that, because right now I have to go buy some more books. Then I have to go eat, because I have not eaten all day and after I eat, I have to go read about Russian ecconomics. After that it will be time for class and then I have the pre-law fraternity meeting tonight. After the metting I am going to go home and go to sleep right away, because I have been up since six in the morning and I am tierd now, and I still have laods to do. So I am done with this for now, I have to get started on the rest of my schedule. ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_800538.txt,"This hasn't been a good day. We had an assignment due in English Friday and I just found it in my backpack along with someone else's. How did it get there? Don't ask me. It has been raining all day here in Houston and it is as always hot and humid. I was going to ride my horse but the rain is preventing me from that too. I am watching my house and my little brother while my parent dig for rocks in Arkansas. They are visiting my older brother and his wife. I don't see him much since he got married. I went to go see my friend who had a baby about a month ago. She was supposed to come to UT but now for obvious reasons she is staying at home. My older sister is having a baby in November. I am so excited but sad because she lives in Cleveland so it is not very easy for us to visit her. We went over the summer and it was nice to go because all of my relatives live up there. I really want to go to New York City! My best friend and I might go over the summer and stay with my suite mate. My best friend is going to A&M. Why? I have no idea but I miss her like crazy. I have never had a best friend that I connect with like I do with her. I saw her this weekend in Houston. She came back for the Clay Walker concert that someone had asked her to got to. Our homecoming for our high school is next weekend so I will see her again at that. My birthday is coming up and I am excited I guess. I already know what I'm getting so the surprise aspect isn't there this year. I do get to go do an experiment with spiders on my birthday, fun! I'm definitely not a bug gal. I can see the sun has come out now so when I'm done with this I'm going to go visit my horse. I miss not having him around. I have been riding for 8 years and been on this particular horse for 5. I tried every sport until I found this. I do like volleyball but being short doesn't help ones career. I went to the UT volley ball game and those girls were massive! They were like 6'1'', 6'2''. It was amazing to watch them play. I missed the football game but I heard we won big time so that is good news. I am anxious to get back to see all of my friends. I really lucked out like 7 of my really good friends go to UT. My older brother goes there and my younger brother wants to also. Guess the whole family will be there soon. I brought my car up there but it is a standard and my brother still hasn't learned how to drive it! Oh well more time for me! ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_804864.txt,"this is really weird. what am I doing here. what am I supposed to write about. who came up with this assignment anyway. well whatever. ill just do it and ill get the credit and that's it. I wonder where nauman is right now. I called him but no answer. where could he be. I had fun this weekend. I think. well it was better then what I normally do, stay home and watch tv. I wonder what Woren and Sahara are up to. I don't spend anytime with friends anymore. I want to go back to Dallas and see everyone. well I guess I can do that this weekend when I go back. its hot in here. its so hot everywhere. well actually I don't want to go back home this weekend. in a way I do, and in a way I don't. I feel like I'm keeping a journal. oh crap I think my contacts are about to pop out. see if I go home this weekend, then I will be giving up freedom. but if I don't go home this weekend then, my parents will be like why don't you want to come home? do you like austin that much that you don't even want to come see your family anymore?? which of course is not true. I actually don't like austin. well it smells everywhere in austin. dobie smells, dobie garage smells, Wal-Mart smells, Foleys smells, everywhere, austin stinks, literally. I wonder how farzana and Carey are at Baylor. I'm glad they came down this weekend. otherwise I would have been bored off my butt. you can really count on family to be there for you when you need them. but sometimes it can be really annoying. like my mom, everyday, what did you do, did you go to class, did you eat, what did you eat. it gets on my nerves. but I love her. I guess I am kind of looking forward to going home. I mean I get to see all my friends again. and sabeen is going to Dartmouth so I can say bye to her to before I leave. but I think the hardest thing to do will be the transitions on Friday and Sunday. I'm here now and I want to stay here, not keeping moving again and again. I hate change. and then if I go home this weekend, then ill have to pack and say goodbye to everyone on Sunday, and I hate good-byes. they are so sad and then when I'm say bye, ill want to come back to Dallas, and ill hate austin even more. that's why I don't want to go back. this feels kind of good like typing all this. maybe ill start keeping a log or something so I can put all my thoughts in it. my hands are getting tried now. I never realized how long 20 mins really was. how much longer do I have? 8 more mins. great. where in the hell is Nauman? what is he doing?? I'm going to call him after this and see if he's there now. he better be. I miss him. I wonder if he misses me too. I hope so. when is he coming back to austin. I could go see him this weekend, but we both know that's not going to work. his friends are all going home this weekend so he'll want to spend time with them and his parents are out of town so I'm sure he'll want to go out with them. but then what about me? What about unlimited weekends??? rrahhh. this is frustrating. I wonder if he is still in love with him old girlfriend. I think he is. but whatever. I don't care. he can be in love with him old girlfriend. who cares. I'm just going to let things happen. I mean that is the best way right. you can't make someone fall in love with you. actually I myself don't know if I really like him. its weird. when I'm not with him, I really want to be with him and when I'm with him, its just ok. I mean I do like spending time with him, he's really funny and the time flies when where together, but its just not what I expect it to be. I guess it will just take time. ok 3 more mins. great. that wasn't that bad. I guess ill do the other assignment tomorrow since you can't do both on one day. I have so much to do today. that stupid BA 101 assignment is due today and I have to d the prestesting for psy, but the stupid WebPages isn't working for it. just my luck, since I want to use it, its not working. I wonder if I really have to read those 2 books for class tomorrow. if we do, I'm screwed. I wonder what Mona and charu look like. he talks about them all the time. I wonder if I met them, what they would think of me and what he has told them about me so far. where is he. let me go call him right now! should I email him? Well if I could ever get my stupid email to work, I would. how come he doesn't email me? oh yeah , wait he does doesn't he. I don't know how he emailed me when he was here. I mean I wouldn't have done it if I was him. I don't think at least. I mean he had a girlfriend and everything going. how did he do it? well whatever it was, I'm glad he did. ok good times up. ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_811576.txt,I don't really know what I should write about. I guess I'm feeling alright. My class was cancelled for today so I had the whole day off. I rented Sling Blade which I liked the movie had people with psychological problems like the guy who is always talking about women he killed and the main character who cuts peoples heads open every once in a while if he feel s it is necessary. The keyboard on the computer sucks since the space bar key keeps on sticking whenever I try to push it down. I am kind of nervous about classes because last semester I screwed up grade wise after keeping an almost 4. 0 GPA for 2 and 1/2 semesters. I have never taken psychology before in high school and I wish I had since it would make the class easier now when I take it. I really can't type continuously for twenty minutes without having a definite subject so I keep having to stop and think of something to type. One of my goals this semester is to stop watching TV so often because that is what I feel screwed me up last semester since I was always staring at the screen either their or while surfing the web. Now I beginning to feel a little grossed out because I was just thinking about our dorm meeting where they told us housekeeping comes in only every other day to clean the bathroom when they used to come every day and it was still pretty dirty now it is going to be even worse. I guess it has been about twenty minutes now I forgot what time I started typing at since I forgot to write it down I thought I would have remembered. So I'm just going to call it a night. ,n,y,n,n,n

1998\_812901.txt,"I did it oncer in the 11th grade and my stream of concious isn't as intersting as everyone elses conciouses it seems. I like breakfast at Hardin House except for the fact that it closes down at 9 am the whole purpose of getting 10 oclock and 11oclock classes is so you can sleep until 9:30/10:30, but that doesn't happen when you have to wake up early. I hear sdomeone coming down the hall, I wonder who it is. I think way faster than I can type. I wonder who is going to be reading this. probably some psychology grad student who can tell that I have hrrible typing skills, the problem is that I reallt can't type withpout looking at the keyboard so I have problems with it. my sweetmate is ian the shower, she doesn't vbathe very much so that's is a refreshing thing. 5 minutes down. 15 more to go, I wonder what I'll think about in the next 15 minutews, well 14 now. I need to call marlie back. that stupid psychology survey is always busy. I can't wait for my telesis to start woirking; I'm tired of using my roomates computer. I think she is tired of it to. have you ever noticed that even when someone types ""she is"" the reader usually reads it as ""she's"". I guess cause that's the way we talk. I like to write in journals and I guess that's stream of concius but I'venever been timed. matt fowler is a really smart guy. I still remember his stream of concious paper in the 11th grade. it was about chocolate mousse. hmmm. my roomates cousin is really goodlooking. I'm looking at his picture by her computer tright now. I think I'm trying to hard to come up with some thing cool to write down becasue nothing is runnign through my head right now, weell at least not slow enough to catch. I cannot believe I just let my vouicemail pickup my phone. damn, I am a devoted psychology student! okay maybe I put that in there so matt would give me a couple brownie poingts. then again is this you reading this matt? Is anyone readingthis or is this one of those do it for your own good projects? I think this could possibly be the longest 20 minutes ogf my life, I really want to check my voice mail. I'm going to be pissed if the caller didn't leave a me3ssage. I wonder what's for breakfast tomorrow. I have a lot of reading to do before my classes. the problem with college isd that everything can be put off until a later date. I've noticed that I'm hgaving a hard time not correcting some of my grammatical errors. can you imagine how hard this would be to read if I lewdft them all? I guess it's jusyt habit. rhendi has really blonde hair. I can't believe I'm putting my name on this writing it couold possibly ber used as incriminating evidence for what? I don't have a clue? I feel sorry for whoever has to read these? I wonder if Matt Fowler really wrote stream of concious or if he just wanted to sound cool so he planned it out? I don't like beer all freshmen guys are like trying to prove soething through beer I think. I don't know: just an observation. I like to sing I started my choir class today and I love it. so much better than highschool besides the fact that everyone in there is a haus my clothes are done strying. they're wrinkling because I still have 4 minutes lefgt to try and put my ming on a computer screen whoich is an impossible task. the words here represent about 5% of what has been runniong through my head. the number 5 and percentage sign are the sam ekey. wow. why are there so many houston people around? and everyopne from the nearby suburbs claims to be from Houtson too. I am not even going to read this? Why? I'll never see it again. the girl sitting next to me in class today doesn't believe in God. it surpriised me, I am the worlds most horribler typer. 20 minutes. ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_812997.txt,"I'm sorry, but I just don't where people get the sensation to steel something and have no doubts or submission about it. Where does that come from? What, is it inherited, or something? Do people just walk around, asking themselves what they can do to make someone feel like hell? I just don't understand how people acquire such moral standings? I can't wait until it's my birthday. I can finally watch Titanic in the privacy of my own home. over and over again. Leo. over and over again. three and one-half hours of pure Leo. Ahhhh, pure heaven. I wonder how people like him handle their lives. I mean, I don't know what I would do with all the fame and fortune; everyone admiring and watching me. My life would change so much; I'm not sure if I would like it very much. I hate the media. They make so much out of the stupidest things. Why would anyone live on making up cruel and misleading stories up for money? It just boggles my mind. It's just like those people who the government pays bookooes of money to count how many ""Smiths"" there are in the world. O. K. So, maybe not that specific job, but something just as if not more silly. Seriously, though, the media stalks you and just waits for you to stumble so they can take that one incident and twist it all around, and spit it out at people to get their ratings lifted, or their sales up. And, people (the audiences) actually feed on this. Hell, even I do sometimes. All those sleazy magazines that say stuff like ""see the first pictures of the boy who was born with 20 arms and 5 eyes. "" Crazy stuff like that. It's ridiculous. But, I must admit it is pretty humorous at times. I know when I'm in the grocery line, I browse over the titles just to get a laugh. I can't believe it's already 4:30. Where did the day go? Why is it that, when you get older, the time goes faster. It's not like it's necessarily the fact that you're doing more than when you were younger, so the ""time flies when you're having fun"" does not necessarily pertain. Well, I guess it could. I don't know. All I know is that even when I'm not doing much, the days go by faster. That kind of scares me in a way. I have so much I want to do with my life, and what if one day I wake up and realize I haven't done a thing. I mean, what if I went to the doctor today, and they told me I only had 3 weeks to live? Then, what would I do. I wouldn't have the time or energy to do everything that I've always dreamed of. I wouldn't meet the man I am destined to meet and fall madly in love with. Three weeks isn't even enough to get to know someone really well. That's awful when people find out something like that. I couldn't even imagine what my reaction would be. I still remember when my uncle supposedly only had 3 months to live, and he lived 2 years before he died. But, can you imagine how painful and nerve racking that would be, not knowing if you were going to wake up the next morning? I remember the last time he went to the doctor's. He sat in his office, waiting for the results to tell him approximately how much longer he had. First of all, how can any one approximate someone's life? But, he sat there and listened while the doctor told him he might live another 6 months to a year. He just shook his head, and said ""no. That's not going to happen. "" He said his good-byes to all the staff at the hospital, went home, fell asleep, and never woke up again. ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_813876.txt,"I don't have to follow any rules except for the ones that I create for myself. As the days have gone by I have slowly but surely felt that I am alone. Not being without my family has created feelings of sadness inside. I know that all of this is just part of life and a certain period of adjustment that everyone in life must go through. I have done some crying and soul searching alone in my dorm room. I am expecting that my time in college will put me to the test and show me my weaknesses and strengths. I have been forced to come to terms with the fact that I am now the only one responsible for my well-being, time management, and academic matters. I must now assume total responsibility for myself. However I know that my family is always here for me as far as moral support is concerned and when I am in need of more money! rrHaHa! I am really feeling excited about being in Austin because I am closer to my sister in San Antonio and there is a wide variety of people here to interact with. I love to walk down the streets and see everyone, what they are wearing, how they are acting, and all around just what is going on. I consider myself to be someone who is open to people and their different lifestyles. Harlingen, the town that I am from, has the population at UT and it is a rather conservative place. If some of the people in Austin were to go down to Harlingen and walk the streets, they would get stares and be talked about. I love the fact that in Austin all things go. Going to class was somewhat of a nervous experience for me because I did not know what to expect. I found out that it was somewhat like the high school class experience, except for the fact that there were now hundreds of people in my classes. Also, I don't have to go to class if I don't want to. Although I could not see that as a possibility because I feel if I do that, then I will fall behind and lose valuable information. I feel really stressed because things have seemed to be going wrong for me since I got here. I have been misplacing things, tearing apart my room looking for them and then finding them right under my nose. I guess it is because I feel overwhelmed about being here at school. I just need to relax and enjoy this ride. I find it frustrating that parents and other relatives always give me the bad side of college, like, don't walk by yourself at night because you might get raped, don't spend too much money, don't do this and don't do that. Not that that is not valuable and understood but it's all negative. I like it when people are positive with me and say oh it's going to be great, you are going to have so much fun at college, you will learn so many things. My sister and her fianc� came to see me one day and my future brother-in-law made college seem like the best thing in the entire world. He is now a civil engineer and all he could say was that he wished he could come back to college because he enjoyed it so much. He really gave my roommate and me a better and more comfortable sense of being in college, instead of the Oh my gosh, I'm so scared of college and I know I'm going to end up killing myself view that is usually portray by others. Overall I am a mass of mixed emotions and look forward to anything and everything that I will experience here at the University of Texas at Austin. ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_814157.txt,"At my high school I graduated with a class of 23, and most of my classes were comprised of 5 to 10 students. Sitting in an auditorium with over 400 other students is hard to get used to. I try to sit close up to the front of the class so I don't see all of the hundreds of students behind me; I think it helps. All in all, I think I am going to enjoy ""college life"". However, all of this studying is going to take some getting used to. I don't think I have read so much of textbooks my whole life. Also, I find the e-mail thing a little confusing. I didn't have e-mail at my school, and I wasn't online at my home computer so I am not up to date on all the terminology. I know I shouldn't be, but I am kind of ashamed to ask for help just to send an e-mail message. I am under the impression that most people who come into these libraries know just what to do, even though I am sure some people are even more in the dark about the whole online thing than I am. ( I hope! ) Lately, I find computers really frusterating. I am trying to get into the pretesting page for Psych. class, and this computer keeps telling me that the user is down. I have already completed part of the Pretesting survey, and I clicked done after each section so I hope it saved my work. Every day after my classes, I feel like I have a million things to do before the next morning, and sometimes I realize I get too stressed out over nothing. I'm learning to slow down and take everything one step at a time, instead of trying to do everything at once. I have also learned that if I write things down I will remember to do them, and I won't get stressed out worrying if I have forgotten to do a certain assignment. Although I was a little worried after the first day of classes, I don't think college will be so bad as long as I keep up with my homework like I plan and don't procrastinate like I became so accustomed to in high school. I like it that my classes are somewhat spreadout as far as class times go. This gives me time to experiment with the computer, and try to get some homework done. I hope after my next class, the city has the water fixed at my apartment. Last night really sucked because a water main broke and we were left without water, they cut off the water without even telling us. My roommates and I had to drive to Taco Bell last night just so we could use the bathroom and brush our teeth before bed. And for this morning we had to use our bottled water to brush our teeth. I never thought about how helpful water is until we didn't have any. ",y,y,y,y,n

1998\_815480.txt,"I'm planning a trip to South Padre, and I don't exactly have any real place to stay(besides the car). I guess I always feel a little more nervous about the state of my affairs before I do any physical activity during the day. I think that the endorphins make a big change in my thoughts and state of being. I enjoy physical activity to for the competitive aspect. Recently, I've come to enjoy more extreme sports such as mountain biking, street hockey, and surfing. These sports seem to add an aspect of danger which makes the adrenaline run even faster. It reminds of the Goo Goo Dolls song ""Iris"" where the singer writes about ""bleeding just to know your alive. "" The mixture of hard physical workout and a sense of danger accompanied with adrenaline add color to life where it wasn't there before and give a sense of perspective to other areas of life. I can't help but wonder if this passage is being influenced by the music I'm listening to on the CD player. I think that it's probably still an accurate representation because I don't know if music can do anything but influence or bring out different parts of yourself. Speaking of music I'm going to play guitar as much as I possibly can now because I've beaten the video game Goldeneye. I'd also like to start writing more. I haven't written in awhile and it's something that I've been missing. The opportunity to be reflective and listen to yourself is a wonderful thing which I haven't been taking advantage of lately. I'd like to publish a book eventually with the sum of a lot of my writing. It would be like a journal of varied types of entries which would open a gateway into the inner recesses of my mind, a window into the core of my being. There are many different enjoyable aspects to writing. In addition to the chance to look at yourself and life, the ability to meld your thoughts into words in the most eloquent way possible is a fabulous thrill. Speaking of acts of creation, I would also like to take more pictures with my new camera. I'm trying to expand my self as a visual artist through photography. I hope to capture a little of the essence of my experiences through the lens of the camera. I took some really good pictures on my last two rolls. The best picture appears to be the result of serendipity. I took a picture at Mesa Verde of some of the Indian ruins, and out of the shadows of the rocks, a giant face appears. It's an incredible picture. It's a better picture than I thought I'd ever take. I hope I have the gift of capturing beauty on film. It would be a neat talent to have. ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_816501.txt,"I am still adjusting to not being at home in Houston. I still do call Houston home and will for quite a will I am guessing. I am really glad to be at UT and aall but its a little scary. I know the classes will be very hard and that scares me a little. But so far, my classes have all been verry interesting. This summer I took a few classes at Tomball and I could barely stay awake. That is how much they interested me. Here it is different. I am not even the slightest bit bored during my classes. They definitely hold my interest. Philosphy and psychology are the most interesting to me. they overlap quite a bit. I cannot wait to go home this weekend. I miss my family, my animals, my friends, and my boyfriend soo much. I have used up four hours of calling cards already just keeping in touch. It was really hard form me to leave ecerybody back home. My parents are all alone now in a five bedroom house with no children to look after. Both my sister and I are in college already. She is a senior here at UT. I am really glad that we are going to the same school now because we never have before. But right now we are in a little tift. She came over to my dorm room the other day and waas really making me mad. She always says what I should do, what I need to do , what I should have done, and so on. We let our emotions get the best of us sometimes. I told her that she is not welcome back in my dorm room ever again. I really shouldn't have said that and I don't mean it. In fact, I really would like to see her again pretty soon. I called her yesterday ( it had been about three days since the fight) and we talked for about a total of fifteen seconds, but we did not fight at all, so I guess there's a little progress there. She only does what she does to look out for my best interest, so I should not take it so personally when she tells me that I am doing something wrong. I really don't want to miss the first football game this weekind on Saturday, but I guess I will so I can have a long weekend back at home. It will be worth it I think. There will be plenty more games to come in the future. I have to go to biology in 45 minutes. That class seems ok so far, but I know that I will struggle in there. I am really not a science person int that sense. I did alright in high school chemistry and all but that's a little different I'm sure. I hope I do alright in there. I know that computers are helpful and all, but they intimidate me a little. Everything is on the internet here. I am not used to being so dependant on computers. I do not even have a computer in my room, but hopefully I will get one soon. ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_816714.txt,"Here goes. Do you mind if I write a story. I'm a lot better a stories than I am about talking about my real life. The stories are more exciting, anyway. Did you note that I used a space in between a and lot? A Day For Something Once upon a time, a long, long, long time ago or something rather to that effect, (not affect), people lived in gray boxes. These boxes were called people boxes, because there were people inside them. But all of a sudden, people starting thinking that there might BE something outside of those tiny, cramped, dirty boxes they were inside of. So they came out and looked around. But they were wrong. There was just a lot more of the same around them. Yea. Happy, nice, story. I think it means something about ""Man's Glorious Ascension Through Time"" or something to that effect. Here's another one. I'm pretty good at stories, but not much else. At least you'll have fun reading these, but if you don't, I'm still pretty sure the dumping sites aren't completely filled up yet. The Wonderful Talking Box of Harvey Glumgill Sorry. The title is wrong. But it sounds better than nothing, right? Here we go. This story isn't about much at all. It's about some crazy people who believed some retarded things and ended up being dictators of small, third world nations. -""We are sorry to inform you that the last paragraph was written by somebody who has just been sacked. However, to continue the mindless assignment, it will be continued and stuff. "" Okay, okay, imagine this. A giant, 300 foot tall monster with 78 right arms, 65 left arms, 13 heads, and 49 legs is running about town and devouring people. This monster's name is Blowout Bob. Alright. Story. There was a time when everybody knew everybody else and everything was cool because everybody knew everybody and nobody knew anything. Got it? Now some people learned things, others didn't, and others simply got to know everybody better. No. Wait. Oh, man, now I have to start over. I bet you're tired of reading gibberish like this. ""Hey, Marv. "" ""What?"" ""I just said, 'Hey, Marv. ' You weren't supposed to answer or anything. "" ""Oh, okay. "" ""Oh, uh, Marv. "" ""Marv!"" ""What?!"" ""You were supposed to answer that time. "" ""Was I?"" ""Yep. It's in THE RULES. "" ""What are 'THE RULES'?"" ""It's just, you know, THE RULES. "" ""Where did that spooky noise come from?"" rrAw, screw this. I'm out of time, anyway. (Grammatical errors in this piece of work: anyway anyway ) fin Go home. Stop reading this. If you keep reading this, it won't tell you anything. ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_817832.txt,"for some reason I just don't find a hairy chest on a guy that asthetically pleasing, but if I shave will it grow back much thicker, there is only one way to find, I used to shave my legs in high school for sports and I don't have thick black hair now. I know this much if I were to shave my chest I would use the new mach three from gillette. for some reason , I have such an infatuation with this new razor over the past week since I bought it. I usually get razor burn no matter what I do before or after I shve, but with mach 3 I put it to the test and I didn't even get a scratch. I read something that said it was designed to make you want to get up at two in the morning and shave, I wouldn't take it that far but it is definatly a great razor, my frien just read his list of goals for the futrure to me as I was writting this, and one of them was to travel and see dave for a year, dave mathews, I couldn't agree more. what is it about his music that is so unbelievable, sometimes his lyrics don't make sense, but the whole band is so musically inclined and can just jam and do things at the drop of a hat that most other bands can't do, they just know each other so well. I looked at the clock and it hasn't been 10 minutes yet, come to think about I don't really sit around with a lot of things on my mind, I am in a house with five guys so usually there is someone to talk to someone to talk to some one to talk to some one to talk to , no one to talk to right now and even if there was I couldn't because I can't type and talk at the same time I would type what I was talking or talk what I was writing, whatever, how can drummers carry on so many different beats at the smae time, somethimes two with their feet and two with their hands while singinglyrics, amazing, I play a little guitar , but when I try to strum and sing I get thrown off, not comfortable enough with the guitar yet though, I probably never will be though, I just got interupted and my train of thought was ruined but I guess it isn't important, I think that assigments like this are interesting. not so much for the researcher but for the person writing. like me, I never really thought about what I think about. This is forcing me to do that. I am scared that the weather will never get back to normal- why wont it be cold where it is supposed to be cold? I have a friend in Chile and he says that it did not snow there at all this winter, what is that? Another thing that worries me is anal people? Didn't Freud study those kind of people. One of the guys I live with is so anal that it hurts me to watch him worry about all of his stuff. He asked me today if I knew what happened to two of his hot dog buns and he asked me the other day if I knew if someone drank any of his milk because he noticed that someone had moved it. I don't know what is more sad about that. that he noticed or that he cared. I think that we should bring him in and study him for our class. What can we do with this kind of illness kind of thing- you know what I mean. That may have to be an entire unique number of its own- ""upper division standing required"" if you know what I mean. I am collecting loose change, it sits in a clear glass jar next to my monitor- I would guess that I have about 10 dollars in right now- you can't have a dime. ",y,n,n,n,y

1998\_821722.txt,"I'm busier than a one legged man in a butt-kicking' contest! I heard some statistic about how much college kids watch TV and I can honestly say that the only TV I've watched since I've been here is the football game because I haven't had enough time. I have a job, I'm in air force ROTC, I'm in a fraternity, and I'm on a couple intramural football teams. I have all of this to do after studying and doing homework. I don't think that I feel really stressed about anything, of course no grades have come out yet, but physically its very demanding. One day in ROTC I threw up 4 times as a result of probably being out of shape, but for the next week I just felt sick to my stomach. Some of that might have something to do with the food in jester being the greasiest, most repetitive food I've ever eaten. Also, I've lost 10 pounds since I've been here which disturbs me cause I used to work out every day and it sucks now that I can't. Another subject that is scaring me is money. My parents pay for college, but I didn't realize how much id already be spending. My dad always told me to limit myself to a monthly budget, but of course I didn't listen to his advice and now I might be paying for it. literally. My class load isn't that bad except for calculus. This damn class is kicking my ass. first of all, my professor doesn't speak English very well, but sometimes that doesn't even matter because in a class of 150 students he refuses to wear a microphone or even speak up so that anyone beyond the first three rows can hear him. And when we can hear him he speaks in some sort of math language so that when I take notes I'm sure that when I look at them later I will of thought that they were notes from some ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics class or something. So classes are going well!, now socially I have been having lots of fun. I've been lucky enough to meet a lot of girls but not smart enough to not date so many. I'm pretty sure I have a problem of leading girls on. For example there is this one girl who I've been hanging out with who I think ones to get a little more serious with me. Now I'm just a freshman and I don't want to get serious with anyone yet! But if I try to conspicuously avoid her (I still call and am nice to her, I just don't go to her house or anything) she, like most girls, pick up on that almost instantaneously, then she tries to make me feel guilty for say not coming to see her or something. Along with that there are some other girls who I've been talking to or seeing at parties. I guess you could say that I've been casually dating around, but next week there is this huge party and I'm really looking forward to it, but not to the awkward feeling of seeing all of these girls together at the same time because I'm sure all of them are going to be there. oh well!! I still love college. ",y,n,y,n,n

1998\_825931.txt,"I often wonder why I put so much effort into such trivial things such as looks because that can only do so far. I'm not happy with myself a lot and I run from my problems and it seems co dependence is necessity for me. college has been a wake up call and a sobering realization of how small we are. nelson mandella wrote in a speech something along the lines of ""we as humans are not afraid that we can't shine but we are afraid the of the things that we can do. any I feel like the catcher in the rye writing like this . it's so random my girl sent me a tape of songs to remember her by and they are supposed to sooth but instead they keep me up because I have such vivid memories of her. I worry about not being successful and being surpassed by my friends and that they will forget about me. I moved to Texas in the middle of the summer and I was so depressed and I would look at myself and I hated the state of mind I was in and the negativity I was supporting and it was a ridiculous waste of time. I vow to make the place I'm at the best place. I bitch about so many things that are so trivial. there was an airplane crash the other day and everyone died . I can't help but think about how bad it is for those families and friends and here I was missing mine but they are certainly not dead. the people who have been directly affected by it are immersed in some tough times, and for me life is good. it's crazy how things work like that. I tried keeping a journal ,but I can't keep up with it very well so far, I can't wait to play lacrosse ,it has become such a big part of my life. every morning I wake always wishing I could sleep , but at night I always stay up, I wonder if a good philosophy to live life by is to say live everyday like the next day you going to get hit by a bus. it interests me to talk to my parents and older adults to ask what they would have done differently if they could go back because it makes you realize how fast life goes by. my dad was so smart and I feel so much pressure to live up to him but he would kill me if he knew some of the things I've done, sometimes I feel ashamed but on the other end it is learning from mistakes. well this was interesting , I can't wait till the weekend, till christmas and till Tuesday when lacrosse starts. ",y,y,y,n,y

1998\_830292.txt,"I've been here for about three weeks now and its starting to feel a little more like home. I was really scared when I first left, and I questioned myself if I was really ready for this big of a step. Once I got here there was no turning back. I would feel like a failure if I had worked my way to this point and then chickened out. Being away taught me a little about love too. I always knew I loved my parents but that was mainly because it was pretty much understood. Now that we are separated I know how much they really mean to me. It almost feels like I have lost them and I am thinking about all those things I wish I had said then. I guess that is a good aspect about college because it teaches you to appreciate the things you don't have anymore. Overall I really like it here. I like being responsible for myself and it almost feels like Austin is my home and not my family's. They will have to come to my city to visit me. I really miss my girlfriend Mandi. She is at A&M but she hates it there. She came to visit me here and fell in love with Austin. she is now planning to transfer here as soon as possible. That makes the future look very bright to me. She was the one person who was always there for me in the past year. I really think she is my guardian angel. She came into my life at a point where I was about to be headed downhill. I helped her in a lot of ways too. I am glad that she doesn't like it at A&M but I would rather her be happy than anything. She has called me countless times this semester balling. It frustrates me because there is nothing I can do for her. I just can't wait until we are back together here in Austin. That will be paradise. I can see myself living here for the rest of my life. It has a little bit of everything. If you want beauty, head for the hills, if you want history, head for the Capitol, and Guadalupe is Texas' little piece of California. I am going back home to Tyler in two weeks. I don't think the town will seem the same. It already seems like the place that I spent my childhood but could never go back to and live. I guess it seems that way because I already know I am staying here for the summers in order to take some summer classes. My parents treat me like an adult now. I had one of the best conversations yet with my dad the first week of school when I was having a hard time. He really treated me like a man and that meant a lot to me. When I go back I plan to really show more respect than I used to. I'm starting to realize that my parents are not going to be around forever. I want to make them proud. ",n,y,n,y,y

1998\_831618.txt,"The incredible sense of freedom I feel is probably what I feel the most. I walk around looking at all the other students and I feel like all these people are the future of my children. College is one step up in my step ladder of life and I think it is overwhelming for all freshman. Right now I have this great motivation that I am hoping will last through the rest of the semester and hopefully the year. I'm glad to be away from home. I thought college (my classes in particular) would be horrible. My past professors in high school had warned my that I would HAVE to take calculus and most of my professors would be foreigners whose accents I wouldn't be able to understand. They warned me that I would be lucky to be able to understand their handwriting as well. Well things turned out totally different. My major is advertising which means I only need 3 hours of math, which I placed out of by taking the SAT II. So I don't have to try and solve a calculus problem ever again. I also don't have any foreign professors this semester either. Everyone's handwriting is quite legible and clear. I enjoy all my classes. Every teacher makes me laugh. I'm wondering if I'm just lucky or is college not as bad as everyone makes it sound. I love the technology that teachers use today. I love that if I miss a class, which I haven't yet, I can just hook up to the web and get my class notes for the day. The internet is clearly a life saver. I feel sorry for all the past college graduates who didn't get to benefit from the internet. Right now I am appreciating the fact that I can type without looking at the keyboard because I notice some people around me having some trouble. I've met a very diverse crowd of people within the past week and a half that I have been here in Austin. It's very exciting to know there are so many people around you that are from various ethnic origins. One thing that I'll definitely have to get used to is how I don't recognize anyone when I walk from class to class. In high school everyone knows everyone and at UT it is quite different. My older sister is a psychology major from Incarnate Word University in San Antonio. I'm eager to tell her all about my psychology class and what I learn. I've already read about her major and know a little bit more about it after reading it in our textbook. I'm looking forward to the rest of the semester and to more assignments which don't require a handwritten rough draft. ",y,n,n,y,n

1998\_831684.txt,"now the computer is making noise. I wonder why it does that. I have always wondered what makes the computer make that noise. it sounds like it is computing data or something. like it is processing stuff. I guess that is what it is doing but I am not really that for sure. there it goes again. it always does that. oh well. who knows. my name is Quentin and I am in psychology 301 with Pennebaker. so far I have enjoyed his lectures more than any other teacher. I am not for sure if it is because I find psychology interesting thus far or if he is just good and / or interesting in his way of presenting the material. Either way I enjoy going to psy. more than any other. somebody just made a loud noise from the kitchen. now they are getting ice out of the freezer. water sounds good. I am starving too. I wonder what we are having at the Phi Gam house for lunch today. it better be good. I am starving. I have had a bad headache all day too. I hope it goes away soon. it is probably just because I haven't eaten lunch yet. I t will probably go away when i8 eat. it usually does. tonight I have a lot of homework to do. Chemistry is keeping me very busy. I had no idea that Chem204 was going to have so much busy work involved. my muscles are sore today. I wonder if I will play catch with Scott again today. it will probably be good for me if I do. it has been fun getting outside and doing stuff. the rain might keep us from doing it though. it has been raining just about everyday. I wonder when it will stop. it is supposed to be raining so much because of that storm down on the coast or whatever. I wonder of pres. Clinton is going to get impeached. that would be pretty crappy if he did, not that he doesn't deserve it. he should not have gotten with Monica Lewinsky like he did. that was really stupid of him. I can't think of a dumber thing that he could of done. I bet Hillary is pissed. that has got to be embarrassing. the cowboys looked good yesterday from what I saw. that sucked that I had to do some homework during it and couldn't just enjoy the game. I wonder how long Aikman will be at he is supposed to be out for 4 to 8 weeks. I think that they will still do good without him though. it sucks that he is gone though, he is awesome. I never knew he went to UCLA until this weekend when they said it during the Horns v. UCLA game. I wish we would have won that game, but I really didn't expect us to. we played awesome in the second half. I hope that is caries over to the Kansas St. Game. if we would win that game it would be so large. I wonder if we are still going to be in the top 25 pole after this weekend. I hope so. we did look crappy during the first half of the game though. it will probably boot us out. Ricky did good, he better win the heisman. he is good enough to that is for sure. I wonder if all of my friends had fun in Cali. while they were there for the game. I hope I get to go to Cali. for some reason in the near future. I have never gotten to go there before. I think I get to go this summer with Jenny and her family if they still go. that would be fun. Mom and Dad head for England in about 2 weeks or less. they are going to have a blast. I wish I could go, but is have to stay for school. ugh. that sucks. oh well, I want to go on a cruise sometime too. I think that would be the most fun. I can't even imagine how nice those big ships must be. I have seen pictures but that is all. I hope I can go on one of those one day. maybe for my honeymoon. who knows. ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_834298.txt,"I guess it's just freshman blues, but it seems to me that everyone here knows their way around and feels comfortable. I miss my family and home a lot. my courses seem pretty easy except my psychology course. I didn't realize how much I had forgotten of the precalculus I took in high school. I miss my high school crush. He comes here but I haven't seen him. Oh, well. I can't wait for this week to be over. I get to go home this next weekend. I was extremely bored here in the dorm over this past weekend. there was absolutely nothing to do. I don't know what else to write about but the assignment said not to stop so I guess I won't. I just realized something about myself, I can't let myself misspell a word even though the assignment said not to worry about errors. I am getting slightly annoyed by some of the people in my hall. They are very loud and I haven't slept well the past few nights because of them. I really hope they don't get loud tonight. I really need a good night's rest. My chemistry teacher is so funny. Not because she has a great sense of humor because if she does I wouldn't know but because she has this thick French accent. it's just refreshing to hear someone that sounds a little different than everyone I know. Speaking of which, it is extremely difficult to meet people here. Sure everyone seems friendly but there are some very rude people as well. I guess I'm just too shy for my own good. I don't suppose I'll ever grow out of it. I didn't use to be this shy. I don't know what happened. I wish I could graduate from this place already. Granted, I've only been here a week and a couple of days, but I was recently reminded how much I hate school. I think I've figured out a way to graduate in three years with my ever so special degree. I hope I make a lot of money when I graduate so I can rub it in my brother's face. He graduated from college about two years ago and he thinks that because he's making thirty thousand dollars per year that he's rich. well I will hopefully be making about forty five to fifty thousand dollars per year starting out so maybe that will make him hush up. I'm still not sure if I want to continue to pursue this particular degree or attempt medical school. I did a bunch of research this summer and discovered that almost two thirds of all those who apply to medical school get turned down. I would hate to come to the end of my four years here and not be able to continue with my plans. I would cry non stop if I didn't get in because then I would have to go and find a job and wait for an entire year before reapplying to a school. It would be sheer agony and I don't know if I could take it . Plus I think it would disappoint my parents and it would just give my brother one more thing to throw in my face. Well it's just about been twenty minutes so I think I'll go back to my exciting life of doing homework non stop and feuding with my dorm neighbors. ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_835664.txt,"Every class seems like it has so much extra work, I feel like I will never have any free time. Other than the work though, I love college compared to high school. I love the freedom I have and even the new responsibilities. Right now everything is still fun, I'm sure though that I will get sick of cooking, cleaning,ironing, and doing everything else by myself pretty soon. I already miss my parents a little and my little sister very much. I can't wait to see her. I feel really bad though, because I promised her that I would come home and see her in two weeks, but I don't think I am going to be able to see her for another week. My mom said she was so excited that I was coming home. She just started second grade and I wish I could have been there to see her. It really sucks that I have to leave her, I feel like we may not be as close anymore if I don't see her as much. She used to beg me every night to sleep in my bed with me and at the time it was kind of a pain, but I really miss it now. I also really miss my boyfriend who is also back in Dallas. He came down last weekend, but I don't think I'll get to see him for another week either. He is really taking me going off to college really good. I figured he would be mad at me all the time for hanging out with other guys and stuff, but he has been really cool about it. At first he got really jealous, but we talked about it and now he is completly understanding. I really hope we make it through the year and mabey he can move down here next year! That would be perfect. Ilive with my best friend so at least I have her here. I think it would be really hard to go to such a big place like UT and not know anybody. people do it all the time ,but I think that I would get really depressed if now one I knew and trusted was down here. I really love it down here. Austin is a really awesome town, it has everything! It is really different from Midlothian, which is where I come from. It is a small town 30 miles south of Dallas. We only have about two stop lights and mabey three fast food places. I think its really great though that I am getting the chance to live in a really small town and a reall big town too. ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_836815.txt,"K. , now I'm writing, but I'm actually kind of confused about what to do. I never really had an assignment such as this one. I feel no pressure since its for a completion grade, so I guess I feel some what good right now. I feel excited about school because I finally finished my schedule and its not going to be so bad after all. I guess my hopes are kind of high right now. I was also excited about your class since I nearly did not get in. At first, the class was closed and so I gave up until I peaked on my roommates computer to see that there was an opening in your class, but it closed again right after I added your class. I also feel kind of stressed because I'm looking for a job at the moment to pay all of my bills and my rent this year. On top of all of this I am now taking more hours this semester than I have ever had, so I guess I have my work cut out for me this year. I am also anxious about finishing this assignment now, I feel compelled to look at the clock and check to see if I have now surpass the 20 minute mark or not. Nope, still got quite a bite of time left. So, lets see what else I feel. I also feel somewhat lonely because I had to leave my family and friends at home. Even though I have two roommates, they are kind of kept at a distance. My goal this year is to try to succeed at a job, if hired, get a 4. 0, not party as much, and meet more people. I like meeting people, they are all so different and its funny to see likenesses in some. I found that you can also find people that remind you of others you used to know and you automatically share the same felling of like or dislike for that person because of the reminder. Confusion and hopefulness is what fills most of me at this point. So, I hope that's ok. Part of the confusion I feel is because of this class. I went to the pre-testing section to fill out the form to receive the free hour but the connection was bad or something like that, so now I had to finish assignment one now and do the test afterward if I'm allowed by the computer. Ah, my time is almost up and I'm feeling that sense of accomplishment. Alright now signing off, feeling good, tonytone. ",y,n,n,y,n

1998\_845446.txt,"Everyone likes to party, but at parties, the girls are very stingy and very hard to approach. Even though I am polite and nice. I consider myself and average looking guy, not ugly. So I don't see what the problem is. So far, the first 2 1/2 weeks of school, I have not yet to meet a nice girl. I don't know what's wrong. It is sort of making me depressed. During orientation it wasn't that hard for me to meet girls. So far, I still hang around my friends that I had during high school. I want to meet new people as well as keep my old friends. I hope the meetings at FSA and VSA will aide me in meeting new people. The parties here are pretty cool though. I just wish they played different music. My neighbors seem pretty nice but they're total dorks. The girls on my floor are also hard to approach. I don't know if it's me. Maybe I'm thinking too much. The time I spend here seems to go by so fast. I get homesick quite often. I want to go back to Houston. Maybe the homesickness will go away as time pasts by. I haven't been spending quite as much money as I planned to spend. so far I have spent probably around 30 bucks a week. which is average I guess. My classes so far has been good. I just hate oversleeping. Right now all of my thoughts seem to be about college. College is sort of a different experience for me, but its gradually absorbing into me. ",y,n,n,y,y

1998\_847657.txt,"It feels like more time has passed and that my life has been turned upside down. Not too badly upside down, but it is definitely different. I had friends come home this weekend and I loved seeing them, but I also realized that college is different for all of us. I noticed changes in my friends that didn't affect our friendships but nonetheless were there. I loved having friends home, knowing I had people to go out with and overall just having a blast. But- it just reinforced the distance between us once they left. I love college and all the new people I've met- I just haven't had the time yet to make the kind of friends I had in high school. I understand this, but it's frustrating to go from always having 10 people to call and talk to down to maybe 4 or 5. I met some people at the Longhorn game on Saturday and it was awesome! I just hope that that will keep occurring and soon enough I will have those close friendships with people in college. My friends and I also talked for quite a while last night about one of our friends who went to West Point. I've realized that I miss him but at the same time have mixed feelings about that sense of loss. In so many ways I wish he were here but I know that wouldn't be right. It doesn't make it any easier, just a little bit more complicated. I'm also trying to get over my frustration of living at home this year. I feel like out of 50,000 students, I am the only one staying at home with my parents. In so many ways it's not too bad, but when I go out with friends and they can do whatever, come home whenever and so on it makes me realize how much freedom I'm missing out on. A lot of it is that I am sad that I don't have the advantage of meeting people in a dorm and making new friends that way. It's also hard because so many of the people I am friends with are all living on campus and so it's a lot easier for them to get together than it is for me to get together with them. Anytime I have to come up to campus it's at least 20 minutes and a hard time finding a parking place. It just sucks because that's really the only thing I don't like about my college experience so far. It always makes me laugh when they talk about the freedom from your parents that college brings because I don't have that. This is an awful long time to write. I don't really know what else I have floating around in my head and I still have 10 minutes. School work is starting to kind of scare me. It's like oh I have a test in 3 weeks so I don't need to worry about it now and then I know that all of a sudden 3 weeks are going to have passed and I'm not going to be prepared. I love not going to all of my classes everyday. It makes it seem less difficult. The one thing that really sucks about my schedule is the fact that I have these huge breaks between classes. On Wednesdays and Mondays I have 3 hours between classes and 1. 5 between 2 others. The worst part is that I don't know what to do with the time and I can't go to my dorm because I don't have one. I'm starting to hope that the next writing assignment isn't to explain your feelings about college because that's what I've done in this one so I might be stuck at the computer for awhile next time. I'm listening to the Titanic soundtrack right now. I've been listening to it a lot lately. I think it's because it's pretty relaxing and it calms me down. The music is beautiful and it makes me think of the movie. I went to see Titanic twice. The first time the movie cut off in the last part of the movie. It totally ruined the effect and it really sucked because they turned all the lights on and well, you can just imagine. 5 more minutes. I'm really glad that I didn't have to work today. I feel sorry for the people who did have to go up to work on our first school holiday. I work up at the recreation center on campus and I love it. The people there are really cool and now there are some people who are my age. This summer when I worked there, there was no one under the age of 21 except for me. It made it kind of weird because they were all in a stage of life that I had no idea about and won't for at least another 3 years. One of my friends from high school works there and I like having her there. I hate the fact that we don't work together, but hey that's the way life goes. I wish I had more hours simply because that would be something for me to do with my down time on campus. Two more minutes. I never realized how long 20 minutes could be. I've found email to be quite handy with friends because I can email my side of a conversation in about 5 minutes instead of having to go through the pain of writing a letter, putting it into the mail and sending it. I have no mailbox so it makes it even more difficult to mail a letter because I have to go all the way to the post office. Whoever thought of neighborhood community mailboxes with no drop box for outgoing mail needs to be laid off of his or her job. Well looks like my time here is done. I guess I have one more to do but not until tomorrow. ",y,y,n,y,n

1998\_850068.txt,"I try to overcome all the pessimistic thoughts that I or anyone else could possibly have and look at all the bright spots in my life. Today I had a very rough day with my classes. Waking up at seven in the morning for a class at eight and not finishing class till five is not my idea of fun. I do feel very exhausted, but I know things could be worse. There are so many people around me who are going through much more than I am and I'm grateful that I'm fortunate enough to have what I have and be where I am right now. Sure, I may be exhausted right now but I feel better than ever because I know that life is full of fun and I can't look away from the optimistic side of life for one second. Doing that would lead me to miss all the fun life has in store for me. So I feel very excited now, although very very tired, because I know that I have my whole life in front of me to look forward to. I try to keep my thoughts and feelings on the up side no matter how bad times are because it is not good to think negatively when you are in a good mood, let alone in a very bad mood. Thus I feel great just as usual!! ",y,y,n,n,y

1998\_853141.txt,"THE FUNNY THING IS HE DOESN'T SEEM VERY WORRIED ABOUT IT. I HAVE A CALCULUS TEST THURSDAY AND I'M REALLY SCARED! IT is MY FIRST TEST AND ITS MY HARDEST CLASS. I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON IN THERE. THIS FRUSTRATES ME BECAUSE USUALLY I'M VERY GOOD AT MATH. I'M HOPEFULLY GOING TO GET TUTORED BEFORE THE TEST. WALKING AROUND CAMPUS IS VERY DIFFERENT TO ME . THERE IS ALL THESE PEOPLE SWARMING AROUND EVERYWHERE ,EACH ONE EXTREMELY DIFFERENT FROM THE NEXT. IT SCARES ME BECAUSE I FEEL AS THOUGH I DON'T BELONG ANYWHERE. IN HIGH SCHOOL IT WAS VERY EASY TO BE NOTICED BECAUSE THE SCHOOL ONLY HAD ABOUT 5,000 PEOPLE IN IT. I WAS INVOLVED IN MANY DIFFERENT ORGANIZATIONS HAD LOTS OF FRIENDS, BUT I AM THE ONLY ONE OUT OF MY GROUP OF FRIENDS TO BE HERE. IT STILL SEEMS VERY WEIRD TO ME. I FEEL LIKE I HAVE ALL THIS PRESSURE TO SUCCEED HERE FROM MY PARENTS. ITS LIKE 'DON'T SCREW UP' IS CONSTANTLY GOING THROUGH MY HEAD. MY PARENTS SEEM TO BE WAITING FOR ME TO SCREW UP IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER . WELL, GOT TO GO DO MORE ASSIGNMENTS. ------ ",y,y,n,n,n

1998\_853629.txt,"Entering a big campus with so many different people, how interesting. This will be kind of a new experience, meeting other students just as smart or even smarter. I can bring ideas to this school and to others as well as the school and students to me. Hopefully, I do well, or excel beyond my potential where I can feel proud and to just prove my abilities to myself. Things now are a little different, where I live, what I eat, who I meet. But it seems that everybody has to deal with the same things or hurdles in that everybody are fighting, scratching, or just competing to be the best or is everybody just content to making to college? Due to their being content, the race for those competing will be easier for them, but are we in a rat race to achieve greatness? There are also other things in life other thatn to prove that one person is somehow better academically because of a test made by some professor and to the subjects covered by what the professor says, there's to find leisure time when not having to study. School can be easily sluffed off, but students are paying for classes in which makes a person certified to do a job in which that person studied. Money don't grow on trees; people gots to earn it, to feel good about oneself. But it's also the little things that can a person feel good like just getting together with friends and talking, to eat something that's very tasteful, to just observe how folks interact with certain situations and how watching or observing these things can help me without me having to go through, but somethimes some things have to experienced by oneself to fully understand. Things aren't what they always seem just by loooking. College has too much to offer, where everything arent' feasible to understand, and just let things be. ",n,n,y,n,n

1998\_853723.txt,"Its like you're nothing but your social security number. I don't mind not getting the attention like I'm use to but I do miss the comfort zone. Highschool was just so easy. College is just time consuming, especially pledging my frat. I don't understand why people complain about hazing, I haven't been hurt in any way. The one thing that does kill me is the lack of sleep though. Four hours a night is not going to cut it. And there is no chance to take a nap because I have so much homework. Atleast I'm learning about priorities. I know school must come first and so far I haven't missed a class yet. I want to do good so my father will be proud. I always said I was going to take care of my family when I graduate and now its gametime. I just hope there's no overtime because this first minute of the first quarter is already kicking my butt. Everytime I just take a little step, I remember that I've got something else I still need to do. College sucks, but the girls are gorgeous. So I guess I can bear a little stress to meet these girls. I just picked up the phone and it was another salesman. I need to invent a caller-id that says somethimg better than out of area every time somebody calls. I hate these stupid people trying to sell me the national statesman. I keep getting interrupted during this thing and its driving me crazy. It seems like eveytime you sit down to do something somebody always disturbs you. But when you have nithing to do, everybody stays away. I'm telling you, this psycology class has to be a joke because its impossilbe to understand the human mindset. I can't more than 5 seconds thinking about understanding why I do something without getting frustrated. I just hope everything falls into place. I think UT should only let freshman take 9 hours their begining semester because college life is so hard to adapt to. ",n,n,n,n,n

1998\_856818.txt,"Every time I try to use one, it goes wrong on me. I'm watching a movie right now. I's called seven years in Tibet. I need to learn how to type faster. I used a temp agency once, and they laughed at my typing skills. The movie just ended. I went to the dentist office today. No cavities. I want to sell him knives but I didnt ask him, although I should have. I go tonite to the meeting. I don't know how I feel about do that job. I know I nneed the money. I want to work out. I went yesterday and tried, but I got discouraged for some reason. This music is sootjhing. It's like my music, only a lot less structured. Same concept though. An epiphant of sound. Thecredits are over and the screen is blank. I'll take it back today, a day late. $3 for one extra day. That's where the video places make their money. Video places are a pretty smart business. Not too many becausets, the stock continuously makes money. I ahd to stop the movie. Be kind please rewind. I started racketball today. It's great. Early too so I get a start on the day. I met this guy in my class that I played with. He seemed shy and uncomfortable. I am already typing bettre. If any thing, this exercise will give me a good typing workout. I have eight more minutes. I'm not doing assignment two after thid one, its too boring. I tried to do the goddamn lab hour on the computer, but youyr shit says illegal opperation and kicks me foo of the internet. How the hell am I supposed to do the lab hour when it wont work. I hate computers. I have to do all my math on the damn computer as well. I prefer math on paper, especiallly because the math is extremely hard and the damn computer complicates even a simple lab hour esdercise. I'm not looking at the screen while I'm doing this. Four more minutes. I wonder how much /I've typed. three minutes. I got an eww lok for my locker. Its a key lock so I ty the key to my shooe. My friend in military school made this mushroom for me. A girl said it should be a book stander upper. my gloves are old. two minutes. ill just sit here until they're open. Time. ",n,y,n,n,y

1998\_857433.txt,"I just got out of your class after watching the video and I was disappointed that I couldn't do a personality survey. I really wanted to do one. I like to find out things about myself that I might not have been aware of . yesterday I bought a postcard that had my horoscope sign and a description of the characteristics people of this sign have and I thought, as it usually turns out to be, that this card just about pin pointed a lot of the qualities that I have of course a few things were off the mark for goodness sake we are more complex than a few words that tell everyone born within a certain time span who they are, what they should be like, and what they would be good at. I'm really tired I wish I could fall asleep and not have to worry about any assignments. gosh we have to read for every class every day. I'm also taking sociology so a lot of the stuff in psy are the same, but obviously both sciences don't agree. I wonder how I'm going to keep all the facts straight. my soc teacher is boring cause he teaches straight from the book he makes me sleepy at 3:00 in the afternoon how is that possible? my other classes are cool because teachers teach from the book but insert their own ideas an anecedotes. which I like a lot. I wish I knew how to approach my professors and to just talk to them. I enjoy talking to people but classes this big don't really allow you to. I'm also intimidated by the professors for goodness sake we can no longer say miss or Mr. now its Dr. I am so not used to that. I feel so dumb and in awe by them. maybe that's why I can't figure out a way to approach them. one of my instructors on the first day of class called on me first and I was kind of sleepy and gave a partially correct and that sounded stupid and I heard people giggle. gosh I felt dumb. I still can't forget about it. it's like one of those experiences that everyone else forgets except you and you still think they remember. twenty minutes of writing is a lot of time but I just looked at my watch and I only have 3 minutes to go. I love psy. I love to give advice and find out people's personalities but ironically I'm not trying to pursue a career in that. maybe later I'll change my mind and do it who knows. all I want is to graduate but it's no longer like high school. now I'm not sure if I'm capable of succeeding. I want to succeed but with A's and without having to study so much. high school spoiled me got used to getting by with out studying. but now it's a whole new adventure. ",n,n,y,n,y

1998\_857967.txt,"I know that I have assignments to take care of but I do not want to complete them. I know it is incredibly important for me to perform these tasks. they can make or break my future. yet, I still never seem to be able to motivate myself. it is really frustrating sometimes. But that is were the apathy sets in again and I will not take action. It seems like a cycle that I know at my house. My dad had behavior problems, to put them modestly, I could see how it would pain him, he did want to change, but it was as if he never followed through. I do not blame him, I just see a pattern that is similar to mine. But at least I am working now. I still have German 506 to complete that is were I am most suffering. I need to review, and starting to catch up before I wind up failing. It would b e the realization of possibly my worst nightmare. Me being my only downfall, or rather me causing my own downfall. At some point I have to break this cycle but sometimes I don't think I will. But I must press on. If I don't turn it around, on my own now that I am in college, I am afraid I never will , and all the jokes about the weeding out process catching me will actually materialize. I have to start putting my foot down. Tonight was a good start. I told my suite mate who I am very good friends with that I could not go see a band play with him. instead I opted to stay home and do work. However, only now I am beginning to work on it. That is very disappointing . It seems as if it will be another late night, another example of destructive behavior. I will go home this weekend and perhaps seeing all my old friends and especially my parents will provide both some moments of relaxation and clarity for realizing the importance of my task at hand. It will be very nice to get away. The depravity of this city seems to be catching me. Or rather I am slowing down to let it get me. Waco is a much different society than Austin. I cannot be lure d away. Then again that is a mistake for me to blame this city. Waco has all the same trappings, I just had a strict support system to keep me from falling . Now I can fall and It doesn't look that I will stop. I cannot think like that. But any rate, it will be nice to see the old friends and parents and perhaps be able to better take in my first 3 weeks of college and that way tell what all indeed I need to work ion to improve myself. I just know that this cannot go on or I will star5 to pay some very hefty consequences. My dad always told me before I left for UT that I would be greatly affected t by the people I surround myself with. I can see how this is partly true but I do not think they will control my pattern of thinking or my priorities. I will start breaking from their carelessness now and develop my own work habits. I will be in control of what it is I will do on any given evening instead of bowing to my lethargy and trying to relay on some mythical easy way out to appear. This is the time for me to start caring. I am not sure what else I can talk about. I have run the gamut with those previous thoughts and to talk of them more would just seem to be beating a dead horse. My mind is almost weary from thinking about the subject and I need an escape. Perhaps it is the midnight hour approaching that is getting to me. I don't believe that I have much longer to continue writing on this assignment. Two very large priorities for the even9ihng that I still have to take care of is my German, which I have already stressed the importance of, but also washing clothes because tomorrow I return to work and I need better clothing than what I am wearing, or have been wearing for the past two days. It may seem late, but if I am outrunning that new leaf, I am going to have to start somewhere, and if not now, when. My mind is growing blank and I believe that I should rest before going on to the next assignment so as not to be staring for thoughts on the next topic. ",n,y,y,n,n

1998\_858248.txt,"I have a horrible headache and I don't want to read for my other classes. My mind keeps wandering off into the conversations on the television. My head itches, so I am going to scratch it. I thing I am going to enjoy the business council . I am glad that I got on it I need to be on a organization. I wan to go to Cancun this spring break but my boyfriend wants me to meet his family in Chicago. I really would rather go to the beach. I am listening to the television again, even though it's in the other room, and I hate guys who date strippers and then they tell the girls to get out of it. Hey if you liked her as a stripper before then you need to like her the way she is. I am upset that I am missed the MTV music awards because I love music, if I could anything I wanted to I would quite school and pursue a career in the music business, even though it is so saturated. I just noticed that Victoria's Secret is having a huge sale on pajamas, I could really use some. I am noticing that my mind is shifting every direction. It is difficult to write about nothing and stay on a particular topic. If you gave me something to write about I would be able to concentrate, or maybe I just don't realize that my mind wanders so much. Isn't it like every three seconds. Oh this weekend was so cool I went to a foam party and I had a blast. I was up to my face in foam last night. I have never been to one of those before in my life. I probably would go again too. Because everyone was really mellow and just having a good time. Do Do, I am now singing a song in my head and kind of dancing. I was fascinated at dinner today because my roommate's father was telling all about his experiences with scorpions when her was a boy. I was pretty freaked out the whole way home. I kept feeling like something was crawling all over me. It was weird. I am so bored now, You said to be honest so sorry. I want to go shopping for some new winter clothes that always feels really good, I get so excited when I buy stuff and I look good. Well I need to workout first because I have become a little bit more flabby than I would like to be. My eyes are going blurry maybe I need glasses or else I am really tired. ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_858684.txt,"Actually, I am sitting here in the library, wondering how my next four years are going to be. Am I going to excel like I did in high school? or am I going to have an exceptional amount of stress that I will not be able to handle it. I don't know. this whole college thing is so new to me. I just came back from lunch with my roommate and her friends from back home. It's funny because we just had the most bizarre conversation. I just met these guys for the first time and we were talking about how and if one can tell is he or she is in love or not. It's pretty complicated if you really think about it long enough. Sometimes when you meet someone of the opposite you're attracted to them right away. But what really attracts you to that person? Is it the way they smile? The way they simply look at you? what is it really? After it's obvious that the attraction is there you have to move on to the next step. Which, for some people, is the hardest part. It's the whole approaching the person thing. You want to be yourself, but then at the same time you want to do something to impress the person. so you might comb your hair a special way or wear something new. it's the excitement that you like. It's sort of like a sandwich; the bread which is the first step, you the whole chasing thing. the meat is the relationship itself with extreme ups or extreme downs. Finally, the other slice of bread is either the break up or. It's interesting because two individuals may be in love and might not even know it. That's the neat part I think. but how do we know. I wonder if we will ever know because how do you go about finding out. what type of experiments would you do? ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_858889.txt,"that's a typical girl response I guess I still have about fifteen minutes left I tried right before this to take the pretest again. the first time I only got as far as the 27th question and it wouldn't let me continue now it says the line is busy or something like that I don't mind volunteering for experiments and I understand that experimenting is essential for the psychology students but I think that it is wrong for the department to force us to do this or they will block our grade and I have already been to mezes twice to try to sign up and there was no space left and the only space left was for males only so it's just a little frustrating I'm trying to think I don't type very well because it has been so long since I had to type anything I can't remember when I wrote an essay last my high school was a joke we only had 4 classes at a time for an hour and a half per class every day and we had finals four times a year although I usually exempted them you don't know how glad I am to be out of high school I really didn't like it there too much that might have something to do with the fact that we had 4500 students on one campus I really enjoy attending ut although I don't have a major yet everyone says that's okay but I would really like to get onto taking courses that specifically interest me I'm thinking about majoring in government with a minor in german but I might go into political science it's whatever I've so many ideas of what ""I want to be when I grow up"" that even includes psychology like everybody and their mom wants to do. I have about five minutes left I'm still hungry and after this I'm going to try to take the pretest again. yesterday I moved from the 12th floor of jester west to the 9th floor my roommate never showed up and this girl Nissa's roommate also never showed up so I moved into her room she's really nice and this is so weird: we are so alike she even has my birthday she lives in Missouri city which is right outside Houston where I live pretty nifty huh so we're going to go shopping and decorate our room some more it's going to look really cool I'm still hungry and I really don't want to eat that nasty jester food but I might as well because I already paid for it well not really the bill comes later this month anyway my 20 minutes is up and I'll be back here tomorrow to do assignment number two ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_859490.txt,"I have so many things to do and not enough time. I feel like I am taking on too much. I know I can handle it if I get past these first few weeks, but right now I feel overwhlemed. I am stressed out with all the reading I have to do. I am such a slow reader and it takes so much effort for me to concentrate and take notes. I know though that I am a good notetaker and if I take the time I should do well in my classes. I am just too tired and stressed right now. I wish I could be at home where no one would come in to bug me or try to use my things and my computer. I am so frustrated with my roommates using my computer. It is new and I am worried they will mess something up. If I make it through till next Tuesday I will be ok. This weekend will be fun though so I just need to relax for once and enjoy it. I miss my family when I get stressed out like this. I keep telling myself""If I can only make it till December. "" It is not that I dislike UT. I like my schedule and my professors, but it is just so different. I know this will be one of my hardest semesters, so with God's help, I will make it through just fine. I just need to relax and enjoy it. I am so determined to make a very good GPA this semseter that I hope I am not dissapointed. The scholarship requirements are good because it gives me a reason to work for them. Actually, I think it scares me more than it helps. I want to make good grades for myself. The scholarship makes me afraid of failure. I am such aperfectionist that I hate failure. I am determined to make a good GPA within my 15 hours. I want to prove everyone wrong who tells me I should have taken 12. If I took 12 I would be in summer school forever. I know I can handle it because I did so much in high school that I am prepared forit. I also don't care if people make fun of me for studying too much. It will payoff when they do bad this semester. I think I just need a break. I am caught up in my reading, but I need a week without 10 different activities for me to do. I just have to have confidence in myself that I can do it and things will get easier as the semester goes on. I felt so good though last night when I got 2 dates. Maybe I will meet some great guy while up here. I was beginning to have my doubts. I am excited about football season beginning. It should be fun to see all the college games. I love college football. I hope we do well this year. I feel like I am running out of things to babble about. Or that all I have done it repeat myself over and over. I guess it doesn't matter as long as I write what I am feeling. All I hope is that I get everything finished early so that I can go to sleep early tonight. I think I will be able to do that. Well, maybe tomarrow will be a better day. I can't wait till there is nothing going on that I have to go out for. I am sure next week will be better. ",n,y,y,y,n

1998\_859548.txt," I feel very awkward about having an assignment that doesn't give exact specifications as to what is supposed to be produced. I know I'm supposed to write about what I am feeling, but that is a very difficult thing to do for me. I don't usually tell anyone how I am really feeling ever. I'm worried that I might not be studying as much as I should be. I don't exactly know what to study for any of my classes. I mean I know I could read the texts, but I really don't think that would do me any good since I have yet to be lectured in any of my classes except for math. I hate math. I don't think my pre-calculus professor is very good at explaining anything. He is always getting side-tracked and making all kinds of mistakes. I don't think I'm going to do very well in his class and it really bothers me. I miss my boyfriend a lot. He is going to school in El Paso and I'm not going to see him for at least three more months. I tried living with him in El Paso for a couple of months but all we did is get on each others nerves. I was going to go to school with him, but I decided to move back to Austin because we were starting to hate each other and I missed my family a lot also. It's weird but we drive each other crazy when we are together and we miss each other like crazy when we are apart. I really don't understand it at all. I wonder about what he is doing a lot and miss him holding me at night. I know I need him and he needs me, and I really hate it. I have always thought of myself as the strong independent type who didn't need anyone, but I know the truth even though I would never admit it to even my closet friends. I wonder if my friend did okay at her new job orientation today. She was so excited when she got hired. I really feel insignificant sitting in this huge library, on this huge campus, in the middle of a huge state, writing about what I am thinking. I mean who really cares anyway? People are always asking you how you feel, but I'm pretty sure they don't care how you respond. I know lots of times I ask people how they feel and then totally ignore them afterwards. I hate when people look at me in queer ways. I always wonder about what people are thinking of me when they look at me. I wish I didn't care, but I do. ",n,n,n,y,y

1998\_868471.txt,"college is amazing. my room, roommate, suitemates are all amazing. however, that call home always does it. I'm so in love yet my dad has to bring me down. I understand I'm only 18 and that they're thousands of fish in the sea, however, I'm in love with this one. I know I am because when I'm with her I'm the happiest man alive. yet at the moment, my feelings are so far removed from her. I understand that this is my father in my brain and my rational thinking has overcome my emotional side. he says not to let her visit, however, I must see her. he will not stop my but he's trying to open me up to the thousands of women here at UT-Austin. I don't know, I think about it every day. she's different then the girls I've ever been with. I guess, she's different then the girls my parents want me to be with. she is poor and has nothing to offer, yet I'm so in love. and I know. never have I felt this way for a girl before in my life. I would do anything for her, I mean. this assignment of writing for 20 minutes is nothing. I could sit here for 20 hrs weighing the pros and cons and just keep writing. its not a difficult task. she is not causing me to be depressed. you know? how people can sometimes get all depressed over their long distance relationships and stress out. I am eating like a madman as always. going out at night, WITH GIRLS, and partying. you know? I get my homework done and study hard. I work out, pledge my freaking frat and play lacrosse. I'm doing everything and performing well for me as well as my parents so why the fuck can't I just be allowed to have the one woman in life that makes me happy. I understand that I'm young, yet this relationship is not difficult for me. its the second time I've ever been in a long distance relationship. the first one was a bust and I vowed to never do it again. so this past summer I went to camp sabra at the lake of the ozarks to be a counselor. well, I wasn't intending on meeting anyone, however, I believe 100% that that word called 'fate' has true meaning. the first day we hit it off. I wasn't intending on anything. all I wanted to do was have a productive summer and come to UT free of love. however, you can't control love when it is real. it just happened. and I don't regret however I sometimes wonder if I didn't have her, what life for me would be like. I mean, I'm with all my buddies. they don't have girl friends or anything coming into UT and its not like they've all of a sudden found someone. I understand its only the first week, but I truly believe that what I've shared with this gorgeous somewhat deprived southern belle from Nashville is impossible to ever experience with anyone else. of course I could experience love with another baby, but do I really want too? I mean, there is no way that the things we have been through together can ever be replayed. I know deep down inside that I am in love with this girl. its tough because she's not here. but what if she was here? lets say she ends up going to UT or acc, as talked about next year? what if my girlfriend is here dad? what if she lives in Austin? then what, I mean I've got a girlfriend at school now, right? its not like this is killing me. or maybe it is. look, I'm in love. I know I am. with my love, I have no worries whatsoever. I don't think about anything else when I'm with her. I'm completely content. so get off me. I'm planning on keeping my studies up the whole year, I've signed with a wonderful fraternity, I'm playing lacrosse for the university of Texas-Austin. I have an active social life. not to brag, you know. but I'm doing everything a college boy should be doing: I'm enjoying myself, and to let this get in the way is ridiculous. one must understand, this situation is not in the way. its not holding me back from talking to other girls. however, I do not become intimate with these ladies. so what? I'll be fine, I will see my love when we visit. I just don't understand. its very stressful, but I'm handling it. you see, my older brother went through the same kind of shit, but he screwed up. he wasn't able to function and messed around freshmen year in college and ended up on academic probation. I thought, damn what if that happens to me? but its not a worry. I'm at college, its awesome, and I'm doing just fine. we're not holding on to each other. we are in love and have so many dreams we want to fulfill. its not like I'm crying all day to my buddies that I missed her. I rarely ever do that. I'm 120% functional. you know? I don't know, I really don't know what the hell I just spattered out. I'm in love g-d damn-it. and I'm happy. I just have to relax and get my father's controlling voice removed from my head. I hope I fulfilled the assignment. its been 20 minutes of continuous writing. guess what, my mind still tells me I'm in love. ain't that the darndest thing. alright, time to go ponder. maybe I'm relieved now. see you. ",n,n,n,y,n

1998\_870332.txt,"However, after becoming sick I began to notice how much I was dependant on my mother to help me , and take me to the doctor and pick up any medicines I needed. Now I have to do it all on my own. I had to wake up in the middle of the night and take myself to the hospital, I had to pick up my medicine, I was now the one who signed the form for my treatment to occur, not my mother. Now it is all me, and in a way that kind of frightens me. I now have to wonder if I am doing things right, or if I am screwing things up. Also, I keep thinking about going home this weekend for the first time, and I am not quite sure if I feel ready to see some of the people I graduated with. I am really excited about seeing my parents and friends, but I am really dreading going to my former high school's football game. Then all of this brings up another thought into my mind. Everyone so going to make comments on the fact that I still don't have a boyfriend, or that I am too picky when it comes to guys, and all of that other mess. All of this seems so superficial when I look at it, but this is the stuff that I have been thinking about. I have met several guys that I am really interested in, but it seems like there is always a problem. I always seem to be able to pick things out about guys and turn a perfectly good guy into a loser. I can pretend that I like a guy to suppress my feelings for wanting to be with somebody, but I can't last more than two weeks with that person. I can try and try to make things work out but I always seem to push guys away, which my other believes is her fault because of her and my father's divorce or something like that. I just seem to get scared when a guy gets to close to me. All through high school, all of my friends dated the same guy, and I was the one who had a different guy in every dance picture. I am unable to totally figure out what my problem is , but I am hoping now that I am in college I will ""find myself. "" ",y,n,n,y,n

1998\_871365.txt,"I don't know a lot of people in every one of my classes and that makes me nervous and anxious. I guess I also am feeling very excited too. I am away from home, from parents and rules, and away from people I know. I like familiarity. That is like a comforting thought to me. I can't stand the fact that this school is so huge that I don't even know where my next class is. All I want to do is curl up in my dorm bed and stay there. Even though I don't like my bed at all because it isn't like mine at home, it will do. I am excited about the weekend that is coming up. I get to go home and see my family, my boyfriend, and my friends. I wake up every day from the day I got here to look forward to this weekend. I don't know why, but I guess I am lonesome. In addition, I didn't make the Longhorn Band, which was very upsetting to me. I am very upset that I didn't make it because I knew I could have. It's just that in the back of my mind, I knew that if I make Longhorn Band, I wouldn't be able to go home to visit as much I want to. So, I really didn't give the audition my best shot because, as much as I wanted to make it, I didn't want to just as much. No matter which way I looked at that, I guess I feel good that I didn't make it and I regret it because I wanted to make it also. That was a conflicting feeling that was bothering me too. Another thing that scares me is that I made the decision to take Chemistry even though I did rather poorly in high school. But something in me just wanted to take it and prove to myself that I wasn't dumb in Chemistry. I just am stubborn when it comes to giving up. I can't stand it when I can't finish something or I am not good at something that I could be. Maybe that's why I am so confused about the Band thing. No matter what, I want to kick myself for not making it, but on the other hand, I am jumping for joy because I know I won't be as stressed out and have time to do stuff. I was in Band all through high school and I guess I decided to continue in college because it was a familiar thing for me. Plus, I had such a bad experience with band directors that I was rather wary of the ones here. But I made such great friends in Band that I am afraid that I won't have any while I am here not in Band. Another thing that worries me is that everyone tells me that I will change and stuff and they say things like, ""Oh, you're probably going to 6th Street and party all the time. "" Even as a joke, I found that very insulting. How do they know that I will change? Yes, it's true that I may change, but I have rigid moral standards that were inhibited in me from the day I was born so I don't think the changes will be that drastic or horrifying. Whenever anyone says that, I get really annoyed and frustrated. Another major thing I worry is whether I will ever get used to the fact that I am no longer living at home with the ""comfort zone"" that I was accustomed to. I mean, I am afraid to go home and find out that people over there changed a lot too. It's troublesome to me. Like Chemistry. I also worry about the fact that NONE of the clocks run together and classes end at varying times. I am so scared to walk into a class late, making the professor mad or annoyed. That's another fear of mine that I can see happening and I worry very much about it. That is why I tend to run out of classes, even though I have plenty of time. I am the typical goody-goody that never disobeyed the parents and had many people that had high standards for. So I hope I don't let them down while I am here. No matter what, I can't help that I am who I am for others. I am the oldest of three kids and my parents always told me to set a good example for my younger siblings. If I screw up, they will too, as I was told. You have no idea what kind of pressure that is to me. I hope that I don't let anyone down, especially myself, whoever that is. ",n,n,y,y,n

1998\_872000.txt,"9 on the West Campus bus- please let me know if this will be a problem with the requirements of the assignment. So what is this supposed to tell you? Are all of my little Freudian hang-ups going to show themselves in my ""stream of consciousness"" writing? ""There are no right or wrong answers""? fine. I am constantly amazed by the blank looks on other peoples' faces when I pass them on the street or sit next to them on the bus-- are they really that dumb or do they just do an excellent job of faking it? I sound like a big asshole, I know, but really, watching other people is my thing. lately, I guess they've just been frustrating me. I try to pick at least one person everyday and try to figure out as much as I can just by watching them. I'm probably way off base, and I don't presume to know everything about everyone just because I spend a while watching them scratch their heads and play with their hair on the bus never mind, I'm sick of this line of thought. I like to draw I play the clarinet and the piano I have a boyfriend named Zach and a dog named Simon-- sometimes they're similar I wonder how flammable my dorm room is. I wonder how long it would take the chicks on my hall to realize someone is barbecuing in their room. the frat boys are having a shindig of some sort outside my room and I wonder what the significance of the word WOO is- they say it all the time. I used to think I was an alien and sometimes that comes back to me I used to think a lot of things because I had way too active an imagination when I was a kid-- this is something no one should combine with drug use and I figured that out pretty quick sometimes Zach really annoys the shit out of me-- if I'm an alien, so is he- just another galaxy he thinks I'm a bad driver and this just makes me want to cross big lanes of traffic and slam into a concrete wall just to prove what a bad driver really is. I also remember too much I don't like my fingernails much I wish I could play the guitar I also wish I could make a perfect clay figure of my head so I'd know what it looks like to talk to me has it been twenty minutes? no. I'm looking at a screen full of garbage- how am I ever going to write a manifesto that will capture the imagination of the world and rocket me into super powerdom. if that's even a word. I do want to rule the world- a lot of people say that, but I really mean it my goal is to achieve greatness the only problem is that I have no idea how to even begin or what greatness even means to me I want to subsist on pomegranates entirely I have a really good relationship with my brother- he's really cool I had a dream that I could fly like a beetle I bet you don't even read this, do you? so I could say that I want to kill the president or burn down the tower and it would go unnoticed? I think the tower should be coated in Vaseline. ",n,y,y,y,y

1998\_872624.txt,"anyway, I have really enjoyed the weather lately. its so wonderful to have some change from the usual hot crap we've been going through lately. I think the weather change is making my life better. I hate the heat. it was so intense this summer. this weekend proves to be an exciting one with many things on the agenda. concerts, barbecue and hanging out with friends are what I'm really looking forward to. I recently broke up with my girlfriend so this whole change of pace has been good to me. things are looking positive and it makes me happy. I'm sure that makes sense. I'm really excited about school this year. I think things are going to go well. I like my classes. I find the nature of the courses to be really interesting. I'm sure that's pretty helpful as well. another helpful thing I've learned is than riding the bus is so much easier than walking to school. oh gosh its 100x's better. wow, this is only 4 minutes of writing. I'm so tired. my contacts are bothering me, the screen is WAY too bright and its way to early. I can still hear drizzle outside my window. in looking at the syllabus, I see that a test is approaching. it would probably be wise to begin studying for it. gosh. I'm hungry. I guess ill give my thoughts on the whole Clinton scandal. I think it is incredibly sick in what they are doing to this man. to release the details of an intimate relationship he had to the public is both immoral and degrading to society. I feel for his family and the torment they must be going through. I would hate to be in chelsea's position right now. this must be so tough for her to read and go through. damn that ken starr - nazi asshole. I'm offended that he would go to great lengths to find out about the presidents sex life. if they impeach Clinton, I'm going to be extremely worried about the country. I don't feel al gore is an appropriate leader at this time. who know, however. he may be suitable. I just think it would all be really stupid if this crap continued on. the starr report was so graphic. it sounded like an explicit porno. wait. it was. too bad it was real life. I'm glad nobody is going to read this. its a stupid waste of time. haha, just kidding. wait. if I tell a bad joke. and nobody is here to read/hear it. is it still bad? INCREDIBLE. I'm an amazing human being and I'm glad to be alive!!!!! ""I can't take much more of this. these coffee makers full of piss. these people treat my like a dog. and all I do is write these songs. I'm not a toy. "" - Dynamite Boy. ""as long as I live I can never forget you. even though I try with all my might"" - dynamite boy . ""I want to. see if you. by chance you know what I'm going through"" - dynamite boy. ""what's going on tonight. is everything alright. I hope there is nothing wrong. I haven't seen you in so long. what exactly do you do. when I'm not with you. what exactly do you say. all the times that I'm away. "" - MxPx. those two bands are incredible. SHAFT RITALIN KIDS DYNAMITE BOY THE CRIPPLES THE IMPOSSIBLE 30 FT FALL WADBOY SIX CENTS FRAT DADDIES THE MISS MEN THE INCREDIBLE FEAT IGMO ANTHEM LATCH KEY KIDS FOUR TO ONE BIG PEPPER . . rock on punks! haha that is the stupidest thing I've ever written. and I know you guys have time things on this so I can't end early. I have to actually wait the entire time. its ok. only 5 minutes left. . I need some massive sleep. not a little sleep. MASSIVE SLEEP. what a retarded human being I am. oh you. 3 minutes. I'm seriously running out of things to tell you folks. I'M NOT SUBJECT TO MEDICAL RESEARCH. I'M A PERFECTLY SANE HUMAN BEING. JUST BECAUSE I BIT OFF MY TOES DOESN'T MEAN I'M ABNORMAL. THEY JUST LOOKED SO YUMMY. man I was already falling asleep when I began to worry about this class. . sheeeeeeesh. SNORRRE. some friends tried to get me to do mushrooms tonight and I said no. how's that for some backbone. hell yea. I'm the man. mom and dad would be proud of me. too bad I'm not going to tell them I hang out with people who do drugs. I've never understood the fad with drugs. id rather drink a coke and get hyper than ingest some poison. but then again, I'm a wuss. oh well. JUST SAY NO. yea. uh huh. one more minute one more minute one more minute one more minute one more minute . done. ",n,n,y,n,y

1998\_873811.txt,"I have gone to three computer labs this morning, and have gotten screwed out of all of them. It started over at the UGL, where I signed up for a Mac, but saw a free scanner, When I sat down and logged in at the scanner, I realized my other assignment had come up. I decided to logout of the scanner because you're not supposed to use a scanner computer if you're not going to scan anything. So I went over to my assignment, but it was someone else's computer! So I decided to sign up again (disgruntled). This time, though, the line was about a mile long (not really, but still REALLY long). About half way through the line, and a few minutes later, I realize that I had been assigned to a different computer, but my time was almost up. So I ran over to the computer and quickly typed in my password, but it wouldn't take it. I desperately attempted to logon before my time was up, but the insolent computer would not give it up! Now a little less than happy, and a little more than frustrated, I went back to the line. Only this time it was at least twice as long. NO! I remembered though, my MISS professor talking about a business lab, so I went over to the CBA. Of course it was on the 5th floor, and one of the escalator's was broken, but I made it up there; just to find out I had to sign up and wait a day so they knew I was a business student. How asinine! So I signed up (trying to dig my pen into the page) and proceeded to the good old Welch laboratory, where there is always room to work. There were plenty of computers when I arrived, so I sat down (a little relieved) and pulled up Netscape. The soul purpose of my computer escapades was to check my email and to do this darned project, so I tried to get into my account. ""THIS FILE DOES NOT EXIST?"". What? ""THIS FILE DOES NOT EXIST?"" Damn it. Of course, the computer couldn't do email. SO I switched. Same song, second verse. I tried three others, and still the same chorus: ""THIS FILE DOES NOT EXIST?"". So I accepted the fact that somebody doesn't want me on email. I'm now trying to drudge through this assignment without breaking anything. And yes, time flies when you're having fun, but it moves as slow as hell when you're pissed off, wet, and hungry. That's about the only thing I have to look forward to now: eating. Luckily I packed myself a lunch today. Last time I neglected that responsibility and was forced to eat at Wendy's. $5, and I felt like cap for the rest of the day. I'm trying to stay healthy. You see, last semester, I worked out really hard, and got pretty buff before the end of school, but throughout the summer, I lost access to the gyms, and I lost a lot of my muscle mass. Now I am struggling to get back in the swing of things, and fast food really sets me back! You can add that to the list of anxieties, too. Working out for the first week is always hell, but now I'm on Creatine, and I am twice as sore. Of course, now my hands are hurting from typing straight for 20 minutes, but that is bearable. I guess I sound like quite the whiner, but I am really an easy going guy. I always try to have a pleasant disposition; I really do, I walk around making a constant effort to keep a smile on my face ( It also makes it easier to wink at the girls). But today, things just aren't going well. I really wanted to check that email because I'm supposed to be getting a message from this GORGEOUS girl. But oh well, maybe my lack of correspondence will serve as ""playing hard to get"". Well, 20 minutes is up, and my hands need a rest! Hope this is what you all wanted! ",y,n,n,y,y

1998\_874263.txt,"I have at least forty- thousand different things I have to do and about forty thousand different things going on around me For one, my parents are out of the country, so it makes everything that much more complicated second, I have been so busy with my sorority pledge class that I haven't really had time to do homework. just for the record, I feel completely overwhelmed right now. anyway, I went home this weekend just for one night and although it was extremely relaxing, it turned out that it was completely pointless to go because almost my entire family is out of the country. so I go anyway and have a great time just relaxing in my empty house with my dog and the tv, but I forget to bring back with me all my toiletries and makeup luckily enough for me one of my best friends also went home this weekend and is coming back today, so I had to arrange with her a plan to get my stuff before she leaves that was a total fiasco because as I said before my parents are out of town and the only person who has a key is my aunt but Becky, my friend, doesn't have a car so its just been crazy like that so I get everything figured out with her but meanwhile my cousin who was house-sitting my house decided to come up to austin so I gave him list of things to bring from home, but we can never find a time when both of us are free so I still haven't gotten my much needed chemistry and calculus notes from high school (or my sunglasses) its not that big of a deal its just that I really truly need this stuff and the fact that he was so close to my dorm and we never ended seeing each other. oh well I guess he can FedEx the stuff up to me that way I'll get a package, that is really cool since I don't get any mail anymore. oh and I haven't even mentioned the fact that my computer just does not want to work. no matter how many people play around with it, it still wont work right now I'm using my roommates computer which I have to say is a lot easier to use than mine I've had a total of I think 4 different guys in to look at my computer, two professional and two of my friends and no one can fix it. the last professional guy is sending someone else tomorrow to look at it because he's ""really good"" at fixing this sort of problem also he has better tools for the job. its getting really expensive to keep paying these guys to not change my computer oh well I guess this counts as one of life's unexpected expenses my parents always warned me about these unexpected incidents that cost a lot of money and I guess they prepared me for it I guess that's why I don't like to spend my own money by writing checks instead I prefer just to charge it to my parents I just wish they wouldn't get mad about it now I'm totally kidding I have a monthly allowance now and I'm not used to it yet it takes time to adjust right? overall, I am enjoying college I just have a lot on my mind and a lot to do not that that was any different in high school I was really involved in different organizations and I was in all AP classes so I did get stressed quite easily I've been meeting a lot of new people of whom I love so far and staying friends with all of my best friends all of my friends live in my dorm so I'm really lucky to be able to experience college with them ",y,y,y,y,y

1998\_876735.txt,"I lost interest of the situation but after a whole summer of not talking to her I started to miss her. I had attempted to email her but she never responded, I guessed that she was mad at me. I have emailed her 6 times with no reply but I am a persistent bastard so finally today, in fact just before I opened this page I decided to check my email as I do every day and there was her email. it explained that she had not checked her email all summer, it may not be true but it works for me. I proceeded to write her back thereby postponing this assignment around 10 minutes. I will eagerly await her reply as I basically demanded to see her. We'll see if she accepts. I never checked to see when I started this but I will keep on writing until I run out of shit to say. I assume that cursing is not a problem, I understand that this is a class full of naive little freshmen but I think we are all mature enough to hear such profanities, don't worry I wont go pornographic or anything but the instructions were to write what was on my mind and I am an avid cusser so I hope this will do (that is if anyone actually reads this masterpiece of stream of conciousness writing). now I am running out of things to say. I like most of my classes. my major is biochemistry. I am 20 years old. I have brown hair blue eyes, I like to play football watch football, OPENING DAY IS SUNDAY! I live for football actually, I like movies, I am filling in space. this is odd and I am going to stop now. thank you kent ",n,n,n,n,y

1998\_877067.txt,"I am almost done with my pre-testing survey. I think I have 92% of it done. I would have finished it, but I got kicked off. I will try again later. I am excited right now about tonight because I am going to see Shania Twain in concert. I am starting to listen to country now, and I really like it. I like it because the songs actually are saying something, and not just rambling on. Most of the songs deal with love and life, which I find very interesting. This weekend I might go home. That is why I wanted to finish the pre-testing and the writing assignments either today or tomorrow, so that I can go home if I decided to. I have mixed feelings about going home. I want to go home because on of my friends' step-father has cancer and is not doing well at all. The doctors didn't give him much time. His family is having a benefit bar-b-que to raise money to help pay his medical bills. I am not that close to my friends' family, and I am somewhat close to my friend, so I don't know if I should go home and help out or not. My services were not asked for, however, I think it would be a kind gesture to go down and help, because extra help is always useful during things like this. Also, I would appreciate a friend's help if I was in a situation like this. Also, my cousin and his fianc� are having their engagement party on Saturday evening. I don't really want to go because those things are usually boring, but I am standing up in the wedding, so I thought it would be nice to go. If I can't make it they will understand, in fact I don't think I would even be missed that much, but you never know. I don't want to go home because I just went home two weekends ago. I am kind of confused as to whether or not I will go, but I have tonight to decide. Right now I am kind of feeling good about myself because I just got the results back from a test I took Wednesday in my Medical and Science Terminology Class. I got a 104. The highest grade you could get was a 107, so I did pretty good. Also, my sister (who is two years older than I) and I are taking the same class and we were kind of competing to see who gets a better grade. The night before, she thought she had it all down and was confident that she would do better than I. However, She ended up getting a 92 on the test. So I feel good about myself because in a way I proved myself to her. Now, though, I have to continue to do well so that at the end of the semester I can have a good grade, and even maybe it will be better than hers. Earlier my sister and I went to lunch and we had a small argument. It is nothing too unusually for us to argue, but I just feel bad. I think I could have been more considerate of her feelings. We argued because she wanted me to walk with her from Jester to Guadalupe St. I would have gone normally, but it was raining outside and I did not want to get wet. I guess that was mean of me not to join her, so I told her to wait for me and she kept going, so I just stayed at Jester. I feel bad now, because I should have gone with her, but oh well. I will just have to call her later and apologize. Hopefully she will forgive me. Right now I am also worried because I don't know if I completed this assignment correctly. I am not sure, because I don't know if this was what you wanted me to write. Well, I hope I did. ",n,n,y,n,n

1998\_878500.txt,"so I'm sitting right here and my roommate and his girlfriend are abut to go out to sixth street. I have no real plans for tonight so I decided to do this assignment instead! it's been sort of a crazy week. lots of things have been bugging me and you know no ones seems to care about some of the stuff that I'm going through right now and yes I am going through a lot of personal problems but I don't want to write about those because I've talked about them enough this week ok, my roommate and I sort of get along but I'm never really sure how good of friends we really are but who cares I went to see loveline tonight and some people asked some pretty crazy questions people are so afraid of sex in this country I mean really everybody's thinking about it and that's all anyone really cares about I mean sure there is friendship and all that but come on sex is part of it too. how many friendships develop over some kind of sexual relationship or develop because someone needs advice about a sexual relationship? sex sex. it's like the underlying cause of all of our actions (who we make friends with, how we act, dress) and I'm not having much but that's another story. I mean I don't have that much of a sex drive to begin with, I personally think that sex and intelligence are somehow related-cause stupid people are always having it with other stupid people. you never see two brains getting enough, maybe its like a hormonal thing that people with low ig just have more testosterone although my best friend in high school was the valedictorian of our class and she was as horny as they come. maybe it's just me. sex creates too many problems, issues but its like we all need to express those feelings and I haven't been able to oh well it's been 20 minutes and I'm tired ",y,y,y,y,y

1998\_889071.txt,"it is about 93% hispanic and 5% anglo and 3% other. my house is an hour west of south padre island, where my family owns a condo at suntide I and a sailboat in which we dock it at the sea ranch. I will arrive home aroung four thirty or five to go back to my highschool and surprise my boyfriend jason. he will be practising basketball when iget there because he doen't expect me home till six. then I will go home and see my mom, sister,and dog cocoa. cocoa is a chocolate lab that has been missing me very much . she gets extreemly excited every time my boyfriend goes over thinking that I should be around there some where. around seven I will leave to go to about an hour of a football game. see the cheerleading squad that I miss and the band march which I miss just as much. then from there iwill leave and go to the beach, with jason. my mon and sister willalready be there. when I get there my mom promised to bbq my favorite foods, since the dorm food has already gotten old. then at the beach I will spend quality time with my family and take cocoa for walks on the beach, where she loves to run in the ocean and chase sea gulls. I most importantly can't wait to take those long romantic walks on the beach at night with my boyfriend, whom I love and miss very much. on saturdaymy dad and little brother will meet us there after the hunting trip. sunday my neighbors will come down. they are my family down there because our closest relative is in wisconsin. they will bring all there children, which adds up to seven. my boyfriends parents and little brother will also be meeting us down there as well. I can't wait to spend time with all those people, and tell them about my new family up here. I just got into a sorority, a week ago tomorrow. alpha delta pi is the one that I got into, and I love it. they make us study ten hours a week at the house which I think will a positive thing for everyone. however I will miss my roommate this weekend. her name is alyssa bauer and is also a engineerig major like myself. I'm going into civil though and she is going into mechanical. but we get along very well. this is her lab top that I', writing this assignment on right now. she is so sweet. she is even saportive of me being in a sorority. and we went pot luck. ",n,y,n,y,n

1998\_889934.txt,I just met her parents and sister and they are very nice people I am glad to be rooming with her I am not sure her religion but she is from san antonio she is indian kyle is coming over here in a few minutes I hope he comes soon we might go out to eat at a really good restaurant I want to but I'm n not sure if he does in a way I am upset with him but I don't know whether to keep it to myself he was supposed to come over this afternoon and we would spend all day together but oh well he was doing something earlier with his friends dad just called and emily is going on a date I wish I met the boy but emily likes him a lot it's weird to think that I was younger than emily when kyle and I started going out and we have been together ever since i love kyle ummmmmm I want to get icq on the internet to talk to aunt debbie all the time I wish I could see kristin and melissa and brooke and other friends that I miss a lot we are all going to homecoming though and we'll have some crazy stories I'm sure I hope kyle gets here soon should I change my clothes to go out or wear this I don't know hmm maybe I'll call kristine tomorrow and we'll do something together who knows maybe I'll call amy she is so nice and fun to be around oh and I have to see jennifer in psy class monday because at a party we found out that we were in the same class I thing that is really cool I want all of my classes to be interesting and not too hard man I'm kind of worried about all the classes and tests and exams and stuff but I am so excited about the football games that are starting in a week they will be so much fun to go to I'm sure more fun than high school football games but I don't know I'll probably miss being in the drill team and dancing at half time I wonder if jamie is trying out for the dance team here or not she would definitely make it she is so awesome at dancing I hope she tries out and is really successful to show sarah g. that she can do anything that last year just wasn't for her in majesties I'm done it's been 20 minutes yeah!! ,y,y,y,y,y

1998\_890436.txt,My dad and I are trying to reconnect our computer and get the internet back on it and he is driving me crazy. He insults my intelligence and thinks I never know what I am talking about. This really makes me upset and hurts my feelings to the point I just feel like breaking down into tears. I am also stressed out about school this semester. I am on probation right now because my GPA fell below 2. 0. I am really trying to keep up this semester and bring it up but it is really stressing me out. Sometimes I just feel like giving up on everything but I know that will not solve anything. My life just feels so empty right now. To start off with I get in a bad car accident a few months before I graduate high school and then get a really crappy job for the summer. Then I end up on probation at the end of my first year at UT and I still have the same crappy job for the summer. Then I also have to take a summer course at ACC along with my crappy job. Then I have to have surgery which put me out of commission for half of the summer. The next thing I know my boyfriend and I are separating after a year and a half. Now I am back at UT struggling to keep up and improve my grades. My life just seems to be going down the drain right now and I seem to be following close behind. Though I enjoy my classes this semester I feel I am going to fall behind and I will end up need major help to get through it all. I just wish I had enough motivation to follow through with my studies and just blow everyone out of the water with my grades this semester. I wish now that I hadn't put this assignment off so long because now I have to be all the way out here on campus instead of at home studying. You know if I don't get off probation I am afraid my parents or the school will take me out and I will end up at ACC permanently. Getting a degree from ACC is not the best thing in the world you know. It is almost like getting a GED from high school because you had to go to ATLAS or something to that effect. ,y,y,y,n,y

1998\_891388.txt,"This is the first time I have come to the library and when I first arrived here, I had no idea how to use the computers. First you have to wait in line and get on a waiting list. Then after that you finally get assigned a station to use. I wonder what the point of this assignment is. I think it's just another type of experiment to see what different people are thinking and what affects their thought. How much is someone supposed to write for twenty minutes? People who type fast can take ten minutes and write as much as someone who types slowly and has been writing for twenty minutes. Another feeling I have is that of being worried because I am doing this assignment at the last moment. After finishing it, I hope that I will get to class on time but I should because I still have a couple of hours before class starts. I am not sure what to write now. I have thoughts, but they are personal thoughts so I am not going to write them down. I need to start getting to my morning class on time. I've missed it a couple of times now even though all the material I have learned before but I do still need a review so I have to start trying to get there on time. It's strange typing this assignment because all through high school I always had to worry about grammar, sentence structure, and spelling on writing assignments. It feels like I am writing an e-mail to someone because I never worry about any English stuff on those. The only thing I am doing different is that I am capitalizing some of the words which I normally don't do when I write e-mails. I want this twenty minutes to pass by faster so I can move on to the next assignment. These type of assignments are fun because you can say whatever you want and don't have to worry about anything. I like this class so far. I have always wondered what different people are thinking and what their reactions would be they are in the same situations. Two more minutes and that will be twenty. I can't wait to go back to Houston to visit. I am partially homesick. There are certain things that I want to go back for and other things that I am glad that I left behind. ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_891505.txt,"I thought the whole thing was ridiculous. Most of the questions were so obvious. I was getting frustrated at how dumb some of those questions were getting. They might as well be asking us to recite the alphabet. I can understand wanting our opinions about things, but they should have reworded their questions. Some of those questions made my roommate and I feel kind of stupid to be answering them. Anyway, right now I actually have a lot of things on my mind. I'm homesick, concerned about my classes, and excited about college all at once. I'm adjusting quite well to such a big change in my life. At first, I was constantly lost, frustrated, and worried, but I'm doing much better now that I've met so many people and overcome so many of my fears. I'm not sure what else to write, but I'll continue simply because it hasn't been 20 minutes. I'm loving UT right now, and I'm definitely glad I came here. My roommate and I get along great. We have a lot in common. We just work so well together. ",y,y,n,n,n

1998\_892005.txt,"so far this class seems alright. I means the girls in this class look pretty good. there's this one girl in there, I haven't talked to her yet but I have to because she 's always looking at me. she looks pretty cute, but I can tell she is young. there's this other Hispanic girl who has real tight curly hair . she looks incredible. shit all the girls in there do well who ever is reading this can probably tell hat I think about sex a lot. its strange because I always find myself daydreaming about having a wife and kids, you know having a real family. going to visit y folk and other friends with my kids. but it like no how hard I try, after I have sex with a lady, I just lose total respect for them, I just look at there flaws and I only look at the negative. with me, the way I think about a girl is totally different after we engage in hot intense intimacy. some times I don't know if it is just irrational thought processes or what. I know its not normal. but what is normal. normal is what society says is ok. but who is the society, whites blacks Hispanic, the melting pot of the us. or the world. there are so many different cultures and societies that essayist that who is to say that their ways are better then anybody else's. how can you say that is right and that is wrong because society deems it that way. if society is forever changing, are our moral standards to be forever changing as well. well it has been so far in our human history. times up, nice talking with you ",n,y,n,n,n

1998\_892272.txt,"I am worried about how I can save my $30 until the end of September. I need to buy 2 books and groceries and personal stuff. I am thinking that I need to find a part time job somewhere on-campus very soon. I also feel guilty about not going home to my family over Labor Day. I know I should visit them but every time I spend long periods of time with them ie. days, they really start to piss me off and then I get into a bad mood. So instead of going to visit them over Labor Day I think I am going with some friends to visit some friends in Houston. I miss my friends back home. This school is really big and sometimes I feel all alone. My classes are starting to stress me out, especially my rhetoric and composition class. I cannot write very well so I probably won't do well in that class. I feel like I'm writing in a diary which is wierd because I've never kept a diary contains all my thoughts and feelings. When I was little and had a diary I just wrote what I ate for lunch and who I sat and played with at reces or who I had a crush on. I just found a bobby pin in my hair from last night. That's kind of embarrassing, I hope no one saw it. I'm supposed to keep writing for ten more minutes but I don't really know what else to write. I have to e-mail my mom, cousin and some friends later. I hope my friend doesn't have to go to jail. No one has heard about his trial that was the other day. Maybe I'll call them later on and find out what happenned. I am so hungry. I can't wait for lunch. I son't know why I've been getting cravings for salty foods because usualy I would always look for ice cream, but lately I've had cravings for chex mix, pizza, chips and stuff like that. I hope I filled out the right pre-testing survey for psychology because I saw a button you click on in this web page, but this isn't the one that I went to. I forgot to bring a pencil with me. I wonder what my ex-boyfriend is doing now. I still miss him even though he was a big jerk and I really don't want to get back with him. I think people will always have feelings for their ex'es even long after they've broken up. I miss my sister too. We never really got along until about 3 or 4 months ago. I feel bad about never really being a nice sister. I always teased her and I knew it hurt sometimes. I wrote her a letter before I went to college. I hope she's read it. I think I've been writing for 20 minutes but I'm not sure so I'll keep writing for two more minutes. hmm. well this kind of makes me feel better to let all of my thoughts out instead of keeping most of them inside my head. ",n,y,n,n,n

1998\_892603.txt,"I wonder if he is thinking of me???? I am glad I am finally getting this done cause there is no need for procrastination now. I need to do all this as soon as I get it. I had done this before but I could not submit it. I have something special with Alex and I know how he feels and he is different. he isn't like all other guys he is innocent and pure and he would not hurt me. I hope not to hurt him. I need him and need someone like that. someone to take care of me and to be there for me if I need to talk someone to talk to me and someone that I can take care of and love too. he is perfect in my eyes and although he might not know that he is he is wonderful. he will never know I guess. he is there for me when I most needed him. he has held me when I cried and has made me laugh when I was sad/ I owe a lot to him. we have spent a lot of time together and it has been really fun. I wonder if he knows how much fun I have had with him. I don't think he understands. I am going through a hard time and I am going through a big transition, but I think I am doing fairly well. I have not cried much. my roommate went home this weekend and I felt kind of lonely cause we are used to going places together and it felt weird to come home and be alone and not have someone to talk to or even argue with. we had gotten into an argument before this weekend and the time that we were apart really helped us understand each other. we are okay now. my exboyfriend has given me a hard time too. I don't want to be with him anymore, yet he still persists. he know that I am dating Alex and that it is over between us yet he still calls and he still asks questions like where were you and who were you with. I want to get away from that I am tired of having to answer questions about my own life. I want to be free and to be able to do what I want and that I think is right not what other people think I should do. it isn't fair to me if I have to make someone else happy before I could do things for my own freedom. it important to be free because without freedom a person is not happy or simply can't be an individual. there are many things to do here in Austin and many many people to meet and make friends with. I have had a good time so far and I have enjoyed going to class and learning. although I do think that I should read a little more. I will be fine though. Claudia and Alex will be there if I need anything. ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_892987.txt,"Mom shpuldn't worry about me not being htere to answer the phone-I just missed her is the funny part. I wonder if dad misses me as much as Crystal dad does her. Care bear watch. That was interesting activity in theatre class-I loved that girl's folder from Italy. I wonder if that director thinks I totally butchered Moliere. My monolague who cares. Why does Kyle like Meghan-she's sucha tomboy-adn I'm not saying that because I think he's cute too, but because she is-but that'sn mena she's really sweet also. Sort of. I need to study for this biology class. I've got to get ahead on my reading. Psychology is so differetn from the way6 my mind works-I'm a math and science person. I think with numbers and diagrams. Crystal wants to be a psychology major-that noise is bugging me it sounds like a cd player being loaded and unloaded. That guy I talked to the other day is such a hottie. Floor 16 I think-I might just have to get lost up there. Got I need to read!!!Luke is so cute for writing me-why is it my ex can't say more than three words to me but his best friend can send letters and everything. Math class in a bit-my teacher is so bizarre. Really quirky- but just not all there. WHat is this complex that I have with people in a authority-I mean why just because they are over me do I find them attractive-it's so weird. I can't wait to see John Joseph next weekend. watch him be out of town or gone. That was a mistake. But, it was bound to happen. Why have I not really gotten homesick? is there something wrong with me?Everyone I know has had some brush with this , but I'm still fine-and, I lloove my family and there just wonderful. I need to call the Greek life board, the coppertank, and get that ink for my computer, let's see. can't call to this weekend with the phone and trent has no wayt of hearing from me. IK wonder if a lot of people are going outb of town for labor day weekend? last year we went camping I was with Ben then--he was a sweetie, but the breath thing got in the way. Is that shallow of me-I can't wait to see the people who were cast for this play? It's so highgly competitive. But there's sucha rewarding feeling when you step out of that room knowing good and well that you produced something from your imagination and hard work and effort. I wonder if this is enough. HOw would they know if I stopped at 18 or 20 minutes-BUT I WON""T STOP UNTIL 20 MINUTES HAS ELASPED!!=) I'm starting to get hungry and some how I need to trek to rlm from here-I need to find the cam pus loop schedule. It's so quiet in this library I love it. This is the only place I can really study everyone is loud on our floor do they ever study or did they sign up for some course I don't know about. I'm so proud of myself I haven't gone out at all this week. Does Heath really like Sarah if he sayus he loves her that's such crap. Oh well time up, bye. ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_893373.txt,"I'm almost over being homesick and I'm starting to get into the groove of things. At first all I could think about was getting through the week and trying to come up with an excuse so that I would get a chance to come home and see all my friends. The first weekend I did just that and I did see some of my friends but then I realized they're going through the same thing that I am. Most of my friends are spread out all over the place, from Austin to College Station to North Carolina, my small hometown wasn't anything like it was when I left it. And that was just about two weeks ago. So by the time the weekend was over with I was actually ready to head back to Austin. As of right now I really don't think about near as much. Don't get me wrong I still wouldn't mind going home just to crawl into my good old bed back in Palestine, But at least I can deal with it now. The only thing that is really on my mind is making sure that I'm prepared for every class. So when I go home at Christmas my parents don't kill me for wasting all their money. They keep telling me that they expect me to bring home A's and B's. I don't know about all that but I'm going to try my hardest and hopefully that will be good enough. ",y,n,y,n,n

1998\_894005.txt,"crit. term; it is weird how we hold on to memories; or even more depressing is the idea that I often want something so bad only to realize, why'd I make such a big deal in the first place? regardless, I caught a lot of criticism from people in my town on attending UT; I come from the ""bible belt"" and well UT@Austin is not the ideal ""institution"" in that I was often told ""they are really liberal up there"" or ""watch out for those weirdos""; ironically the bible belt has one of the highest alcoholic rates around, goes to show how prevalent hypocrisy is no? that goes to say; oh I am reminded of Plato/Aristotle's ""allegory of the cave""; I say UT as a place to ""get out of my cave"" and as Thomas Wolfe says, ""you can never go home again"" semmingly depressing at first, this statement became quite refreshing to me;; I mean aren't I here to ""find myself""; it is weird I made such a big deal about being one of the like 2% that will not change their major (business) but now I really want to major in English and Theatre and teach; however it is quite a ""campus issue"" in that my parents want me to do business; in a way expectations can be bad, I mean think about it, when people expect too much from an individual they feel obligated to live up to those expectations in which failure is not an option \*sigh\*; and is never being satisfied a bad thing? if someone ""settles"" for something are they compromising themselves? or just being content? or can it actually become an obsession in which you never get anything accomplished? be that as it may I think one should never put themselves in compromising situations; like my two really good friends, who are girls, I often hear stories about how nice a guy was to them. I get soo aggravated because I know the guy is just ""giving them a line""; sadly, I relish in the idea of ""I told you so"" and I often make or ask my friends to humor me and say ""cornell is right, cornell is always right""; these two friends are high school friends and that is definitely a dominant fear in my life as of yet; they say you never really keep in touch with you hs friends but rather that you make all your friends in college; oh well ""que sera sera"" or something; oh Doris Day, music is slowly losing its place or relevance in society; I was raised on 60's and 70's music; I love to find people my age who know songs from that age. I'm soo AFTER my time. :); I think that life exp. shape a person; I mean the first five years of my life are a blurr (misspelled that word in a 5th grade spelling bee \*sigh\*, but I beat our hs valedictorian that year. hehehe) anyway due to like divorce and other problems I don't feel like disclosing; I fell I matured more quickly than others my age who come from ""functional families"" or whatever; my favortie saying is ""well if I'm too big for my britches, it's time for a new pair of pants"" (I made that up. good no?); and furthermore I think that people are brought together by life exp. For example, my ""lunch table"" consisted of people/friends that were all from broken homes. but I can honestly say it is pretty neat now because as a result of divorce I have two great sets of parents; and with my parents the respect is still there, yet is like we are all like friends; I can tell my parents anything. well not anything; but it's like we have ""grown up"" conversations and stuff; and those who are sheltered are really going to have a hard time in life. because out of resent and curiosity they are or may go crazy after hs. hmmmmm that's just my opinion I could be wrong. but that very seldom happens :) ",y,y,n,n,y

1998\_894233.txt,"I never thought that college would be this overwhelming. I went to three classes today and I went ho9me and cried. How can I keep up with everything? I went through Band Week and I sometimes ask myself is band worth it. When I am tired and sweating and just want to go home, I think of my parents and how they can brag in my little home town and the feelings of walking through the tunnel at the game and see 80,000 plus fans. At home 1,000 was the biggest turn out and that was big enough. I am very nervous about the first game. Where I am from our school marches military and UT marches more corps. I just know that I am going to mess up. I am all excited about school only being thirteen weeks long but fear that one and a half years of high school work equivalency are jam packed into these thirteen weeks. Good news though. I only have two finals. That is marvelous. I have to take a dumb SAT II test Thursday from 7-9pm and that means that I may miss band which I cannot. I don't see why someone who had five years of math in high school ()algebra in 8th which was a high school course offered for GT) has to take a stupid test. If I wasn't good in math I wouldn't have had five years of it and passed nor would I be an engineering major. Who knows. I called the department of mathematics and asked them about it. I tried to get a number so my teacher could call and try to see of something could be worked out and they were extremely rude to me. So I called the measurements and evaluations \center and they told me to call the department of mathematics. My teacher said "" welcome to UT"" This is a wonderful idea to have a writing assignment of continual thought because I can just vent about the worst first day of class I have ever had in my entire life. I have strong feelings that it will get better because it cannot get worse. I know that the first semester is the hardest but right know I don't care. While I was studying, I was thinking about the kids that went off to college and came back at Christmas and visited about their first semester at school. Everything they said doesn't' pertain to me. Nothing they said pertained to me. I thought about what I would say if I was ever asked to speak about my first semester at college. My Calculus teacher stressed \over and over how we need to take the AP test. He said that we would slack off because we already knew it. For me I need this semester review. I love math and work hard at it. It doesn't come easy to me but I love it and no matter how hard something is if you love it you will work your darndest at it to achieve the highest possible. So I was thinking about if my calculus teacher asked me to come to his class what I would say if someone asked me why I didn't the AP test and if it were a smart decision, ( that was my cat walking across the key board. ) He wants outside because he knows that there are other cats outside and he wants to attack them. He's a 10 week orange tabby cat named Bevo-talk about school spirit. I think that I would answer the AP question as one that it is a personal decision. My boyfriend AP out of 408C and said that was the worst thing he did. Some people are happy they did. Another guy from home AP out of 36 hours and went to M&A and came home because he failed everything but PE. My \philosophy is that I need to start from the beginning in order to get used to things. , So what if I have already gone over this in high school I don't care. Why make things hard on myself with new material my first semester it's not like I'm going to graduate in 4 years anyway. I figured that if I took my basic chemistry and calculus things I know that I could get used to teaching styles college life and testing style. I will have to study and I know this real well, but It won't be all new to me. Well I started at 10:35 and it's 10:55. , I do have one question though, if we participate in more than five hours of experimental stuff for our semester requirement can we get extra credit for that extra hour(s)? That's all folks. Good-bye and Good luck. ",y,y,n,y,n

1998\_895104.txt,"I didn't go to class this morning. I feel really bad for not going, it's the first class I've missed so far. It was only Calculus-I'm not having any trouble in that class so far. I'm having the most trouble in Chemistry. I hate Chemistry. I almost wish my major was different so that I wouldn't have to take it. I took it in high school and I had trouble with it there. College is so much better than high school. Everyone said that once I was in college, I would wish I was back in high school-I don't wish that yet! I really hated high school I'm so glad I'm not there anymore. Senior year was the worst-especially towards the end. I did so bad in school then. I can't believe I still got into UT. I didn't think I was going to get in. I remember when I found out-it was a Wednesday night and I made my brother check my status at UT on the internet. he didn't want to because I had been making him check it everyday for the past week and it always said that they were still reviewing my application. this time it said they had accepted me we were so excited no on e was there though just me, my brother and my boyfriend- he was asleep on the couch though and I woke him up to tell him and he didn't even act like he cared he just kind of grunted and went back to sleep-he's always like that though he never thinks anything I do that I'm proud of is really all that great anyway the night I found out was the night before me my brother my boyfriend and my best friend left for spring break vacation in Puerto Vallarta. That vacation was so fun!! except I was sick the whole time so that sucked the food was so gross ",y,y,y,n,n

1998\_898988.txt,"Well today is my birthday and I am excited. I turn 19. I am no longer just 18 and not quite 21 but somewhere in the middle. Today, I go up at 12:00 in the afternoon. I hate having to wake up so late because my day feels as if it is half gone. I guess that is why I'm here in the computer lab trying to complete these assignments. I am a little disappointed in myself because this assignment was originally due on Friday, but because some people were having difficulty with the computers the deadline was extended to Monday. That is great. I felt awkward because I had not completed the assignment not because I had computer problems but because I was to lazy to do the assignment. I have one problem I think in life and that is that I have too many friends. That seems like a weird thing to say, but it is true. I came to Austin with not one single friend or any family up here and for some reason I have many friends. I ask my friend Jina, do I look like a people-person, because people are just coming up to me and wanting to be my buds. I think that is so great. Most people would usually get very nervous and would not try to continue an conversation with complete strangers, but I try. Once you make the effort to reach put to people you will realize that there is a lot of people wanting to be your friend. I did something in the cafeteria the other day. I was running a way different schedule than my other friends, so I went to the cafeteria alone. I was thinking to myself, great I have to just eat and not talk to anyone. I was not going to do that so I say this guy sitting by himself. He looked decent and it wasn't as if I had any physical attraction to him. I just sneezed right now, two times. No one said bless you. I just thought that was weird. Any was back to my story. I went and sat down with him and we ate dinner together. It turns out that he is from San Antonion also. wow So I see him every now and then and we say hi to each other. I know this guy, his name is Carlitos. His is the coolest. Everywhere we go he knows someone. He goes to school at SWT but he knows people at UT and UTSA. I want to be someone who has friends everywhere. I have been doing a successful job so far, considering that I'm a freshman. I really like it here at UT. I am making friends, doing reasonably well in my classes, I have an easy job at the MIC in the SSB. To me the SSB is a great building and I talk about it everyone should know but everyone doesn't know about it and I think that is interesting. A building designed to help students and many don't know about it. I understand that the freshman don't know about it but professors and upperclass students don't know about the SSB. My hands are tired of typing and I have 5 minutes left to write. I like this psy class except that I want to fall asleep in the class. I probably should of scheduled the class for an earlier time. actually I that I think about it I did try but TEX was not working to my favor so I stayed with that time. I hope I get accepted to do the experiments because I surely do not want to do a research project. Tonight we plan on drinking some beer and having some pizza for my birthday. Last night when the clock struck 12:00 midnight, my best friend from school poured beer on me. We also dropped ashes from each others cigarette into each others beer and drank it. That is our new tradition we will carry on for years. Jeanie is a great friend. I wish she would come to UT instead of SWT, I know she wants to . well time is up so BYE. ",y,n,n,n,y

1998\_899161.txt,"I just waited 45 minutes for a bus to come and pick me up from the nursing building. in the dark and I got very agitated and edgy. Every car of course had their headlights on and a million cars must have passed by me. I'm still seeing spots even now. I'm upset because I think everyone has forgotten me since I moved off to college. I guess they do. I do feel like a number here at UT despite what they say about getting involved. Every night I come home excited to see if I got any e-mails, messages or mail- but I hardly ever do. They're ALWAYS for my roommate. I still expect to wake up in the morning and see my old room at home, but I get a nasty feeling in my stomach when everything comes into focus and I realize that I'm in some unusual place. and then I realize its my dorm room. Everyone told me the first week would be toughest and that everything is downhill on an easy ride from there. But it isn't working that way for me. Everything is going WAY uphill and the climb is getting even harder than my first week. I want to go home next week and see my family and my dogs, but I know if I do I won't want to come back and it will be even worse than my first day here because I know how awful it can be now and I will dread that returning again. I'll wait until I get on my feet to go back. Does this page keep moving down? The phone just rang again and of course it was for my roommate. She has to call her mom when she gets back. Then she'll hog the phone until 12:00 tonight talking to everybody in the world and their dog. And when my mom calls for ME I'll have to call her back because my roommate will be on the phone and by the time she's off, my mom will be in bed and it would be futile to try and call her back so late. I'm a very SLOW typer. I hope nobody is really reding this because they would think I was an absolute ogre. I'm really not. I put on a good front for other people. Everyone thinks I'm anorexic because they say ""I'm a toothpick"". If only they saw how much I eat. I hate being so skinny and being able to do nothing about it. Everyone wants to be skinny right? But not to an extreme, right? I have loads of trouble finding clothes, I have to stuff myself till I practically pop at every meal so I don't lose any more weight. I'm sick all of the time, I can't excercise a lot or else I shed pounds and spend too much of my needed energy, my poor parents have to pay a fortune for heart surgery for me because my low weight has caused serious side effects. I've never been anorexic, bolemic or anything for that matter yet people automatically assume that I am. I noticed in that pre-testing, that a lot was aimed toward eating disorders. Yet everyone fails to notice that there are some of us out here who need help with feeling too skinny. How come larger people and insecure people always get the help, when there's others out here who need some too. WE get tired of doctors shooing us away and finally don't do anything about it until the damage is already done, and it's not like we caused it to be that way like others. I miss my friends. I miss my family, and I'm signing off now because I'm getting really irritated. ",n,y,n,n,y

1998\_899637.txt,"I am very tired bc I have been studying all day for various classes. I know that once the ball starts rolling its going to be hell. This semester is somewhat full of crazy classes for me. I can't believe that I am having to take these evening classes I much rather have my 8:00 classes so that I could go to work and make some money now I don't what I am going to do. I guess become a male escort ha ha. I guess whatever pays the bills and gets me through college. Alsoo on my mind is the fact that I am kind of seeing 2 girls. I find them both very interesting and suitable for my needs. Neither of them are materialistic which is great bc right now I am broke all I have to offer is my heart. I don't know bc about 2 weeks ago I was pretty much dateless and desperate and now I am seeing these two girls and I have two others wanting to go out sometime. This sucks because they are all great girls and I don't want to hurt either of them. But I can see that something bad is going to happen bc it always does. It always happens this way for me one minute nothing and when I start dating somebody seriously I suddenly become attractive again. I am just going to go with it and not lead anybody on. Man once again this sucks!!! what else am I thinking about GRADUATING. I am tired of the school life I want to be out in the so called real world trying to fend for myself. Then again what am I talking about I am in the real world littl help from the parents and paying all the bills with the itty bitty pay checks I get. If I didn't have conscience I would be out there on the street corner selling drugs bc this barley getting by isn't cutting it. No money horrible job and always pissed off bc of this. Why can't my parents be rich. I wonder what its like to have everything given to you and never having to work for it. I just want to know what its like not having to worry about how am I going to pay the bills. And day in and day out I see these kids on campus without a worry in their mind. But do they appreciate this or do they take it for granted? One can only wonder but I would be willing to bet its all taken for granted. But I guess like my dad said ""son now your going to learn the value of a dollar and all those other kids handed everything will never appreciate anything they have. "" Hes not a educated man by any means but I believe he is right on this matter. For that reason I keep on keepin on wanting to gradute wanting to please my parents and mainly wanting to please myself. Now that I have rambled on for 20 minutes I am signing off. ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_903636.txt,"you would think that by now there would be no pain. ha. also on my mind is the extensive amount of homework that I have to do this evening. I am also very hungry. what am I going to eat? double-daves sounds good. or what about Chinese? god my teeth hurt. I should've grabbed the Advil when leaving the house this morning. Bummer. I would hate to spend another 5 dollars on another bottle but I don't know if I can go all day without it. I am also concerned with the fact that I just did an hour of pretesting stuff and its not connecting with the server. that could be a problem. ill have to ask about that today in class. it did take almost as hour. I would hate for that to be wasted time. this paper I have to write this evening is really stressing me out. john Winthrop and the Puritan dilemma. what a dilemma. actually it is rather interesting the way people thought back in that day. things have certainly changed. gross- I just rubbed my tongue back to that far forbidden corner in my mouth and felt the stitches. ouch. this probing throb is driving me bananas. obviously. I keep losing my train of thought. how will I ever be able to concentrate on john Winthrop. ill have to wait until I get home and pop a few Advil. or a few hundred as I am feeling right now. just kidding. anyway another thing stressing me out is the fact that my car is in the shop again. I dropped it off this morning and its almost as if my life is in someone else's hands. at least my checking account is. ha, what checking account is more like it. ouch. my freaking teeth. I am going to have to break down and buy some more Advil. that sucks. gosh it's almost 2:00 already. where does the time go? oh yea that pretesting thing and then trying to submit it. I have that it's not lost. maybe I should try and check somehow to see if I can send it through now. well its been twenty minutes. its time to go and get some Advil and relieve my suffering. Eckerd's is probably the least expensive. it kills me that I have to buy more of that. pain medication is not cheap. anyway enough bitching! lets go over to the pretesting website again. ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_910501.txt,"Naturally, since I am a college student, I should be focused on my college education, but my mind seems to be in other places right now. I went home over the summer and ended up meeting a wonderful person. That person and I became very close over the summer and ended up dating for a while. I am a guy and I never thought that I would be able to meet a guy that I could have such strong feelings for. We spent so much time together. I would go to work every morning at 8 am , and I would usually get out at about 6pm. After work, we would go running together. which served two purposes - exercise and spending time together. Well, the summer went by really fast and by the time I knew it, it was time for me to return to Austin. It was really hard to say goodbye to him but eventually I had to do it. On my way up to Austin, I stopped at his house and he had made me breakfast. We ate and talked for a while. I did not want to stay there too long or else I would end up arriving in Austin too late. So I said goodbye. which was one of the hardest things I have had to do in a long while. besides tell my parents that I am gay. I don't think I am the same person after I met him. I have learned how to express my feelings more openly. I used to be so scared to express my feelings to anyone. probably because the people I used to date were girls. and deep down inside I was not happy with them. Now that I have experienced being with someone, and being happy with someone else. I want to feel like that all of the time, but the problem is that he is back home. and keeping a long distance relationship has been really hard. We decided to ""break it off"", and so he has been on my mind lately. which has contributed to my procrastination on this assignment. Anyway, this seems like a dumb thing to talk about. and I honestly can't believe I submitted this for an assignment. but it kind of helped to ""write"" it out. and hopefully I can get this out of my mind and focus on the more important aspects of my life right now. . ",y,y,n,n,y

1998\_911582.txt,"college is perhaps the most unstructed, yet the most structured enviornment I have yet to face. Vague, vague, it's all vague, yet so remarkably specific. I can't help but thing about what I'm going to say next. I'm engaged in an activity, that's how I work. When I'm doing something, I try to do it with the most focus I can. To simply do it with no thought is, to me, a waste of mind. Back to college, I'm still trying to convince myself that I had no choice. Had I given myself the option, I would be a music major, but I didn't do what I had to do. I slacked off on my music, a thing I can never forgive myself for. Sure, in that time, I managed to develop my other skills in school, but what a becauset. I played viola for seven years to major in chemistry. Sure, some may say that just having played is enough, but for me, to not bring about one's work to full potential is not worth anything. I hope I go through with chemistry, then at least I can say I stuck with something. Listening to music right now, I think that perhaps I could have achieved that; maybe I still can, but it seems to far right now. at least the food is good, and my roommate is a nice person. I guess college will just be a test of how much I want to make a good life for myself. it's my brother; I'm so glad to talk to him; I had to leave him in the middle of the hardest part of his life (middle school); he was really used to having me there, but it seems like he's adapting fine. I hated my middle school years. The kids we mean and the teachers we less than happy to help out a shy little guy like I was. thankfully, high school was much better. College seems like it will be full of wonderful interaction, but I wonder how much interaction I'll be able to stand. I'm the kind of person who likes other people, but who also sees them as a distraction most of the time. and they always seem to distract when you don't want them to and disappear when you want company. I'll never figure people out. Well, this has been a lot of uncohesive thought, but I guess that's the whole point. adieu and farwell ",n,n,y,y,y

1998\_911801.txt,"I really could care less that I'm doing it at this moment. However, I care about my grade in the class, so that is why I am typing. Lately I've really been curious about the UT environment and atmosphere. It seems to me that everything that an authoritative figure has to say is always an understatement of what is actually expected. For example, one of my professors indicated within a span of less than ten seconds that we should read over chapters one through four for the next session. When I got back to my dorm room I opened the book, thumbing through the chapters, and realized that this man expected the class to read a total of one-hundred and fifty pages in two nights!! I don't consider myself lazy, but this seemed like quite an astronomical expectation for such a subtle suggestion. College life seems to be okay. I have a lot of free time, but when I really think about it, time flies so quickly that my free time is gone. I like my math class but can't stand the discussion lectures. I feel that they are a complete waste of time, until we actually cover material that I haven't seen. When this occurs, I'm really in for it because I'll be forced to attend the lectures. I really have a hard time understanding the TA, because he gets so excited about math that he talks too fast. People who get excited about math should do the world a favor and jump off a cliff. Just kidding, don't come searching for me because I said a morbid thing like that. My sense of humor is pretty violent. I like it when people have desensitized themselves enough to understand and enjoy that sense of humor that I possess. There is nothing that I can't stand more, however, is someone that totally does not understand my sense of humor and thinks that I am some sick individual. Typing for twenty minutes really sucks. I think I am getting carpal tunnel disease. I've never experienced so much pain in my wrists. I think I am going to slit them right now. with a dull razor blade. Then I'm going to cut my arms off and beat my roommate over and over with them. Once he has experienced maximum horror, I'm going to chop off his leg and leave him there to wither and die and horrible death. Then I'm going to go dive off a bridge onto I-35 and do triple somersault face-plant onto the oncoming traffic. Hopefully I'll traumatize someone in the car and cause them to go off the deep end. I'm just kidding. Would never do such a thing. Anyway, classes are going pretty good, I'm getting a real good taste, as a Freshman, of what college life is all about. I really enjoy having a mission or goal if you will, to get to class, and actually completing it on my own without parent supervision, or guidance, rather. In general, I enjoy the individualistic atmosphere here. However, I have become quite disturbed with the fact that no one talks to one another, perhaps because of pride, shyness, commitment to fulfill an independent lifestyle. Whatever it is, I'm troubled. I have repetitively made eye contact with numerous females on numerous occasions, but they don't look back. I smile but they don't respond. what a bunch of robots. I've never, ever, ever, ever had trouble communicating with the opposite sex before. New challenges await me. Oh well, time's up, hope you've had fun over-analyzing me. Oh wait, my name doesn't really matter, I'm just another statistic, or another number. Got to get used to it. ",n,n,n,y,y

1998\_913489.txt,"I am a sophomore at UT. I am very excited about doing this assignment because I just received my email account. The whole technology thing really amazes me. I am very excited about taking this class because I am interested in the study of people and how their minds work. I am a little undecided on my major, and who knows: this may be my calling. Well, maybe! This is very fun for me being here on the world wide web. I feel like I've been in the dark for so long. I'm sitting here wondering what the people around me are doing? Are they browsing or doing actual work. My guess is that they're doing important stuff, like I am doing. I'm looking forward to exploring other websites after this because like I said this is my first time on line. Now I can talk to my international friends and actually be in contact with my professors and teaching assistants. I have no idea how I made it through a whole year without an account. I guess that's why I missed a lot of posted assignments. O. K. now my hands are getting tired because it's been a whole summer since I've actually done work. But let me tell you it was a pretty exciting summer. I saw friends that I haven't seen in a while and had some wild and crazy times. I should have gone home to save money, but instead I stayed in a very expensive apartment on West Campus and spent all the money I worked so hard for on bills, etc. I am a waitress at Cafe Serrano's. It's a bit fun at times, and I make money on occasion. It really makes my whole opinion and view of people change. I mean, I really try to respect everyone for who they are, but when you're constantly waiting hand and foot on a bunch of stingy, angry people it kind of gets you down on people as a whole. It's a fun environment behind the scenes. I have some fun times with some great friends. We goof off and joke around, and we even hang out after work. I'll have to cut back on the hanging out part with school starting again. My boss thought it was a good idea to work me 50 hours this week. So, I'm pulling my hair out here. I'll tell her tomorrow that I cannot work this much while taking classes. I'll have a nervous breakdown. I do need the hours to pay bills, but I might be able to make it with only a few shifts a week. After all waitressing pays pretty good money when the business is there, you know. If all else fails, I'll beg my parents for a loan. whew now my hands are really tired. I realize that this is nothing compared to some of the stuff I will be writing; however, I still need to get warmed up for the semester. God, I can't wait until Christmas break. I love the holidays so much. I'm never in such a good mood as I am then, unless I have just been dumped by the man of my dreams which doesn't happen every year but it does and that is wh6y my feelings towards men is a very negative one. Actually I love the opposite sex, but at the same time I want to kill every one of them. Actually I am just waiting for Mr. Right and when I settle for Mr. alright for now that's when the crap hits the fan. Well it's been fun but my time's up. I guess I'll visit next time for assignment 2. Later! ",y,y,y,n,y

1998\_914538.txt,"You all are going to read this and say, Who the heck is this freak? The first day of the semester. I�m tired already. I want to change to world half the time and it�s not at all working. I hate people sometimes and I like them the next. How can people lie to you, straight to your face and still not have any trouble what so ever sleeping. Have we no morals at all? All I can think of as I return once again to the glorious UT campus is how everyone is just paying to party; paying to drink, dance and meet people. I want to learn, but I want to have fun too. I can�t believe that all anyone thinks about anymore is the same old same old; drugs-alcohol, sex and rock and roll okay so maybe it�s more R&B now a days. I must be warped. I want someone to tell me yeah it was a great weekend because I got to go here or there and I met with my friend so and so. Not Hey it was a great weekend, I got some chick to come back to my dorm and I got plastered. What is that? Am I the only one who thinks this way? I can�t be. It just can�t be that rare that I would be the only one who would want to do something besides drink and party 24/7. I must be jaded. Yes, I�m a junior. Yes I�ve been here a lot longer than half of these kids, fish, in our PSY class. But still, the campus is still a new place to me. Everyday is something new. I learn something new. I meet a new person. Something, anything. But something tangible. I�m not talking about some whim like bouncing from party to party. Being pseudo friends and all. I try to be genuine. I don�t lie to people. I�m friendly damn it. I used to like people. People made me this way. All the mean rotten people in this world who want to lie to my face, cheat me out of my rights or just blatantly go out of their way to be rude and downright spiteful. How rude is that? I can�t believe what our society has come to be. I can�t wait to start learning how some people think. What makes our brain tick. Why am I the way I am. Why that mean lady who cut me off right on my way home is the way she is, like she didn�t see my blinker, that�s what that stupid little light is for. I didn�t pay extra to just have extra decorations on my car. As if. Then she honks at me, like I was in the wrong, she knows she was speeding up to close the gap. How rude! I want to know why they think this way. Is this like the beginning of all of this Armageddon story. Is that what the 21st century is bringing our way. Why are we all fighting. And why am I so cynical when I�m only 19. I should still be a naive little student who loves the world and everyone in it. But still. There are such things as being right and being wrong. What ever happen to a person�s word? I want to know. There has to be others like me who think this way. I�m not the only one who thinks we�re wasting our time here. There are more important things to do in our world than worry about which frat is having the next party and whose dating who and all of that petty stupid little gossip things that buzz around the world everyday. You know it happens. It starts every morning at the water cooler or something like that and people just begin their little digs for the day. What is it with us. I hope humans weren�t always this stupid, because let me tell you we�re at a downfall here; crime, attitudes, lying, no morals, all of that. You know what I�m talking about, don�t you computer? I�m babbling. I just want everything to make sense. It doesn�t now. I don�t know. I want the world to change, but how can it, when will it, what are we going to do. . . ",n,y,n,y,n

1998\_916137.txt,"I could talk about all the controversial issues that have swept the nation - Clinton's sex scandal, the terrorist bombings, or any other factor that is found on the news. I could also write about everything that is wrong with society, however these things almost seem too common in today's everyday conversations. What used to seem controversial is now somewhat the fad. People are running around with bad attitudes because they are the ""rebellious"" ones. It is truly not they that are rebellious. They are simply conforming to what is seen by the physical eye as rebellious. True rebellion is seen in writing. In the early years of the United States, people were hung and persecuted for their written work. I think that those moments should go down as some of the sadder times in our history. I think it was Hawthorne who was greatly criticized for his Scarlet Letter. He wrote about a woman who was punished for adultery, but was she really punished? She had to wear an outward symbol of her sin, but I think that Hawthorn only included that to keep from being persecuted by authorities. The story was truly about the liberation Hester Prin found in her life. I don't think that is exactly what I was aiming at, but I am sure someone would understand. I like to think of myself as pretty well learned, however when I compare myself to others of greater intelligence I find myself utterly an idiot. While on the subject of intelligence I would like to take a minute to bash standardized tests. I do decently on them, however they in no way judge the full potential or caliber of any student. I feel as though there is something of importance that I could say, however seeing as I am the utter idiot, I find a rare occasion that I have anything interesting to say. I guess I would like to be a scientist in the sense of knowing knowledge for the sake of knowledge. I would like to soak up a lot of life while I have the chance but sometimes life gets in the way. I mean, sometimes I am trying so hard to enjoy life I forget that I am living it. There will never be another today. This is the only August 30, 1998 that I will ever experience. I would like to end it saying it was a day of my life well spent. ",y,y,y,y,n

1998\_917906.txt,"I miss so many things back home. I never thought I would miss anything. But I guess it's true what they say. You never know what you have until it's gone. The transition from high school is not that bad. The schooling is not the part that worries me. It's the living on my own that really worries me. I have always depended on others for my needs and now it is up to me to do it on my own. It does have it's advantages but it also has numerous disadvantages. I wonder what my girlfriend is doing back home at this very moment? Maybe I should call and see if she is as lonely as I am. I wonder what everybody else is going to write on this same assignment. I hope I can make all A's in my classes this year. I have made straight A's forever and now I guess my parents kind of expect me to keep doing the same thing. I don't want to disappoint them in anyway. College is a very structured society. Everybody hangs pretty much with their own cliches. Like all the Frats and Sororities. Then you have the want to be frats and sororities. Then there's the people who don't care who their surrounded by. I wonder how and where I would be classified. I love this assignment. The thoughts just flow through my head like crazy and now I finally get to write them all down. Too bad nobody will probably ever read it. The mind is a very miraculous thing. I wonder how it works. And why we only use so little of it if it's so big. I wish I could go home right now to visit my friends and especially my girlfriend. I even miss my family. I never thought I would miss them. Just because I was always with them and before I left we had a lot of hard times. But when I left, seeing my mother and father cry was the thing that tore me up inside. I had never seen my father cry. I really hate good-byes. Why do we always have to part from the ones we love. No matter how hard we try, there must always be good-byes. I miss all my high school friends. I wonder how everybody is doing. I wonder if we'll have a ten year reunion. I would really like to know how they are doing in ten Years. I really haven't been able to keep in touch with too many of them. Some went to the Army, others to the Navy, and others to school in various places. My girlfriend is so beautiful. I really hope she is doing all right. I really care for her and she is constantly running through my mind as you can probably see. She just means so much to me and I worry about her all the time. Well, I think I have done enough thinking for right now, I will leave you now to go call her and see how she's doing. . . ",n,y,n,y,y

1998\_918489.txt,"I was looking forward to this game all week because last week they beat Michigan, the defending national champions. Also it doesn't help that most of my friends are anti-Notre dame so when they lose it makes it even worse. I really thought that if Notre Dame could beat the national champions, they could beat Michigan state who is unranked. Besides that today has been kind of slow because I didn't wake up until about 3, it was a long night. The last couple of weekends have been like this, I stay out until 4 or so and then sleep till 2 or 3 the next day. When you wake up this late it really ruins the entire day because you think that most of the day is gone and you really can't get going. Also the weather has not helped the situation. I think the weather had been me more inclined to stay in my room and just sit around, not that that's really bad, it just kind of makes you feels unproductive. It is kind of nice that it had been cooler the last few days, I have been looking forward to wearing more long sleeve cold weather stuff but since it has been raining, its been kind of pointless. Besides, I have been trying to make it more cold than it really is. last night I planned on wearing a long sleeve sweater sort of thing but when I went outside for a little while I found it really wasn't all that cold, it was just cooler than normal. Right now I am also look forward to the next couple of weeks because I am planning on join the mavericks, the basketball spirit association for the university. This has also made me kind of nervous though because I hear that it is very straining physically. I hear that when you are first pledging, you have to wake up at 5am to work out with the group. This will probably suck because I am out of shape when it comes to running and cardiovascular stuff. They also have to lift weights, but I don't mind that =so much because I do that anyway. I hope that this organization will be worth my time and effort, I f so it will be fun, but I don't want to do it for a while and then quit because I don't like the people. Well the cowboy game is on right now, we are loosing but its ok. All this football stuff is getting me ready to play I'M football, this is my favorite I'M sport. We are getting a few teams together this year, I hope at least one will win there division, I would really like one of those intramural champion shirts but they are hard to get because so many teams play each year. I do think this year that I will be able to win one because I will know all the guys on my team, last year I played on an independent team and none of us knew each other. I really am looking forward to I'M football this year. It is almost time to go eat now and my writing time is about done and I am starting to drift out of the trance I was in when I was writing this a few minutes ago. This is actually a pretty fun exercise, its weird to see how my thought drift from one to the next, I was surprised to see how much I wrote and how fast the time went by. ",y,n,n,n,n

1998\_923736.txt,"I guess I'll use this space to rant about this topic. Yes, I used to have a car. She's a silver-blue '86 Camry that my mom bought when I was in first grade. She was the first new car my mom ever bought, and I think she made a good choice. She bought a new Camry in '96, when I turned sixteen, which, by the way, is the nicest car I've ever had the pleasure of riding in. Strap $15,000 to the dashboard, and you have a Lexus. But anyway, I drove the old Camry, Pretty Hate Machine (after Nine Inch Nails' debut album, which is awesome)until I went away to college last year, on my little sister's 16th birthday. So you can probably guess what happened to her (the Camry, not my sister). Yes she got two huge dents in it, running into the same garage behind the restaurant where we work, a garage around which I have managed to maneuver countless times without causing bodily harm to Pretty Hate Machine (which my sister so rudely calls ""The Velvet Rocket!!!""). OK, I crashed her once and busted her right headlight, but it wasn't my fault, and the other lady's insurance paid for it all, and I felt terrible for putting her (the car) through all that. Gill showed not the slightest sign of regret for her thoughtless actions, having no respect for Pretty Hate Machine. She's such a great car. First of all, she screams ""MOM,"" so I never get pulled over in her, not even during the six months she had a busted headlight. She might as well have vanity plates that say ""MOM, RN. "" Second, she's the most reliable car in the world, which is one of the reasons I felt bad when I crashed her, because she's not used to the shop at all. No, she's never broken down. She's got 150,000 miles on her, yes, she's ""been around the black"" a few times, rrhaha. She's never broken down. Third, I love her because she's idiot-proof. She doesn't just have that beeping noise when you don't fasten your seatbelt; she turns the headlights and the dome light off when you leave the car, so you'd have to be worse than an idiot to run out the battery, which my sister did I might add. And you have to lock it from the outside, or else 1 door stays unlocked, so you can't lock your keys in her. She's the perfect car. Oh, and since she's so old and a 4-seater, she's cheap to insure. Yes, I have a sort of sick emotional attachment to her, but she's just so awesome. She's like an heirloom, having been in the family long enough to serve two generations. I get to drive her whenever I go home, which is nice. It's hard to take her for granted when I don't get to see her that much. Oh, I forgot to add that We took our family Christmas card picture in front of, with me holding the keys out in front of my face. There was this really cute boy in high school named John King who drove the same car, except he had the windows tinted so that he could drive and be sketchy at the same time, I guess. Anyway, I thought he was cute, and the fact that he drove such an awesome yet practical was somehow really sexy to me. And this summer There was this guy named Jon who worked at the same restaurant I did back home who drove the exact same car, except his was more gray than blue. We somehow a big kick out of trying to park our cars next to each other, or opposite each other, or in some geometric configuration. What really kills about her is that every day when I pass by the UTC on the way to class there she is, parked right there, the exact same car, taunting me, torturing me. I miss my Ol' Girl. ",n,y,n,y,y

1998\_930178.txt,"not as much concentration, nor as deep a thought. I have always had a problem with being too easily distracted - like now I just lost my train of thought. I try to think about too many things at once and I do not really have a choice about what I think. when I was doin the pretesting I often found that if any question required any thought or recoolection at all I was drawn a blank at it. I simply could not look deeply into what I saw. I have related this problem to many possible sources - this is why I decided that I did not want to smoke marijuana. it is also why I am thinking that I should not smoke. it is possible that smoking could have a depressive effect on the mind. maybe I do not drink enough water, or sleep too little or too much. there really is no way to know for certain. I should probably just lead the best life that I know how instead of the easiest, which is what I do. I know there are things I need to get done, things that I do which are just wasting my time, and things that I know are just plain wrong but I always reason my way around these issues. or rather I just stop myself from thinking about them. it really cannot be good to be like this - I am feeling like I inhaled a little too much glue - actually I am probably just using the computer too much. by continuously focusing on an external source of entertainment right in front of me I feel that I am rotting my brain. this assignment is not helping either because I am not allowed to stop and think about things - once again I am simply functioning on the basest level possible. I like the movie the stand a lot, and I have read the entire book once and the first half two more times. I never really can finish it, but this last time that was because I decided that reading was bad for me. in all honesty, it is probably better for me thatn enything else I do because it might encourage deep thought. I should probably also listen to music without words - one is forced to think deeply with that because there is nothing else really for your mind to do. I listen to the play les miserables all the time now - and it is interesting because it is a very sad play - in a way it makes me sadder than anything. I feel like I would cry if I would ever cry, but I never do. I cry maybe once every year or two, and it is usually for something silly. the last time I cried sincerely was when highschool ended I had just listened to I will remember you, the sound they played at graduation. I also saw grease and st. elmo's fire, both of which remind me of high school. soon after I cried quite a bit over the loss of something which I didn't really care about in the first place. I think it is because I have never liked the end of anything, and the end of highschool is much like the end of the first section of you life. although there is a marginal change from elementary to junior high, and junior high to high school, they are still organized schools in the public school system, often ever within the same school district. every day at 7 am you get up to prepare for school which you are required to go to at 8. there are tardies and classes and a bell and teachers that know your name. lunch is in a cafeteria at a specific time and there is a meal of the day that you must pay your 1. 50 or 1. 75 for. it is really all the same thing, just twelve different grades in the same school. college is more like a job than like the old school system - it is a huge change. I simply hope that my friends don't go crazy and decide to move off or something after college. this would be the death of me because I will not, can not, and don't want to make new friends. however, I have found that no contact with friends slowly drives me mad. I would love for me jere and nolan and robert to stay local forever. I would like them all to, but I do not see how I could live without at least (robert and nolan), (jeremy and robert), (mark and robert), (robert and ben), (jeremy and ben), (jeremy and mark). therse combinations would be able to keep me satisfied for just about forever. of course, you know the freakin psychos will all go off and get married like the sick bastards that they are. they should read a little bit of saint paul, the fools. he knew the wisdom about not getting married. that was one of the things that pissed me off about your pretest. it asked is my shyness interfered with my dating or something like that. no, my shyness doesn't interfere with my freaking dating, cause I don't date! I never will date, I barely ever have dated, and I think that people who do date should be lined up and flogged until they come to their senses. in my junior year people always used to say, well craig, you are just bitter cause you can't get any. well, at the time that was partially true, but since then I have had opportunity galore. in my senior year, jana (the cheer leader), heather, myriah, jill, and melissa all openly admitted that they liked me. did I pursue? did I? well, I admit I foolishly wen out with jana (worst mistake of my life, btw). but no one can say that I can't get any. no sir. there was a girl on my floor last year that may have liked me (the only girl I have bothered to meet in all of college so far). peopl also say well just wait until you meet the right person craig - then you will change your mind. well who are they kidding? I already said that I had no interest in meeting any people at all. I have met basically zero peopl since I have been in college. I met my roommate, and I briefly spoke to nero and christina (I think that was her name) but that is it. I have met no one in my classes nor do I have any remote interest in meeting them. once last year a girl called me up to ask me to study with her (highly possible that she was interested in me as well) but I had no interest in doing so. I sat there in terror hoping that she wouldn't ask me to study with her, for I would have to turn her down which I hate to do. that will probably how I will end up getting hitched. I just won't be able to say no. I am terrible at that. ",n,n,n,n,y

1998\_930477.txt,"College is awesome though, there is no doubt about that, but it is a little hard to handle well, but sick is an even bigger challenge. I never knew how fun college could actually be, it is crazy. There are so many new people to meet and make friends with, some are nice some not, but hey that is always how it goes. I grew up in Austin so finding my way around campus is really no big deal for me. It actually is really nice, because I know my way around the entire city, and plus my parents are here just in case I really need them. Plus the fact that it is easier for me to get money that it is for most people. Another bonus about having grown up in Austin is the fact that I don't have to change my doctor or anything like that, which came in very handy this week, with me being sick and all. The one thing that bothers me the most about college is the pressure to fit in. I'm in a sorority and absolutely love it, but what I don't love is the fact that when we go to parties, every guy there tries to hand you a beer, and for someone who normally doesn't drink it can get kind of annoying. But even worse is the fact that I start to feel like there is something wrong with me because I am not drinking. Like I should be and because I'm not that I am just the weird girl. It is hard for me because I don't want to compromise my moral and religious beliefs, but I continue to find it harder and harder to say no when someone asks me if I want something to drink. It is a very weird and torn feeling, and when I do drink I feel really guilty about it. The one thing that I don't understand is why people think that they need to drink in order to have a good time. After all, most of the time they don't even remember to good time that they had. I myself know that I am having just as much fun as everyone else when I am sober. I am continuing to struggle with this subject daily. I am out of the comfort zone of my high school friends. Friends who believed the same things that I did and that didn't feel like they had to drink to have a good time. I miss them so much, even though I am making new friends here, I still wish that I could see my old friends every day, because just by looking at the expression on my face they can tell when I need a hug because I'm having a bad day or that I just need someone to talk to. It takes a while to form deep relationships with people because no one wants to open up right away and let themselves be vulnerable, they are afraid that if they do it will come back to haunt them, I'm guilty of the same things. It is just going to take time to make really good, deep friendships here at college, but I think that I am on my way. I often wonder if other people are feeling the exact same way that I am. If they are nervous, timid and scared. I guess that is really stupid to ask because I know that they are. I find it so strange how life takes turns that you never would have expected. It is never predictable and never quite goes the way that you have planned it to go. When I first applied for college I swore that I was going to go out of state, but low and behold I changed my mind and here I am at the University of Texas. God himself is just incredible, especially when he throws little things into your life, weather it is for the good or the bad you know that it is in his plan. If you ever really stop to think about what would have happened if you didn't meet one person, how many other of your friends would you have never met. I just don't understand how people can think that there is not a higher power looking over us, because from where is sit today, everything that has happened in my life, and the people that I have met, I know are more than mere coincidence, much much more. ",y,y,y,n,n

1998\_930531.txt,"I feel nervous inside and butterflies keep flying around my chest. This is probably because I am nervous about what my boyfriend has to tell me. I feel excited as well and it's pretty weird, but for the first time, in a long time, I know what it means to take advantage of ones individual strength. I mean I feel as though things will work out, but what if he tells me that the one and a half years we've spent together are over. Anyway, this has pretty much been on my mind since 7:00a. M. I can't really think of anything else but that. Gosh, I am so nervous, but then again I'm probably over reacting. Other things has also been on my mind like my first test in biology. I really don't know what kind of questions are going to be asked. I'm sorry, but I just feel so nervous and I think these butterflies have turned into bats or something because I can't even breathe without feeling more nervous by the minute. I feel pretty confident and I guess that's good. I guess I'll stop thinking about that for awhile and let my heart catch up to my chest pounding. On to another thing I was thinking about. I can't believe that Magwire guy from the Cardinals almost beat the record foe the most homeruns. Pretty weird that I jumped from one serious subject to another, huh? That's pretty much the way I work inside. I get all worked up about something and then the next minute I'm laughing and having a good time. I know why that happens. I don't look at the bad things in life, I only look at the good things. It's bad for me to say, but I could probably walk down a dark street with no common sense and think that that street is the most safest place on the face of this earth. A lot of people judge a lot of things from the outside which is so unfair to everyone. Not everything that looks ugly or dirty is bad. In fact, the prettiest looking and the wealthiest looking people probably do more crime or illegal things what the ""middle or lower"" class would do. That's why I hate when I get my pay check and see how much taxes I pay for people to just claim welfare for something stupid. More than half of the on welfare are able to work, they're just too lazy! I know this for a fact because my boyfriend's step-sister does that. So, basically, while I'm working my ass off for people like her, my money is lost and I don't even get that much taken out of my check for MY Medicare. That's what's so unfair!! Well my 20minutes have flown by so, I will write to you soon for assignment #2. good-bye and take care. ",y,y,y,y,n

1998\_931283.txt,"I think about my mother, my ex-boyfriend in Houston(of whom I'm still in love with) and just things that are going on in my life right now. All of the stressed of being on my own and all this is just really overwhelming. And for some reason during all of this I listen to the most depressing Tori Amos or Sarah McLachlan song. After a good cry I always feel better, I think it's healthy to cry though. I think it's good to deal with things rather than to create something to do and keep yourself busy. Dealing with things, for me, is the best way to get over them. But sometimes I tend to obsess over things rather than just simply dealing with them straight out. I seem to have reverted back to my pre-teen years when I would cry myself to sleep because my mother was no longer with me. My parents got divorced at that time, about when I was 11 years old or so. I remember every night listening to sad music and just crying because I missed her. She and I have one of the best relationships I've ever seen between parent and child. She is my friend not just my mother. But I don't cross boundaries, I respect them wholly and recognize them way in advance. I think some people take advantage of when they are friends with their parental unit, use it to their advantage, I just respect it and cherish it with all my heart. I quote Sarah McLachlan, ""And I have the sense, to recognize, that I don't know how to let you go. "" I think that line has described my relationship with my boyfriend for the past year. We've broken up twice but we always seem to end up in each other's lives at some point or another. I guess it's a good thing, he's a wonderful person and a great person for me. But I just don't know if I can do this (be in love with him have a relationship, what have you) with him being in Houston and me here in Austin. I don't know if I want him calling me telling me how much he misses me, and telling me he loves me when he's two hours away. I guess it's not that much of a distance compared to other people's long distance relationships, but I think it takes a certain type of person to be in one of those. I certainly know they're not for me. And from his past experiences with them, all bad, I know he's not too keen on the idea either. I miss him terribly, touching him, smelling him, his humor, his voice, everything. E-mail and phone conversations don't suffice. I just got a new laptop and I wrote my friend this huge letter with like six big paragraphs and I hit this button on accident and it deleted the whole thing. UGH! I hate this thing, but I really don't I like having it to take to the library. I just need to learn how to do everything and what not to do. I'm not into reading these huge dictionary size manuals on things. They just don't interest me that much. I'm much more of a trial and error person. Except when it comes to math basically because I don't want to sit there for hours trying to figure something out. I want a formula there for in my face. We're doing these circuit things in that class that is all trial and error right now. It's a total bitch. I made three really cool friends in that class. One of my friends Tim I saw at a club the other weekend and remember him from the hallway in which we were both lost together. I wish he were cuter, he's a really nice guy. And I made these two other friends Tracie(same name as my best friend) and Stephanie. They're both really cute, and Tracie seems like she'd be a lot of fun to go out and party with. She was telling me about her cousin's friend who's gay and just moved to new York to go into fashion. Imagine that. but I would love to go to New York. Especially after seeing that movie A Perfect Murder , I mean I know not everyone there has a huge penthouse on Central Park but I would love to just go visit it. I love the whole image of it, it's just very chic for some reason. I would live there if I could get a very high paying position somewhere, but that's the only way I would. it's just too crowded otherwise. ",n,y,n,n,n

1998\_932048.txt,"I don't know if anyone will read this or not. Right now I have a huge headache from that survey. Some of those questions are ridiculous. I am not sure how many people are scared of sleeping dogs. Anyway, the ""gay"" questions really made me think. All of my friends tell me that it is a sin because the Bible says it is. So I think I answered that question how they would of and not me. But I do feel that a gay couple should NOT be able to adopt a child. What kind of life is that? The child would endure unnecessary criticism. My boyfriend lives in Oklahoma. I miss him so much. It is hard to watch everyone else be happy together. My suitemate is constantly with her guy. Basically I am jealous. I don't know why. I never considered myself a jealous person. Sitting here talking about relationships, makes me want to call him. My phone bill this month is going to be out of control. My parents are going to kill me. School- I am kind of worried about the whole thing. I never had to try that hard in high school and I was in the top 10%. but everyone at Texas is somewhat smart or they wouldn't be here. I heard that Texas had to accept around 3,000 freshman that were in the top 10%. I was at the bottom of that spectrum. I wish it would be 20 min. already. I am so tried. I have large amounts of homework to do today. As I sit here there are lots of people passing in church outfits. I feel guilty that I didn't go this morning. At home (Houston) my family went every Sunday at 7:30. My mom is weird. Why would you go at 7:30 when you could go at 9:30, 10:45, or 12:30. She makes me so mad sometimes. Last night we got in this fight over plane tickets to Oklahoma. My boyfriend and I were going to split the price but she wants him to pay since his family has millions. She is such a snob. I never understood why though. Actually I am surrounded by a lot all the time. I just finished ""rushing"". What an experience! I am so glad it is over. My time is almost up. I can't wait to stop typing. My eyes hurt and I still have that headache. I complain way to much. Alright bye. ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_932105.txt,"I feel bad right now because my stomach is very upset, it's been upset for the past week or two and I'm afraid to go to the doctor, but anyway, I guess that's not really that important right now right? I should really be thinking about school and the 15 hour load that I'm taking and hoping that I'll be able to pass all classes with and A or a B. my father did tell me that he would give me $100 for every A that I get and $50 for the B's. It just goes to show hoe desperate he is that he wants me to get good grades. but maybe UT is just too hard for mr This is the only chance I have, you must do good Adina, you must. I should really believe in myself and hopefully finish school faster than my brother did that way my parents will be able to take a break for one year and save for Daniel's tuition. We are five years apart. I wonder if Karel will call me this weekend. It's been a whole week, maybe he doesn't care, maybe he just has someone else, someone better than me? how could he treat me so bad all this time and me just be here waiting for him. I should stop thinking about all this and worry about other things. I really don't know how dad's going to come up with 10,000 dollars to take out those tanks from the gasoline store. We are just too poor. and how could abuelito be so selfish and not pay those 17,000 dollars that he owes in taxes on the mineral rights. Tia is really upset because she doesn't think he cares much about anything anymore. which is partially true because the oil wells weren't his anyway the were abuelita's. boy do I miss her , even though I never met my own grandmother I know that she was a very beautiful lady. my dad must have been said when they told him that welita died. he would have stayed in the air force longer but I guess things just happen right, what I mean is it, it's 2:17 I still have about 10 more minutes to write. my mind is blank , I don't know what to say, this weekend when I went home there were so many flood charity things for the people of my hometown, Eagle Pass, and for the people of Del Rio. My mom and I should give all he close that we don' t wear anymore to those people. I can't believe how high the Rio rose. As we crossed the bridge on Friday I noticed that the river was completely back to normal but when I saw the pictures that my dad took of the river when it was high near welito's house it looked bad. I can't' believe all that stuff was under water. How could God do this to all these people. the worst thing about it is that it landed on the poorest of them all. the poorest are the ones that have to suffer the most. I hope that one day I can be rich and that I may be able to donate a lot of my money to the poorest people of our countries. People shouldn't have to suffer in such terrible ways, well, I sure do miss mom, right now she's in San Antonio because she took pappy to the doctor. I think my dad might have diabetes and he doesn't know it. my grandfather has diabetes too and you know how dad is, all his life he's always liked sweets. he has a sweet tooth, exactly like his daughter. I love sweets a lot. I really do, I always think that one day I might be the one that has diabetes and not my dad. I hope not though. but maybe if I did then I would be able to lose weight. oh well, anyway. I guess I better close this because I'm just about running out of time, although I wish I could keep writing because I kind of like just typing into keys and pressing down on them with thoughts that I have in my head. well, hope you like my confusing thoughts, or who knows, maybe you won't even read this. got to go. . :0) ",y,y,y,n,n

1998\_932270.txt,"That's what I thought, so I got very angry when earlier today they wouldn't sell me cigarettes just because my driver's license was expired. Then, they wouldn't sell them to my friend because they said that they knew that she was going to give them to me. It is ridiculous!!! I am eighteen even if my driver's license is expired. Just because in the last two months I haven't had two hours to go and get it renewed, they're going to punish me by not letting me buy my nicotine. Some rules just make me so mad I could scream. Why would they do such stupid things? I'm confused because I think that I'm afraid to audition for any of the plays here at UT because I'm afraid of failure, of not getting the part. My major is theatre arts and I hope to be an actress someday, and not one of those cheesy ladies on soaps. I want to be in movies and plays and be recognized and have money. I love acting and I've been doing it for so long and I never audition except for when I have to because I think maybe unconsciously, I feel less talented and afraid when they shake their heads at me. ",y,y,n,n,n

1998\_932282.txt,"But I can't go to sleep because I have mounds of homework to do. The drive back here from home, just wore me out completely, and that is why I didn't have any time earlier to do my homework. I still need to take a shower. Then I have to wake up early in the morning and figure out where my biology discussion class is, so I can go in there and take the dumb quiz that the TA gives out. Too bad, I am going to fail it. The lectures my prof. gives, just don't really make since. I wish that my best friend Natalie and I could've spent more time together when I was home this past weekend. I also wish that my boyfriend Mark would send me an email. I wish that we could somehow get passed this stupid problem we are having. It's hard enough him being in Virginia, then he has to go and get some weird attitude and get mad and not be himself. It is really making me mad, and sad all at once. I wish that I could see him, and knock some since into his head and then everything would be okay. Natalie is the only one that knows enough about us for me to talk to about our relationship problems. But I hate boring her to death with it, I don't want to get on her nerves about it. This past summer, everything was fine, and now it is all so different, I hate it. But there is nothing I can do about it. And then there is Matt which just gets on my nerves. He is my good friend from the past year, although we've known each other for going on 7 years. He just aggravates me, the way he is so scatter brained. I just get so frustrated, and tired of it. Poor guy, I feel sorry for him. Then, my mind always, swings back to Mark. I can't ever not think about us, and this problem we are having. I so need to talk to him about it because I can't function unless everything is resolved. And it is driving me absolutely CRAZY. But he won't talk about it, he won't talk to me. And I am not the kind of person that can just drop it. I can't just say, oh well, and then forget about it. I have it on me for quite a long while. Every day, I see or hear at least 15 things that remind me of him or us together. Its so depressing. I hate being this way, all depressed and not my peppy, cheerful self. Well, I see that the 20 minutes are up now. SO long. ",y,y,n,n,y

1998\_935951.txt,"I want to see my friends and my parents. can I go home? I lied to my parents. they don't like me too much right now. maybe even hate. I feel sorry. disgusted. hate for myself. I shouldn't have done that. but I'm an adult. ,I should do whatever I feel and they should just except it. turn that music off. my roommate listens to some weird stuff. what is that? it's depressing. I don't like it. it makes me homesick. why? it doesn't even remind me of home. gee, I want to listen to some rap but I'm sitting here writing continuously. is that how you spell it. it's hard to type what you think when you think it. even though they said not worry about grammar and all, I'm still worried. what if the professor thinks I'm stupid because I can't type. what if I am stupid because I can't type. thank got for backspace. anyhow, what is this for. why am I typing this. I need to do it. it's homework. I need to do homework. I feel bad. confused. wrong. should I take notes while I read in my textbooks. I don't know. I feel like an outcast when I don't take notes in my classes. should I? should I be writing down everything the professor says. should I? I'll find out when we take our first test. then when I fail, I can say now I know what to do when the problem could have been solved in the beginning by the teacher saying, please take notes because everything on the test will be from lecture. you bought the book because the university needs another way to spend money they know you don't have. ha! that was funny. okay, where was I. thinking still. I'm hungry. I can't stand the food at jester but I eat it like I've never had food before. it's just there and it tells me eat me fat boy you paid for it so eat it. I try to tell myself to find something descent like the gourmet pizza, not, or the soybean burgers but I keep getting in line to have that crappy stuff ion the choices line. never anything worth getting but I still eat it. Why? I miss home cooking, not that my mother ever cooks but McDonalds serves as a home cooked meal for me since that is what we had for dinner a lot when I was growing up. McDonalds is good. I like the nuggets? barbecue sauce is the bomb. one time I went to McDonalds and they wouldn't give me any barbecue sauce. bastards. anyway, what was I talking about. so, I miss my home. I miss my friends. I called each of them the first week I was here. they all stayed at home to go to college there, or joined the military, or just didn't go to college. Oh well, their loss because it's fun up here. actually, it's fun in san antonio where I live. I would probably not be going through anything like I am here if I were to stay home. I needed this in my life, to experience new things and new people. funny though, there aren't that many Mexicans here at UT. I mean there are tons of Asians, blacks, Indians, and of course white people but there aren't that many Mexicans so I guess there are people other than Mexicans in the world because in san antonio that's all you saw. Mexicans. man my friend jason is so cool. I miss my friends from work. I used to work at cici's pizza, the best pizza value anywhere buffet for only 2. 99 you come and see us. , I always plug the restaurant to whomever I speak or whatever, anyway I don't know why because the food really sucked. yeah, it was bad. really bad. rats and roaches. that's all that comes to mind when I think of cici's. yeah, and pastries. everyone that worked there threw parties. they were the bomb. I went to so many when I worked there. anything and everything went at a cici's crew party although others were invited too. they were fun. I miss people at work. I remember dating this grill I worked with never date anyone you work with. people talk and shit happens and it really sucks. frustration. anger. anyway, that reminds me of my ex-girlfriend now. she makes me cringe. probably because of the shit she put me through but mostly because every time she left me a message she would play a song from the radio. I guess that's why it's hard to listen to the radio and not think of her. disgust. , hate. pity. sadness. mistrust. bitch. I thought she was the one. / no I didn't I just say that to sound normal. she really didn't mean a lot to me only that she loved me so I felt bad that I didn't love her so I told her I really cared for her but I didn't. I lie to everyone I guess. even myself. sadness. silence. hurt. I don't know what else to write. nothing comes to mind only blackness. I hit a chord as I wrote that. is it true. I hope not. I never mean to be dishonest. I only tell the truth to hurt people and that's wrong. not always but I just feel funny when someone feels a certain way and I don't feel that way back. you know? anyway, that's all I'm going to say about that. is there any gum around here? found some it's good. juicy fruit. is going to move you it gets right to you, the taste the taste the taste is going to move you. okay, commercial. anyway, I wish I had a tv right now. I miss cable . I love to watch comic view and BET and MTV and comedy shows. tonight is seinfeld. that show is hilarious although the series finale sucked. very disappointing. I was mad. upset. I had to tape it because I had a band concert that night. band. bad memories. some good. i wish I played better so I could do something with it but I never practiced on my instrument. I never applied myself. another hidden talent gone to waste. what about college. apply myself? hopefully and succeed. want to graduate but not too sure on them probability of it. hope so. want to please myself as well as my friends and family. don't want to let myself down but I don't know if I want it that bad. sniffle. sadness. I want to make my parents proud again before they leave this earth. death. blackness. crying. . ",n,n,n,n,n

1998\_937081.txt,"what a waste of time. These guys are so hung on the fact that they can't decide whether they want to be this one or that one or if they can hack it. How stupid. it is really loud in the other room and I hate when people have their deadlocks one and leave the door open so it always slams when it closes. What should I do about mike? It is a really confusing situation. I wish that gabe would ask me out again. Smoking is bad. Justin just asked King Dobie if he wanted to go smoke and it's gross. To relieve stress about all this frat shit. Racism is bad. I don't understand why can't people just respect the fact that everyone is not going to be the same color as them. I am open-minded about it because I lived over seas and sometimes I wish that people would be able to have this experience so that they could understand a little bit about another culture. You learn a lot about your lifestyle and your own country when you are not surrounded about it the whole time. But right now I don't feel surrounded. Ronnie is still probably crying over his ex-girlfriend and I feel his pain I have been through that before with Chris, I wish here was here a lot of the time but I guess he isn't. he is probably with carley having sex which sucks for me to be thinking about because I think she is a really bad influence on him. I just hope he takes care of himself and doesn't screw up too bad at A&M since he already screwed up by even going there. Imagine that . to be an Aggie that would suck but I guess in a sense I am being prejudice against the Aggies. They are a whole different culture but I hate to be called a hypocrite. Someone called me today and it was my best friend in the whole world. Cole is the man. I miss him so much and a lot of the time I wish that I has a friend as close to me here as he was to me. He is at westpoint and I feel bad for him, no sleep and lots of pressure to do well. I hope he is ok. I miss him and he needs my prayers, which I need to do. I got to get back into the swing of things,. I would be letting Cole down if he knew where I am at with God right now, he is my accountability partner and I feel as though I am letting him down by not studying the word. I will probably go to Metro on Tuesday though and hopefully I will take someone with me. Maybe Brian will go. I hope so, I wonder how sarah and wade are. I miss seeing here and was pretty mean sometimes. brad on the other hand seems very worried about his job and I scared for him! We clicked really well at work and I wish we could spend some quality time together sometime but I don't know what he has been up to ? I got to go to bed soon. I was very stupid about waiting till the last minute to do homework but I do it all the time and I don't know why I surprise myself every time that I wait until the last minute to do stuff. speaking of which I need a job. where the heck am I going to get a job. I need money to pay for crap that I don't need, Like sweats and shoes that I would add to the collection of almost 40. Lauren just walked in the door and I knew because I recognized her voice. She is weird but in a great way. only 4 minutes I think. it seems like twenty minutes is such a short time when you are babbling your thoughts to a computer. Mike is weird and he has this annoying laugh that drives me nuts. So does Gabe but Gabe's is cute, or am I just trying to justify it because I think I like him. probably I do that a lot. I can convince myself that something is good when it isn't and the exact opposite. It sucks. I never know whether to believe myself or not to. Just like when I talk about sex, I don't want to have sex until I am married and I have made a commitment to not only myself and God but to my future mate. Wow that is scary. thinking about marriage. "" just what every girl dreams of. their wedding day. "" But I hate to be out in the category 'every girl' I am my own person and I feel like I am unique. ",y,y,n,n,n

1998\_937597.txt,"I'm really behind in school work right now. I have been working so much that I have put school work aside. I have a lot of things to buy and not enough money for everything. I'm wondering if I really need to buy a mask for my scuba class. that means I would have to invest ninety bucks in a mask and at least twenty for the snorkel. another thing that makes me really mad is that I just bought those flip-flops today and somebody stole them. that makes me so mad, it's like nobody has any integrity anymore. I don't understand every time I find something in a store I always turn it in. that's the way I would like for my things to handled if I left them. it just makes me mad. sure, they were on a super sale for ten bucks, but still, that is not the point. I wonder where my honey is at. oh yeah he had a flight meeting to attend. I wonder when he'll be back. it's already nine. okay, let's think, what do I have to do tonight. I have to finish up my economics homework, gosh I have to get at least a b in that class. I also have to get a good grade in this psych class. I wonder who's right outside, they sure are making a lot of noise. oh yeah, I have to do good in this class because I need it for my sequence to apply to the school. so I have to finish up this homework and then do eco. I'm glad I don't have to worry about digging up all the answers since I already found a bunch of them. I have to read for social work and I need to go and buy the sports package. I need to find out what time I have to be at work on Wednesday evening. I don't think my boss understands that my class doesn't let out until five and she wants me at work by five thirty, she's crazy. gee, I'm really thirsty. gosh, I have got to get back into homework. I have a test in sw on the 22. I have so much reading. I hate reading especially about research stuff. I think the only reason I'm caught up in psych is because most of the reading is pretty interesting and so is the prof. and economics, I guess I'm just afraid to fall behind in that class. so my goal for the evening will be to get all this psych stuff done and economics and get through the chapter in social work. that shouldn't be too hard. I kind of like that Jason isn't home but I'm getting worried about him. if he were here then I probably wouldn't' be getting this done. on the other hand he has plenty of physics and calc to do also so I guess we'll both be getting school work taken care of tonight. I'm so excited that I'll get to go to one of the football games this year. at least I'll feel like a normal college student for a day. I wonder how that slip that I just bought fits. I have yet to try it on. I bet Jason will love it but he will just have to wait. gosh, I'm hungry. what did I eat today, oh yeah I ate Chinese. I really have to get in touch with bob. I feel so bad that I haven't contacted him. I need to extend my condolences to his family. I bet his poor mother must be miserable without her husband. I don't know what I would ever do if I lost Jason, that's because we're not even married. ",y,y,y,n,n

1998\_938927.txt,"I do have spells of concentration where I can get things accomplished, and I guess getting around to doing this assignment is one of them. I don't know what happened to me in the past couple years of my life. I grew up as a bad girl--always in the corner in elementary school, only girl in my crowd to be suspended, first girl to try ""new things. "" But in the middle of my sophomore year in high school I came into contact with a few people who made me WANT to change my lifestyle. I lived in the Dubai, United Arab Emirates from 7th grade until the middle of my junior year. I went to a small, elite private school, The American School of Dubai, where I was known by teachers and parents (and everyone knew everyone in our community)as strange and, therefore bad. My attitude was ""screw them"" because I was angry at the world and dissatisfied with society. mind you if you really know me you find I am generally a good-natured person who looks for the best in people if they have anything to offer. And this is what my sophomore English teacher did. she was an amazing women, beyond intelligent, down to earth, somewhat of a cynic, hilarious, but very tough. a lot of students hated her at first but eventually realized she was doing it for your own good. But if you acted stupid she treated you like you were. But she treated me with respect straight off and I was slightly stunned. it sounds cheesy but she made me want to work to prove to people I had ""what it takes"". I was always told I had potential and I knew I did. she made me see my strong points of analyzing literature and writing and from then on I wanted to do well in school. by no means did I become a bookworm. I had fun but also made straight A's in all honor/AP classes and I realized how easily it came to me and I was content. two years later, a year and a half after I moved back to the States, I actually got to see the recommendation she wrote for my college applications, although I wasn't supposed to. I think I cried. it was the first time someone who took me seriously enough to write and let people know that I was one of the few people who had actually touched HER life. god knows she touched mine. now I know what I have to offer even if other people don't. but lately things have become overwhelming and I feel like my hold on my life is slipping. I just hope I do decently in university. I know I can if I try but I feel no motivation. I have no energy to kick my brain in gear. and it makes me sick. but I do have hope and deep down I know I can get over it. I realize I have hit a rather shallow, false part of life and I hope my interest in learning will give me a fat kick in the rear. ",n,y,n,n,y

1998\_948975.txt,"I'm also, I just got interrupted by a friend of mine I always seem to run into someone when I'm in the computer lab she's in my Spanish class which is nice because she always makes me laugh I wish I could type I can't so this assignment is going very slowly for me anyway back to my friend she and I used to live together my freshmen year then over the summer we both went to the same language school in Mexico only I didn't know she was going to be there and vice versa we saw each other in the court yard of the school one day by chance it was pretty weird to go all the way to another country just to run into your housemate I'm pretty tired and these 20 minutes aren't going by very fast I need to get home so I can watch road rules but I don't know where to catch my bus which is a little comical considering that my 20 years old I should know how to use public transportation I don't though because I usually drive but the parking situation is so bad I would have to wake up at the crack of dawn to find a parking place even then it would probably take an act of God oh well I don't have to worry about that today I only need worry about finding my bus I think it's in front of jester I have a lot of classes in jester this semester which I don't like I hate that place it reminders me of my freshmen year not that I lived there it's just that it's such a freshmen place and it smells bad like a day care center ok I would like to apologize for that low blow I was a freshmen too once speaking of freshmen why given the parking problem are they allowed to have cars on campus that pisses me off ",n,y,n,n,y

1998\_951711.txt,"But I guess I'm supposed to be trying new things here in college. What's on my mind right now is the question at hand. So I would say right now I am thinking most about what's going on with me socially. I feel like I keep meeting all these girls and I know I'm never going to become more than friends with any of them. People tell me I'm too much of a nice guy and not aggressive enough when it comes to getting girlfriends. But who really knows what anyone else is thinking or what another person wants. I for one have no clue what other people want from a friend or what a girl would be looking for in me but I guess that's the mystery of life. But it sure seems weird how other people seem to have things all figured out. Like my suite mate gabe, I mean he doesn't have to do anything and everyone is like I want to be your friend and girls are like please have sex with me. I have a lot of friends but Its like I really want one girl to be more and I can't seem to get from being friends with a girl to more but maybe its because I haven't met the girl I want to be more than friends with, oh but that's bull shit cause I know I've met plenty of very attractive girls that I would love to get with but never have. but what can I do. It also seems like some weird forces of nature are working against me on the social thing when it comes to girls or I mean my own personal looks, cause I have had a clear of acne face for over 7 months and then right before I move to college KABOOM, it hits me after I go one week without using my prescription cause I ran out. I refilled it but then again it takes awhile to work so I was going through the transitional period then finally a couple days ago i'm truly completely clear and then the next morning I wake up with this huge cold sore on my lip. The biggest monstrous blister right on my lip. that's really going to make me look good for the girls. And right now I still have this blister. I fell like I have to wait for the blister to go away before I ask any girls out like this girl I met at this foam party this weekend. I talked to her on Tues. but we couldn't get together but now I think I may try to wait till this blister goes away before I try to meet with her again anyway. rrGeez, my back hurts right now, hold on a sec while I adjust my seat. there we go. I am really rambling on about the girls situation but I guess that's what's really on mind throughout most of my college days. I also have the work but that just seems like busy stuff to me. to tell the truth psychology is actually so far my favorite class. Not only because there are so many hot girls there but because the actual material I think is cool, like this assignment for one. I might end up writing for way more than 20 min without realizing it. Well in psyche I met this girl Becky and we were walking together to jester and I just truly wonder if we ever become friends, sure we happened to meet and walked together to class one day and sit together but I somehow doubt it will happen again and that's just another example of me just becoming friends, because if I do see her again we will probably only become friends that meet maybe to study or something but I guess having a lot of good looking friends is better than no friends who are girls. back to school though I cla isn't that bad of coarse math is one of my specialties, and chem I like cause I like my professor but physics seems to be the same as high school, a boring monotone voiced professor who doesn't explain things clearly in my opinion, and I know I could get good grades if they just taught from the books cause I have the ability to learn very well but tests don't come straight from the text books do they. so that may pose as a problem, but I have a class in 20 min that I need to start heading towards so now that I've typed for 22 minutes I think ill let you go now, Later. ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_952325.txt,"I have too much to and not enough time to do it. I hate feeling stressed. I really wish that I could just snap my fingers and have everything be done for me. When I get like this I can't concentrate on anything else. I feel like I need to just start doing the things I need to do and everthing will be okay. I am also really tired, and I know that I am not going to be getting much sleep anytime soon. I am frustratd about my computer. I need toget everything hooked up but I have to wait until someone helps me. My roommate is very messy and I think I will not be able to handle it for much longer. I wonder why my parents haven't called, and what my boyfiend did last night. I am excited about this weekend. I can't wait until the football game. I am nervous about a Pre-cal quiz. I need to get a hold of my professor, but I don't know if I can. I also need to start reading. Too much to do and not enough time to do it. I should of prepared earlier. I'm trying to think about what else is going through my mind and I'm having troubles doing so because that's all I'm thinking about. I'm wondering how hard my classes are going to be. I am excited about this class and my speech class, but not chemistry and Pre-cal. I am reallt worried about my Pre-cal class I need to go to tutoring or something. I have 5 more minutes to type. I feel like I am different from some of the girls in my sorority, and that scares me. The whole sorority thing is overwhelming. Once everything gets started things could get better. I feel like I am writing in a diary that people are going to read. I think I worry too much. I wish that life could be easier. I feel sorry for my parents. I hate community baths. People should not be so gross and messy. I really just want to go back to bed. This assignment is done. ",n,y,y,n,n

1998\_953267.txt,"You can't tell a person to write their feelings and expect that to show their thought processes. The awareness of the exercise takes away the naturalness of thought and the process of transcribing one's thoughts is inexact anyway. Well, I'm having difficulty doing it anyway. My apartment sucks. It's so modern. The clubhouse is littered with ""artistic"" wrought-iron chairs and bright paint and triangular windows and shit. There's nothing artistic about that-- it means nothing to the creator and it's just used to entice ""hip"" college kids to waste their money on these glossed-over crack house apartments. I'm not too upset about it though. I'm used to that sort of thing from corporate entities. The hard thing about these exercises is the difficulty of knowing the audience. It's not to the professor or the TA or my classmates or even to me because, I'm thinking it, why do I need to tell it to myself? I write this and click the submit button and it travels into some ethereal world where it is represented to the prof / TA / whoever as an affirmative for social security number 465953267. Maybe that makes this more / less daring. I don't have to worry about you(whoever you are) reading it, and more importantly about myself going back and reading it tomorrow or in a week or a month or whenever. It makes it more daring because I can write anything and as soon as I click submit, it vanishes as far as anyone is concerned. Less daring in that I risk nothing. I'm wondering about the symbolic value of that word submit. I submit my thoughts. Earlier I was thinking about something. It was a little fragment of a story about existentialism in a Borgesian dream format. Maybe I'll develop that now. I dreamt last night that I was a mercenary in far away world where I had no vested interest in the goings-on. The denizens of said world were warring over things of grave importance. I posed the following question to myself: ""If I were to care about a side which would it be?"" And so I picked a side and started fighting. Without fervor, without life-and-death importance, but with respect and a little curiosity. Not too bad. I'm not much of a writer. I guess as 20 minutes pass one begins to get used to the audience and just write. I'm out of ammo. ",n,y,n,n,y

1998\_953660.txt,"dreams are like the screen that shows these things to me, like last night's dream-- probably shows true feelings, but more specifically, true fears. fears about who the people I know really are, and especially the way that I feel about those people deep inside. I don't like to analyze them too deeply because who knows, I might find something too true or too scary to be true. then there are fears about who I am. sometimes I admit that I am afraid of relationships and of being hurt, but sometimes I admit that that is just an excuse for being afraid of something else. sometimes my dreams will reveal things I didn't think I could feel-- sometimes there is some energy in my dreams that I can feel for days. a lot of times I say that I am by nature an independent person, I work better alone. there are some people in this world that fall apart without someone to hold their hands, but I'm not one of them. I do need my family and close friends-- I couldn't even think about living without them. but how would I be with one person who is always supposed to be there, to be mine and me to be his. my romantic side loves that and believes in that; my independent side can't handle that. but I have often heard myself say that those people that are the dependent type still need to be alone sometimes. depending on someone your entire life just leaves you helpless when you are left alone. it shoes your weakness and vulnerability. but then again I guess for some ""lucky"" people they will never be left alone. I think that it is healthier to be alone first, to establish who I am before someone else can drill in me their thoughts and beliefs. I need to be my own person before I can become somebody else's, be strongly sewn in the ground so that he can't pick me out. depending on someone, or having someone depend on you takes a part of you away. it should be two people, as separate wholes, coming together, not one part making the whole. it is good to be open-minded, and I try to be, just not easily influenced. I try to be aware of the differences in each other and accept people for those differences but at the same time not let my true self be sucked in by anything untrue. my perception of strength is just that: though available for those who look to you, staying solid in yourself. ",n,y,y,y,y

1998\_953943.txt,"First of all, I guess would be my nervousness about school. There are several things that tie into that. I don't have a group of friends here yet that I can trust and I'm always nervous around strangers. The guy I really like asked me out, but then acts as if he's not interested. I miss home. I miss the ""power"" of being the big dogs at school. I know that thousands of people have felt the same way, and thousand more will feel this is the future, but it's so different when it's really me. I guess I never thought I would be the one in college. Another thing is that I'm the only person to come here from my high school in three years, so all the friends I have here now are ones I met here. One thing I do like about living here is that I have a opportunity to be my own person. I don't like being judged, and here there isn't anything on which someone could base a judgement. I also like not having to tell Mom where I am going, and stuff like that. I'M INDEPENDENT!!! I have the rest of my life to be alone. Right now I have no idea what I want to be or what my divit is. There are a lot of occupations I would like to try but most of all I want to make a difference. A BIG difference. I'd like to try truck-driving, cattle ranching, and I'd like to work at Disneyworld. Most of all I think I want to be happy. I think that's the most important thing you can do for yourself. Way back in the back of my mind are Hook' Em tryouts, and the fact that I try out this next Friday, and I haven't made up a skit for it yet. That's freshman procrastination for you!! Sometimes I feel so overwhelmed of all that UT is and stands for. It's kind of awe-inspiring to think of all the people that have gone here, it's tradition, and it's links to the future. My kinds could be here one day. That's a lot to be on one person's mind, but hey you're the one that asked. ",y,y,n,n,y

1998\_954253.txt,"the channel is tuned to MTV; so there must not be anything better to watch at midday. However, being inside watching crap on the television is better than sitting outside in the Hellish heat. When will the madness stop. I write these words in between my 2D design studio class at the art building in the morning and my psychology class at 3:30 PM. Myb studio class starts at 8 AM, way too early. I write from my apartment in south Austin. I get back and forth between school and my apartment by way of Capital metro. The bus is convienent but not so convienent. I don't too much like this computer or any computer for that matter. Technology one day my ruin the human race, we'll have to see. At the moment technology seems to be our best friend, our idle, and to some our lover. That last group of people don't really exsist. Materialism is the Western way of life. This is why we have so much apathy towards other humans we don't know. Some think that if we have our computer to talk to why do we need human interaction. We need human interaction more than we need contact with technology. I would rather have a good conversation with another human than a brief relationiship with a television, computer, or some other device. But what about technology as an assistance to human interaction. This is a good thing as long as it's not relied on too heavily to subsitute for personal contact. We continue to amase ourselves with new toys, but someday we might second guess our advancements. ",n,n,y,y,y

1998\_955304.txt,"This is my first year at UT and I am not used to doing everything on my own. I am scared that I am not strong enough to make it. I am trying hardest though, I do not want to disappoint my parents. I feel like there is so much to get done and I will not to be able to finish everything on time. I am also worried because I do not understand a lot of what is being taught in my classes. This is extremely frustrating because I took these classes in high school and I did well in all of them. I am confident that I will be able to pull through all of this, and hopefully I will be a stronger person for it. I do like this new environment, however. Austin is a beautiful city. I love being here, and being on my own. I feel like I am discovering so much, and it is great! I think I have all these different feelings because I am in a new place, with totally different surroundings, and most of all I am on my own. There is no one to depend on but myself. I already see how I am changing and growing. Even though everything seems so overwhelming, I love the experience! ",y,n,y,y,y

1998\_955635.txt,"okay well here goes nothin' I guess so whats the big deal about all this anyway all I was told was about how hard it ws going to be and so far its been a boat ride we used to play dominoes back in high school in my theatre class and I was the only white kid it was kind of fun actually they all taught me how to play ""bones"" a boat ride was when all the dots on the end dominoes added up two twenty boat ride and so on well its great so far mom party party party class party party party sleep class party that's my schedule why does this girl keep taking us so seriously I'm so frustr. with her right now oh well sobeit and so on so how much tim e . damn fifteen minutes left what else would you,like to know sir. maam. it whatever is this here to entertain you or for you to. nevermind well here we are just me and you pizza sounds good Kilgore Trout I need to finish that book great book so much crap noone sees the genius and so on the severity of any problem is measured by the attainability of its solution-me yeah psych class 400 people huh and not a damn one is anyhting like me maybe one okay two or three but thas all jammed my finger it hurts to type falling down the stairs at my dads my party drunk 4 in the morningjammed my shoulder and finger price to pay for a good time huh? well answer me nevermind should I tell her what I'm thinking maybe not I ve got plenty of time plenty of time Marty Robbins he used to sing Marty Robbins no more I could not as good as real thing greatt album best of all time U2 crowding my space!!!! okay well are going to give it back for some reason I don't miss it at all I guess I'm hungry griffin liz maybe other girl one of these things is not like the other hot in here workstastion blah blah cuts handsneed new band for my wtch planner aol disk I tired band I wish theyd make it big like daisy I wish daisy'd make it bigger shopping no wait witherspoon. should I go to the concert or the game. the music or the sport that is the question Prague. its all about the show but who know s what show will blow through a town that goes. never again will I write a poem short story etc. maybe a sports article when I'm old and grey and have no teeth and a dog named ralph with my wife having passed away thrre years earlier in my newly finished rocking chair that my grandchildren made for me and the cushion for my arthritic back. orthopedic shoes pipe in hand and caxcer in mouth calling ralph to my feet watching reruns of the X-files praying to God that one of my kids would call to hear a voice or that ralph could talk if that's his name cause wont remember a thing but that's okay because the one thing I will remember is Marty Robbins and so on times up ",n,n,y,n,y

1998\_957032.txt,"I have a lot of work I need to get done with today, and for some reason I'm kind of I the mood to do my homework. You don't know me so you don't know how uncommon this kind of mood is for me. It's like when I finally decided to clean up my room, and it was just so satisfying to get the job done. I already went home for a weekend, and I went straight to my room just to look at how clean it is. It's a very satisfying feeling to know that it's that clean because of me. I kind of miss my family, my friends, my life before I got here. And I just can't stop thinking about this. Today I was walking with my boyfriend, and this guy that I thought was really cute saw me walking with him. It's not like I was planning on dumping my boyfriend for this random guy, but I wouldn't have minded if he hadn't necessarily known that I was attached. Maybe I could've had some fun. But really I truly love my boyfriend, but things are going well, but they could always end up changing. My goal is just that I don't want to miss out on anything in college. I want to date around while I've go the chance. if some guys want to date me, that is. Tonight I'm going to this thing, I can't remember the name of it though: it's like the Christian organization for the whole campus. I'm not really sure how into it I'll be. I go to church and teach Sunday school, or at least I used to. I haven't gone to church in Austin yet, but I'm sure it's just a matter of time. But I don't know if this Christian thing is my kind of thing. I'm not one of those people that likes to go around trying to get people to take God into their lives. That's their choice as far as I'm concerned. I mainly decided to go to this meeting to meet some new people, and so I could do something since Jon's going to be so busy today with his computer science homework. I can't complain too much though because if it wasn't for Jon I wouldn't have computer up and working. I was getting kind of frantic about this assignment. I just wanted to get it done, but I just didn't have everything together. Right now I'm becoming all impressed with my typing skills. I have to look at the keyboard the entire time, but I can press the keys pretty fast. I'm quite pleased. On Saturday I'm going out to one of my family's lake houses. It's on Lake Austin, and they are about to sell it which makes me pretty sad. I love that place mainly cause it is so unique to have a place like that to go to. It's sad because I didn't realize how lucky I was to have that so I didn't always go when I had the chance and it's so nice and peaceful. There's another lake house on Lake Travis and I really o prefer that one, but I'd rather them not sell either one. People are like protesting the sell of this property because we're selling it to developers, and that makes all of the neighbors angry. I can understand that, but I have no part in the decision making. But at least for part of this weekend I won't be stuck eating crappy Jester food. I think I'm almost to tw4enty minutes, and I kind of feel bad because I don't feel like I just wrote what came to mind. It seems planned for some reason, UT I never paused this whole time, I just kept typing and would always seem to come up with something to say, well I guess it's good-bye until my next assignment, but now I'm wondering if my assignment is as long as everyone else's. Maybe I type slower than them and maybe it hasn't quite been twenty minutes. I can't exactly remember when I actually started this, but I kind of do need to go because I have plenty of Calculus homework to do. It's not like you're even going to read this, but I'm still kind of nervous. oh well, I'm going to say I'm done now. ",n,y,y,n,y

1998\_957413.txt,"it was an awesome meal went to Chuys. the best chicken enchiladas I have ever had. my friend jay came to visit out of the clear blue. just showed up at my door today. I was pretty excited about seeing him. I really miss san Antonio. I miss my family a lot. talked to my mom today. she says how much they all miss me there and how empty the house is without me. whatever. I'm the one in a claustrophobic dorm room living with a complete stranger. at least they still have each other. I'm the one on my own. don't get me wrong, I love the freedom of living on my own, it's just a little bit hard to make the transition at first. especially if you're as close to your family as I am. all of my really close friends are at a&m. that's weird. my two best friends from the first grade(we all used to live on the same street)go to school there and complain that they miss me. at least they are together. I have a lot of friends here and a lot of people I know(I never run out of things to do)but it just isn't the same. don't have that bond with other friends. oh, well. make new friends but keep the old. I met a really cool girl the other day. she's in my RTF class. man, that class is so huge 500 people! I'm so worried about doing well in that class cause it's my major and I really want to make an a in there. the TA said that none of us would do as well as we think we will on the first test. great. that makes me feel good about it. it is really interesting, though. I hope I picked the right major, though. it's such a competitive field. I want to do really well. not just push a camera around for big stars for the rest of my life. I want to be one of the big stars. that would be a dream come true. wow. I don't even really know what I want to do with my degree yet. sometimes I think that that's cool and that I'm only 18 and I don't need to know all of that stuff just yet. then again, I'm in school and my parents are paying a lot of money for my education. I don't want to disappoint them and become one of those drifters who can't decide what they want to do until they have already been in college for like, ten years and by then they're too old to get a really awesome job anyway cause all the younger, smarter kids are getting them first. that would not be good. then I think, I'm dwelling on it entirely too much and I should just enjoy college, get the education I came here for and get on with my life. just sort of go with the flow. I don't normally stress out, but when I sit alone and actually think about it for a while, it all becomes sort of scary. you know, where I am in life. where I am going. where am I going? that's the hard part(and it's sort of exciting)is not knowing the future. not knowing what is going to happen from day to day. we just take life as it comes. I have a class at nine in the morning . it is so freaking hard to wake up for that class every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. I'm really proud of myself cause I haven't missed a single day of class yet. a lot of people I know have been skipping out. it's so easy to do. but not me. even when it was pouring rain outside, I still went to class. soaking wet. I'm so concerned about doing well. ",n,n,n,n,y

1998\_958207.txt,"Two people, both human in their thoughts--both flattering and otherwise--probably can tell what the other might be thinking yet they refuse oh, fuck it, this is a boring fucking topic, let's move on. She flew in front of the rushing, in front of the huge tidal wave that sucked up the ocean and spat it out like a great hydrant unleashed. Everywhere were sparks of water drops, falling all around as if the sky had let some of its most prized stars fall to the earth for a short while. Pumping harder and faster in and out of the water like the wheels of a railroad made of air and invisible fire that could burn. So quickly was the pumping that the body never knew exactly when it was in water or air but letting the mind rest so that it didn't have to think about the possibility of its limbo state. Higher, faster, higher, faster, stretch, stretch, stretching for something with the next heave. Perhaps beyond this star-surrounded existence there was something more, something past the huge roaring of a thousand waves chasing. If the body could just stretch a little more, jump higher, breath with the vigor that said ""what's next?"". something might answer back. The sun would set itself on the sheet of a mirror made of those drops of stars and welcome the body and the attached mind into the core of-- of what? Faster still, plunge, plunge, plunge to the rhythm of the thousand and one gadgets held somewhere between the awkward wave machine and the diving body. Maybe the answer was somewhere behind the body, maybe if it would just stop long enough the gadgets would swallow it up, the flat cold would open its innards and let the body know that all the time what it was leading was the salvation, the euphoric ""YES!"" it was looking for. But too much of a chance, the gadgets were probably chasing after the sun just like the body was. If not then why was it always following the dolphin forward. The dolphin continued its unceasing breath. Felt the crash, the massage, the spank, the kiss of the sea as it plunged under once again. Where was the sun? Why didn't it show itself? Faster, faster, enjoying to the fullest the sound of a thousand gidgets singing in a rhapsody of mixed chorus like the sound of the wind against the leaves and sand of those strange dry places where creatures coo and lie in the sun. Chasing the sun; if only the dolphin could call it. The dolphin was sure it didn't see it now. A few bleating cries, mixed with loneliness and bittersweet joy, the loneliness from being just behind the gears that all shared in their lives together and worked as if one, the joy of those drops, those thousand, star-filled drops that seemed too beautiful and quick to stay on the mirror waves long. The joy too, of feeling the waves rush up and pull and then give and pull and give all the while trying to stay just above, just beyond, further and further away if only to KNOW. For if life chasing the sun proved this-- this-- MUCH; this fullness that almost filled the body and the attached mind until it could almost hold no more except for that damn persistent hole that often slid part of the fullness down, then can one imagine what life in the sun might prove to be? Bathed in the stars that only manage to peek out every once in a while in the disguise of sea foam? Full of that diving feeling without having to take rushed breath? Part of those lucky gadgets that can never envision loneliness because they are constantly surrounded by the humming that they make together in chorus? The sun is slipping now, disappearing too quickly, lungs almost tear in the attempt to keep up, tail flipping sporadically, waves going by so fast they feel like hot coals searing the flesh. No, no, no, NO! Gone now, a last sliver to leave in the mind of the dolphin to remind the body tomorrow, if the sun comes down to gather up its star-drops, of how close it came and how one day it would find a shortcut, a way to escape the in between limbo that held just enough splendor to incite the imagination. Deeper now and beside the humming gadgets who now are singing a softer chorus, like the cluck-cluck of a mother to child to soothe it to bed. This was the best part of the day, the calmness afterward, the coolness, the memories and the dreams. ""Hey dad?"" ""Yeah?"" ""Why do dolphins swim in front of ships?"" ""Hmm, I dunno'"" ""They're beautiful, huh?"" ""Yeah, they sure are. "" ""I love the way the sun reflects off their skin. "" ""Yep. "" ",n,n,y,n,y

1998\_959060.txt,"This is kind of difficult to do, because I am still in school mode, and it is hard to just right anything because I am trying to make it acceptable to a professor but I am doing my best to keep righting continuously for twenty minutes, I guess we supposed to just right what were thinking about right now, so I will tell you, I am kind of hungry and I wonder if the cafeteria is open downstairs because I am to cheap to go out and buy my own food, michael Jackson is kind of scary don't you think, the way his nose just kind of pokes out at you is really weird and sometimes I shudder when I see pictures of him, but I am working on getting over that right now and hopefully I will be able to watch the thriller video with out breaking down into a sobbing mess I wonder why my roommates keep the room so cold, it is like an icebox in here and my toes are always freezing, I have to go stand outside on my balcony to warm them up during the day, I wonder what I will do during the winter when I can't use the sun to warm my toes I guess I will just have to buy a footbath I am excited about the video music awards coming on tonight because they are always good for a few good laughs but I have to run now so I will see you kids later ",n,n,y,n,y

1998\_959379.txt,"Coincidentally I always manage to surround myself with strange characters that unfortunately seem to have no passion for life, with the exception of a few. I seem to notice that the majority of people are concerned with the trivial, the meaningless the absurd. Fitting into societal norms seems to dominate my generation. I feel a tremendous amount of pressure to fulfill my existence to the maximum without leaving pout my loved one's or those who do not seem to pursue the same spiritual quest that I seem to be challenged with. The awakening of this dream has led me to search more ""myself"". Where should I begin? It is rare when I feel somebody is listening or understanding where I come from. These strange characters which I always seem to attract are convinced that their perspective on things is the only thing that matters and that the phenomenon of life is something one should get over, move on, think about something else like how you are going to succeed in life. I live in a dream state where the symbols of nature are constantly confronting me leaving me confounded and in awe but how do I move past that in order to fulfill and answer many of my questions which at this point are leaving me insatiable. Lately I've been paying attention to my dreams. I've noticed a pattern of dreams THAT LEAD OR SIGNAL TO A HIGHER SOURCE , BEING, STATE of consciousness. I can't contemplate the beauty, the colors, it all seems so supernatural and nobody seems to understand much least care about what they're. I've also had a couple f nightmares where I am constantly being watched and followed by a large amount of males. I guess I have difficulty and although I ashamed about this, I have a hidden fear of the male gender. I look around and I see a patriarchal world that insists on leading me to believe that everything is difficult and only the very best, the smartest will survive and coincidentally most of them happen to be men. Anger dominates this thought, all my life I've been able to pull through ""waking up"" has made me realize that we are in ""deep shit'. I mean I walk into my college chemistry class and this beautiful blonde woman is teaching this class of about 500 people and I am in awe. Why is it so difficult to contemplate that a woman does have the innate ability to do science. This woman reminds me of myself. I am mad at myself for finding myself noticing the fact that she is female. I question how she is treated by her male dominated colleagues. Do they underestimate her, how hard does she have to work in order to prove herself, and if she were ugly would it make a difference. It is too difficult to overlook these questions I face them everyday. Constantly have to prove myself and I am sick and tired of the preconceived notions that people have about women ",n,y,n,n,y

1998\_959637.txt,"I wonder if the more you study the easier it becomes to study for longer periods of time, like a muscle becomes used to extended strenuous activity. . I met this great looking girl at a frat party the other night(I am a kappa sig. )and I asked her to go to the rice game with me, she said she would, I went to her dorm too. she is really nice and amazingly beautiful. about thirty minutes ago I saw her going up the elevator with another guy, I wonder constantly what she thinks about me or if she does at all. Not that I'm upset a great deal or anything, I mean I hang out with girls all the time that are just friends, maybe he was like that with her. I hope so, don't mean to sound obsessed. I actually prayed last night for the first time in a long time, it felt good, I mean I believe in God very strongly even though I don't live the perfect Christian life by a long shot, sometimes I feel bad about praying because of what do (Namely drugs and partying). deep down I know that God wants me to talk to him all the time but its like facing a nun when you're stoned. (personal experience). like looking unto something that's holy (or perfect) and knowing that you're heart and soul aren't really of any comparison to theirs. I even asked God to help me ""get"" this girl I like so much. seems a bit childish in some ways, but I think he will let happen what's best for me. College has been so overwhelming so far, I just seem to keep going with what's happening in classes and my obligations to the fraternity, I think if I slowed down, and had time to think I might become a little more anxious but so far I've coped alright, I'm a pretty laid back person, not too much gets to me. the key I think to dealing with transitions like this is having good friends, I've got this girl from back home that I hang out with a lot. she is very cool and down to earth and I respect her a lot because she respects herself, and she is willing to talk about anything, sometimes more than I'm comfortable with, but she seems to know when something is into my risk side of conversation. . ",y,n,n,n,y

1998\_959671.txt,"I haven't been in the mood to do any homework. I find it very hard just to sit down and study. As a Freshmen, I have found many new experiences in the past week. Finally getting my email hooked up, I received my mail that has been sitting in my inbox for about a week. My good friend from home wrote me from South West. She informed me of great news. She is having a ball at her new school. She is on the drill team, and making many new friends. Which leads me to about one o'clock yesterday(sunday). As I came home from church, I was excited to see that I had two messages all for me! :) The first one is from a friend who attends UT. The other was from my best friend, who sadly is going to another college in Wacol. We could only talk for about fifteen minutes, which wasn't enough time. However, it was long enough so I could hear all about the great time she is having with all of her new friends. Which leads me to the point that I am feeling terribly lonely. I don't mean to sound jealous of my friends good fortunes, but I am envious. See, I came to UT because I didn't want to go to A&M because my brother went there. UT and A&M were the only two schools which I applied. Truthfully, I am not too excited about coming here. However, I don't want to go to A&M. It's so secluded and a good two hours farther from home. Anyway, so I moved up here and moved into an apartment because my mom thinks dorms are too loud. So I have a roommate who is twenty and she does her own stuff and is hardly home! I am always here all by myself. I have a total of four friends up here. One of which, Heather, I spent all of my senior year bickering with because she never seemed to respect my religious views. She knows how to get under my skin. However, we are closer than any of my other friends up here. Which leads to the final three. Lindsey goes to St. Edwards, and is so homesick. She misses her boyfriend and her mother, which is understandable. Katie is a nice and wonderful, but we haven't spent too much time together, and Sandra. Sandra I've known since the seventh grade and didn't talk to her much my junior and senior years. You see her and Lindsey are best friends and they got in a fight their junior year and stopped talking, so me being the insincere person which I am takes Lindsey's side. My reasoning was because I thought Sandra was inconsiderate of others needs. You see, I had every single class with her our Sophomore year, and we kind of got tired of each other. So back to the present. I don't really know anybody, and I am bad at meeting people because I don't know what to say. Don't think I'm quite or shy because that's far from it, but I just don't know how to go up to people and strike up a conversation. Which leaves me very lonely. It's mainly my fault because I don't want to spend much time with Heather because we just know the right way to almost kill each other. Katie, who is great and there really isn't a good excuse except I don't really feel connected(is that stupid?) Lindsey, who is so homesick that she doesn't want to do anything. And Sandra, who called me yesterday just to talk. Now how nice is that? I mean, I went to Sandra's today before class, and I had fun. She's nice, not to mention beautiful, skinny, and very smart(very. ) Which I guess why I used to have bad feelings towards her. She's invited me to do stuff with her and her new friends(which she made) but I kind of want to meet my own friends. I group of new friends. Also, Lindsey the homesick one made friends too. Which is good, because she needs to be happy. However, I think it is about time for me to make some friends. Well, also I tried out for the ballet class here. It sucks! I'm so mad. There are two classes a freshmen class and an intermediate. I was stuck in the freshmen class. It is so bad. I've taken ballet for fifteen years and have been en pointe for eight. Not to mention there is no pointe here! I am not trying to sound smug, because I was far from being the best at my studio at home. But these girls are beginners, and some of the stuff we are doing is so elementary. Don't get me wrong, I was going to use this to my own benefit and work on techinque, but when the teacher stopped us in the middle of a combination, to tell us were to ""place our arm on the barre"" I almost died. I know where to put it. I don't need help with that. I need help with my turnout, extension, balance! NOT WITH WERE TO PUT MY ARM ON THE BARRE! Well, as you can see I am not excactly a happy camper. I'm glad I wrote this, it was fun. My fingers feel like they are going to fall off, but I'm sure I need to get used to that. Well, I'm going home this weekend to go see a ballet my company puts on. It's Peter and the Wolf. We've done it before. It's going to be cute. I was the Duck, my friend Sarah(who goes to South West) was the Bird. She was a great dancer. She was strong and very precise, she danced the lead in the Nutcracker(not Clara, but the Dew Drop) she shared it with Elizabeth who dance the Cat. Elizabeth is a beautiful dancer she has such grace. She was going to go to Oklahoma on a scholarship, but she ruptured her disc and can't dance for a year, so she stayed home. My other good friend is Ginny, she's a sophomore. She is very good because she was dancing with all of us who are two years older. So those are all of my wonderful friends in ballet. I love ballet, we also have this one dancer named Vanessa, she has extension to die for. That means her leg goes all the way to her ear. She is great. I love ballet, that makes me so happy. Well, thanks for this assignment, I'll see you in class, but I doubt you'll see me! I'll probably drop by you office sometime! I hope this makes since! ",n,n,y,n,n

1998\_959778.txt,"Jesus Christ, what exactly is this showing me again? That I can't find anything better else to do than avoid going to work? Great. Oh well, that's life I suppose. I don't really think I'm a cynic, but you're the psyc here, so after your reading this, please consider that I'm a cynic only for humor, not because I hate the world or anything. You're reading the thoughts of someone who is a huge fan of people like Dennis Leary, now how can you be a fan of Dennis Leary without being a fan of cynicism? Well, what other great questions I'm I to ask during my 20 minutes? Who the hell knows. I'm listening to one of the few Beatles songs that really just nag at my thought train right now, and I can't change the damn station because I have to keep typing. Isn't this just perfect? Well, I suppose that too is just part of the assignment. I use to like this song, ""Hello"" I thin is the name of it. ""You say goodbye, I say hello"" I'm sure you know it. It just occurred to e that I'm writing to you, such that this would be a letter, well, I don't think that was supposed to be the way it was intended, you're probably looking for that in my letter you some sort of study, eh? Well, I guess chalk up one for the ""he wrote this assignment like it was a letter"" category. I do that sometimes I suppose. Just kind of drift off into something not quite exactly like what I'm supposed to be doing. I think it's quite alright, however. I don't see how I'll get anywhere interesting in life doing what only is 'supposed' to be done. So, I suppose. wow, I sure do say 'suppose' a lot in my head. What's that a sign of Mr. Psyc? Maybe one day, I'll be able to pull out a book and write off to people what they seem to fit into according to famous psychologists. Hopefully not though. Hopefully I'll have enough common sense to understand the person, their feelings, and my experiences will guide me to a conclusion on how to help them help themselves without any drugs or unnecessary qualification into a group that some ancient shrink made up. Wow, just in time to look at the clock, looks like I'm almost half way there. I wonder if anyone else in the class types this fast. If not, I bet mine's the longest. I seem to have a somewhat active mind, and since I'm typing fast enough to record a good deal of the thoughts I'm encountering, I should have one of the longer entrees. Not that that is a good or bad I thing, I don't \*suppose\* Look there, I even had time to put in those neat little asterisks to emphasize that I used the word suppose again. How cute. This thing has to be several hundred words by now. I think I think in short-blocks sometimes. I'm not to sure if that's good or bad. The advantage of short-blocks would be that I'm moving on from one thing to another associated thing pretty quickly, meaning that I'm not stagnating in my thoughts. However, a stagnation in thought can cause a nicer, deeper, if you will, reflection on the topic. Usually this allows me to get to a bit further point in the conversation with myself. I wonder what I'm going to eat for lunch. I'm really not to sure. I've got to go to work. Or at least I should. I could use the extra money. rrGeeze, I could dick those guys around so hard and they'd still ask me to come back. You have to understand that I'm pretty damn good at what I do, and my co-workers and supervisors all realize this. So, when it comes time for me to go back to school, they all say, ""oh well, you're going to at least stay on par time, right, Matt?"" Well, I'd really rather not stay there, I'm quite tired of their inability to do much at all properly. But, money is money, and where else am I going to find someone to pay me part-time hours (15 a week) and get $11. 25/hr for it. I don't have a degree or nothing substantial to demand a higher pay somewhere else. Just knowledge. I suppose if ""Proct"" was some science that not too many people about, then you wouldn't be able to get a degree in ""Proct"" so people would have to hire you simply on how much you knew. Well, that's the way my job is. Granted there are related fields to mine where a degree or a certification can help your resume. But not what I do specifically. So, have you guessed what my field is yet? I've given several clues. I'm now listening to the Alman Brother's song ""Jessica"" It's a great tune. They just jam along to it, but you can tell a piece of someone's love is in that song. I mean, someone laid a piece of their soul into he music, and when they recorded it, it carried right over into it. The kind of music where you get a chill running down your spine, and then you realize what a good mood you're in. You can have chill-sending songs that are sad, but 'I like the happy ones, they are fewer in number than the sad ones. ""Jessica"" is clearly about a girl, and a girl and a love that made someone very happy. I hope they enjoyed their time together though, because it sounds like the author is just reminiscing. Like it was a summer love or something a bit stronger than that. really like the idea though. Very nice all the way around. A summer love that was beautiful and both enjoyed, but for some 3rd party reason, they had to step aside and let fate take its course, and take them away from each other. It's the definition of looking back on the good times, not the bad. It's not an easy thing to do, you must admit, it takes practice to only see the good parts. But also still keep the bad parts in mind for reference. It's like a library, your memory. In proper shape, it lets you check out the good memories to take and enjoy. But the bad memories are reference only. That way you can't get too bogged down in them. Or at least that's the way I try to keep mine setup. What do you think? Probably think I'm a silly little kid trying to edge philosophy into an assignment to impress you? Not really, the thought occurred to me, but how would that help me? Besides, wouldn't be very honest now would it? Lots of rhetorical questions there, eh? Well, I've only got a few seconds left. So know that all this is straight out of my mind, and frighteningly enough, it's this active all the time. I may just be sitting somewhere, but I'm thinning away. Surely a Pscy thinks that's good, right. All done. 20 minutes right up there. ",n,n,n,y,y

1998\_961471.txt,"so far this freshmen year has been a intereasting adventure if you like S&M. I came down a month early to go with my friends to go to all these fraternity parties and meet a few musicians and audio engineers I have had correspondence with since I recorded my CD. The fraternity parties weren't that great except for a Kappa Sigma one that was pretty wild. I pledged for two days before it hit me that this was a waste of time. Not that waiting in endless lines (with endless hassles) to shell out more money to this fine universtity isn't making me age before my years. I am getting use to the regamorand of rude cafeteria & accounting people and trecking to classes in BFE. I can't say it's all been bad though I did get a free T-shirt and a lot of nefty junk people shove into your hands as you try to walk by. Oh, and then there are the roads with the none existent left turns, constant construction, 30-min limit parking (when you can find it), and cops that stop you for the fun of it. I don't know if its been- oh it gives you more space well then I can continue to ramble. College is supposed to be the best years some say. I think I should of keep better stock in my highschool years. Now except for parties I live like a reclouse in my apartment doing homework for a foriegn language I don't want to learn and trying to write more music while the people above me sound like there having basketball pratice up there. I'm sure it has been atleast twenty minutes by now and if you 've read this far then you're probably ready to quit reading by now. So I'll let you off till I have to write the next one. ",n,y,n,y,y

1998\_962325.txt,"I usually don't let too many things get to me because I just want to enjoy life. I think that there are a lot of interesting and wonderful things that each person is offered in their life time and I think that it is a shame if people don't take advantage of the things that they are given. At this moment, I am happy and cheerful and I don't have anything that is bothering me. It rained today and I didn't like it, but I wasn't too upset about it because I figured that we could use the rain. It also felt cool outside so the rain really didn't bother me too much. I also have a lot of homework that I need to get done, but I think that I have handled the stress very well. Even though I have many different things to do, I have tried to pace myself and organize myself as to where I have less tension in my life. I try to organize myself based on what I think is convenient and this helps me be a more efficient person, and thus causes me to stay in a pretty good mood. During the past three weeks I have often thought about the new life that I live here at UT. It is completely different from high school, and even though it has taken a lot of adjustment on my part, I am beginning to see the benefits of college and I am beginning to enjoy myself a little more. At first I was really scared about attending college. I don't think it was anything specific about college, just the whole concept of moving away from home and being without the people that I love most in my life. But, since the beginning of school, I have been able to cope with this type of anxiety a little better and I feel that even though I have left home, I have a chance to start a whole new life here at UT. I will always be able to see the people that I love and I have accepted the fact that I will be able to see them whenever I want, and this has helped me in enjoying the college life better. There aren't very many different feelings that I usually feel in a day. For the most part, I am usually in a pretty good mood and I see myself as a fun person to be around. I try not to let the little things bother me, because I see so many people who let the small things in life ruin their entire day. My philosophy is why let one bad thing ruin all the good things that you have in life. This is why I usually try not to let too many things bother me or stress me out, it just takes all the fun out of life. I think that happiness is also a choice, people who are happy choose to be happy. They don't let too many things interfere in their lives and this helps them be happy with themselves, happy with those who are around them, and happy with the lives that they live. I choose to be happy everyday, and one of my short-term goals for each day is to end the day on a happy note. I think that it is important to end each day in a happy state of mind, otherwise your gloomy mood just carries over to the next day. When I have to evaluate my feelings, I would like to think that I am in a good mood most of the time and that people are happy to be around me. I enjoy making people's lives a little bit more fun for them. Being happy is a very important aspect of my life and I think that happiness will help me achieve my goals and it will help me lead a happy and prosperous life. I hope to be happy with myself and have others around me be happy with me as well. I think that happiness brings success in your life. I think that if one is happy, then he is successful as well. ",y,n,y,n,n

1998\_969027.txt,"I'm not so sure how I felt about it yet. Not that it was bad or anything, but I'm just not sure how the questions asked could lead to a better understanding of an individual. It seemed to me that questions that were asked only dealt with a couple of issues. Mostly gender, weight, and scared issues. But than again, I guess the experiments that I did this for will probably deal with those issues. I really don't know why I tried to do that survey right when I got up this morning, I just about fell asleep on the keyboard, but that's alright, I finally got through it. after it frizzed up on me 4 times. That was a little frustrating. There is something else that's really bothering me right now also. Nothing to do with school, but socially. I live in California, and hate to say it, but I am a pretty stereotypical Californian kid. I mention this because I have this burning passion for the ocean. Even most people who live in California don't feel as deeply about it as I do. I knew it was going to be hard to leave the ocean when I came to school, but I didn't want to shut myself off from new opportunities and experiences by staying close to the water. Well anyway, I really miss the ocean. Every night I try to picture the crashing waves, and feel the cool mist on an earl morning. When I walk to class I even feel it in my feet and legs. Just on their own my legs begin to surf. The same muscle motions, I guess they call it muscle memory. I can feel myself cutting up the face of a racing wave and slashing the hell out of the lip. Or just grabbing the rail of my board on a meaty left, stalling, and hear the swirl of the water and air in the tube. That's all I live for. or lived for. Texas seems to have stopped my love for a little while. No I take that back, nothing can stop my love for it, I guess Texas just got in the way for a little while. That's where my problem comes up socially. I now realize that if you're not in California, or any beach community for that matter, people just don't understand. I feel like people just view me as some tan kid that dresses a little funny, and claims he does this thing called surfing. Like I said, the perfect stereotype. I guess I wouldn't mind being a poster boy, if kids just knew how I felt. How the ocean just pulls you in, and won't let go. It's a way of life, not just a social activity. It's a culture, and it's become who I am. Not just surfing. I love it but that is only one small facet of why I love the ocean. I just fall asleep every night dreaming of all the good times I've had there. Whether it be piling into one of my friends cars at 600 in the morning for a dawn patrol session without anybody else in the water. Skateboarding down the boardwalk, trying to race the waves as they peel away. Just sitting on the sand with my good friends, talking about anything and everything at the same time. or going there alone, at night to just erase all the thoughts and bad things that happened that day, week, month , or even year. The ocean can do all of that. But people don't seem to realize that. I love Texas, well I don't know if I love Texas. but I definitely love UT, it's just that I have to sacrifice so much more that I realized that I would have to do. I came here and had to leave the biggest, most passionate part of me back home. That's hard for anyone to do regardless of what it might be. It's not that I feel like I'm viewed as an outsider here. more of a novelty, or attraction actually. But I just wish people would have the same opportunities as I did, or have. I want them to fall in love as I did. But that's impossible if you stay in Texas for a lifetime. Come to think of it, I really haven't even talked to many of my friends from back home, I think I'm going to do that today. I've been so focused on making a home for myself here, that I lost sight of the one back in SD. I'm going to make a promise to myself that I will never lose touch of what I left back home, or the people that I left. Just tuck them away as memories, fond memories as I continue to grow, and add to those memories here. ",y,n,n,y,n

1998\_973673.txt,"and I feel like I'm starting to get sick, and I really feel like going home for a while and forget about everything involved with college and responsibility. oh well I'm also really sick of guys and everything that they bring about in my life. not really but they seem to confuse me a lot, especially when the one I really love is way too old for me, but he is my best friend. I can't even sleep anymore because I have so much on my mind, everything that was familiar to me in my life has been dramatically changed in a period of a couple of weeks. I miss my family not like homesick but just miss being a part of my family circle. I don't feel like I truly belong anywhere anymore. when I go home all my stuff is here and I feel like I'm missing something important in my life when I'm away from home. I am really worried about money, I have a car payment due in about a week and I feel bad taking money from my parents constantly. I am still working some in san Antonio but it gets hard to go back and forth every other weekend. but I'm worried about not working at all because I need money now more than ever. the real reason I don't want to quit working there is because my boss is like my best friend who I am madly in love with and who I have been in love with for the last 2 years. I miss him so much and if I don't work there anymore I'm afraid I won't get to see him anymore. that would be one of the worst things that could happen he makes me laugh I get mad at him but I get mad at him because I do love him. oh well obviously he is in my mind more than just about anything. I forget about him occasionally when I go out with my friends or other guys, but the minute I think I have forgotten about him. he calls. he called me 4 times this weekend, and it makes me wonder what is he thinking does he miss me as much as I miss him if I'm lucky the answer is yes, but he may just think of me as a really good friend. and maybe that is all we are meant to be I just want to get out in the open even though I'm sure he all ready knows. but I'm young I should only be thinking about school but that can be easier said than done 18 years. of my life was spent in san Antonio and I miss everything I left behind even though I am enjoying things here too I mean it is all a new experience and I like not having to really answer to anybody but myself and God. even though I completely respect my parents it was time for me to grow up and lead my own life and make all my own decisions. that is all. ",y,y,y,n,y

1998\_973785.txt,"I really wanted to get that done before I went home this weekend, but I guess I will just have to try later. I am also feeling pretty excited though right now because I just finished talking to this guy that I met on Saturday night and we are supposed to get together tomorrow night. I'm excited but I'm also nervous. I'm not really sure if I like this guy or not. The actual truth is I'm not really sure if I find him attractive. When we hooked up that night we were both under the influence of alcohol, but we weren't really drunk. My friend tells me that he's cute but I just have to take another look for myself. That's kind of mean for me to say but I don't want to be going out with an ugly guy. I feel like Gods going to punish me or something for saying this but I'm sure everyone wants to be with someone that they are attractive to. This guy is really cool though. He's a theater major or a Plan 2 major. I guess his minor is theater but anyway. He's a really funny guy. We get along really well. It's odd though because the couple of times that I have talked to him I don't even feel nervous which is odd because I usually feel nervous when I'm talking to a guy for the first time. I guess this should tell me something, that he's a pretty good match for me. We just joke around like crazy and just play off of one another's comments. It's pretty awesome. I'm kind of stuck now I really don't know what to write but now something just came into mind. Before I was talking to this guy I talked to my friend from back home. She's getting married in October and I'm going to be her maid of honor. Hearing her talk about the wedding plans just freaks me out. I just can't believe. It makes me kind of sad though like as if I'm losing her to her future husband. It's not going to be the same anymore, I just can't go over to her house anymore and just chill out since she's not going to be living there anymore. To top everything out she's pregnant which is really the reason they are getting married but they really do love one another so they'll be happy. The day she found out she was pregnant was very freaky. I was there with her at her home when she took the home pregnancy test. She came into her room screaming oh my god Jennifer it's already turning pink after only a few seconds. I saw the line appear which lets you know that you are indeed pregnant. I was in complete utter shock. I was almost in tears. Once we started talking about it and how cute it's going to be I would just want to cry more. It's just weird I guess having one of your best friends get married and have a baby when we're so young. I can't wait though for her to have it so I can see it and play with the baby. Even today at the mall I went into Gap Kids and looked at baby outfits. I want to buy her some really cute outfits for the baby. The baby isn't due until April sometime but it's never to early to start looking. I'm stuck again and this time I think it's for good. Come on you can think of something. OK this is to weird I'm writing to myself on the computer telling myself to think of something. I'm almost done I have one more minute. I'm actually freaked that I actually got done with this before Sept 11 when it's due. I always wait for the last minute but I'm starting the year off good and doing thing ahead of time. I feel relief now that I'm done. Yeahh. ",y,n,y,n,n

1998\_976037.txt,"Many Why's are predominant. Why do I seem to feel unwanted at times? Why do I seem to feel betrayed at times. Why do I seem to feel like a failure at times? Why do I seem to have lost a yearn for optimism? Many of these feelings come and go but many do stay implanted in my head. My head is just a constant waterfall. Tons of ideas rushing through mixing at a point which creates pandemonium. My head is a maze which produces many blocks such as this Wall, why when my mother phones me I become bored all of a sudden? I love her dearly and I know that she must be lonely with all her kids off to College. It is because she misses me and because she loves me. Why can't I make that extra effort to make her feel wanted. What can't I give her the same feeling that she makes me feel. Emotions run one-sided in her phone calls. I feel a superfluous feeling of want and she must not feel any. Corrections can be made to this but I just don't try. How can I think that I am determined to do well in college? How can I feel that I will be persistent and successful in life? If I can feel determined, persistent, and successful in these things, then why is it that I feel determined, persistent, and successful, right before I speak to my mom in order to make her feel wanted and then I fail. Is this a preview of what is to come in my future, not only with family relations but also with life experiences. Will I continue to think ""I can"" and will I continue to fail? How can I practice my ways to perfect them. How can I execute my feelings and my hopes. How can I make them come true. How many times do I have to continue to tell myself that this is the way its going to be or that that is the way it is going to be and in the back of my mind I know that it will never be the way that I intend it to be. Does this mean that I am a failure? What does it mean? Should it be something to worry about. Will my mother some day get ""fed-up"" with me. Can this defect ruin my entire life? Is it a defect? Why do I think about this stuff? Is it just conscious nature? Why all these Whys I don't know, but what I do know is that there is purpose for everything, and maybe my purpose of life was to wonder why. ",n,y,n,n,n

1998\_976047.txt,"I'm really not sure what to write because I just am not feeling anything right mow but I am feeling good because I am listening to good music and that is something that will always make me feel good and I don't know why but even if I am really down music picks up and makes me feel better and I especially like to go to see live shows that is just about the only thing I really love to go out and do usually I would rather just sit at home and watch TV or listen to music. I am also feeling hungry and my roommate is making some vegetarian chili which kind of scares me because I am not really into vegetarian meals but hey I might as well eat it if he is going to make it. I am also wondering how long I have been writing because it seems like a long time but I think it has only been like ten minutes or so and I am running out of things to say. I guess could talk about this girl I am seeing. She is really cool but I don't really think I want to get involved with her in the way she wants to get involved with me, but I guess I should go out on another date before I come to that conclusion. That has been something that has been bothering me because she apparently likes me a lot, but I just don't think I like her in that way that she likes me and guess that now I am out on my own this is the first real problem I have had was dating and to tell you the truth it scares the hell out of me because when it comes to sex you never know what kind of diseases a girl might have and that scares me a lot. ",n,n,y,n,n

1998\_976201.txt,"Today was pretty interesting. for a Monday. I only had two classes (Calculus and my favorite class with my favorite professor Mr. Pennebaker, who is an inspiration to me and an overall wonderful, smart, and funny guy). Do I get an A? Anyway, my friend and I are waiting until about 11 pm so we can go to Blockbuster to buy ""Titanic. "" Yes, we're crazy girls. Blockbuster is actually having a small Titanic party to celebrate its release. Phenonenal, huh? I think so. Wow, only four minutes have gone by. I guess I type too fast. I w I l l s l o w d o w n. My roommate just asked me if I would hate her if she turned into a lesbian. Random question, huh?! I told her ""No. "" She is trying out for rowing and another girl said that there are a lot of lesbians that are on the team. It grosses her out, but she's still curious and thinks it might not be that bad. I think it's perfectly normal, especially in college, to be curious about those kind of things. I am. How many movies have they made about college kids trying out new stuff? Now is the perfect time to explore our sexuality. It does bother me that she thinks she will ""turn into"" a lesbian without her consent. Is that even possible? I don't think it is. Some people say that you're born gay and that it's not their fault. I don't know. I wish I did, but I don't. I guess I'll just have to see what happens. ",y,n,y,n,n

1998\_978035.txt,"I'm always the last one to know he said. I know the feeling. What can I do to reach you? You can know anything he said. but I didn't ask- I didn't know how. and is the offer still there? Are we ready to take it? We've passed being ready. We never had a real beginning or middle- just skipped into this end? I want to slip into reverse. Where is our beginning? Did it die when we said I love you? You make it too powerful- I make it romantic abandon. I was afraid. I think I'm losing you- and I don't know how to fight that. I'm not sure I really know what we mean. . Maybe I was wrong for holding back- but you held back too- We both did. Let us lie together and hold one another and love. I look at you. looking at me. seeming wonder- take your hat off. smile at me through the cracks in your skin. Why do I get this feeling that in the course of my life I will have to become a Queen of letting go-? . . a master. an expert- flawless mover. mask of beauty. horror. What is real? I know. got me a name- but names change. Have this face. so do they sometimes. still, here I am. can close my eyes. learn to fly. far away- To someplace where faces are real. no gunk to cover 'em. no baggage to smash 'em. I am only as free as I really want to be. As I allow myself to be- Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose- you go Janis baby- I don't remember the last time I was free. security. A face is security. can be. Lie down- daydream. sleep things off- give it time, start over. I'm so lonely. need to find someplace in myself- tap into my soul and dig out the pain. You Dwell on answers without thinking and lose yourself temporarily- What is the answer? Hey didn't you know that 42 is the meaning of life, the universe, and everything? Bet on that 42- whatever 42 is. Go with it- run with- and try not to think too hard about the way you see him- the way they curve in your mind- try to fill the empty space beside you with movement- try not to stop and then you won't miss. but that's not true. The Talmud had it right- We do not see things as they are, we see them as we are. And that is the sole truth- even when we think we cannot see ourselves. ",n,y,n,n,y

1998\_979711.txt,"I really miss my home town, but only because I'm not comfortable in my new surroundings. my friends seem short- lived and artificial, and my classes seem all too real and incredibly healthy. I'm constantly worrying that I'll fail and I seem to be hanging out with my thoughts too much, sometimes I feel they are a bad influence on me. I'm only happy when I'm doing something, and people tell me it's because I don't like to deal with my problems. it's true, but at this time I don't care. I have a hard time concentrating, sometimes I wonder if I have ADD. I probably don't , but I like to think I do. they call that a hypochondriac right? I have a question: does believing you are a hypochondriac mean that you are suffering from something else? I hope so, petty mental problems are better that physical problems. ",y,y,n,y,y

1998\_984104.txt,"my mom should be here in about 45 min are we going out to eat or will I have to wait till we get home. who will get the front seat in her car? I wonder what will be going on in temple when we get back should I go to the football game or hang out with Adam and his friends. it will be our anniversary tomorrow so I should do something with him tomorrow and go to the game tonight. my poor puppy. I really miss him I hope he doesn't shrivel up and die like my mom said sometimes to pets when their owners go away to college. he's been staying under my bed even at dinner. this must be serious. I wonder if Adam and I will stay together. I know that every time a big transition in our lives has occurred, like school starting, things have always been kind of weird. now I guess it's just the same thing. we have a lot of fun one day and then the next thing are weird. I guess that it is just us adjusting. I can't believe that Lori talked about all of the guys who have stalked her for 25 min this morning in the loudest voice possible. now the whole house knows how desirable she is. this song is annoying but if I get up and change it I won't be able to get back on my writing track. it's over now. she even brought up that guy who threw her in the trash can when she rejected him. she told us that that was back in sixth grade. I guess she is just feeling insecure and needs to tell people that others really do like her. she needs to work on her social skills. I feel sorry for Lindsey. she on the other hand seems to be doing great. I guess she bonded with the other girls during the smoke breaks. it kind of sucks that things that I don't want to do , like smoke or drink keeps me from getting closer to the other girls in the house. after all it is only the second week and I'm sure things will change. I haven't really met that many new people that I want to develop friendships with but strangely I don't even care. I like being by myself more than I used to. I guess that is normal, maybe even a defense mechanism. my mom should be here in half an hour now. I don't even really miss anything about home, except for my dog of course, probably because I distanced myself from it enough that I was even disgusted with the town in the last week. that helped. I'm glad that I can analyze my own feelings and realize why I'm having them. it helps sort things out and helps me realize that I am having normal reactions to a big transition. I hope that misty is doing alright. I can't believe that Alyson said that about her. she is so inconsiderate and self centered. she wants to hang out on Saturday but I really have no desire to see her. she has become somewhat of a slut in my opinion. twenty minutes is up it was nice talking to you Mr. computer. you should be a therapist ",n,n,y,y,y

1998\_987677.txt,"I have read for classes almost all day. I can't concentrate on anything that I start to do. I will read a couple of pages, and then I will take a break, or I will do something else. I don't want to get behind, but I just am not motivated at all. I want to have all my reading done for my classes before I go to them. Everyone tells me that it will help me to understand the lectures. I don't want to be catching up all week. I want to try to get my reading assignments for next week done before I go home for Labor Day. I am excited about going home on Thursday. I don't want to have to read anything while I am there. I have not seen my friends for almost three weeks, and I will finally get to see them, not just talk to them on the phone. I don't really talk that long to people in the phone. I have only talked to my best friend three times in the two weeks that I have been here. I feel like I have been in Austin forever. I came to school early for Rush. Sometimes I wish I would not have gone through Rush. I did not get into my first choice sorority, but I got into one with really nice girls. I don't know whether this is something that I want to do anymore. I don't even know if I can get out of it. I just can't wait to go home where life is normal. I just want things to be like they have been all of my life. In the past two weeks, my whole life was turned upside down. I don't feel like I have to stay here. I feel like in the next few weeks this will all be over and I will go back home where I have always been. I do enjoy my classes. Right now, they do not seem to hard, but I am sure they will get much harder. I only know one person (at the most) in my classes. I feel like I do not have any friends. I meet all kinds of different people, but I would not consider them my friends. Even some of my high school friends are not my friends any more. My best friend all through high school is the only person that I still talk to. I dated my other best friend during high school, and we were finally becoming friends again after breaking up, and then it was time to leave. Now, I find out that he was lying to me about almost everything. I don't understand why he could not tell me the truth. It is not like I care who he dates, but it would be nice to hear it from him, and not from other people. I don't know about other people. All this makes me question all the people who I thought were my friends. I just feel like everything is spinning out of control, and I can't do anything to stop it. I would really like to feel settled here. I want to feel like this is my home. I know that it will take time. I just wish time would elapse quickly. I think things will get a lot better once I get into sorority and school a little more. ",n,n,n,n,n

1998\_990689.txt,"what am I ganna do ? psychology, freshman seminar, all I can do is smoke a cigarette. gosh, am I really ganna get cancer? I hear that every cigarette you smoke takes 5 minutes off your life. my hair is getting long. I wish I could have long hair like Rapunzel. the blonde lady on the wallpaper of my old house. in the guest bathroom. she sat on an elephant. surrounded by trees and shrubbery. god how I used to want to be that lady. I remember as a little girl standing in that bathroom, staring at the wall and at myself in the mirror. where does time go? am I ganna be able to pull off this college business? a computer that is so stubborn. I have no clue how to use computers! I wish I was in all writing classes. I have so much homework. how am I ganna get into the school of communications? do I want to be an english major? gees! 10 hours at the sorority house a week! I wonder if I'll be able to concentrate there. the sound of the paper on my cigarette burning as I inhale. that sketches me out. I need to quit. I need to study. so, there was the door. I got a ticket to the game. what game? I have no clue! football? basketball? I have no clue! I need to get my act together. damn, I'm out of cigerettes. the food downstairs makes me nautious. I wonder if anyone reads this. hello, my name is natalie, my friends call me nat. there are 2 of us. nat berg and nat lep. pronounced ""leap"". both h-town girls. this floor is hard. scratchy, dirty, blue-gray carpet. we had a roach last night. julie is allergic to roaches. that was dad on the phone. sounds kind of pissed. we are going to los angeles for Rosh Hashana. Daniel is there. I can't believe he has mono. that is crazy. he decieded to rush. there is only one jewish fraturnity there. it is so diferent there. beautiful weather. I hate the winter. I hope by then I'll feel better about my classes. I'm so scared. so scared. maybe everyone feels overwhelmed. ut is so huge. how am I supposed to make good grades? I don't even know how to get to class. I'm ganna die. ",y,y,n,y,y

1998\_992657.txt,"I don't know how other people (freshmen) are coping with this new transition from high school to college; I feel stress out. Hmm. maybe I'm not so completely at ease like I had claimed earlier. I suppose that I am at ease at this moment is because I don't have any class to go to for hours, and that I think I am at ease right now, is because this is the second week of classes. However, I'm still stress, very much so. (I feel like I'm rambling on and on here. ) I am so very much relief that I have done the pretesting to get one credit hour of the research experiments. I like to try to do things ahead of time so that I won't be in any jams later on. Besides, what with the way my schedule is set, I have to budget my time wisely. Moreover, I am worried that I won't be able to get high grades as I did when I was in high school. Everything in college is so very different and challenging. Sometimes, I feel as if I can't keep up with other people. I admire those people who seems to have everything in control and makes everything so easy to them. I just can't do that. I'm the type that has to put in ""extra work"" so that I can keep up with them. I'm not saying that I'm stupid, gosh no! I believe that everyone is unique in their own little ways. Hmmm. there is one thing, rather, one small minor fear that I just can't seem to overcome: fear of animals, especially dogs. Well, I took the pretest and in there, it had asked me questions about animal phobia. I really want to know what these fears mean, which brings me to another thought. I always have questions, such questions that are so detailed some people called it ""stupid questions. "" I always find myself having questions about everything. I guess I'm just a curious person. Hmmmm. I guess this is enough typing for this assignment. I can't think of anything else to write about. Who ever is doing the reading on this writing assignment, I'm sorry it isn't anything that is as exciting as you'll like it to be. ",n,y,n,y,y

1998\_995476.txt,"I have not been feelling well, and my throat is bothering me. I am about to go sit in on a freshman seminar class that my cousin took last year and recommended to me. It was full though, so I signed up for another freshamn seminar calss titled ""Introducion to Italian Culture,"" but I dropped it this morning, because I think it is so irrelevant to anything I am interested in, and I am already feeling overwhelmed by my other classes alone. I was signed up to take 15 hours, but since I droppped that seminar, I now have only 12 hours. Anyway, I am going to try and add this other freshman seminar which is ""Interior Design. "" I'm sure that the professor won't let me in, since it is already full, but I just thought that is worth a shot. I am sitting in my dorm, Hardin House, right now, and I just figured out how to use their computers here. I did not bring my own computer, so I am having to use the computers here. I still do not know how to check my email yet, though. I just figured out how to be able and send email from here. My roommate does have a computer, but I can tell that she would prefer it if I didn't use her's, so I respect that. She has been a pretty good roommate, though, all in all. We knew each other from high school, and we are fairly good friends. I was initially sort of worried about how it would work out, but I think taht it will work out fine. One of my best friends is here, also, but we decided not to room together, because we thought that it might hurt our friendship. She is the one who I am going with to the freshman seminar calss to sit in. She got into that class. Anyway, in the dorm that I am living in, there are two parts across the street from each other. Stacy, the one who is my best friend, lives across the street. The part that I live in is bigger, but I kind of wish that I lived in the other part. The people that I live with seem to be a little bit snobbier or more reserved or something. Oh well, I'm over across the street a lot, so I guess it doesn't really matter all taht much. I am so excited that R. U. F. is starting tonight. It is a bible study that I am going to go to. I've heard that it is so good, and you meet so many neat peoiple there. I miss all of the Christian based things that I went to bakc at home. I used to go to Campus Life, which was really laid back and fun, which was offered through my high school. I also wen tto a smaller bible study once a week which was led by a lady who is now one of my good friends. She is not much older than I am, so she can relate really well to all the stuff that I go through. Not taht I have any major problems or anything, but just all of the normal stuff. Speaking of problems, I did get really homesick the other day. Obviously, I guess you can tell that I am a freshman. Anyway, I got sick , adn any time I am sick I always want my mom there to go get me medicine, and take my temperature, and make me soup, and stuff like that. But, I managed just fine. I went to the health center and saw the doctor, and got a prescription and I am feeling much better today. I still am really tired though. I think that might have been why I got sick in the first place, was lack of sleep. Well, I have finished the twenty minutes, but I'm sure taht this is horribly written, but I guess it doesn;'t matter. ",y,y,y,y,n

1998\_995489.txt,"I tried to clam her down before talking to her about what was wrong. When I finally got a complete sentence out of her she told me that a girl who I was friends with, well we weren't like best friends or anything, but I had two classes with her and talked to her everyday, had been killed in a car accident earlier that day. I sat there for a second not even realizing what she was saying. When I got off the phone I went to my mom and told her very matter-of-factly what had happened. The next day I went to school not knowing what to expect, but after having been in class for only a short while and hearing my teachers and principal attempting to explain what happened and try and calm everyone down I was bawling. That's when it hit me, I just didn't understand it. Walking into the classrooms which I had shared with her only the day before was the weirdest feeling, I could see my other classmates in the hall and as they reached the classroom, some screamed, some wept and some just turned and walked away very quickly. The following days were exhausting, I don't think I had every cried that much in my life. I couldn't be at home alone, I don't know what I was afraid of, except just having time to think about it. Despite the hurting that I and the others that knew her felt, I was happy for her. She was in a better place, she was an awesome person and I have no doubt that she is in Heaven now. The funeral was huge it felt like our entire school was there. Her closest friends, including her boyfriend who was driving the car that day, all got up and told funny stories about her and how awesome she really was, that was comforting, but also extremely hard to listen to. At the intersection where she was killed people gathered at all hours of the day and night, it was a very saddening sight to see all of her friends just staring at the cross surrounded by flowers, her favorite candy and pictures, which still stands there. When I went to the cross all I could do was stare at the street and the markings which the police had made only a short time before. After the funeral I only went to her grave once and that was after attending my neighbors funeral, they were buried practically next to each other. It was all I could do to keep my attention on the service. When the time had finally come for my to walk over to her spot, I was fine until I faced it directly and saw her picture laying among the flowers and notes everyone had left. I lost it, I almost fell, but my sister caught me. I was a mess. I wrote her countless letters that never made it to the cross or to the site, but I know she knows how I feel and that comforts me. I pray for her family and close friends all the time, it was hard enough for me I can't imagine what it was like for them. ",y,n,y,y,n

1998\_997019.txt,"I feel a bit stressed due to the fact that my first three tests are all next week. What will they be like? Will I do well? Or, will I enter the large classroom, with a crowd of students all cramming in the information for those last final moments before the test and freeze after spending countless hours preparing. The new environment is wonderful, however many changes come along with it. The first test of the year, the first test at college. Each exam seems to have much more bearing upon your grades than in the past. Some thoughts about how I'm going to go about studying have crossed my mind over the past few days. These hours have most likely been wasted, as I could have been studying or reading material which will be covered on my tests. However, this is not quite the way I always function. I often tend to spend too much time worrying about how I will go about doing something, rather than just doing it. Anyway, I spent a couple of hours studying today and I have figured out what time of each of my days between now and Wednesday, and how each precious moment will be spent. I'm sure it will all work out, but until these first three tests are finished, I know that some time will be spent worrying about how the final result turn out. Those are just some thoughts about school which are probably quite typical of a freshman. It's strange to come from the top, back down to a little freshman. It appears that quite a few people have decreased their level of maturity back down to a freshman in high school. A girl I know walked back into her room last night to find her pictures colored on and holes punched in her eyes. Seems a bit disturbing, doesn't it? There's always the issue of talking to a boy and everyone assuming that your ""going steady. "" It's difficult to even go to someone's room of the opposite sex without everyone assuming that you must have been doing something rather than talking. I guess everything, with time will pass. I'm really enjoying the transition, for the most part. It's strange to not see some of my best friends, but this is all part of growing up (Not to sound hokey). So far, it's been lots of fun and a time of many changes. I'm eager to see what lies in the future and continue to make new friends. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_015497.txt,"Okay the way my mind works. Well at the present moment many things are running through my head. Everyday I think of the same things over and over again until I get them resolved. My mind worries a lot. Right now I hope that I get all of my assignments done including this one, and that I do them well. My main concern right now is doing well in all of my classes. I'm so scared that I am not going to do well here and that I am going to have to drop out and go back home. Then I won't get as good as an education that I hoped for, which will inturn will prevent me from getting into any good law school. Then I won't get a good job, so I can't support myself much less a family, and I wind up a bum for the rest of my life. It's amazing how the littlest things have the biggest affect on something. Actuallly, I was just thinking, I hope that my parents will even have the money to pay for my education. If I can't do that than I don't even have to worry about any of this, because I won't be going here at all. I miss my family. For eighteen years I have never been apart from any member of my immediate family. I don't know how I have survived the last two weeks without them. I miss my Mother especially. Yesterday, I left home again because I went back for the weekend, and I felt as if I were leaving for the first time. The same feelings overcame as they did when I first left her. I wanted to cry. I want to cry now just talking about all of this, but I won't. I tend to do that a lot. Hide my emotions. I guess I just figure that by hiding them, I am not as vulnerable to other people as I would be if I were to actually show them. I just realized how incredibly slow I am at typing because twenty minutes have just passed since I began this writting assignment. So on that note I will end my writting entry. ",y,y,n,y,n

1999\_017532.txt,"Looking at this assignment I'm trying to think freely but it is constantly in my mine that I want a good grade. Like every other student, I don't like doing homework but I writing so it is okay. I have been writing papers all day because the teachers have been craming us with homework all weekend because od a long weekend. I know I should have done this earlier but I am a procrastinator and I often wait until the last minute. I am slowly changing that habit because I know I can't procrastinate if I want to do good in school. My feelings towards this paper is kind of wierd because I don't know what I am suppose to be feeling. I am just writing what comes to my mind. Honestly I don't even understand the topic. All I know is that I'm suppose to write non stop for twenty minutes and put down anything that comes to my mind. I know this has nothing to do with school but I keep thinking about my girlfriend back in houston. I was suppose to see her this weekend but her parents wouldn't let her come up to Austin. It is okay because I know I'll see her next weekend. I was going to write this earlier like on Friday but my friends came to visit me and stayed here for the weekend so I didn't find time to write this assignment. So far I like the class because it is the only one that interests me. all my other classes are boring. The is the only class that I enjoy the lectures in. I'm not saying this just to make the professor happy. I'm saying this because I mean it. I am running out of things to write about because nothing is coming up to mind right now. Oh yeah, I think the experiments are a good idea because the students get to do something fun in order to earn their grade. I thought about writing the research papper because I think that might be easier but I think the experiments would be funner. I have met some people in class and they seem to be pretty nice. I also met some of my friends that I already knew who came here from houston just like me. I have no idea what this writing is for nut since the teacher ask us to do it I am. I don't know how long I have been writing because things have been just coming into my mind. I thought I would be watching the time a lot but it is suprising me that I am not. I just keep writing until I don't know what else to write. Well things are starting to stop coming into my mind. All I am thinking about is how I can make this paper keep going longer without me having to stop. Will I think my feelings for the past twenty minutes have been exciting, anxious, lost, suprise, and not understanding. This has been a interesting paper because I have no idea what I have been writing. Well I guess ill push the submit button now. ",n,n,n,n,y

1999\_017722.txt,"Why do I always analyze things to the point that I completely stress myself out about it? I find myself doing this time and time again. I feel stupid, I can't believe that I let Jaime set me up on a date with someone that I don't even know. To top that, I barely know her. What was I thinking? The way that she is talking, he is the most gorgeous guy she's ever seen; however, I am really scared that I am going to be really let down. I know that sounds really negative, but I guess it sounds too good to be true. It doesn't make sense to me how this whole thing works anyways. Your sorority tells you about a party that they are having, giving you only two days notice to find a date. To me that is completely weird. I just don't have the guts to go up to some random guy and ask him to go to something that I'm not even sure will be fun myself. Oh well, it will all work out. Now, on the other hand, I'm all about going to the pledge line tomorrow. I couldn't believe that someone asked me. It made me feel so good inside to know that I was one of the few girls to get asked! I don't know what my problem is; it just seems like I can't stop thinking about how much weight I think that I need to lose. It seems to be the only thing that I think about any more, and I don't know why. I don't think that there is anything wrong with me, but then again, maybe there is . You never can tell any more. All I know is that there are so many things going on and not enough time. I wish that my body wouldn't go through such big ""swings"". One minute I am bursting with energy, and the next I can't even keep my eyes open. It is as if a person is holding onto my heels and making me drag them for hours on end. After dragging them for so long, you just can't drag any more. This tiredness that sweeps over me comes frequently throughout the day, but , without fail, it comes each day between 2pm and 5pm. I want to be like others that are comstantly energetic, skinny, and seem to get everthing done with no problems at all. I guess that is only a perception in my mind that only sees things from the outside instead of how they really are. Does that make sense? Why can't there be more hours in the day. I feel like ever since I have gotten here, all the time in my day has flown by, and comtinues to fly by without even slowing down. Which is fine with me as long as I don't leace things that are really important to me out. Unfortunately, this is what I have been forced to do because I my new schedule. Before I came to school, I worked out daily so that I could relieve all of my stess, and feel good all at the same time. Now I can't even find time to get to class--much less work out. I wonder how Nolan is. Is such a sweet little boy. Ever since he was born I have loved those kids, and had a compassion for them that no one else could ever have. I can't believe that Catrina came up to me and asked me about Ryan Murphy the other day. I mean talk about digging up painful things that have already been buried!! Whenever she said something, every bit of hurt and anger inside of me came back like it was just yesterday that it had happened. I need to put it past, and forgive and forget. That is at least what I know I am supposed to do, but it is so hard! Why do I get attached to people so easily? That is one thing even I will never know. ",y,y,y,y,n

1999\_026284.txt,"the computer is not very easy for me type on I would never say anything because me dad bought it for me I love my dad. he really got the shaft at work elaine is a horrible person. mom is so protective of dad its only been two minutes I wonder if I can think for twenty minutes I bet I do all the time and don't even notice, this is hard because I think about more than o ne thing at once and they aren;t really complete thoughts just flashes in my haed but I know what thay mean. I should have taken a typing class in high school. the sky has really pretty simpson clouds I wonder what I have to do in all my classes am I doing thi right I need to be more organized I've been thinking about being organized all day I can't stop thinking about the living room curtains and a file box for my papers. maybe 15 it too many hours I hope I go to bio this chair really bugs me because it doesn't fit un der the desk. I should buy a different one I don't think I have enough money for all this stuff. where am I going to get money. maybe I should have gotten a job instead of taking another class I was thinking of something and now I forgot it. I wonder if adam and I will get married he would be scared if he knew I said that I sound like a stupid teen ager out of the 50's when I say that. I would marry him if I had to though I think I probably do really love him I dn't get sick of him I could be with him all day and I don't even notice I hope nothing bad happens even for a while my parents made it through college but they had a few fallouts. I hope we just marrily make it along untill we're old and gray but I know how nieve that is. did I spell nieve right I wish I had a better spelling sense I guess I could blame it all on my first grade teacher but that seems silly. my room mate came in I hope we are good friends. I really like her but I don't know how to make friends with people. I wonder why I can be friends with kids and poeple I don't think are important but its hard for me to be friends with people I like and want to be friends with. I fell like I'm coming on too strong but then I hold back and they think I don't like them. also people told me I'm not very approachable. I guess thats good because I don't like when random guy come up to me. I don't know how to get out of it without being really rude. cheryl is so perfect she can do what she wants and she is always so polite. tricia was like that too. I wish I was in 8th grade again for a day. whenever I think of middle school I get kind of queasy and real mad at my mom what a horrible time. I couldn't even get within a certian field of the house or I would sense a horrible aura. when I had to go I would force my self and run to my room and be a nasty depressed person. on day the church lady cought me running to the creek and I think she was genuinally concerned. ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_031708.txt,"I got back yesterdayform Miami , from my cousins wedding. it was agreat. we parited so hard I think I have to fo into detox for a while. it sucks because now I'm back at school and its time to study and get the grades. mami and pai keep telling me I have to do good but as if I ddnt lknow that already. they think that I'm some kind of schmuck who doent know what he is doing. i mean I'm nineteen years old , I'm in college they would at least trust me a little b\it to do good. its actuallty funny the fact that they worry more about the way I'm keeping my room than my grades. i like her. Rachel she's cool and I'm enjoying myself while I'm with her. but shes going through a ha\rd tiome right now , I shouldnt butt in . its not my place. let things pass and then go in for the kill. I want to party tonight. this sucks. i ve to go to the frat tonight and then study. tomorrow, I have to do assighnment two of the class. i like how these things are and how they only take twenty minutes. never in my life would I have thought it be like this. i ts funny their is a vaccuum goiing on outside but since I don't necessarily have to concentrate it doesn't bother me . I just keep writing and writing. I more worried a boput the spelling and grammer than what I actually writing about. i hope my brother is doing good. he got so trashed onfriday and saturday and hten at the weeding sunday I thinnk que estamos en las mismas. i miss home. but not hta much . yesterday I was htinking that I now consider Austin my home becasue my dad offered me to go home after the wedding and miss a couple of days from school butI had no desire to. i have to call Molly and Jeremy tonight before Jer. leaves to umass. wow, I still can't believe that I was in Israel for one year. and now I'm at Texas the one University that I really wanted to go to and I'm siotting in Yoav's rooom after the year we spent togther and I'm actually having a good time. i love it here. Its quite in these dorms not like mine. the girls are coming around. i'm meeting more and more people everyday and today we going to party . probably not but that would have been hella cool. I can't believe I'm at texas. call jesse. for Rosh Hashana. My mouyth is dry I wish Yoav would just get me a drink. I wish I could telepathically tell him that I wanted some water. it seems so stupid whyat I'm writing about. but the Prof knows what he's doing or he's making look like idiot. Ha , five hundred plus people being taken for schmucks that s pretty funny except for me cause I know whats up[. i think so. What now. I feel like I'm at a blank but I just keep thinking about stufff. weird. I didnt know thaqt so many things pass horugh my mind at this type of speed I can hardly tp fast enough, my hands are getting tired. ouch that hurts. Shut up out hteir I'm working here. Ha Ha I jsut thought that abnd it didnt come out of my mouth. I like who I am this is fumn. i wonder wha6t the future has ins tored for me I hope I'm successfule. i will be successful;. what else the timwe is ticking and I just killing it. i should be a rapper. Or a country singer that be cool the first Puerto Rican counrty singer in the world . ladies and Gentelemn . mr. Daniel Wagner. ANd the crowd goes wild. what the time 4:06 I have four more minutes but I have the uregeto keep on wrtiung Jeremy always said wrting was good for the mind. i feel like a burden of whats going on in my life has been lifeted. i'm going to start doing this every day just to make me uhjnstress. what a schmuck. perfectionist. hes cleaning his room that s all he aever does. even in Israel. its not bad but obsessive yes. i think extremes are bad. 2 minutes and conting. breath Danny Breath . G-df I'm exausted. I fell like I'm not breathing fast enough to go with writing I'm kinda light headed . its as if I was relly tired ",y,n,n,y,y

1999\_034196.txt,"Hmmm, I am eating a Chupa Chup lollipop right now. It is really good. I don't know what to write because I am trying to just think and when I do that I think about thinking and well, I'm not exactly making sense, but it doesn't work. I am tired. Look at that phone book. Wow. My roomate is blow drying her hair. There is a meeting tonight and she is running for something. I don't know what. Historian, I think. My mom was so mean to me last night. I try to tell her things about my life and she says she doesn't want to know. She does, she's just afraid of what I'll tell her. I'm a good person. I haven't done anything bad. She just doesn't want to know that I have a boyfriend. But, I think she does. She probably doesn't like the guy because he's Mexican. That's stupid. How can a person limit thier options of people to love to just those in their race? If I didn't think being gay was disgusting, I would say it made sense. Why limit your options to people of the opposite sex? That's silly. But, I'm not attracted to women, so I don't leave women as opption though. Sometimes I think I don't want to get married. There are so many people getting divorces. I don't want to get divorced. I wish I were a man. They have it so much better. They don't get a period. They don't have to go through labor. Now labor is something that is very special and in a way I think it's very cool that I can experience it, but when I took a child development class in high school it really scared me. I don't think I'd make a very good mother anyway. At least, I'm afriad I wouldn't. But back to why I wish I were a man. Men can pee while standing. Not fair. And they don't even have to take their pants down. Again, not fair. Men get wrinkles, they are distinguished. Women get wrinkles, they are old. Men get in a fight, they are just releasing that testosterone. Boys will be boys. Women get in a fight. Bitches. Men sleep around and they are considered studs. Women sleep around and they are called sluts. Not fair. Of course, no one ever told me life would be fair. Men and women are not created equal. I don't really want to be a man. I'm accustomed to being a woman. Well, I'm not a woman. I'm still a girl. I don't want to grow up, I'm a toys r us kid. There's a million toys at toys r us that I can play with. From bikes to games to video games, it's the biggest toy store there is! I don't want to grow up cause baby if I did, I couldn't be a toys r us kid! I really don't want to grow up yet. My my observations, adults generally have very little fun. Adults are always stressed out. I find myself stressing and getting very tense about things. I must be careful about that. I think it's important to stay young at heart. There are times to in which people must be serious, and that's important, but it's also important that people know when to let go and smile. I love college. I thought I would be so homesick when I came here, but I'm not at all. I love it here. I feel so comfortable here and I don't want to go home. I love my parents and the rest of my family, and I guess I miss them sort of, but I'm not homesick. I love Austin. I want to stay here forever. Well, not forever. I want to get out of this country. I want to go everywhere. I would go anywhere I had the oppportunity to go. I don't care where. I want to go everywhere and learn everything. I hope I never lose that feeling. I hope when I am an old woman that I will still be hungry for knowledge. I know that I will never be able to learn everything there is to learn, but I'm going to give it my best shot. It's funny, I look out my window and the sky is so beautiful, but there are all these buildings that are contradictory to the beauty of the sky and nature. If I do live in a big city like Austin, I hope I will be able to go somewhere like Colorado, where I can get back to nature. I think that's important. I don't think I want to live in a big town though, if I have children. I want to raise children in a small town. Not my home town though. The people there are extremely narrow minded and they think the would revolves around that little town. No culture. I wonder where I will live when I am older. ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_035988.txt,"Right now, I am very busy. I am very preoccupied by trying to balance my academic studies with my social life. Joining a fraternity is a very difficult thing to do, as it entails choosing a group of people who are most like you, in that they share common ideals and interests. Outside of my world at the University of Texas, I am also struglling to maintain a long distance relationship with the woman who could possibly grow to become my wife. She attends the University of Alabama, and she is also an incoming freshman. However, my troubles are very different than hers. Yes, she joined a serority, but the Greek process that involves women is wholly differnt than the one concerning men. But what is important is that she has already become an active member of a serority, a serority in which she already grown a liking to many active members. I, on the other hand, have just begun my process of joining a fraternity, and is not only stressful but very intimidating. In my opinion, older men are simply more imtimidating and less likely to accept new members than older women. This process of distancing ourselves from each other and the process pf maing new friends, indpendenet of one another, has taken its toll on the quality of our relationship. We often argue, our telephone conversations are usually brief and superficial, and we lack a common ground on which to converse. I am worried than our relationship will not withstand the tests of time and distance, which is the most bothersome thing of all. My feelings for her are still intense, yet they no longer stand forefront in my mind. Now, I have other academic as well as social predicaments to fill uo my time. I worry that she is experiencing the same phenomenon. In addition, I am thinking of how alone I feel in this problem. My roomate does share a similar experience, and I can subsequently not look to him for guidance or advice. I don't want my feelings tp change towards Christel, but I fear that they will, and we will eventually encounter a mutual break-up, but one after which we cannot remain friends. Digressing on a tangent, I can stare out my window as I type this essay, a look out onto the hiils of Austin. Coming from Dallas, I have grown to appreciate Austin's attractive landscape. It hills, its sunsets, and other natural phenomenons sometimes offer a sense of peace during such a hectic time. My roomate is always creating some kind of noise. As I sit here and try to complete this assignment, he is playing a game of football on the Sony Playstation. Does he not have homework to do? I don't know, I guess that it bothers me sometimes that I feel and seem so busy when those around me seem carefree and happy. Will I ever feel completely happy again? In the near future? It's not that I'm depressed or willing to let go of Christel to free myself of these ""troubles,"" it's just that I want all the things that trouble me to merge into one moment of happiness, during whcih all things just ""click together. "" Too optimistic, I know. That'slife, I know, but I can still wish that things could be different. I never tyhought I'd say this, butit feels good to attack this assignment. In a sense, it's profoundly fulfilling to articulate your troubles as you feel them. I guess sometimes it's easier to realize the way you feel when you struggle to put it into words. But, I've still got troubles. God, I sound depressed, but the fact of the matter is that I am actually having a pretty good time. I have made friends, and I relaize that, given time, all of my problems will work themselves out. I truly believe that unhappiness is a temporary sentiment, as happiness is the underlying emotion in every situation. Damn, I've got to wake up early tomorrow. I wish it was like that, but, as most people would say, that's life! My twenty minutes is almost up, and I really feel better for having articulated some of unshared and unresoved conflicts. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_036696.txt,"It is hard to put thoughts and feelings into words. The air conditioner is blowing on me, giving me goose bumps. My stomach has felt bad all day, I took Pepto Bismol an hour ago but it hasn't seemed to help. I'm tired, and it's only 10:00. This house is always so messy, I wish Bryan would help me keep it clean. I'm going to start doing better. The picture of Deban on my desk is so bad, she would die if she saw it. What am I going to wear tomorrow? I don't want to have to wake up early. I have to wake up at 9, I guess that isn't that early. I had so much fun at my family reunion. I miss my family even though I just saw them 2 days ago. Some woman on the TV was trying to kill her kid, Kathy Bush wanted to kill her daughter? The news is so horrible. It's rediculous what goes on in our country every day. I think more people should be executed. The government spends way too much money on keeping people in jail and on death row. If someone is found guilty for intentjionally killing someone or trying to should be executed then and there, saving lots of people time and money, and making a point to the general public. I can't wait until Christmas. I already know what I'm going to get Bryan and my mom, and my dad. We're going to get my dad a 56 K modem. He's wanted one for a long time. What a boring gift, he is such a boring guy. OH well. I don't want to type for 12 more minutes. I think this assignment is stupid. I don't see the point. Or maybe there is a point, but I'm not helping because I'm doing it wrong. What does it matter, is anyone really going to read this? I feel sorry for the person who has to read all of these things. Oh good, I didn't want Bryan to come over and read this, he left the living room. Our apartment is pretty smalll but I resally like living in austin. Finally, he's going to take out the trash. Only one little responsiblity and he hardly can take care of it. Oh that made a lot of sense. some guy on the news is getting 60 years for molesting a child. What makes me sick is all the women killing their babies. I think pretty much all of those women should be executed, its rediculous how little our society cares about little babies. They are people too they shouldn't be murdered because of their stupid mothers. I think that if those mothers wouoold be punished more severely, there would be less instances of mothers killing babies. I hate democrats. I hate Bill Clinton. I will be so glad when he is no longer our president. I hope Bush runs next year, I know he'll win and our country will be in much better hands. 7 more minutes of typing stuff noone will ever read. tomorrow is wednesday, that means church and 7:30. So should I go to the trig review class or should I go to church? I think I'll end up leaving early from class so I can make it to church. I need to get my priorities straight. It's hard to make yourself go when you know you don't have to, and no one wouold ever know. I want to save peolpe from going to Hell, like where mosdt of the world is headed. Now I'm glad no one will read this because it soulnds like I""m some crazy conservative person. Narrow is the road to salvation, wide the road to destruction. The bible says loud and clear that more people will go to Hell than Heaven. ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_037068.txt,"bored. I'm supposed to be going out on a saturday night, but I'm not. it's a saturday night and I'm sitting in front of a computer, instead of at the Roxy with all the sororities. maybe it's good because I'll finally be set on the track of that good work thing my mom's been talking about. mom's upset. I don't miss her. today, 6 bad things done. she would be upset. so many rules broken. what if she surprise visits? bad. very bad. she and dad are watching t. v. right now. onni is probably out or sulking at home. I'm so much more lucky than her. no curfew. she doesn't study enough. I'm getting all her breaks. oppa is spoiled he didn't even come to see me move away. I hate him. he's sending me a care package. it's probably because onni told him to. a hundred dollars less than a tv. that cheapskate. trying to buy my affection. he hugged me in san angelo. seemed pretty proud of me. stanley seems creepy. poor guy. he was used and abused by that whore woman. I hope he doesn't marry that girl I saw. she looks mean. won't accept stanley's korean side. oh well. he never did. went to germany, had a great time, can't come to one family function and eat his own foor. I'm ashamed of him. so geeky. so is jun. he and I get along good, too. I htink hoon might be, too. but pretty cool. he's probably out, too. van wants me to call him to take us places. I hope he doesn't think I'm using him. I hoipe he doesn't tell my sister about me being oout late. jordyn's got problems. she's like intelligent jennifer miller. whiny, problems, manic depressive. van seemed mad about ride. oh well. hope social life doesn't evolve around her. ben's cute. but too short. cute, though. romantic. writes songs. not masculine, rough enough. maybe hsort's the problem. real nice. seemed annoyed when I took van away. oh well. saw him today. kind of brushed him off. oops. hope he doesn't take it personally. remembered my name. yeah. michelle wants a job. no money. I feel bad because I want to spend money. noone has money to spend except me. don't know how to spend money. too cheap. like mom. hope she doesn't find out about leftover money. need to go school shopping. buy small calculator. hope books come. cheap. hope coop takes books. fifty dollars. lots. maybe buy cool jeans. very uncomfortable at unity show. / too many thin cute asian girls to compete wiht. I should hang aorund migook people more. they're big and not so delicate. asian people have the worst manners! good mix. I am. van is too much white. michelle ggood, too. she is pretty. thinks she's not. she's crazy. van and I always talk aobut how pretty she is. I wonder what she thinks about me? I won't aske. just asking for pity answer. I think I'm attractive. kind of . sometimes yes, sometimes no. depends on size of waist at that time. ugh. tae bevo didn't work at all. what am I going to do with the rest of the weekend? ben's family is in town. sucks. wanted to show him my pachelbel and mrs. moore's writing techniques. I wonder how bowie's doing. yuck mrs. rose. she sucks. too many rules. she ruined school for me. michelle's so nice. she's too good to b e true. I tkae advantage of her. phuong is easy to make fun of. maybe too much. too much. I wonder if her feelings get hurt a lot. she acts too cute too quickly to be for real. chess was fun. I made a fool of myself in front of sebastian. he's nice. kinda geeky. reminds me of marc. sucked at chess. I beat him at checkers. big pride. yay! the candle smells good. I left it on! the room smells good. I should go work out. don't want freshman 15. yuck. already need to lose 15. should lose more. tae bevo is too far. maybe I'll buy a sports pack. ",y,y,n,y,y

1999\_038868.txt,"The reality that college isn't just one continuous party is finally beginning to set in now that I have chpaters of information to read in all of my classes. I think somewhere in my mind I thought that college would be easier and less stressful than high school because it seems like there'e more free time. Well, I know now that this will not be so. All my free hours during the week will be full of reading, studying, writing, reading, studying, writing. I'm really afraid that I won't know what to expect on examinations. I've spent about an hour reading twenty pages out of my psychology book and can't imagine what I'm going to do. Reading and reading gets so boring, except when the material is very interesting. I also started reading my Economics, and enjoyed reading the parts that I recognized as being covered in class. I've discovered that going out every night and staying out until 2:00 a. m. is not going to cut it. The first week of school I tried this and could hardly stay awake during class. There are lots of pressures both externally and internally to go out and ""party"" and meet people every night. Externally, I'm a member of a sorority and we're supposed to party a lot with our sorority sisters. Internally, I feel like I'm missing out or something if I don't go. Maybe there's a cute guy out there just waiting for me to meet him, yeah right. I ran into this guy randomly on the street outside of UTC that I had met at Orientation. We recognized eachother and talked for a minute. A couple days later I saw him in my EConomics class. It would be so cool if some how we were to start talking or something. But, great things like that usually don't happen to me. My roommate and friend across the hall both make fun of me for having such a crush on this guy. I really like them a lot. We all got so lucky with the girls staying in our hall. Everyone is so nice and we get along well. I especially like my roommate. We have the same interests, likes, and dislikes. We aren't in the same sorority which kind of makes me sad, but we still do stuff together. Last night we stayed in and worked on our psych pretesting which took me like two hours after the UT football game. We were pretty bummed that they lost. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_044829.txt,"Tomorrow I'm going to go back to my hometown of Grapevine, Texas, where I get the chance to revisit some of my old high school friends that are still in high school, and some friends that have graduated as well, that will be home as well. I guess I'm looking forward to the weekend, however I realize that I am still missing a lot of the social activities that are going on at UT. Currently my roommate is pondering why I listen to so much music all the time. To tell you the truth, I really don't know why I do. One of the reasons may be that I grew up surrounded by music, my brother being a person that played a lot of it around the house, as well as the fact that a lof of my friends also listen to music a whole lot. I just saw the MTV music awards, which was ok. I mean it started out cool and such. with three great bands on stage at once, however it kinda declined from there into some trendy mush of junk. Some bands these days I can hardly consider a ""band"" in the least sense of the word. I just remembered that I missed my SI meeting tonight. that which I am not too happy about, but I shall make an even harder attempt to make the next one. Sometimes I wonder why people don't like dorm life that much. I mean its a nice social place where you get to meet people, and sometimes the rooms arent THAT bad. not even in jester, which is supposedly the biggest dorm in the nation or something to that effect. I've been to other places and apartments, and I think I still like mine the best. or maybe its just my way of rationalizing to myself the living conditions that I recieved. I hope my ride back home tomorrow is expedient. I get so darn tired after car rides. you wouldnt think so after sitting down for three or more hours, but you always are. maybe its because the body expects you to be sleeping or something. who knows. I'm also doing laundry at the same time. really different than the laundry back home, seeing as how the dryers take the whole freaking day to dry your clothes. geez, I'll be up for a while. Sometimes I wonder why people can be such jerks to others, especially in relationships. In this summer alone, 4 of my close friends experienced breakups in relationships, either due to faults of their own, or others. 2 of them cheated on the other, which is something that is really bad. I guess the human mind likes to think that when you commit to someone else, you expect the same in return, no matter if you are drunk, stupid, wasted, etc. It's prolly also the lowest of things that one can do to another in a relationship as well. Luckily I was not immediately affected by any of the aforementioned incidents. I never really know what to say to people that get the sharp end of the stick in those situations either. I mean what can you say?? I'm sorry? you'll do better next time?? hardly. It feels like I'm typing into a diary or something. which I don't keep. I really want to go see some live bands here in austin. I mean it IS supposedly the Live Music Capital of the world. or nation. whichever. its supposed to have something more than just 6th street. at least things in austin aren't that bad. my roommate's pretty cool, better than someone else I could've ended up with. the food. could be better. but its not too bad. Overall university life is pretty ok. a lot of people here are nice and friendly. barton springs is really really REALLY cold. man is it cold. I wish I had something to eat as of right now. I'm kinda hungry. at least the jester express is still open for a while. Some of my friends are wanting to go the jester late night express right now. which is a really good idea. good thing the time thingy is almost over. hopefully my laundry will almost be done as well. I hate doing laundry. I especially hate ironing. but I guess they're something that I'm just going to have to live with for the rest of my lfie. carpe diem. seize the day. dead poets society. a great movie. seizing the day however. I think at least. should only be done in short bursts, and not always. It just seems like looking at the short term benefits or consequences and never at the long term just seems kinda idiotic. right? Some people I know take it way to the extreme. I wouldnt even know how to write it down. so now I'm wondering who's going to read this paper, and what they're going to think. or if anyone is going to even read it at all? pennebaker? the asian guy? that michelle girl? who knows. that video that was showed last class was pretty weird. that guy/girl strapped to the machine. and all those brian waves. I guess it wasnt ""weird. "" just something that we don't see that often. it was pretty cool I guess. now I also know how to escape a lie detector test if there was ever a chance that I would be detained by the FBI for some criminal knowledge that I may possess for some odd reason. who knows. ",y,y,n,y,y

1999\_048310.txt,"IT's me. tying along, this is somewhat interesting, I''ll probaboly copy it onto my computer after I am done, after all, I am kind of interested in trackin gmy thoughts. When I talked with allison the other day, it helped to have I'm on instead of being on the phone. it allowed me to communicate and review what we had said to eachother. I really really really hope that we don't end up playing eachother this weekend, as I don't want to play her. I know I won't paly ehr because myu lov efor her is true. and she won't paly me either, but exactly what will transpire I'm not too sure. how far is too far for the realtionsip we're in reight now? what is the relationship we're in right now? I trhink I want intimacy, but I'm not too sure. is it abuse of eachother if we don't miss eachother tremendously? IO miss her tons, but I can now ahve fun without her. I do need her, but it's less than it used to be. when she dumped me, it really hurt. I neve said that I dumped her, but I understand why she thought that. life's a dance - at least it's no longer a bitch. I wonder if I couldn't go to sleep last night because I was so excited about seeing her this weekend, or because I had just finished my exercises. How long does it take the body to calm down after exercising. I didn't sleep well, but I don't think it was due to her. I'm just stuck on what kind of intimacy should be shared this weekend. I do love her. I'm pretty convinced of that. After all, she is the most beautiful woman in the world to me. I know that my feelings for her have a lot to do with that. She has a great smile. I hope that she jumps on me when I show up. It would make me feel very special. IO'll definitely be excited to se her. Iknow she is looking forward to seeing me too. I kind of wonder whether it is better for me to be leaving on Sunday or Saturday. I don't really have much choice in the matter, but I could take a bus. I want her to come to UT. At UT the logistics would flow much smoother. I'm more than willing to dedicate my whole weekend to her. This would mean I would miss her more during the week, but it would be worth it. I have friends here, which really really helps. For example, last night I went up and worked on my spreadsheet and webpage while watching a movie with them. Of course, the movie was an 80s movie, and it just reminded me of her, but it was still fun. I do love her. I love love lovee love love love love love her. Love can be messy. It's okay for love to be disastorous - so long as you don't lose sight of the person you love. a lot of times I feel like I'm the only one that cares about us as a relationship. When I did that thing at Dave and Busters she was ready to break up. I didn't feel as if it was cause. I understand why she was mad, but I also kind of expected her to understand that I was frustrated. She says she loves me, but does she? She does things that indicate both ways. I don't think that I do things that indicate that I don't love her, but maybe I do. I wish she would tell me when I do/say things that hurt her. She really hurt me, when she said that it was better to be broken up right now. I want her to have fun. I used to be somewhat egotistical about it, but right now I just want us to fully enjoy eachothers company and miss each other enough so that it's not abuse of the relationship. Maybe nothing will happen this weekend. I hope that she spends time with me after the game. I expect her to spend time saturday morning studying, which is fine. I just know that I'm not going to have anything to do. I will bring my computer, but I will only be able to work on stuff that has no deadline. If it has a deadline, then it will have to be done Sunday night if it's not done over the weekend. That would stink. I come back, and I won't be able to see any of my friends because I have homework to do. I really do miss Allison. I'll probably do my PSY reading this week. The Republic is read enough for a while, but do I want to start getting ahead? Probably should. The problem with lowering our love relationship to a friendship thing is that then we will never see if our love is true. I don't want to make the worst mistake of my life, when I'm not sure of it. Allison is beautiful. Sure, she has some qualms about being outside in the heat, but otherwise she's ideal. Except, that I do wonder sometimes if she is in love with me. We should go do some outside type stuff. She has a set prenotion that she doesn't want to go camping, when in reality it could be quite fun. My parents don't do outside stuff together. Allison has swallowed the heat thing before - that says how much she loves me. It couldn't have been cold the second time at Miller Outdoor Theater. We've kissed in the heat before. The only thing is that a lot of my romantic ideas were for outside - the waterfall (not original), Galveston. romantic by its very nature means of nature - she wants someone to possibly sweep her off her feet, but I don't know if that's possible. I do love her. Well, it's actually time that this 20 minutes has past. It has passed quicker than I expected it too. ",y,y,y,n,y

1999\_048437.txt,"I just got of the phone with my best friend Lauren from home (Potomac, Md) and it was weird because she hasn't left for school yet - she is going to the University of Pennsylvania - so When I talk to her we are coming from such different perspectives right now and it is really strange since we have always been so similar in everything before. We were talking about our other good friend Meryl who is going to Cornell and has been there for about the same amount of time that I have been here and she was saying how she has been talking to her everyday but that Meryl is so happy and has so many friends and even a new boyfriend and I was saying how that is really weird and annoying because I honestly am pretty happy and having what I think is a fairly normal adjustment to college but I don't have like a real group of friends yet or anything and it isn't everything that I had hoped college would be yet, but I figure that I have only been here for two weeks. Lauren was saying that what she thinks is so weird about it though is that Meryl says that she goes out everynight and loves school and everything but she calls her everyday and I say that I am still adjusting etc and I don't even have time to talk to her everyday. I don't know, I just think that it is really annoying and try not to talk to Meryl too much because it makes me feel like there is something wrong with me since things aren't going quite as well for me and it makes me feel sort of bitter towards her. Tonight I went out to dinner with my friend Katie who I met when I went on Camp Texas and I love. We went to the Hula Hut and it was really good because I had really been away from Campus and the whole UT thing since I got here and I was sort of starting to feel like I was stuck in a bubble and out of touch with reality so it was good to get away for a little bit. Plus, the food was really good and I hadn't had a real good meal since I got here either. It also made me more sure that I had made the right decision about going home for a the weekend of Sept. 17-20 (for the jewish holiday) because I saw that it was good to be in car and get away and realized that it would definately be good for me to get away for a longer period of time. Before I went to dinner tonight I was worried that I wouldn't want to go because I would feel like I was missing things here but now I see that I definately did make the right decision. Also when I go home I am going to drive up to Penn for the night to see Lauren and when I was talking to her it sounded like she was really excited to see me so that is good too. I feel like I should be really stressed right now about schoolwork and everything with this being my first semester of college and my first time at a big, public school since I attended a small private high school but I honestly feel like I have less work then I did in high school and that it is easier - plus I am really staying on top of it. The only concern that I am having at all is the size of my classes (all of them have over 200 people in them) because I am used to being in classes with about 15 people in them and recieving a lot of focused attention from my teachers and although I am not concerned about this affecting my performance as I feel that I am completely capable on my own, I am worried I will be overlooked and just be a number in crowd - which I'm sure that I will be in a lot of my classes, at least for a while. So far though I like my classes at least and find them interesting and all of my professors do seem to be pretty interesting and approachable. I also rushed and am pledging a sorority which, even though I really like it and am happy that I did it is becoming more and more time consuming and I getting worried that I am going to have trouble completing everything that I need to do for that but I am sure that it will not be as tough as I am expecting. Right now I am listening to a really good CD that Lauren sent me that our friend Dave made for me and it is so good because it is a mix that he made of all of these really good old songs plus a couple of good new ones. I have three minutes left to write now and I am really running out of things to say except that earlier I found a cricket or grasshopper or something in my room and it is really gross and I don't know how it got up here because I like on the 11th floor of dobie and there are no windows but it is totally gross and I am definately going to file a complaint and tell the front desk that I need an exterminator or something. Well I think that my time is up now so bye. ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_051990.txt,"so here I am trying to figure out what it is that I am thinking. maybe I shouldn't have given advice to genevieve about her mother. I don't really know the situation and even more than that the little that I do know. I have never experienced. adrian too. he must really be having a difficult time dealing with the death of his mother. man, my finger really hurts. the manicurist was trying to drill my cuticles off. but they're pretty. I don't know what I should do with the whole beta thing. they are all nice, but I am tired of being pressured into situations that I am not comfortable. maybe I set myself up for it. right now I am a little emabrassed because I am really hungry and these 20 minutes are not passing quick enough. I know the instructions say not to worry about grammer and spelling, but it's really hard to read my own writing and have all these misspelled words pop up. nose itches. I wonder if I will be able to handle rush and my classes. as it is I am already blowing off my other classes for organic. even more than that, I hope I get my financial \aid in on time. I really do feel bad about making my father feel like he wasn;t there for me. my mom says that it'll work itself out but this whole financial crap really is upsetting. I know of families that have been torn apart beacuse of that. all I know is that they'll have my ass until I am like 40. which really sucks. an education shouldn't be so expensive that once you get one and start a job you are so in the hole that you're broke all the time. maybe I should drop out and og to massage therapy school like I wanted to a long time ago. I can't believe that I haven't heard from dannee. I am really upset about what our friendship has become. sometimes I even think of andy and I don;t know why. he's probably happily married with a kid. (I am really glad that it's not my kid, though. cause then I'd really be screwed with the whole moiney thing) 5 more minutes. I can't believe how little I have written. I must be the slowest typer. there's my stomach again. at least I don't have any classes today. that way I can print up my organic and biology and go home to eat. even when I get there I don't know how to react with genevieve. she complains about her mother and then does the exact thing that she complains about. I bet I do the same thing. wow that guy is really talking very loud. I wonder why (2 minutes) people walk aroiund libraries talking so loud. how inconsiderate. I even had a wierd dream last night. but I think if I were to think about it now my finers would not be able to type quick enough to write it in the last couple of minutes. I wonder who called us this morning at like 7:30. good thing I was able to fall back to sleep. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_053082.txt,"At the moment I I can seem to think about is how strange it is to think about what I'm thinking about. I'm not really sure if I can truley display my thoughts if that's what I'm concentrating on instead of letting my mind wander subconsiously. I'm not sure if that makes any sense, but it does to me. I'm trying to fight the temptation to go back and reword/correct sentences. Its very strange. I'm also trying not to have more than a two seconds pause between words/sentences so that I can show a true, 20 minute, unbroken stream of thought. I can't , unfortunately, fight the urge to correct typos - its natural for me to press the delete key the oment I see a mistake pop up on the screen. It will be interesting, however, to read this when I'm finished and see how many mistakes I missed. My roomate just put a CD on that I haven't heard in a long time - it makes mee think about highschool (the last time I listened to this) what is it called? . Oasis I think you, and the name of the song is ""Wonderwall"" I sincerely hope that its just a TA reading this and not Dr. Keller because I'll probably be embarrased at my grammar usage/sentence structure, ect. ect. Did you know (I'm sure you do) that ""etcetara"" is Latin for ""and so forth"" I know this because I took Latin in high school. It was a complete waste of time. I only got little useless trivial pieces of infromation out of it. Thought my favorite insult is still ""habitas familia in miser villa"" (you and your family live in a miserable farmhouse) Our teacher left midway through our senior year and so they had a spanish teacher named Mr. Soto teach the class. Kind of funny because he didn't know Latin, but hey, actually knowing the language is just optional right? Latins dead anyway. hehe It just occured to me that this is actually how I type a , drat, phone. k, that was my girlfriend, Liz. we're not having the best of time, though I'm sure (I hope) we'll work it out. I pondered writing during the phone conversation but that would be weird (especially for Liz) because I seriously doubt I can type and talk at the same time. unless I type giberish. or talk giberish; either of which would be bad in their own right. what was I talking, er. tyiping about before? I actually had to scan up the page to read and remember - it was email. I was thinking about how I actually type a lot of emails like this - not really without thinkg about what I'm saying and not looking for grammar and all that but just typing continously. Usually because I'm emailing like 5 different people and it takes to long and its annoying. speaking of annoying, this is taking a long time Its amazing how long 20 minutes can go by when you're thinking what else you could be doing. we're going to play risk in about 25 minutes. I love Risk. I'm not sure really, there's just somethin strangely fun about taking over the world. I also play this game on my computer called ""Civilization, Call to Power"" which is wonderfullly complex and very challenging. You build a civilization from 4000bc to 3000ad and either try to beat the computer opponents economically and in number of scientific andvances (kind of on a point system) or attempt to take over the world. In my currect game I have eliminated 3 of the 4 computer oppents and I'm going for the kill on my last enemy, the Persians. I made the mistake of using nuclear weapons and now my populace is very angry at me because of nuclear fallout and all that garbage. How many people have actually tried to take over the world? 3? Alexander, Napoleon and Hitler. All failed. I wonder if its even possible. Probably not, especially when your enemies have nukes. Nukes are kind of scary, I try not to think about them. Ok, thats 20 minutes FINALLY! ",y,n,n,n,y

1999\_054430.txt,"well, I'm thinking right now about how thinking about what I'm going to write is going to effect what I'm going to write. I'm thinking that 20 minutes is a long time to write considering that I type at a fairly good clip. I'm thinking I won't start each sentence with I think. I've come up with the idea for the perfect television show. it'll be a cross between chips and pacific blue. it'll be about moped cops in missouri, it'll be called M. o. p. d. it'll star katie holmes and busta rhymes as the street savy ex con turned cop. no one on the force knows if he can be trusted, but he's found a friend in katie, or sam mcgillaway on the show. I've decided that I really like fencing, and that at least at this early state I have a better mastery of the sport than most people in my class. I'm really thinking that this is going to be hard to to for twenty minutes. I miss my girlfriend. my ear itches. my roomate displaces much ground when he walks, or at least it sounds as if he does. I guess that's me thinking about my sensory preception. I hear him playing quake in the background, or should I say, behind my head. I wonder if I'll get full credit for my Diff EQ assignment. do teenage cats drink hairspray so their hairballs will look good? always wondered that. it's amazing how well I can get my ideas to flow from my brain to my hands. I'm sure it's a combination of my typing savvy and my slowing of the thought process so I can type everything I think. my roomate's whistling the daily show theme. I like john stewart movies. I like patrick stewart movies. I wonder how many degrees it would take to connect him to kevin bacon. I wonder how I come up with connections like this. my Instant messanger sounds are starting to get on even my nerves. I wonder how I'll do this semester. I know the 5hrs of credit I got for spanish will help my GPA, but will they offset the potential disaster that is either diff eq and or computer science 310? do I really want to be a computer science major? I really like cooking. BAM!. that's what emeril says. it's only been 5 minutes since I last looked at the clock, and that was maybe a total of 10 minutes ago. hmm. minutes and minutes were in the same position on those two lines. although they may not be when you read this. I wonder if my roomate's going to play the same song he always does. I miss home, mostly because of my girlfirend. I wonder if I'm supposed to put a comma in the name field. if obi wan kenobi has the ability to run with incredible speed, then why does he wait for the force field things to close and thus causing the death of his mentor. what's the deal with all the star wars major light sabre scenes (or most of them) ending with some guy falling down a large pit/shaft type thing? is George lucas trying to tell us something? I can hear real songs in my roomate's playing. neither of us have been playing that long. I just showered, but my nose already feels oily. I think my leg's asleep. there's two asses in assassination. I think my whole leg is asleep, or getting there fast. I'm not used to sitting normally in my chair, but I did it to facilitate my typing. I wonder if facil or something like that is a latin root. spanish for easy is facil. facilitate means to make easy. makes sense to me. sounds like my roomate's trying to learn the solo to breakfast at tiffanie's. it's not that hard. I wonder if I'm catching mostly audio cues because my eyes are focused on a particular task? that's my guess. well, that looks like about 20 minutes ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_059843.txt,"At this very moment I am tired and hot, I really don't like not having a computer at my house because it causes me to have to walk far in ordere to do my assignments that are assigned through the internet. In this heat I really hate to walk. If it was cooler outside I might not mind as much, but until then I will be sweating like a pig every time I have to come to the FAC. On top of all other things I moved two hundred miles away from home and my boyfriend so I really have a constant sad feeling streaming through my mind. There are some things that I will never be able to forget and one is that my boyfirend is 200 hundred miles from me. I really wish there was some way that I would be able to still come to UT, but also have mt boyfriend here with me. The days just don't seem like normal days unless I am ablt to see my boyfreind everyday and talk to him whenever I want without having to worry about how much money I will be spending on a phone call. I had really great weekend with him, this Labor day weekend. We sure did have a lot of fun. If only there was some way we could things like that every time we see each other. a felling of depression comes through me every time I think about him. I try to fight it off but I can never seem to forget about him for more than ten minutes. I a definitely in love with him. I never knew love could be so strong. I really can't seem to get him off my mind no matter how hard I try. Some times it seems like I don't ever want him off my mind. I wish he was here with me right now then t would not be obbessing over him on my writing assignment. That seems a little strange, but oh well like I said it is impossible to get him out of my head. Seems strange to be so in love only after 4 months. especially with a guy that I would not even give a chance until after five years. I wish there was something else I could have pop into my mind so I would not feel so sad. I like to change my thoughts or at least try to change my thoughts to think about something happy every once in a while so I won't always be in this sad mood. I use to always be happy, rarely in a sad mood, but since I moved from home without my parents and friends I cry every night I don't thik it is fair. I want to get use to Austin and meet some people so that I can start a new group of friends here and will be one thing away from what is causing me to always be sad. I thought living with my sister would he,lp with the sadness but it really hasn't she is never aorund and I really don't like being alone or a long peroid of time so that just adds fear to the list of things I exparience daily since I have been living here. ",n,y,y,n,n

1999\_065414.txt,"I'm just wondering how everything is going to work out, I mean, how is my relationship going to work out if she's in Cali and I'm in TExas. Well, I guess it shouldn't matter that much cause I should be thinking about school. Damn, this place gives me the creeps. No one that I can really talk to. How is anyone going to survive here. Gosh, I miss my baby. Am I making the right choices here in classes? Am I making the right choices in my relationship? I mean, if it doesn't work out, then what am I going to do? My relationship . man, I'm confused. This place is big. This university is big. How am I going to stand out? I haven't met any new friends, not very many. My room mate also sucks. I have no money. That's another thing, how am I going to survive financially? How am I to get enough money to support my college tuition? Mom and dad can't provide the whole thing and financial aid won't cover it all. How am I to make up the rest of the money? And if I do get a job, how am I to balance my job and school at the same time. Gee, and how come I keep thinking of my girlfriend? Damn, everything goes back to her. I can't believe the time I spend thinking of her. This is hopeless. I can't believe I'm even doing this relationship thing. Damn, my head hurts. I hope I'm doing this assignment right. If not, then I'm in trouble. what a way to start out college. Man, I have a headache. I wonder if I'm dying. Ha, I wonder if I'm dying all the time. I wonder if I make myself sick by thinking about that so much? I hope I don't get fat. I hope this college thing doesn't' make me fat and I hope that this whole college thing works out. I don't want to waste anymore of my parent's money. I don't even know what I'm doing here in college. I don't know what I want to be, what I want to do, or how the future's going to be like. Maybe I'm scaring myself. I think about this stuff too much when I should be out doing something about it. I feel so lazy and so useless. So insignificant. Is this what the real world going to be like? Am I going to be another insignificant person? Gosh, my head hurts. Everyone in this room looks dead. Everyone looks like they've been drained of their energy. Man, it's been only 14 minutes and I am writing a bunch of crap. Ha, I guess this is stream of conscience writing huh? I guess it means to just talk to yourself. How come I don't see any familiar faces? No one here is a familiar face to me. I thought I knew a lot of people but damn, I know no one. I hope things get better. I don't think I can stand much more of this. I want to go home for a while. Jester's food is getting old and I miss my parents. I just miss having nothing to do. Maybe I'm just lazy, I don't know. I can't keep thinking like this. I'm not lazy. Think positive buddy. Ha, I'm talking to myself again. I wonder what the professor's going to think about this paper? Oh well, out of 500 some odd students in a class, I don't' think anyone's going to get to this paper. See what I mean? InsignificantF!!! Why so pessimistic Hai? Damn, what happened to the old you? I guess things change huh? I guess things are never going to be the same. Didn't you say you wanted to go to college to get away from it all? Didn't you say that you wanted to start over? HEre's your chance buddy. Take the risk. BE yourself. Meet people. Make yourself a significant part of something. Don't just dissapear. oh, times up. ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_073763.txt,"email is such a pain I cannot anxwer them fast enough I like it because I cantalk to people theat I miss I really miss my brother the wedding is really soon weell so is my birtheday I wissh they did not paln it on my bitthday Nineteen is a boring birthday your not in your twenties andyou do not get any new ""privledges"" my mind went blank it is much easier to think when you are not rying thid desk is very uncomfortable like the bed in my dorem well it is alright it is just not very comfrotable I have som much stuuff to do and I am trying not to get bogged down sbut I do not want to gho crazy studying for somw reason I cannot help but hit the back space button I have never been a very good typer maybe if I would just stop llooking at the screen ti would all flow I really widh I was at homw going to my old dance studio taking classed insteda of typing on a computer I really miss dance more then anything wlde at home excluding my familyt and my dog I went home for Labor day and I thienk she was the most excited to see me My mom had just come back from New YUork and she brought my brides maid dress home with her it is way too big but they always are I am really not worried about it because I know my mom will make sure that it looks great the color is a beautiful plum If only I were getting married it is notlike I am in a big hurry I do not eben have a boyfriend but that is beside the pooint with a mom as a wedding photographer my whoke life swhe has been talking about my wedding how perfect it wii be I could care leess about the wedding I just waqnt the perfect groom I have met agew nice guys herte and seen a lot of really cute ones I never get the courage to talk to them I meand the first few days of chool every body could talk to every body now if you approach someeboudy it seems you are going out of your way I guess everybody is just getting cc omfortabe finding a nitch My best f4riend my roomate is leaviing UT ath the semester she has been one thing I could count on for the last four youars and now she is leaving and theat really scares me I want her to prusue her dreams and be happy bust she is returing to our home town I can never go back I mean not while I am in college As much as I want to I know it is better for me here I like Austin and quite a few of the peiople who live here I am getting me nitch my comforty zone I think sometimes it is bad to get too settled it inhibits your grouwth as a person because there I go again hitting the backspace button when I was in seventh grade muy right hand was ran over by a go cart It took the sking off three fingers and permanetly injured one and kind of a halj well needless to say that affects my typing abiliteis I have bad finger dexterotu not to mention I am a perfectiont so seeing a typo on the computer really bothers me I am just not liiking now three minutes over the twenty minutel limit I could go on for days but I am in an uncomfortable chair and I just realized I forgot to feed my fish ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_092698.txt,"Right now I am feeling a sense that I have a lot of catching up to do in my reading. Not particularly for this subject but for some of my others. my classes thid semester consist of a lot of reading. For the most part I am enjoying school. I think that it will only get better as days go by and I begin to meet more and more people. I am from Austin and hardly any of my friends came to UT. I guess that they all wanted to get away from home. I love Austin and Ut has a wonderful Interior Design program, it is in the school of Architecture. Right now I am in the Arch. library and my typing is kind of loud I hope that it is not bothering anyone. I am about to go to my next class it is an architecture class with 500 students. Most of my classes except for one are with 500 students. (about 500) College goes by so quickly I can't believe that it is already thursday. Where does the time go? Since I am from Austin I have learned that living in austin and attending school in austin are totally different. I am the only family member besides my grandmother who decided to come to Ut. most of my family went to Texas Tech, A&M, and SMU. My sister just graduated college from colorado state in Ft. Collins. I love Colorado. My older brother is going to grad school at Ut dallas and working at the same time. Over the Christmas holiday my sister and I are going to Quito, Equidor, I can't wait. Well there is so much I could say right now but I am running out of time. Sorry for all of the mistakes. ",y,n,n,n,n

1999\_111132.txt,"I am feeling rather comfortable right now, much more comfortable than in the previous days. I don't know if I made the right decisin in coming here, I guess that's because people keep on asking me where I an from and when I say Hawaii they all ask me why I transfered and why I came here, as if Hawaii is so amazing and this place sucks. I guess Hawaii is pretty amazing in some ways. But it's not like my life was particularly great or exciting there. Added to that I don't like knowing everyone, well I like knowing people but I don't like it when you have no aninimity. I also am thinking a lot about girls, girls and sex, sex and girls, I guess that goes without saying. I feel like I have to step up my game and almost go out ""hunting"" for them, but thats kind of weird to have that kind of attitude. It's not terrible romantic, but I'm getting pretty desperate. There are some hot hot girls here. I don't know what's my problem, It's probably because I live in Simkins which is on the other end of the earth. That's probably also just an excuse, because no matter where you are you still have to put some effort forward to meet women. Although it is a lot easier when your living with them. It's not so bad I've meet some women here, but the one that I am more serious with, I don't find myself attracted to at all. She's got a great personality, and she's female, which is a definite plus, but I really can't see myself commiting to her or having anything really serious. It's probably a partial ego problem,because of her relative homeliness. But I really do like to be surrounded by beauty, yeah right why did you move away from Hawaii. No I really like to beautiful things and have a real eye for asthetics. I need to be with a really attractive woman, fat chance of that happening with this face, and this nose, and no hair cut, and this voice and this low self-esteem. But I really want to go out with Nicole, she is a goddess on earth, she is so sweet and gentle and gorgeous. I can't belive it, and I act like such a dork around her but she doesn't seem to mind, and that's what I loooooovvvvveeeee about her she is so hot, I must do eveything in my power to win her I must put the wheels in motion before she gets snatched up, because I know that if I don't act soon and I mean like in the next five minutes, some other guy with more guts and better looks is going to see what I see and I cannnot let that happen not this time, I've let that happen too many times in the past I've let every girl that I've ever had feelings for get away. And Nicole may be the one, she's in the fricking Pharmacy school she could take care of me the looser that I am, but if I were with her I would not let that happen. I would do everything for her, I would work night and day and fight my way to the top to provide for her. I have my mission, I must develop my plan, and somewhere in between I must get some studying done. Straight A's and Nicole that will be the story of my life for this year. ",n,y,y,y,y

1999\_116775.txt,"I am glad that I am finally getting to this assignment! I have had so much homework, and just can't seem to stay on top of things. ""I'll have the weekend,"" I continue to say to myself, but I know I'll just want to watch television or hang out instead. I went to the meeting of the tennis club today, and am very excited about that, even if I have to ride the bus to the courts whenever I want to play. I went running this morning, but just feel so out of shape. I know I'll never be super skinny, my body just isn't built like that! I'm looking forward to playing again. I'm even willing to brave the tournaments, or at least look cool wearing a new t-shirt showing off my participation. I'm sill hoping to meet some people who I can actually hang out with, go out with, stuff like that. I meet many people, but none of them seem to be willing to get to know the real you. They all have friends here from school, yeah, like anyone else from Wyoming is crazy enough to come here. I also want to play the piano some while I am here. I don't have my books, so I'll have to recover them when I go home in October. I am excited about that, it will be so neat to ""fly home"" for the weekend! Hopefully I'll make it up to Cheyenne and Laramie to see some people. I've been thinking a lot about Holly lately, and would love to be able to connect with her through seeing Den'ja and preserving her memory. Too bad he is never home when I call. While I am doing this, I realize I need to do the pre-test, I just can't seem to find an hour! The weeks are already flying by, and the panic of upcoming tests is setting in. ""Oh no, only a week and a half until the first Psych test!"" I'm caught up in reading, re-typing notes, now all I need to do is read them over. I'm so tired right now, all that is left on the agenda for tonight is German, and reading Chapter 5 of Astronomy. It will be nice to actually do problems for once, instead of living my life reading and taking notes. I can't wait until I am confindent in my self-image, if that ever occurs. I just don't have the will power to work out like a crazy woman! Tennis. just keep thinking. tennis. I really do love tennis, and its number one male star Pete Sampras. Too bad he is injured, the US Open just isn't the same! Maybe my new tennis partners will become my new buddies! Speaking of tennis, another thing to add to my list is to check on Match Mates. Wow, twenty minutes can be a long time when the assignment is to ramble on about yourself. Sophia has to go to the mall this weekend, so I'm going to go with her. RUE 21 and Forever 21, I need to buy myself a new outfit. It will be quite the experience catching the bus to get there though. Just like making it to the tennis courts, I'm a pro at the campus look today. I hope the woman who feel outside Jester is ok, that would be so scary! I need to go to bed, and tomorrow is my super long day. The SI sessions are going to be a big help, but they are just such a pain to attend. An extra three hours a day is enough to make me crazy. Freshman Leadership Organization meets tomorrow, so that will be fun. Also, Party on the Plaza is tomorrow night, a fun function. I hope I didn't miss Austin Powers playing on the south mall. I didn't get very much e-mail today, that makes for a depressing day. I did, however, get my high school yearbook. I loved how I pimped that school, I miss the friendships. I miss tennis season. Most college students say they don't want to go back to high school, but at this point I wouldn't mind. I'd have to say I loved not doing homework. Ooh, our sing just sounded like it was about to die. I love the internet, it is so convienient typing this paper to submit via the information super highway! I am completely addicted to my computer, and I'd die without it. I type everything, e-mail everyone, it is truly my life! Well, my 20 minutes are up. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_120173.txt,"I don't really want to do this assignment, I think it's tedious and I want to go to sleep. I haven't had much rest lately, but socializing with my friends is important to me too. I want to study, but I'm totally lost at what I want to do because I have so much work to do. I think I will study psychology first before I study my EE book. I miss my brother, he's so cool. Looking around the room, it feels full, but empty at the same time. This music in the background is cool, I'm glad I burned the cd today. I hope my dorm mates don't get mad that I'm turning it up so loud. I don't really care that much though. I want to go do something besides work. Everyone around here is studying, but I am not. I feel like I'm forgetting to study for something. I wish I went to see that movie last night, It sounded really cool. My neighbors are great, but I don't know if their real or fakes. i am so cynical. I don't understand why I don't trust anyone. I wish I could trust people more, but I think I trust too much already. I don't know. I think I'm going to call an old friend today, see if he wants to do something. Houston seems so far away from here, I miss my family. I don't understand why people don't miss their family here, I seem to be the only one. I try to call them everyday, but it seems like the telephone conversations isn't enough. I want them to be near me. The houses around here look really beat up and old, maybe they should live a little farther away. The concert I went to was pretty cool. i had a good time. It was strange, off all the concerts I went to, this one had a lot of good looking girls. It must be the type of music it is. I wish my taste in music was more targeted to good looking girls. But, I hate the music those girls listen to, it's so bad. I don't understand how they can listen to such garbage. Man, my trash can is full, when I'm done I think I'll throw out the trash. Why do people keep leaving garbage in here, it's not just us. I hope that my computer doesn't crash again. It's built well, but I seem to be slacking off on computer studying. I don't know as much as I did or wish to. I love computers so much though. I wish I could be rich like those million or billionaires. But, then again, I don't want to be too greedy, maybe if I could just provide enough for my family. I think I wouldn't like to be rich, maybe just comfortable and liking what I do. I hope EE is what I like to do, my decision making ability is really putrid. I don't think I like writing this. My hands are getting kinda strained. I think I'm going to go and throw away the trash, oh wait, I still have another assignment to do, wow, I'm glad I remembered to do this assignment, I don't want a bad grade only 4 weeks into the school year. Okay, I think I want to finish this up. Thank you for listening to my psycho-babble, I hope it benefits you more than it ever did for me. okay. I think ill stop now. bye. ",n,n,n,n,y

1999\_120720.txt,"What am I feeling right now, hmmmmmmm. my consciousnesss. Right now it's the afternoon and I'm feeling pretty hungry. My stomach feels pretty empty and I think I can fill it up w\ a lot of food. My feelings and thoughts are pretty mixed up right now. There is so much going on. My mind is on so many things. there is so much to do. first I'm thinking about a girl that I was with and I left because of school. then I have to get my books for class. I still haven't fit in and I don't feel relaxed yet because of the things I have to do. I'm worried about if my financial aid is ever going to come through so I can pay for the books. Those books cost a lot of money. But this overpowering hunger of mine is really taking up a lot of my thoughts. somehow, though I am able to pull those really tiny thoughts which are really important. Man, I don't know what else. It's pretty crazy that I am here in Austin away from H-town, but next weekend I'll be able to go back home the hunger . man I wish I had eaten a lot earlier, all I had was some lasagna leftover. I can't believe I'm writing or typing for this long and straight because my forearm is starting to hurt. oh well, got to keep writing I hope this psychology class isn't so hard, that pretest was pretty damn long w\ thirty -two pages. the reason why there are no spelling mistakes is because I don't like to have errors, sorry. I wonder what the point of this is? their not going to check it. what are they going to do to this hmmmm. interesting I wonder what I'm going to write to her I miss everybody. my forearm really hurts I want to stop but there's only a few minutes left. right after this I'm going to the pulse and getting my money to get my books. I think UT is awesome, there is so many possibilities. these computers in the business school are pretty awesome too. hurry up time . I like this asssignment though, I like it a lot. I still don't get the freakin' assignments to the freakin' calculus class. I'm glad I was able to drop English is the twenty minutes almost up yet?!!!! Holy crap. the veins on my forearms are poppin' out. Beautiful babies everywhere pennebaker cool. Hi there. this is me killing time . I have a lot more thoughts but I'm hungry and myforearm hurts. I'm typing w\one finger now. its almost up. this thing makes me sleepy. one minute left. yessss. wwhhhhooooeeee!!let'sgo it;'s over ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_144526.txt,"THE FOLLOWING HAS BEEN TRANSCRIBED FROM PAPER EXACTLY AS IT WAS WRITTEN (INCLUDING ALL MISTAKES, MISSPELLS, ETC): Let's see. its really hard to do this assignment because I find I have trouble doing this assignment I messed up there. It's hard to write down your own thoughts because I find that even as I am writing this I am already thinking something else. It's hard to get into the right mindset because as I'm writing this I feel like okay. i'm writing a paper for psychology, not I'm writing down my thoughts. What I was going to say above before I messed up was that I can't or rather, I'm having a hard time with this assignment because I can't, I mean I have trouble doing something on cue or when someone tells me to do something. It's difficult to do something that usually comes naturally when someone gives you certain perameters to do it in. Its like someone telling you to go the bathroom when you don't have to. Or its kind of like when some one tells you ""Don't think of an elephant"" what's the first thing you think of? In this assignment, its like you're telling us, ""Don't think of it as writing a paper for a psychology"" Or was that the whole point?--to see if we could write down our thoughts freely and as they come to us without--oh @#&\*! I lost my words or I don't know how to word what I was thinking rather. I find that this happens to me often. I really don't feel like I'm writing down my thoughts, I feel more like I writing an entry in a diary or journal. Hmmm. i wonder when my friend Christine is going to call, I hope soon because I need to get the store before it closes--todays Sunday so everything closes early. I hate waiting for phone calls because I hate that feeling of not knowing when they are going to call. You expect the phone to ring any minute but at the same time not to. It just happed again--in the middle of the previous sentence I had to pause because I wasn't quite sure how to word myself. Sometimes you have feelings that cannot be expressed in words (at least for someone like myself--I'm no Shakespeare). I'm writing this down on paper & I'm going to type it later. I've just had to switch to--oh never mind-that really wasn't what I was thinking. I really wish this stupid cold would go away. I keep sniffling every 5 seconds and coughing too. Times almost up--1 more minute. I can't think now with that in mind. so I'll end here. ",n,y,y,n,n

1999\_149262.txt,"When asked to write about my subconcious it just blocked everything that was in my mind. Let me see. well today I went to this Sigma Phi Omega Rush event and that has been in my mind ever since. Everyone there was so nice, everyone was smiling and introducing themselves and it makes me wonder is that how they really are? Or are they just doing that to get us to like their organization so they can take our money? Maybe I'm being paranoid, but those people were just really very very friendly that it felt like some horror flick full og nice smiling faces and they wait for the right moment to attack. During this event they had us fill out a questionare kind of like an application. One of the question was ""What quality do you have to contribute to the organization?"" The thing was I couldn't think of anything to say. I mean I am not a talented singer or anything or a pianist. I am just me. Isn't that enough? Then later on they interviewes us and they taped us! How embarrasing! They asked questions that will catch you by surprise! Like ""What song best describes you?"" I was like ummmmmmmmmmm OH OH the first thing that popped in my mind was Butterfly by Mariah Carey. I just made up some bogus answer that it symbolizes freedom and independency. honestly though I had no idea at the time what Butterfly was about or was talking about. I wonder if they know!? Oh well. I've been debating with my friends if I should join or not because it seems like a great experience meeting new people and all. The only thing that I am worried about is will they accept me for who I am or do I have to be the typical sorority chic? and I forgot to mention. Pledging is the big secret it is supposed to last 8 weeks! and no one can mention what exactly goes on during this 8 weeks! DO we have to clean toilets or what? Maybe that is why they keep it a secret because once all the Rushees know about it they will think again before they join. Makes me wonder what pledging is all about. A lot of people think that joining a sorority is a good idea especially for social reasons. I would describe myself as friendly and sometimes outgoing, but I can be pretty shy with strangers. is that weird? It's just that some people I meet is just that I have no idea what to talk about, it is as if I freeze and don't know what to say. It is also kind of embarrasing because you look like a total fool if you don't know what to say or do especially with someone who doesn't know you very well. I think the reason why I sometimes feel that way, is that I feel intimidated and I feel really awkward. Like I do right now because I feel like I am runing out of things to say. Actually to think about it sororities do take up much time. Just to go to Rush events I have spent approximately 8 hours already and I haven't even been in it yet. It was for two organizations. Tomorrow is the party and I am not really looking forward to it because deep down inside I want to stay in my dorm and study instead of going to the Club. Lately I have been lazy and haven't been doing much but I promise myself that I will study and get the grades my parents deserve to see after all they've done for me. And if they ever find out I went to these meetings instead of study they won't be so proud. But I think one of the reasons that parents don't understand these tings, is because all they want me to do is study. I guess going and Rushing for these sororities is kind of my way to rebel. I know it sounds weird, but that is how I feel. ",y,y,n,y,n

1999\_161555.txt,"At this moment I,m really thinking about what I'll be thinking about to make this assignment interesting and if my twenty minutes of thought will be worth reading. I missed dinner again, so my stomach is on my mind. I'm munching as I do this assignment, but I don't think you are suppose to have food around the computer but I don;t know why. What is it with these computers anyway, I've been screwing with mine for three weeks and I can't figure it all out. I hate to ask for help and admit defeat by technology. No where can I find my freaking e-mail to check it. I don't even know if I really have an address because I registereds for it over the computer and don't know if it worked. I figured out why food and computers don't mix. My fingers are starting to stick to the keys. but caramel popcorn is good, better than the food in the dining halls anyway. I like this assignment- I/m getting to vent all of my frustrations and the millions of little thoughts that buzz around in my head all day. I knew tyhat writing is good therapy, but this is already making me feel better too. Now maybe I'll set up my journal on the web and make people pay to read like they pay to watch people going about their daily lives. It must be weird having cameras everywhere like on those shows but I would probably have fun because I'm a camera hog anyway. I should have paid more attention in typing class. I know I'm not using the right ""home keys"" and my fingers are still sticking everywhere. I hope I don''t have a lot more stuff to do tonight because I'm ready to go to sleep, even though it's barely eight. I feel like calling some of my friends from back home, but I doubt that they are home and studying like I am. My Mom didn't call back from work. She may not have even got the message thyat I called. Mail takes way too long to get here from Dallas. I thought it would be a day or two from there to here, but it's more like five or so. Today's THE eighth and I just now got stuff from tyhe second. Tomorrow is Jenna's birthday. I guess I'll call and sing and act like the goofy big sister. If I was her age zi don''t know if I would want a big sister. I guess it might be neat. I hope my roommate doesn't stay up all night again. I don't know what she does withall herw time. She always studies but she never gets anything done. I don't do much of anything, but I always getstuff done. I guess it's time management skills. I sleep too much. I think my twenty minutes are up, or past where's the submit button? ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_163164.txt,"Well, the writing assignment, its 11:50 right now, and I have to write a writing assignment for my psychology class which I absolutely do not see a point in writing this paper. I'm extremely tired from working out and playing basketball, and my stomache is very empty as of now. A few chocholate chip cookies with milk would be nice. Hey, this PCL is full of asians, and right in front of me is My friend Michael's sister, Sorry, I had to pause for a few second to stop and to talk with them. They're pretty cool, she thinks that I talk too loud. well screw her. I wonder if we could use inappropriate languages in this assignment, because my stream of consciousness is one thats pretty dirty and filled with foul language. I better not cuss. Its 12:00, and its very interesting that my brains could only output 10 lines of useless junk in 10 minutes. I feel like that I'm not using my brain to its full potential. Or Maybe I'm just a very slow typer. Damn, my wrist hurts, I'm so glad that I only have 2 classes tomorrow. Intro to western music is such a crappy class. I thought it was suppose to be a blow off but its not, and its pissing the living (explisive) out of me. I'm tone deaf, I'm dumb as hell when it comes down to music, and I'm plain retarded when I have to distinguish the difference between a duplet, triplet, or quatriplet. In my opinion, not that it really matters in the bigger scheme of things, but its still best to be aired out, is that music should be enjoyed by an individual, not to be dissected into grammarical structures. The class kinda reminds me of ""Dead Poet Society"" how the text books actually graphs the meter and accents of the poem. Music, like poetry, suppose to be heard by the heart not interpreted by the brain. When I hear Beathoveen's 5 th symphony, I can't tell the meter and texure of the piece, but all I know is that My heart are soaked with energy that makes the musical experience quite elemertary yet much more enjoyble. I guess I should quit my bitching to that class, since its I, myself who signed up the class without any foreign intervention nor pressure, so who should I blame but myself. I just saw Andrew's friend walking in the liabrary. Why didn't I say hello, just because the way he looks, is he not cool enough. When we went to that frat house last weekend, I feel like that he's such a burdensome tag-along. Yet would some of my other friend feel the same about me?? Its very disturbing, how I'm disgusted by all those people who think they are too cool for certain peeps, yet I fall under the same disgusting catorgory which I loath. It's so confusing, when I heard from Say that He's not coming to the thursdsay mixer, I was some what relieved. relieved of what?? of people not thinking that I'm a cool frat boy, beacause of Richard, but who really cares what those Lambda thinks? or those skanky Katie Phi girls think??? Why do I care so much about what other people think, instead of thinking for myself and doing something that I know is right. It bugs me how I proclaim my self to be a ""genuine"" nice guy, when I can't even perform the easiest task of bring somebody along with me and having a good time with him. Damn, I'm so freaking superficial and it annoys the heck out of me. ""To really discover yourself, before discovering that really special someone"" Right now, I don't think I deserve her. I just hope that she doesn't come right now, and wait for me to mature and evovle into a better person. The loud, oversized vacumm cleaner is distracting my flow of thoughts, and my brain kinda froze for a sec. I think those few clear moments where you're brain is not thinking anything at all, is one of the healthiest state a human can be. Well, as another vacuum cleaner joins the Library noice parade, I shall conclude this essay. I have to admit though, despite my early feelings, this assignment has some enjoybal value to it, and I'm actually kinda glad that I'm given this blank sheet that I can send my thoughts, into the void of carelessness, and its rather refreshing. I bid you farewell. (though I don't know who I'm bidding to) Its 12:15. ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_179025.txt,"ok, so my grandfather died yesterday. why don't I feel sad yet. what is wrong with me, do I have no conscionce? When my mother told my sister and I, she told us like we should pitty her, not like we should also be sad, what the f\*\*\* he was my grandfather. it was all about her, when can you come down to houston to watch the animals, so I can go to the funeral, not, do you wnat to come with me to the funeral? how can she possible be so selfish. but then look at me, I am so busy being angry, I haven't had a chance to be sad yet. what if I don't get sad? Is that bad? Am I a bad person? I only saw him once every couple of years, if that. I didn't really know him, and when I did see him he was very generous, but also a real jerk. his intensions were always really good, but he always was very bosy and rude. I remember once when I was like 8 we went out to eat, and he yelled at the waitress because they didn't seat us fast enough. but, last year when he came to my graduation we went out to eat . oh had a thought. My sister and I were thinking about him the night before he died. thinking about how he is always so concerned with us, like for example, he always focused in on something important to us, like when I was a vegitarian he always sent we cook books and when I danced he always called me his little princess or his little ballerina. this continued for years, he never forgot. . when we went out to eat for my graduation he was so polite to the waiter, and even joked with him ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_180595.txt,Don't want to do this. This is stupid tweny minutes is so long. mtv award show is on. Man I'm missing it. Been waiting all week for this. I'll listen while I'm writing . Cypress hill . change chanel. Simpsons. excellent. The simpsons are so great. Stupid history class. Don't want to go to the field house with JJ. Hes such a jock. FOOTBALL FOOTBALL FOOTBALL. Football is so boring. Any parties this weekend. Will called. Message says Friday at four. The initiation is on Friday at four. I hope this Frat is fun. Will says its fun. Kat says it sucks. Maybe I'll just go to the parties. Parties are fun. Last Friday was fun. New message From Mom. God Won't she just let me be. I came to college to get away from them. Hated going shopping with her on Sunday. She is so stubborn. Simpsons. Homer at the vet. So funny. Denise. How can she eat that bologna sandwich. Its so grodie. Doesn't she know what goes into that crap. They allow a certain percentage of rat parts in there. ten minutes. hope friday has lots of liquor. Need liquor. Hope the frat people arent there. they're weird. hope melissa comes. Man I hope Melinda gets her internet card this weekend. this gum is stale. Need new piece. it is so cold in here turn down AC. So tired. Why am I tired. I took a nap. Maybe I'm getting sick. Maybe I should eat something other than cereal. Ate lunch with William today. It was nice of him to come. Five minutes. I'm hungry now. Maybe I should have some soup. Hope I got a Package today. I hope Mimi sent some more rolls. The last ones got moldy. Gross. Need sweet rolls. Puff Daddy get to Chris Rock. Puff Daddy is boring. what channel is friends on. Two. or Three. Six Beef chop suey is gross. ,y,y,n,n,y

1999\_203901.txt,"Well, my mother has just gone back to India ten minutes back, and frankly I am not all too sad about that, or not as yet atleast. All these days there were a lot of things I could not join in because I felt obliged to spend time with her and honestly I enjoyed myself. What made me most uncomfortable was the thought of what others would think. Would I be able to be a part of a group? I have never really been one to mingle in a crowd. I suffer from what I call the "" wall paper syndrome"". I feel like the audience to a television program where everyone is settled in their roles. I might have just been flung inside and there I am trying to fit in, wanting to fit in but getting so so intimidated! Everyone here seems so confident of what they are doing and saying and whats worse is that they are probably doing the right things, though who decides what is RIGHT and WRONG I am yet to discover. I come from a different culture and background. I have always excelled in academics but here I find myself doubting my ability. Will I be able to cope with the new system? Will I ever belong? There seems to be a yearning to be accepted and appreciated, that I am terrified that revealing my true self, which I am not too sure about, might mess up all my chances. Every one seems to be better than me, be it in terms of making friends, getting adjusted or simply being themselves. I feel that every second person is laughing at me. I feel so lonely inn this huge university. This is the worse feeling to have, feeling alone in a crowd! They say that everyone feels the same way in the beginning. But do I believe that? Obviously not! Here I sit in RLM writing frantically about my nervous self and everyone around me is reading either their reference books or a newspaper, no matter what they do, they seem to be at peace with themselves. that is what I am hoping that sooner ar later (sooner if it were up to me) I will achieve. I came here to let my self lose. To undo the shackles that had bound me to a not too pleasant past when it came to self esteem. I want to be able to do that. I want to be able to be the person that lives in my dreams. Again am I trying to be someone that I am not? I know that it is not in me to go up to a stranger and start of a conversation. I stop after "" Austin is so hot""! Is it wrong? Does that make me in any way lesser than the rest? Rationally speaking obviously not. that is the kind of person I am. But everyone I seem to come across is so extroverted. I know that there is no such thing as right person or wrong person but feeling seem to surpass reason at this point. is it because I grew up with asister who was always popular because of her looks and her gift of the gab. Who had all the night life I never had, and said I never wanted. Is it because of the mother I had. Always the center of attention because of her looks and her brilliance, because of her great achievements and ideals. I don't think it fair to push the buck on to someone else. I must learn to take responsibility for myself. It is so strange. I always wanted to come down here. It was the perfect picture. I was going to start afresh. This was going to be the birth of a new self. What happened? Am I giving up all too soon? Am I alone in feeling this way? Will this small fish find her way in the large ocean? Will someone notice the wallpaper? Will I be able to come out of this a surer person? WILL I BE ABLE TO FIND MYSELF, FOR BETTER OR FOR FOR WORSE, IN THIS CONTINUOUS FIGHT TO FIND MY PLACE IN THIS PUZZLE. (that is assuming that I have a place!) ",n,y,n,y,y

1999\_262761.txt,"Right now I feel really happy and anxious because my family is coming to visit me. I miss them so much. This morning I felt different because they called me last night to tell me that they were not going to be able to come. This morning they called me to tell me they were anyways. Now I feel much better. I even felt like eating. There are mornings when I don't have an apetite. I have been thinking about college lately. I like it here but there are sometimes when I feel lonely. I wish I was with my family. But, I guess I have to learn to be by myself so I can know myself better. Lately I have been thinking about transfering to UTA. But I fear that my classes won't transfer. I really have to think about this one really carefull. Right now I also feel a little worried because I have so much homework to do. I don't even know where to start. Right now I feel like talking to my friends from high school but I don't have their phone numbers or their emails. I wish I could talk to a few of them, to see how they are doing and what their plans are for the future. I never thought that this assignment will be so easy. The thing that I most hate is this kind of assigment because I run out of things to say (like right now). Oh, today is my mom's birthday. This was one of the things I was sad about, yesterday. This would have been the first time I would have been away from home on her birthday. I really would like the 20 minutes to be over right now because I have a lot of stuff to do. The past two weeks I have notice how important TV is for me. I have to plan all of my life around TV. I can wait untill tonight when I get to watch my favorite program. I wish I could be someone famous right now. I don't care if is a model, actress, dancer or whatever but I would like to be famous. I also would like to live in Miami. This summer was the first time I ever visited Miami and loved it with all my heart. Hope one day I will move there and be like all the people from there. They all look like models, beautiful and well dressed. They all have incredible cars and clubs and restaurants. I can't wait untill November when I go to Ricky Martin's concert, its going to be incredeble. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_266590.txt,"okay, this is an interesting assignment. what to write about, there is not much to say. I want to go back home because I am not having to much fun here. I miss my friends and want to sleep in my own bed. keeping in touch takes up a lot of time. oh well asdfjkl;asdfjkl;jjjkl;asdfjum, alreight this is wierd. what am I going to talk about for twenty minutes. ? well, the food here is really getting discusting, the other day I could have sworn there was a finger in the hotdogs. it made me want to puke, man only three minutes have passed. hmmmmmmmmm. I want ot go home. I just got back yesterday also. I only like the freedom here, it sucks not having a car. I went home and it felt really weird to drive. my rroommate is kind of getting on my nerves, she hasnt done anything but she is just getting on my nerves. she never cleans up and is always on the stupid computer. it just gets on my nerves. like today, she threw away a milk carton in the trash, well if I hadnt have taken the trash down the hall it would have started to smell. also, I'm the only one who brought any functional things. I brought the tv, vcr, answering machine, stereo, vacuum, curtains, rug, etc. she just brought a bunch of junk to clutter everything up and put on my tv. I guess I should stop complaining, but it is really starting to bother me. I might start sounding selfish also, but she doesn't share much and I of course have to let her use my stereo and tv. I also am the only one that really cleans, this is just bothering me. ot has only been eight minutes. abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz I have never done the alphabet on the keybourd before. abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz how fun:) well, this day sucks. I'm still tired and I just took a two hour nap. I only have one class today and its from 8-9:30 so I have the rest of the day. I really need to do my math homework, I can't stand the professor. he is not very good at teaching. ahhhhhhhhhhhh I'm so anoyed. I feel like I am writing a letter. okay, when is this instant messenger thing going to finish downloading. its taking forever, I only want to talk to my friends online. no one is ever really on thoukgh so it doesn't really matter. man, I should have brought my discman. I am never going to catch up on the readings I am supposed to do for english and biology. I missed last friday's bio class because my stupid alarm didnt go off. I had set the clock wrong so it said pm instead of am. I felt so dumb, so now I have a buinch of notes to catch up on. !@#$%^&\*() HDJHHFGHLKJHSDjljkLKJHFHFHFNVJDUEKASKJDHFUKTHJLKASJHDHFHFH only seven more minutes?????? okay, I still have bio to read, english to print out, and I still have to finish the survey online for this class. maybe if I type slower the time will go bye more quickly. alright, I can't wait till this weekend because I will have more free time, I really need to meet more people. this is not really helping. :) :(:) :( :) :9:0 messed up -------+++++++++++++============= I wonder if you can draw pictures == == \* ------------- @ its a face sticking its tonge out, how cute ",y,n,n,y,n

1999\_290145.txt,"College is so cool. I really can't remember the last time I felt so many emotions at the same time. I've already met so many incredible and different people I can't even begin to describe all of them. I am definately having mixed thoughts about having a boyfriend at this moment because of all the new people I have met and would definately like to meet, get to know, and date. My boyfriend is totally mad because he is so jealous. I hate jealous people I wish everyone would just, I don't know go along with it. I ate the grosests food in jester cafeteria today and had the weirdest conversation with two very interesting and cool guys that I have already met from camptexas. That was like almost the most fun I've had in a really long time I'm so glad I decided to go and wasn't to scared. I was so scared about coming to UT because it is so big and I just didn't know if I could adjust after going to such a small catholic school. I'm so glad to be away from old people and meeting knew ones. High school was such an almost horrible experience, I hope college is so much better. So I'm in this room with these two guys, one who I met at camptexas and he looks exactly like the guy from rookie of the year he doesn't know it but I have this incredible, horrible, obssesion with him. He is just the hottest guy I have ever seen. So I met this really cool guy from tarytown in New York which is like the place I've been obssessed with since forever. He is a guy I would really like to hang out with. This other guy who is rookie of the years roomate is totally obssessed with Britany Spears I really can't stand her but I think it is just because I am so jealous that he likes her more than me. And Drew has almost naked women pictures all over his wall that makes me very jealous and I was just thinking about jealous people. The music is blasting in my ear I don't know who it is. Drew complains a lot about college ruled spirals and needing more space. I really hate that my roomate and myself don't have much in common. Everyone else seems to be like best friends with their roomates I need a really good girl friend to hang out with. Or maybe I'm just ment to have guy friends. I guess it would be okay with me I get along with them better. I think classes are going to be really fun and not too hard. Which is really a relief because I though it would be really hard. I've seen so many interesting people. I miss my parents like crazy and my dogs and sisters. I would never trade this experience for going to UTEP that would really suck. I really miss my friend Bianca and Anne. I think for labor day we are going to San Antonio if Anne and Lianna and Vero come up. I was thinking about Noodles the other day I wonder how she is. This is got to be one of the funnest assigments I have ever done. I really think I might double major whith something in Psychology because the human mind is an incredible thing. Well my 20 minutes seem to be up that kind of sucks I guess I could really write forever I need to go write my parents and some friends e-mails and then read a little for Biology and probably go to sleep I'm really tired. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_301121.txt,"Ok, 2:10, What to say. Letters on keyboard. Can't type fast enough, mind too fast. Hot. painting. no more complete senteences, no more checking spelling. cute girl. pennebaker funny. very preety girl leaving lab. should have handwritten before typing. Roommate is size of elephant. better not make fun. probably can't help it. renee beautiful. Christi funny. smiling. this doesn't make any sense does it. must do good and not waste parents money. Mom Dad so good to me. love them but can't say it. hot. disk girl left disk. haircut. need haircut. blank, blank blank. blah blah blah,. uriefhsfkjdm Can't put thoughts into words very difficult. bing bang boom. Levi , tom jessie neel. Matt luck cause he has amanda. amanda pretty, alluring. sexy. sex must be good with her. blank again. not really, but can't type thoughts. 2:20 naomi sexy. hellena gone she s pretty peennebaker fucking riot. funny wish calss was smaller. peter ok missed si yesterday. bad. so what maybe I should have gone. arnie. goofy, nice car hes cool. arrhhgggggg james who. itch. 12345reqw abec de e fghijklmnopqurstuvwzxyz. ,. ,. ,. ,. ,. ,id hwat am I doing. apple, need own computer win computer money job. need job 15 mins weeeeee natalie sick like natalie,. massage natalie boyfriend mad. david kill me. caps lock. nice legs. sex sex sex sex sex sex sex sex ha hah a ha ha ha haut ut dorm rom sttinks. disk. experiment. llab rat me nike swosh. oh o 20 min. bye move on. ",y,y,n,n,y

1999\_322993.txt,"so, what am I suppose to write about? I guess just anything huh. well , there are too much things for me to do this week, so many things. I have voluntary works to do, lots of school works are due by the end of the week, still lots of meetings for organizations and clubs. Also I have to work too. that takes up a lot of time, it seems like everytime there's a meeting they are all bunched together on Tue and Weds, which I can never attend because of work. Sometimes I really wonder if work is really that important that I have to make it all the time, it seems like no one really cares if you do show up or not, you just clock in and find something to do. I don't even have a real job to do yet, I've been doing a lot of different stuff, just wherever they need me. I don't even think the people there knows me at all. I'm pretty new so I guess after a while they will know me. I thought about just skipping work a couple times , but I think I better not. but after I show up to work , there's really nothing to do. they could handle the stuff without me, so then I feel like I should have just skipped work. I forot what time I started writing, I wonder how do they know how long I've been writing. oh , I just got something cool from my ra, and a call for me to go shopping and meet people, cool, so I guess I have to go even though I haven't been writing for twenty minutes, but this thing is pretty long already so I guess it won't matter that much. well, the more I look at it , it seems kinda short! well but I really have to go, what should I do??? YIkes, well I wonder if I can come back later and continue to write , but I don't think that's possible because that just voids the purpose of stream of con. for 20 minutes huh. but I really have to go. so I guess I'll cheat this time. but I'll write longer on the next assignment to make it up I guess. ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_351005.txt,"I am often asked what I am thinking about at the moment and I can never put them into words or many time I don't' want to but I guess I am forced to right now. I am at home right now for the labor day holiday and all I've been doing is homeowrk. Whoever said that college was going to be fun was wrong. or so I think. I'm constantly going to classes and when I'm not I'm doing homework related to it. Well I guess I can't say that college is all bad. I have been to my share of parties and those are always fun except for soem of the people you meet. Especially those stupid thug guys who think they are all that. They walk aroung with their pants about to fall off with their friends talkign abotu how many girls they are going to sleep with this year. And what the funny aprt is, spome of the girls are actually attracted to those greasy guys. They are constantly after then and soem of them even fight over them. Some of these guys have been in jail like 6 times and can barely even read. DOn't these epople ever wonder about what they are going to do with thte rest of their life or is that just a foriegn concept that they just can't learn? I don't' know why I am bitching about this, I just find it a little ridiculous how girls are always chasing after guys who are idiots. And besides that why are girls always trying to impress guys. I don't know why I'm going off abotu this. I'm not a feminist who is totally against guys or anything. Actually I'm the total opposite. But anyways, when ever I'm asked to talk abotu what I'm thinking about I go blank. I can't seem to think abotu anything. But one thing has coem to me. My aunt was ina coma for over a year and dies justa couple of months ago. I always think abotu her and my uncle and cousin. I feel so bafd for my cousin. he is only 2 years old and he is never going to get to know his mother. A lot of us take that forgranted and that really irritates me. I am HIndu and we believe in reincarnation and when soemthing horrible happens it makes you wonder what happened in past lives to cause he such misery. We believe that you are punished for your wrongdoings in your next life but life does improve for you every time. Supposedly you becoem a better person each time and everyone works towards a common goal and that goal is to be truly happy, just and basically as close to perfect as you can get. Every life makes you better and helps you move closer to that goal. But of coarse it takes more times for some than others, I think. Lately I have been discussing my religion a lot. I met this guy who never knew anyone who was HIndu. He just found that so fascinating and I couldn't believe that someone had never met a HIndu. That kinda shows how segregated we all are and how we tend to stay within our same culture and try not to stray to far from it. I mean I have many friends who are not Indian and I have no prooblem with any kind of race, but I do have to admit that I do tend to be better friends and stay closer to those of the smae culture. I think this is true of a lot of peopel and not just me. But there are very few who are willing to accept this fact. One thing that does annoy me abotu this is how some people treat me liek I'm stupid until they learn that I was born in America. I see a lot of racism with my parents because they do have an accent and that really gets me mad. If anyone is ever disrespectign my mother in front of me I will let them know and trust me I am not soft spoken. I don't' know where people get off thinking that they are better than us. My parents came from India with very little money and now if I may say so my self we are probably more successful than those fools who feel that they have to show that they are better than us. Anyways, on to a more lighter topic, psycology. have I mentioned that I think that it is one of my favorite classes even though there is 500 people in it. And I'm not just saying it to suck up or anything but I really do enjoy it and I look forward to comign to it everytime. Its not one of those boring classes where all we do is sit there and take notes. even with such a big classthere is a lot of interaction which is really important to me. Well my time is up. ",y,n,n,y,n

1999\_412663.txt,"Well, I really don't know what to talk about now. I can't really think of what I am feeling. I guess relaxed and at the same time stressed. I have so much chaos in my life now that I can't even think straight. I just moved to a new city and a new home. I joined a soroity where I am suppose to meake all new friends in 1 week or less. I have a boyfriend that is non-exsistent in my life now. I have school work that I don't even know how to work on. I am just a mess. I am going home next weekend so maybe that will calm my nerves. I was very much overwhelmed when I came here about 3 weeks ago. I wasn't ready at all for this new experience in my life. I was but I wasn't at the same time. I was so ready to leave my parents but not to be on my own all the time. I sometimes feel depressed that I have no life but in actuality I really have it the best. I am waiting for my ""boyfriend"" to come and see me tomorrow. I have been waiting for 2 weeks. Don't know how long it will last. There are a lot of guys here that are also interested. I don't know. One minute I feel upset and just want to cry and roll up and the next I just want to go out and have so much fun. I miss my parents and brother so much. My dogs are also important to me and I dearly miss them. In high school I never use to study and now I am forced to or I will fail. Which the tachers don't give a crap about if anyone fails or not. In high school they did. I have so much to get use to and I am scared to tell the truth. I don't know why this is a question because no one will read this so I won't get into a lot. I am having fun though. I have met some really cool people and I know we will be friends for a long time. My soroity has also been a big aspect in my life right now. AEPhi is the name of it. I feel comfortable there and I know I will enjoy it immensley. Well, I don't know what else to talk about. I hope everything will turn out for the better and I can realx and actually enjoy myself and everyone else. ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_413605.txt,"Right now I'm feeling kind of stressed about school. economics especially. I'm really not enjoying that class. it is difficult and I haven't met anyone in the class I can ask for help. the only reason I'm taking this class is because I want to transfer to the business school. and if I don't like economics I'm wondering if all this work I'm doing is worth it. am I going to work really hard in economics all year, get into the business school and then realize I don't even like business? I sure hope not. the reason I chose business is because I like math and I like english but I don't want to major in just math or english and business seemed to be the right combination of both. I've also thought about opening my own gymnastics or cheerleading gym when I grow up and business would really help me do that. I just hope what I'm doing right now will pay off for something in the end. I'm also torn as to wether I want to try out for the diving team. I dove in high school part time and I thought I would give it a try in college. I really wanted to cheer for texas and I tried out but didn't make it so diving is the next best thing. I don't know though if I should concentrate on cheerleading and join an allstar squad and then tryout again next year or if I should give diving a shot to be involved with an organization at ut. I thought I was going to be happy with diving but now that school has started I'm not so sure anymore. I am really enjoying myself right now without diving. I have some free time, I'm not stressed cause I have a lot to do all the time like in high school but I wonder if diving will make me more stressed and I worry I won't have enough time to study and my grades will fall. it is really important to me to make good grades right now. I am worried I am going to get to my first test and not know anything. I feel like I'm studying right now and doing all my homework and so forth but I don't know if when it comes down to it if I'm really going to konw the information. I think I'm just nervous about taking a college test. I don't know what to expect and I think after my first test I wll be ok with everything. its just what I don't know is what makes me nervous. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_417642.txt,I am so tired of school already and I want to go home and sleep in my bed and see all of my old friends I hate computers with a passion my stupid ethernet does not work and the front desk says there is nothing they can do all I can do is to call a number which I have been doing and getting no answer ireally miss Charley but he is coming to visit the weekend after labor day there are so many people fromschool in my psy class that I cannot stand and all of my classes area assignning so much reading for us if I read what I am suppose to I'd end up reading over threehundred pages a day and there is no way thatt is possible for me to do Biology is the worst class that I have the teacher is so boring and rambles on so fast which is really pathetic since bio is my major for the time being I have had the worst headache ever sonce I've been in Austin I just want to go home for a while and have my summer back it was so much nicer not doing anything all day except for hanging out with friends and parting all night I wish we could smoke inside I am on the thirteenth floor which is a pain to wait for an elevator just to smoke and when it gets cold inthe winter its really going to suck ireally don't mind any of my classes except bio but what if I drop the major and it was just because of the teacher from this yearwho ruined it for me when if I had another teacher I might have acctually enjoyed the subject I am so tired of reading maybe I'll switch my major to math that is so much easier for me but what can you do with math besides be a teacher I really don't want to be a teacher because I hate kids I never want to have kids they are such a pain I really don't see why any one has them tons of my friends back home have them Kim's kid is the devil himself he is so crazy and he's barely three I would not be able to raise another person for eightteen years straight my head is really starting to pound everyone heere is trying to convince me to stop smoking but I think that would drive me insane and I'd be a really bitchy person to everyone then I probally gian a ton of weight because if I am not somking I am eating that's another problem with this whole college thing getting fat I was ten pounds lighter like six months ago and now if I gian any more I am going to go crazy maybe I should take metabolife pills but I don't feel like driving to the mall in rush hour traffic oh well iguess I'll just watch what I eat or at least try to I really want charley to come to austin and visit soon he is the one person I really mis since I've been gone thats weird cause I haven't missed my brothers at all I never really got along with them any way maybe once we grow up we'll get along better I don't really care now anyway my head hurts so bad I think I'll take a nap before I read ay of the billions of pages that I have for homework twenty minutes is over up all done with this one ,y,n,y,y,n

1999\_419686.txt,While sitting on my computer many thougts and feelings come into my head. I have now been at school for alsmost 3 weeks and I can't believe it. School is finally becoming a reality. It has just started to feel like home. I am from out of state and when I came to school I felt like I was at sleep a way camp trying to meet my friends for the next month. It is true I am not at camp anymore. It has been hard for me lately because I miss home. I miss my family and friends. It seemed to me at the beginning of school that everyone new each and I was the outcast. It has been hard finding friends even though everyone is very nice. It is different here because my closest friends aren't here with me. I came from a very close group of friends and we each went different directions. I am ready to meet new people but I want them to be like my best friends at home and that is not gooing to happen. I have to understand that I will become close to the people here at school I just have to give it time. I also miss my family tremendusly. I am very close to my family and try to talk to them at least once a day but talking is not the same a seeing them. It is very wierd not seeing my sister. We are 3 years apart but we are extremly close. Every time I talk to her I get a tear in my eye. The thought of not seeing her for another month makes me very upset. She told me the other day that she felt like I was on a trip and coming home. She tells me all the time how much she misses me and that makes the situation worse. I can't wait to see her and my parents. I have a very unique realationship with my parents. They are also like my best friends. I feel I can tell them anything. The are my inspiratin and my confindence in one. I have had a lot on my ming latly about school I am very nervous about all the work and tests. I feel as though it is going to be a lot harder that high school. It has been very hard to get back into the school mode but I am starting to get back in to it. I have had a lot of distractions latly with the sorority and and tring to meet eveyone to make friends but I realize I have to start putting school in front of all that. I am here for school and I need to start putting effort in to it. I am very dilgent and like to get my work done but I don't want to stress myself out. Even though school is very important I still need to have fun. I need to balence myself. I feel that it might take some time to get adjusted but it will all work out. School has definately been tough but it has resently gotten better and I know it will get better each day I am here. I am so glad that I made the decision to come to UT and experience this great school. ,y,n,y,y,n

1999\_431078.txt,"Presently my thought are on my sororities 75th Anniversary this weekend. So far I have not ben able to find a place to get my hair done; which is a problem because I have very long hair. The guy that I am going with is pretty cool. We met about a week and a half ago and things are going well. Since, I have no family coming in for parents weekend I am probably going to ask him to the game but I am not sure. I mean I enjoy his company and all but the shortness of time that I have known him and that is not for 3 weeks. I don't know what to do about it but I have to ask before midnight because I need his ID so that he can be in my sororoties block at the game. Being new around here and not knowing many people is a problem when you need dates for all kinds of things. It is hard to go up and ask a guy to something who you have only talked to once or none. It's difficult being from out of state. It seems like everyone else knows everyone else. I knowe that this is not true but that is how it seems. Getting used to the whole college thing is different. I do have my sister around so that is nice but I have not lived near her for four years so in a way it is kind of strange as well. I had a bought of homesickness last week. I tried to call my best friend to hear a friendly voice but she was not home. My other best friend was there and I talked to her, well woke her up and said hi-bye kind of thing. The net was my only way to talk to them then without disturbing anyone else because my third best freind has not left for college yet. I wrote her a long letter via email and poured my heart out. With just meeting people it is kind of hard to cry on someones shoulder . I don't know I just don't like to cry in front of poeple who I do not know. don't want them to know that I have a weakness. To everyone else I like to come off as a very stronge and together person who can handle any situation. Plus, the people hear do not know me well at all and for me to start spewing off all of my problems or thoughts might put a burden on someone else or drive them away. It takes a lot for me to be able to trust someone with my feeling. My car, my clothes, anything else but not my soul. Living with another person who I had never met before was an experience unto itself. The first morning at 6:30am her boyfreind was over and stayed the entire weekend. I am glad that she is enjoying her freedom away form home but not in my room when I barely knew her. I don't like having to stay in friends rooms my first weekend at school. It just was not cool because I had just met all of them, tooo. Just a bad situation all together. I just do not like being put in that situation. I won't do it to her. If I want to hang with one of my guy friends to al hoursa of the morning I go to his place or in the lounge or something. That is just not write. Typing non-stop like this is kind of difficult. I never took tying so I am constantly looking at the keys and thinking that I am running out of things to say with much time left. Funny how your mind sort of goes blank when asked to talk about such a loose subject as your thoughts. Not too much longer. I am most of the way there. Lack of thoughts here. It is interesting to move away and to think about how different things would be if so and so did not choose this school. The girl who I have found that I have connected is from out of state too. If I didn't have her I do not know what I would do. We did not get into the same sororities but that is cool because now instaed of gluing to eachother we are meeting many other poeople. It's definitely different here than in Louisisana. The manner that peopel have and the culture and such. I am so excited that for one of my theatre classes I get to go see the play Vieaux Carre which I am believing is based in New Olreans although I have never heard of it before. I know A Street Car Named Desire but not that one. I just do not know. ",y,y,y,y,y

1999\_431358.txt,"I really miss all of my people back home. I really miss kim I wish she would take me back. I miss having her around to hold me and make me feel happy. I really really miss being happy. I can't seem to do it on a regular basis without her. why did she break up with me. I still realy don't understand. I was very good to her. lacey said I was her favorite out of all of kims boyfriends. seems like that says something. but I guess not. were still broken up and I don't see that changing any time soon. excpet I wonder what that big long letter was going to be about. I find that very interesting. could she have written about how much she misses me and wants me back. who knows, hell, I may never know and thats the problem. I really want to know. I want her to be honest with me about everything that goes through her mind about me. I would love if she would just write down every thought she ever has about me and just tell me. that would make things so much easier for me. it may hurt sometimes, but at least I would know. that would make me feel a lot better. I really hope she writes me back to tell me what that letter said. it bothers me that I can't know. I wish she wouldnt have even told me that she had written that damn thing. now its going to be on my mind all the time. at least until she tells me what it said or at least what it was about. thats all I want to know. I want to know if it said she wanted to get me back, or if she never wanted to talk to me again. I think she still wants to talk to me cause I know she cares about me. lacey told me that, and I know that. but I just want to know what it said. and I want to know what kathryn was talking about when she said that brad and john said they were talking about how I stalked kim. when could I have done that?? I was out of town, so its pretty impossible that I could have stalked someone 800 miles away. I wonder if kim thinks that I stalk her. I don't know how she could think that. its really silly to think that someone would think that. but kathryn said that brad may have told her that just to make her happy. why would it make kathryn happy that I stalk kim, even though I don't. I guess cause now kathryn knows that someone hurt me as bad as I hurt them. oh well, forget that idea. kathryn and I are friends now so it shouldnt matter that I got hurt by kim. it should make kathryn sad when I am sad. I know it does cause she told me when she called me to see how I'm doing. so I know that brad was lying now. kim never thought I was stalking her. if she did why would she still talk to me. I just wish that when she talks to me she would say that she wants me back. just like in that damn song. ""when I go fishing for the words I am wishing you would say to me I'm really only praying that the words youll soon be saying might betray the way you feel about me"" yeah thats how it is for me. since I think she doesn't want me back yet. it would be such a good thing if she did. even though I would see her about once a month and we are 150 miles apart. oh well. cest la vie. I could deal with that just to know that she is committed to me. thats all I really want from her. I just want to know that she is committed to me. this sucks royal ass that shes probably out running around with hundereds of guys, and I'm here being miserable. if I ever found out that she was I would just go crazy. I wouldnt be able to deal with that at all. that would push me over the edge, like I'm not close enough already. even now that I'm here all I do is think about her. I've thought about her too much. I should be trying to find someone here that I can be like that with bt I really can't. I wouldnt mind meeting that vollyball player that alex was telling me about. she sounds really cool. if it was her that I saw today with that coach then shes really hot. and shes a christian too, so that would help me if she was. plus she lives a lot closer than kim or wendy or julie or erica. that would make things so much easier on me. I would really like to fall for this girl. then I could get my mind off of kim. if she doesn't come back to me, then I need to get my mind off her. but its too hard. I loved her too much. I still do. thats what sucks so much. but what can I do. not a thing in the world. I can love her all I want but if she doesn't love me then its all worthless. that bothers me to death. this is my first day of class and all I can think about is her. I liked my classes today. I have homework in every one of them. I should be thinking about that, but I'm still thinking about her. thank god my time is almost up on this thing. my wrists are getting tired. and my fingers too. this is really ridiculous. but I do see the point in it though. times up. bye ",n,n,n,n,y

1999\_453692.txt,"I have too much homework to do. It is really different from high school where you could finish your homework in a couple of hours. The homework in UT requires you to read a whole lot and complete an enormous amount of homework in a short amount of time. Also, at UT, you must manage your time wisely becuase you are on your own and there is no one to bug you are pester you about your time management. Also, there are a lot of distractions like girls, basketball, sleep, etc. Going to early classes has been hard for me so far. It is really hard to stay awake for the 8 o'clock or 9 o'clock classes becuase some are just too boring because of boring professors that like to lecture over meaningless material because no one understands it. I think that if they should teach like they did in high school where they show examples of the things that they are talking about, or go at a slower pace so everyone can understand. This is because once you are lost, you really don't want to have to work really hard to get back up to speed. I really think that my GPA is important this semester becuase I am trying to transfer into the business school and out of the college of natural science. This is becuase I do not like computer science which is my current major, and business seems easier and a better track to go. Today in psychology class we learned an intereting lesson on lie detection. It kind of lost its point since the professor could not tell what the student's number really was. I want my parents to bring me a bike to UT. It is because the campus is just too big and it is too hot to walk to all of my classes. But I kind of don't want a bike on one hand because it will mess up my hair, you will have to pedal over hills, and cars don't really care about bikers as much as pedestrians. I am kind of pissed that the school is closing Gregory Gym tomorrow because they are throwing the plaza party. I think that they should have it somewhere else because a lot of people like myself like to play basketball there at night. Plus it is already too congested at night because they hold volleyball games on other courts during the night too. I really think that the UT football team is going to do well this year. Although they blew a big first game, I think that they have a chance to do something either this year or next year. I don't understand why Chris Simms chose to come to Texas over Tennessee. He is such a good quarterback to be a backup. I think he should be starting over Major Applewhite even though he lacks experience because he has a good arm and he is more atheletic. I really don't like to do these things because it takes so much time. When I first started typing I didn't realize how long 20 minutes is, but it is a long time. When I finish this, I need to start on my english paper, and do my calculus problems. My calculus TA is really stupid because she cannot teach us. She skips too many steps, and she can't explain problems very well. I think that radio stations should not have morning shows. This is because I was listening to a radio station in the morning that didn't use to have a morning show because they were new, but now they have one and it sucks because they play so much less music. Also, they always talk about really corny stuff that no one wants to pay attention to. I like it when it rains. But here in Austin is never seems to rain. I've been here for 2 1/2 weeks now and not a drop of rain. When it rains I feel better for some reason. Tomorrow is probably my best day of classes because I don't have to wake up until 12 in the afternoon. And all my classes are basically the discussion groups where you don't learn anything. I like a girl here are UT but I don't know if she likes me back. But I am also faced with the dilema of liking another girl that goes to Emory in Atlanta. The girl that I like in UT though does send me any signals that she likes me or even agknowledges that I am there. She also hangs around a lot of other guys that makes me pretty jealous. The girl in Emory is a girl that I've known for 4 years and I think I stand a better chance with her, but I hear that long distance realtionships never work out. ",y,y,n,y,n

1999\_463051.txt,"Today I am very tired. Because last night I was up to two am to do my chemistry lab reports. First I thought it was easy and it wouldn't take me so long to do it. But actually it required a lot of consideration and calculations. After I finished writing the report, I found out that the report must be typed. The problem was I don't have a printer at home, and at that time, it was already ten at night. I didn't want to go to the library so late but didn't want to get it done at the last minutes of tomorrow morning. I went to knock at my neighbours' doors and asked them if they had a printer I could borrow. The lucky thing was that the second one I asked does has a printer and he let me borrowed it. So the problem had been solved. Then after this I kept on writing my Chemistry prelimenary write up. I needed put the procedures and data table up. That was a very long lab, there were totally seven experiments I need to do today and it spent me like eight pages for the pre-lab write up. So today morning I went to the lab room and turned in my lab report at the beginning of class. I am glad that I finally got it done, but I don't know what would the grade be since I was in a hurry last night. Then I start to do my experiments. It took me almost four hours to finish and after that I was so exhausted since I didn't eat breakfast in the morning. My data was so messy and I don't know if I could read them when I need to write the lab report again. After the lab, the first thing came up my mind was to go home and have a nice big sandwhich. At one o'clock, I had my math discussion class. I almost felt to sleep during that class since the topic the TA discussed was kind of boring and I already knew them. After this class, I had my Biology discussion class. This class is pretty cool because it took like 15 minutes then we could go home. So I went home and get on the line to have a little rest. I was chatting with my friends, checking email, and surfing until my roommate came back. Then we did dinner together. Tonight's dinner was good and it was the thing I enjoyed the most today! Ah, two minutes left. finally, so what else I need to say? So after the yummy dinner I started to write this assignment, and now time is up. I can go on to the next writing assignment. my hands are so tired ",n,n,n,y,n

1999\_474029.txt,"I am hoping that I will be able to keep up with my thoughts for twenty minutes. It is only 8:12 and I still have 20 minutes to go. I wonder if Jared is doing ok. I hope he ate. I was really happy to see him eat so much at lunch today. I hope I don't get in trouble for sitting with him in his cafeteria. Today was so hot. I am definatley wearing shorts tomorrow. But that shirt is dark red, I hope it won't absorb too much heat. I must have lost at least 10 lbs of water today. It is riduculous how bad my schedule is. One hour in class, the next three sitting somewhere. God, finding FAC is going to be my semester goal. I can't believe how hard it is to find that building. No one else has trouble finding it but me. Maybe I have some kind of direction learning disability. I wonder if I have missplelled any words. does misspell have a hyphen? My head hurts. I must be because I am tired. Maybe because I have had my hair pulled back all day. I hope I can find that building tomorrow before I go to class. I hope history isn't boring. With my luck it will be awful. An hour and a half contemplating how the Germans felt about this and that. Why did I sign up for that class. I am doing a pretty good job typing. I hope they didn't want this in a certain form. AOL is such a waste of money. I wonder if Jared got me into the draw. I hope so. I can't wait till the game on Saturday. It will be so much fun. I hope his roomate likes me. I felt weird today just sitting there. I need to make some friends. My head hurts so badly. I need to go to bed early tonight. I don't have to get up half as early tomorrow as I did today. I think we are going to have to find a better way of comunicating. I was almost in tears when I couldn't find him. I wonder if he was mad at me. I hope not. I wish he would show more interest in me. Hopefully it is just because school started today. I guess they call it class and not school. I really didn't feel overwhelmed today. I am so tired. Only ten more minutes. I feel like I am writing a letter. I wonder how Casey and Anh are doing. I haven't heard from Lauren in about four months. She can be ridiculous when she wants to be. I wonder if she thinks I moved? I hope she doesn't come here for college. i know I would have to be her room mate and everything I did would be reported to everybody and their brother. I wonder why I have been using ""everybody and their dog"" latley. Perhaps no one has heard and their brother, so I feel weird saying it. I was really amazed that I got that great spot in the garage today. I think it was the same one that I parked in last night. I felt really bad for using the elevator to go up one level, but my hip was hurting terribly. It better go away for tomorrow. I hope I didn't miss a class today. All these discussion classes are going to drive me insane. Life would be much easier if I had a decent schedule. i think she is going deaf. Between the two of them, my God. She has been edgy lately. There can't be much stress doing what she does. What would happen if she saw this. I wonder if she would get upset and yell. Probably. I can't wait till it gets cooler. Better yet, I can't wait till Christmas break. I wonder how many people at UT celebrate Christmas. I need to start shopping for presents. I need to wrap the gifts that I have. Caitlin's birthday is in A FEW DAYS. Where does the time go? I wonder if this rambling means I'm crazy? I wouldn't be surprised. I can stop now. ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_481986.txt,"Right now I am sitting in front of the computer, completing this assignment. I really wish that I had worked on this assignment earlier. I am now starting to worry because I have to finish Calculus homework and read a few pages for Engineering. And I have to finish that one problem that no one can seem to get. It is bugging me that I left that one problem unfinished. It is also bugging me that I left that problem blank and completed the others out of turn. I never thought about that before, but I do get bothered when things aren't completed in the order that they're supposed to be. Weird. I just had an epiphany. It is really weird how you think of things at the strangest time. Whats also weird is how you can sometimes say a word over and over, and if you say it enough times it starts to sound really weird. Like a word you've never heard before. Take before. Before Before Before Before Before Before. see, it starts to sound really foreign. That is really odd. And it works with every word, too. Hmm. thoughts are all scrambled now. Not thinking of much anymore. I used to think of how much I missed home. now it is not so prominent. I don't think of Roshi as much. I still do sometimes. But it comes and goes. I am not going to let myself get trapped like I have before. It is just a vicious cycle. I feel much better this time. I have somehow learned to overcome sadness. I dunno exactly how it happened, but I have learned to overcome and bypass it. It doesn't consume me anymore like it used to. Now that I think about it, I am really starting to wonder how I managed to do that. Inherently, I think that I can get fixated easily; that right there is a sign that I am bound to get hurt one of these days. And I have. but I have learned. The question is, how? Hmm. oh well. No matter now. As long as I can do it. That is good enough for me. Maybe its the college atmosphere. Being alone and on my own. In a sense, anyway. I look around my room and realize that I do not miss home. I don't know why. I missa family and friends at time, but I don't MISS them. Its weird. Maybe its because I don't consider myself away from them. Mysha said that this was like a camping trip, and everytime we went home was no different than coming back from a vacation. Hmm. i don't think thats so, but it certainly didn't feel too different on Labor Day. Maybe I need to stay away from home longer. Hmm. that must be it. Mysha got me thinking about Roshi again. Hmm. makes me wonder how easy it is to meet people here. It can't be too hard; lots of people have already met people. I jsut need to go and try. Steve knows how to do it, but he has nothing to lose, he has a girlfriend at home so he doesn't care much about making a lot of friends. Comes natural to him though. I honestly think that that is the only thing really bugging me here. I feel an immense sense of confidence, all except for that. I am liking the way I am handling things, liking the way I have kinda built back my work ethic, and liking the fact that I can make my own decisions. I am starting to feel better and better about college life. It is great. Except for all the people. There is something srange about the people here, something difficult to finger. A sort of fakeness. Many people are geniune, but there are others which seem unapproachable. People don't act the way I am used to seeing them act in high school. Maybe that is it. Asians don't act like Asians at home, for one thing. Most other people act the same, but the Asians here don't. A little different. a little meaner? That can't be it though, I really need to meet more and judge. Ugh. i feel like I've just cursed myself for saying that. I really didn't mean that. I am being too cynical I guess. But you can't win them all. I am happy otherwise; I have met a few good friends, I like the campus, and I am close to home. I feel connected in all aspects. UT was probably one of the best choices I ever made. My Dad thinks so. he told me the other night. I always hated when he judges whats good and bad based on what he thought, but he is right this time. He usually is, I've learned. Almost always. I need to learn to respect that. I'm the one who's usually wrong. Oh well. Better late than never. Time for Calculus. ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_496885.txt,"well, topday when I was sitting in the cafeteria, I was thinking about something. my roommate mike, said to me, ""congratulations for not cursing for over a certain period of time. "" that was kinda strange because I don't usually curse until I came onto this campus. I have no idea why. he asked me if I did it at home a lot, but the truth is, no I don't. I don't usually curse. the only time I ever did that was if I felt pain or something. I never felt the need to curse and I know that it's a filthy habit. I also know that it's not a very classy thing to do. I can't figure it out. I have noticed that I curse a lot and I've made attempts to stop. but the truth is, I don't really want to because it's fun. I don't to it often enough. well, at least that's the conclusion I came up with. that's really been the only thing on my mind other than girls and big breast and stuff like that. that's kind strange too, because I know that it's not important to me. it's actually very superficial, but I don't care. I have fun talking in vulgar manners to my friends and stuff like that but that's not me at all. I know that it's not but I can't stop sometimes. well, I can but I choose not too. . FIRE DRILLL!!! oh well. last I left off was awhile ago. I kinda lost train of thought. I don't remember what I wrote and I don't feel like reading what I wrote. now I feel kinda tired because I walked up the 13 flights of stairs. I wasn't as tiring for me as it was for my friends. I'm expecting some letters from my little sister. she's suppose to send me some important stuff like my id and credit card and stuff like that. I'm kinda worried because if someone steals the credit card, I'll be in big trouble. a couple of my friends do drugs and have already had sex and stuff like that. I hate to pass judgements and crap like that so I pretend that it's all good. I don't even know if it's a good a idea to confront them about it. well, it's not like they're my friends or anything like that, but I did meet them here. I don't know how confidential this writting assignment is so I don't want to say too much. lets just say that I see no evil, hear no evil, and speak no evil. I'm not sure what I'm suppose to write about. I know that it's stream of consciouness but if there's nothing on my mind, what am I suppose to write about. the first time I heard about this, I thought about hemingway and his style of writting. students that went to my high school studied hemingway and I at least know that he wrote stream of consciousness. I wonder if I'm out of breath. would that effect how well I think. cause I'm writing this stupid assignment, and I seem to have trouble because I'm thinking too much about breathing. I always have this huge headache. I think it was because it was hot outside and now it's cold. I don't know. I don't care. actually, this assignment is kinda of easing because I can just write whatever I want and know that as long as I turn it in, I'm ok. no matter what I say or how I say it, it's all good. but, when I came in the room after that firedrill, I didn't want to do anything but lie on my bed. I'm sleeping and my mind is wondering off in some weird way. I know I have to write for 20 min. and I have another 3-4 min. to go. I don't want to do this anymore. I'm tired. I'm not even thinking anymore. I got to pee, but I don't want to unless I'm finished with this assignment. man I got to pee. ok, I'm going to end this assignment now that I think I'm done. ",y,n,n,y,y

1999\_498508.txt,"I can't wait to drive back from dallas to austin today and get to stop in waco on the way to visit bryan. i wonder if bryan and I will end up together again. i wonder if we'll have a future. do I know my husband yet. i can't wait to find my perfect soulmate and grow old with him. will steven and I ever end up together again. how am I going to end up doing at UT this year. will I make my closest friends through the sorority. am I going to make a lot of new friends on the rugby team. does brittney take advantage of me through our friendship. will philip call tonight like he said he would. is anything going to happen between philip and I. i hope nini has a safe flight back to houston. i hope papa joey's feeling better. are my parents going to feel like they're reliving they're college years when they come to austin for parents' weekend and getting to see all of their fraternity and sorority brothers and sisters. does clay ever miss me while I'm at school. how many children will I end up having. when will I start having children. i really can't wait to start a wonderful family. will abby and I stay best friends for life. are abby and daniel going to end up staying together. will rob end up being okay with abby and daniel. who will be my most serious boyfriend this year. will steven and I become closer and closer as time goes on. will bryan and I stay in touch for forever. is he ever going to come back to dallas with me. is my new house going to feel like home. will I end up trying out for cheerleading. if I do try out, will I make the team. will I be at UT again next year. has it been 20 minutes yet because my mind keeps rambling off to random thoughts and time seems to be going pretty slowly. will I get asked to TX/OU weekend, I really hope I get a date, but what if I don't. will kevin and I become closer throughout this year. are kevin and hilary going to end up getting married. is bryan going to end up dating another girl this year and if so, is there relationship going to be pretty serious. is dad nervous about how well his store is doing. i wonder where I'll live when I end up getting married and starting a family. will our family be ""well off"". am I ever going to get divorced (god forbid). will I have any children who are disabled. who will my husband be. do I know him yet. what will he look like. will he be jewish. when will I get married. i wish this 20 minutes was up. 7 minutes to go. i can't wait until tx/ou weekend (if I have a date) and my friends will get to stay in our new house. 6 minutes. will bryan and I ever have sex. will the next person I have sex with be my husband. will abby and I get along throughout this whole year. do I really for sure have to live in the sorority house next year. if so, is it going to kill me pretty much. i really want my own room next year. i can't believe all my fantasies with guys are being shot to hell (dan, philip, etc. ). why can't I just find another guy like bryan except one that goes to UT and is jewish. bryan's the most fun and perfect boyfriend I've ever had, I just wish he wasn't as cheap. will steven and I really decide to try dating again. does steven really like me deep down. 3 minutes left. i hope I do much better in psychology this year than I did last year. will I end up going through with my major in child development. is my future career going to be related to child development. will I really end up working with kids who have special needs. i really want this to be over with because I have to pee really badly. 1 minute left. i hope UT this year is much easier than provisionals was last summer. will I ever meet that adam grossman guy. if so, will anything happen with that, he's hot!!!. i hope I get to meet him soon and hope he's a fun guy. YEA!!! TIME'S UP!!! ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_504631.txt,"I am so tired. I cannot wait to go home tomorrow and sleep in my own bed. I really didn't think I would miss home that much, but apparently I do. Seriously, I cannot wait to go in the car and drive back to Kingwood. But it's not like I am homesick. Well, actually I guess I am homesick, but it's not for my family. To be quite honest, everytime I talk to my mother, she annoys me. But what I do miss is my bed. Not the house, because we don't' live in the house anymore. NO, we have to move two months before I leave for college. What were my parents thinking??? Obviously they weren't. But I do miss Garden Point. I really want to go back to MY room. But, now I have no room. Honestly, I do not consider my dorm room MY room. Thinking of, I definitely need to bring back some more stuff. Pictures and frames - stuff like that. My room mate brought so much crap. It makes my side of the room look so bare. But at the same time, I DID bring a lot of stuff. Anyways, this weekend. My date with Hal. I really don't want to go at all. I know that I completley led him on. I mean I could have told him that I was joking, but I didn't. I basically told him that I liked him. BUT HAROLD PITMAN! - UGH! I still sound like I am totally in highschool. I know that in college you are supposed to throw away all your passt conceptions of people, but how can I do that about the guy who teased me for like 3 years. How many times can you say, ""But Mr. Blayney, I'm only eleven?"" and think it to be funny. I swear in seventh grade I could have shot him and Ryan Ochoa. Ryan Ochoa is another boy, who I would never ever date. When he got to be such a heart throb in high school is beyond me. But then again, I never ever thought that I would have a crush on Cyrus. I am such a hypocrit. The amount of time I was telling Gio, not to like him and not to go for him. But then again, Gio and Cyrus would not have lasted anyways. Gio is so prude, Cyrus would have either dumbed her or cheated on her pretty quickly. Gosh, I really hope that this assginment is completion, or else you will think that I am a really shallow and superficial person. Not to meniton judgemental. But actually what can you expect coming from Kingwood High School - thrid snobbiest school in the nation??? I seriously had fun at high school, but it definitley was a different type of fun than the type of fun I'm having now. I mean in high school I hardly ever drank really, until my senior year. But even then it wasn't EVERY weekend like I do now. I mean, we used to do stupid stuff like go to the airport and play airport tag, wrap or in the case of Dawn ""condimenting"" houses. But now, it's frat parties every weekend. Not that I am complaining, because I am hanging out with Brandon - what a hottie. But he is so rude. and Kimberly - honestly, I havent' talked to her since 7th grade. It is so wierd how people who were so close are now so far appart. But anyways, maybe the frat parties and the drinking is what is making me so tired, because I am pretty sure that I had less sleep that I am having now in highschool. Is this even stream of consciousness??? I ended up talkign about the same thing I began with, but I guess it is because I did go off on several tangents. But oh well - time's up! ",y,n,n,y,n

1999\_509698.txt,"When I was young, I always like to lied. I remember one day I lied to my mother that I went to library to study. But instead, I went to the nearest video game center to play arcade. When come back from home, I told my mother that I study very hard in the library. After I said that, my grandmother smile at me for a moment which last for about few seconds. At that time, somehow I got strange feeling that something is wrong, but I am not very sure about that. I kept thinking about the wicked smile that my grandmother gave it to me within that two or three seconds. Then I decided to analyse this situation carefully. First, when I lied to mother at that moment, did I carelessly show any sign of unordinany behavior, like shaking my body or showing a very dishonest face without I knowing it. Second, did I say something wrong or stupid, that have indirectly showed me I am lying at that moment. Third, did my clothes have any cigarette smell? Or did some of the people saw me enter the video game center and tell the incident to my mother? Or is it my grandmother just want to smile and being nice to me, and I am the one who is too sensitive about the smiling incident? Even though I made many hypothesis, but I still could not figure if something is really wrong. I am kind of nervous and just keeping thing that incident. After dinner, my mother asked me why does it take me so long to finish my study, and I told her I have a lots of homework to do. Then she said I was lying because my sister had followed me and seen me enter the video game store. At last, this incident had ended, and it also prove me that my six sense is correct. ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_510014.txt,"In Phl 304 we've been talking about Kant and Deintology, which leads me to a question:why am a writing this; is schoolwork a hypothetical or categorical imparitive? Do I really care what the about the answer to that question? No. I'm just picking my brain. Frustration is undoubtedly a major hinderance to my well being. Why didn't the tab button work when I pressed it? Heplessness is abundant in my brain when it comes to computers. Thinking of the word helpless reminds me of that CSN&Y song. They're such a great group- but not as great as Buffalo Springfield- their predecessor. Whatever. That's the word that runs through my head most often these days. I really wonder whether it matters what I write in this assignment. Who in this beauracracy of a University is actually going to read this? I doubt much if it would matter if I just wrote something like ""I enjoy carrots"" over and over again. Whatever. There's that word again. Every time that you ask for more, its the sound that makes the colors go blind, and everything comes in three's, but your face shows 2-lost in a watershed-way out of tune. Got that? I doubt it, in fact I doubt you made it this far. Lack of patience most likely. Patience is a very admirable quality. I wish I had more of it. In fact, ever since I arrived here my patience has been raped, but I'll get more into that in writing assignment #2. believe it or not, its been 20 minutes, and though this ""stream of consciousness"" seems to be more about this assignment than anything else, I am just articulating what is on my mind. I guess that doesn't really matter if this isn't being graded. Since I know no one will read this I may as well confess that my dog, Skeezy and my friend Chico spend most nights defecating on all the wombats in the toilet, but that doesn't really bother me. What bothers me is that Chico also likes to slap a alligators to death with a certain part of his anatomy. This really seems to impress Iranian supermodels. Go figure. ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_512642.txt,"Tired, stressed, already sick of school and it has only been the first week. What can I say other than I have to do great this semester. I never knew that school would be this stressful. There are so many things going on in my life right now that I really do not have time for. I feel like my brain is on overload and don't know when I am going to get all of this stuff done. Hungry, what can I say, I am always craving something. I am sitting in my dorm room all alone because my friends have all gone out to this Sig Ep party and I opted to stay home and catch up on things that I need to get done. I hate typing too. Although typing is a lot easier to do because it is a lot faster. I just hate it when I mess up and hit the wrong key. It really irritates me when my phone rings late at night and it is one of my friends from home and you can't understand a word they are saying because they have been out partying all night long. Have you ever noticed that when people have had a little too much to drink that they get real emotional? When I returned home last night from being out, one of my friends from home was hysterically crying over something a guy said to her at a party. He commented on what she was wearing and obviously she took it the wrong way and got mad. Of course I knew it was no big deal, but she really thought it was. This morning, of course, she ran into my room wondering what had happened last night and why she got upset. It was such a big deal last night, but this morning she was so embarrassed. I have done the same thing that she did. Gosh, I miss my parents and I never really thought that I would. My senior year I was so tired of the high school scene. I think I was the only one of my friends that hated my senior year. Well, I can't say that I absolutely hated it, but I was ready to go on to bigger and better things. My boyfriend lived here, so maybe that's why I wanted to leave home so badly. My phone bill is going to be so high this semester. I talk to all of my friends so much on the phone. I also talk to my parents a lot too. I especially talk to my mom. I was always so close to my mom and it is hard to be away from her. I could always drive home one weekend. It is not very far away. I just found out today that we are going to have to go to ten hours of study hall every week. It sounds bad, but I really think this is good for me especially coming into my freshman year and trying to get adjusted to this new life that I am leading now. I was always independent, but now I feel that I am on my own for good. I really like only depending on myself for things. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_513945.txt,"First of I would like to clear something up. Yes you did pay for Bally's but for the money you paid I wore Walamrt and Target clothes and Payless Shoes. I also hardly think that the $30 a month you paid for me equates to the Hundreds you pay for Andrew. Second I paid for that Fronce trip myself and then paid my self back at S&S. In no way did you go into debt in anyway on my behalf. I did earn a lot of money this summer. I spent very little of it and saved most of it - so YOU wouldn't have to pay for stuff in college. I don't think having a car is a sign of love- I think it is a sign of favoritism. That's what makes me cry and get really upset. The two main reason's Andrew got a car was not that he has a job (that's why he's keepiong it) but because he's a male and Dad obviously identifies with him more. Nevermind that I try to save money, do well in school, or generally try to make life easy for you. I guess maybe if I act like an obnoixious bastard, and think only of myself, and step over every one I could get a little appreciation in this family. Having a car here is imparactical and honestly, I don't know what y'all can do to make me feel any better about that car thing. The damamge is done. My whole life I felt loved and I'm not saying I don't fell it now but the car thing and then you trying to play it off as acceptable was a big blow. I was very upset. Not that I didn't mean what I wrote, but I could of said it in a kinder way. I had a really long talk about it with Will and he made me feel a little better about it- the car thing. The reason I get so upset is not because I want a car (it's impractical here) it's that it symbolizes something. Logically I know it means nothing, but I still hurt when I think about it. I'm really confused. I think I get emotional about it because I think it's so unfair, I can't do anything about it, and I get so mad I cry. Another thing I have observed is I can't talk to dad about it. I don't know why I feel it necessary to ""protect him"" from me being sad about something he had a large part in. I guess it's the same logic that made me not ask more than twice for a car myself- he always looked really sad that ""he couldn't afford it"" I can't even really talk about it with you; I have to write about it. I guess it's because we've communicated through notes for as long as I can remember. Maybe I get sad about it because I don't understand why I feel this way and no one understands my feelings. I really meant it when I said I didn't know what could return me to the way I felt before the incident. And all the while I'm thinking what a ridiculous reaction to a car. I was upset about it at home, but here there's a lot of time to think. Here, no one LOVES me. sure maybe as a friend but not the same kind of love that I was SURE of at home. The car thing left me a tiny bit less sure of that love so that's why I'm upset about it. I KNOW that objects don't measure love. It's just that you don't do such an unjust thing to someone you love- give a hugely expensive, and a sign of higher status to someone younger and less considerate. I guess it's really the injustice that hurts me. This letter itself is really ironic in some way. I write to soften the blow to your feelings when you obviously didn't think of my feelings at all -and here I am up at midnight worrying about yours. well I'm going to bed now, I've got school and work tomorrow. ",n,y,y,y,y

1999\_514159.txt,"right now I am worried because I just submitted a blank form. I pressed the tab button and instead of moving the cursor it highlighted the submit button. When I started to type it send a blank assignment. Oops. I want to play football for the longhorns I watched football all day today and now I am ready to take the field. My stomach is about to burst. The never ending pasta bowl at The Olive Garden is hurtin me. The Astros won their tenth in a row. Sosa didn't hit any homers. This might be one of the weirdist assignments I have ever had. I wish the tests were like this. I would have an A. Writing for this class has caused me to remember how to beat the lie detector test. Squizing the sphincter has got to be the way to go. My roomate was hit on by a homosexual this weekend. Not that there is anything wrong with that, but it made him feel a little aukward. I am way behind in all of my classes. I am writing this on the day before the extended due date. I have to read so many chapters in every class I think my eyeballs are going to fall out. My chest itches. I am tired of typing and I still have twenty more minutes on the second writing assignment to finish. It is about eleven forrty five at night and I am ready to sleep on my concrete bed. It is negative thirty in my room. I wake up with a runny nose every mourning. My breath stinks. It smells like Italian food. Our waiter tried to make conversation with us tonight. He ask where we went to school and if we played sports. We told him that we were freshman at UT and that we lost our scholorships due knee injuries. He started to laugh and replied with "" yeah, I remember high school, playing sports and smoking joints!"" High class service. Times up. ",y,n,y,n,y

1999\_517561.txt,"Today I have only one thing on my mind. Her name is mary. I met her at this party a while back and we kinda hit it off. I never reallly saw her or talked to her, but the other day I saw her and it was on. I am really worried about tonight. I have a date with her tonight. I hope I don't screw it up. I hope that she likes me as much as I like her. I hope that I don't screw things up. Well whatever happens happens. This is weird I havent really thought about a gitl this much since Christine, I think that I still think about her sometimes. I don't know why I always do, I just do. I thik it might be because I liked her so much. It is funny because I never slept with her. It doesn't matter that much though, I am a fucking liar. I need to stop lying. I don't do it to be mean or anything I just tell little lies and they get big. I need to be honest with everyone. I am who I am I can't please everyone. I think that one of these days I am really going to get myself into some major trouble. wow I can't type as accurately as I would like to type I want to be able to type with no errors but I think that will be immpossible. I feel really guilty about missing class. I have missed to many classes already I know I am better that that I think I will see how long I have been writing now. sometimes I feel really dumb and unattractive. I am going to hook up with Marry I like her a lot dammit and for gods sake I am going to hook it up. I mean that I want her to be around for awhile I am not going to be scarred of this one. ever since about my sophmore yeah in high school I have been really scared of relationships, but I am not going to be any more. I know that sometimes I will get hurt, but that is just the game that we play. If I want to win I got to play the game. I do want to win. I will win, if I keep playing I have to remind myself sometimes that the game goes on. it doesn't stop because you are having a bad day. Well lU think that I have really kinda lert my mind go off. I am kinda hungry and a ciggerete would also be nice. I can't eat though cause I just ate and that would be dumb. I have been smoking less and now I only smoke lights I think that it is a good thing that I am only smoking lights. a pack of reds would be really good. But I have to smoke lights for a while. I must remeber to only smoke when it is cool. I can't smoke too much tonightbecause I don't want to send the wrong message. I think that my typing is getting a little better. Well maybe it isn't I don't know I wonder if anyone will ever read this. I doubt it If they did really read this they would probbably think that it was complete shit. Maybe not. Who knows I wonder why nobody ever emails me. Well I get stupid forwards but they are really dumb must of the time I wonder what the fuck is really going on in the world these days I want to drink a beer or two or three. I want to get laid. I want love, sex and euphoria. I want it all and I want it to be given to me. I don't want to work, I want to float through life. I want things to be easy I want to pursue my hobbies. I want to get paid for listening to records or maybe making them if someone else wants to listen. I think that music has to be hyping yourself. nobody puts out a record to listen to it themselves. they try to make money. well it looks like my time is just about up. Bye ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_518310.txt,"Well this labor day was good. i got to spend it with some very special people to me, and also since it was my b-day, I got to have a lot of fun with those people! hehe gosh. i spent a full 3 dayz a way from home, and not a care about school! Well I take that back, since I am doing one of my psy assignments. hehehe. but none the less, I did not really think about homework! hehe it is great! I wonder why everyone thinks I am a freak!! I just don't like veggies! Is that so hard to believe? They just don't taste good to me. much like steak does not taste good to vegitarians! Sheeesh. i take more shit about that than I do about anything else. haha hmmm. soo I need to be getting back to austin here pretty soon, so I can get some of my other work done, and actually go to work! But I really don't want to. haha. why is it that our society has become based on laziness? Why is it that everyone thinks it is better not to work? When did this change from a hard working, earn your living, society come about? Our society is degenerating!! Ain't it sad! Sheeeesh. we could. man. oh well. my 20 minutes is up! GUess you don't get to hear the end of that one! :) ",n,n,n,n,n

1999\_518635.txt,"uh how much time do I have today is a busy day I am hungry, when will I eat I haven't taken a shower yet and I'm going out to eat after class with my brother and sister I don't like business I should just drop ba101 I I want to go to kevin's birthday party this is a weird assign mient metro is a cool place to study I should go there more often I love my dorm room I miss my mom's food I want to go home for a day this weekend I still haven't gone to zilker park jake should get out of that frat while he can before he pays any dues at least john is in over his head I wonder if he'll be able to handle all that I hope my brother is okay in the peace core I wish I was closer to him and karen they aren't like me I miss purdy and buddy last night was fun I need to quit going out so much but I like my friends they make me feel less stressed I hate that business school building it sucks why am I a business major I hate math and I don't really like science all that much art is where I am psychology os so interesteng how do you just decide to be a forest ranger kevin is cool as shit I am tired I love sleeping I wonder what all these strange dreams are about I know they mean something I am hungry or do I just want to eat why do I eat so much maybe cause I haven't been smoking as much so you smoke and kill your lungs or you eat and get fat that sucks I just need to stay busier and I won't eat as much I should get a job then I will stay thin fuck the freshman fifteen and I'll have some of my own money then I can go to miami should I transfer to a university in miami cause I love miami I miss it the rain it rained every day a nd it never rains here never rains rock yards palm trees and exotic plants beck is the shit he is so unique I wish I could meet him I wish I would meet some people like me here or some people that would be entertaineg all these white-bred frat boys and sorority girls are faking it all be real and it will be fine take care of this school stuff cause that's why I'm here I wonder what's on t. v. that t. v is bad for studying I can't believe I studied unitl 3 I miss dennis I am worried about him and james and mikey they are fucking it all up for themselves and they don't admit it I know they know it but they won't realize it why don't they just move on out of killeen it is hard though when you have frinds like that it's hard for me to make new friends now because they were such good friends that it seems no one will compare but what made them such good friends maybe they just changed me I need a cigarette but it's too hot outside to be smoking I want to check my email why dosn't anyone stop and notice me I thought that austin would be cool like that eceryone's so friendly in miami but not really , just friendlier to me cause I'm blonde five more minutes that business shit sucks I need to decide what my major should be art? I'm not that confident to be an artist I know I have talent but I don't know what I'm going to do with my life I am stressed out and I think I'm pms ing that sucks I don't want to do this it's frustrating uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh people need to use this computer t his place is busy deep breath happy birthday to kevin I hope someone got him a cake did kack email me I hope so am I leading this boy where dennis led me I don't want to hurt him like dennis hurts me still by staying in my head all the time I want to talk to him but I can't do it I can't call him natalie will probably answer then I'll have to be upset again that's so fucked up I wonder what jake's doing megan is being a bitch and I can't believe it shse just waits till we're in texas to be mad at me that's pretty fucked up ",n,y,n,y,y

1999\_519273.txt,"I wonder what my mother is doing right now. I hope that she is taking the news of the weekend plans well. If I hadn't told I think I would have felt guilty. Yeah guilty. Jeremy sure is excited about it so screw what she thinks I am going to be happy and if she gets mad at that than to bad for her. My father thinks it's okay. I mis my father I miss my bed I miss my House and my dog My dog that is one great dog I can;t wait for the weekend. Showering with shoes is getting old and I have only done it for a week and I am ready to take a shower with out shoes. Grandma food can't wiat to get grandma food. That is the best food the world has ever seen grandma food. I wish I could grandma food instead of cafe foood everyday. I really don't like my math professor I can;t understand a word he says serves me right not going to that web site and reading those teachers evaluation forms. Carols back and I don't where she been. I hope she had a great time. It is nice that she lets me us her computer I am tired of dealing wiht my internet service 20 minutes is a long time to type I am so tired of my internet service how in the world are we suppose to do it that stupid ethernet card I am about to throw it up against the wall I can't' wait to see my boyfriend I wonder what he is doing right now Its only been 10 minutes and my hands are really getting tired of typing My boyfriend what a great guy I hope that he is okay I'm sure that he is. He is the best. Ionder what it si that he got me he said he got me something I love surprises I wish I got surprises everyday that would make life great great this is great some music would be nice my favorits cd I haven't listened to it in a while and I really like it I wonder ay I haven't listen to it. I hope that Susan gto her paper done Man I need sleep I am so tired I think that I am going to get some disease if I don't get more sleep than I have been I have a sharp pain in my wriast from typing that's odd I wonder why that is It's been 15 minutes and it seems like forever ""Who will save our soul"" Jewel I really like jewel I really need to take a shower oh well I'll take one tomorrow I always have to think is tomorrow spelt with two r's or two m's. I can't ever get that right. Carol is cleaning I wonder if she will notice that I am writing about her she is great I like all of the people that I have met and my mother didn't think that I would make any friends. SHe was so wrong I think that 20 minutes is way to long my brain actually feels tired I wonder why that is It's probably because I wonder about too many things too many things I can't wait for Halloween maybe I'll go to a costume party that would be fun I havn't gone to one of those in a while I'm sure that there will be one some where around campus I love Chickfila Carol has a chikfila cow I think that's great I think maybe I should have bought one of those as well. I wish I had but than again I am a college student and like all other college students I have no money. No money I wish I had money it would make life so much easier or would maybe not maybe so that's a good question to ask myself money probably would make me lazy which would make me fat Yuck> I am so excited about this weekend it makes me so happy to think about showering without shoes on and real food and all of the animals at Sea WOrld Its been a long time since I went to sea World to see all of the shows. This ime I am going to watch the shows so Jeremy can see them and that is Oma's favorite part the shows I always upset her beacuse I hate the shows this time she will be happy. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_530010.txt,"How am I going to do? Who am I? How do I compare to everyone else around me? So many questions yet no answers. I'm hopig to have fun and enjoy my experiences. Is my family thinking of me? I hope all is well with them. Expressing my feelings and thoughts on paper is hard to do. Am I doing this right? I don't no what I'm doing really. In school that is. Don't know if I'm able to be successful. Wait,m I know I can be successful. just have to dig down deep inside and find meyself. So lost without God and best freind. Dpn't know what the futre holds or what will happen. Kinda scared and hesitant. I want to love my job and my family. I want so many things for my life and I want to fullfill my goals. I want to be a rockstar. To see crowds of people go crazy at the sight of me. Who doesn't though? Maybe its just a dream. I feel destined to have a career in music. My only escape frpm life itself is music mostly guitar. I want to makee a differece in my society. To figure out where humans came from and to answers questions about life. But who doesn't want to do that? I want to stand out. I want to be a hero in my society and a mentor amongst my peers. I want poeple to remember me for the rest of time. For the good things that I've done. For differences that I've made in peoples lives. I want to lead my friends to Christ and show them how wonderfull it is to be a christian. my life is wonderful and I sometimes take for granted all that I have. Sometimes I realize much I regret some of the things I have done. Time can change me, but I can't change time. Well, I think its been 20 mins. Later. i'm out ",y,y,y,n,n

1999\_531209.txt,"Okay, I think this is going to be hard for me to do because honestly I'm not sure if someone will be reading this and if they will think that what I say is stupid or I am doing it wrong but perhaps that is a stupid thing to say also since I just clearly read that there is no right or wrong thing to say. so basically I have just entered this new sort of world. I am now what I would call a real person. that is, I am no longer totally dependent on a parental figure or figures as it were. this is like a whole new life for me. right now I suppose I am lonely, living by myself and so from this statement stems the thought that has haunted me for days: should I be living in a dorm instead of my own apartment and I could go on and on thinking this but I will always come to the same conclusion. And that is that either way there are advantages and disadvantages, and besides that there is no reason to play the what if game because I already live in an apartment and there is no way that I could even get into a dorm at this point. But I know that that is my nature. That is, to think about things that I can't change. I always wonder well, if I had done it that way then this would have happened or wouldnt have happened. I hate that I do that. there really is no point. I can't change the past so I don't really understand why I waste the present regretting past decisions or thinking about what could have been if only. of course, I have tons of regrets in my life. maybe I just I don't know. I honestly don't know why I can't just be happy with the decisions I make for myself. it all goes back to my stupid nature of always envying other people. I tend to look at what they have and think that I could be like that if only I. it could be any thing. I just hate always being envious of others and thinking that they are better than me because. the list could go on and on. Really I don't know why I am not satisfied with the way I am. I mean I know that I don't have self esteem problems but still I am always thinking that I need some sort of improvement. I really should be happy with myself. I have done a lot of good things for myself and I have a lot going for me unlike others for example tracy walker. but still I can take a person like that and still find things in her that I envy. I must say that is pretty pathetic of me. w wish I knw why I even cared about tracy or the whole lake dallas crew. I mean, I spent my whole life with these people playing the little game that everyone played the lake dallas way all up until my last year when I realized how unbelievably stupid it all was. its weird how my junior and senior year my outlook on life totally changed from the way that I saw things my freshman and sophomore year. now there is a time that I wish I could go back to. I hadnt made any stupid mistakes yet. I didnt have any enemies I had tons of friends I was secure with myself and for christ sake I wore a freaking size 6. lord, life was good back then and I really just wish that I could go back to it sometimes. I am beginning to wonder if life will ever be as great as it was then. I know that sounds pathetic but I still have to wonder. everyone days college is so great but I just hope that the social aspect will pick up soon. I feel as if I am behind or maybe I just don't know how to have fun like I used to. I think that I just need to find friends that I am truly comfortable with and a boyfriend wouldnt be bad either. ",n,y,n,y,y

1999\_532271.txt,"We got a new couch today in our dorm room, I think that I like it but it has a kind of weird smell to it. I put some febreeze on it , I mean what can you expect from a 10 dollar garage sell couch. I am becoming kind of concerned about the study habits that I am developing here in Austin. It seems that every day I do nothing and at night I realize that I have all this work to do and that I have not actually done any of it. I stay up late doing work and don't get enough sleep. So all day I feel tired. I wish that I had not ate so much tody. My stomach is seriously hurting me. I think that since I have come to Austin I am still eating a lot but I have stopped all physical activity. I really should go to the gym or go running or atleast get some of the guys around here to go play some basketball or something. I feel realy guilty right now, I was supposwd to go to churh tonite at 10, but I didn't get back from eating out with my friends until around 11. My mom called me after I had got in and I told her that I had gone at ten and that I was just getting back. I don't feel so bad about lying as I really do about not going. I consider myself to be afairly devote Catholic, this is the first time that I can remember not going to church on a sunday. I tried to remember, I was sure that I had missed atleast once before, but I thought about it for along time and this is the first time in forever that I have not been on a sunday. I'm thinking right now how easier it would be to write this if my roomate and his girlfriend were not here. I keep feeling like they are reading what I am writing, and I think that I am right, those bastards, just kiddin they are both reallygood friends. They just called me out on calling them bastards, they thought it was kind of funny. They just put on mtv, man I hate the Backstreet boys. And that would be 20 minutes. ",y,n,n,n,y

1999\_532982.txt,"My goodness, I have so much stuff to do. Where should I start? I have to call about volunteering and for sure email Anne to see if they have a Physical Therapy program at her hospital. How will I get this stuff done. I am torn as to whether or not to join a Fraternity. I think I will, I just hope I have time to get my studies done. As well as time to myself. I really need to get my bike back from Maggie's apartment. I'm sure it's getting to be a bit cumbersome there. Sometime tomorrow I have to find a way to get to the mall and buy some clothes. I need 2 ties, a new pair of khaki pants, some dress shoes and other miscellaneous things. I am so glad I changed my class schedule. It will be so much better this way. I am so stressed out about physics. I so hope I at least make a ""B"" in there. Pray, oh pray. I should make it to the BSM Thursday evening and check that out. I am sure there are some good looking ladies there. I can't believe the Horns lost. What the heck? To N. c. State. They better come back and win this week against Stanford. Actually we need Ricky back. Another thing is I need to wash my car. It's pitiful! Definitely get the golf clubs out of my car. Or at least relocate them to a more convienient place. I seriously hope things go well with the Fraternity. I mean that is a lot of $$$. Campus looks nice tonite. I love the tower. I think I like college football way better than pro. It has so much more of an aura to it. The pros don't have any spirit. The college game is where it's at. I wonder where my roomate is. That punk never tells me when he's leaving. I still have to do the pretest. I tried, but it gave me some gateway server error message. I need to make sure and read for History and Government. I hope this Thursday schedule is going to work. I am starting to get a hint of missing my friends, but nothing like I thought it was going to be. Actually pretty good. Oh man, I just got an Instant Message. Oh well, I really need to finish this assignment. I kind of like this. Let's me get my feelings out. I need to find a Church for sure. I haven't been reading my Bible like I should since I got to Austin. I really need to work on that. I wonder what the rest of the year is going to be like. This move from a JUCO college is a bit extreme. Nothing like high school to college, but I went from a college with 5,000, to a college of 50,000. I probably have met 200 people so far. I am so terrible with names. I really need to work on that. My suite mates are being loud. Makes me not want to study. Or at least go elsewhere. I should probably check out the UGL or PCL anyway. I bet I could do a better job there in the first place. So what am I going to do this weekend? It being Labor Day, I kind of have a choice. I might go to Houston to visit my Sister or might stay and go to the lake with Richie and Jason. I really miss my folks. Way more than I expected. I hope I get over it soon. I need to email some people and say hi before too much longer. I wonder what my new Physics prof is going to be like? Good or Bad? Nice or Unpleasant? What? I need to start praying more. Maybe that will help me with my confidence and focus. Whatever happens, I need to call Gina tonite and line everything up for tomorrow night. This class schedule is going to be so much easier! I love it! No Friday school! Three day weekends for a whole semester. I hope my TTH classes aren't too strenuous all together. This is my first time to really balance 3 classes like that. ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_533810.txt,"I notice that my mind always wonders off to the things in my life that I wish were better. I tend to think about the differences between what I should be doing in my life right now, and what I am doing. I also find that one person in particular continues to pop into my head, a girl no less, one that I knew about a year ago, only for a brief period of time, but I miss her every day. I also have thoughts of longing to be back home, with my mom and my dogs. I miss high school. I built up a large list of friends over a span of twelve years, and now all of a sudden I'm starting from scratch again. Like kindergarten in a way. I also feel the pressure of my mouting homework that continues to pile up, atop of which sits two gigantic architecture projects, both of which are do in a shorter amount of time then I am capable of finishing them in. Life is getting harder. Being a kid was so easy. I want to be a rock star. the path was set, my band was doing great, writing songs, about to cut our first albm, when college ripped us apart. Nothing makes sense anymore. Take me home. ",y,y,n,y,y

1999\_534553.txt,"right now I'm a little bit stressed anb about getting all my homework done that is do on friday due tommorrow and getting enough sleeop at the same time never enough time too much to due too little time I also need to clean up my room and do the dishes. I should also say that I only have one arm to type this because the other one is in a cast so I probably wont write as much as everyone else. although have a lot of homework to do tonite, I'm happy because I only have one class tomorrow and then the weekend is here and I don't have any classes to go to. I'm also happy that this is such an easy assignment and that we get credit for it. my roomate is bothering me quite a bit at the moment cause he wont shut up. I really don't like him very much, but at least he is just my roomate and I don't have to hang out with him. now I hope that he doesn't see what I wrote. I'm excited about this weekend cause it will be time to get away from school. I don't know or care what I'm doing though. maybe I shouldnt feel this way so early in the year, but I just don't feel like doing all of the work I have to do for school, I would rather just sit in the living room and watch tv and relax. I'm tired now and I feel like going to sleep, but the nthought of my math hw wont let me relax until it is all done. now I'm wondering if someone is actually going to read all of these writing assignments, I feel sorry for whoever has to do that, but I guess they are divided up between the ta's. my twenty mins is almost up so I'm thinking about what I'm goin g to write for the next ass. well twenty mins is up now, so goodbye. ",y,n,n,y,n

1999\_534958.txt,"I'm so confused and overwhelmed right now. Between school (hard classes, lots of homework and many hours), and sorority stuff (meetings or at least something every single night and weekend), and problems with my boyfrined (we're on the verge of breaking up), I don't have time to do anything fun or relaxing. It seems like I'm always going and I don't have time to stop and breathe, and evertyhing conflicts with everthing and I'm having to miss so many things for all my differnt things I'm involved in. Things wouldn't seem so miserable to me right now if it wernen't for my guy problems, too. I really wanted the whole long distance thing to work out and it seemed like it was, but we are both so busy that neither of us ever have time to go visit the other one and we both hate being so far away and never getting the chance to visit each other bc of our damn busy schedules. I am always so tired and stressed and never get a chance to sit and rest. I have to plan my whole day, down to when I have time ot eat and shower, every morning the second I wake up. Even though I'm complaining a lot, I LOVE sorority life, I LOVE UT, I LOVE all the frineds I have made, and all the things that are going on every night and every weekend, it is just so stressful bc I can't do everything at once. I'm not even real sure what I'm supposed to be writing about or anything, but all I can think abot right now is my guy problmes. Me and my boyfrined got in a huge fight tonight, so big that I threw my phone and broke it, which I usually never get mad or violent. But we both think that the other one is being so selfish to not be making time for the other one, but we are both in the same boat when it comes to our busy schedules. I don't know what to do, and this is all that is on my mind bc he means the world to me, and I don't know what I would do if we broke up, but I'm just so confused and don't know what to tell him or what I should do about this whole thing. I wish I could just take off from school and everthing and drive away and go see him for the weekend and work things out. I really don't know what else to say, I am rambling now evertying that pops into my mind. I really am having a great time down here asides from my crazy hellish schedule. I miss a lot of my frineds too. And it is so hard to get studying done here at the dorm with all my friends around all the time, with my radio and tv going, my phone ringing off the hook, my computer sitting right here tempting me to get on Instant Messenger and chat with all my friends. I'm just stressed, that's all there is to it, I hate feelign like this too, bc there is really nothing I can do about it, there is nothing I can get out of that I want to get out of. I am really hoping that things will just slow down and life will get to what I consider normal. That would be awesome. I don't know if that will happen and when it will if it does, but I'm really looking forward to that. ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_536383.txt,"It seems weird that Linda is in the same philosophy class as me since we both live in the same neighborhood back in Houston, even though we have never really met each tother before. She says she is planning to bvisit houston quite often, but I don;t think I will as often as her. Its not because I don't want to go home, but its partly that I feel independent here even though not monetarily. Also, I would like to get the chance to vistit austin and get to know m y surrounding before going back to the norm and comfortableness of my true home; austin is my new temporary home. Mike said he missed home the very first day; I don;t think I really miss home that much, maybe because of the contradictory or hyppocritical views I sometimes have of things in houston. I wonder if my schedule conflict involving ba101 will be settled with out further conflict; I can't afford to miss psychology atfor ba101 once a month, yet I cannot afford to lose sight of ba101. Hopefully, this Dan or brian character will be able to sufficinetly change my course schedule since tex won't allow me to do it any more. It seems that I got a lot to do today, yet at the moment it doens't seem as anything is concrete, expect some homework arbitrarily. Its only been 5 minutes and its seems as though I have been typing at leat twice that long. I wonder how my mind will wonder to the next stream of unconsciousness. Philosophy seems to be an interesting class even though the reading is quite strenuous. Socrates must have been the master at breaking people's arguments; he would have been a great attorney or lawyer. Which reminds me, what exactly is the difference between a lawyer and an attorney? Perhaps its in how they represent people or their specific type or level of education concerning the law. The damn ethernet guy better at least give me a ring and try to help me fix the connection that was working until last thursday or so, I have called and left a message three times already and no response. Does he live in Dobie or just has a similar prefix to his phone #. Once I get the ethernet working, I won't have to come here to this computer lab and worrying abut forgetting to tyupe in my IF account #. Almost all the peoplke I have talked ot about this labor day weekend have said they will be travelling back to home; most of my friends are those from my high school, we probably are at least 55 people representing cy falls. I would like to play a pick up game with Gabe and see how much he has improved since the days he was with theh cypress falls basketball program. I bet jimmy is trying to get accustomed to his new surroundings at that junior college, which I can't recall the name to. Mike's sister basically got the dusch from that jeff punk, I don';t think I would have confessed seeing another woman unless she was going to find out regardless; better from me than from a stranger. Unlike the infamous Zoi situation, Only five more minutes until I can check my mail; hopefully, somebody that is not attending UT will have written me to see how everything is going or the Panhellenic council will have finally decided to start their opening meeting. How many Greeks, true Greeks/ Hellenas , not fraternity or soririty people, are amognst me at UT. Maybe I will meet some good looking girls. I knew it was Candice as soon as I saw at the BIC meeting; haven't seen her since the days at TGHP. ITs weird that she knows Amber, the girl I kind of hooked up with at one fo the Turkeyballs in 95, so long ago. Its alomsst time and I just read the click once to submit button while awaiting the time to log off this thing. Only a few more minutes ; my wrist are beginning to sweat opn this uncomfortable keyboard. I keep wanting to type with my left ring finger because it feels liek it needs to be streched or so. Time. ",n,n,n,y,y

1999\_536608.txt,"Hello. My name is Neha Shah, and I'm a freshman this year. So far I love ut and I'm not at all scared of anything here yet. classes are great, and I actually enjoy most of my professors. they keep the class interesting. the only thing I really fear is that I will slack off. I am great at doing my work, and I know that I will get the job done, but when it comes to reading assigned chapters, I have a history of not doing it. that's my greatest fear. most people fear they won't find friends, or will get homesick, but amazingly enough, I'm not homesick at all. I'm actually doing very well here. I met many people at orientation this summer and it turns out that I've come close to two of the people that I met. one of which I am with usually everyday. and friends from home also keep me strong. high school was great and my senior year was so memorable to me. I finally gained the confidence in myself and I gained so much to my self esteem. On a normal, day to day basis, I try to keep an optimistic approach to everything as it comes to me in obstacles. this way of thinking has allowed me to get through hard times, whenever I'm feeling down. My friends and family have also contributed to that. they are so close to me. my younger brother is someone I love and despise at the same time. he's probably the only person on earth that knows how to make me so angry without saying more than a couple of words. he's a genius. he just doesn't seem to know it. he loves to be different, which isn't exactly the best way to do things. (especially when it comes to my parents). he's not bad at all, just likes to argue his point, even though he knows he's wrong. he's always there to help me out when I have a problem, and I know that. He's very strong too. he never shows what he's really feeling. for example, when I left to college, he acted as if it were no big deal. well, in the last week, I've recieved about 4 or more emails from him. he does care, just doens't know how to show it. my parents are also so great. I'm somewhat conservative and that is due to their parenting. the way they raised me is the best gift they could've given to me. they did an awesome job. I am so proud of being indian, and I'm also very proud to be part of the family that I'm in. I wouldn't change that at all. I grew up in a city that really isn't that small, but to me and my friends. I like growing up there, but I really wanted to get out of there to move on. in a way I'm still home because of the people that surround me and email also lets me talk to everyone I need to, but austin itself is a lively town and something I really wanted. I wanted to move to a big school, where you could meet a diverse crowd, and start over. I had a startover point my freshman year in high school, and now once again in college. I love it. I like to meet new people, because there's so much you can talk about. also, I love the effect of something unknown. in this case, austin is a new adventure to me. when I went to new york city a couple of years ago, all I wanted to do was walk around times square and the surrounding area just to experience the rush and energy. even though danger may come of it, I like to live life like that. doing things I by myself is also something that has been in me all my life. I've always been independent and I'm fairly sure that's becuase I take after my dad (who moved to the us and started a family here), and because I'm the older child. I like doing things on my own, so then I know if I make a mistake, I can fix it. I don't like depending on others all the time, but I love being with people. I know those are two contradicting statements but I do have those that I rely on, and I do consider connections when I need to. it's my word for people you know to get things you need done. overall, I love my life. I can't ask for a better one. the ups and downs just add to it, and I want to live it to the fulliest. coming here was a good decision on my part and I hope to succeed with great pride. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_536836.txt,"Today was a very long and exhausting day. I began by waking up at 8:15, after only 6 hours of sleep, to go to a 9:00 Art History discussion lab at the museum. It actually crossed my mind to skip class and then go back to sleep, that way I wouldn't be as tired as I am right now. But instead I decided to go ahead and go to class, otherwise I would just fall behind and not know what happend. Personaly, I am not one to really like getting behind, so I think that I made the right decision, granted I may be tired right now, I know my decision to go to class will pay off in the long run. As my day continued, I went to the actual class lecture for Art history. It was somewhat interesting, although I found it a little difficult to consentrate. I guess that may be because I did not catch up on my reading that I was supposed to have completed by today. Obviously I am paying for the ocnsequenses of not keeping up with the outside responsibilities. Futhur in the day, I went to the dentist to get a filling, which was not fun! The right side of my mouth was numb for about 4 hours. That may not sound like too long, but in reality, when your mouth is numb and you can't talk well, and you can't eat or drink anything because you will spill it, it is a long time. Then I proceeded to go to a meeting. I had previously told my room mate that she was able to use my computer while I was gone. This kind of bothered me just because I payed for this computer and I could have just relied on her supplying the computer and used hers. I just don't really think that that is fair. Then what really irritated me, which doesn't happen too ofter, is that when I came back from the meeting, the stuff that was in my chair that she sat in was thrown all on the floor. My brand new shirts that are not even two days old, my purse, and my shorts, were all on the ground. Now it is one hting to use something of someones and put everything back where you found it, but to be so inconsiderate as to not put things back in it's place is rude. I was quite mad, so instead of confronting her, I just left and went to get TCBY and to watch tv with my sister. I guess you could say that I did it to get out of confronting her and to also blow some steem off. Oh well, what's done is done, but next time I think that I just might have to say something to her(if I let her use my computer next time). Well, that was pretty much my day, and now I am just trying to get caught up with all of my responsibilities and homework, which is making me stressful. I know that I will be relieved when I finish it all, though. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_538156.txt,"Well I have to say I'm alittle nervous about this assignment. Writing for twenty minutes continously will be a challenge sine I don't think I can even sit in the say seat for twenty min. but anyways. Michelle I hope this is sufficient, and I'm sorry that you have to look over all of these. THat's quite a task. I'm in the computer lab and there is a guy using a typewriter . I think that's kind of odd. but whatever. THen there is a girl next to me who could probably type 1000 words a minute and I'm over here using my index fingers. Anyway I don't really know where to begin Maybe I'll talk about the use this exersze would be to a psychologist. I bet you can tell a lot form one of these. People are probably honest and least once they get going. And honesty is hard to find these days. We are all actors on the stage of life. "" I take this to mean, to our outside world we put on plays. We are afraid of truely being ourselves {whatever that means} and we end up conforming into a type of behavior that is acceptable to our society. I know If everyone followed this belief, then we would all be the same. But good thing about it, is we all have different wviews of what society is, And we have diiferent feelings toward that society. Such as rebellion, isolation, acceptance, contentiveness, that's not a word is it. but you know what I mean. I do know this isn't crazy the way things work, how well basically the same but we can be so different. It's very humbling to me. To be just another face in the crowd but there is so much there twhen you look at it. Sometimes I like to look at life{my reality} as a fractal. If you don't know a fractal is geometric chaos. It has an infinite amount of surface area, so If you look at one point, it turns into another point, and so on and so on. THat's what I think the human brain is like. You have human race as a species, then country, then state, then county, then town, then extended family, then nuclear family, then the mind itself, and in comparison to the rest of theat one hasn;t gone anywhere. THere is so much learn. ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_539521.txt,"I need to get to my dorm soon so I can get ready to work out that place was so crowded yesterday, there wasn't hardly any machines open, maybe today since it's a different time the machines will be open with more of a selection. I hope they are serving something good for dinner, I didn't like those spicy chicken nuggets for lunch, I'm starting to get hungry now, but I know you shouldn't eat before you work out. I wonder if anyone will actually read this, they must see some weird things when going through all of these. This seems like it will be a fun and interesting class, but my geology class is going to be difficult for me. I never have liked science classes. Chemistry was the worst class I took in high school. I'm glad I'm not in high school anymore, but I'm not exactly thrilled about being here either, I thought it would be tons of fun, but it hasn't been the greatest yet, I guess I neeed to give it more time to see if I'll find more friends, all the girls in my dorm seem to be really nice, maybe I can become good friends with them, but then I think about my friend back home and the close relationships I had, I think that I'll never friend any more friends that close, but I guess I needd to give it more time, I haven't even been here a week yet. I wonder if classes will get harder next week, I'm scared I'll have too much work to do. I hope all the work I have to do on the computer can get done, hopefully the labs won't get too full. I wonder why they haven't opened the lab in my dorm yet It seems like they would when school starts, but they are waiting until monday. They should know the professors assign work the first day, I wish the computer in my room would hook up to the internet but I know It's probably too old to connect with the ethrocard, and even if I got that I know it would be so slow, just like it was when it was connected at my house. At least it's there if I ever need to type an essay or any kind of paper. But, may be at christmas I can get a new computer. Christmas seems so far away, but I bet once school gets going the time will fly by. It'll be nice to have almost a whole month for Christmas break. Wow I've written a lot. I didn't think I would think of anything to write about. But I just let my thoughts flow and look how much I've jumped aroud I went to about 5 different subjects. And now my time is almost up. I'm kind of worried the assignment for some reason won't get to you, like it will get lost on the internet or something, I don't trust computers all that much I would feel better If I turned it in personally but hopefully it gets there. Yeah times up see you in class!!! ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_539537.txt,"The first thought that enters my mind is that I have no idea what I am going to say in this assignment. I have no thoughts or feelings except that I am trying to think about what to say. These types of assignments are difficult for me because I usually concentrate on a concrete task, not writing down random thoughts. Because I am a guy, sex just popped into my head. Because I am male, I hope I do not have to write down everytime this happens in the next nineteen minutes. For the next nineteen minutes, the only feelings I will have are those of confustion and befuddlement, for lack of anything to say. This being my first college writing assignment, I am a little nervous that I may be doing this wrong. I must change my previous statement that I am confused. It is more of a fear that I will do this assignment wrong and not receive credit for it. My next thought was to look at the clock and see how much time I had left. Only fourteen minutes left. Yahoo. I just wondered if there was going to be a volleyball game at the gym tomorrow. It is not that I like volleyball, but that it takes away the gym at Gregory for playing basketball, which is my favorite thing to do on weeknights. (eleven minutes left. I can't wait). I just glanced back at the prompt and realized that it is impossible to not think about grammar, spelling, and sentence structure. This is not a warning usually associated with a writing assignment, and therefore it will probably be focused on more because of it. I just saw an empty Dr. Pepper can in the garbage can and I thought I might like one, but then I realized that I wanted to finish this assignment before getting one. My next thought was that I wish I had a thesaurus right now because I have used the word ""assignment"" too many times. Excuse me, someone just knocked on the door. It was one of my roommate's friends who scares me because I believe he might go ""postal"" at anytime. I had a thought before this person came to the door, but I forgot it now. It's okay because I only have to write for seven more minutes. I am wondering what my ""Quote of the Day"" will be on my board outside my dorm. I want to use a quote from the movie ""What About Bob"" but I'm afraid it will be too long to fit on the board. Again, I am having the problem of not knowing what to say. It must stem from my lack of self-esteem. I just glanced at the clock and found that I only have to write for two more minutes. I just realized that I should not have written that down because I could have stopped then and you wouldn't have known but now you will expect at least a few more sentences. If this ""assignment"" was supposed to show me how my mind works, I am not pleased with the results. It shows me that my mind does not work that well at all. My only ""sensation"" in the last twenty minutes is that I have to go to the bathroom ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_539859.txt,"Right now I am kind of in pain. Someone feel backwards in their chair and fell on my leg and scraped it. It stings a little, but it will be okay. I've been trying to do the pre-testing, but it won't let me on. I'll try to do it later. I like the internet because it is great that I can look things up on it. It's cool that I can look at notes from my classes. It's a good thing, but yet I still hate it because I do not have a computer and my roomates is not working for some reason. It is really annoying because I have to leave my room to get on the internet. It is also a pain because I can never get on when I want to. Like the pre-testing that I just tried to do, why can I never get on? Oh well, I guess I will have to try later. My roomate and I are really getting along great. The only thing that is a problem is that she goes to bed at 9:00 at night. I can't go to sleep that early. Last night I had homework and she did not. I felt so bad because I had lights on and was making noises. I feel bad, but if I have homework I can't worry about her. so far, I really like UT. My mom wanted me to be an Aggie, but I decided I would much rather be a Longhorn. My mom thinks this school is to bg for me. She thinks I have the personality of an Aggie, because I am so shy. My mom even offered to pay for a sorrority so I would make friends. My mom can't even afford this school. I think I have made a lot of friends though. I am shy, but it's not like I am mute. I am afraid that my mom is going to be really lonely now that I am gone. She is the only one in the house and does not go out with her friends much. My sister lives close by, but is to busy. She is the total opposit of me, she is a social butterfly. She is 24, but acts 17. I heard that you can use your meal plan money at the Jester store, I wonder if it's true. If it is that would be really cool. I could really go for some pizza right now. I should go to the store and get some frozen pizzas. That would be good for Sunday night when the cafeteria is closed. I think the Kinsolving cafeteria is better than Jester's. They have a great selection and the pizza is really good there. There is one guy that works there that is really nice. He is allways smiling. I think it's cool that they have ice cream there. I love ice cream sandwiches. They are really good. It was hard to decide if I wanted to live in Jester or Kinsolving. The rooms are much nicer at Kinsoving than at Jester. I love the big window. Jester has a tiny window and the walls are pale. Jester on the other hand has a great location. It is close to everything and everyone lives there. You allways run into people you know and it's easy to get a bunch of friends together for lunch and dinner. I feel bad because I got my roomate sick, and 5 of my friends. oops! Well I have three minutes left. I wanted to go home this weekend, but I can't. I did'nt go last week because of the football game and my sister came to visit. I can't go home this weekend because my ride's car's air-conditioning broke. I know noone will take me home next weekend because of the football game. I wonder if I'll ever get to go back home! Both of my parents are coming for parent's weekend. I wonder if they get to sit with me at the football game. I wish I had a computer, it would be so much easier. Well my time is up and I really have to go to the bathroom, so I guess I will go now. Bye! ",n,y,y,n,n

1999\_542071.txt,"I don't know why I got to do this assignment. I am feeling kinda hungry now. I wish iwere in dallas now with my friends . I like the shoes that guy is wearing. I need to call up my friend today. mann this assignment is boring. hope the professor does'nt fail me for reading this. I wonder what's for lunch today. I wish time would pass by fast and friday would come soon. Some people in the library look really old. I wish I were tall like the guy walking there. I think my watch is faster than the watch here. I need fill out a petition form for credit like the person beside me after I get done with this assignment. is drinking really necessary to be cool. I have thirteen minutes remaining. I wish my girlfriend were here. I think I should find another girlfriend. umm maybe not I donno I'm confused. why is that guy there staring this way ? what am I supposed to do today ? math is done I guess I'll finish economics once I'm done with this pointless assignment. Nine minutes left and I hate typing cause I am not fast like other pepole but's it's okay I guess. how do pepole study soo much ? I should try out the bus service here sometime. i got 5 minutes left and my mind isnow thinking of what to think . is'nt that confusing. it is soo quiet in here. I am bored but I got to finish this assignment. that girl looks finee , ooh well I should not be distracted or cheat on my girlfriend. mann there are many indian students in this university, never seen soo many indian students ever. should I juss submit it although I have 2 mins left I guess I'll just sit till 2 mins pass by ooh well a in left and I got to finish the petition form . I feel so stupid writing my thoughts on a computer for someone to read this is crazy . I can't believe that I think all this stuff all the time but I bet it would feel stupid to read it. ooh yeah twenty mins are up I hope these thoughts are enough for a grade, hope I make a good score, I have to keep up a high gpa or else my parents will be disappointed ok thoughts bye for now ",y,y,n,y,n

1999\_543655.txt,"Right now, I'm thinking about my physics lab and the fact that I did really poorly on that lab. I need to maintain a good gpa in order for me to get into the business school, and I don't want my lab grade to impede my admission. But even if I do get into the business school, do I really want to do something in that field? I mean I didn't declare a major at first because I didn't want to commit myself too soon to a field of study. i've always been interested in music. i do want to major in that but my parents aren't that fond of the field. so Either I double major, which is impossible in the business school, or I don't do what I really want to do--that is major in music. No matter what I major in, I will have to maitain a very good gpa throughout college since I want to study abroad in england--the country where I've always wanted to live. mainly because of the fact that it is home to my favorite sport of all time--cricket. no one really knows about the sport here. i wish a lot more people did know about it so they could relate to the joy that I feel while watching the sport. i guess to enjoy a particular sport, or anything for that matter, u have to be born in that environment. back in pakistan, everyone loves the sport and it's like a religion. i sure do wish that Pakistan had won the world cup in june. all that hard work went out the window when they played so poorly in the final. anyway, I hope to become a cricketer myself in the future. but that's not a career that is looked upon as being a good one. and the cricket board in pakistan is really a mess. a lot of good players are neglected because they don't have connections with members of the board. i have a cold and I've been sneezing since all day yesterday. god it's so painful to sneeze 24 hours a day. i took a dayquill last night but even dayquills seem to make me drowsy. Now, on top of the sneezing, I have to deal with trying to stay awake in my classes. i'm waiting for my roommate to come so we can go eat. gosh I hate the food in jester. i mean it's the same old stuff everyday. at times like this, I really miss home and my mom's cooking. the weather over here today is pretty good. better than the previous month has been. i want to go play golf but I don't know where any of the golf courses are. i guess I'll ask my roommate's friend who plays golf. ",y,y,y,n,y

1999\_550043.txt,"I just got up and now I have to finish all these dumb writing assignments. I haven't taken a shower yet, and I'm not really in the mood to finish these things, but they're due tomorrow, so I have to finish these. I think I'm going to go workout later today. I want to be in shape for the crew team. I've noticed myself getting a lot better like being in better cardiovascular shape. that's cool. I haven't played soccer in a while, so it feels good doing something athletic again. hopefully, I'll get in some major shape in not too long. I still have so much homework to do. this really sucks. This weekend was pretty fun I guess. We went to this Iron Spikes party friday night. There were some pretty cute girls there. I almost went home with one girl but I don't think she is that cute. I did have some pretty thick beer goggles on so I don't really know if she was as good looking as I thought. OH well. That just shows my dedication to crew. IF I give up getting some, then being on the crew team must be very important to me. I felt like I was in too. This girl was just absolutely digging me. that's a shame. and then on saturday, I went to a lakehouse, that was a) neither a on a lake b) not even a house. it was a freakin stream-creek apartment. that sucked. These girls that were there were pretty annoying. ONe was really cute, but she was kinda snobbish. I dunno. I'd like to talk to her, but these girls were all too snobbish for me. I was hoping maybe there would be some down to earth girls but apparently not. I hope I meet a good girl pretty soon. I want a girlfriend, but I think I'm trying too hard. I should just chill and hopefully one will bite me in the butt soon. Oh My God! I still have a few minutes to go here, but this is taking forever. Let's see. i have economics, calculus, chemistry, and then of course this class. I kinda want to just stop and go workout and then go out tonight to makeup for that bunk night last night. It sucked. We were supposed to spend the night there last night, but we ended up going home, because quite frankly, it sucked. we didn't do anything, but drink and then just talk. These girls would talk about absolutely nothing. they had no brains. just a bunch of hot air. it was so very boring talking to them. hopefully next week though, it will get a LOT better. I mean it only goes up from here. that was absolutely horrible. I am not in the mood to do any homework at all. ",y,y,y,n,n

1999\_550241.txt,"Right now I'm sitting at my computer at home trying to decipher a way to buy a new truck. How can I find the right truck that's cool for me, is affordable, and will last without much repair. Well I guess the first thing to do would be to go around to dealerships and research prices and selection on the market. That sounds like a wonderful idea and tomorrow would be a perfect day to go out and do that with my dad, but there is one problem. Which is I am pledging a fraternity right now and should be up at the house tomorrow to be with my pledge brothers. This gets me right back into deciding what my priorties are. So far since school started I have dealt more with priorties in two weeks than ever in my life. I have had to be more definitive with decisions and stand behind them because they are so important now. I want to do so much stuff like join a frat, hang out with friends from high school, buy a truck, get good grades, meet people, and keep up with my girlfriend in New York. Now that's been the most pressing issue on my mind at all times. I got a girl that I'm in love with at school across the country and talk to her every day. Is it possible that I can expect our relationship to work out? I know I want it to, I know I want to see her and have things the way they were, but is that something I can manage. Are we going to end up on bad terms because one of us is going to meet somebody and the other will feel left out, or can we trust each other and resist tempations and stay together. It just drives me crazy to think about what she is doing all the time. Then I start wondering about my best friend who went to Arizona and if he is meeting new people and finding different friends. I miss having the comfort of my girlfriend and best friend around because I feel I don't act like my true self around new people. I am not trying to be fake with anyone, but I can't be comfortable and completely open around new people and I don't like that. I just hope to keep in contact with all the people that mean a lot to me, and never sell them out to new friends because I would be preety upset if that ever happened to me. Even though I got lots of new friends in my fraternity, they can never eplace the ones that I spent my time with in high school and they will never share those same experiences. ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_550266.txt,I really miss my family. School here is fast paced and big. Ice cream was good tonight. Wish I could see G. J. I love him he's so cool and fun to be with. I wish Justin would call me why hasn't he called yet? I wish that I\I had my old bed here with me now I want to have fun I think that I am really tired right now. I need sleep I should be sleeping not typing it's hard to clear your mind because there are so many things to think about how's Sarah doing? I miss her she's so cute I wish I could pick her up and hug her right now. I wish that I weren't in schhol again already. I love the eagles. I'm just running down the road trying to loosen my load got seven women on my mind. what I don't have any women on my mind I guess my mom well I like my screen saver a lot. The elephant sounds and the frog is really cute. I need to eat more regularly. ever since I got here I haven't been eating enough. Am I homesick? Is it too hard to keep in contact with people here? yes it is. Too many people. I wanted a big school but I don't think I knew what I was getting into. I just want to be successful I wan't to meet people and to make lasting and important relationships I want to get married I wish I could sleep and think and not have to stay up doing random assignments that will hav no effect on my life whatsoever. I know that college is worth the trouble but sometimes I wish I didn't have to be here-I didn't have to grow up. I know that everything will work out why has G. J. been treating me like he has I am just an old flame am I boring to him now? why did last night he say that he was tired and wanted to sleep but then when his friend called he was ready to do something why does he always have to be so selfish I always do things for othewr people and I w\usually think about him and what he would want constantly am I getting taken advantage of I am sore I have been working out a lot lately. I need to go run and clear my thoughts I wish my bed were here. I hate the new bed. I can't ever sleep. My first monday is tomorrow and I'm not excited about it. whhy/ coffee would be good now I'm a caffeine addict. I love it just like I love gj just like I wish he were here right now. what am I going to do for the rest of the night/ why hasn't jenny called me where are all of my friends? I miss juli. she's a really good friend. Anthony is too why didn't I go canoeing with him yestereday? should have why do I never want to talk to him anymore do I think that he wants me more than I would like. I still have 7 minutes left. just looked at the clck I hope that's allowed. maybe not but probably is okay because I really was wondering how much time I have left Danny said that he already did his assignment he's a nerd though no wonder he can't get girls to fulfill his needs anthony just called he said he only made 50 bucks but he just rode around on a kayk all day. church was cool anthony should have come witrh me. Anthony should come and eat lunch me tomorrow he says he wants too. fun fun. I wonder if I'm going to run out of meals my roommate is on the desk right now she's pretty wierd I've known her since fourth grade and she still seems wierd to me oh well maybe she always will. I wish justrin would call. why wont he? probably has a girlfriend. Like I have a boyfriend that's been treating me like shit that's always nice- love that hate guys sometimes well I have about two or three minutes left. Gosh roommmate is inging now what the hell is felicia singing/ She can't sing. I can sing better than she can. I hope you appreciate reading this if you ever do because it is emotionally straining at this time of night for me to write all of this. Hmm. my 20 minutes is over How time flies when life's a bitch ,y,y,n,y,n

1999\_550578.txt,"12:58 whoa. Audrey's mom died? Is that what she just told me? WHAT? Oh my gosh? How? when? WHY? Audrey. She's so cute, she's so sweet. she's so smart. number one in her class and this happends to HER. why? I really don't get it now I feel like I am never going to fight with my parents again. never. did she now that this morning was the last time she'd ever see her mom again? what if her mom knew that today would be the day she died. how did she die? in her office!? they found her in her office at SMU? I cannot believe this. There is no way I could ever handle this. But I would have to, wouldn't I? Audrey is, and this is giong to change everything that will ever happen to her. It's just her and her dad now. How would it feel to get a phone call telling me that my mom was found dead? what is it like to die? what was she thiking, did she feel and how she'd never see them again? did she even know she was dieing? what happens now? Audrey. I'm so sorry. I really am. I'm sorry that it takes this tragedy to make me realize that I'm not ready for anything. I'm ready for college, I'm not ready for independence, I'm not ready for the ""real world"", and I don't think I'll ever be ready for death. how does it feel to be ready for death? I read somewhere that maturity means the ability to accept the concept of death. no. I don't think so, because that scares me more that I ever knew until now. now audrey has to say that her mom died when she was 17. NO! I feel so horible, I wish I could make her feel better. and those three teenagers that died while mobing down here to UT. How does their family feel? Thyey wree probably upset enough that they were saying bye to their children, not knowing that'd be the last time Ever. I'm so scared. I want to go home and build a big box and live there forever with my mom, and dad, and brother. when am I going to die? I don't want to think about it. I'd rather die than anyone in my family. but if I'm not scared of it, then why should they be. wait, but I am scared. but I fear it more for others than I do myself. if everyone thinks that way, then maaybe it is okay. I don't think that death will ever be okay, but I'll hope and I'll pray that maybe someday I'll be able to understand I. I'll have to wake up tomorrow and realize that there is nothing that cannot happen. ",y,y,n,n,y

1999\_550680.txt,"what to write in the paper. hmm pizza is good to eat I'm hungry. my head itches I wonder where everyone is going to eat. I'm hungry whats that base noise in the background I'm tired and hungry my computer is loud. someone has a good sound system am I going to eat at dobie? where do I want to eat!!!drivers appreciate tips this pizza place is pretty cheap whos on icq? gosh I'm hund\gry my stomach hurts. man I don't want to do this assignment. its kinda cold in here. ym ankle itches, stupid ankle bite my head itches too I'm tired I wonder is my I'M football team going to be good. hmm I wonder whos going to be in my biblestudy I have so much homework who just came on aol messemnger? ah niraj did who else do I know who I can call to go eat with. man magic the gathering the game sucks. I'm deleting it from my computer. who just left aol msg hmm michael just came on then left. hmm. my hair is kinda messed up its dark in here. hmm I wonder whos going ot prom with who this year hehe timmy hsu didnt go with anyone! why didnt he go. couldnt find anyone to go with? gosh I want to eat I'm thirsty I'm going to the fridge to get a capri sun nice an dcold man our room is messyhow much longer do I need to go ugg 7 more minutes man I havent seen stephanie in like forever. shes so shortmaui punch my port number is JEWE291 my ear itches I need to clip my nails ah jlee just came online!capri sun is good nice and cold stupid keyboard mani hate hw I'm still cold its 6:12 man ali landry is hot. I love doritos I'm hungy yeah only one more minute what ddi jakes computer just do? I need a new video card ",y,y,n,n,n

1999\_551166.txt,"I'm really worried about shannon I wonder if shes going to be ok it scares me a lot. I'm never known anyone my age to have something serious like that. I wonder if it was cause by anything like a cell phone or living by a tower or whatever. it makes me wonder if that could happen to me. I'm not sure why people smoke. its such a disgusting habit, but people seem to do it because it looks cool and because other people are doing it. I could understand why people smoked in high school it made you bad or something but not it just hurts your health and makes you ugly. I need to go brush my teeth. I wonder what reid is doing. he is so hot, I really would like to get with him, and I'm starting to lose intrest in chris. I feel trapped by him. I love being able to call on him whenever I want to do something. he's sort of my conveinent boyfriend. I guess that's not fair to him, but I'd almost rather it just be this way. I have a voice mail. who could that be from. I wonder when they will fix my phone. I love talking on the phone. I miss my mom. I don't miss my dad. I wonder how to tell him not to come home for parents weekend. I hate him. he'll maake me fell miserable either way. they are coming to fix my phone. thank god. I wonder if my date tonight will be cute. I like that outfit I wore last night. I really love suzanne and kristin and kleigh. suzanne is so awesome, but I wish we were all in the same sorority. actually no I don't. this way we have 3 close friends from different sororities and I have becoem good friends with megan joanie and tara. tara's awesome. I love all my sisters. I wonder what will happen when christy comes in town. I hope her and brian break up so I can set him up with someone. he's a good guy she doesn't deserve him. I think they're relationship is completely sexual. I wonder if I'll ever get married. I wonder if my dad will ruin that day for me too. I wonder if my mom will get married. I am embarassed of my parents sometmes. that makes me feel like such a bad person, but I can't help it. I love my mom. I wonder if anything bad will happen to brian because of those shirts he stole. I think that is so wrong. mike plays guitar. I wish I palyed guitar. acoustic not electric. I'd like to be able to play brown eyed girl. I wonder if I could be on staff for asp. I wonder if I could be a camp texas counselor. that counsleor that made me ""hiney write"" was awesome. he was a cool guy. doug is awful. I hope I never get played. I wonder if I'm playing chris. I would feel better if he would date someone else. god I wonder where reid is right now. he has no friday classes. my suitemates phone is ringing. are they up. do tehy have class. will she ever stop drinking? I hope she learns to slow down. she's an alcoholic. that guy was not even cute. I should talk to her. kathryn is cool. I want kathryn to amke a painting for me. I like fruit loops. yum. are we out of milK? damn I have to buy cheese. I want a quesdilla. why did that boy stop by at2? what an idiot. I'm probably more likely to help him. I like the body builder next door. he likes me too. I wonder if angie chappel and kyle talked about me. she seemed to be very curious about chris being my boyfriend or not. I feel like a bitch when I think this, but I wish kyle would shave his go-t. who arranged the keyboard? why are they in this order. I think its easier to have it this way then in alphabetical order. you use the letters asdf allot. and jkl. and ert. I wonder if sesame street is on. I liked bert and ernie. there was an episode of my so called life where rayanne sang how to get to sesame street. it was awesome. I hate that girl from the tri-delt house. I don't' know why they don't like me. I wonder what to wear tonight. damn it I need to study. has it been 20 minuts. how come I don't have any hot professors? I like ut. I don't want to drink anymore. am I going to get fat? kleigh is cute. I wish I had her figure. some people are lucky. I love my bed. its so soft. its lunchtime I'm not hungry. I wish I were skinny like andrea. I wonder if wolfe likes me. I think I scared him last night with my story about the elevator. why do the elevatros ehre take so long. I can't believe what happened to me and chris in the elevator. that was so emabarssing, and yet I can smile/laugh at it. chris is cool. i have a lecutre to go to today. I have to read. I have to work out. I have to call whats his anem and tell him I can't go. I don't think kleigh will go. what to do. ",y,y,y,y,y

1999\_551864.txt,"There is a girl named amy who annoys me very much. We used to be very good friends until I found her true personality. Amy;s personality is hard to relate to which makes her hard to get along with. She only does things that help her or make her look better. For example, she will only become friends with people who benifit her or make her look cool. Amy requires shopping. She shops at least once a week. Her shopping habbits drive me insane. Amy cares so much about how she appears to other that it hides her true personality. She acts like the person she wants to be but will never become. Amy is a smart girl but that is not obvious in a conversation. She acts oblivious to the current events and common knowledge. Being at college and having a girlfriend at home is a hard task to handle. Eventhough it is tough to do, it sounds a lot worse than it actually is. While I do not see my girlfriend half as much as I am used to, I can still call her everyday. While phone conversations are not physicall confromtations, they do help in easing the pain of not having her around all the time. By being apart for extended periods of time, when I do end up going home to visit, the benefits are rewarding. The time spent together then is more special than any other time I have spent with her before. Because we both know our time is limited, we seem closer during my home visits. It is some of the only times when we think on the same level. Both of our plans include us spending time together. Eventhough I would much rather be at home with her, I am glad we made the choice to stay together while I am at college. Next year I can only hope that she decides to attend UT. It would ease a difficult stage in our relationship. ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_553171.txt,"I am just sitting here watching ESPN with my roommate. They're talking about Ricki Williams' ankle injury the other day. Go Ricki! I really don't have many emotions right now, I'm pretty tired. I've been at a horse show all weekend. My girlfriend competes in them, and I go for moral support and to help out. Shes coming over later today to go to lunch with me. Now theyre showing some really amazing plays on sports center. woah! I'm really enjoying psychology, a lot more than I thought I would. Its really fascinating, especially with my professor. My major right now is architectural engineering, but I'm thinking of changing later to maybe mechanical or architecture, I don't know. this stream of conciousness thing is pretty hard. will I get information later and be able to analyze myself or is someone going to read this and say ""man what a dumbass"" or what? I'm kind of curious about that survey, too. I understand the fear questions, but what the hell was that one page about sex all about? Kinda personal, don't you think? Oh well, I answered truthfully. Why does this thing have to last for 20 minutes? this is hard. I enjoyed the lecture about the lie detecting. I didnt guess the right number, but I could tell when he lied. oh well, I'm done ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_553173.txt,"I am so happy to be home right now. College life is fun and all, but I miss the comforts of home. At the dorm, there is always something ""extremely important"" to do at every moment. Someone is always dropping by and visiting or calling on the phone. I have sorority events to go to or a date, or something. I am getting so overwhelmed by it all. I suddenly have so many responsibilities. Like making sure I wake up for class on time, washing my dishes, making sure I eat enough meals, try to fit in studying every once in a while, follow all of my sorority rules at all times. And my current boy situation is so overwhelming. Suddenly, no that I am single, there seem to be an overabundance of guys. They are everywhere and are always giving out their phone numbers. It is so weird to not have a boyfriend since Brandon and I were together for 14 months. To make that situation worse, he is still so present in my life. Our break up was just one of the many major changes in my life with the beginning f college. I know that lots of girls feel the need to ""find themselves"" once in college, and it seemed so bizarre to me before I actually was in their shoes. I mean, don't you know who you are? I thought that I did, but now that everything is so different, I feel very lost and confused about who I am and what types of values/morals I have. Up to this point, every decision I made was affected to some degree by my parents. For example, my 1 a. m. curfew had an extreme affect onm where I went at night, how much sleep I got each night. Also, there were rules on who I went out with, because my parents had to meet them beforehand. Now, I can come and go as I please with no questions asked. I'm not so sure that is a good thing. I mean, just because I am 18, that does not mean I suddenly competent to run my entire life. I miss being able to come home everyday and tell my mom all of my daily triumphs and failures. Although, I think that mom and I talk more now than when I lived at home (not that home is far away, only twenty minutes. We talk almost five times a day. But it is different than having here tuck me in each night and hug me when I am down. What is also so diffucult now is that when I need someone to talk to, all of closest friends are thousands of miles away at their own universities. So, I am left with trying to reveal my emotions to practical strangers that I have formed some sort of bond with. Friendships are difficult and delicat things. I know that everyone is looking for a friend right now, especcially me, and yet true friendships don't just form overnight. They take months to form a feeling of trust and compassion between two people. You cannot just jump in and say ""Oh we are best friends now. "" That is why soroity life is so strange now. I have been thrown into this new ""family"" in which we are all supposed to be friends, and yet I don't even know most of their names. I guess that over time, we will get close, but right now, it is akward. However, I am thankful to have somewhere to go when I get lonely. Which is quiet often now that all of friends are gone. ",y,y,n,y,y

1999\_553838.txt,"Right now I am feeling much rage and it stems from the outcome of this weekend. I had traveled for three hours to visit my family and friends hoping that I would be welcomed with opened arms. Half of my theory was right. My family welcomed me with much warmth but my friends pretty much took a dump on my face. Well not all of them. A few in particular. My whole weekend was, in my mind a total waste of time. My so called best friends would rather spend time with their ridiculously uptight and stuck up girlfriends than to hang out with a best friend. I had known them my entire life and these girls just walked into the picture less than a couple of months ago. Nothing but anger subdued my mind for the following three days. I refused to let myself be depressed so I figured I would go shoot some pool. But to my dismay, one of my friends showed up, this one was one of my female counterparts, and she pranced in with a guy standing next to her. So what. That part didn't piss me off as much as the fact that they were at a party and didn't bother to pick up the phone. Not even to say hi. She did not even return my calls or answer my pages. To make it even worse, she pretended she did nothing wrong and pursued to make friendly conversation. To hell with that. I walked out of there without even saying good bye or giving a reason why. My mind was filled with so much raw emotion, the negative kind that can tear a hole through your soul. That's when I realized that Houston was no longer my home. I no longer had any true friends in the city that I grew up in for 18 years. Like I said, my friends had pretty much crapped in my mouth. I'm not sure if they were aware or not but that is completly beside the point. I am home now. The city of Austin where I would rather meet and make new friends than to salvage the friendships that I already had. I believe it is a wise choice otherwise I will just continue to be put in such an unstable emotional state. Not once this whole weekend I had a good thought in my mind. I was fine until my so called friends sold me out to be with a girl all night so that they could get freaky with each other. I've got no problem with my friends being horny and wanting to get it on with their girlfriends but at least hang out with me for one damn night out of three. Now I can relax and look forward to this weekend where I will undoubtedly have a good time while my friends stay at home with their thumbs up each other's asses. Screw all of them. I don't need them anymore than I need the toilet paper I wipe my ass with. Austin is a hell of a lot more exciting than houston and my asshole friends can stay there because they were too damn stupid to get into UT in the first place. I hope they are having fun at community college, or high school for those that were too dumb to even graduate high school. Good luck flipping those burgers at McDonald's the rest of your lives. ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_554638.txt,the tv in here is always too loud. I know I shouldnt watch it while I study but its kind of hard with people in and out all the time anyway. and the fan is always too cold. but thats ok because I just ran all the way over here since I thought that I had missed the deadline for this. that really scared me. I have been slacking off way more than I should. I hate the way on awards shows try to kick people off stage subtley with light music or commercials. its just kind of rude. I don't know why they make such a big deal about the emmys anyway. tv is not good. rots the brain. I think computers do it much more. I always have headaches after staring at a screen for a while. my head hurts already. I am so glad this is going to be in on time. and I'm missing a bit of study hall anyway and that is good. I love kevin costner. too bad hes getting a little old. and he did that movie post man. this week is going to be harder than the first two. I think. I need to go to those si sessions. my shoulders itch and I really need to figure out what I'm going to do this weekend. I need to just make a decision and stick to it for once. I really need a haircut this week. I am a little on the shaggy side. there are certain things that I do miss about home now that I'm actually gone. I'm not the type to get homesick but I at least knew my way around for simple things like haircuts. and I had options. here I am pretty much stuck with whatever is closest. this assignment is going on forever. I think I was a little worried that it was late. so I got a little excited when it came to typing. thank god lindsey was wrong. I love the show friends. but I quit falling for all those reatarded teen shows. can't stand them. hopefully I can fill up the space before I run out of time. or things to say. atleast my computer is finally working. I fell dumb that I couldnt set it up myself. I'm better off than my roommate though. she had never sent an email before saturday. pretty lame if you ask me. crap I forgot to call that guy about the football tickets. I would be so excited if I got to go to dallas on friday. I miss those people. not the alchoholism though. this better not delete or crash right now. would be too typical . not really. this is like writing a big letter or email. but this is a lot more boring because instead of actually talking to a person who has any idea of who I am or what I'm like I'm just talking to myself. I'm actually talking to a computer screen which is even sadder. but no one is going to be reading this so I guess it doesn't matter. as long as I turn this in. I'm so bored right now and all I can think about is that I have to do another one. not good. blah blah blah. I think I'm done. ,y,n,y,y,y

1999\_554750.txt,"Well. hmmm I'm not sure whtat to wirte here to monitor the mind I suppose ihahve always been fascinated that the mind is the only organ that wants to study its'elf. i am a horrible typer . i'd like to think I'm fast but as what cost of accuracty. uhhhh. this is strange I'm trying to monitor my stream of consciousness but I am so aware of it as I perform this assignment that it does not seam to want to flow. i don't want to write down anything too embarrasing but why should that matter? I'm in college not high school anymore. Social status amongst my peers really doesn't have any more bearing here. It doesn't matter what people think of me now. I don't have to worry about my appearanc all the time. though I still do. I suppose that's how shallow I am. I have to always know that I am looking good so that way I can feel good about myself. that helps me exude confidence. and that's attractive to women. But I'm not here to get a mate I'm here to get an education a degree so that way I can be financially secure for the rest of my life but is that what the ultimate goal in life is. I think about this. is the ultimate goal in life to make money, settle down, and start a family. to break this down means to say that we are to reproduce. buy why? What is this necessary drive in humans and all creatures to propegate and keep the species going. basic nature to survive sure but then again why?? It seems like there should be other goals and other things to achieve in life. not necessarily to have children. will having children when I am older make me happy. i suppose so. I mean am I exactly like my father as he is exactly like his father before him. after all I'm already on the right track they both went to UT. but as much as I have fought with my dad in the past I think that I have done most everything in my life to please him and make him proud of me. I'm pretty sure that I have done that as he tells me that he is proud of me. i sure saw it in his face the day that I got my acceptance letter. i've never really seen my father cry before. but I think he almost did when I yelled out that I'm going to be a Longhorn!! That's something that I will never forget. the look on his face and the look on mom's. It makes me feel good to know that they are proud of me. but I have often wondered whether or not the things that I have accomplished in my life I did for myself or I did for them. i mean I have never regreted getting good grades or being in band and learning to play the trumpet. but did I do it all for myself or did I do it partly because I wanted mom and dad to be proud of me and to not have to be worried about me. hoping I won't turn out like Adam. It's not that my brother is a bad person. it's his mind right. Manic-depressive with bi-polar and narcisstic tendencies. and his refusal to take his medication. why?? I never understood what was so hard about taking his meds. he'd be fine but instead he chose drugs and alcohol. it's so weird I felt so bad like it was something that I could have fixed. something that was a problem that I had the answer to but it just wouldn't come out of my brain. consciously I know that's not true. but deep down I still wish that there was something that I could have done. to keep him from hurting mom and dad and the rest of the family like he did. i never saw someone breakdown as much as my mother did. but Adam is better now I don't know if he's taking his med. but he. time's up ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_555751.txt,"The thoughts that are running through my mind at the moment deal with my studies. I am trying to do as much studying this week before the weekend when all my friends from Houston are comming in. I'm having trouble accomplishing this because I haven't managed my time to have enough time to study. I'll go to the library for about 2 hours and feel like I haven't learned anything. Aside from school, everything is going well. I have a boyfriend back in Houston and we are working the ""long distance relationship"" good. He is visiting me this weekend and so far we have seen one another every weekend. I have been with him for almost two years and ever since I have come to college, I am worried it will not work out. He is 21 years old and doesn't have a successful future as of right now. He is attending a junior college, but he isn't doing much there and he doesn't set goals for himself. I am starting to realize the importance of school and my future. I don't want to waste years of my life with someone that can't provide a future for me. I went potluck this year at my dorm. We get along great. The only flaws I can see as of right now is that she is on the phone all the time and that she sleeps really early. It bothers me that everytime someone calls for mr she tells them shes on the other line and to call back. I cannot do anything past 10:30 in the room for I feel I am interupting her sleep. This is difficult for me because I'm so used to sleeping late and doing little things like playing on the computer or watching television before going to bed. Today I only had one class which was economics. I don't think I did very well on our quiz today and I think it will be my hardest class this semester. I am currently in the college of liberal arts as undeclared and I am scared of not being able to get into the business school. I am positive that I want an office job. I am lookin into commuinications as a back up of business. It bothers me how people got into business school just because they were in the top 10% of their senior class, because I went to a ver competitive school with many smart students as where many of the students went to small schools or schools that I know I couldv'e been top ten in. I was happy to be in the top 15% in my school which took a lot of hard work. Throughout high school I took an English class at a junior college and I just found out that the official transcript I had sent had no grade on it to tranfer for credit here at ut, so I had to call the college to send another one to UT. my dorm room just got painted and it still smells in here. The people in my wing are friendly. Last night I went to an FSA meeting. Here I met people the same race as I(Filipino). This was interesting to see how many Filipinos are on campus and a good way to meet people since I haven't really been associationg with people I've never met yet. I'm looking forward to play co-ed sports with this association and meeting other FSA members from Dallas,U of H, and Baylor. My older sister was part of this organization and she got a lot out of it. My sister has been an importmant part of my life. She is a motherly figure, but younger. She has been a great role model and is there for me whenever I need her. For the rest of the day I plan on going to the library and studying and going out later on tonight. I'm looking forward to this weekend. I also have to vacuum our room and do laundry. I went to church here in Austin for the first time recently and it was very ackward. I have gone to church every sunday in the past with my family and it was weird being there by myself. I started to tear because all these memories of my family and the church arised in my mind. I've realized that recently I have been crying a lot. It's usually emotions built up in my mind of my boyfriend. He has been really nice and caring lately then he was when I was at home. I swam while I was in high school and was going to the gym at least 3 times a week. As I have been in college I have taken fewer trips to the gym. I have been lazy or too busy worrying about school. I have been gettin 5-6 hours of sleep lately. It's not that I stay up late, but its the fact that I am tired and can't fall asleep. I think it is probably caused by stress. I want to go home soon because I need to buy many things for my dorm. It's hard not having a car and being able to go wherever you want when you please. I am eating ramen noodles for the first time as a college student. I ate them at home about twice a week so I'm used to it. The food here at the dorm gets old. I get sick of the same things and same tastes everyday. I think I may be gaining weight. I really need to go running. Our televison is finally working and I can watch my soap opera. I really miss my family, dog, and friends back home. In a way I wish I had stayed back. ",y,y,n,n,n

1999\_555952.txt,"Far too many thoughts are running through my head right now. Too many things changing all around me. My main concerm=n is Matt. I know it is crazy for me to think that the two of us can stay together through the year but I want to so badly. he is my best friend and there is no way I can just let myself lose him. I am just so worried about everything. we are fighting an awful lot lately vecause we need to learn to get adjusted to all the new things around us. why in the world is he at Rolla. He just settled there which makes me so diappointed because I want him to be happy. Not just settling someweher cause he feels like he has no other choices. And then he goes on about there not being anyone there who doesn't drink and so in order to not be alone he hads to go out with these guys why can't he just gove it some time. He'll meet good people eventually. he just doesn't want to be alone like he was for most of high school. I can kind of understand because he spent so much time out of hat he considered the loop. I can't really say much because all my other friends are at UT. Heck I'm even living with one of my best friends. I knew that would be a mistake but I just didn't have t eheart to turn her down so I siad we could be suitemates, not roommates. still a mistake. She is always in my business, never a moments peace. It doesn't help that she keeps aksing about matt. The sick part is that she has always liked hikm. he used to like her which makes it even worse. And she keeps trying to stay in contact with him which pisses me off. I know I can't tell him he can't talk with her but it seriuosly upsets me. especially cause she keeps busting in here asking me all kinds of questions about us. She doesn't know how much of a private person I am about certain things. If I want to talk I will share anythign under the sun. but I hate beign pressured to talk and I hate not having my space. She doesn't understand. I am a hard person to live with because I am so picky about everything. I like things my way. so livign with others is often hard. My roommmate and I get along great cause we give each other space while always being there for each other when we need it. It neat cause we hadn't met unitl last week and yet we already work on much the same level. So the whole lindsay thing just adds to the mess with Matt. I am very insecure about him going away. really scared about the whole situation so it doesn;t help when I feel my best friend is after my man. I know he has nothing to do with it but why couldn't he just ignore her for me, for us. I know it is not good for us to fight like this and I don't want to but sometimes I just start expected too much. Ridiculous things that no one can be expected to live up to. but that's the way I am, I figure if I can do it others should be able to too. On that I amn very wrong but it still bothers me. I want my baby to be happy and I don't want us to trap each other in a relationship that isn't healthy but I'm not ready to let go. I still think that if we just get settled it will all work itself out. I just can't have Lindsay behind me all the time interupting our conversations. I just feel that he always has to go before we can really finish somehting. And then there are my parenst who are so weird. now that I am gone they try and contact me more. They I'm and email but never call. then they blame nme, why haven't you called. well first of all yall are tryign to see me more than you did while I was home, secondly, wy don't you call. That drives me crazy. I really don't miss anyone except matt. That isn't really suprising to me though because I have never been one to miss my family . And most of my really close friends are here. Which is interesting in itself. UT is the last place I ever thought I would end up. I always wanted to go to Rice and then on the last day I suddenly changed my mind. Not sure all the reasons why. sometimes I say it is because UT had the program I wanted, at Rice I really didn't have a major. But other times I think I was just too chicken. Too chicken to pick the harder school. I knew I could handle it but I didn't know if I wanted too. Then there were my parenst who for some reason pushed UT. Not gform the beginning, but somewhere along the line, I think when my dad saw the scholarship. Then he went form die hard Rice to, ""I think you'd be better off at UT. "" I didn't want to do the same things my friends were doing. I wanted something new. And heere I am with one of my friends in the same room. now that is a stretch. My best friend other than matt is Andrea and who knew but she pulle done of the same things and ended up at UT too. So really there is no one to miss except my baby and iZ am takign that really hard. It's hard to believe I acn't see him until Christmas. And talkign over the internet just isn't the same. I just want everything to settle down and my emotions to caslm down so that I am not so fickle with everything and don't act irrationally. I never mean to hurt him but judt today Irealized that I have been. Now as I talk it sounds like we shouldn't stay together but we have sommmuch fun tigether and I think that this is justa phase. we are both stressed. I hope my roommates don't get all weird on me and start thinkign I'm getting depressed. I really just need some space and a little time to adjust. ",y,y,n,y,y

1999\_556061.txt,"WEll here I am writing for the psyc class assign. I really want to go work out but I know the gym is full. I type way to slowly. what to write next:? Don't edit emily just type. wonder when I should call anne. it is sort of cold in here my fingers are cold too/ twenty minutes is going to last forever/ tinight I can't decide whetere or not go in or go to a party. I am super tired, yet I still want to have fun. I hope I get into the spanish class I have been reaarrranging my whole entire livfe around. how much moeny could I spend if I went to the mall tonight? I need an answering machine badly and some clothes would be SO helpful. but who has money to spend now? when should I make my last bank transaction since I only get three times a month. I already spent over a thousand doolars this week alone,,, I am not going to survive at this reate. io wonider how matthew and benji are doing. I miss them a lot. that what was I just thinking avout? font bvack treack. just type emily////I need to takre anap. this is really hard to do with our going back and checking my grammmar, I wonder if I will bmeet any cute guts this weeeken? I really want to meey some fun people/ I wonder if kreistie really likes me or I f she is just being niece. i have the feeling that she is hust being nice or fake or something. i wsh the people next to me would shut up because I can't concentrate how many more mi cutes of this??? I can't take it any longer!!!I need to get out of here , I have got to teread for psycholothy hthis weekendnl/ I wish I was a better typist. my mind is in such a blur right now it is hard to think I need to weigh my fat self my fingers are still vold. hope Annika gets my computer goingthrough her friend. what if she forgot? SHUT UP people next to me!! I cannnnt think straight//they are so clueless but taht is ok I was clueless at one time toomy arm is sore from carrying all those books yesterday. what is the deatl with all the drinking/ what is Eudora? I need to go take a nap btu Anne wants to go shopping, decisioins deciosions. hmmm tex hopefully willgive me a class this weekend, I need spanish SOOOOO badly Lord. Lord help me! My eyes are hurting gfom looking ar this computer don't correct mistakes keep going emily ten m ore minutes lieft. the nnotevbboooks at the store for lefties are cool/ I can't type fast enough to keep track off my thoughts! by the time I write one down, ten new ones have altreagy passed . stream of concoiuoseness reaminds me of creative writing lsat year/ I wonder if she is pregnant again/ my spanis h teacher is cool//I have a headache with all these people talking, raquelle is a good reoooommate / it is so hot outsiede. don't complain emily / it is 225 now, that means I only havve mfive minutes of this left yeah 11 111\!!! hmmmmm that albino guy was interesting to look at . the fball game will be showing in the si xx pack tonight. fun. so much to do so litlle time. wi wish clint woudl write me so badly. gues he doesnn't carre abut me. that hurts to say that. , icant even get ah old of him if I wanted to o/ I need to read CSD and go by teh SAR office ASAP. when can I go do all that? monday am , maybe. tex better give me my class . not the christian attitude. allthtose girls cuss too much that I am saaruods. I wonder if anyone will vome see me at UT. wonder if I shoudl go hoem sooon or wait it out. I need nmony though. math isn't too hard yet. that si good. supplemntal instruction. my eyes really hurt right now. should mail kimber a hello and wirte erin a note an dann. my eyes hutdy and its all getin g blurry now. santa fe and miss dorsetee. wonderif she likes her new job as a naannny. she may be gay. ahhhh time to allmost be finished I need to call annee did annika call Dre? Why do I always reapeat myself. glad this assignmment is overalmost . hangi inthere. sleep I sosoon. I ty pe so badly, but I try. i muiiss clint. what about the whole tyler ssue? neeed to memorize the names of the irls on m,y dorm. iquit fro now. ",y,y,y,y,y

1999\_556110.txt,"Twenty minutes. Write until about 10:30. I wish the colors in the PCL were not so ugly. I like these shoes but I wish my socks were shorter though. I need to get a bed in my apartment. The floor is real itchy. I don't know where to put it though. I like the desk where it is and I don't want to put the bed there but if IO put it in the corner it will block the door to the closet. Even though there is another doo I still need both of them because it woiuld make things so much easier. I wonder what we'll do in basketball today. Tonya is giving me some keys but I don't know what they go to. Fifteen minutes left. Its fuuny how much you write and how fast time goes by when you don't have anything real to write about. I wish they'd let me watch how practice works for a few days and then I can start helping. I hope I don't mess up to much on the court especially since Kathy was so adament about me being out there because I played in high school. Only ten more minutes. Wow. I need to get a shower curtian. I'm tired of having to be real careful when I take a shower and not splash water everywhere. I wonder how much I will get paid a month. I hope its good. my hand is getting tired from writing so much and not stopping. I think I'll catch the bus up to my apartment, get thtat web address come to the SMF, type this, go back to the PCL, study kinese, and go meet Tonya. Maybe I'll eat some lunch at the apartment to. Halfway done. I wonder what bus takes me to Belmont. It would be easier than walking. i bett4er learn the ropes cause next year I'll be in charge. i wish I couldbe on the boys team but not with so many other managers. There will be somne pretty tough spots, me bieng a guy and them bieng girls. sports bras? Bout 5 minutes left. I think me and coach conradt will get along p[retty good. I the organiozed, on top of it, one step ahead of you, I already did it sort of guy. At least I was in high school. I wonder if we'll get individual pics taken. I'd like to send one to Coach Boynton. i bet he'd put it up on the wall next to adrian and pat. That would be very cool. I feel sorry for Lee with his shopulder and all. I wonder if he'll play in college. He was on of the best players I've everseen come thru elgin but I havent been around that liong. I like this school. you can lay down opn the grass and take a nap and noone will mwess with you. theres too amy people here to bother any one, too many different lifestyles. 20 minutes? On the dot. Time to go. ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_556458.txt,"At this particular moment I am considering whether or not I should have started this stream of consciousness thing or whether I should be cooking some food. Since I'm pretty hungry, I'm not sure it was a good idea for me to have started this knowing that I have to keep typing for another 19 minutes or so. Hopefully my stomach will hold out long enough. Other than that I am wondering why you are having us do this assignment. Is it like the experimental research that is required; are some of our samples going to be used in some psychological theory? Or, is this for our benifit, will I come to some startling realizations about how my mind works that will totally change my life? Well, tracking what I have written so far, it appears that my priorities are food, and other necessities. Then I go on to question the purpose of this assignment. It appears that whoevers hierarchy idea was correct. I'm thinking Mavlov, but I might be wrong. any way he said that once the basic needs were taken care of then the person should work on the higher needs such as love and peace and democracy and all that, but untill everyone can be secure in an environment with their needs provided for them they will not be to worried about the finer things in life or be able to attain them for that matter. For that matter. for that matter I don't even know what for that matter means. I guesse it means also. what a waste of words. wow I'm also noticing that I have stopped using propper pronunciation. cool. I guesse thats the assignment so who am I to argue hmmmm pronunciation is a waste of time a constriction gets in the way of us getting our thoughts onto a hyperlinked web page I suppose the brain doesn't think in pronunciation but it sure helps everyone else if the writings are organized in one particular manner anyway I don't really care about that too much I think the real reason for this assignment is so that we will get comfortable with this set up. I'm sure the real objective will be revealed in a later assssignment this is just getting us used to it and able to pour our thoughts over teh keyboard in a somewhat coherent if illogical way. why am I so interested in teh purpose? hmm. maby I should just do it and not care what teh purpose is maby ignorance is bliss maby this is a psychological evaluation by the fbi to determine if I am eligible to be a programmed assasin like mel gibson in conspiracy theory, ironic that was a consppiracy therory of my own coincidence ? I'll let whoever reads this thing, if anyone, decide. Like I said before I need to make some food because I'm hungry I know I'm supposed to do this for 20 minutes but I wasn't really keeping tracki of time but since I type faster and think faster than the aaverage person I'm sure that I put enough stuff down to count yeah proba ly so proavba lj asdflja probably so. ",n,n,n,n,y

1999\_556939.txt,"I have a stuffy head and runny nose, and I have to carry cleanex around with me and it;s kind of embarassingf to vlow your nose in class and its feels gross and clogged. I look for nice looking peoople to sit next to in class and I feel like eceryione feels the same way about being here, like its all brand new and and no one is totally comftorable and we're all looking for a place to be comftorable. there are a bunch of girls around her ea and its funny how little contact with guys I've had in the past couple of weeks. I miss the guys in knew and was friends with in highschool and danny but I don't really miss him, but id like to see him again and talk to him. the guys here are pretty much attractive but I guess that since I'm in a new world I walk around t\afraid to talk to anyone really except for nice looking girls. I've met people, but I am totally stressed out and I'm going a bunch of different directions, and I can't focus on anybody and I can't calm myself down. veronica is comingf up today or tomorrow for a visit and I wonder how it will be especially since I've been so stressed out. I can't believe I slept for over nine hours and I don't feel completely rested. it totally understand how people pay for caffeine pills here, because this is only the third day of class. excercise will help relieve my stress I think, so I'm going to kickboxing in a little while. the only thing about that is I don't even know where the damn building is, and I have to run past this strange campus past a million strange people to take a brand new class I've never been to, and I;ll probably feel guilty because I haven't even started to stud7y yet. I know ill be ok but right now I'm making it very hard for myself to have much fun. I wonder what I'll we'll do tonight? I really want a zeta to call me and ask me to go out. even though its c razy I would have loved to be dragged out of bed and taken out to eat at six in the morning, but no one every came for me, and as far as I know no one ever called for me either. its a good thing because I needed to work out and sleep like I did and not drink. its even a wednesday and they took us out to party hardy, I don't know how these fgirls can run, because they even look fgood and have boyfriends and make food grades and go out and study and sleep. I guess its all time management and I'l;ll e\definately be forced to learn it, at least I have tom ake mysels learnit ior ill go crazy. I want to go call a zeta and hjand out with her because we will be friends one day and probably be partyingh together four years from now, hopefully. I think the purpose of a sorority must be not so much to give you a place as a freshman, whichis nice and it does do, but it makes a small close world for you of very cool poeople when you are a sopjomore and a junior. I don't know how much I would want to be conected to the sorority my senior year, but just the girls and the people I had met from being a part of it. it think it would be somewhat like cheerleading was, where by your junior and esp senior year you aren't really interested int he younger girls, and you really do your own thing. but that owould be awesome anyway because at that point hopefully I;ll be absorbed into my new life and begining a career. I have to miss the first ut football game!!I wish the zetas had a section, but maybe I can go to the tailgate party anyway if I find someone to go with, and veronica will bve here. I hope when she leaves I don't geet homesilck like I did nwhen momm and the fgirls came up. I can't believe I've really only talied to daddy once since I left san antonio. he sent me a nice letter and a nicer jchekc but too bad that a hundred dollars won;t go to o fast. being at ut in austin I dfeel like I'm in a totally different world, and I ,\can really see whant they meant about not having the time or interest to go visit other campuses. I just htought about how much fun it will be to go to aand m tosee the cross country team run, but it feels like it would take monumental organization and effort to bget up there, especially not having a car. onely four more minutesleft to type. imi liking this assignment because it reminds me of the creative writing class wiht mrs cummings nadnd how I enjoued myself in there and the free writings we would have which got easier and easier to do as the time went on, and I culd see myself more and more on the paper,and the way my thoughts went. I really like journaling but its uncomfroable to werite and I walways stop to do it late at night when I'm tired and if I do it in the morning it is eems like I get latzy and don't want to get out of bed aftereards, and I have to re read it and see all the obsesive stuff about brett wihich I am forgetting forutunately and unfortunatley. the way it isi I'm glad I don't have a boyfriend, bnot because I can run around a nd get play or do stuff with guys, but v\beecause it hink it would hadd another huge element of stresssand I really don't need that right now. I thought vivian is so gorgeous and her bf is not that cute. andni told bvern to say hi to jason for me, hut to just because I liked him and thought he was a nice guy but not because I was interested or flirting at all, or had been thin,king babout him. now the says she told him he shoul come to austin with reza, and that would be fun, but I'm thinking kind of weird too, and I don't reallywant to party with reza or old high school friends if I'm there only because of veronica and jason who lives in san antonio. I know I'll have a fun weekend because thats the only option up here, but I hope I get lots of sleep too. all done ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_557730.txt,"I don't know where to start. My mind is full right now with all sorts of thoughts and feelings. UT is great but I am not sure where I fit into things right now. It is really just one big cycle for the time being. When I was driving here from Arlington, my dad told me that I would not hang out with any of the people I already knew because you will ""drift apart. "" But I like my friends. I have two friends that are going to join a fraternity. I also have two friends who are not going to join a fraternity. The three of us have been going to some of the parties, trying to see if that is the route we want to go. For me, this has been a huge thing on my mind. Constantly. I want to fit in somewhere, but I am not sure I want to pay for it. It really is strange. All this thinking about social life leaves less time for study. Speaking of study, I have nothing to do but read. No busy work. Just reading. That kind of reading will fry your brain. This has been a weird week. Everything has changed. School, friends, family (or lack of). It is kind of cool, though. I am just kind of hoping that a routine starts here. It is really hard to keep learning a new schedule day in and day out. I simply want it to be easy. I guess that is what college is for. It teaches you to grow up. Now I have laundry to do. Just another fun thing to do. It really sounds negative, but my life is good, I guess. Just finished that 32 page questionnaire. While most of it was simple, it really does make you think. Especially when it asks, ""Are you certain about your answers?"" Who knows? Do you like yourself? Of course. Are you sure? Yep. I guess it would really suck though if you were thinking about killing yourself all the time. That never crosses my mind. It is too much fun to live. Challenging experiences though. Sure wish UT would have won yesterday. It was great yesterday. Went to a party, then to the game, then we lost. That just kind of ruins the whole effect. Back to the frat thing. We were supposed to go to party for the Sigma Chi's after the game. I really wonder if they try to be your best friend so you will join. Most of the guys are cool. But I think I am going to wait. They all say it is best to join 1st semester, but that is what ""they"" say. I believe my decision to wait should be respected, and if it isn't, then they aren't that cool anyway. I guess. I think I just need to meet more girls. That would make life much more enjoyable. That has got to be the answer. I have moved twice in my life and have always managed to meet people quickly. But at that point, I never knew the difference. Now it is hard. I think it is because of insecurity. I am really not afraid to admit it. I am insecure in meeting girls, but I will have to grow out of it. For now, I just wish I didnt have to read so much. It isn't that bad, just boring. You cannot retain 40 pages of economics in one day. It is just not possible. But I guess I will try my best. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_557740.txt,"Right now I am thinking about what all my friends are doing. I just finished emailing them for the first time since I figured out how to do email in the computer lab. Its wierd being away from home. But I've decided I fel only as if I am away to cheerleading camp and its just a little longer that it normally is. I am loving college life so far. I feel like I've been managing my time fairly well, but I get annoying constantly when I feel somewhat disorganizee. There is a lot to remember and things that I guess we are supposed to know as freshamn that I have no clue about. I just joined a sorority and I am stating to realize how time- demanding it is. But my grades are far more important to me. I am nervous about my classes because in high school I was used to A's (except in chemistry). I am hopefully going to tranfer from engineering to business possible business honors if I do well enough so I want to do really well. I have been doing my readings, but I was never the best test taker. I am not used to the big classes, and tey make me uncomfortable thats why I would love to be in an honors program where the classes are smaller. I am the type of student who likes to have a perwsonal relationship with my teachers, and I don't feel like I can approach them in such a large setting. People who know me find this to be odd because I am nortmally quite outgoing no matter the situation. Today during class, we talked about how a majority of first year students go through depression. I think I've been trying to avoid it by keeping very busy, but I guess I somewhat am. I miss my family and my best friend vera at southwest. I even miss my teachers aned my old high school. AT my high school everyone knew who I was and rspected me, or looked up to me in a way. I was a cheerleader, and the top of my class. Here I'm just a number. But I'm the type of person who likes challenges, so I don't think its depression. I just look at this experience as another challenge to face in order to achieve success at a higher level. My classes and teachers are all really good- which I expected since I spent a majority of orientation researching them. I just hope I have success in all my classes. I would really love to go home at Christmas with a 4. 0 which I don't think is completely unreasonable. A lot of people are counting on me to do well, my parents, my family (7 younger brothers and sisters), my extended family. Its almost stressful. There is so much to do hre in Austin. It is fun but I will need to prioritize Sun-Thur. Its wierd not having anyways to tell you what to do, or when to do it. But its also nice to not have the responsibility of 9 other family memebers. I always had to make sure I didnt need t6o help my parents with driving, babysitting, or house work before I got to do any of my own things. They definelty relied on me less second semester which was really cool of them. I have much more free time then last year too because I ony have to worry about myself (that sounds selfish) but I don't need to check up on 9 other peoples lives before I take care of my own business. Of coure, I still make it my business to know what they are doing because our family life was gret. There are so many personalities. We are all so unique, and it was definetly a challenge learning how to cope and adapt to each one. I think my parents are stil having fun doing it- I bet theyre glad to have gotten rid of one- but at the same time they miss me - I know. I think I have the best parents ever. They love me so much!!!! ",y,n,n,y,n

1999\_558853.txt,"Honestly, right now that I have this assignment all I can think about is what to write about. I wonder and wonder what I'm thinking but all I can think about is that I want to get this done because if I don't I will eventually get behind and then I;ll never catch up and everyone will be able to go out and have fun while I sit at home and do my computer assignments for this class. I guess all and all that translates to me being scared of what I am and am not doing. I sit in my room a lot and think about all the assignments I need to do and all the things I have to do but I never quite get the innitiave to do them until it is the last minute. I am so scared that I am going to fail now that I am here because I don;'t quite think that I belong hwere. Everyone else seems so smart and like they belong here and I am the black sheep. It scares me that everyone seems to have all of these friends already and I don't I just miss my friends that I had in high school. It is different here, no one is the same and maybe they are and I have just changed. I wonder how long it will take for me to fit in like everyone else seems to. My roommate and I have been friends since like the second grade, so I didn't get to meet anyone new when I moved into the dorm. It scares me to even be in the dorm because I am more homesick than I ever would have imagined being. I miss my parents and my friends and my pets and my room. I only live 30 miles away but I worry that I will look pathetic if I go home all the time, but I so much want to pack m7y stuff up every few days walk a mile and a half to my car on the side of the road and head back to Hutto. There is absolutely nothing special there, but I miss it so much. My parents say come home anytime you want but do they feel ashamed when I do as if they didn't raise me well enough to make it on my owm. I also feel bad because I don't have a jobn yet, I have never gone without a job, I've continuously had a job for the past two years and now my parents are paying my way and is that fair, they shoudln;'t ghave to I'm a bigt girl I should be paying for my own things, this isn't fair to them. I feel so dependent on them aNED ALL through high school I felt so dependent and now that I should even more, I don't at all. I don;t even know why I chose this school, I think it is becuase everyone thought that I couldn't and I wanted to prove them wrong but that syhouldn't of veen the reason. I am happy tht I am here now because I think it is a good school but I didn't have good reasons when I applied and I worry that will effect my future here. I feel lonely being here. My friends are at other schools in Austin and I still have some in Hutto but I feel like I am here all by myself and no one sees me as good enough to be freinds with. I feel like everyone already has their groups and I just don't fit into them. Today is the best that I habe felt in a long time becausr my friend Bonnie is coming by from St Edward's and her being here might make me feel like I have someone. I don't know why her being here would do that, but just maybe it might. Every time I sit outside I see people being picked up to go do things and I jsut sit outside by myself smoking my Marlboros wondering when I will have someone coming to pick me uyp,. Maybe that will mak e me look important but why do I care what these people think, even when they see me in the hall they don't know who the hell I am anyway, I think I want them to though. Maybe then I would feel as if I was a part of the university. Right now I feel like a blacksheep and I have never in my life felt like that. Is there a reason why these people look at me odd, why do they not make efforts to speak to me or why do I not make efforts to speak to them. I guess I have a fear of them not accepting me therefore I don't even make the effort to approach them. IS the chance of rejection worth the effort on my part. But then aGAIN maybe they want send me signs of rejection, maybe they will see that maybe I am a good person and then I would fit in, but what are the chances of that happening. (I feel so dumb writing this becuase I don't say what I feel ever. My mother thinks that I am like in the fact that instead of being honest and admitting how I feel, I create a front and never say what makes me happy, sad, angry, etc. Instead I act like I don't care either way and go home or whereever noone is at and cry in private. If no one sees me cry then no one knows how to push my buttons and if you never let anyone in then you never get hurt. Only one of my really close friends knows that I do this, but that could lead to me only having one really good friend. But I don't think so becuae I love my friends and they love me no matter what so if they really knew who I was then they wouldn't care. It wouild probably be a relief to them becuase then they wuold know that I was human. Not that they think I'm, not but I don't show feelings so they wonder what I am really thinking, but if I tell people whta I really think then I open myself up way too much for dissappointment. I don;'t know what to do, I htink that is why I haven't gone home because if I am stuck here with all my feelings then eventually I will have to open up and let people in and if I run home every other day, I will have too much security and I will think that I can remain closed to new things forever. THis way I am forced to accept myself and that way I can find out if people accept me. ",y,y,n,n,n

1999\_559000.txt,"Twenty minutes seems like a very long time to have to write about what I am thinking in my conscience. I just got a letter from my aunt. She was writing to see if I was ok and whether or not I like UT. So far I do like UT. I just wish that I had the social skills to make friends easier. I am not a very out-going person and it takes me long periods of time to become good friends with people. I am very picky about the type of people I hang out with. I especially dislike snobby people. I realize people are all equal and that under no circumstances should anyone believe they are better then someone else. Although sometimes I do feel I am smarter than other students here at UT. Everyone always tells me I have a huge amount of potential, but that I need to motivate myself to use my potential. Sometimes I feel very lonely. I am an only child and my parents divorced when I was five. I have never really had a real relationship. I want so bad to have someone in my life that will stand to hang out with me twenty-four hours a day. This wish makes me seem very needy and I hate to think that I am a needy person. For some reason I think being needy makes me weak. Oh, well, on to something else, this so far hasn't been very fun. I am not sure what I want to do with my future. I am undeclared in the college of natural sciences. Undeclared could be used to describe my entire life. I try, subconsciensly to avoid any huge decisions. I sometimes think that I want to be a psychiatrist. However, this is for selfish reasons. I believe that I am self-sufficient. I don't want to let someone else fix my problems. If I became a psychiatrist then I would be able to analyze myself and determine why I am screwed up. At the top of this assignment it said not to worry about spelling. I guess it's the perfectionist in me, but there is no way I could leave behind a trail of mispelled words. I realize though that there are some mispelled words in this paragraph though. I wonder if someone is actually going to read this. I keep having to look over my shoulder. I am worried that my roomate is going to read this and think I am some kind of weirdo. Is weirdo actually a word? For some reason I don't think it is. Weirdo makes me think of Gonzo from the Muppet Babies, also that blue guy from Seasame Street. I haven't watched those shows in years. It's funny what people think of sometimes. Actually time is slipping by pretty fast. Ummm. I can't think of anything to write. My schedule is so screwy. I have four classes on M, W, F, and then one on T,Th. It gives me plenty of time to work on homework or prepare for classes though. My mom is susposed to get on Instant Messenger tonight so we can chat. I miss her and my best friend a lot. My dad is an asshole. Can we curse on this assignment? I was never able to before. College is so different, people actually treat us like adults. I want to get an apartment. I don't like living in the dorm. Not enough personal space. I also want a dog. My favorite breed of dog is the chow-chow. However everyone always tells me they are very protective of their owners and can become aggressive towards strangers. I want two so that they can keep each other company while I am at school. That is a dream though. I have to decide whether or not I want to get my car fixed or sell it. I am leaning towards getting it fixed because it is a good car, Nissan Stanza, and there is no way I can buy a new car. The only problem is that it is an '87. That is really old compared to all my friends cars. My best friend drives a '99 Tahoe. Lots of people call him spoiled, but I don't think so. Well time is up, I'm not sure I got the point of this exercise though! ",y,y,n,n,n

1999\_559341.txt,"Ugh! Look how nasty and scary that thing is. How stupid he was to stay in the car with that object? Well this a very scary movie, and the only I have seen in a log while, its my roomates faults. Oh, she is a traitor, how about that, never thought it would be her. Isn't there better ways to express your feelings, instead of cussing. The monster got her how gross, and what a painful death. It must of hurt, duh, and the guy trying to save should of just left before he became a victim too. Again another ironic thing the teams leader is who never suspected. Her naked body proves it, why is he so crazy to believe her words. Words speak louder than actions. Look how she transformed her body and the other one is one of her. Man, boy I am getting really frightened of this. My body has chills has the end is narrowing. I have an itch behind my ear,on my leg, foot and head I think due to the fact that I am so scared of the movie and the events that are about to happen. My eyes are widening due to the good guys escape. My head itches more. Yeah he made it I'm happy for. There is one for the good guys. ",n,y,y,n,n

1999\_559746.txt,"I can't make up my mind if I want to go to a meeting with Charles or not. He asked me to go, but I kind of don't want to go. I have a math quiz in the morning and I need to go over the problems. Anyway. i haven't heard from Tony in a while. I hate it when guys tell me that they are goingto call and they don't. Tony was acting strange towards me at the ACC meeting yesterday. O well, I hope he dosen't want a relationship with me. I cannot handle one right now. I don't understand why I always I have to speak to people before they speak to me. I know they see me coming. I'm not going to worry about that though. I wonder if I should participate in the Miss Black and Gold Pageant. I really don't see myself as the type of lady that enters those kinds of things. First of all, I don't have a talent. Second of all, I'm not good at answering questions right off the top of my head. I have four years until I can do it, so I might just wait. If Cookie does it, then I will. I'm kind of excited about going home on the 17th. It's the Homecoming Ceremonies that night. I'll get to see my recent ex-boyfriend. I can't believe that he still tells people that we are still going together. He has a lot of nerve. Anyway. it hasn't even been ten minutes and I'm already tired of typing. Psychology is confusing to me. So is Philosophy and Biology. I don't know what to believe in now. I was brought up as a Christian, but now I realize that science proves some things in the bible to be wrong. I still don't know what came first, the dinosaurs or man. Anyway, I'm not going to worry about that either. There are so many guys here that are attractive, but the bad part about it is that they know they are attractive. Guys around here seem to stereotype the freshman girls as ""easy, silly and stuck-up"". I have to admit, a lot of my classmates are stuck-up, but I don't think they are silly. Once again, I don't understand why I always have to be the one to speak to everyone first. It's mostly the girls who have to be spoken to. Soem of the guys are like that too. I like the college life so far. My parents used to never let me do anything. They were so strict on me. Now, I go out whenever I want to, but I'm not going cray with it. They thought that I would go wild when I got to college, but I haven't. I'm mature enough for college. My brother on the other hand wasn't. He went to college for a day and quit. He was so worried about getting money, that he quit scholl to get a job. He needs that job too because his ex-girlfriend is going to hit him up on child support. My paremts tried to warn him, but he was hard-headed. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_559897.txt,"WOW! Time goes by fast. Here I am doing my college homework and it seems as though just the other day I was at recess or eating from my lunchbox in elementary school or going through the trials of junior high or thinking you know everything in high school to realizing you don't know everything in college. Time flies and friends come and go. I have met so many people since I have been at this enormous school. I have come to realize that you must take initiative in order to succeed. For instance, I am currently majoring in theatre, but I don't know if that's what I really want to do with my life. If I don't get out there to take initiative to try out and see how far I can go, I will never figure out if theatre is the way I want to go or not. Then there's the question of what I'd do if I didn't major in theatre. I know that I wouldn't do anything with computers because this is the 3rd time I've had to write this since I have had many computer troubles. I accidently erased the first one and my friend's computer froze when I was writing the other one. I am using my friend Robert's computer because mine won't connect to the internet. Right now I'm sitting in a room with some of my new friends from UT, and they're talking about Ross's hair. Some of the girls want to cut his hair, but he doesn't want his hair cut. They think it looks like an 80s haircut but he begs to differ. Anyway, back to the other thoughts of the past, present, and future. I just remembered that I have a blueberry muffin sitting on the shelf in my room. I hope it's not stale. Maybe I can drink it with my over-do milk. It's past the drinking date. This gum is very stale and I am getting hungry. If I were in my room, I would eat my muffin or the chips that I didn't eat last week because I had to get to class. You see, I feed the birds my second sandwich because I'm full. Then I still have chips left over. Oh, well. The joys of wednesday sack lunches from Towers. I'm used to sack lunches because I've eaten a sack lunch every day in high school. The reason is that we eat in the greenroom and it's hard to get your tray into the greenroom. Some of my friends have done it, but then they put the trays up above the ceiling and the teachers get mad. Ah, the good old days. Robert and Ross and Kristi want to order a pizza. That sounds like a good idea. It's late and I have to get up early for my intro to media class tomorrow. College is a time when it seems hard to get any sleep. There's always something you've got to do, or just good old fashioned procrastination. I mean, I don't procrastinate. This isn't even due for another week or so, and here I am, already typing it for the 3rd time. Adam Sandler is on TV right now. I just learned that his CDs have a parental advisory due to explicit content. Isn't that interesting. Funny how society tries to censor our lives when in reality children are the currupt ones these days. Like my friends. they're crazy. Children are exposed to so much, like from TV. I never had cable growing up, so I don't know what it's like. We did have channel 13, KERA. That was nice. Now, we're listening to the Doors, which reminds of A Midsummer Night's Dream because my high school did it in the 60's and that was the music we used. Well, at least, we used some Doors music. We used great 60s music. Then I was in A Midsummer Night's Dream in the 90s, and we used original music written by one of the cast members. He wrote the tune for The Wiz, and tranfered the words because of course Shakespeare didn't write like the music in The Wiz. Robert just called a guy because his number was on a dollar bill. He's crazy, but that is what makes life fun. Then there's Ross with his mushroom haircut and Kelly, who some say looks like Tom Cruise, but in reality, he looks nothing like Tom Cruise. No more than the pizza guy, who looks like a clown. I am afraid of clowns and I haven't even seen ""IT. "" However, I did see a Stephen King movie on New Years a couple years ago with 2 girls from Scotland. New's Years Day was 32 hours for me because I was traveling back from Israel. That was a great trip. Well, it's been 20 minutes and I feel like there's not much else needed to say. ""Good morning, and in case I don't se ",y,y,y,y,y

1999\_559949.txt,"The jumbled mess in my head goes on and confusion takes over. Sorting out feeling from feeling and sensation from sensation leaves me with a fatigue which overwhelms me with each passing day. Not totally sure of where to go or what to do, I feel as if I wander aimlessly amongst all the people. things pop into my mind, and they are the importances of certain classes, such as the tests coming up, and all the studying I still need to do. I think more about this until it consumes me, and then outcomes that might not usually happen come into mind. I can't help thinking about this as I sit here, yet I feel I shouldn't think so much about it. The possibility of failure seeps into my mind, and I can see myself never forgiving me for such mistakes. My breathing gets heavy for fear of what failure's consequences may bring. Like anxiety, I fear of failure, until something else wanders into my mind. As failure subsides, and my body is back to normal, the apathetic view of things set in. I start to feel lazy, and I don't want to work. I feel as if I am walking on a fine line, and a step to the right means laziness (although at the time is very tempting), just as a step to the left means productivity. The forces keeping me on this line are 1)the fear of failure which keeps me from being a sloth-like animal, and 2)the feeling that I am not being productive when I truly am. I guess it's like growing, in a sense, for the second force, that is, because when I see myself each day, I don't notice the changes that happen when comparing one's younger self to himself, now. Keeping this in mind, I guess I have found another reason why not to be lazy, but it seems like I will have to have self-disipline, which in a way is like teasing one's self for as long as you have to wait for the results. Maybe I'm still being a child who doesn't want to wait for his reward. I just don't know how to change myself in that direction of being so diligent even when things are not so great. I will have to learn if I want to remove myself from this line of opposing forces, and however tempting it may be to stay on this line, I will have to find the discipline within me to do such things as study, be diligent, and stay current with the right thing to do. ",y,y,y,n,y

1999\_559950.txt,"It's Sunday and I need to go to church since I didn't go this morning because I woke up at 11:15 and church is at 11:30. So I already took a shower and I'm dressed to go at 8:00 p. m. Right now it's 7:25 and I wish it was about 4 because it seems like the day has just went by and I haven't done very much. That's alright though because I'm listening to my favorite rap music. Trick Daddy Dollars, Ja Rule, DMX, Ice Cube, Hot Boys, Juvenile, Black & Dangerous, K-ROC, Too Short, Twista, and JT Money they seem to make me feel better. Even if I'm feeling down in the dumps a few rap songs seem to bring me back to reality and happiness. Earlier my girlfriend called and we had a serious fight because she gave my roommate a little attitude yesterday when she called. She got mad because I was not here and my roommate didn't know my cell number or my friend's which is where I was at. So I had to lay down the law and tell her not to take out her anger on my roommate. I was mad also because I gave her my cell number the day before but she didn't write it down. So we argued for a while about that then she told me something that her and her friend did that I didn't approve of. So I was instantly angered because I have a short temper to begin with. It was a big deal really but I don't let anything go by even the smallest fuckups. So we started to have any even greater argument than the first one and didn't end on a good note. She decided that she didn't want to talk to me if we were going to argue. I acted like I didn't care so we just ended it there. This worries me because I hate to end it like that but I'm so hardheaded that I won't let anyone know that they're really hurting me. It also hard because I'm here and she's 355 miles away and I can't see her the way I use to. I guess I'm going to have to get use to this and college is a lot different from what I'm use to. The girls wooo some of them are pretty fine and all the people I've never seen so many people in one place at one time. Being from a small town this is a totally different atmosphere that I'm not used to. Hopefully I'll find my place here make the best of it and things will turn out great. I don't want to let college change me in the wrong ways. Whatever happens I'll just try to do my best and do the best I can as things come along. ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_560408.txt,"I am very famished right now. I just got back from the psychology class. My stomach is gnawing, and I feel the grinding emotions. I haven't been very energetic the whole day. I almost fell asleep in my calculus class today. This is terrible, because I have never really gotten that tired in high school before. It always just seemed to be the calculus class that I almost fall asleep in. I am very frustrated at school. It is not only that I am a freshman, and that I am still trying to adjust to college life, but it is also due to my classes. For example, I have a biology class, with an excellent professor. However, his teaching assistant is making me really upset, because he can't really speak english. He is Indian, and I am sure he must be very intelligent, but I cannot understand what he is saying most of the time. I understand him on that basis, because I am after all a foreign student, and 4 years of high school have really changed my speaking capabilities. But I guess the older one gets, the harder it is for them to learn and adapt to new things. Anyway, I was vexed too, because he would not explain the questions asked by himself, but he would ask the class to input their answers. I understand that he wants the class to participate as a whole, but he can't just rely on students' answers. After all, we are just as confused. Math class is almost the same, except my math teacher speaks better than him. But Math has always been a tough area of subject for me. I have a bad history of math, and therefore I think that class is prone to my exhaustion. My professor is explaining math thoroughly, and he is very helpful and good, but my dislike for math overcomes me. I know that it is mind over matter, and that if I try to psyched myself to like math, I could probably get to put my energy into it. Don't get me wrong. I have always been a good student. I was valedictorian of my high school, and my high school is one of the best in Dallas. However, there are always some flaws even to the perfect, because no one is infallible, and I tend to procrastinate. This in the end results in my fears now. I am getting so nervous every day, because I am behind in my reading of assignments, and I am worried that some professors are going to spring out pop-quizzes on me. I also noticed that I not only tire so easily now, but my attention span has also increased, and my thoughts wander so much to the insignificant matter. I can't seem to concentrate reading in my room, when all the food, bed, noises, and I guess everything seems to distract me. Also, I have never been in a relationship before, not even dating, and in college, I thought it is where one may start for me. I often find myself looking out for guys. Even if I do get into one, I am sure that I will not do anything to jeopardize my future. I really want to be a doctor, and I am right now very worried about medical school. I really want to enter Harvard, and I am rather mad that they deferred me during early decision, and didn't admit me during spring decision. I guess I am being irrational here, but I did harbor the hope that I could get in because of the deferral. But that stumbling block will not trip me, I will still continue to work hard in college, get out with a 4. 0 GPA, and hopefully a high MCAT score, and hope that I can apply to Harvard and get into med school. That would be a very nice, ultimate dream that I would ever want to fulfill. I am very hungry right now, and I am having a major headache trying to think if I should double major in something, because it is not wise just to major in biology, and think that everything including medical school will be smooth for me. I think I will visit my advisor on Friday. ",n,y,n,y,y

1999\_570986.txt,"My name is John Davis but I go by Richard Davis. I don't know if you care but your class is really interesting. That is not me kissing butt. I don't kiss butt. Thats gross. My life consists of my JEEP, beer, and women. My girlfriend is sitting right behind me watching everything I type so of course I can't be honest with you. J/K My jeep requires a lot of my time because I am always upgrading it. New suspension, new tires, new axels, new transmission, new engine. All better than before and better than anything else. My jeep is my security. Not that I am self consious or anything, in fact I am very cocky, but without my jeep I am not comfortable meeting new people. I want my first impression to show the amount of work and dedication I have towards my Jeep. It's my baby. Beer helps me get through the times when my jeep is frustrating me. It calms me down and allows me to think more fuzzy. I like that!!! I like chicks a lot. Without chicks I don't know if I would want to work on my jeep. Although I would have a lot more time to work on it. I want to be sucessful when I age, and not real worried about not reaching that goal, just because I know that I want it so bad that I can get it. But, I'm having a hard time thinking about my future because my life is so full in the present. I spend all my money on my jeep and all my time on chicks. But if I didnt have those I wouldnt care about my future. Whether people think those are the wrong priorities or not, its going to make me reach my goal. Which is the American dream. To live a happy life, and thats all that matters to me. P. s. I do like to take the easy way to that American dream. ",y,n,n,n,n

1999\_571433.txt,"I have just gotten home from a two and a half hour rehearsal for an orchestra that I never wanted to be in. I signed up for this orchestra only because I thought it was on optional group. but now I have been stuck in hour long rehearsals which make me very tired and make me get home late and then I have to do all this work and then I'm tired in the morning and am achy all day long. my left shoulder is killing me right now. it's from playing the violin. I think that I raise that shoulder and so then it hurts for long periods of time. I'm supposed to call jeff in 30 min. I haven't talked to him in over a week and I really miss talking to him. it's strange how I can go months without talking to him and then once I've talked to him, I get these urges to talk to him again. sometimes it seems as if he doesn't want to talk to me, but deep down I know he does. I don't know why I'm writing this in my psychology writing exercise, but it's what is in my head right now so that's what I'm writing. you've got mail is on the television right now. I like that movie, however I just saw it this morning, since every movie is on like twice in our dorm. I like taht. we get to see all these movies whenever we like. but actually it kinda distracts me from doing schoolwork. I really wish I could paint or make art. my roommate is on the floor painting a blue sky and it is beautiful. I really like modern art and she is all into it. our room is very nicely decorated since she is very artistic. I think it's strange how kinsolving put two freshmen, both from the houston area, and both fine arts majors together in a room. I kinda like it. it gives me an access to a ride home whenver she's oging. I've never done these stream of consioucness writings before. I kinda like it, but I'm not used to it. I feel like I'm making no sense what soever. I'm going out with this guy from my high school on friday night. it should be interesting, because we haven't talked all summer long and we used to be best friends. so it might be a little awkward. but I think it will be okay. I'm really tired of writing now and I think it's been 20 minutes. so now I get to stop writing and soon I will be able to call jeff. ",n,y,y,n,n

1999\_571695.txt,"As I sit here at my computer, I can't help but think about everything going on in my life right now. This year has been an incredible time in my life. My senior year in highschool, I was involved in many extracurricular activities. I was one of the head dance team captains, I was the Student Counsil spirit committee chairperson, and I was involved in Key club. I felt I had everything going for me. I had gotten into UT with my best friend. We couldn't believe both of us got in. I remember my best friend got in first and I didn't think I had gotten in. Every time I checked online it said I was still in review. A week later she calls me and says she has some good news. The first thing she said was,""so what color bed spread do you want to get. "" I knew right away what she was saying. I was so excited. After that there was no more pressure as to if I had gotten in or not. The pressure now was the fact that in a few months I was going to have to live on my own. It was weird because it would never hit me that I was really going to be in college. Even a week before I was going to leave I still couldn't tell myself I was leaving. The day I got up here was really hot and tiring. Moving stuff up and down the elevators from the parking garage to the dorm, then from the dorm up to my room. The halls were very hot and crowded. We had to wait in a line to even get into the elevator. Once I got all my stuff into my room I now had to unpack it all and organize it all. I remember feeling so disorganized. When I feel disorganized I begin to get upset. Well my parents were being very helpful and understanding. There was a point when I just wanted to cry. After an hour or two my parents left and it was just me and my best friend in our room. I had to move stuff around almost 5 times before I was happy, but even then I did not feel satisfied. Atleast right now I think I can say I am happy about my room. That is after a few shopping trips. This morning was the big football game against Stanford. We had tickets to go but it was just too hot. All I have to do though is look out my window and I can see the whole stadium full of screaming fans. I do have to say I have a wonderful view. While sitting here in my room after a week or two of classes gone by, I feel I am more comfortable. I feel a sense of pride, a sense of independance, and all in all I am now very happy. I have met many intersting people, I love all my classes, and most of all I love UT. The funny thing is that it has finally hit me that I am now in college. Being the oldest in the family made it a little harder leaving, but all my life I have been the one to do everything first. My parents are very proud of me and I can say that I am very proud of myself. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_572182.txt,"I am sitting here trying to start writing, but I can't. I have this problem a lot when writing for my english class, because I never do the reading. This year, however I decided that I would try doing the reading assignments, and it has helped me immensley in my classes. However, now that I am doing the reading in my chemistry class, I see no reason to go to class, because my teacher doesn't understand the concept of teaching, so I basically learn nothing. I often wonder if I am too hard on teachers because I want to be one. In my classes, I always seem to evaluate the teacher so I can figure out what to do and what not to do. In high school band, I spent a great amount of time evaluating my band director because I had such a problem with her teaching techniques. I see music education as a field in which you should be a teacher, not a technician. My band director was not a teahcer at all, but only a technician. We never learned a single thing about music, but she was great at teaching kids how to play instuments. My ADD is kind of annoying at times, because I will be trying to concentrate on one thing, and my mind wanders off to another place. I am thinking about this girl in my music theory class who is very good looking. I think I am going to ask her on a date this weekend. I am not sure what I am going to do though, because my father would not let me take my car to school. Sometimes I think he trys to get out of things by procrastination so he can save money. I mean, he gives me everything I need and most everything I want, but I feel that he is trying to make me think he is going to do one thing, and when the time comes he just finds an excuse to not do it. I have tried, however to start holding him to his commitments. Part of the problem is the fact that he trys to do too much in a 24 hour a day, 7-day a week week. He never pays anyone to repair anything for him. He does it all. cars, house, electronics. I am glad, however that I have grown up knowing and learning how to do repairs from such an extremely intellegent man. I'm sure it will come in very handy one day when I have a house and family of my own. In fact, it has made me want to have a house of my own so I can have something to work on of my own. I'm excited in general about my future. I want to be a music educator, teaching orchestra. I love music education and orchestra so much, but I sometimes wish I was getting a piano degree, as it is my first love. I have taken piano most of my life, and I greatly improved this year, mainly in the past 3 months. I sometimes wonder why I smoke cigarettes, as it is a stupid habit. Why would someone willingly put smoke into their bodies. I guess I enjoy it. i don't know. Most of my friends smoke mariajuana, and it doesn't bother me. I, on the other hand, have never done it, and I really have no desire to. My sister was a somewhat heavy weed smoker her first year in college, and she ended up with a GPA of 1. 9. I don't want to get kicked out of UT my first year, and I want to be able to say that is something I have never done. My father works on top secret programs for the government, and he says that if anyone trying to get a security clearence has a history of drug use, they are automatically disqualified. I might want to someday become an engineer, and I would like to do what my father does. That is one of the main reasons I don't smoke weed--I don't want to screw that chance up for myself ",y,n,y,n,y

1999\_572284.txt,"The first thought that comes to my mind right now is about two of my little sisters. They are ages 4 and 7. I can't help but worry about them atleast five times a day. They live with my mother who is not exactly the world's best role model. I feel bad saying this, but it is true. She is not very strict, and it is easy to get away with the things that she says not to do. When I used to live with her I took advantage of this. I made terrible grades, lied all the time, sometimes for no apparant reason, and I did not take care of myself. Thank God I got out of that situation. I moved in with my father and my former stepmother. They got me out of my bad habits for the most part and without them I would never be sitting at this computer doing an assignment for a college course. Even after my dad and stepmom got divorced I still lived with her, I am so thankful that she has been here for me all these years. Getting back to my sisters, I am afraid that they will fall into the same habits I did and they are not as lucky as I was to have my stepmom. I can see them in the future missing out on so many opportunities because my mom won't keep them in line. I hope that I can be a positive influence on them, but it will be hard because I only get to see them about once a month. They are beautiful children with great personalities. Unfortunately Regina the 7 year old has already had troubles in school. I know this is not my mother's fault, because it seems as though she has some type of learning disability, but at the same time my mother doesn't spend any extra time working with her. Andrea the 4 year old is absolutely brilliant, I don't think she will have any problems in school unless she falls into the same pattern I did of lying and not doing her school work. I would never want to see my sisters move in with there dad though, because I am afraid that would make my mother feel as though she were a failure. I cannot imagine having three children and then having all of them raised elsewhere. I know she loves all three of us, and we are her life, and I love my mother very much also, but I just wish she would make more of an effort to make better lives for them. It would be a big help if she would just grow up a little bit, her mother still runs her life, and she cannot make decisions by herself. Overall she needs to work on herself first and then benefit the children from that. ",n,y,y,n,n

1999\_572353.txt,"I am tired today. I should have gone to bed earlier. I need to study. How much do I need to read for my classes to get A's in them? I have to do my economics homework today. I miss home I miss my family. I have never been away from home for this long. I won't get to see my parents till parents weekend but that will be really nice. I have a fraternity meeting at 6:30. I can't wait until the next football game, the game this past weekend was awesome. I need to wear a hat at the next game cause I got a bad sunburn last weekend. My face hurts from the sunburn still. I wonder when our next fraternity mixer will be. A picture reminds me of my Europe trip last summer. It was one of the best experiences I have ever had. I have a paranoid feeling that I am not doing enough work or studying, that I am neglecting something. I hate doing laundry, I have already had to do it twice since I've been in Austin. It hasn't rained since I've been here, I wonder when it will rain. I hate the heat and humidity in Austin. I can't wait till it cools down and turns into fall. The girl in my business administration class yesterday was very pretty, maybe I can go on a date with her sometime this semester. Viacom merged with CBS, maybe CBS won't be such a lousy network anymore. I need to eat lunch soon. I hope I am doing this assignment right. I hope I will have time to study tonight, I need colored pencils to finish my economics assignment, maybe my roommate has some. ",n,n,y,n,n

1999\_572922.txt,"There is alwaysa thought in out mind, or is there? Do we only think when we are conciously aware of it, or do we think all the time? I ask myself a lot of stange question all the time. I hear the sound of a tennis match on the television. I wonder what the people at the tennis match are thinking? They are watching the game, but are they conciously thinking about it? I am sitting in my friend's dorm room, typing on her computer while she sits watching tennis, and doing calculus. I bet she is too distracted by tennis to actually ""do"" her homework. That's ok. I am doing well at tuning it out, but then again, I don't really like tennis! I wonder how many people actually like tennis? I really have to use the restroom!I know that came out of no where, but I was thinking about it. You know that if you order things on line, if it's not in Texas, well you have to pay S/H, but if you order a lot it can really save you money. I wish I made more money. I still don't know weather I should quit my current, cozy job, for a new strange one that pays more money? I have established a history, and many friendships at my current job, so why should I leave? But at the same time more money would help me out in the long run. or would I just spend more? That's is what our world seems to be all about making money, and for some, making the MOST money. I don't want to get caught up in the rat race of making money, but sometimes I am afraid that I already have. I should really be more conservative with my money so that I won't worry about having enough. I know that it's a vicious cycle. I wonder, will anyone actually read this? sorry, I ask many questions, I know that they will ever be answered, but I ask anyway. When will we find the answers? Are the answers to many of lifes questions obtainable, or are we never to know? I think one day we will know these answeres, and we will say, ""Wow, the answers were right in front of me the whole time!"" Sometimes I think that we make things too complicated! We should relax and let the answes come to us! That's what many artists have to do to become inspired, if they think to hard, then they can't think of anything! Kind of crazy hu? Well I think that this enough thought for today, have a great day!! ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_572969.txt,"As I sat here reading the assignment, half of me read the words while the other half of me sat concentrating on my sweaty palms that I only seconds ago was rubbing. My stomach is apparently telling me that I am hungry in its own noisy language. I just went to a 50th anniversary party for my grandparents last night. I got up to speak with the other grandkids. My cousin Jaffray, who lost her mother (my aunt) about 10 years ago spoke before me about how incredibly remarkable they have been acting as her parental role models, support system, and financial suppliers. By the time the michrophone ( I do not know how to spell ""mike"" [I guess]) got to me. . well- I didn't get to speak. I woke up this morning thinking about what I wanted to say, and I decided that whenI finish this assignment, I will write them a note to write them what my tears prevented me from saying. That reminds me of another letter I need to write- a totally belated graduation present thank you letter. I don't feel like a complete jerk- I received the gift pretty late. I just took notice of my blistered feet. They took some serious heat from rush. My sister and I are now in the same sorority. Hopefully, that can be a tie that binds. We get along so well- when we're apart. It's kind of a shame that we lived together for so long (sometimes sharing a room) because we probably could have been the best of friends. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_573121.txt,"Okay, my thoughts. a jumble right now, let's see if I can sort them out. My feelings are peaceful array, overwhelmed, giving God praise and glory for His awesomeness. I just looked at a person, just looked at his face, tried to figure out if he was good-looking or not and then punished myself for doing it because I have a guy, I need to stop looking at others. Or do I, confusion is going on in there right now but also a peace or something that is covering over all of it. Put there by God I know His truth will come out in time. I am suppressing something, a feeling I have a lot. Suppressing emotions, bad things, allowing myself to think of something?? I don't know, is it a discipline to control the mind. deep down is that constant. God is there watching loving taking care of me, His will is at the center, my will fighting with His will, but another side of me so wanting Him to take over and control my whole life. I am tired, but why? I slept in until 9:00a. m. today, I shouldn't be tired, I wonder if the sky and weather outside have anything to do with it?? a little bit down. i didn't hear from Jeromed today yet. always that little doubt, is he given up? but I doubt but deep deep down I know ther is something there holding it so strong, or stopping me from worrying and getting taken over by it, a holding on so hard to God and knowing that what He has deemed right and true will come for I have given Him my life to be in control of . Why did that Psychology test ask such dumb questions? I mean about sex and just assuming that everyone has had it and asking about it. I feel a little bit dirty considering and thinking about those different types of sex there are. I am pure, a virgin and I plan to stay that way until marriage. It is so sad, but those types of people must be rare in the world today, I have been secluded from the real world it seems, well kind-of, not too much. Actually what is the real world. I'm thinking and holding onto the fact that actually the way God sees things is the real world. We can blind ourselves so easily to what is real and fake and what really does or doesn't matter. People care so much about nothing. things that won't last things that won't follow aor come with them after they die, now I'm getting bored with this subject but I want to finish it out. I so desire my roommates to come to know Christ. I am worried about my witness and just as I live what I portray, today's society doesn't care about who or what you worship, oh it's all good , hey that's great you believe in this and she in that and I in this. How sad is that, the truth is God, but also people won't accept that unless God is there working , what does convince a person to become a Christian or is that the right words to use, now onto camp, a picture of the campfire with boys all around it, the orange nice comforting mysterious warm flames in the middle of a set of logs and as I approach it down the steep hill I hear jabbering and talking and I see the beautiful red, orange, pink cloud overhead, how is that so beautiful? How do those colors come out? I don't know, but it is awesome! then I see the staff, Jerome, Susan, Nicole (she most prevelently), Holly, and others. then I sit next to Jerome and my heart just warms up, I don't know what to say or where to look and I'm just glad I'm next to him, we can't touch, don't let the kids know that we are dating, it would be better if they didn't know about this, Jerome had said, okay, with God's help I can behave myself. It's not that hard to make myself do something, good. We sit there and I just glance at him and his one yellow and blue eye and his other blue eye, how in the world did someone so handsome and with so much integrity and love come to want me and want to date me and care for me. I don't know, I have no idea about myself, it's just me and though, me , a continuous struggle and fight to let God rule and reign or me to take over. Again how is Christ going to shine. I don't want to change with god and though deep down he is there and it seems nothing will change that, but how do I know what will happen in the future? I don't, but the one person I do know and is always there is in the future now and knows. all-knowing, all-powerful, everywhere, God!! Not myself, I can't ever be god I am so fallible and a sinner! Only God! Okay, just looked at the clock and actually I am enjoying this writing all my thoughts. At the beginning I was skeptical of this whole assignment. why should I focus on myself? anyway, it is fun to put into words my thoughts and interesting what I actually think about within 20 minutes. It seems a lot of Jerome and of God and issues. These are my thougts for the last 20 minutes. Hmmm! :) ",n,n,y,y,y

1999\_573291.txt,"This is an interesting assignment to be doing. I don't like writing but this is different. I like being able to wrinte whatever pops into mw head and not worry about it being scrutinezed by an evil english teacher. Twenty minutes is a long time to be writing though. I could be doing sometinhg like playing a game of starcraft or half life right now, or writintg some c code. I am going to implement a router advertisement program to take advantage that windows boxes are stupid and let me remotly rewrite thier routing rules. Its nice of them to do this for me, but I'll do that later. I wonder if I should write it under windows or Linux, or sine ither flavor of unix. I'll prob write it under windows if I gan get the neccesary access to the transport layer of the protocol stack just for that change of writing something usefull for windows. I actually have written some useful software for windows. Most of it would easily cross compile to unix. A fun peice of code I wrote takes a string such as ""sin(x)^6-3\*\*4-x^(e^x)"" and evaluates it as a mathematical expression for a given value of x. If you've ever written code, this is not easy to do. I am listing to music right now. It helps stimulate the mind. :) I usually listen to music when programming. I am more productive that way. I am able to apporach problems and dig out the answer of some nasty place its hiding. 20 minutes sure is a long time when you would rather be doing something else. How many points do I get for doing this anyway. After I do thins I may go and eat or spend some time with Melissa, my girlfriend, who also happens to be my fiance :) she's great. After that I can write my router advertisement program. That would be fun. I love melissa. Being in austin is great. I like it much better that being in san antonio. I want there last weekend and wanted to be back up here the whole time. That could have been because all y stuff is up here. My parents miss me though. I sohuld call them. I;ll do that later. I have a lot of homework to do. Lets see, I'll check the chem web site after this and see what problems I have to do. I have to do the other assignment for this class later, and read. I have 2 sections of math, and reading and some homework in double E, college of engineering is college. I am a computer engr. student. EE is probably my best calss this semester, but psych is next, math is boring because it is going too slow (don't tewll my prof I wrote that) and I just don't like chem, the highlight of the class is when dr white starts singing. He is a weird guy. only 7 minutes before I can hit submit. I like UT. its a fun place to be. I need to buy another compputer. I host a site that provides free domain and web hosting to whoever wants it, and the boxes I have right now are slower thatn anything. I also need to call network soulutions and beat the m up until they do their jobs. I am hot. My apartment complex needs to fix the air conditioning. That would be good. aLl my roomates are in san antonio for the weekend, but I stayed here. I should call my parents later. That would be nice. I love melissa. 5 minutes left. my attention span is shortening. I will write my router advertisement prog first because melissa is sleeping. I need to go to HEB and buy some sprite. I havent had any in a could days. Since shool has started I have gone through 6 12 packs. Tonioght I am going to try this company called midnight taco's for dinner. they sound good and operate between 7pm and 3am. I hope the food is good. I want a job, but a good one like I had in san antonio. I would like to put some moniy into my bank acct rather than just withdrawing it. That would be good. I only have 2 more hours of experiments to do, it will be nice to finishe them. I love melissa 2 minutes left I am hitting the submint button at exactly 4:50 , even if I am in mid-sentance. I need to turn the music back on, it finished playing, htats better, I can't spell (thats is waht I meant) rage againsta the machine is on. 1 more minute. Melissa is great. Shool is good, it will get better once I get into my major sequence. Time for me to go soon, I want that clock to say 4:50, the phone is ringing. bye ",n,n,n,n,n

1999\_574354.txt,"I have way too much to do this week I am never going to get all of it done it's amazing that I have this 20 min to do this one assignment it is a good thing that the deadline was postponed today in class. Ryan who lives in my dorm is in my class, that is cool, now I have someone to sit with. I need to study, I need to sleep, I fell asleep in the laundry room today. That's poor. At least my laundry's done. Tonight I have to be in my room at 10 because my Sailor Sis is going to come do something to me or something. I am glad I'm here instead of home. Home sucks. It is fun here and believe it or not less stressful maybe not less stressful but definietley less depressing. I'm hungry but I have ot wait until 6:15. I also have to go take REality Bites back to that girl that Suzanne knows who lives on my floor. I wish Kim didn't have another one of those damn mixers so she could study with me tonight, I have a mixer tomorrow when she will want to study. I better clean my room I bet my roomate thinks I am a pig. Oh well get used to it. Man, I've only been writing a little while. Psy is a good class though. no I'm not sucking up. I like it it's interesting and lightly entertaining. Bad time of day though-during when I want ot take a nap. Wed. is a long day, when is the weekend coming again? Oh how I've missed the weekend. My stomach hurts, not from hunger but from ab machines. I just noticed that when I sneezed just now. I need to keep the discipline up with those ab machines though there is nooo way that I'm gaining the freshmen fifteen. I've actually lost five lbs. according to the scale back in Dallas. Maybe that is because I don't eat as much because the food sucks. I'm actually eating more down here because I'm not depressed anymore. In Dallas, after my dad's death I couldn't eat. We sort of talked about that today in class--stress can shut down the stomach because we can live off of glucose in our livers--and I am sure that is what happened to me this summer. So maybe I should perceive my hunger as a lack of stress. Perhaps that is the optimistic point of view--perhaps that is the lazy ignorant point of view. Whatever My arms hurt, I'm tired of typing. I kind of like this form of writing you know where I can just say anything. Is this like therapy or something? I always thought this was the kind of stuff therapists make their patients do. The next assignment is probably to draw a picture or something. Something that expresses my ""feelings"". Enough sarcasm. I feel like I have to burp maybe I drank to much coke. AT least I won't go through withdrawal. I wish Ryan wouldn't go play basketball before we eat--I'm hungry. Maybe I'm just bored. Lots of people say that overeaters just eat when they are bored because they cannot think of anything else to do. Jeopardy is on. I got a free t shirt last night at Gregory becuase they were filming College jepardy or someting. It looked like a few geeks in front of a camera just standing there with loud music. I never actually figured out what is going on . Hey that is cool Ryan just called and wants to eat. It is a shame I have to keep writing this for 10 more minutes. no wait five more. YES. I kind of like this its cool. I got nop email today. That pisses me off. I love email. The only thing in the real mail today was some anonymous letter about a credit card or some kind of BS like that. I already have a credit card. Phone is ringing again. Food its almost time for food. I wonder why Ryan didn't play basketball. Maybe he did. Nah he wouldn't do that for 15 min. It probably sounds like I care a lot about Ryan but I don't that is my friend's man. Kim's man. He is crazy about her. It is all good though he is a nice guy and they go together weell. College rules. I think the water here in Austin infected my bellybutton ring though. It's been oozing ever since I got here. I haven't changed the way I'm taking care of it but I don't know. Hey I only have a little time left. because I started at 5:10 and now the clock ahs just turned to 5:30 This is me signing out. ",y,y,y,n,y

1999\_574545.txt,"I wonder what I am doing right now, this is a little annoying, stupid grammer mistakes are irritating me. Hmmm, I hope that Jennifer likes the present that I have for her. How am I going to get back, and how am I going to get back? How much will it cost, how will I do on my psychology test I have the coming monday. I hope that I will still have time to study. Oh well, I'm tired I really wish I didn't have to do this right now. Hehehe, I wonder if that guy I just e-mailed will reply to me anytime soon, and I wonder if he'll actually have what I want. How much will the new motherboard I need cost? Can I wait 3 months? I hate waiting, oh well. I wonder if Jennifer is asleep right now, I really do miss her. Atleast I'll get to see her when I go back for her birthday next week. This is really going to take a long time to do, the writing assignment I'm doing right now. Havnt' played pool in a while, I hope that I'm still decent. What's on the TV right now and why am I paying so much attention to the way that I'm typing right now, I keep going back and making corrections to my mistakes when it already said I shouldn't. Bad habit I guess, always want everything to be perfect. Dumb Browser, messing up. Annoying sound. I hope that when I go to Block-buster tomorrow they will Final Fantasy VIII. I wonder if it will be as good as it's supposed to be. I hope that I do good in college, get goood grades and do well in general, though I also hope that I have fun also. It's a bit anoyying having to think and type so fast at the same time oh well. I have to do it for my assignment. The TV is really loud and annoying right now, unfortunately my roommate is watching it right now and I'm doing thing right now so I can't stop and turn it down or anything. I like my roommate pretty much we get a long pretty well, but anyways why am I thinking of this, never knew that my mind switched from thoughts so suddenly. I wonder if I have attention defecit disorder. I hope now, that would be really bad, though that might explain why I never really did as well as my brother or sister in school. I wonder what they are doing now. I wonder if they've ever drunk alcohol. Anyways, that's none of my bussiness. Hmmmmm. I wish I didn't have to go to school tomorrow, wish I could just stay home and just rest and enjoy myself. I sill need to do my calculus, philosophy, and psychology. The other part of it atleast. It's a little difficult right now with all these distractions, but I guess I'll cope. Hmm. don't really know what to think about or write about right now. Hmm I wonder how much my plane ticket will cost when I buy it, I hope it doesn't cost too much. But it's for her, so I guess it's worth it. Wish I could see her right now. I rememver the first time I saw her, it was a little strange and I didn't know her name. hehehe. she was cute, nice to look at and she was nice too. anyways I'd better stop thinking about her and get my mind on some work. Another thing I wonder how I'm going to pay for my plane ticket I still havn't recieved my bank card or checking card from Bank of America. Annoying. Hmmm. Those funyons look good right now, I wonder if I should stop right now and eat some food. I wonder if the milk is still good, or if it's bad now. I'm in the mood for some cereal right now, kinda wierd. But I've always been a little wierd. Anyways this is getting rediculous and a bit tedious also on my fingers. getting tired from just looking at the screen right now and typing. oh well. how much longer is it, oh 5 minutes. I guess that's not too bad. Hmmm. I want to stop. anoyying. oh well. aonly a little longer. I'm starting to get careless. but anyways. I wish Kevin would stop messaging me right now I'm trying to do this but I can't with him messageing me. TV is getting louder right now, must be some horror movie or something. too bad I can't turn around to look right now and type the same cause it would be a little difficult to do so right now while typing and having to occasionally look at the keyboard to make sure I don't mess up. I wonder if my fingers look wierd right now moving in this order. Oh well, who cares. Only 2 more minutes till I can stop and maybe either rest and sleep or eat some more food. Now what will I eat, cereal, hamburger??? who knows. I wonder how much I've typed already. Hopefully I typed a lot cause it would be cool if I would type really fast. One more minute right now. Why do I always put more periods than I need to???? I always do that with just about everything. but again who cares. Finally time is up!!!!!!!! ",n,n,n,y,n

1999\_574825.txt,"I am realy not sure as to whqat to write. I know that htis laptop is really diffucult to write on. My spellint on here really sucks and I know that hese are probably rally fun to read. It must be intereesting to see what everyone write and how their minds work. I muust sound oso incompetent. I hate that. Isaac is playing on Dunstin's conmputer and I wish that I dcould playthe pinball game. I want to see how high of a score I can get. I think, yes people are coming into the room. I hope that they don't bother me too; much. I cna't wait until this weekend because my boyufriend is coming in town. isaac just said dammit. hehehe. bad oby. i thoughtthat the didn't say such words. I love my floor becasue we alway s go to luch and didnner together. AThere is a party on the oroof tonight but I don't think I can go because I hvre so much homework to do. I don't wantt o have to take my quiex tomorrow morining. I want to see who his here. there saying something about peons. waiit, that was not what I meant to wire. I have to tell isaac aobuth that later. I just got I'm'ed by my firend Brad and had to replay. I really whis thtat they would stop talking because it is distracting. Maybe I should theel them this, but I don't want to seem like a mean maen girl. this girl really annoys me and I don't know why. I wondrer waht Lou si doong right now. I really hat e this a;laotop. 0My nose itchers. I want a slurpee. But, I don;'t havre any money. I am aobut to be left alone in this room. Myabe that will help. I still have thirteen minutes to write. Young life. they are talk ing about young life. I went to uounglife in high schol and it sucked byecause it I s so clique-y. I hate thqat , bt that's hitghschool. More and more a preople. My muscles hurt. I need to go to a maassuse. I sont know what to say. rthat girl wants to lose it all. She doesn'tneed to becasuethen it would dissappear. I hat e that! aaAll these peopel need to go. I can't concentrated. whate are theneating. Ughh . blah blah blah. accept nos ubsititues. i messed tat one up. I watnt o tgo to that partyon the roolf=. yayayayaayayay. ir eally want to say something to them but I can't. fudge. there is a one huhndreed dollare bill on issaac's bilbaord. rex is trying to turn me on. he's successful. hahahaha he's aan allstar. I don't know how accurate this thign is going to be becasue I kep geeting inturrupter. fabric commercial. rex is leavin b ecasue I dtold him to so that I can do this sudccessfullly. austrin powers. I lovedthat movie. oday, darth. Ralph fromt eh simpsons. I cjoo choo choose you. cure dress. dand, poeople won't stop cominginhere. that are about o t do it agaoin! It is s so amnmyoing. soneone is playing xzelda. idon'tknow whow to play that game. I don't waint to go b ack in to my room. but I am going to watch destinaps. os. that's gona suc, waht's gona suck more is that I hav eto do my journalism. four more minutes. I wonder how much I can write in that aomuoont of tiee. I have the worst time on thes laptop and worst time spleeing. di carack upl . fjakdgjad;@Qf freak hoe. dusin. dusty. grave. veatingonthedorr. westbury sucks. I remevber my drama class. tabitha the hoe, justing the player, eric the quite guy, cedric the loudmouth who never cme to class. you yaya. mers. gehbaure hwho was a bixnatch that nfever game me the parts taht I was sutied for. she aslaways palyed faviorited and agave the arts to tabitha. I abtually ogot antiogne. I kicked butt in that palya and even got a n waward. It was so much fin. I mess dramamand uil competeitions. I loved that thill of acting in fromt of so many people adn being afaid onf messing up on my lines. I am done. goin ato the part. time to smaoke. ",y,y,y,n,y

1999\_575476.txt,"This is a really strange writing assignment. it's hard to write to keep up with your thought s. the U. s open is on tv right now, Serena Williams is playing Monica Seles. I'm not really sure who is winning but they look like pretty even competitores. Serena is eighteen and she is really improving while Seles is getting older now and she isn't as good as she use to be. It's really hard to make myself do all of the work for colloege. There is really a lot of reading and I'm having trouble deeping up. My mythology class has a lot of reading and its pretty boring so I end up putting it off. I really just do the work that I know I'm going to get quizzed over soon like in Calculus and Eco. Calculus is eadsy though because last year I learned al ot in Mr. Romano's class and the new teacher is just explaining the same old stuff. Psy is really interesting in class but I haven't read much for it because I took Psy last year in high school and we used the same book. So hopefully that will help me make good grades in it this year. I have so much reading to do for muythologe because we have a quiz on tuesday and it is going to be so hard because the teacher thinks that it is so interesting an that we remember like everything she says or assighns. The horse sale this weekend is going to be really fun. I hope we find another one like eden that will only sell for her broodmare value. I hope Shug agrees to take Cerise and Souther n I've. But if he doesn't then I guess that Cristophe will and he is a good trainer. It is so annoying that Southern Ivy's Jockey didn't listen to us in the race. He should have held her back at the beginning but he had to try to be a hotshot. She should have won. Oh well, she is only two now, I hope she has a lot more races ahead of her. She could be really good once she gets sorted out. I can't beleive that Anita's foal has such bad back legs. It seems to happen every time when we breed to an outside stallion. I hope Brittany isn't too mad that I blew our meeting off today. But I just really wasn't in the mood to hassle with all the traffic and everything, besides, I didn't even understand the directions to the place. Oh yes!!! its already been twenty minutes. ",n,n,n,y,y

1999\_576140.txt,"What would happen without doing these writing assignments, how in the world does the Ta grade all off these papers with so many kids in the class. He would have to go crazy trying to give everyone a grade The view from my window is so drab I wish I lived on the eighth or even the seventh floor so I did not have to look at this wall all day. It is probably a nice day out but I can't tell because of this stupid wall. I need to go to the store. I hope that there is a good game of basketball at the gym today becasuse yesterday was boring, the girls team we played against the other day wasn't half bad, maybe they we show up again today. That girl was cute too, I wonder if she has a boyfriend. That girl down the hall needs to come back from wherever she went. She has the nicest hair. I need a haircut. I think that is the only reason I really want to go home is so I can get a haircut from Teri. I guess I could do it myself, I think I have my clippers, I can never reach all the way to the back. Oh well I really don't think it matters how your hair looks everyone is usually to drunk to even remember your name let alone how my hair looks. I do feel better when my hair looks good though I think it gives me more confidence, Why is that? I sure have a lot of questions. Maybe I should pray about them sometimes that works and with this whole college thing I could use some guidance. Man I am hungry I miss my moms cooking Maybe I should go home for the weekend, I am sure she misses me, I hope. The cafeteria hopefully is open today I think we are down to the last two poptarts and I am sure we ran out of oj and milk yesterday. Football starts next week and we need our lineup for the league, I need to get that email address from Brad to make sure we don't get penalized for being late or something gay like that. I don't want to do that chemistry assignment filling in those scantrons is so tedious and pointless. I can't get rid of this cough, that medicine that I have been taking just tastes good and does absolutely nothing for my chest or throat. I guess this is another day without food until we go to the store because the cafeteria is closed after one on holidays and with my laziness I didn't get up in time. Why didn't I set my alarm? Breakfast is worth missing one hour of sleep especially when we have no food to eat until dinner. i need to go and check the mail, maybe that girl will have her door open and I can stop and talk with her, I wonder what she did this weekend. Long weekends are awesome. I wish we always had three days off it is so much more relaxing knowing that it is already tuesday when you go to your first class, it makes the week go so much faster. Does the mail come on Labor Day I don't think so but I really need to mail something oh well I guess it can wait until tommorrow. ",n,n,n,y,n

1999\_576213.txt,"I have heard of assignments like this one before, but never thought that I would sit at my computer for 20 minutes just typing away. but, thats what you want so here I go: hmmmm, I have a lot of work to get done, I need to get my girlfriend's birthday card written and sent out, her bday is on the 14th of this month. we have an interesting relatiosnship. she is going to AM next year so that makes me wonder a little, also, my parents don't know we are together, they would never accept her since she is white. I think thats bull shit personally. I have told my parents they are prejudice, they don't understnad that term I think. yeah, but we broke up before I went to UT this year so that we could just be friends but she doesn't think that fbeing fiends is right. she says either we get back together or don't weven talk anymore, so I got back together. I think it was like an ultimatum, she says that normal human beings would react the way that she did. I question that, heck, you could probably tell me since you're a psychology professor with a ph. d. in something related to psychology I assume. hmmmm, I think we are going to break up, just makes sense, but I don't want to hurt her and who kn ows, she maybe that ONE person and I may be throwing that away, which is a dumb thing to do. yeah, well, I also have lots of reading to do which I better get started on soon. my roommate and suitemate have gone to the library at least every other day and have done all there reading, but I haven't doneany of it. in high school, I never had to bother with any of that. the day before the test, iw oudl read up and be set. I know that won't work here proabbly but yet I still don't take the initiative to read. I think I may just be lazy, or I may tghink too much of myself and find mysefl screwed come sept. 14 since thats my first test, or its spet 16, eithe ron. e hmmmm, man, dobie food sucks a lot, I ts good I guess but its just that I get so used to it and I hate standing in line. ,. yup yup. theres a lot of dumb bullshit things also, luike I have a friedn tht tells me ""oh, man, be careful when you hang out with them, they blah blah blah and all this. "" they don't do anythingillegal, they just party or have minor problems if anythuing. let em figure tht out you know, she is quick to give me her opinon and I don't even ask for it. ppl that I respect because the hyave been successful, she says man, he is full of shit. whatevefr, he gets his stuff done and is very scuccessful (I am having a lunch meteting with him to figure out the stuff I should be doing and joining etc. ) and she thinks that he is jsut full of shit. I don't care really to hear it but I can't tell her to shut the \*(& up because thats also wrong. sometimes, the situation demands to be mean or atleast abrasive, but thats difficult (not beacuse I don't know how to, I do, I am a former debater) but because its nott eh impression I wantt o give out. well I am getting tired right now, but there is only a few minutes left so I might as well continute. hmmmm, not much else is going on here. yeah there is this big thing about going and partying and drinking and etc,. definitely not my sceneinking, never done it, no inteention to, I just don't want to, but there is definitely pressure created when your firends (Since like age 2) are doing it, and then you wonder why not, might as well. hmmmm, I strill haven't but then again, I have gone home to houston every weekend so far to visit my mom and make sure everything is okay sin e no one else is home (my dad is in india of r business ) and I also went home to see alsion (my girlfriend of 1. 5 years) that myb the reason she wants to saty together or not even get together, I think she is too attached (she says she loves me more than she has ever loved) she is my first girlfriend ( I love her, I think ) what is love? its a personal point of view that can nver be defined. there are too many differntt types of love, and then even romantic love is interpreted differently. I thinks thats weird. I have siad I love you and so has she but we may mean (although same principle) two completely different things. I think thats interesting. well, thats it my 20 miutes are up, I have been watching MTV and typing at the same time, and man, there a bunch of fine girls at UT, but I don;t think I will get any of them (oh well, I have alison and I don';t want any of thme rright now, buts its nice to know that you could get those irls if youw ant to you know) oh well, thats me thinkin gabout sex again. hehehhe. thats it, enjoy this, I certainly did typing it. see you (keep this confidential -- I must assume it is) ",y,n,n,y,n

1999\_576725.txt,"well, today is a pretty easy relaxaing day. I've kinda gotten into the school mood now so it's not too hard to sit down and get stuff done like it was a couple days ago. when I got here I had no clue it was going to be just what I thought is was going to be like. needless to say, I'm happy. it feels just like a movie or something. I'm so lucky to have such a great roommate. she's so awesome. we knew eachother in high school but we never were great friends so it works out perfect. we always can feel free to go our separate ways and always have someone to come home to and share our nights with. we are so much alike and so much different that God sure put us in the right place. we make eachother laugh. she even hooked me up the other night with one of her friends and I had a great time. we were discussing something last night though. we haven't seemed to find our nitch yet. we've met a lot of people, together and separatly, but I guess it just takes awhile to find your friends huh? I'm not too worried or depressed about it yet. I'm busy as it is. friends will come. I wish matt from orientation calls me. I think we could be really good friends. I'm pretty upset with some of my friends right now. mainly blake. my old best guy friend. we used to be so tight but now he's changed. all he cares about is partying and drinking and keeping an image. it's so not him and he knows it. he is so much better than that and we've even talked about it before. I just care for him and miss him but both of us are too stubborn to call first and stuff like that. we've always been that way. let me tell you, senior year with him was pretty stressful. I just wish sometimes things were what they used to be. don't get me wrong. I absolutely love college but I guess I miss all of the tight friendships I had and my little group at school. but I love everything about college (except for the showers) :) well, that's it for now. besides the fact that I wish I had some significant other. or maybe I don't. sometimes I wish I did but I still enjoy looking at other guys and flirting and I'm still meeting people now so I guess it's good I'm not tied down. and I'm really excited I found a theater club I could join here. and I don't have to major in theater. I did a lot of that in high school (hated my teacher) but I was a role model to a lot of people and that made it easier to cope with her. I'm so glad that we have email today. it makes it such an easier way to talk and communicate with people. I miss my friends and family the most. I'm not really homesick yet, which is good I think. I think that shows a sign of maturity. I'm not going home this weekend. I know my parents would want me to but I don't really feel like it yet. I propbably will the next weekend maybe. I know I am for our high school's homecoming for sure. I think that everyone from my school that goes here is going back. I think that it will be fun. I loved high school football games. I went to every single one all four years but two of them my senior year. well, it's been past 20 minutes. until writing #2. ",y,y,y,y,y

1999\_578241.txt,"At this moment I am worried about completing this assignment. The main cause of my concern is that I am using a friend's computer. I do not own a computer and therefore it is very difficult to have access to class notes and homework assignments. I have never really dealt much with computers, so I am not very familiar with this type of technology. I have tried various times to seek help in a public librar, but I was unaware that a long process of aquiring an account and finding a payment plan (if I want to print) was required. This is especially hard for me because many of my classes offer class information on the web. Now proceeding to my next concern, tomorrow I have a major french exam. After finishing this assignment I must hurry to my apartment and eat lunch, then return to school. I have no idea what I will eat for lunch, but I must eat at home. Last weekend my parents came down from Lufkin to visit me. They swore that I had lost some pounds and that I must not be eating healthy. My parents worry about my health very much. Being from a hispanic background, education is not of importance. My father threatened to take my out of school if I did not start taking care of my health and house duties. My father believes that a woman's future is in the kitchen. He never realy supported me in my college education. In his own words, he didn't think I ""would make it in the real world"". My mother begged me to stay close to home and attend a community college. I refused because I am very ambitious and much of a dreamer. I wanted to attend a well-known university (UT) and nowhere else. I worked hard for 12 years to get this far. I did it with very few support from my parents . I encouraged myself to achieve everything I have. Perhaps it is better this way because my parents let me become independant and able to have my own dreams. They knew that if I achieved all my dreams, it would be because only I worked for it. Knowing that you made it almost alone gives a sense of immense satisfaction and self-worth. ",n,y,n,y,y

1999\_578826.txt,"I'm supposed to be writing from my stream of consciousness. I guess I'll find out how random my thinking is, as if I didn't already know. I really like this CD too bad this is his only one. I wonder what CD I should listen to next. I should try to call Janet again. I really want her to come visit me up her. I know how much she likes Austin. I'm really glad that I didn't buy those tickets for the Chemical Brothers since now I have a math test that night. I wonder when the concert starts. I really do want to go. And the concert is the day after my birthday, it would be a present to myself. Plus, I've been waiting 2 years for them to play in Texas. I really like this song. This room is rather boring. We definitely need to get some more stuff on the walls. I have to make a list of stuff to pick up when I go home, otherwise I will forget everything and I don't know when I'll be going home again. I think I'll listen to Semisonic next. I haven't listened to that CD in awhile. I'm glad I decided to bring the CD with me. Today is Deidre's birthday, and Allison's. I should send Allison a card. I wonder if Kisha got the one I sent her. I need to get a prepaid calling card so I can talk to her. She needs to come visit me too. I should probably email her again. This bed is so hard, it's making my back hurt. But I have to admit, it's not quite as hard as the one I had during orientation. You would think the mattress would give some after having so many people sleeping on it. I miss my bed at home. It's so comfy. Wow there are a lot of people walking by all of a sudden. I think that this is one of the coolest assignments I've gotten in a long time, it's much better than all the busy work I had to do last year. My mom will be happy to know that I like my psychology class. I won't be talking about music all the time, I'll actually have something related to my major to tell her. Well I think that's been my 20 minutes of truly intelligent thinking. ",n,n,n,n,y

1999\_590509.txt,"greetings and salutations all this was written in lower case to emphasize that I have a unique voice that is inconsequential as compared to the throngs of voices in the world there is no punctuation to show the natural tendency of people to take pauses for breath rather than for time I have no idea what to write about in fact whenever I need to write something that seems simple to others, I somehow make it seem quite impossible to me this sucks I want to go play some pool I wish my friends from Houston were here then we could go out to play a game or two or three hey watch out man you are no break dancer though you may actually break something I'm hungry I wish I had some of those Ramen Noodles very tasty indeed oh wait I have some ice cream sandwiches food is food here I go again babbling about nonsensical stuff maybe I should go walk around in the halls of Carothers very nice ceiling I like the abstract jackson polluckyness of it makes me remember the skys of india durning monsoon season damn what a fine woman I wonder if she lives on the second floor do I need to see anyone up there oh yeah I do good opportunity to walk with her without her knowing it hey its nathan ""Hey Nathan"" I wonder if he needs any help ""Want some help?"" ""No"" very determined man. I thiunk I should return to my little quest I wonder if shannon is in her room oooooh the door is slightly open lets just go in maybe I should have knocked. nah no need they trust me man I want to go out with her I wonder if she has a boyfriend ""shannon, you have a boyfriend?"" I hope her answer is what I want it to be it would really suck if she did have one I guess I would have to find another girl but that is an impossible task I want to go out with her I want to help her blow her air sofa I want to kiss her for what seems an eternity I want to do math problems with her I wonder how exactly I could prove the triangle inequality maybe with algebra but what about geometrically would not the vectors cancel each other out thats it I have to do it algebraically what about jeffs problem I don't quite remember how to integrate using substitution oh yeah I must find u and dv or was it the other way around ""No"" oh what huh? did I hear correctly am I in some kind of altered reality nope I heard correctly she does not I am so damn lucky I really hate the feeling when one cares for a person but the person does not care in the same way I'll find out from here room mate tomorrow about my chances maybe it will work who knows it may be magic. naaah I doubt that I won't have any time for her I will be like one of those Quake III dicks around my dorm who rather play a computer games than go out with people but instead of Quake III it will be math or computer science speaking of which I still have homework in those classes but thats do friday I'll do it thursday the psych however is do tomorrow what the hell am I going to write let me go back to my computer ahhh I have a soft cushiony chair there is no air flow in here I better open the door. wow what a fox ""hey shannon"" ""hey"" hmmm hmm good its steve I wonder what he wants. yeha I think will help in the pranck but first I have to do this assignment I'm hungry what can I eat oh yeah I have ice cream sandwiches. farewell and salud that is all I have to say of my mind a consequencence of being located in a pubescent testerone laid man ",y,n,n,n,y

1999\_592250.txt,"I am sore, my pecs hurt. hmmmm, I need a woman, I can't find anyone here, all the girls I meet are either ugyl, stupid, or taken, life is beginning to suck. I love UT but I am having trouble finding myself, I am not sure what I am going to do. I have always wanted to be a doctor, but what happens if I don't get into med school. what can I do with a bs in biochemistry? I hate living off campus. by the end of the day, I begin to smell, and I can't get home and take a shower unlike everyone else. I hope my car is going to be fixed by this weekend, things will be so much more convenient for me if it does get fixed. I wish I had gone to an earlier orientation and set my schedle right, I don't lke having 5 hours in between classes. ugh. sigh. I need a woman. I just want someone to hang out with whenever I get bored. right now I can't get into contact with any of my friends, so I have nnothing bettert to do, I am hungry. I want to go home. but I would have to walk fifteen minutes to the stop, wait a half hour at the damn stop, then wait another half hour to get home, then walk about ten minues, then it would take about another fifteen minutes for my food to get ready. ugh. I am bored, I need a woman. I wish I knew how I was percioeved by woman, I don't know if they find me attractive, funny, cute, or anything, I am completly clueless. I wish someone would just comeup and tell me exactly wha they think of me. sigh. lets see, my mouth tastes funny. I wish I had ome food on me. damn. damn, why does v have to have a boyfriend already, she just broke up with someone. I wish she liked me. I hate being ""just friends"" when I want more. I don't want to type this in the smf, I have an eerie feeling that someone I know is loooking over my shoulder, watching me write this stuff that I wouldnt tell my closest freiends. if she wasnt such a close friend, I think I would tell her, but she is like my best friend, and now I am afraid, no I know, that we wouldnt be friends if I were to tell her, I know she will freak out, heck I ve seen her do it before. I am so depressed. I need a woman. i hope no one is watching me type this, I am getting paranoid. damn I am sore, my back hurts, my arms hurt, and my chest hurts. I need a job. I need a woman. sigh. what should I do with my life, I think my friends don't like me anymore, I am becoming a nuisance to the I think. I tyr my hardest to not mooch off of people, but I always get bad vibes from everyone, like I am not wanted. I am sure that they arent right, I know that the y are false, but I can't shake the feeling. I try really hard to be as nice as possible to people now, but I can't shake generalizations that people dish out to me. some of my friends think of me as a pervert, even though my mind dosnt think that way. I never think of nastiness or sex, I just mention it every once in a while for jokes, I have too much time to myselfs. I thiknk thats why I am so insecure, I have to much time to think about my problems and such that I dwell on them, and make small things look big. if I had someone to hang out with whenever I am bored, then I think I would feel much better about myelf, but I find myself walking around campus a lot, and its so hard to get in contact with my friends, that I can't hang out with them. ,. I find myself drifting away into isolation. sigh. ",y,y,y,n,n

1999\_595395.txt,I really don't want to do this but I have to I was thinking about this assignment and how we have to write about what we thaink about for 20 minutes and I couldn't believe when people say that they are alwaays thinking somethimes I don't think that any thing goes through my head at all When it is really late at night I think that my brain has had all that it can take for the day and it just stops thinking because people ask me what are you thinking and I tell them nothing but they don't believe me and I really don't think that any thing was going on I was totally blank maybe I am totaly so tired that I don't realze that I was thinking something because I mean you have to be thinking something all the time I mean your brain is amazing well I don't know what else to say but my landury is dring right now and I doupt that it will dry all the waaay because the drier on my floor is not very good I totally was unpreparesd for this year being my second year I reamember last year I brought everything and this year I forgot every thing and I was having to borrow landry detergent from a freshmen to do my landury wow huh that is wierd you thaink that I would be more prepared but I not worried about it iit is fine that way I get to meet more people and I will bea able to buy some laundry detergent later and one daay when they are out they can borrow some form me Well my room isn't totally done and I want to clean it but I have to much other stuff to do I wish that Anna was really happy right now she is going trough a hard time and I want her to forget all this silly stuff and just trust that she will be alright I know that God will take care of her My boyfriend John is super cute I think He is so great My friend just came in and we are going to study the bible with me and Anna she is a sophomore her name Elanin I have a carpet it is great and she is asking what this nonsense is all about sna I am telling he r that it is for psycology she has a friend that went to Mexico and lived there I was born is in Mexico City but I am white skined I mean so I wonder if any one is going to really read this because that woudl be a lot of reading may be they make the TAs read it because they have to do it she barely saw Star Wars two weeks ago she is deprived ppooor hchild and I have seen them aall san I can't spell very good you see wow when will this end my friend Anna is here yeah that is great she likes the way my room looks I am explaining wat I am doing as well wow so the last time I did a lot of typing was in highshool for computer claass it was fun but I was never really fast so I barely made an A in the class and I am all about makeing good grades what else ama I thingkin hummmmm I donl't nknow I have action figures of luke sky waarker and I only have to typw for two moarwe minittwoi and my hands are tiyred can't you see I know you can so how are you doning computer I s it ahard being a computeer?????? everyobody always tellsyou what to do My name is spell coool because mey middle madmakl I am done ,y,y,y,n,n

1999\_595531.txt,"I really wish that I could get on to the psychology pretesting page to get it over with but I've tried three times and it won't let me on. It's really driving me crazy. I feel like I have so much stuff that I need to get done right know, but if I space it out I can get it done. I need to learn to manage my time a little better. It was easy to do everything at the last minute in high school, but I'm in college know and I need to keep up with my assignments. I'm sure other people are feeling the same as me. If I could get everything done in one day I would feel so relieved, but I have to much to do in one day. My two other friends, live in an apartment, and there so boring. All they do is sit at home all day and watch TV. I wish that they would go and do something, but if I asked them to do something they would probably do it. But, I just haven't asked. I'm still adjusting to moving. I come from a really small town, of about 2600 people, and I am overwhelmed at the amount of people that are here. I don't know where anything is at and I need to get my driver's license renewed, it has been expired for almost 2 months. One of my other friends goes to Southwestern in Georgetown. She says it is really hard and maybe she will transfer to UT next semester or year. That would be great for me, then I would know someone else here at the school. The chairs in the compurter lab are to close together. You can't move without hitting another chair. They need to spread them out. I want to go out one weekend and do something but I don't know very many people here and I don't want to impose on anyone and just ask them if I can tag along. They probably would'nt mind. I think I am going to go home this weekend. My mom really gets on my nerves, or she did this past weekend. I think it was because I was really tired. I really don't like going home because it is really boring and everyone just sits at this store called short stop. What Fun!!!! I would rather sit at home and watch TV. I want to go and get my hair cut and highlighted and start going to a tanning bed but it always feels like I don't have enough time in the day. I know that I really do I just don't go get it done. I am really tired right know. I went to bed really late last night and had to get up early but I can't take a nap because I need to finish my homework that I should have already finished. I also have to do my laundry. This chair is really comfortable though. I could fall asleep just sitting here. I hate paying for the copies that I make. I wish I had my own computer in my dorm room so that I wouldn't have to pay for them at all. It's a pain not having your own computer. I had to leave my at home so that my sister could use it if she needed. My parents said I could bring it but I'm in a supplementary room right now and didn't want to. My mailbox doesn't work and neither does our phone jack. I have two roommated, Megan and Maggie. I am supposed to get a check in the mail but it is not here yet and it was mailed on the 23 of August. but I guess it really doesn't matter since I can't get teh mailbox open yeat. I hope that no one else got my check because that would really suck. I could really use the money being here in Austin there is a lot of stuff I could buy. Especialy with all teh stores around here. I really want some khaki pants without the creases in the front and some capri pants. I'm getting tired of doing this but since I have to do it I have to continue writing. Wait, my bad it has been over 20 minutes. I have been writing to long. About 3 minutes to long so I'll be going know. Bye!! ",n,y,y,n,n

1999\_595780.txt,"Right now I am feeling kind of loney because I haven't really talked to anybody for about 6 hours. I'm not the kind of person who usually keeps to myself. I am very social, but with the size and and stress of college life, making friends is kind of the last thing you want to think about. Even if you do make friends sometimes you never really keep in touch with them. I'm guessing that I'm not the only one to feel like this beacause every day as I walk from class to class I see hundreds of other students walking by themselves and I can only guess that they too feel lonley at some point in the day. Also, I;m starting to think that college life isn't what I expected to be. In a way it is kind of easy because there are no eight hour class days for most people like in high school, but because of the size of some of my classes I don't really get the kind of personal attention I would get in high school. all the time I hear music in my head. It can range from something I just heard on MTV a couple of hours ago to some classical music or something we played in my high school band. Music is a big part of my life. In high school I was in the band for four years and other than making me a better player, it also made me more social and open with my feelings. I wanted to get into band over her at UT, but I never auditioned. I didn't think I was ready. I didn't think that I would be on the level of the rest of the members, and that fear was partly why I never tryed out. I want to try out next year but I have no instrument to practice on because it is too expensive to purchase. I don't consider my lonliness to be a bad thing because I'm not really sad. While in college I learned that sometimes you need your own time to just relax and think to yourself. All in all I'm happy with the way my life is going because I know that in the future college will pay off. ",y,n,y,n,y

1999\_598659.txt,"There are mostly worries and fear traveling through my mind at the moment. The college stress has really kicked in now that classes have started and much work is to be done. The work is really bothering me in that the level of it is so high. There are many other factors in my stress including being away from home. In the whole 18 years of my life I have never been away from home without my family for this long amount of time. I guess I just miss all the little things about being at home-the comfort, luxery, friends, family, and not to exlude food! I have eaten Chinese food most of my life and I can say that the dorm food I do not find to satisfying. And the life of college is so different from my previous school experience. UT is so big and so diverse that it's kind of difficult to adjust to. Some people are friendly whiles others may not be. Failure is also a concern for me. I have always done well in school and my parents have high expectations for me to succeed here in college. I miss all my friends and always think about the past and all the good times. I guess I must start all over here and make new friends and continue all the good times. After all, college is supposes to be the best time of one's life. I also think about what I will end up after college-where I'll work and who I will hang out with and if I will graduate here in Austin. My past two weeks here in Austin have been decent. I have been doing many different things like shooting pool or just hanging out with friends or going clubbin in 6th ST. Also I have been busy I might add. The people I have met are very similar to me personality wise. And most of them are from my home town of Houston. I have noticed that there are many different groups of poeple here. I guess the homework load is as much as I expected before I started coollege but there are so many activites to attend to that I find it hard to complete all the work. That is when stress kicks in again and I end up just trying to rush through it. The class sizes are amazing larger than I expected them to be although I knew that UT is the largest school int he nation population wise. I fear that I will not perform as well in school due to all the distractions that goes on like friends wanting to go out and the many places to go to like 6th ST for example. I guess I will adjust to this environment eventually but when I will I am not sure. Rest has also been an issue in my mind as I have trouble sleeping at night when I have early classes the next morning. I am very tired the next day having to walk so much during each school day. But the next night I will find it hard to sleep again. I hope that ends very soon also. ",n,n,n,n,n

1999\_599952.txt,"Austin is very different from my home town. I live in a small town about 60 miles south of Houston called Sweeny. It has only 3500 people in the whole town. Everywhere you go you run into someone you know. Austin is so big and when I meet people I wonder if I will ever see them again, but so far I have seen a lot of people I have met. I live in Kinsolving and I have met a lot of girls in my dorm that are really nice. I like the UT campus too. It is not to spread out although I do have to walk a lot to get to my classes. That is ok because I can use the exercise. This psychology class and my chemistry class have over 500 people in it. That was very overwhelming for me but I have adjusted somewhat. Today I was walking on the drag and saw so many people out and about for the game. It is the first game of the season and I'm very excited. There are so many people that used to go to school here or are just big Longhorn Fans. They are all dressed in orange and many have their kids with them and even the kids are dressed in orange and white. It is really neat to see so many supporters and fans of the school and the football team. I am really excited about the game. I hope we beat North Carolina State. It seems so weird that I can consider myself as ""we"" or part of the UT traditon, atmospere, and college! I hear we have the number one recruiting team in the nation. That is cool because these are people the same age as me. I met one of the new recruits the other night. He was huge and I'm sure he plays on defense. He sure didn't look like a freshman!! As you can tell I like football. I think a lot of that has to do with the time of year. Probably also because my dad was a high school football coach and I've grown up with it all my life. Also I was a cheerleader in high school and I miss cheering a little, so I always look forward to a football game. That is probaly why I am so excited about the game today. It is amazing to me that so many other people feel the same way about football. I also am excited about the game because it will be fun to learn the UT traditons and meet new people. Well my 20 minutes is up. I hope I wrote enough but I just don't type very fast so it takes me awhile to type out what is on my mind. ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_602191.txt,"As I am told to write this assignment, I begin my forced thinking by trying to find the correct ideas to write in this paper, instead of thinking whatever I want to in an incomplete and disordered way as I have been used to since I got out of school three months ago. So it's very difficult right nom, and you will notice that I constantly get distracted and start babbling incoherently. I'll try to write this paper very spontaneously so you get the right picture; but be warned. Right before looking at the incredibly outstanding WebPage (yeah right!) for my PSY class, I was thinking where else could I surf the web, or if I should go to the pool here at my Pearl St. Co-op, or if I should start reading a bit, which is a definite NO. I mean, it's Friday!, or if I should write to my parents down in Mexico City, etc, etc. So basically, I was evaluating everything I could possibly do in this boring Friday afternoon, when what I really anted to do was nothing. But I've had exactly three months of that since school in Mexico ended the 25th of May; and I immediately decided to do something productive which is this. I guess my mind is still warming up from all that time of null intellectual activity, and I'll get right back on track again. To tell you the truth, I think I am ready to start doing everything the right way, and not to procrastinate, which has been a big problem since I was born (I guess) or maybe it was because of my upbringing, or just because of the culture which I am a part of. As you may notice, I read chapter one yesterday and I can certainly notice a change in how I view things in my life and the life of others. In other words, I am starting to think in a psychological perspective already! The 20 minutes are over, and I can say that for a moment there, I was really concentrated and just writing all of this. but just as I noticed that the time was up, I started to wonder into something else again. I think that it was probably because my attention span is a bit short, but I know I'll get better. Thanks for taking a little swim into my spontaneous and disordered thoughts and I hope I was not that boring. Now I guess I've done my productive ""thing"" for today, and I can take a swim into the pool right in front of me! Or maybe not. we'll see what my mind tells me later. ",y,n,y,n,y

1999\_606178.txt,"Hi, I have no idea what I'm going to write but who cares, here goes. I'm right now sitting in a small computer lab down in the base ment of Jester West, across the where I now reside, in Jester East, doing a writing assignment for Psychology on what comes in to my mind first. Well, my mind is filled with stuff that's definitely not very much to do with a psychological sense. I've been away from books and studying for 2 3/4 years now, and 1 week into UT and 5 classes and 16credit hours later, myhead is sent reeling from the amazing amount of work that I have to do right now. I've totally forgotten everything to do with math and calculus is being thrown onto me at an amazing speed and at an extreme difficulty for me to comprehend. Basically, travelling halfway round the world to get hit with books that send you into unconsciousness is definitely not the nicest feeling to have at the moment. And the books. i have never seen paper cost so much in my entire life! Damn, now I know why americans are so rich. Nah, it's all understandable to me, it's just the matter of settling down into a different environment, and making myself a new circle of friendsfrom scratch. Not much in my mind now but complaints and angst now I guess, but it'll be definitely back to my books right after I complete this assignment, and maybe the next. Thoughts, Ithink that's been settled for now. et's get on to feelings. Well I'm feeling hot and bothered right now because we just had a fire drill, I thihnk, I did'nt exactly see any fire and we were allowed back into the building, just a while ago and had a thousand annoyed beings buzzing around the side of the building trying to comprehend in our little minds what the heck is going on here, hwo's the joker who pulled the alarm or wave his stupid little lighter flame below the automatic sensor??Jerk! Now, let's get on to sensations. Hmm, seems kinda wierd to me what this means. Sends the little runners in my itsy brain go wandering all over the place and the component called imagination into overdrive. Nah, no dirty thoughts here, it's an educational institution. that's what they all say anyway. Well, my senses are kinda dulled right now. A result of chatting last night with my roommate till 1am and waking u p this morning at 7. damn, really hate early mornings, I'm not a morning type of guy but apparently all my classes start way too early in the morning. Calculus at that, is that a classic example of stress or what. But what better way to start the ol thinker working everyday with symbols and numbers geting thrown at me and expecting me to understand what's going on?? Really don't know actually. don't really care. i guess that's it 20 minutes, mebbe a bit less. tata! ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_609608.txt,"Wow, here is Friday night and I'm doing my psychology assignment that was supposed to be due yesterday. I remember setting all of these personal goals for my four glorious years at college, and here I am in week three coming to the not so surprising realization that these goals were totally unrealistic to begin with. Why do people even set goals? Goals lead to expectations, expectations lead to disappointments. Guatama, one of my personal inspirations founded the great religion of Buddhism. He came up with the not so clever theory that those who desire nothing are never disappointed with life. I think most of us had that one figured out in Kindergarten or perhaps I was just exceptionally bright. As humans we set goals because we find ourselves having nothing to do, and because we fail to accept the fact that we have absolutely no control over our future, which makes man totally uncomfortable. Our technological advancements were not necessarily for the good of humanity but instead to compensate for our innate fear of nature. It's ironic because most Americans have adopted the religion of Christianity, and according to Christianity God created earth and all of its creatures, yet we put absolutely no faith in nature and certainly not in mankind. We're supposed to believe in that which we can not see and yet we can't even trust what it is we do see. Man is full of hypocrisy in every aspect of life. Some are better than others but in the end we're all hippocrites. More specifically, Christians in general are very interesting group to observe. Every Sunday people enter a building to worhip and praise God. They may sit in a pew for an hour but does this hour really change anyone's life? Most people struggle simply to stay awake, to walk away getting something out of the sermon is just too much to ask. Sadly enough most people think that because their religion is the ""chosen"" one that this hour makes them better than those who choose to sit at home and watch Meet the Press. As much fun as this tangent I've been getting on really has been my twenty minutes are more than up. So we'll just continue this . what is this they say. next session. ",y,n,n,n,y

1999\_614052.txt,"I am really really really hot. I don't know what to say. My girlfriend just called she's going to New York. I have some pretty messed up feelings about that. To a certain extent I feel kinda abandoned going here to UT. All of my friends are going to that amazing just right school for them. Me. I took the easy cheap way out. I knew that I could get in here, so I only applied here. Thats not to say that I don't like it here, I really do. I think that it will be interesting. I am really hungry. My roomate isn't here, he's working. I get to go to the dining hall all by myself, and I get to sit down, all by myself, and I get to proceed to eat. all by myself. I really like my room. I don't know why, but for some reason It has just taken over and become home. I'm not sure what to think about this expirement. I know that I've done stream of concious writing before because I took some creative writing classes, but now I'm afraid that this is going to be used to analyze my brain and you're going to use it to steal my credit card number, and forge all sorts of stuff. Speaking of credit cards, I got my first today, and had to send it home with parents because you can only activate the cards from your home phone, what kind of messed up shit is that? I'm sorry, I really should stop swearing. For some reason my mouth has to the potty since I started. I d o n ' t k n o w w h a t to say. I'm sort of bored right now. And I'm sort of in a strange dillema. This is going to sound sort of like Jerry Springer. I don't know if I love my girlfriend. I mean, I do, that's not the issue. It's that she's going to New York, and I'm here. And I don't know what to do about that. I'm going out to see her at thanksgiving. I really miss what she brought to my life. It was that feeling of completeness. I know that this is bad, but I'm already starting to look around for something to replace that feeling that is gone. I think that long distance relationships suck. You know that I can type really really fast. Sometimes I think that I can type faster than I can think. Or maybe thats the other way around. Maybe that's the reason this is turning into somany things that I don't know were floating around inside my head. It is right now five fifty. I have ten minutes to go. I can't believe that you're going to actually read this. That is really impressive. I can't imagine reading six hundred different stream of concience writings. I think that either your going to grade them pass fail, or you're an insomniac with nothing better to do with your time. I really wish that I could have a totally silent computer. You know, that's not random, It has to the fact that right now it is humming. I would put in some music, but that would mean taking my hands from off of the keyboard, which is illegal. So instead I'll play the game by the rules, and sing along to something in my head. Jen, Jen, Jeeeee----eeen Jen, Jen. She doesn't fucking care are are. Whether I like her or not. Okay that didn't really work out. I hate how you can only remember the lyrics to one part of a song. You end up singing like this. Word Word Word, dum dum dee dum. This shit would be really funny if I could instead speak it to you. I gaurantee that I'm the guy who will never shut up. Although lately I feel that maybe I've been too quiet. I think it may be time to sing something in the dining hall, maybe that will make people want to sit with me. Only five minutes left. That means I can eat by my badass lonely self. It should be fun. Maybe I'll call this girl I know. The problem with that is that I don't know where or friendship begins and ends. I don't know if she even considers me a friend. Its a total fucking mystery to me. I want to sit her down and tell her look. I think that I like you. The problem is that I'm afraid of rejection and failure and all of that bad stuff. You see I think that maybe I would make a good psychiatrist, because I've been through some weird shit, and that would help me to understand what was going on in other people's minds. Maybe not. Maybe I'm just totally fucking alone in the world. It's a frightening thought. And there I go with the swearing thing again. I would go back and edit it for langauge and content, but I figure that you probably won't be reading this thing anyways, so what does it matter. I like the fact that you seem to know how to handle a big class. Sorry, I don't even know why I seem to be writing this to you. I really should be writing this to myself. And if I was writing this to myself, I think that maybe I would rather just mull over it in my own head, as opposed to online, on paper, on something. So that's what I'm going to do. Good bye Gotham City ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_617565.txt,"Okay, I am very frustrated right now. I just tried to complete the pretesting survey and I was unable to get on to the web site. I tried for a long time and it still wouldn't work. Anyway, I have so much work to do and I don't feel like doing any of it. And just thinking that I have my economics class at 8:00AM tomorrow doesn't make me feel any better. I can't wait until my weekend comes. This past weekend was awesome. My friends came up to visit me for the whole weekend and we went out and stuff. My boyfriend, who I haven't seen in about a month, also came up with one of my best friends on Sat. I was really happy. Gosh!!! I am really uncomfortable in this chair at this desk. I have to put the keyboard in my lap because we don't have anywhere to put it. my back is hurting. my roomate looks like she's really comfortable in her bed while I'm here all twisted in my chair trying to type. I wonder why I'm having trouble thinking of things . It should be easy to just type whatever comes to my head, but, it's like my mind is not all here. I can't believe that I almost lst my key today. I got home after being gone to two cclasses and I realize that my key is gone. I don't have fifty dollars to just throw away. I wish I was kind of rich. no, not rich just better off than I am right now. I would just like to live comfortably. with just a little extra cash in my pocket. ouch ! my back is really bothering me right now. maybe after I finish this I should go and check if I can get on that pretesting thing again. waht is I keep haveing trouble with it? and, what if I never get it to work? then what? well, maybe I can go to somebody elses computer to do it. I wonder if it's the computer that is not working. I don;t know . but then again, I'm also computer illiterate. I can't bele\ieve that 20 minutes have not gone by yet. ohhh, I;m so tired. I still have to do more homework and I'm sleepy. I'm also getting kind of lazy to go work out, but, I have to go because I missed this whole past weekend. I feel like I'm getting fat even though I eat salads and baked potatoes every day. the jester food is gross. ooh, that late night food last night was so gross. It was extremely greasy. eating that stuff on a regular basis can make you really fat in no time. I hope I don't gaing those freshman fifteen . that would suck. I don't' want to gain any weight at all. I've seen too many peaple come home really fat after just a few months of coolleege. I'm really tired of typing already and I really want to stapo. I can't even spell anymore. I really hate thursdays. I have too much stuff to do on thursdays. my day is ruined at 8:00 when I have to go to economics . from then on it's jsut hell. then biology is really long. it's not a bad class it's just really loong. ",y,n,y,n,y

1999\_619944.txt,"it is wednesday. I can't wait until friday because I am going home to see brandon. I miss him so much. I can't wait to see him. two more days. this has been a very long two weeks. time passes very slowly here. I have a lot of free time on my hands when I am not in class. class. psychology class. psychology is fun so far. it really interests me, and prof. pennebaker is funny. chapter two sort of scared me though. how am I going to remember all of those terms. I didn't even finish reading it because I didn't understand it. but I should have becasue matt said that it was interesting. he was telling me about how they cut some part of a cat's brain out in an experiment. that is weird. the poor cat. matt is weird too. I always wonder if he likes me. he can be so mean when other people are around but so nice when it is just the two of us. I did feel pretty uncomfortable around him today in class. it was weird to sit right next to him. those seats are so close. I wish christina was not dropping psychology. I need her. I was so excited that we would have a class together. I feel like she ditched me. I guess I will get used to that because she is an architect. oooo. I guess I am a little jealous because she will have all of her architect friends, and who will I have? hmmm. also architecture sounds so much smarter than education or communication. communication. if I even get in. how am I ever going to get an appopintment with that leslie thomas? she will never call me back. I will just go tomorrow morning and wait until she is free like mc told me. and bring a book. and sit and wait. I will feel so dumb. why am I so nervous about talking to her? why am I nervous about typing this? I don't want to be in philosophy. it is too hard. I am not smart enough. I don't know. I wonder if that was really tobin I saw today in psychology. it looked like him. as much as I remember him. that is so weird. why do I keep thinking about him. I only talked to him once. I will probably never see him again. I don't know if I will even go to philosophy tomorrow. I want to see him again. why do I want to see him again? that is weird. I feel guilty for thinking aabout another guy. what about brandon? I still like brandon. love him. I miss him. I want to see him. I don't want anyone else but him. I wish he was here with me. then I would not feel so alone. alone. junior senior freshman. I am a freshman. it is so obvious. why? because I look young? becasue I look scared? like I don't know where I am where I am going what I am doing. that I don't belong. I don't belong. it will take time. this is like high school but worse but better. I was so scared freshman year in high school. I hated lamar. but I didn' want to go anywhere else. brandon. I wish we went to the same high school. that would be cool. every time I see a couple I think of him. I miss him. I am so pathertic. alden. was he right? he made me so mad. he can be so rude. why are we friends? he can be nice. he is older. smarter. meaner. mean. hmmm how much time left time time time. passes slowly when you think about it. I should nopt think about it. I have a whole year here without brandon. this dorm. it smells. our bathroom smells. the cafeteria smells. my eye hurts I wnat to take my contacts out I don't want to meet guys with gina and erin. what is there obsession. I think about it too much. so do they. when you think aobut it nothing happens. when you don't something does. I think aobut not thinking about it. fate destiny. GOD. I wish I was a better person. I wish that I had a better relationship with God. I wish that I was happier. I wish I was a little buit taller. that is a stupid song. just like that money on my mind song that reminds me of jimmy moore. I hate him. ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_631575.txt,"Ok I suppose I should start typeing er typing I mnean er mean that is typo but that is ok, there are no backing up er is. Wow, I cannot think I am supposed to do this until the end but I don't want to be late for computer science across the way I wonder who has to read this, and all the other 519 entries and if they ever think ""How tedious"" but I digress. Not actually that that means anything, but I thought it so I should write it, correct? Yeah. Good ska is hard to find. i need music to keep me up. my sound system makes me forget my problems I don't need to think about Like being dropped from journalism, not that seeing my ex-girlfriend helped any. The only analogy is like a nailbomb going off inside my head today. I am kind of stressed, but that is what everybody will write, right? Hey, I can rhyme. I need to write lyrics for the songs for The Pinfields. Not that I have the time. even tho I should be calling work and this feels like a waste of time because it doesn't seem like work, it seems like emailing a friend or some such nonsense. Its not that, but I don't know. If I keep typing, what will it get? I don't make sense. Shit, I am tired. I need to schedule my life away to keep up, not that she has any problems or anything. I need to stop worrying about myself. I need to look at the others and help. I don't care but apathy is bad so I do. I hate something or another. I have too many bad habits. I I I me me me. God, I am such a fucking self centered dork. I hope I don't offend anyone. Not that that matters. I need to call work, get a vcr, get a couch. Go to ben's. that's right. WHat time is it. 1205. that means 12 minutes Until I haul ass to computer science. I am not that deep of a person I suppose. i wonder if I can make it as a lyricist. did James gfet my email? I don't know. Argh. At least (ergh I mean) this music is good. THis is bad posture and I don't need this towel. I am trying to focus on the black circle (or dot) in my head because I made it up as a way to not let over-analyzing everything drive me crazy and found out it was actually a technique for relaxation. crazy. But I don't think that that is something. I need everything to just wait 1 day so I can calm down. BUt Oh god. I have 12 hours. THey dropped me. I am screwed. Now I'm on the waiting list. i ll call mom. She'. l. tell me what I can do. Not that I depend on people too much. I think in phrases don't I? I wonder if I use question marks in my head. Almost there. No poem, no artistic expression. Just my usual moronic behavior. God. I am such a selfcentered loser. I am not as good as anybodY. The tape ended. I try to make it so I think everyone is equal, but I can't. I end up making myself think I am lower just to compsensate. God. I need to find religion. I need to stop complaining. I need to chill . I I I me me me. I need to shut the hell up. I just need to calm down. I need to leave. I need to get a bike. when I am going to get the stiff on my room down. I am tiared. Am I hungry? I don't think so. I don't want to eat. well now that I dwell on it. a little bit. That cool. The way the light is regfelected on the mirror on my wall. No gramm ar or punctuation. Not important. Is it 12:17? no. 1213. er 14. changed. God. Is it? I nedd to clean this palce up. All the thoughts that run through my head. ""mirror in the bathroom please don't freak. The door is locked just you and me let me take you to a restaurant thats got glass tables we can watch ourself while you are eating"" ugh sleep I need sleep. Sleep is god. I don't want to offend god tho. I think I've don e enough to wanyway. no I need to not ERGH ergh that s just it ergh ergh ergh ergh ergh ergh ergh Vent Don't break stuff. Remember the door. Remember the wall and the shattered glass. bleeding. No. ergh. Bad. Violence isn't the answer but neither is self blaming. BUT peopple can blame me without any second thought. How does that work. I should leabve. I dislike everything. I am. NOt I like no wait how uh ergh. monosylabic just don't work because I just don't quit this shit is aurally aesthetic kind of like a prescription from a stressed medic. Fin. ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_632096.txt,right now I'm wondering why I am doing this and how it relates to the class I'm tired and this is not helping get the sleep I need and with my government class too crap I have to do that for about 2 hours tonight I'm wondering wheather I hate college or love it or both I think its both all the people hear and so much to do study party girls ect. my clothes need to be washed tonight they smell like crap. ahh sweet katie is coming up this week how cool wondering what my first football game is going to be like and if I'm going to get any action from kaite david my roommate wants to get some snuggle action from katies friend ashleigh I'm sure he would like more than that though knowing him ohh yea I hate this crap I'm listening to hungry like the wolf got to delete that off my winamp man its so hot in this room I need to shower for like the 5th time today this weahter sucks hear its about 100 degress everyday thats starting to piss me off too ahh got to pick up my football tickets tommarow don't want to miss that right frats???? the delt frat party on friday am I going to go or just hang out in my dorm and what about katie coming up my god I'm sweating I'm my room damn AC!!! I hope I get a solid grade in this class I mean I could be out party right now but know I'm doing this stupid stream of concoious crap I hope this is what you guys are looking for beccuase I have no clue what I'm supposed to be doing at the moment I want to go eat and play some pool down in the lobby. I'm also craving for a ciggarrtte but I'm not allowed to smoke in the room due to david donest wnnt me too kelly what about her I wish she was hear I'm bored and not liking this I want to do some real homework and get this done done done everyme and every you every me and every me haha david my roomate last night thinking about how he need to use the bathroom but couldnt because are suite mate was in it and how he wehnt to the 11 floor in only his boxer and I got a chuckle out of that this sucks government I need to get to that and start it up so I can feel satisfied with my studying for the night need to get this done tell me why aint nothing but a mistake I never want to hear u say haha I'm losing it going with lyrics that suck badly I wonder if my suite and now my roommate david are gay I think john david just might be its alight though I mean were in austin I have no problem with taht as long as he doesn't put any of that gayness on me haha ohh man I'm liking this eithernet connection this is some fast crap ohh sweet this is almost over hell yea I need some coffe my god that sounds goood a full 6 cups of coffee to go along with danny hhhhhhhanley I my roomate thinks I'm crazy for turning this pethetic essay in of my stream of concious ohh yes sugar sounds good with my coffee heck yea never heard such a brilliant idea as a cup of coffee at the moment I don't think this is long enough now but my time seems to be up ohh well that was a full 20 mins ,n,y,n,y,n

1999\_632513.txt,"well after being the first day of school, I really wonder how much harder the clsses will be. astronomy seems easy enoughas it is intended for non-science majors. but dr. pennebaker said that the class wouldbe hard. Doing assignments are no problem but I worry about the test. like what am I going to make? will I get an a? will my parents ever get off my back. I dunno. I'm also concerned about labor day and this weekend like whter or not I shouyld go home to go the wedding or do I not want to see my parents my suitemate is going to get hammered as she puit it just a minute ago on a wednesday night! for goodness sake why do our parents pay 15,000 a year for their kids to fail out of college? that is so weird anyways I think drinking is bad foryou but I only like to drink winecooolers because they taste good I wonder whether or not I should sratch my foot it itches my typing has gotten really really really really badly anyways my tummy hurts and I have to see the gyno on monday about menstrual cycles from the looks of it college is not going to be as funas most people make it out to be I mean aren;t you supposed to party? but all I do is study I need to change this mp3 this song is annoying now I'm listening to creep by radiohead is makes me a little depressed and I think that my roomate is making microwave mac and cheese I like my new diet but it seems like no one ever believes it but I have lost 17 lbs so that is something I think I'll get up at 7 to workout tomorrow anouther mile will be good I wonder if michelle is really going to read this? MICHELLE! HEY! read me!HELP ME! I need to make good grades so I can get a phd too with a lot of work and time and stress though! I want to take sign language too! so I can talk to deaf people about their problems. I'm sure they have them too! I also want to open a place called the de-stresser. I could counsel people while in other rooms of the building there will be stress reliving rooms such as a sauna, pool, coffee place, and a massage therapy place amd even better a laser tag or virtual reality hunting game. hm. my bf is msging me on icq I just told him that I'll answer in 6 mins I hate history classes what a perfect soul what you should know I'm not around so special I wish I was special but I'm a creep io'm a weirdo but how much can I take I don't belong here oh oh oh ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh. this song is getting on my nerves what about an areosmith song? cheese and mac smells good! pink is my new obessseion pink is not even a question pink is my favortie pink its the color of passion cause today its in fashion pink it was love at sight pink its time to turn out the light! you could be my famingo cause pink is a new kinda lingo pink like an umbrella pink that you could never tell you pink it was love at first sight pink when I turn out the light pink gets me high as a kite! ",y,n,n,y,y

1999\_632523.txt,"college isn't as easy or as bad ass as I was expecting, with katie back home I can't stand not being ablble be with her or mess around, I know I'll prob end up[ screwing it up, I know I kindof want to date other people but I can't stand the thought of her being with another guy, I really do care about her but I know in the long run we aren't going to end up together but it is still hard to end it or change things plus the way we alwys fight it sux. I keep getting behind in my work and I don't have enough motivation to do thingds I know I shoiuld be doing. I'm wooried avboutr this life gaurd training test I'm so out of shape, what if I don't make it . I also don't know if I should have quit soccer. it was fun and I liked to play but I really wanted more free time, but to do what watch more tv and drink more, I need to meet more people so I'm not always relying on doing things with my hs buds, shit I need a car I'm tired of this shit being dragged out, I have to many thingsi need transportation for, I miss katie. I'm fucking bored and need to take a nap or something it sux ricky williams got hurt I want him to tear up the nfl. I wish I could have watched the game last nite I neede to get a paper so I can check the stats, man this 3 hrs of life gaurding training is going to suck. it's pretty exscessive to have 2 a month. I wonder where evrybody is, what the hell am io going to do for dinner tonite since jester doesn't have food sun nite, the stupid thing is last sun we went to the union and all but one place was closed on a day they know the cafeteria is closed how retarded, dam the redskins are beating the shit out of the cowboys, I hate the cowboys, but then again what nfl team do I really like, any way ah shit my leg is falling asleep, I wonder how jamie is or if he washed his sheets, what did he do last nite, I wonder if I'm going to get called fo an interview, who pllays on the tv tonite . I don't know why I burn so many cd's I never listen to any of them. I wonder if grant is upset with me for some obscurwe reason, I wouldn't have minded seeing robyns body this weekend god she has got a great ass I'll never forget seeing all those girls at midnite madness, damn I'm deprived. I got scrswed this weekend on the money shit I spent like 75 bucks and everyone benififtes , I nedd to deposit my check. I don't evben know if I have any slips. I wonder how bad ricky is hurt. did my sister go to church today. my neck hurts dam I don't feel like getting in that ice cold water and freezing my balls off, hopefully its not as cold as the other pool, man none of the lifegaurds are cool. I wonder what ashley is up to or if she is still sick, man lauren should defineatly stayhere well now I'm thinking about is finishing up this 20 min so my mind is kindof astray. I can only think of filling the paper of words these words which I''m writing. I wany to see thos plat nice hight step, dam 35-14 well times about up I wonder if they have any way of checking how much time u really spent because I've only gone 4 19 min oh ther's 20 ",y,n,n,n,n

1999\_633265.txt,"I have just arrived from home. I went home this weekend for labor day and spent time with my family, friends,and everybosy else. The time I spent thier was very rapid, it went by so fast. Sometimes I miss home sometimes I think if what is going on over there I mean it is not a really big town, but it is a part of me. Now that I am here I like it at first I was knid of lonely, but now I am feeling better. I really need to get on reading for tommorrow. Am I going to do good this semester? What is going to happen? I have the potential to do good and I know I aam and can. Oh well, I really miss mando, he is a really great guy that really confuses me and at this point in my life I do not need that. He is over there I am here I mean that is crazy, I have to stop myself. Our relationship is getting to out of hand, to serious. That is not always bad, but right now tha is all I think about him, us. Should I stop talking to him, let go eventhough it hurts, I mean what do I do? I mean I am sitting here talking to a computer and letting out all my feelings and I don't even know who is going o read this, this is so crazy. What if I stop talking to him and it hurts, what if it breaks ny heart that is crazy. WHAT IF!!!!!! Anything can happen oh well I have to stop thinling about it and just see wat happens in the next days, weeks , months. I have so much reading to do for tommorrow, the next day and so on. What is wrong with me I am so crazy, I think about crazy things. Life out of high school is so f\different, it is so weird. Right now I am typing in my friends computer since my computer doesn't work , taht is really pissing me off. I wan t my computer I hate using other peoples things, I really want my computer fixed. I am going to look into that tommorrow. There are so many different types of people in this school, differnt places, intersts and so on. It is a whole different world here, but I really like it I started wanting to go to SEU and now I am here it is a big difference. I like it though, different is good, I like that. I really miss mando, he has had a huge impact in my life, my mom does not like him ofcourse, but I do. I really don't know how he feels about me he really confuses me. He is always on my mind I have to stop because it is interfering with everything. I look forward to going ome because I want to see I'm and my family. Gosh, this is the worst feeling I have so many things on my mind that I just cannot talk about them it relly pisses me off. Life is so complicated, but we have to take it as it comes and just ry to avoid the bad things. ",y,y,y,n,y

1999\_633874.txt,"We went to Barton Springs today as a sorority, and met a bunch of my new pledge sisters. I just pledged Zeta Tau Alpha, and I absolutely love it. Today, we layed out beside the pool, which really has lake water in it,and I nearly fell asleep. When I put my feet in the water, it felt like I had just breaken through the top layer of Ice, and now my feet are in the water below it, like a pond that had been frozen over. It was really neat to see the different type of people that will soon become some of my best friends. Hopefully I will have gotten a tan. Yesterday, I went to the football game and met my boyfriend and his family there. He lives in Dallas and is a senior in high school. His brother is one of the starters on the football team, so it was really neat to see him play. I sat with my boyfriend and his family, which I hadnt seen in a while. Later on that night we went to his brother's apartment and hung out. I was so happy to have seen my boyfriend. He's an incredible guy. Anyways, I could go on forever. My feet really hurt today from these little pieces of wood that were on the ground, and when I walked around with no shoes, it did not feel good. Right now, I am looking around my room and it looks so much different than it did a week ago, when I had not yet pledged a sorority. Everything I have now is zeta stuff. It really is kind of neat. I love being in a sorority. It's really a good chance to meet people and feel a sense of family even when you are away from family. Speaking of family, I really miss my family. My parents are divorced, and my dad lives in Massachuttes. My mom lives in Dallas with my two younger brothers. They miss me so much. Especially my dog, who uses the bathroom all over the house just to show us when he is mad or upset with us. My mom said that lately he has been doing that. I guess its because I left him. I always would play with him, such as throwing a frisbee and play tug-o-war. He was so attached to me it was unbelievable. Everywhere that I went in the house, he would follow. I love dogs. I can't wait to go home and see all of them. My brothers really miss me also. They don't have an older sister to boss them around anymore. My mom really misses me too. I was the only daughter, so she was very attached to me. She calls me about 5 times a day, and emails about 3. I guess as time passes by, she will get used to me being gone, but right now I don't think that she has adjusted very well. But I guess that goes for all moms when their children go off to college. And its kind of funny because I was really scared to come here. I have heard its just so big, and the sororities were so cruel. I was frightened. I had always wanted to go to A&M, because I am definitely the more conservative type, but I have amazed myself in that I absolutely love it here. Austin is such a neat town, and there is always something to do. In Dallas, we had to sit and figure out something to do on a Friday night. Most of the time, we never came up with anything. Here in Austin, there is not one night where nothing is going on. There's a ton of good restaurants and fun places to go to. Especially Barton Springs, it was a great place to go for a picnic on a Sunday afternoon. I have family down here in Austin, so it is neat to have a place to go. I feel much more secure. They are about 20 minutes away, which is perfect, because they are not too close, but they are close enough for me to drive over to whenever I get sick of the campus. My cousin, who just got back from a mission trip in the Phillippines, will be living at my aunt and uncles house next year while she is working at a church. It will be neat to finally be living in the same city as her. I have always seen her on trips and family stuff, but never have I actually been in the same place with here for more than a week. So I am really looking forward to the friendship and bond that we will be making this next year. I am hoping that my year goes good and that I can keep up with all of my classes. I am planning on going to all of them, and trying not to miss them. I also really want to keep up with the reading and stuff, so I wont be as stressed out at exam time. I am looking forward to this next year, but I know it will be a hard adjustment and a huge challenge, but I know that if I work hard and put my mind into everything, I will do great. ",n,y,y,y,n

1999\_634091.txt,"I have too much to do today. I should go work out. I need to learn to prioritize. Its unbelievable I have met or at least introduced myself to since I hae lived here, I need to work at remembering names. I like my classes so far, all in their own way. Calculus is the weirdest because I don't remeber much at all clearly from high school yet I kinda like bein confused like that. I wonder how all of my friends are doing form high school? I hear that the football team is using more of a passing game and I wish I was there for it all. I need to call my friend Jonathan, I can't wait to go visit him at Texas A&M. I've been writing for fie minutes now, its going to be a while. I need to go get I computer, I am tred of always waiting in line or bumming other peoples'. I'm gettin pretty good at spinning the pen on my finger, its kinda embarrassing if I do it in class and I miss. I wonder if my dad is going to get the new car or not. I would loe the chance to drive it. I would race cars if I could but I would be entering the field kinda late and I don't even know where to start. I wish I hd the time and money to take driing lessons this summer, then I could at least go to driev on a track if I had the car. Theer are too many things I want to do when I grow up. I like to be able to do everything, but I also want to marry the perfect girl and have the best kids and spend all of my time with them. I'e been writing for ten minutes now, I'm getting closer. My hand is starting to get kinda tired, I have multiple thoughts at the same time and I can't keep up with them all at the same time for this paper. I need to do my laundry, htose sheets I hae are still kinda stiff. I wish I had'nt slept so late today, I wasted half of my day and I missed a class too, it was probably the only time the teacher has gien a pop quiz. I want more cool signs, I think my walls are so bare, I want to have a room I enjoy being in. I get kinda lonely here by myself sometimes, but I think I am glad that my roommate never showed up. It gies me a lot more freedom. I can't wait for this weekend, hopefully I can get enough peopel together to go cliff diing. That guy in the hall is gettin on my nerves, he worries too much about stuff, the prob is I kinda see the way I used to be in him, and wonder why I eer had friends. so far college is a blast though, I'e got all of my old friends that go here, plus all of the people that I have met, so I always have something to do, but thats the problem because sometimes I don't get stuff I should get done finished. It's kinda my fault too though, I think I kinda aoid doing homework and such. I want to go see a movie sometime, its been a while since I'e seen one in a theater, I need to find a cool girl to go with. I really don't have and good thoughts now, being interrupted is kind of a hassle. There are lots of people I need to call, I should do it soon, many people I enjoy spending time with and I havent seen in a while. I have two dictionaries up there that I havent even used, I feel kinda bad but I havent had any need for them yet, n/m, I am supposed to look up some words for that seminar class. Oh well, I'm finally done, but I htink this is kinda cool, it takes a while to get into, but once I was started I think it was fun. ",y,n,y,n,y

1999\_634637.txt,"Ok. I've never done this before, so here it goes. I've just come back from houston and I ams so glad that I'm here. I miss the turtles. you know. the ones that are in the pond that';s in the midding of nowhere. anyway. I got back here. and did my laundry. I borrowed quarters. and found out I have a million pennies. That and big bills. I'm hungry but not really hungry. it's wierd. I live at doby and somehow when I eat. it's like this feeling that I'm not that hungry and that I don't need to eat. but once I'm in my room. I'm like a starving maniac. I don't know. I miss my boyfriend. Sometimes I feel lonely here. I mean, I'm not really lonely because of all the friends I met here. especially my roommate. she's really nice. if shere weren't here. then I would be so bored out of my mind. I think what takes my time is actually just watching a lot of tv. I've gotten used to watching daily soaps. can you believe that? I never watch soaps. and then I get on the net and check my nonexistant mail. and eat and sleep. I study at nights. I really am hoping that I do well here. I really need tobecause I thing I slacked off so much my senior year. I've got to do well. I promised myself and my parents. how can you write so much. my brain is totally wearing off. I decided to do this because I have a lack of want to study anymore and I know I can't put this off any longer. it's just something I have to do. I need to make sure that whatever essay I get that I'll try to get it done asap and not be a procrastinator like I am always. well, I went home and wanted to see my goddaughter. but my friends changed their number again. and somehow they forgot to reach me. and I'm so upset because I don't know when I'll see them again. this tiem I took a car. my friend drove the car. it's so much more comfortable than the greyhound. what's bad about it is that you have to worry about a ride to the greyhound. I still don't think I can find my way around just by the bus. it would be so much eaiser if I had a car. so much easier. god, I don't know why I sold that car. well. jason and I would bne fighting over it anyway. he's my brother. That is if he'll get off the computer trying to email his girlfriend all the time. I'm sure he will run out of things to say. nevermind. I'm washing my laundry. and got. that pounding. next door is giving a headache. he pounds that music all the time. like all the time. until 2 in the morning. and I don't know how I deal with it. and yet we're friends. yess. I only have another 7 minutes to go. this is taking too long. way too long. the daily thing I do is thing about my boyfriend. he said that he's be here. and I trust him on that. but he's transfering from california and needs to taek the tasp. I wish he were here. he can't talk to me often cause he lives with his sister. and she dosn't like me. but I have no idea why. I'm such a good girl. I mean that. I do nothing wrong. I'm thinking of rushing. to rush and not join. isn't that twisted. I hear everyone does that. just to go to the parites. and meet the ppl. my boyfriend would be so jealous though. I can't tell him in any way. I think he still does not trust me thought he says he does. my room mate is lucky. she saw her kinda boyfriend. though he didn't spend just time with her. but time with his friends too. this is so hard. I think time is coming to an end. it should. ok. it's there. bye. I'm just kidding. I wish it were. ok. done. ",n,n,y,y,n

1999\_637380.txt,What happened today. i can't believe Max killed himself I'm fine but what about Matt and Ryan What was going on in his head. I hope Matt and Ryan can deal. Horriblr thing to happen. I hope Matt stays in school. I worry about everyone too much Not enough about me. I'm glad I can be the strong one and be there for them. i wish we were all back at home. Right now home feels so far I would love to hug my mom. she is worried about me. her baby away at school. what am I doing at this school. i feel so lost. Is this where I meant to be Ineed a reason to be here. I'm not supposed to be lonely. Will I ever fall in love I hate being in this room alone. I need someone here with me. why is life so confusing? What do my feelings mean everyone has it so together. Will I? I put too much meaning in everything. Poor Max What a wasted life. He needed someone to help him. I want to be there for matt but he needs time to grieve. I can't be intrusive. I need to stop trying to fix everthing. Its all planned out already. I hope I see Brian tomorrow. He gives me something to look forward to. Hes such a nice guy. Is he interested in me? Tomorrow is a new day. Today has opened my eyes. Don't take life for granted. ,n,y,y,n,n

1999\_638078.txt,"I find your instructions extremely vague and confusing, I should hope your instructions would be more precise as to what you actually want, considering this is college. However, I will attempt to explain how ""my mind works. "" At the moment, I am tired so I am in a cloudy state of mind. To be completely honest I am thinking I would rather be doing many other things with my friends than writing a prompt. I am also hungry because I have not eaten all day. Food is presently being prepared at my co-op so I am not particularly worried about starving. I find that if I something to be misleading or too broad, such as this writing assignment, I tend to get frustrated and pist off. Hence I tend to speak my opinion if I am in this state of mind. I am presently thinking about how much of a moron the person who wrote this assignment must be to try and make me think about my thoughts and then write about my thoughts as I was thinking about my thoughts. Sounds a little too contradictive to me. How could I think of any thoughts to write about when my thought is supposed be me thinking about my thoughts? I have found that I'll have an idea sometimes out of the blue, sometimes when situations spring them upon me. Whether the idea registers as a good one or not in my brain at the time, determines if I decide to take action, ponder it more, or dismiss it. My feelings at this point are that I would rather be having sex than writing a prompt as well. I could simply click a few buttons and check out some internet porn but I might as well keep writing. I feel even more tired now because I just got done shopping for four hours for my co-op. I don't particularly care very much for shopping but I do it because it is part of my duty to everyone at the co-op. I could use some music but am not near a stereo. Which brings up an important thought. I tend to ponder the ways and means of life when I play my own music better. I find that I helps me cope with and express my ideas in a form that is universal instead of English. My mind comprehends a thought and then interprets it as emotion or reason. Based upon the interpretation, my mind then clarifies what emotion or reason is to be felt or used and then determines a course of action. In the case of music, it sends impulses to my soul to tell my fingers what to play and in the case of reason it tells me what is rationally sound to deduce from my initial observations. ",y,y,n,y,y

1999\_638622.txt,"I don't really know how to start this. I'm not sure what I'm thinking. It's so hot and I'm so tired. I wish I could have watched the baseball game yesterday. People on the Emmy's give the stupidest speeches, I really like Noah Wiley. I wish I knew who a l;ot of the poeple who come up there are. I shouldn't have this on while I'm doing homework. I can't believe it took me so long to figure out Wilma Flinstone today at the picnic. I wish I had met more people and that the cute guy was there. It's 9:20, I need to go to bed early. I hope my alram wakes me up in the morning. I keep correcxting my spelling and I'm not supposed to do that. Those girls always play Dave Matthews, at least it's Dave Matthews. Maybe I should close the door. I think the people in the dorm think I work all the time. I hope the weird guys don't by to see Clare. I wish my room didn't look like this I'm so tired of it. two weeks into school and I'm tired of my room. twenty minutes is too long to do this. my watch ticks so lloud. I wish it would tsop, it's driving me crazy. Why is Clare's computer sneezing. The closest door is open, its bothering me. I should close the closet door and the otehr one. Why do we leave our door open so much. They tell you to lock it when you're in the room. We are going to be killed in our sleep actually we lock it in our sleep and leave it open when we're awake, so I don't think we'll be killed in our sleep. Clare's back. Clare's reading what I write. My concentration is broken. I can't do this, this is os hard. I don't think I'm thinking of anything original are thinking like I usually think because I know I'm supposed to be thinking. I wish frasier had won the emmy. What do I have this song on, I know I have it. this is do hard to do. I cna't think of anything when I'm supposed to be thinking of stuff. What cd, do I have this song on. I really wish that I could look and see what cd I have theat song on but I'm doing this and I still have ten minutes, no maybe 5 finutes left. I started at 9:17. I ahve five minutes to write what I'm thinking but all I'm thinking abbout is what to write, or what to think. Clare's killing her sheep. The one on her computerthat's sneezing. oh, I'm not supposed to do that, explain what I'm thinking. This is so ahrd. Who's that author who writes in stream of consiousness, I hated reading that book. what was that. james joyce. I wish my computer was faster. I really want a new one. buti don't want to ask. Clare says its faulkner. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_638698.txt,"I feel kind of nervous right now. I have never done anything like this before. at least not as something to turn in for a class. lately, I've been thinking about school and how this semester is going to. I need to start looking for a job sometime this week. one of my best friends is coming back from Sacremento, CA this weekend, so I'm really excited about that. I haven't bought all of my books yet, so I'm hoping to do that soon, especially for this class because we have a test pretty soon. I took this class last semester but I totally slacked off and got a D in it, but I need to take it again in order to get into child psychology. I don't want to let my parents down again. my sister took this semester off because she got bad grades last semester. I know that I can do really well this semester if I really want to and I think that I do. I just really hope that everything works out ok. I guess you've probably noticed by now that I ramble on and on. I think that stream of consciousness is really cool. I think it was Virginia Woolf who made it popular. I think it was her. I loved the way she would start talking about one thing and then that thing would remind her of something else and then she'd go off on that. I don't know how much I'm supposed to be writing . I think this assignment is neat. I hope that I'm going to be able to handle working and goingt to school. I worked at late night at jester last semester, and I think it was the hours that threw me off because I would work from 8pm to 1am. I live at kinsolving this year and I think that it's a lot better than Jester. I think I've been writing quite a bit already and I think that this is my stream of consciousness. all that I really do think about is doing well this semester because I want to be an elementary teacher already. so I guess I just hope. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_639076.txt,"As I start this essay I am feeling a little wary because I am doing it a little late. I am starting to think about what to write. I think that if I don't write something intellingent I will come off as dumb or ignorant as to what I am feeling. I am also thinking erotic thoughts. I am also feeling embarassed for writing that down. I am scared that after reading this you will think that I am a pervert (which I am not). I am once again thinking about what to write; once again thinking that if I don't write something smart I will come off as dumb. I am beginning to think of friends from back home. People I left behind, family, friends, teachers with whom I had pretty good relationships. I am now thinking of a conversation I had with two other friends on a very private issue. My father comes into my head also, times I have spent with him after he and my mother seperated. Then I think of times with my stepmother and how my mother would dislike it if she knew that I acknowledge her as someone related to me. I am now feeling a little anxious because I do not want my sister to come home right now and see that I wrote something about having erotic thoughts. I now am thinking of a girl in one of my classes. It isn't erotic, I am just thinking of what she looks like in the class and how I would like to talk to her sometime. Then I start to feel a little down because I haven't made any really close friends in college yet, just aquaintences. Again I am thinking about what to write. I just got an image of the capitol as it looks from the tower and I just thought about the tower. I think about going to Mezes hall to sign up for an experiment. I am now worrying again because I haven't signed up for one. ",n,n,y,n,n

1999\_639934.txt,"I already miss Greg. I had forgotten how much fun we had together. Talking in depth ahbout philosophy and relationships. We also enjoyed playing cards and James Bond. I npticed Mark has taken a liking to Bond and he always plays it while on my bed. I can't belive he was sick and lying in my bed. All this and the fact that he can't make a joke well make me want him to hook up with Emily. They were made for each other. He does have a sense of homur thought. Atleast he isn't to weird a roomate. I do feel bad that I haven't taken out the trash yet. OIther than that I think I have been a good roomate. I think I made him jealous when Sarah and I were kding around. I could feel him shutting himself off from us and dwelling on his own sorrow that I am still convinced is caused by the fact that Emily and him are apart. I hope my relationship will prosper. Some changes need to be made on my controlling attention and Sarah trying to do the same. I don't belive the problems lie much more deeper than that, Altough I am looking at it from that perspective as well. I think if we continue to become aware of our prior mistakes happiness will prevail. We do have a good future if we have a liittle more personal attention and inner thought. I miss her now but I am glad she is out so that I may do my work including what I am doing now. I wonder if we will be able to eat together and if so, where and when. If O haven't heard from herr by 7:00 than I'll have a sandwhich here while I watch Simpson/X-Files and the inbetween, whatever the station decides needs a boast in ratings. I think it is so rediculous how most people will have little or only practical things toi do but will turn on the TV and zone out as they flip mindlessly thropught the same channels they just saw. If people would check out the TV schedule than maybe they could plan when to watch certain shows and when to do other tasks like reading a book of interest. Speaking of books, I have but a thousand to read. The Hobbit, Lord of the rings, that Star-Wars book, that buddism one, the Tenth Insight, The experiential guides and the Celestine Vision. I also want to read the bible for my own study and not because it was being forced on me. I don't believe in the present idea of God but see him more as just energy of which everything is made. Perhaps the tales will have some metaphoric meaning within my life as it has my parents. I still doubt that I will pick Christianity as my system of metaphors. I may actually be able to construck my own relegion with no influence from otheer religions that have meaning or scientific marrit. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_640688.txt,"I don't know what to do with my boyfriend. I am so distracted by him and I should be studying and trying to do reaslly well my first semester in College. I don't really feel that great today. I really feel like taking a bath. It would be really cool if our neighbors would urn down the music so our walls would stop shaking. I wonder eho the package is from that I got. It is really stupid that I won't be able to pick it up until Tuesday. My room is pretty lonely and the show on tv is pretty weird. I miss my roommate already. Maybe I should have gone home this weekend. Oh, well I guess my weekend is going ok because I got to see both Jared and Eddie yesterday and that made me happy. I miss Jared right now. I wish my siter was here. We would have so much fun. I heard that she already took over my room. I don't really know what I think about that. I don't know how I am going to get all my work done, I can't believe I slacked off sp much and I would have had all my stuff done already. Oh well, I guess next time I will do better. I hope that I will be able to get my application to the Texas Spirits this week so I can start meeting people. Maybe I should have joined a sorority so that it might be easier to meet people. Hopefully with the things I am attempting to join I will be able to meet some more peope. It is so hard to meet girls to be friends with. Boys are so easy to meet because they almost always talk to you and try to get to know you. Maybe it is just hard for me to actually meet friends and not just acquaintances. All my frinds from high school were pretty much people that I had been friends with since CAtholic grade school. Making it not very common for me to meet all differnet people form many difference places. Ut is sp doverse and so absolutely different from anywhere I have been before. Except for New York City, I guess. But I guess it is wierd because it is such a mix of people that are all my age and all here for the same reason and I guess that is prety hard to comprehend. I wonder ho Jennifer is at LSU. The last time I talked to her , she sounded like she was having the time of her life. I hope she doesn't forget all the fun we use to have and doesn't change that much. So far, it seems like Kristen and Colleen have changhed a lot and they have only been gone a toatla of like two weeks. I haven't talked to Sarah at all , I hope she is doing ok. I wonder if she has met WEs yet , I bet they would get along really well. This wirting is completely all over the place. I am not really sure how this shows the way my brain works. Iguess it has been about twenty minutes. so I guess I can end my rambling. ",n,y,n,y,y

1999\_643860.txt,"today was a pretty lousy start. last night matt and I talked about alchoholfor about two hours. he needs lots of help. God is the only one who can really change his life. its hard for him to let go and put his life in the hands of another . samehere. can't tellif jamie is getting bothersome . I'm so tired , life is like inthe evening. such a traitor ,momentsof light. haze followed by enlightenment . God speaks, I listen, but still no work is done. How will I ever get out of this slump? there seems to be no ethical -work movement in possible future. so tired eyes heavy with disgust and empty anti-thought. supposed philosophy is taking the place of construct. Although there seems no point inthe sadness or loneliness there can't come any change from me. there seems no way to get out without talking to those id never talk to otherwise . why involve them now whenthey will neverrbe another part? they'll help. need more pills. three movies since move. dobies sucked. not sixth sense. saw Kara. drew too. she is the future. run Baker run ? hopeless acquisition followed by incision tommorrow a decision perfected by revision. incisino from God made all the diffence. IHATE READING IHATE CALCULUS I hate astronomy. I hate myself above all and I can't say that alltogether it is a bad thing . I hate verbosity. I hate hating . I yearn for peace but find no answer that has lasted . Jesus is the answer but it is so hard to stay in his hands. I need a haircut . I need a rainfall. I need a phonecall. maybe I should buy a new car. And I wish it was a big world because I'm lonely for the small town id like to drive and not look back . blow my money at a casino in seattle if one existed. then id sit in the rain all day and eat salami sandwiches . meat the woman of my dreams at a dance who is almost as depresed as I think I am. she'd see right through me and I through her. then Id move to mexico and start a church then move back to texas and live on a ranch . then move back to austin an start a rock and roll band with major influences from Ro ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_652329.txt,"WEll right now I'm doubting I can write for the next 20 minutes straight. I don't think I have that much material, that's worth putting down anyway. Id rather be doing something else for the next 18 minutes. I'm looking forward to going out tonight. There is a party and it should be a lot of fun. I'm going to get drunk and that will be fun. Class this week was interesting, however I worry that I am falling behind in a couple of my classes. There's so much reading and such little time. I'm pledging Delt and that keeps me really busy. That's who the party is with tonight, my pledge class. They are pretty cool guys. These guys keep walking in here and interupting my writing. That is annoying. I had this girlfriend named Erin. We broke up before we came to school. I think about her a lot now. I guess I miss her. I hope she is doing well. i am still thinking about her. I need to go help a couple of my friends sneak liquor up into Towers. My time is just about up anyway. This really wasn't that bad of an assignment. I had fun. See you in class. ",n,n,n,n,n

1999\_652391.txt,I don't believe it I hate the way things are with the club and stuff I just don't feel like I belong I mean with monica it's okay but with Loni and Jennifer I just hate the way they take over everything why didn't they even let us work on the poster it was just them two why did I even go up there in the first place I mean annette never called back it was just like whatever oh well I really do hate it now. how can I be the network chair what do I know about building webpages why did she just ask me if I had gotten on her computer like what? she probably thouhght I got on it because the screensaver was on I did send her that life expectancy test I am going to live until I'm 86 according to it I sent janie the camera test I can't believe janie left me how could she get marriedd tubby toast I wonder who that is lit's Munchechee man I realllt don't' feel like talking to aziza or anyone she just came back with her books all happy I jjust hate the way sthings got so messed up last year it was so different I'm so happy my classses from summer school were transferred yippe I won't get dropped tomorrow mr kapluvousky's so nice why did karla just like leave like that she doesn't make sense along with another one who is sitting right next to me all typing away there goes tubby toast again who knows who that was I need to call melanie I really don't know if I should talk to her I mena I don't even know her even though our parents do work together still I don't know she sounds like she 's really loud I need to go brush my teeth that monkey thing was pretty funny she's talking to me something about wednesday man tomorrow is wednesday I really don't want to go to the lab 5-8 that's like an eternity and then when am I going to eat dinner I'm going to be starve man I'm hungry right now I feel like having some milk maybe late nite is open karla said they had grilled cheese sandwich howcome Joey didn't call today who knows but tomorrwo she'll come banging on my window sixteen dollars for office 2000 no way that doesn't sound right maybe some copies karla is talking wan'ts to borrow abby's compute has a resume due tomorrow the light is too bright karlas gone I feel bad that I didn't get to talk to my parents when they called I really hope they get the house although I don't want them to stress they have enough problems but it's for the besst although junior is going to freak and plus I am scared for us not really the best house but it's a start gosh how are they going to do it by the end of this month it's going to happen and then the wedding is on the 18th but I have tests that following monday I can't miss the wedding the wedding of my cousin whom I don't know I don't know anyone there only rosa and ma's hermana I don't want them to ask me any weird questions like always do you have a boyfriend I hate that question and that's all they want to know no not about my studies just about my love life I don't get them I hate the way my mother loves to tell them that no judy doesn't have time for boyfriends it will certainly be something with allthe family there what am I going to wear howcome they didn't say anything the invitation should be home now I really want to see it it's like the first time I ever experience a real inivitation from my family. ,y,y,n,n,n

1999\_652663.txt,"I really hope my parents let me get a motorcycle. It would be so much easier getting around campus if I had one, versus driving a car and having to park two miles away and walk the rest of the way in one hundred degree heat. I would be the perfect candidate for a motorcycle, I never speed, I don't have a single traffic violation and I have been driving for two years, I am a very defensive driver, and it is the perfect thing to get arounf in at U. t. If I do get a motorcycle I am going to get a Kawasaki Ninja ZX-6R, it is a perfect bike for me because it is not to big, but it is still just as fast as the larger displacement bikes. Practicality is a big plus, but it would also be nice to have a nice bike to drive around campus. I think I deserve the motorcycle because the rest of my friends all have very nice things and I am the highest achieving out of all of them, all my friends have brand new cars and trucks, but I got a super used old piece of junk. I know I am going to buy all the things I never had when I make a lt of money, which hopefully will be within a couple of years. A lot of people tell me that U. t. engineers, especially electrical engineers, which is what I am,can make very good money while they are still in college with internships and summer jobs. Or my parents would give me the money they had saved up for college if I could get a company to pay for the remainder of my college, by signing an agreement to work for them for a given amount of time. My electrical engineering mentor whom also is an honors student said he made six thousand dollars a month for the summer after his sophomore year. If I could make that much and I was still having fun, like I am now, I would stay and get my masters in either engineering or business, because if I could make fifty to seventy thousand a year my first year out of college, who knows how much I could make with an advanced degree. I would spend so much money on my parents to try to show how thankful I am for putting me in the position I am. I would also spoil myself as well, I would have the finest clothes, the fastest cars, and the most material things. I also enjoy the fact that after four years of electrical engineering I should be a pretty intelligent person, whom hopefully capable of law shcool, grad school, or beyond. ",n,n,n,n,y

1999\_653570.txt,"well, today was ok in te beginning, I met lucy for our first class and we sat together we pretty much spent most of the day together I just didn't realize how easy it was to spend time with someone new. she is just someone who's easy to get a long with but after walking around campus for a million years we came to jester to check out the learnsing skills center and there was so much stuff there to help us study and do homework for cal and chem. the lady there was so nice and helpful, the trip was really worthwhile. I tried to buy stamps from the vending machine, but it just wouldn't take my money. I had to go back and forth too many times. finally I bought some out of the other machine where I didn't get ot chose which stamps I wanted which kinda pissed me off. then we went to dobie to visit karen and christy. while we were there I had fun. but then my ankle started hurting a lot and I guess I just walked on it too much. we went to eckerds to get my pictures and a lot of them look good. I was kinda mad that the pictures of the flowers and such I took got messed up and I can't retake them. oh well. I was kinda scared walking all the way back to kinsolving because ppl could see my injured ankle and someone could've just come up and assaulted me. at the time, I was kinda hoping someone would cause there's just so much stuff here that's depressing. when I got home, I was about to cry cause I was thinking again about how no one comes over here to visit me. I mean, who are my real friends (that is if I have any) they're so lazy they can't even come over here to visit. no one really calls me either. I just don't know how to describe it cause I know if I REALLY wanted to talk to them I could just call, but well, no one really calls me. it's just frustrating cause while erin's out all these ppl always call and when she's over she's on the phone so much and she goes out every night. i know I don't need to go out and be on the phone all the time, it's just that it's really lonely not hving anyone over here all the time to keep me company. maybe if erin and I were more talkative or she was home more often. i don't know, it's just weird. what am I supposed to do about stanley? I mean, I actually would've gotten into a relationship with him even though I know it'd just be physical, but sometimes that's what I need. the touch of someone who cares. but I guess stanley doesn't really care. he just was thinking of himself and how he needed to satisfy his urges. it's not fair! it's not fiar at all that I have to be here alone when I see so many ppl on the outside who have b/f and g/f and they don't really look like they deserve them. I don't know where to go f/ here cause I feel so lonely a lot and no one can really understand how I feel. crying right now. i don't even feel as though god understands or can hear how troubled I am. i just wish that there was someone who REALLY cared, someone who'd ALWAYS be here for me. but it's like I can't REALLY count on anyone. everyone has their own life. and it's always about them. i don't like being alone. if I just killed myself, I could end all this, but I don't want to. but I do. i need to find out what the future will be like. even if I never find someone who appreciates me, if I can just somehow find some happiness. just a little. go one day where I don't cry or think about being lonely. just a little something. it's not fair. what do I do? it's hard to go on each day trying to endure the battles that come with each day. trying to face the hardships. if only I could do what I really wanted to do. scrapbooks and drawing and painting have money to do what I wanted to. build my dream house. design it, oversee the construction. one day. that's my dream. to have a wonderful house to live in. where I can go to find myself at peace. a weight room, sauna, spa, pool, greehouse, huge living room with a giant entertainment center, huge bedroom and bath, huge windows. a painting art room, dojo, so many things I want to do. but I don't know if that will bring me happiness. how am I supposed to be happy if I can't share the big house with someone I love. someone who loves me back. loves me as much as I love them. it's hard to think of what love is when I think that I've been there, and not been able to feel the same f/ the other person. what am I doing here anyway?? there's nothing for me now. i'm so alone. alone in this room with no one calling me, asking me to do anything. what kind of friends do I have? no one is as considerate as me or maybe as sensitive as me. i just don't like being alone. if someone wanted to ask me out, in desperation. like donald said, being in love with the thought of being in love. maybe that's what I've been in with anthony. but I really thought he was the one. the one I could spend my life with . will I ever be able to fine someone to end my loneliness? ",n,y,y,y,n

1999\_655935.txt,"Will I survive? That is what I am thinking about right now. I am here because someone gave me money to live in this dorm, go to classes, and actually learn about something that will be of value to my self and my community. Pressure. Everyone is depending on you. focus, is what I need ot keep sstudying and do homework every night. there is Spanish, Math which I already should know because I took calculus and made an A except I didnt remember a thing. I slacked off my senior year and abondoned my whole work ehtic. Sad, for me, because staring over is a pain. How ami going to make my lazy but become dedicated to my sutdies again? I am still dizzy from my long 11 hour nap. I want to shut out the world and just go to sleep, but that is too easy. How will I survive, how will I support my family? No, I wont sleep. I will finish this writing assignment. Then finish my pre-clculus, aftter that Spanish, then I will read my psychology book. My wrists are starting to hurt a little. I have not typed in such a while. it feelslike theyre going to go stiff on me like the way they do when I'm doing curls and I can't make another rep. Today is chest day. I have tofollow this new workout program called periodization. I'm kind of hesitant because it seems like I will be losing some of my hard gain that I have achieved. Gregory gym sucks. Its always so crowded so how am I supposed to get a good waorkout? on the other hand the female persuasion is very represented. But that si also a distraction. Boy I have 160 dollars to live on for the next 2 months and I am worried that I might starve or something. I hate being hungry. it is the worst feeling ever. I could never be homeless. It is too hot inTexas to be abeggar. Iwould haveto move to Ohio or somewhere cooler. poor homeless people! Well my back is starting to hurt on my right side. I think it is because of the way that I slept. since I've been here all I do is listen to music that I slisstened to back home. ",y,y,n,y,y

1999\_656142.txt,"Upon coming to UT I thought about it in much detail. Being used to air conditioned High School, I told my roommate that I think that the entire university should be one building. This building would have to be about 100 stories high, or remain the same size, just in a huge bubble. Now that class has started, I see that the temp. problem is not that big of a deal, so I say screw it. I also thought class would be easier. Since there aren't any daily grades, quizes, or numerous tests, I find it difficult to be happy with my current state of mind concerning my academics. I constantly feel that I need to study. I find this extremely difficult lately now that the fraternity has us running around with little time for relaxation. Thank goodness they allow us study time. I don't know much about college life yet because I haven't been through at least one semester yet, but I don't think engineering will be as easy as I had hoped. The math concerning the major is so overwhelming that I find myself with extremely high levels of anxiety while attending the class. The TA teaches on tues. /thurs. and then I have a supplemental instruction class too. If it wasn't for the GE (supplemental) class I don't think I would be able to cut it. I came out of high school thinking that math was just natural, but I realize that the quality of teachers makes all the difference in the world. I realize how jaded the topics I discuss are and also want to mention that I am extremely frustrated with the entry level professors (I'm really just dirrecting my anger towards the math department). The guy barely speeks english and he basically stands at the front of the class and puts on a display of how good he is at math. ""OOH, look at me I'm Romanian and I know lots of math; you can never know as much math as me. To make sure you never know as much math as me I'm going to run though this matterial so quickly that none of you can process it and assign you so much homework that with my shortcummings as a teacher, you with surely sit for hours trying to figure out this stuff on your own. "" I am obviously dramatizing the situation, but this is the only way I can describe my frustration; however there is some truth to my insanity. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_656865.txt,"okay today is friday at 2:25 and at the moment I am wondering what I will be doing this weekend. I am going home on saturday with my best friend. my best friend is catherine, but now she prefers to be called cat. I have known her since I moved to kingwood (north of h-town) 5 years ago. she was my first friend and we have been through a lot together. we've also had our years of separation too. she lives a street away from me. I am listening to the cure. but the tape sucks because I used to listen to it in my car and my car's stereo sucked. now I don't even have that car. we sold it the weekend before I moved to austin. which brings me to the topic of austin. austin always seemed like such a cool place before I moved here. now that I actually live here, I wish I was back in houston. in houston I knew so many people and there was almost always something to do. and most of my friends stayed there. it's really fucking hard to meet people here since there are so many people. ironic. I have not given up yet. I guess I just have to go out more. hey psychology is my fav class. I hate math and chem is just like math to me. I used to like english in high school but now it's goofy stuff like ""everything's an argument"". I bought some ginseng today and I donot think it works. I am still tired. I am looking around my room for things to talk about because thoughts do not pop into my head unless I am looking around. I just remembered I have been having really fucked up dreams. last nite I had my 2nd weird dream. in the first one I almost died and everyone acted really strange. my second dream a lamb was killed in front of me. and there was some blue gel that was everywhere. I can't really explain it and it would take too long and I have only 8 minutes left. since I am a slacker and only do the minimum 20. I drank sobe lizard blizzard today and it was good. I think it was pina colada. right before I did this assignment, someone called and I could not understand them because the were those people who mumble. anyways I thought they were doing a survey so I went ahead and cooperated. well it turns out I was filling a visa credit card application over the phone and she told me I would get my card in a couple of weeks. I thought it was funny because I do not want a credit card and was going to tell her at the end but I decided not to. maybe she will get a bonus for getting a customer. I hope I am doing this assignment right. I did something like this in my high school english class. she had us smell crayons and write the first thoughts that came into our head. and thats what I did except everyone else seemed to have the same thoughts (thoughts about elementary, art school, projects). the crayons did not spark up any thoughts about my childhood. so I hope this writing assignment isn't supposed to spark some certain thoughts. supasticious. ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_657716.txt,"I've done this type of assignment before. Sophomore year of high school for mrs. hollingsworth. All I talked about was diet coke, because she had one on her desk. Today I went to class and I though I would be late to spanish because I was coming straight from sociology class. I didn't even lock my bike up right, someone could've pulled the wheel off and taken my frame. I woulda been walking back to my dorm with a wheel, a u-lock, and a frown on my face. It was hard to focus when all I'm thinking about during a class is how stupid I was to lock my bike up wrong. It didn't get stolen so that was good I just rode it back and I was fine. I hate riding along busy streets I never know if I should be on the sidewalk or on the street, the crosswalk or the lanes. It's so crazy, usually I just go back and forth and try not to get run over. this morning I got up and ate yogurt too quickly I felt kinda crazy in the stomach for my first classes. It went away once I was able to drink some water and let time pass. For a while I was wondering whether there was a reason why that yogurt was the cheapest. I always try to find the cheapest stuff at the grocery store. Yesterday was the first day that I used a push basket at the supermarket. I usually just walk around holding all the goods in my hands but there was too much. It was kind of a weird feeling because it was like I was growing up or something. I have to start clipping coupons and writing checks and things like that, yesterday when I was pushing the cart, that was the icing on the cake. Next thing I know I'll be getting married and crap like that. I guess all that stuff isn't so bad, but it seems like I got a grasp for the real world so quickly, but I'm not even in it yet, whatever it even is. I always think about the book Babbit, by Sinclair Lewis. He is painted in the book as some horrible guy who sells out his own beliefs and everything else so he can gain prestige and what not in his community. It's really hard for me becuase he is very human. There are aspects of George Babbit in all of us, and drives me crazy. I have a constant struggle within myself to decide whether or not you should hold strong to minor beliefs and principles and be held back in the system, or if you should try and play the system and get what you can out of it. If you play the system though it's kind of like selling out, you just become an opportunist. But it seems like you have to compromise your beliefs to certain degree. It seems like every decision I make, I don't know if I should do things to appease people and get ahead, or to hold fast to things. I'm not talking about the biggies though, just the small things. I would be afraid though that the more I ignore the small things, I might gradually start into the big things. I don't want to become like Kurtz, he had no restraint and he just got more and more into a state of immorality and all this other stuff. I'd like to think that I had restraint, but I have no clue if I do or not. I can demonstrate restraint in small cases, but Kurtz could too when he was in the confines of society. I don't know if I would revert like he did, I hope not, but no one can say unless they cross the same bridges that he did. Heart of Darkness is definitely my favorite book, it is really thought provoking and there are so many levels that you can interpret at. I read it for school last year and loved it, I read it about five3 times after that too because it's so good. I really like Joseph COnrad, but I usually odn't talk to too many people about him unless I'm drinking and my tongue gets loosened. Most people talk about sex and things like that when they drink. I always talk about Heart of Darkness, William Shakespeare, and Lord Byron. I don't really drink that much, but it's happened before and those were my favorite discussion topics. Once I tried to tell this guy about Freud and the ID, EGO, and Superego. All the sober people told me that I was 100% right in all my statements, but the drunk people just didn't understand. I don't know what to write right now, I have a lot going on right now. Most of my classes seem like they're going to be pretty easy, but I never know. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_658945.txt,"Well, I'm confused with my computer, its unusually working slowly and it freezes a lot. I gave my computer to my friend Neeraj who fixed the major problem of it. When I turned my computer on it would never load windows and the start up menu would appear. I thought that he broke it because he came from UH up here last week and he clocked my computer from 400MHz to 420MHz. After he left and I tried my computer it would not load Windows and the start up menu would always appear. So this labor day weekend I came home, my parents were shocked to see me because I forgot to tell them that I was coming. But they were happy and kept asking me how college is and giving me tips of not goofing around too much. I also went to eyemasters in West oaks mall there I was very shocked to see my friend Diana who is now a junior in high school but I still think of her as a freshmen because shes like a little sister to me. Everyone thinks she's very gorgeous I now think so too because I never thought of her that way. Anyways she told me her brother was getting her a job there because he works there. But she told me she didn't want to work there because her brither is there and she has to act a certain way and I know what she means. Her brother Wilmot is huge, he's probably 23 yrs old and he goes to UH. Well, I saw her there but I didn't say much, it was really busy I wish I could talk to her but I just said something on the lines of ""nice to see you, well bye"" I went to eyemasters to get nose pads for my glasses. I use those glasses to play basketball with. But I saw prescription goggles there and that's what I've been looking for, they costed one hundred dollars though, I'll probably get them with my work study money, once I start recieving it. Yeah, I work at Batts hall and I the Jester media center ehich is upstairs. Gary Dickerson is my boss and he's really cool. He smokes and curses and is a gradute of UT with a 3. 78 GPA!! I really hope I do well in my first year at UT, my classes aren't extremely hard, but everyones like college is nothing like high school its very hard. Actually I see college as not hard but just a level. You have so much free time, you are 75% of the time out of class. So there;s a lot of time to study an make good grades. The bad part is you can never slack off more than a couple of times, and that's where I see people make their mistakes, I've seen and heard of so many people I know do very bad with horrendous GPA's and I don't understand. Do these people realize how lucky they are to be in college? To improve on certain skills to make incredible amounts of money. Most do but some idiots don't and that's why there all crying by their junior or senior years in college hen they realize they should have chosen their books most of the time over their friends. I know I barely studied and still got good grades in high school, but I know college is a lot different. I have to manage my time wisely and study and do homework all the time and everyday, then goof around over the weekends whenever I surely have free time. Well, my twenty minutes are up. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_658999.txt,"What am I thinking of right now? I am thinking of how different my life now is. it is hard to believe that almost 3 weeks ago I left the city to which I have known as home my entire life <houston> and moved to austin by myself, with really no friends, no family and no place to really call home here. But everyone loves austin, right, and I am really lucky to be here, right? I don't know but all I know is that I hope I made the right choice, my parents and friends, and family members really miss me and I miss them as well. I just really feel so lonely up here, I mean all I really do is study and watch television, not really being very social with that many people. And the weird thing is I am a very social person-- I mean in houston I had I think seven very clost friends, and now I have probably five okay friends that live in the same city as me, and who am I talking to when I am on the phone--my friends from houston, NOT austin. I think I am just in a period of adjustment right now, or at least I think and hope that I am. please do not let my college experience turn into this--my worst dream. why is it so hard for me to move on and make new best friends, it is not like I would forget about my friends from houston, I could be close to both sets of friends, and why is it that no people are out of there way friendly here, is it me? no it cannot be me, that is what I always seem to tell myself, that it is not me. Gosh, I feel like I am having a conversation with myself right now, or that this an entry in my diary or journal or something! But this is truly how I feel at this very moment in time---scared, alone, and wishing that I were somewhere else. I am really not trying to whine or anything, but how am I supposed to feel? I am alone in a city, with nobody close, with whom I can communicate with. And these are supposed to be the best years of our lives, right? Just checking because I plan to hold whoever first said it on that. Other than that, everything is going great, I am keeping up with my classwork, studying every night, with no disturbances. WHY? because I have no friends up here, I realize that I am complaining an awful lot and really exaggerating when I say I have no friends. But like I said earlier: I am a very social person, and when I do not have caring people around me, I feel left out. And that just about ends the twenty minutes, I guess it's on to the next one---and Yes, it does feel good to get this out in the open. ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_670149.txt,"well I don't know what to say but I think I should start by sayin I'm really beginning to appreaciate the little things of life. I always have but learning about the body is facinating. the brain especially. there have been times when I feel things and wonder, but I'm now getting some answers due to this book. the class we havnt learned much but the book I've gone ahead. i think about all kinds a things. mostly music and social justice. besides psyc, I got bio which is boring so far but I know I like it . my other classes r mexican american study classes which are all intertwing, or overlap. i think college is coo so far, but for other people I'm sure its harder for others. u se e I've always pretty much been alone, besides my mom. my parents divrced when I was 3, and ever since then my father figures have been in a almost constant shuffle. from my stepdad, to my uncle, to a rapper that I consider my biggest influence, and the last 15 years later my dad. i feel alota anger deep down but have always been able to control it. most of the time but we all have outlashes I guess. now I am just starting to reach a stable state,,I'm here finally,,no more anticipation,,I'm off weed and drinking,,but the main issues are always family and my lady. shes still in san jose, ca where I'm from. i don't know if I should be faithful or what but I think so. weve talked about a lot a things in our year together and I've taen a lot a shit out onher. i miss every1 a lot but I'm a strong person that can overcome it. always have. adversity is a part of my life that I take in stride. u have too. i see all these others here adapting and hardly any look happy,,they look all fake but maybe its just cuzz I'm on the outside just the way I like it. i'm a chicano here and it seems 90% are all white and 5% asian, 4% black , and 1% other. i also don't like it cuzz I havent really been far from campus cause no car and its to hot to take the bus. I love the bus cause I get to see all the poor people that I love associating wiht. the other homeboys and girls in the struggle or the older mexicans. u can learn a lot from talking to strangers or just observing. thats what I've always done at home and I look forward to doing it here. thats y I came here instead of miami,,cause theres mexicans here. i got a lota pride and love for my people. thats y sometimes my relationship tears me apart. my lady is white. i don't know how it happened,,we started as nothing and ended up being perfect. but llike everyhting I think theres a reason and I know if its meant to be I can work through it. i liked the part of the text that talked about anger and the balence of hapiness we all achieve,,,money doesn't make any1 better. in y opinion its almost like it makes potentially good people worse. but theres always exceptions. power is the other main curropter. or do people currupt power,,,who knows. i've always known that sensations were the vary things to guide ur life. they come from somewhere and I couldnt say where. i think god. gods everywhere. i don't go to church but in my heart I'm going the right direction, doing the right things. thats y u feel what u feel. ur direction and what u want to become. people don't realize that. and sometimes unfortuanatly people are very impressionable. especially in our society, putting aside color, gender, socioeconomic, everything,,,theres very few people that fight through it. i know iam 1 but I also know its harder to stay on top than just getting ther . i look forward to proving that I belong here ",n,n,n,y,y

1999\_670670.txt,"At the moment, I am tired. I just woke up a little while ago, and I'm writing. I can't stand writing. I don't mind the work. It's just that writing doesn't come naturally to me. I was wondering the other day, If college was reall going to change me into the genius I expect to be. I mean, when I get out into the career world, will I know ""everything"" I need to know about my job? Will I have to know everything? Will there be room for training and learning? Confusion! I guess its not a bad thing, but to be confused is embarrasing. I guess what I'm really getting at is without confusion life would be absolutely tedious. As I sit here in my apartment, closed off from society, I can't help but realize how much I miss my family back home. Although college is my main priority and the fact that I don't care what anyone thinks about me, I can't help but wonder if my family thinks I can make it or not, if I have what it takes. That is always in my mind somewhere. I, myself, know I can make it. I know I have what it takes to succeed. However, when I do graduate and get a career job, is that it? Is that going to be my life until I retire. I am very spontaneous and I won't be able to stand getting into a daily routine. I stopped writing for a second to gather my thoughts and I read the assignment again. I have no earthly idea how my mind works or why it works like it does. I'm not a scientist and I don't care to be. I just want to be happy. ",y,n,n,y,n

1999\_670780.txt,"Free asscia-association. My friend and I have a game that we play on instant messenger with free association. it's fun. My nose is cold, this dorm is always cold except for that one time- where it was hot after I had walked in from already being hot in this hellish austin climate. I'm listening to john coltrane. my friend bought me this cd. it's really hard to not press backspace when I misspell a word. um. i like the music I'm listening to but it's kind of a bad recording. a girl down the haa, syd and I were taling about britney spears the pop singer tonight. I was concerned about how she's making pre-teen girls want to change thiere bodies since she got a boob job and since seh she's an pop idol- it's okay to get one or something. I was never happy with my size when I was little, but I just don't think that she should have gotten one. it's not that important. um,. 20 minutes>? I have all of 16 more to go. I'll stop at 2:20. I went to my first frat party last night. that was a trip and a half. there were several people from my high school and one girl from my ex-boy's college(baylor) and I don't like her much, becuase I don't know what kind of relationship they had. that boy. jesus christ. that bastard. well, it's okay I talktd to him f on the phone for a while today for the rfirst time in -well, since I got here. we erewere really close over the summer. he was smoking pot when I called. I called becuase last night after the party I came home an dwhen I checked my email, I recieved amn emial fronmm some guy named richard \_will I print this out?- he has a n address similar rto my ex's an di've been sending emial to the wrong guy. so I emailed him back event though I didn't knowhim and explained to him what had happened. then I got a respncse today from him and I mailed m him again. I relly like my computer. I t upset someone , thoiugh. , I went out with a guy that I met becuase he built my computer, he told me I that he loved me after 1 weel and I (week) got scared. I hate most men now. but that's okay. hating boys is what made the frat party so fun last night. I danced with a boy for about a minute and then dropped him - just like that and walked back to my grlfriends, laughing. ewe walked home last night- right past some cops-we also made friends with the bouncer. he told us a joke to see if we;d been dringing. I thought he was great. well, I son't know what else to say. my fingers are cold my nose itches and my hair is in my face. syd said that someone's talking about you when your nose itches. I always though taht when your necklace was on wrong someone was thinkg og of yu. I have a stuffed animalk. she's the super adventure team mascot. esta eric and adnrew and me. we had so much fun. ruby was the mascot. jojos, photograh, high speed, gun. I meanyt fun, but it came out gun, I haven't been looking at the screen becuase I am not very good at typing like that. I'm starting at my fingers and io know when I mess up, still, but I'm not fixing it. I was a little at the beginning out of habit- ani di franco has a sog called out of habit. ""you know, art is why I get up in the morning, but my defif\nition ends there, it soesn't seem fair that I;'m living for something I can't even tdefine,. and there you are right there in the mean time, wekll I don't want to play for you anymore. Show me what you can do. Tell me what are you here fo. I wasnt my own time I wasm my old friens, I want my f\old face, I wasnt my own mind. Fuck this time and place. I like that sone. it's a favorite, I only have 3 minutes left. I wanted to do this when I had full concentration adn preferably not a roommate bugging me. she went home for the weekwnd. she wasnted me to go with her. she talks in her slepep, and it 's really funny, but I try not to laugh becuase I'll wake her up. I'm worried about my friend breda, I miss her. I worry about Emie and Esta too. I love thenm. I have on e more minute. Maybe I'll have a tic tac when this is all over. I need to go to the HRC tomorrow for art history I need to sugn up for experinments, too. I'm not going to sign that health form, though. I don't know if I want to give access to my health records like that. I have nothing to hide, I'm just not comfortable with it. I have cramps now. an dmy time is up, so bye. ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_672030.txt,"I'm sitting here in my dorm room wondering and thinking about everything I have to get done by tomorrow. It's not a lot but just little things. I have to buy a speech book, read the first two chapters out of it, write a speech and type an outline for it that's due for tomorrow. We don't start giving the speeches until Friday though so I'm not to worried about it. I also need to go over my chemistry. I'm going out to eat at the Hula Hut for dinner tonight with my pledge class. That should be fun. I can't wait to see my boyfriend. He is going to school at the Universtiy of Houston and it's so hard not being able to see him whenever I want. Oh well. His birthday is Sept. 10 so I'm going to go home to see him. I can't wait for this weekend becasue there is so much to do. We have a match with the SAE's on Fridayl, the game is Saturday afternoon, and then some of my friensds and I are going to go float down the river. I guess I should throw in some study time now and then. i'm really hungry but she is not coming to get me until six o'clock for dinner. I really need to do some laundry too. I'm running out of clean t-shirts. I can do that later though. I'm off to study some more and do what ever. ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_673541.txt,"Right now I am feeling very stressed out with all of the work and reading that my professors have given me. In my Language of the Stage class my teacher gave my about 60 pages to read and take notes from and we have to discuss the reading this Friday. It has alredy taken me a good long while to take notes on the first 17 pages. I don't know how I am going to read the rest. I am almost thinking that I should just not do it but if I did that I would feel very guilty about myself for not doing it. So I think that I am going to be pulling an all nighter trying to finish reading and taking noes on the materials. I just think that the work he put on us is a little harsh. That is a lot of work. Now my best friend from home was going to come stay with me one night this weekend. I was so excited because I haven't seen her since we both left for school, but now she is not coming but all of her friends that go to school with her now are going to come. I am so upset because I really wanted to see her. She is going back home to see her family instead. I know that she wanted to come stay with me but she just couldn't but I really wanted her here because I know that we would have had so much fun together and I wanted her to meet all of my friends. Oh well, I know that she will come to see me soon I hope. Well so far I have had a really good time here at school. I have become friends with a lot of cool people and my sister is here also. The only problem is that I have been going ouit almost every single night and it is really wearing me down. It's like I wnat to make good grades in school but I also want to go out and meet new people. I am also a Pi Phi here and so there is always something we have to do during the week. I really need to cut back on going out all the time and try to get some good sleep. I also need to start working out again because I don't want to gain weight and I am really afraid about that. I also want to work out just so that I feel good about myself and feel like I have done something productive for the day. I hate feeling like a slob and that is what I have felt like lately. Well I am having so much fun but I really miss my friends that aren't here. Only a couple of my friends are here but I enjoy meeting new people and getting to know everyone even though it can be hard when you don't know many people already. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_674246.txt,"Hello, well I'm writting my stream of consciuness at a friends room because the ethernet at my room does not function as of yet. So here I am pondering as to what to say. It angers me that I have not been able to log online at my apapartment yet. i intead to call the ethernet people and ge the situtation rectified but as of yet I have not had ample enough time to properly do that. Well, school is pretty cool so far so I don;t have much to complain about, I just ate lunch and suprisingly the school cafeteria food isn't that bad, in fact it sort of is pretty good, they have nice burgers and I always pile on the tabasco like the bastard I am. Twenty minutes is quite a long time, I bet my response here would be more interresting if I was under the influence of some intoxicating something or other, not that I do that sort of thing, but who really cares right? I seriously doubt anyone is reading this and if you are then I send out a hearty ""hey hey hey"". Well hey, anyways,b back to the subject at hand wich is nothing except for the monotomous and endless stream of infinity that flows through my veins like a vapor of the serpent that eats tiny little fleas that impend on the consciouness of the letter better red little ant eater. Oh hey, are you following my consciouness? Or are you thinking that I have lost my mind in the impending fires of infinity that ingulf the ebb and tide of an ocean tht haas not yet come to grips wit hthe reality that condesends to the vast pits of a sub-world burried in the truths of a mad man who has lost all sense of truth, pity, and denial, opting aptly for the tools osf self destruction and the endless orgasm of the inevitable ghost. So we can fully understand our prophets. who cares? who cares about the subtle truths that we seek to uncover in I various means of apathetic lethargy? perhaps we schould quote some famous scholar and then abolish our reason with the tip of a hat a cigar made from banana leaves? Where have our morals gone today? Where is the profanity in a language that adulates the adoration of adulturation and the abominal abortion of the spirit of the infite wisdom burried in the truths of an incoharant lunatic rambling at the sppeed of a jack rabbit copulating wit hthe pourpouse of my reasoning. Well I ponder if it's been twent ymintues yet, and I think that it indeed has so I must depart with a hearty hand shake and in the words of the infinite wisdom of the great and all mighty pooh bear, say ta-ta for now. take it easy and such. where is the party in the silent room? Indeed if you know won't you please come and joing me. All is ripe for the tacking. So long for now. ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_674417.txt,"it is about 509 and my roommates comp is making some noise and it has stopped now. I am now thinking about what I will (telephone noise) do when it is 529. that is when I will stop typing. I am thinking a bout my girlfriend. she is at a and m. I have a yaga sticker on my cd case. I took my cds out of my chest the other day, I mean yesterday, becaues I am not really worried about people stealing them any more. I once heard tht people sometimes steal toher peoples' pilows. my gir(keyboard is on my lap but io just took it off because I don't like that) I wish I could type faster but I can type plenty fast enough to do what I need to do. I have not really been using a lot of instant messenger lately. there are some people that I think it would be awkward to talk to like my gf. we kind of left withoutut breaking up but we both know it will not work ou. when I told my friend adam that she felt the same as me but I showed him her email and he believed me. she is not really like most girls and I said that was cool and he agreed with me. I like to abbreviate when I typ and that comes from working on emails. I stopped for a seconnd to scroll up on the mouse because it does not move down by itself. I am now thinking how I do not type fast enough to say exactly what I think when I think it but I have to remember things (other things) as I am typing the thought that directly preceded it. my roommates are now staring at me as I type this and I am writing about it because that is what I am supposed to do. I hve stopped for a second to tell them about what the prof said today about the guy copyin gand pasting the computer manual and I thought that was pretty funny. my cousin did one of these stream of consciousness things and I don't think that I spelled that correctly. I think that this is getting pretty long enough and I will prolly cut it short before my time is up because I can. I know that rice university has the honor system and I don't know whether that would be cheating or not . it is now 518 and I have been typing for about nine minutes. whenever I write numbers I think it is easier if I just spell the number out but thinking back to this writing assignment, I have been spelling the time, so I don't know what that means. the social security comment was funny today. I accidentally came late to my french class today, the first day of school of all times, because I was playing squash and I thought it started at three instead of two. I actually think the yaga thing on my cd case is pretty cool even though yaga is not really a well known brand anymore. I would like to go to the gym todya but I would also like to et a head start on the homework because I am still pretty motivated toward school, and I hope I will keep it up but I'm really not that sure because I know that this is different thatn highschool and I think I will like it more but my french teacher today told us some fascinating things about how speech is first started in babies and I was fascinated but then I went after calsss and apologized becase I was late. there is some real audo stuff we shoudl do for homework but I would like to do it in my own room instead of in the library becaus I don't know if we have to talk in to the computer or what. I am going to go now and I'd lkike to play some squash because it is fun. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_674686.txt,"My first thought is that this assignment is akward. This assignment is not the traditional type of work that I have done in any of my classes. But I am extremely relieved that this assignment is not difficult. I just have to write for twenty minutes straight without stopping or doing anything else. I can't believe that the weekend just came and went. It seemed like I was in class just hours ago, looking forward to the weekend. Now, Monday is already here. The long week of classes stares right in my face. But I don't like concentrating on the negative parts of life. I like to be happy; therefore, I think happy thoughts. I am glad that the UT football team beat Rutgers. I sure didn't miss sitting in the firey heat at the stadium! I'm glad the team is doing well. I can't exactly say that about Ricky Williams and his NFL debut on Sunday. He did okay; 40 yards in 10 rushes. That's an average of four yards per carry. But he hurt his ankle. Again! I really think he just needs to rest up and play when there is no pain at all. I know he is a tough guy, and it must be really tough for him to sit out a game. I am just like that, except I don't get paid millions and millions of dollars to play sports! In other sports-related news, the Houston Astros have won ten games in a row. I am really happy about that. It looks like the 'stros will be making the post-season for the third straight year. The team looks good on paper. I have high hopes, but at the same time, I do not want to be disappointed if they lose. I probably won't even worry about the play-off games too much. I will be too busy in college! Speaking of college, I need to find me a girlfriend. This really does mean a lot to me. But at the same time, I don't want a girlfriend just to have one. I want a special one. But those are hard to find. I guess I just need to be patient and wait for that right girl to walk into my life. But I really do get lonely sometimes. That part of my heart will always be empty. That's life though; I have to learn to deal with my discomforts. Looking for a girlfriend, it doesn't help that I'm butt-ugly! I know that my personality is great, but women aren't looking for that nowadays. They want a good looking guy. Actually, women want that good-looking guy who is extremely nice and has a great personality. Unfortunately in life, guys are either handsome or have a good personality. It's hard to find a guy with both of those characteristics. Me, I'm the good personality guy. I have faith in God, and I will leave this matter in God's hands. I guess I ended up negative anyway. But I like to be happy. I want to think happy thoughts. Right away, I think about the summer program I just did. I taught seventh and eighth graders. They come from the inner city, and they have that stereotype label placed on them. But these kids are great. They have great potential. Unfortunately, they have very easy access to negative resources. But I'm just trying to be a good role model to them. I taught math for six weeks. The progam was a whole lot of fun! I did so much with the kids. I took them out to malls, movies, Celebration Station, UH's game room, Astroworld, an Astros game, and skating. Every single one of those was tons of fun. If you asked me to choose my funnest event, it would be a tie between all of them. But right now, I really miss those kids. It's amazing how you can become attached to those kids in a matter of six weeks. But it was fun and I hope they have an awesome school year. I know they will, but you never know with kids! Well, I guess my twenty minutes are up. I'm now thinking about whether or not I did this assignment right? But I enjoyed this experience. It's good to clear your mind sometimes. I'm also relieved that I finished my first assignment. On to the second assignment! ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_674897.txt,"I am in the library trying to get my work done but I keep on thinking on what else o need to do. I hope I get adjusted to college life quicker so I will not be as stressed out as I am now. I am going home next weekend to see my family and all of my friends, I hope that they are all doing well. Some of my classes are pouring down on the homework and I am getting more worried as the days go by. tomorrow I have to essays due for one of my classes and I kind of do not understand them. I will be glas after I take my first tests and ace them all. Everybody was telling me that college will be hard if you get caught up in all of the other activities, so I am trying to stay focused on my studies rather than on extra things. I have been sleeping late and getting up early so I am tired for class but I have to force myself to stay awake and focus. After I am done writing this essay I have to start doing all of my other work so I can beat the deadlines and not wait until the last minute. When I get home I have to go to the gym and workout, orgainize my room and then cook myself some dinner. I have to watch what I eat or else I will put on weight and not be healthy. That will affect my studies and others. I hope that my family is doing well because I know that my mom is having a hard time letting me go to college because we were alone together for four years while my sisters were away at college. She already has a stressful life working 50 hours a week, driving home 45 minutes each day in traffic and then coming home and cooking for my sisters and me. I can just pray that she is not taking it to hard and will realize that this is something that I have to do. When I get out of college I hope to accomplish many of my goals that I have set for myself. Like having a great job that will pay me good money because of my great GPA, making a nice happy home with kids and a beautiful wife and doing anything that my family needs. I hope the relationship that I am in with this girl lasts for a lifetime because we are so good together and we love each other a lot. I am greatly attached to my girlfriend and I hope that I will be able to have her as my beautiful wife and have great children with her. I will see what happens through college and hopefully everything goes well. ",y,n,n,y,n

1999\_675416.txt,"Right now at this moment, I am thinking about what I am doing here. This whole college thing is still new to me. My roommate is getting drunk right now with some guys, while I am in here writing this. At least she is meeting people. I wish I could go back in time, and be in high school again. I know that probably sounds stupid and immature,but I had a lot more fun in high school. I had friends all around me, I was popular, I was really close to the cutest guys in our school. Now, I do not know anyone. I am used to going out like everyday, so it is really weird to be actually doing my homework. You know what I really miss? This guy back in Arlington named Luke. He was a complete \*\*\*hole, but I was and still am infatuated with him. I guess it is infatuation. I would like to think I love him, but I know that logically it is not possible for me to love him. He was my first you know. I am one of those Catholic girls, and I never thought I would lose it to some stupid high school boy. But, it happened. I wish that it would have happened, and I would not have had any feelings for him, but I do. He has a girlfriend who is younger than we are, and I am insanely jealous. Why could he establish a relationship with her, and not me. And why is it that he cheats on her with me? These questions boggle my mind and make me upset. I know I deserve better. I am one of those Catholic, upperclass, spoiled girls. I have everything but what I want. Luke goes to Pepperdine University and is far away, but no one here has even caught my eye. I thought once I went to school, my life would just be incredibly better. Well, it really has not. College is not what I thought it would be. I know it is only like the middle of the third week, so I need to give it time. Freedom is great, though. I like not having to check in with the paternals. What is the great thing about that if I never use that priveledge. I am also thinking about how my psychology class is during a bad time. I mean class is at 3:30 and that is about the time I want to go to my dorm and sleep or just relax. I wish I could change my time, but it is too late now. Oh well. Also, I think that Burdine Hall is the hardest building to get to. I missed class today, because I could not find it. I hope we did not do anything important. I hate Chemistry! Dr. White goes too fast and does not make sense. I don't know if I can survive that class. It is going to be tough. I am used to sleeping in all my classes, never doing homework, and just getting by. That was high school, this is college. How I miss those good old days. I really do not think I am ready for college. Everybody here is just so smart. I really miss having people who are dumber than I am in classes. Now it seems I am the dummy. The next time I do this, hopefully I will be in a better mood. My twenty minutes are almost up, and I have ran out of things to say. I hope this was interesting and different from all the other assignments that you have recieved. Bye for now. ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_676943.txt,"I'm going nuts. I haven't gotten anything done today except a shower. I didn't get my parking permit. I really need to get that so I can have my car on campus. That would make my commute to work in north Austin a lot less painful. I can't stand riding the bus back and forth. I never know exactly when the bus will arrive. If I'm not there right on time, I get stuck for another half hour or so. I just really want my car here. I also didn't get my Physics books returned. They cost me approximately $200, and they're doing me no good. I'm being booted out of my physics class cause I didn't take calculus. I didn't know until last week that calculus was even a prerequisite. That's ok, though. I didn't really want to take physics this semester anyways. I kinda like this basic, cool class schedule I have. I did get in touch with the guy in charge of the anthropology department, so I can add that cultural anthropology class that I wanted. I hope that will be a cool class. I hope I'm not really far behind since I missed the first two weeks of class. It sounds interesting though. I need to get this class to stay a full-time student. If I'm not, my financial aid will disappear. I also need to get a work/study job for my financial aid. That's another thing I could have done today, but didn't. I went in for an interview at the counseling and mental health center with a Laurel Patterson, but she never showed up. That was very discouraging. There are a few others that I'm interested in. I like the idea of doing nothing for $6. 74/hour. I could be an Entrance Monitor at the Texas Swim Center. Weee! What fun. I don't think that will happen though. I just would like to have a job on campus so I can walk there rather than having to take a bus there or to my car and then drive there. That would be so much of a hassle. And, knowing me, I'd be late a lot. I just wish I could work somewhere on campus. It would make my life easier. I will miss my current job at Sunglass Outfitters. I really like my boss, and my co-workers are pretty cool. I also work right next door to a Thundercloud Subs where I get free food when the night manager's there. He's a really cool guy. He has had a glass eye since he was 2. He's got some crazy stories about that eye. One time when he was 7 he replaced the eye with a cherry, stem and all. He scared the hell out of his grandmother because the stem was just sticking out of his head. It was pretty funny. His girlfriend one time made the mistake of asking him to keep an eye on her books. You can just imagine. He's cool. I will miss hanging out with all of those guys at the arboretum. Oh, well. Maybe things will be cool at my new work/study job. Whenever it is that I find one, that is. I should probably get going. Maybe I can still return my Physics books. It's not too late, I don't think. The other things I have to do can wait until tomorrow. But not much later than that. Oh well, everything will be ok. ",y,n,y,n,y

1999\_679211.txt,"um I have never done this before. I guess I will think about my day today. I went shopping with friend. We went to a little store called oat willies it is kind of a ""subculture"" store. it has been around for a long time. they sell all kinds of hippy novelties- pipes, inscense, books about drugs, and probably drugs too if you know the right people. anyways my friend bought some sunglasses then as we were walking back a friend from highschool came running out of baskin robbins to say hi. I don't know her very well but she seems really nice. then we went into this vintage clothes store. they had a lot of really soft comfortable looking t-shirts. We both tried on a couple. then the guy that worked there accused us of stealing a shirt which was really weird cause niether of us really had anything that we could have hidden a shirt in. he found this hanger on the rack that didn't have a shirt on it so I guess one of his shirts was missing and I feel bad for him but it was still kind of insulting to be wrongly accused. Oh well no big deal for me I guess. so I bought one t-shirt for three dollars and we left. maybe his lost shirt will turn up somewhere. next we went to another little store that sells interesting odds and ends. Myfriend ended up buying a bag that she really liked from nepal it was pretty cheap. then we went back to her dorm room and hung out with her suite mates while we decorated her room. ok I think it has been about 20 minutes I hope whoever has to read th ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_680598.txt,"9:55. 20 minutes. time? Why did I wait so loong to do this? Well I didnt know about it until Thursday, but still, what happened Friday? Oh yeah, I slept I think or maybe not it seems so far away. I guess its worth waiting since I got to see Elise. God I sometimes feel like we are in competition and I keep reminding myself that it can't be like that. Of course this is texas where she is a goddess in her own right. I wonder why I have been denied the compliment of a man wanting to get physical since I've been here. Elise I can kind of see because she is older and attractive but I would say our looks are on equal par although mine do need a little outside help to get there. Maybe he just liked the smaller more natural look. God I need to loose weight. Why did she think I didnt need makeup or to loose weight and why couldnt she tell I had? Maybe she feels threatened like I do. I bet thats it, we both feel threatened because we are seeing each other in a new environment. I kind of want to skip the greek festivle because I am afraid. I'm afraid of being the odd one out. Ok obviously I willl be like the only non greek. Niko,. how I wish I was greek or smatter sometimes. I miss feeling loved. I miss feeling strong and powerful. Although I do feel that way here sometimes. Texas just isn't right for my balance I think. Then again this is an emotional time of the month. But no I have been feeling a little off balance here most of the time. I gues sits good to face, but at the same time I just want to crawl back home to paris. Will I always think of it as home I wonder. God, sometimes the future is hopless. Dear god, why do I sometimes feel this desperate? I know there are a lot of things I have done wrong, but I also know that I have been forgiven. Lord, I love you with all my heart and yearn for a way in which I can get to a church so that I can get the spiritual nourishment I need. I am starting to feel drained/. My father, jesus christ, please help me to help Elise. Help me to ease her fears and remind her that you are still waiting even though she feels like she is on empty. Lord I pray for my father, that you would help him to fight off this cancer. Christ Jesus please forgive me for my weaklness this weekend. After vowing to quit and taking an oath in your name my human weakness alowed me to cave. Please help remind me not to give up, that mistakes are just that nad that I neex to continue working towards being free from this drug. Lord Jesus, please remind me to turn to you and look upon you for strength because I know I don't have it. Please give my sisters strengtjh and wisdom as well. Help them to be happy and content in their new schools and to find good christian friends. Lord just help my mom to dela with all of the stressesd of my sisters and my dads probably illnrss returning and her new job. Lord please show her if it is not your will for he r to work and help emily and katie and rebecca not to feel the sudden decrease in time and attention thay may experience. Lord I pray for jUles. my heart is breaking for him because I love him so much. The thought of him tears me apart Lord. I know that everything happens for a reason and that I am unable to see this reason but that it is somehow part off your plan. Lord help me to recognize your plan for my life when I see it and to embrace it willingly as I believe I do now. Lord please continue to work in the life of Jules. Help him to see that there is a god and that you are he. Help him to understand how I know for certain and help him to experience this knowing and comunion that I am able to experience any time. Give him peace lord jesus from whatever may torture his mind. Help Eric and Kate to find the same things too. To be an instrument rather than a hinderance to him and let him serve in the same way for them. time? 10:16. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_680873.txt,"The day has flown by, work computer science homework, but it was a nice day, I was wearing black which was dumb because the sun was shining and it was really hot. U know about how black seems to attract the most colors or that the most colors get absorbed so it actually makes everything hotter. Plus I was wearing jeans which made it worse, I would have actually preferred to wear shorts but going to work on the first day wouldn't have been smartest with dressing so casually know what I mean? but anyways back to the point. I met some interesting people today. I talked to Kevin for a while actually only a couple of sentences I had to go soon. but I wanted to go to the TA to see if he can help me with my cs homework turned out he wasn't there. don't know where he went. but I don't care tho. actually I did, u know how things seem to be worse when nothing seems to be going ur way? well it's almost quiet right now, I think the crickets are chirping which is horrible because its really annoying. typically I'm not a violent person. but it's something about crickets. I have no idea. I don't know what it is. Sarah is asking what it is and she was checking to see if it was the AC I hope that the crickets aren't in the room, it's like frogs croaking at nite before u go to sleep or the heater going on. but it's hard to concentrate with all that noise. but I think I can manage. anyways what was I talking about? oh yeah my cs homework, I came back from work and just asked Eric for some help since he has a computer I went at around one thirty becuase I came back at around one from work grabbed my computer and talked to kevin and then went down to Blanton to see Marty play the piano, I just asked him to come with me to Painter. good! finally the chirping has stopped some guy is banging on the AC poor crickets. but it's finally stopped cool!! anyways I went to the dorm room in jester which was a fifteen minute walk. fifteen minutes sometimes is a long way but not when ur determined. fifteen minutes is to gregory gym, which is good but sometimes when I'm walking to RLM it seems like it'll take forever and I'm just five minutes away, why does it seem to be so far? I needed to take a break sometimes. which is totally weird. oh well. hmm. there's a coke can around me and it's been there for a couple of nites actually only around three days or around two. martin got it for me the day before and I just decided to leave it in the fridge. I should probably just recycle it. the recycling bin isn't that far away. only like a two second walk actually around one minute. more or less. give or take a few it's near the trashcan and stuff it's kept in the washing room. it has a washing machine and a dryer and also it has like a sign-up sheet so that people can get to it easier instead of waiting u just take a time period of around three hours u know? anyways it's an iron board in there and a broom and mop. which reminds me that the room is getting dirty. looking at the computer it looks really cool. it's miniature, I almost didn't want to get it because sony is discontinuing it and u know I thought there was something with it. I don't know. u know that most people don't want stuff that's going out. but this is a silver and metallic purple color. I was at work for an hour just sorting out papers of different colors there was buff, metallic orange, canary yellow and all these various colors which is strange because there are the brites and the normal colors which are paler. but I'm already done. so guess this is the end. ",n,n,n,n,y

1999\_685234.txt,"I sit staring at the blue syllabus from the class in front of me. What do I write about? The sad part is that it seems like such a miniscule task. Write about what I'm thinking about. So now I ponder what I normally think about? What do I normally think about, but I'm supposed to be writing about what I'm thinking about right now. I'm thinking I should turn of the television behind me, yet I'm so attracted to this rerun that I have watched so many times. Although since I am writing this, I am not exactly paying attention to what is going on on the television. I can hear the faint noice in the background. Why can't I concentrate? I always have this problem. I feel that my attention span has shortened as I have gotten older. I have problems watching a thirty minute television program! How can I sit here for twenty minutes on task? Especially since I have a million things to do. Such as a paper in my Literature and the Law class. But I am not able to sit for a long time and simply work on that paper. How did I ever get into college? Sure my grades were somewhat decent, yet I always tend to work to the point of exhaustion, mainly because I procrastinate. When I procastinate I do all at once. since my attention span is so short, and I am not able to sit and continuously put forth a vast amount of effort my work comes out poorly. This must be why I have only decent grades. I must put forth more of an effort. Life can be extremely challenging especially since I am not able to do such a miniscule task of prioritizing. But why am I complaining about my grades? College has just begun! I can turn around and begin new! But I say this every time and it never happens. Sure you can change anything, but come on, am I actually gonig to do that? NO! I'm just pathetic in that way. Its like all the people I know who have broken promises. Sure everyone says they'll do this or that,but do they? I am always upset when people break promises because I never break promises to other people except to myself! I can stop being a procastinator, but do I? I can start exercising more, but do I? The most important person in my life,me , is the one person who I put last. Who cares how I look to others as long as I feel good inside. Do I feel good inside? Hard question. Do I have an answer? I don't know. I'm constantly criticizing myself. Come on sonia, you can be better at this or that. But do I make a point of actually becoming better no! I suppose all people are like this, they attempt to be someone their not. I have to just face the fact that I am who I am and if I really want to change I have the chance but I don't have to change! ",y,y,y,y,y

1999\_691305.txt,"I don't know if I should go home or not this weekend. I want to stay, but. I hope my computer doesn't freeze while I'm writing this, that would totally suck I'm glad I'm getting this out of the way, normally I would wait till the last possible second, but I don't trust computers since I've been here. I really want to like it here but I just don't. All my friends that went to oter schools are having a great time, they're meeting new people doing new things, but evryone I meet bores me, it seems as though everyone is the same. I don't even feel like going out and having fun. The only reason I want to is so mabe I'd come to like UT better. I see so many people I know, its kinda weird, when theres about fifty thousand people here. I'm a business major but the only class that is relavant to busins is my freshman BA class which meets only once a week. I'm afraid I'm not goingto find the parties here that much fun. From what I've heard its just people getting drunk and thats not that much fun. I worry that all the expectations I've had about college are misconceptions. I love this keyboard. I like typing, but I can't use regular desktops, because I can't sit still. I sund like a dumbass when I repeat myself. Alex told me the funniest joke but I can't remember it although when he told me I tried to memorize it. I hate it here when I think about hte people at home. I have no one here. I'm so bored. My classes are boring for the mostpart, and I'm finally getting the hang of schedules and shit. I want to call my cousin, who is my role model and ask if she liked her first month in colllege. She always putwss me in a good mood. Justin says there ids nothing wrong with my comp but why the hell does it keep freezing? I think twenty minutes are almost up nope I still have bout ten to go. My tth classes are so long. I start gettig restless- that music next door is so loud and I am so tired I want to take a nap. I had to wake upa a t ",y,n,n,n,y

1999\_692095.txt,"I really can not wait until this weekend. UT is playing Rice in football and I have some friends who play for Rice. I have not seen these friends since this summer. I have only seen them on t. v. when they got killed my Michigan last week. I hope that they play better this week. I feel bad saying it, but I kind of hope Rice wins. I know it sounds terrible, but they are my friens & one of the players is my ex-boyfriend, but we are still good friends. I am most excited about seeing him. I talk to him on the phone occasinaly, but I have not seen him in person since July. We lived about 45 minutes away from each other and that made it kind of hard to see each other - that is why we broke up. The way we met was pretty cool. Every year my home town (Conroe) has a BBQ Cook Off. Let me tell you it is so much fun - I look forward to it each year. My dad has had a team in the cook off ever since I can remember. Anyway, before the cook off last March a lot of my friends went over to my friends apartment. One of my friends who plays football for Rice was coming down and he was bringing a lot of his friends with him. They all showed up at the apartment and we left for the cook off. My friends and I thought this one guy was so cute & he ended up driving my best friend and me to the cook off. I talked to him some that night, but then he and his friends all went back to Houston. Months went by and I graduated high school and for my senior trip we went to Cancun. We had been there for a few days and one of my friends on the trip with me told me that he had just ran into ""the cute guy from the cook off"" down stairs. I couldn't believe it. He just happened to be in Cancun at the same time as me & he was staying in the same hotel. We all ended up meeting and going out together & we had so much fun. Ever since then we have talked and become really good friends. I guess that is why I am so excited about this weekend. ",y,y,y,n,n

1999\_693817.txt,"last night was pretty good and all. I was glad to see everyone thats in san antonio again and javi who is still at home and hating it. but who can blame the guy, weslaco isn't exactly the place one would want to be. I just feel bad for junior, he feels totally alone and stuff. javi and him are the only two who are still at home and all, but junior never talks to javi because he doesn't like what javi does on his spare time, so because of that, he doesn't talk to him as much. I was just glad he called on davids birthday to wish him a happy birthday and to talk, I miss that guy a lot, I just wish hed get off of his lazy ass and do something. he isn't working or going to school, hes just at home feeling sorry for himself and ballooning. all I could tell him is that he needed to do something to occupy himself and to not just sit thete and feel sorry for himself. hopefully he'll be here in austin visiting soon. speaking of getting off your ass, I need to get on the ball and stop procrastinating. high school might have been somewhat of a breeze through (a walk in the park) but college isn't the same, needless to say. dad said this is the rest of my life I'm preparing for, and there isn't a day that goes by that I don't say that quote to myself at least a hundred times because I'm being lazy. I miss dad, and mom and everyone else. yea we all hate eachother and get at eachothers throats but thats why we're family, only we can talk to eachother the way we do and get away with it. much like me and my friends, because friends are family too, even knowing more about you than you might through observation. regardless, I love austin, its a great town, there is so much to do, and a lot of time to do it in, but with all this free time you need to do it in moderation, because too much of a good thing can be bad for you. I hope grandma is ok, I miss waking up and telling her ""buenos dias, como manecio"" and her being amazed that I'm even at home and even more amazed at the time it is that I wake up. I just hope nothing happens to her. I feel sorry for mel and all the trauma that she is probably feeling. she just had a kid, her husband is being accused of something we are all sure that he had nothing to do with, and the damn police with their false accusations the they are giving her, as well as the threats, in order to get her to tell them the information they believe she has, but which in fact she doesn't. because no matter how bad the news, she would come to my family first and let us know before her own mother would know, because she is like my oldest sister, and she is probably the closest cousin that I may have. damn, I miss georgie. stupid punk with too much time on his hands and he knows it. procrastinator in the making just like me. I miss listening to my punk and ska with him, he was the only person that liked it as much as I did, and I didnt even force him to like it. funny now though, in austin one would say that its a bit ""trendy"" to like this music, but in weslaco. its not really known. and even less played on the damn radio. speaking of radio, it sux. except for some stations in austin. and I don't know the call letters. I'm bad at remembering things. I guess that may be why I procrastinate. my dad has always told me that its impossible to forget things as quickly as I do, so I know he doesn't believe me when I say ""I don't remember"". but in fact, I really don't, and its not because I drink like every day or because I'm on a drug, because yes I do drink, but not in large quantities (binge drinking) like some people and I only do so on the weekends strictly never on school days, and I don't do drugs. speaking of drugs, I knew it was easy to get them at my hometown if u wanted them, but austin is like a haven for those who feel the urge to get away. already I have open invitations from people I've met and seen a few times to go and smoke out with them, and one guy who said he could get me any drug I wanted free for the first time. I can just brush these things aside because they don't interest me or anything, but I get some weird looks from other people nearby who can hear the conversation, but I don't let that bother me, because if they are going to judge me from what they hear and not by who I really am, they arent worth my time. my dad told me to never judge anyone by what is heard and said, and I never have. some of my best friends today were spoken bad of before I had ever met them. now we're as close as brothers in a sense. I love my friends, I don't really know what id do without them. my biggest fear doesn't seem to be what kind of future I have or if I will ever be successful, or if I will let my parents down (god forbid though), but my biggest fear is never seeing my friends again. but when I think about it, its the stupidist thing, because today, the world is smaller than ever, and anyone can be found with the click of a button. so I don't really know why I feel this way or anything, nothing traumatic has happened to make me feel this way, so I don't really have an explanation for this feeling, and being the smart ass that I am making fun of everything with a comment for everything, this really does scare me ",y,n,y,n,y

1999\_694265.txt,"As I listen to this music I think about when I was younger, when I had a friend named Casey. But is she still my friend, or not? What about Joanna, she thousands of miles away in Korea. I really don't know what I feel for her. I want to be with her, but I don't think as much as she does with me. I feel guilty, but what have I done to her, I have been there for her, drove her around, let her cry in my arms. I must sound shallow, maybe not, I really don't know. Is she the one, I really don't know how to answer this question. What happens next, if she moves back, then she will probably live with me. I don't know if I can handle that. I have started talking to Heather, she is very sweet, but is just someone to latch on to or is she really special. It started out harmless enough, but we have really started talking, and I really like her, as much as Joanna I really can't say, shouldn't I be worried more about school, I have astronomy homework due Friday. I feel like I can almost tell when Heather is going to call or come in. right now she is one of my best friends, in a world that is new to me. in fact since I have been here, the best friend I have had. Heather has a very sweet personality and a good understanding of people. much like many people I have met, good or bad I really can't say. sometimes I catch eyes with her and my heart takes a drop, a feeling that I haven't had in a long while. that really feels good, it opens you back up, makes you feel good, alive, a purpose. if I do break it off with joanna, what will happen, will that be a big mistake what if she is the one. how can break it off with someone who is in Korea, that is cruel, she hasn't done anything to me, I haven't done anything to her though. you get to a point where living life in a certain way or doing something in a certain way is just not right anymore. or doesn't seem right, being or I am really not with her, just doesn't seem right. but if I am not with her anymore will it not seem right in that respect also. this subject is really what I hide from in life, am a an asshole, or I am just telling the truth to myself, I mean after all the school saying or whateveris YE SHALL TELL THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE is the truth making me free or tearing me apart, I think I do love joanna, that is the bummer part, but to go into it with the scales tipped is just wrong, maybe I am wrong, I really don't know ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_695361.txt,"whats so hard about college? I've been here 2 and half weeks already, and I don't find anything hard about this. I've skipped a coupla chem classes, and bio classes already. why do people say its hard. so confused. I'm weary that I will fail miserbly on my tests because I think I know everything. arrogance. I think I am arrogant in thinking that I know what the professors are teaching now. but I don't want to be arrogant. indecision. do I want to be a doctor? do I want to go the pre med route? what if I do this and don't even make it to med school? do I really think then I can make it to law school? but I hate law school. I hate writing. this is so stupid. I don't want to do this. I don't like expressing my mind to strangers. dang I wonder how much my comics are worth now. I wish the damn 20 minutes would go by a little quicker. I want to see how much my comics are worth. I wonder if I should start buying comics again. no. I'm not a kid anymore. but damn, I like comics. so many decisions. damn being responsible is hard. I went from living at home and carefree, to having to make every decision myself. I need to change. I'm not studious at all. I'm afraid that I'm going to fail miserbly , and not get anywhere close to a 4. 0 gpa. then I'll only have myself to blame if I don't get that 4. 0. then I wont get a car that I want. damn supra turbos are nice. but do I really need one here? I could use a car. indecision. but I really want one. but that means I need to get a 4. 0. and I need to study but I don't want to. I want to play ball, and shoot pool and hang out. I don't want to study. but damn I think I need to. I have no clue whats going in calc 2. I don't want to fail that damn class. crap I shoulda taken 408c. easy a for sure. regret. now this means I'll have to work and study. but I've never studied before. I don't know where to begin. but I want good grades. I want a 4. 0. I know I have to work. but I don't want to!I hate work. I hate it. I'm a lazy s. o. b. crap. crap. crap. so much responsibility. I hate it. I wish I was a kid again. back in high school at least. it was much better then. course I was always hoping for better things, like a better car, better grades, better anything. I hate growing up. but I have to. realization. super catharisis. moment to reflect. I have to be a man now. I am responsible for my future now. its only me. tru I may have friends, my girlfriend, my family behind me. but its me. my future depends on how I accept responsibility. if I want to get a 4. 0 gpa. I'll have to study. if I don't want to be afraid to fail calc 2. I have to study and learn all the calc things. if I don't want to sleep in class. I have to go to sleep earlier. I cannot fade to temptation, I must resist. I must be mature. responsible. because its only me now. but I'm scared. I don't think I can handle it. I don't want to be responsible for everything. but I want so much. gawd. 4. 0 for a year to get any car I want. thats going to be hard. but I've never achieved such a goal. I've never had to put myself to anything. this is it. this college. I must. fear. indecision. temptation. irresponsibility. I must forgo all and just do what is right. its time to apply myself. its up to me now. crap. ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_696559.txt,"I'm kind of frustrated right now with Callie. She just left to go to meeting and she just bothers me. It's like she's annoyed with me but she won't say anything. I hate it when people do that-it's like just tell me what's going on, don't just act nonchalant about it. It pisses me off. It's like she just kind of ignores me all the time. I thought it would be better when she came back this weekend, since we spent time apart, but it's not. Gosh I sound like I'm talking about my boyfriend or something. But nope, it's my roommate. I'm feeling kind of pissed off about a lot of things actually. I ate way too much yesterday which sucked. And I was doing really well about working out here, and now all of a sudden I'm getting lazy. I don't get it at all. I talked to Price last night which made me feel happy and sad at the same time. It usually does when I'm here at school. He always makes me homesick. It just sucks because I was home the entire summer and he just didn't take advantage of it. I tried, I really did, but he didn't really make the effort until like the day before I left. Figures. It's so hard because we both like each other, but there's nothing we can do about it. It is so stupid that we are not in the same grade. I just keep thinking that God does everything for a reason, and that I should just feel lucky He found a way to bring us together in the first place. I went to church for the second time since being at UT. It felt good, but sad too. Kind of like talking to Price. I don't know-I know everyone says over and over again that it's hard to find a church in college and that you just have to keep an open mind, etc, etc. But it's true and I keep comparing everything to MDUMC. I miss it so much, especially Steve and Kristi. I miss everyone there. I wonder what it would be like to go home again next summer and do staff. I would probably be really bored, but I guess God will lead me where I'm meant to be. I just don't want to spend all summer in Austin drinking my life away. I mean, don't get me wrong, I like drinking, but I just don't enjoy doing it all the time. I just really need to get involved with some Christian organizations here. I also need to find a bible study that I enjoy. I feel so lost if I don't have fellowship to keep me on track in my faith walk. I hate being so close to God in the summer and then straying so during the school year. That's just not how it should be. I have got to work on it. I especially need to do my part here, like praying and quiet times. It's like working out-no never mind, that's an awful comparison that I really don't want to make. I wonder and daydream way too much. I wonder about stupid girly stuff sometimes like who I'm going to marry and when. I wonder if I'm going to get a job. I wonder about why I'm such a moody person. Sometimes I feel really different from everyone else around me. Sometimes I wonder what I would be like if I went to A&M. Would Cal and I still be inseperable? Would RT and I be good friends? I don't know, it's just weird. I wonder how it's going to be with Price when he goes to college. I wonder if he'll meet some girl and totally forget about me. I'd probably be so jealous if he ever found someone that he was closer to than me. But I shouldn't if he does-I should simply be incredibly happy for him. We just have a weird relationship. I wonder how Mike's doing really. I mean, I know he acts the same, but he has to be going through a lot. I can't even imagine. Sometimes I want to ask him about it, but I don't know how to put it or what to say. I mean, I can't just randomly bring it up. I wish sometimes that we still talked like we did in high school. It was weird last night when Callie and Todd were talking about Travis on the phone. I haven't thought about that boy in a long, long time. He still makes me mad. what a stupid thing he did. I still can't believe he threw away our friendship. we really clicked. we could talk about anything, and that just doesn't happen very often with two people. I mean, I obviously got over him romantically, but we could have been lifelong friends. Too bad for him I guess. I still wish sometime down the road that he would apologize, but I think a lot of people in life wait for apologies that they will never receive, or for people to come back into their lives that never will. It's foolish I know. I love my parents so much. I wish that I could treat them the way I want to deep inside. The way I know I will wish I did all of my life when they are gone. It's just ridiculous how much they do for me. ",n,y,y,n,n

1999\_696933.txt,"I'm now worrying about what to write which is really irrelavant because to the instructions. I am at a loss. When the mind watches itself most of it stands still. But when it stops being vigilant it wanders anywhere and everywhere past, and future. Again I can think of nothing when watching the mind think of something which is very ironic. And again it stops and doesn't go anywhere when I try to see where it is. I hope I don't bomb this paper which I'm not sure how its to be graded. I bet my grammer really sucks, if I can use that word ""suck"" but I shouldn't worry about my grammar because it doesn't matter according to the instructions yet because of insecurities I still worry about my presentation, any presentation. Now I am talking to my friend and being distracted, but since I reallize it I'm no longer distracted. What else is going through this undeveloped mind of mine, wow, that rhymes, mind and mine, ok, I probably sound really stupid now but am just following instructions. The phone rings, and I think that it may be my mother checking up on me which she already did, but I'm sure would not hesitate to do it again. Room is now quiet with everybody gone, no distractions except for the unknown mind with all of its mysteries. Funny its always with us yet we know next to nothing about it which maybe this class will attempt to shed some light on but I doubt it will do very much good for anyone to decrease thier pains and increase their happiness. Everything in psych. is great but helps no one if it serves no purpose such as increasing the quality of ones life. Philosophy I believe tries to a bit more to do just that but is so abstract and too much of a subject to be studied than to be experienced and learned which doesn't help anyone anyways except to tickle and play with the intellect. Unless a certain form is adapted to the way of living and adopted as the way of thinking will it help those who really seek help. Now I'm a little afraid all that I just wrote is irrelevant to the assignment and will recieve a bad score. Perhaps another manifestation of insecurity. This world today is full of insecurities, fear, though we have everything anyone could want in the West, but yet we lack that which cannot be externaly obtained. How ironic that most of us strive in life but never know what we are striving for, what Steven Cohen calls personal management but lack of personal leadership, direction. Because we seem to have everything we want but are actually lacking we don't know where to direct our constant thirst for happiness and constant aversion of suffering. But the cause of our pains is ignorance, the lack of wisdom, wisdom - understanding but mostly realizing how things really are. Perhaps to this is to philisophical for the assignment. but as thoughts come into my head I write just like the instruction say. Although I can think of no reason for this assignment excpet to observe the mind, but I can not see anything to learn. yeah, maybe the next assignments are also like this, but probably not, wishful thinking. Almost done, just two more minutes and I maybe will continue the other assignments. Our study hall in our dorm really sucks. Its very creepy looking with all sorts of pipes and wires running through the wall. Uh, oh, girl thoughts, probably not appropriate, I don't even know if I spelled that word correctly. My mama told me that mastery over the mind is the highest form of victory anyone can have. It is said that a man may conquer a thousand people and a thousand lands, but it is far better to conquer himself just once. ",n,n,y,y,y

1999\_697937.txt,"Alright, this is going to be pretty random, so whomever may be reading this should be pretty amused. Hmmm. . i had my audition for the ""Madrigal Dinner"" tonight. I think it went pretty well. I sang a song that I wrote. He seemed pretty impressed. I find out Monday morning if I made it or not. I think until then I am going to have a nervous tick thing happening. I broke up with my boyfriend this weekend. He is really stupid, ""dumber than a box of hair"" as I like to say. That sounds pretty mean, but he really is. He isn't going anywhere. He is a 5th year high school student. If you carry on a conversation with him that involves a word with more than 5 letters, he is lost. Unless it is about auto mechanics. Then he will talk your ear off. Or if it is about drugs, he can talk 499000 miles an hour on that subject. We were just too different. I'm not into drugs and stuff and I am 17 and already in college. He is a pot head (along with other things) and he's 19 and still in high school. He is going nowhere. He wrote me a really shitty letter today. It made me feel like crap. It was along the lines of ""I am nothing. You are too good for me. I should have known that the second I got something good I would lose it. "" How am I supposed to respond to somthing like that????? My friends said it was his feeble attempt to win me back. A very feeble attempt. I am not conned into taking someone back because they make me feel guilty for ruining their life. I feel really bad though, because his parents absolutely adored me. I was everything they wanted him to be. I am fairly intelligent, Christian, drug-free, etc. I feel kinda like I let them down. But I wasn't getting to him. I couldn't change him. It's not my fault right?? What could I do? I can lead him to the right path, but I can't force him to change. I showed him what Christianity did for my life, did in my life, what influence God had over me. But he was so stuck on his paegan ways. He told me he was going to quit drugs for me, but he never did. I can't be with someone for the sole reason of trying to change them. I don't know. I miss my ex-boyfriend. Not the same guy. A different one. We went out for 3 years, then he slept with my best friend. On that ridiculously long survey that we had to do for this class, that ""worst depression"" stuff was caused by him. 3 years!!! And then he just threw it all away. Gosh, I miss him terribly. Sometimes I still cry at night thinking about him. I have yet to find a love so strong like I had with him. Have you ever felt that? That feeling like you know, I don't know exactly what you know. You just know something. That feeling deep inside. That feeling noone else can give you. I had that with him. We were even engaged. Engaged!! He made me feel like I was something worth having. Well, until he screwed my EX best friend. Stupid whore! I'm not bitter. Hehehe, anyway. I don't know. Sometimes he is all I can think of. I'll catch myself comparing other guys to him. Every other guy I have dated has been compared to him. Should I put a name to ""him""? His name is J. J. Anyway, I always have this emptiness inside me. I didn't feel empty with him. It was like he made me complete. And when he left, he took a big part with him. I know that sounds trite, but I can't think of any other way to describe it. Just pure emptiness. I got so depressed after the ""incident"" that I didn't have the will to do anything. Nothing. I just laid there in bed. I would be in a trance through school just to come home and lay there. didn't get out of bed, didn't eat, didn't sleep. I never slept, but I was never awake either. It was like I was one of those vegetable people who was purely living because of the machines they are hooked up to. There was this invisible machine keeping me alive, and that was it. I was just existing. That's the word I was looking for. Existing. Nothing more, nothing less. I tried to make it less. Have the scars to prove it. Nothing I'm proud of. I had just reached the lowest I have ever felt. I'm sure it will happen again. I'm only 17. I'm sure I will find another guy that will fill the void JJ left, but then he will leave me too. So what's the use anyway? Dating is just a vicious circle. Someone is bound to get hurt. If not you, then the other person. Unless of course you find that one person that doesn't have the urge to bang one of your friends. But shit, that even happens in marriages. You think you found that one person that won't screw you over, and what happens? They screw some younger, prettier girl. Gosh, I'm really bitter. When did I get this bitter?? Is it bitterness or cynicism? I can never tell the difference. Maybe I'm a little (or a lot) of both. <Deep sigh> One minute left. Okay, now I'm depressed. I was in a good mood after my audition. Then I get to thinking. Damn thinking. It never does me any good. I always seem to think about things that depress me. I think it is because all of my good memories are linked to painful ones. So I try to think of good ones, but it just takes a turn for the worse. Adios! ",y,y,y,n,y

1999\_699577.txt,"feeling free right now. door underneath punded. resonated and left me shaking. there is music next to me and it has a beat. the bass bothers me sometimes. like when I was riding in the car with my brother when we went to the zoo that one time. he used to always pick on me but now he is not here. its not the first time that I hav enot seen him for awhile. but I see casey everyday. I like being here at ut. this apartment is great. just leaning against the bunkbed while typing feels great. I feel at home most of the time, except for tommy when he makes his comments. I keep expecting to have to go home and climb in my own bed but every time that I walk back to my dorm from here I realize that I am going to my new home , the dorm. My roommate is nice, she studies all the time. I feel that I don't study enough when I am with her. She is going to major in math just like I am. but I don't know what I want to do or if I really want math. this song is great. it makes me happy and hyper. but I am still upset that I don't know what I want to do. Everyone here does. they all have their special thing and I am just feeling the way along. that is more comfortable. the keyboard is on my lap and now my hands or wrists rather don't hurt as much. I like psychology. I am excited about the experiments. from what dougs mom was talking about them earlier they sound like a lot of fun. But I don't know if I will be able to just go up and talk to people like that. I am glad that I will have casey in my class this year. He is so smart and wonderful and I love him. I am really glad that we are engaged. he is the best thing that has happened to me since I moved to texas. Louisiana was not good at all but I have to stick up for it when doug and casey pick on me and tell me that I say things weirdly. This is a beautiful song. I really like it. But one bad thing about it is that I remember being with ryan when I listen to it. Riding around in caseys car when we were first going out. We listened to her then too and I made him sing to aida. He has a beautiful voicce and I love to listen to him sing. I love the way her voice sounds and the different inflections in all the right places. My foot itches and now that I scratched it, everything else is itching too. Sometimes they talk too much about computers and that junk. But that is their thing and it makes them happy. I just have to find what makes me happy. Skiing. I want to go skiing, It is so hot here. skiing would be great and romantic. last year was the first time that I ever skiied and it was great. I did a lot of things with church that I had never done before but I think that all of these things were because I got together with casey. like this barbie girl song. I hated it but then he would always play aqua and I got to liking all of the songs and liking him more and loving him and falling for him and casey is wonderful. aqua/ like an ocean or island. so peaceful and wonderful. I like heroes the game with amanda, It reminds me of lord of the rings. My hair tickles my face. my ear itches. doug has a cute voice. he is trying to sing. idont hate casey's cat. it is really cute. I just wanted to get him something better and I wish I could have found a cuter one so I have to put it down because I don't know why. it does not really matter. I overreact too much and am selfish and whine. this is kind of fun actually. I want to take a photography class next semester. My mom says that I am good at it. I jsut want to find something that I am good at. Make everyone proud. But I put too much pressure on myself. I think that is why I am nervous this week because I want to adjust and I don't know if I am going to do well in my classes and I hope I do but am scared. My wrist hurts like when I am playing minesweeper. an addicting game. somethign I am good at, unlike half life which I am getting better at. My ear itches. I need to go to the store and get some cables, I hope to find them and understand how it works. physics scares me and I am not good at it. why am I majoring in math and how did sarah make up her mind in one weekend about college. I think those are the same reasons. Time's up. ",n,n,y,y,y

1999\_699805.txt,"Alright, today was a pretty boring day. I feel really unsatisfied with my classes because they do not stirr any special interest in me. I thought I would be excited about at least one of them but not yet. I guess I am just a little mentally tired. I was so happy to get back into the swing of things and try and find my friends. Acutally I think I expreienced a fake high because I miss Mexico a lot. I was there for the last half of the summer and made some amazing friends. I miss my boyfriend there too. I keep wondering if he is going to send me the ring he supposedly bought for me. Hopefully he will. I really want it. He told me he loves me, so I just hope he does not forget about me because I will never forget about him. he was so nice to me. All of my friends like him and besides the whole , he has two kids, thang everything is alright. I learned from him that no matter how serious skeletons in your closet might be, your heart wins overall. You cannot talk yourself out of loving someone. I guess I really cared for him more than I ever cared to admit to my roommate who thought I should of broken up with him. Too bad she ended up traveling around with some random guy around Mexico who she met before our language was over. Her guy has had at least 28 partners. If anything, she shouldn't of met her lover boy in Oaxcaca, MX. As for the rest of my dating life which seems to be my main concern these days, it is hella-active, like Cartman would say. This weekend I met some awesome guys. I am waiting to hear back from them. I can still hardly believe that I gave my number to a cute waiter at Papadeaux. I must be crazy. I usually just date around. I would love to find just one special person. I also need to workout more. I have been partying too much. Mexico was one big one month long party. Now I need to get serious about studying and try to find some interest in my classes. Everything seems to be running in circles in my mind. I am constantly thinking about boys, classes, and my friends who I really need to call and catch up. I can hardly believe I haven't talked to my closest friends in a month. it really feels good to get back in touch with them even though it is only over the computer. I am soo tired. I wish I could just take a nap and wake up stress free. All of these issues running across my mind are really stressing me out. I constantly feel tense. I hope I do not end up with some horrible health problems like my dad's family. Today at work we had to take a personality test and I scored high in a section that appearred to be Stress. I do not know what the category was but it started with an S and I am starting to stress out about even that. My body hates the beginning of school because everything feels so out of wack! Man, I already need a vacation. I am too tense for a 19 year old going on 40. Surprisingly I am not so nervous about the begining of the year but I can feel the potential homework overload slowly stressing me out. I am scared about my classes and I really need to get motivated instead of nervous. Writing down my thoughts is starting to stress me out. I am going to be so happy when I can submit this and check my e-mail. Then I can hear about my crazy friends' lives and take a break from mine. boo I have to wash my hair too and that is such a chore too. I wish I had naturally straight hair and legs as built as my dad. Then I would have hardly anything to worry about. I feel like such a basket case because I hardly voice my inner thought to anyone and I can hardly stop. I guess I usually set mine aside in order to enjoy a small vacation from my life and enjoy hearing from others. I really want to talk to my friend Lindsay tonight. She helps me forget about everything and just laugh out loud and be abnoxious without being self-conscience. My laugh is louder than the average laugh so people usually stare at me when I open my mouth and chuckle a little. I saw people looking at me tonight at dinner when I laughed. Oh well. They must be jealous, yeah right. I need to live a little. In Mexico I did everything I could ever dream of doing. I climbed a volcanoe, developed a love of horsebackriding, enjoyed my daring side, and much more. It sucks to have to slow down for school and dive into reading material I would rather use as a pillow. Oh well, my studying today will pay off tomorrow. Right? right. I need to take a nap. I did not get enough sleep last night and am drifting into lala land slowly. There is a fire alarm. I have to run. It just stopped, maybe not ",y,y,n,y,n

1999\_700687.txt,"I have no idea where to start on this thing, and I forgot to look at the clock 1:09, okay, I feel better now. This has got to be the longest version of Hotel California ever, it takes them about 3 years to start singing. I need to go to the grocery store, need to get some milk and hot dogs. the essentials. Could probably just run to the 7-11, then I could get a slurpee. This chair is still uncomfortable, even with this cushion. Should just by a new one, but don't know where I'd put this one in this tiny room. Dorms suck. Living it up at the Hotel California. Man, my typing skills have gone downhill, it's sad. I really should throw that bottle of water away, it's probably getting kind of funky. I'm going to fill this whole thing up in like 10 minutes, then what? I want concert tickets, that was stupid waiting and then they sold out. I don't really want to pay a fortune, maybe 50. Doubt I could get them that cheap. I'm surprised Jenna hasn't charged over here yet, the morning's been really quiet. I've got so many things to do, none of which I probably will. got to write those thank you notes, if grandparents keep sending me cash I never will have to go to the bank, good deal. Oh, the screen moved up, maybe I won't fill the whole thing up. Ten minutes to go. My shoulder kind of hurts, must be sitting kind of funny. I wonder if I'll ever need those receipts, should probably just throw them away, see how much I can junk up my bullentin board, like I did my room. I could watch All My Children while I write my thank you notes, that sounds like a plan. I hope it's not a hayley and mateo day, don't think I could handle that. Got to love Lenny Kravitz. this song brings back memories of 7th, no 8th grade. I think I liked 8th grade, don't really remember. Back at good old H. m. s. I should really go find Jennifer and reminesce. Don't think that's spelled right, whatever. Haven't talk to Opie in awhile, she's probably off trying to be the next Jodie foster. psycho. Maybe she'll be home for the balloon fest, doubt it. It's going to be so hot and miserable, at least I'm not dancing. Wonder who'll be taking my place, hope it's not chrissy. Rachel will probably be back in my spot. That would suck. My foot's asleep, three minutes to go. The computer better not crash now. I really should clean this room up, that's probably on the list of things to do. I wonder what song is next. Oh, that's the end, good my time is up. 1:29, yeah. ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_701409.txt,"Well, I suppose one of the first things that enter into my mind are why in the world did I wait this long to get assignments like this done. I always put a lot of unneccesary pressure on myself by putting these things off. I haven't been doing in college so far, but I know if I was more productive with my time I'd be better off. That and money. I haven't been very good with money lately. Oh, I have plenty to live on, but I spend a LOT of money on things I simply don't need. I also tend to spend money unwisely, like buying things somewhere when I KNOW I can get them somewhere else much cheaper, but I buy it anyways because it's there and convenient. I don't have any income right now eithher, I need a work-study job, but that shouldn't be too hard. I've already paid my rent for the semester, and so a job should cover my phone bill and other little living expenses just fine. I've got some more money coming in for doing webpages for other people, too. The unfortunate thing is, it's getting to a point where it's almost a home-run business, and I'm beginning to worry about whethter or not taxes become an issue. I hate filling out forms, much less loads of tax forms. I'm only 18, and it's a thing I do on the side to make extra money, and I don't know if I should be concerned with such a thing as business tax forms and accounting. I've only done three small commerical webpages . . I don't know if that excuses me from anything. I need to talk to some expert about that. Money is no object to me, in the end, though. That's probably why I'm so careless about most of it. I have been keeping a pretty tight track of it, though, just to make sure I don't go broke. I'm looking at buying a computer, and I think I have just enough. My work study job then could easily cover my little living expenses. I also spend a good bit on music, which is something I'm really into. Not music in general, mind you, but just the stuff I listen too. A lot of it is fairly obscure . . I'm not even talking about rock obscure or grunge obscure or world music obscure. I listen to a good bit of forgotten artist's stuff, like albums they release after they've had their heydey - which is usually in the 80s. I listen to music basically all the time. My roommate has actually been pretty cool about me playing the music all the time, sometimes I wonder if he minds, but I don't think he does. We have a guitar in our room, and it's my roommate's. He doesn't play it too often, only a bit now and then. He's decent. I don't know anything, though. I'm not muscially inclined, personally, in any way. I don't sing or play any insturments, though I wish I did. Something like keyboards or drums would be cool, but I've been learning to apprecaite the guitar more. I like to hear guitarists who make them sing and make distinct sounds than the heavy clunky stuff most grunge-rock-alternative bands make. Steve Hackett, when he was a guitarist for Genesis way back when, is a great example. I heard somewhere that he would try to make the guitar sound more synthesized, and as a result, he played some interesting solos. He made the band sound a little more Floyd-ish I guess. Still, that's the kind of guitar I'd like to learn to play. Acoustic riffs would be neat to learn, too. The keyboards would be tough, but I'd think the most fun to play could be the drums. Drummers have a lot of different styles, I've noticed. I wouldn't leanr to play really fast and make a lot of noise, I would want to learn how to play perfectly timed melodic noises - stuff that doesn't take just speed, but lots of skill, too. I don't know how most bands play it now a days, but drums don't always particularly stand out in some songs now a days, but I guess a lot of them don't hold that as important. When Phil Collins was drummer for Genesis, the drums had moments in the songs when they really stood out. Not because they were loud, neccessarily, but because they were different with what you usually heard. They didn't go along with the song, they would almost LEAD the song. Really, though, all of the members of the band Genesis make it such a great band, which if you haven't caught on by now, is my favorite band. I'm getting a little tired and I have lot more reading and some homework to do. Tomorrow is Monday and classes start up again. Fun. ",n,n,y,n,n

1999\_701420.txt,"I don't understand how the man with the questions can be the smarter of the two. The man with the answers has to be the smarter. All the man with the questions know's that he know's what he doesn't know and wants to. But the man with the answers know's. Whatever he want to know he knows because that's how the question goes. There's no way for the man with the questions to more than the man with all the answers. One, the answer guy's going to know the answer. And people are always going well does he know how to get the answer?? well of course he does. just ask him how he got that answer. and he'll answer that question. what I don't understand is how this teacher is going to believe and only think that she's right. the answer was completely easy to comprehend. I hate that teachers get so arrogant. just because they know more of the subject they think they're knowledge is invincible against all others. how can you teach others and let them learn if you're unwelling to learn yourself?? it's totally bull. makes no sense to me. always dreamed about being a super hero. guess it's somewhat ironic that my vietnamese name translates to mean hero. I don't know I guess I have some type of super-hero complex. always want to help others always want special powers. always wanted to win the girl. always a dream about this girl. never see a face and can never hear her talk. I can see her figure and I can see how graceful she is. she walks be side me in my dreams. always want to hold her hand but afriad that I'll wake up when I touch her. so I walk beside her and look at her. I know I'm going to meet this person. I can sense it. Real into the ""Crow"" look the romantic dark super-hero adventure story. brings out the use of love. people always take love for granted and if not love the good fortune that they get to be with or have a relationship with others. wonder if I'm a hopeless romantic. i can see myself taking my date on a walk or just laying there with her and talking. I don't see the sex, not that I wouldn't, or much else. the tai kwon do club at this university is not very well trained. the main instructor may be a good fighter but his form sucks. to me form is the most important part of martial arts. adds gracefulness and at the experienced level makes movements faster stronger and completely balanced. it all comes from form. the traingle is speed balance and strength and not of that comes from bad form. or at least none of those three will continously exel without balance. most people don't see it that way. they think that compromising form for quick speed and strength is better. but they don't look in the long run. just like in chess the game is all about the long run. and with mastering balance, speed and strength will always become faster and stronger. then there are those that are lazy and don't even care for form and try to show off their katas with feet not lined up and hands out of place. with such bad alignment energy will not flow correctly . people get so arrogant and greedy. makes me sick ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_703351.txt,"Twenty minutes seems long, I wonder what the footbal game will be like. I miss my best friend. I'm glad to be going home next weekend. My own bed. It is lonely when no one is around me. WOnder what my roomate is doing? Why is my floor so quiet right now? I'm glad I don't want to be around anyone right now. I hope clubbing is fun tonight because I do not want to spend my entire year just sitting in Jester. WOnder if I'll transfer next year? I hope I get into the busines school, but at the same time if I don't I have an excuse to leave Texas. I miss Connecticut. Autum wil come soon, why are there no decent trees in Texas? I hate the heat and the desert and the southern accents. I just want to be back in my comfortable bed in Connecticut not in Plano texas. I know I must be upset because I could barely eat at lunch. Why has no one called me today? I call people every day and leave messages, even my parents have more of a life right now. Oh, this is my favorite part of this song. I am gald I decided to put on Dave Matthews while I did this. I wonder if my cats miss me? I bet they miss onnecticut too. I hope I meet some hot guys tonight, that are actually interested in me for once. I hope that my new found friends aren't too good at dancing because I suck and I don't want to look like this awkward fool with my friends dancing amazingly. I am praying that I don't end up grinding with some sketchy boy like last time with out even knowing it. I do not want to feel the penis's of random guys, hey just call me old fashioned but I like to know a guys name, maybe his major. Now I am getting too worried about the thing maybe I should stay at home. No, I will not do this to myself again, I can't this is completely ridiculous. Just because I don't know these people too well doesn't mean that I can hide from the world. how am I going to get know these people better if I don't go and do these things. IHOP was fun last night and I tought it wouldn't be. I am glad I got to sit on the end because everyone else in the middle seemed so squished. I think that I am loosing weight, I should be because I have been eationg a lot less since I have been here. No snacking for me!!! Plus I walk so mcuh. that's cool no freshman 15. But I could do with out the heat. That seems like a little too much for me. It never was that hot in Connecticut. Okay, maybe, but I just miss it up there. All my friends, even though they are at college. I wish it was senior year again. Everything was so much less complicated then. Now I feel as though I will never have everything that I did there. I tried to appreciate it all when I had it, but I didn't appreciate it enough. I had so much and even though I still have the memories I miss it all so much. I know it won't be the same when I go back, but I miss the security that I felt there. I know that this is a learning and growth ex[erience but I do not want to have all this growth I happy with myself and what I was and don't want to change. Maybe if I am lucky I'll be able to graduate in three years. I already have sophomore standing thanks to my wonder ful teachers. I miss Mrs. Jestin and even Dr. Dennis. Why can't I just adjust and love everything? well I guess I just have to keep on doing what I am doing and that is that. all I know is that I will never forget what I left behind. ",y,y,n,y,y

1999\_703715.txt,"this tyoe of thing bothers me because it seems really impossible to typ eexamap wow that was swpelled bad I mean t exactly what I am thinking . mab thisis really hard for me because I kkep wanteing to go back andn fix allt he crap errors I am making, I never realized how bad I was at typing ok that is better I guess I just need to get in the wrythim or nto to get the typing thing right. well I don't knw I have done this before in my spare time but somthinges was that suppoes to say somethings because I think I meant somethines man that is weird I can't type it I somethings no I want to type sometimes ok then, this mamkes no sense myabe my mindis just ompletely twisted and illogical. I doub t it though because it sut nevermind that word I often think abou t things so logivally that it scares me. proving yourself wrong is knida werid because you almost regret it sometimnes. an interseting thought that keeps coming to me, I will have to ask the prof this: if one is beign tried for a murder, and to get ""away"" withit he pretends to be insane, and the trial lasts like a real long time like a year or two, and this whole time he has to pretend he is really off the wall completely insane, would he after a while actually in reality become insane, but because he is really insane not realize it and still insist he is completely sane in his own mind, I somehow htinki that he could really go insane and not realize it, I guess itsa ll perception thought, I mean who perceives what, I perceive mysefl to be sane, but maybe on another standard I am insane, who is to say what is really right? Well I think ultimately there is a standerad or fgith and wrong it is just ath people who are wrong can't really be proved that they are wrong because we deal with perception. like basicaly I belve in GOd, and what he says andhis standards are absolute truths, but since those of us who believe it are human, we can only relay it as our perception see, and those who have a different perception may be wrong, but cannot be prved wrong because each argument is a perception. basically that is what faith is there for, some fcould argue that faith is actually a device made up by the human mind to justify a perception, but then you could argue that this arguement is actually a perception devised to justify a different percepton. I really didnt find blari witch scary, I mean, it really was a little freaky, but not hjold my breath to stop from screaming scary. whats wrierd is I have started thinking outside whati am typing and I keep thinking how I am faliing at truly represeintinng my thoghts. can yoiu belvie I am actually tryin to think of a creatvie way to end this? How do yo end sterama of conciousness anyway??????????? in reality you can't can you, I just have to force my hands of the keyboard. ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_706452.txt,"I'm bored I wish it was friday so I cn go home I wonder what ash is doing I need to stop smoking this cd isn't that good I should throw away that phone card I need to get the car serviced this weekend I don't think I can write for 20 miutes oh well I wonder if I'll see her this weekend I hope bennigans calls today I really need that job as long as they le me off for homecoming I need to talk to steve about geting tickets for Rent in november I hope him and camille are allright I wonder how kenny and jen are doing this is stupid and doesn't make any sense I was stupid last weeken I hope she's not stilll mad at me I got to learn to keep promises I'm bored I don't know what to say so I guess I'l rambling for another 15 minutes. every little thing that you do I wonder how you make music symbols on the computer I wish I could use my mac this pc sux ""friends slowly drift apart they give away their hearts"" I need to find the lonestar single for ashley. I wonder if she's right about the gnats that would be tripped out but if she is then why doesn't julie visit me I don't think julie went to heaven that's no good but I'm not going to tell ash I think that because she took it bad enough I need to visit her grave this weekend that was wierd I got teary eyed just thinking about her is that really all t takes? I wonder if I can listen to the dance now or if its still too emotional yep turns out it is but its all good I can control it its more than a feeling hahahaa I'm really running out of things to say I wonder who gets to read all this crap? can't be much fun excpet to laugh at I bet the psychology department gets together on the weekends and reads these when they're drunk who knows that ould be wierd 8 minutes to go no not even that thank god that songs over thats just too spooky like in 6th sense and every time it starts I get a chill I wonder if that means jules is visiting high jules! :) how's it going? k thats about nuff enjoy the end ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_707577.txt,"I am writing my first assignment for psychology 301. I am in my room right now. I like my room. I live in Dobie. I live on the 23rd floor. I hate waiting on the elevator. It takes too long. I don't feel like using punctuation or capitalization. I don't have to becasue you told us not to worry about it. I don't even have to worry about spelling either. I'm just typing away. my roommate just passed gas, broke wind, but I do not smell it. yet. My roommate is calling his parents. he left a message. he is going back to houston this weekend for a funeral service for one of his school friends. 2 people died from my school shortly after graduation. it is really sad. I knew one of them. I didnt like him too much because he was annoying, but now I feel bad. he would have left for the navy 2 weeks after that. anyways, my roommate is playing music from his computer, it is really loud, it is an old song, I have no clue what it is. now its playing snoop doggy dogg, it is really old. it is 10:35, I have been typing for 10 minutes now. my suite mates are studying, or attempting to study. we just finished watching MTV music awards. it was really cool. I have never watched so much cable before since my family never ever had cable before. so I watch it all the time. my speaker is right in front of my face. I am trying to type without looking at tke keyboard. I am doing okay, but it is pretty hard. my girl friend os tired. her name is christina. shes looking at my computer screen. she is funny. and very pretty. my side of the room is pretty messy. I need to clean it up. I need to get some book shelves for my books and other items. it is almost friday, I can't wait. today is september 9, 1999. also known as, 9/9/99. people said that bad things are going happen today. but nothing has happened yet, except. one of my suite mates failed his calculus quiz. I just finished my math homework. I am pround of myself. yea! um. anyways. who is going to read this? professor pennebaker? or patrick? oh crap! I forgot to go to SI today. crap crap! I went last week. a lot of people were there. people even sat outside in the hallway. are we going to get a bigger classroom? ethernet is nice. it goes really fast. but not fast enough for $30 a month. what a rip off! my parents already pay a lot for the dorm, and we still have to get over charged for a phone line and ethernet. its not even that fast either. okay, my time is up here. it was fun writing this. ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_710269.txt,"Hmm. let's see. what to write about. since we're on the topic of psychology, I was in awe when I first walked into the auditorium the first day of class. there were more people in that room than in my entire graduting class last year. it was a pretty impressive sight, but also a bit omnious. so far I like my classes, but all of them are bigger than my highschool classes, but then again what am I supposed to expect with a school population of near 50,000 people as opposed to my 1700 high school population. man, I like this internet homework. this way you don't have to worry about keeping up with papers and the like. I used to loose most of my homework back in the day because I'm not that organized of a person. speaking of internet, you got to love this internet hookup in the dorm rooms. I like the fact that I can be in the internet and still have the phone line free. my parents used to hate when I'd tie up the phone line checking my e-mail. since all my friends went to different colleges, it's amazing how handy e-mail really is. I've already talked to a few of them using some aol instant messanger. it's kind of funny really, to see how many of your old high school friends keep in touch over the school year, or keep in touch at all for that matter. I've been in contact with some of my good friends, but also been surprised at not hearing from 1 or 2 close ones. I think I decided that I'm going back for our high school's homecoming on sept 17. supposedly a lot of my friends are going to, and I'd really like to see them. I'm also going back this next weekend (labor day weekend) seems that I forgot to pack a lot of stuff, or didn't even thing of stuff, that I ended up needing in college. I guess in a way it's kind of hard to pack for moving away, because you don't know exactly what you'll need until you get there. it must seem to you by now that I'm relating a lot of stuff back to high school. well don't go over analyzing it or anything, it's just what I'm basing a lot of my college experiences on so far. it's funny, I never had to read or study back in high school. it just sort of came to me naturally through teacher lectures. but here I'm actually having to adjust and take notes, read the book, etc. having to pull a 180 is weird, but I think I'm doing a good job so far. man, I hope my laundry's not done yet. I still have a few more minutes go to writing, but I just hate it when people put their stuff in the dryer or washer and leave, only to come back an hour later when there's a huge line forming to use it. heh, I guess I should start practicing what I preech, but I figure I've got tons of time to start doing that. most likely I'll start when I get out of schoo, get married, and have kids so I don't set a bad example. yeah, I eventually want to have kids, and I stress eventually. I've got so many good one liners that I've inherited from my parent's, along with a few that I thought up all on my own, that I can't wait to try out on my youngins. hmm, I seem to have a bit of a problem. I forgot when I started typing my mindless babbling. I think I still have a few minutes left. this assignment reminds me of a book I had to read last year in english. well, I didn't have to because I didn't, but we were supposed to. it was. a portrait of an artist as a young man. I remember it because the author used a lot of stream of conciousness in the book, which made it harder to follow and understand, thus less appetising to me to read. I did however, download the cliffs notes off the internet and read those, so I guess I didn't totally slack off. I just. took a shortcut. ok, I think my sentence is served, so I'm going to go check on my laundry. ",n,n,n,n,y

1999\_711103.txt,"I don't know what exactly I am supposed to write about. and I think about how much time I spend trying to perfect everything in my classes, but when does that ever go through. I think that there is so much to do and I have no time to do it it. the stress keeps growing and growing. I am a bad typer so this won't be as long as it should be biut I don't really care I keep fixing my mistakes even thoigh I know I am not supposed to I thik that my hand will start to hurt really soon after so much typeing that I am going to inevitablly have to take a break soon but I ll just keep going psy seems to be an interesting courseso far and I am looking forward to listening to some of the lectures. thinking/ I don't know what else I am supposed to type about so I am going to write words that don't mean anything to me I miss my mom and my family and I miss my exboyfeind even though we had a bad breakup, I don't know if this is approriate for this assigninment or not but I sometimes I think that my thoughts go in weird directions and I think abnormal thoughts that people don't usually think about but then again I am just another teenager who is full of life and evenerygy anf I I someimtes wish that my teenage days were over and I could then setlle down and do something useful with myselfv but I love being young I wouldnt give this up for the world and to know that in a couple of years I am going to be off doing sothing that will whats the word I am looking for effect, thats it, the rest of my life and the way that I live and the people I will be freiends with and the people I will work for what exactly do I have to do to make things work out for me/ what exactly do I have to prove to people to show them that I deserve respect and a good life/ I think this typing is a waste of my time because I am not even getting anything done and I haVE so miuch reading to do and I have better things to do than to type this and no one is even going ot read this it angers me that I have to spnend 20 mins on something no one is even going to look at there are about 600 people in my class and I doiubt anyone will know who I am for a long time f even ever. I wish that I never sined up for this classs as a freshman. I wish I could go home and not be stuck in a place like this and I wish things could change for me. I don't know how I am supposed to think about the way I think. I think thats stupid no one understans fully how the brain works. no one will ever understand the way I work and I wish they would all stop trying. I live my life for everyone else iu thats wrong, but I can't ever live up to any expectauions and it upsets me. I will most likely grow up to become a psyco! thats all. I'm stopping now. Jennifer Nguyen ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_714263.txt,"I hate the miami dolphins and jimmy johnson, always smacking his lips. the broncos suck with out elway and not the dolphins will win. god I hate the dolphins. I miss erin so much, I hope I can stay faithful to her. everyone makes me feel stupid for staying with her when she is still in high school, but she is only 3 hours away. I can hardly wait till she comes down this weekend. I could not be more stressed, tests and other crap are bogging me down. it is so hard to make friends here that I feel comfortable around and that is only making me more nervous and stressed. I hate my rtf class, it is stupid and pointless. the reading is so painful I can barely stand to do it. dammit the dolphins scored again! I hate the dolphins! thank god almighty the cowboys won,I would have had a heart attack if they had lost, I miss my friends so much. I can hardly wait to see them in a month. there are so many damn hippies around here, sometimes they are entertaining but they are mostly just annoying. DAMN I HATE THE DOLPHINS. my phone bill is going to be huge from talking to erin, my parents are going to kill me. I feel pressured to entertain her friends this weekend and that I also stressing me out. my room needs to be cleanded badly, this place is disgusting. why can't erin just be here now, if she went here my life would be next to perfect. ",y,n,n,n,n

1999\_714384.txt,"Ever since I came to Austin about three weeks ago, the way I think has been sort of different than it used to be when I lived in Houston. I feel more free and independent physically and emotionally. Now that I am no longer in high school I feel that I can be my own person and that no one is judging me. The only time I feel like I have to put on a fake persona is when I am around some of the sorority girls in my dorm. A lot of them seem to be superficial like some of the people I knew in high school. Maybe I just care too much about what other people think about me. Hopefully being in the UT environment will change the way I feel. In fact, as I mentioned earlier, I feel that my mind is freer. That makes me really happy. My roommate just walked into the room, and I am really glad she is my roommate. She is probably not someone I would have hung out with in high school, but since I've been hanging out with her for the past few weeks, it makes me wonder what I maybe missed out on as far as friends are concerened in high school. For example, she is a liberal and I am a conservative, which has begun to make me more open-minded in some of my views. I've also realized how much my parents have been an influence in my life. It feels so strange to not see them everyday like I was used to. I think it is good for me though because separating from them is helping me mature and grow emotionally. Overall, I love college life so far because I am discovering myself and learning about different values that I am glad I am becoming familiar with. I am really glad that I am a motivated person who wants to learn and wants to be challenged. It gives me a sense of reward when I accomplish something I have been working hard on. My favorite subject to study is Calculus because it makes me feel content when I complete a homework assignment and I understood what I did. Especially when I learn and apply a new concept. Even if I didn't understand everything I learned, I go to prof or TA and ask them how to do it. Then I understand the concept and I am satisfied with myself. I don't like English, because sometimes I never feel good about what I wrote leaving me with an unsatisfied feeling. I guess I'm just one of those people that feels complete when I conquer a task. But maybe that's how everybody is. Sometimes I base my self-worth on if I did a good job on something or not. Its self-destructing at times because I am a perfectionist and I tend to have expectations too high for myself. ",y,y,y,y,n

1999\_714645.txt,"I want money. I like money. What is the easiest way to get it? Winning the lottery is too hard. Maybe I can get a wish to come true. A wish. Where do wishes come from? I hear you get a wish if you catch a leprechaun, but what is a leprechaun, little guys, red hair, beards? Where would one find a leprechaun? If I found one, how could I catch it? It must be fast, or everyone would catch them and get wishes. They must live in scotland, or ireland because of the red hair and accent- I wonder if they drink. A drunk leprechaun. Funny, The life of the party. Granting wishes for everyone. What wish do I want? What else? Money, happiness power? Power is good. Maybe I could have enough power to order someone elses death, or prevent it. I could rule the world, like everyone wants to deep down inside. or maybe I don't. I just want to sit back in the country somewhereand be by myself, maybe witha family. Two kids. Maybe some livestock to get money with. invest it live off interest. That sounds good. I could stopgoing to school, go home, and sleep for a while. sleep. sleep is good. I like sleeping. But the time goes faster when I sleep. Do I want to go faster? no? yes? maybe? definitely maybe. I don't want to miss anything, but I want to skip ahead to a more relaxing part of my life. I'm too lazy to have to work for a living. I don't know how I'm going to get through it. All of this studying. hasnt gotten me anywhere yet. But I only just started. preparing for my future. The future is a fantastic place. It can be whatever we make it, but that will be a bad place, if I know what I'm talking about. People die. kill eachother. Why? to what end? Everyone dies. What difference does it make when? I would prefer to die later in my life, though. I guess I want to wait and see what comes of me, in the end. In the next millenium. Nostradamus says the world will end. soon. I want to see if it happens. That would be something to tell the grandkids about. the end of the world. Not everything would die. that can't happen. life goes on. Not as it is known, but in some form. A science teacher of mine once said that fire ants would inherit the earth. As long as its well after I'm dead, I don't care who has it. The world will fend for itself, unless we destroy it before we destroy eachother. Its a race to see who wins, but no one will. a race to the edge of a cliff. Media tells us its not coming, they make a road for us to race on, and fun buildings along the sides, they tell us there's no cliff, that were running towards an open pasture full of wildflowers and pretty white bunnies. But I know the cliff is there. Thats something else I want to se before I die, or as I die. Will the world survive? will man kill the earth first, or will man kill man first? One way, nothing survives. the other way, the earth survives, and possibly a few men, to carry on the race. I know who I'm rooting for. I want man to get to that cliff and go right off. Unless it can slow down, or run a different direction, but for now, the cliff. But that should be after I'm gone. I don't have to worry about anything. If only I could catch that damn leprechaun. ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_715155.txt,"Ever since I can remember, I have always had my friends. There's my best friend, Lisa, and then my other best friends Lindsey and Lexie. Ever since I was a baby, we have always been friends. We have all gone to school together and now we are all attending the same college. Before I found out I had gotten a scholarship to UT, I had been planning to go to Texas A&M. Me and Lisa would go to A&M and Lindsey and Lex would go to UT. Just thinking about splitting up for the first time in our entire lives can still make tears come to my eyes. NOw I will never know how it would have been. Sometimes I do wonder how it would have been and sometimes I don't care because I'm so happy to still be with them. I realize that they are such a great part of me and my life. We all know each other so well. There is hardly nothing about them that I don't know and there is nothing about me that they don't know. To even say that they are my best friends does not express how much they mean to me. They are more than just friends. I don't know why, but somtimes I can't help but think about how lucky I am to have them. And at the same time, I know I take them for granted. I know that if I ever need anything, anything at all, that I can go to them and they will help me in a way that no one else can. I once heard this poem that simply explains my relationship with my friends. The poem may not be word for word, but I hope it is can better describe just how much I love my friends. First there was one. Then there was two. You came along and then there was three. A circle of friends, no beginning, no end. ",y,y,y,y,y

1999\_716114.txt,"so I'm suppose to be writing my thoughts at the current moment. hm, strangely enough, I don't have any and usually my head is swarming with random ideas and daydreams. well, now that I think about it, I guess right now my thoughts are so scattered that I can't exactly grasp onto one idea. my friend called while I was in bio class earlier. stupid me forgot to turn off my phone before I went into the class, so imagine the embarrassment when my phone rang in a deathly quiet lecture hall. I quickly checked the caller id and turned off the phone, not wanting to upset my professor. typically, I'm told, it's not good to piss off the professor during the first day of class. but man, my heart raced after that. I don't know why either. but for about 5 min, I couldn't write; my hand was shaking so bad. so right now, I'm thinking I should call my friend back, but seeing as how I still have about 15 min left to write, I guess I can do that later. speaking of later, I'm still waiting for a phone call from my friend ruby so that we can go work out later. we went earlier this morning, right before lunch, but we had to stop short because I had class and all. we worked out for about an hour, and yet, that was definitely not enough. I never imagined that working out took so long. I'm terrified about the so-called freshman 15 that I want to do as much exercise as possible. it seems like I have so much free time on my hands, since I only have class for about 2-3 hours each day, and yet, I'm still rushing around trying to get everything done. it's funny how time speeds up when you're at college. I still have yet to practice piano here. and I have a billion other things to do, and yet, for some reason, I'm really bored now. my time management skills have definitely got to improve. fast. I also push myself to do something every single minute of the day, because once I start getting bored, then I get really depressed and start missing home. I never thought that would happen because I really hate port lavaca. it was so boring there. man, I'm just filled with surprises. I'm really looking forward to seeing my friend tonight. I can't wait. all my thoughts eventually drift back to him. I've managed to suppress my thoughts about him for about 10 min now. whew, that was really tough work, I must say. we don't see each other all that much during the day, mainly because he's busy, I'm busy, we're all busy. but I guess it's good. we need to lead our own lives, so in case things between us break apart, I won't be totally crushed. like the last time. I learned my lesson quite well. but still, I can't wait to see him. it kinda sucks living at jester without a car. sure I know a lot of people with cars and all, but that's different. I don't want to bother them with taking me places. I had my roommate take me to walmart today and I felt sooooo bad when we came back. I dunno, I just feel like a burden when I don't have a car. I guess I could always call up my bro but he lives about 10 min away and parking on this campus sucks. and usually when I go visit my friend, I get him to pick me up since he lives on the other side of campus and then some. but doing that every day is going to get quite tedious. I'm going to have to find another mode of transportation. I still have to figure out how the buses run too. I'm scared to ride the buses tho. I'm scared that I'll take the wrong one and end up on the 5th ward of austin. I wish I had my car. I've met some new people here, hung out with a lot of old friends too. but yet, I still feel very lonely. I mean, I'm starting to get to know my bro's friends but it's kinda not the same when everyone knows each other so well, and then this newcomer comes and tries to fit in. I guess a lot of freshman go through the same thing. I dunno. maybe it's just me. and wow, this 20 min went by really fast. I have about 4 min left. ok, so what was I saying? o yea, I think tonight I'm going to see my friend. (I told you my thoughts keep drifting back to him) it's his birthday today and his roomies are throwing him a special party, entertainment included. I don't really care about that. and surprisingly enough, I don't even care if he has a bunch of friends that are girls. I guess I'm just in a whatever mode. don't want to get too attached again. but on the other hand, maybe I'm finally beginning to trust him. I guess I'll find out later if that's going to be a huge mistake. I really like writing, esp like this. just random thoughts. I brought up my journal so that when I'm feeling some realy intense emotions, I can just write my little heart out. but that's usually only when I'm really feeling strongly about something. usually when I'm going through one of my personal traumas. ok, time's up. this has truly been fun. truly. ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_718251.txt,"camping was fun. got a little too drunk. I think I'm getting sick though. sore throat, headache, the usual routine. no worries. I hope I can be as happy as those people we camped with. even though they were kinda old they were still really cool. and they were partiers. it's wierd to think that peopole so different in age can totally relate to each other. I thought it was going to be a boring weekend but I think I actually learned a lot. I hope that when I'm that old I can still appreciate life as much as they do. they were just so gracious for everything they had even if it wasn't a kings life. and that one guy was the shit. I can't imagine being shot out of a cannon. he must have some great stories. I hope I can see dustin tonight. that would be bad ass. but I would really really like to see a sunset too. I'm definatley lacking in the sunset category. but I don't think the ones here will be nearly as good as el paso. damn I miss el paso. I miss the desert. I could go for laying in the bed of a pickup truck and watching the stars while listening to good music. maybe some live acoustic shit. bongos and guitars. that's the shit. I love gummy bears. the white ones are the best. but the other day we got a really weird one. it was big and gflat and tasted fujnny. but it was good. it was so good that we even split it between three people. so d'lane and I met this guy deniz. I don't know about him. I have hella ant bites. they suck. all ants should die. a painful, painful death. I need to paint my toenails. that will be fun. I love my new fish clarence. he's so cool! but he's a very deepo sleeper and he likes to play dead a lot just to mess with my mind. I hate fish! but for some weird reason I really like that guy. but I miss my kitty a lot. that's a bummer. well I think it's been 20 minutes. ",y,n,n,n,y

1999\_718342.txt,"I am so excited about being down at UT but now I realize what everyone meant when they said that it is hard to study at UT. I have been out every night this week because there is so much going on. Luckily, I have still kept up with my school work and have been to every class. This week is the only week that I am going to go out every night but I have just had so much fun. There is a guy that I met when I came down here my junior year in high school and we completely hit it off. I am looking forward to seeing him again. I absolutely love the classes that I am taking right now. It is refreshing to go to a class where the students and professors are excited to be there and excited to learn. The material has been interesting and I can't wait to get started in my business honors classes. I am having some roommate problems right now, though. One of my roommates is incredibly messy, stays out all night every night and gets very drunk. I need to talk to her about this problem before it gets too big so maybe I will take her to lunch this weekend. Saturday at the game I get to sit in a box and I am so excited. The last game was fun but it was at night and I was burning up so I can only imagine how an afternoon game would be. Thankfully I will be in air conditioned rooms with free food and drinks. I really like the guy I am going with. Not as a boyfriend but as a really good friend. He is a gentleman and really looks out for me. Last night I met this really cute guy and he kissed me but I found out this morning that he has a serious girlfriend that goes to TCU- what a jerk! I am very mad that he put me in this awkward position. I thought he was so nice and such a gentleman last night but that just goes to show you. You really can not trust freshmen guys- they are only after one thing. I am still getting adjusted to college life and it does take some adjusting. I really do miss my mom and my house. The food at Hardin House is so gross and I hate to eat it. I know that I am going to gain the freshman fifteen. This year is my sisters debutante season and when I go home I am going to have to go to tons of parties and everyone is going to notice that I ahve gained weight and they will all be looking for it. But I have been working out everyday and trying to watch what I eat but there is always candy and good food sitting out around the rooms and I always end up grabbing a handful. But, life is short. Right now I am going to finish this writing and then I am going to study some Spanish and try to start reading Psychology. I am really mad that I am going to miss the first exam but thankfully I will be able to make it up. I am probably going to be missing a lot of class this semester because of traveling. I almost wish I was giving up my title this fall but it isn't until the summer when I give it up. I have enjoyed everything that I have gotten to do and see since I have been Miss Teen of America and all of the opportunities but with going to college and going through rush it has been very overwhelming. I would like to run for President of my pledge class, that would be a great way to get involved in my sorority and to really get to know all of my pledge sisters. I would love to be President of Pi Phi someday just because it is great to be in all sorts of different organizations and be really involved. I haven't gotten involved in anything at UT yet and I am keeping my eyes open for any news about interesting groups and clubs. My neck hurts today and I think it is from carrying my backpack all around. I had to take a bunch of my books back to the Co-op the other day so I got to lug the around. NOT FUN! UT is such a huge school and every little errand takes forever. My sister went here her freshman year and didn't like it so she transfered to TCU, but I love it at UT. I just really feel at home in Austin and I enjoy the diversity of all the people. It really teaches you to be open-minded and not so quick to judge. Coming from Midland, it is a great lesson to learn that people who are not straigt-edge conservative have a lot to offer and teach you, too. Well, the twenty minutes is almost up- that went by really fast. I guess I will go and dry my hair and then get to my reading. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_718951.txt,"Coming to UT has to be one of the best choices I have made. Living in dobie has to be one of the worst. I wish I would have stayed at one of the honors dorms because the people seem so much more sociable. It seems that this place is extremely cliquish and such. My roommate is cool, although he seems to already have a group of friends here and isn't at all interested in making new ones. I'm a very social person. I have to be in contact with people all of the time or I get severely lonely. I don't like to feel cut off. I wouldn't even stay at my dorm the first night because I didn't have the internet or my cable connected. It is odd how we feel like television, internet, and phones make us feel so connected. I would die now without the internet. I love being able to chat with all of my friends about how they are doing in college. It is so odd being here at UT with so many students from big schools. I'm from such a small school I feel like I don't fit in or I don't know enough. It is odd how being from a small school can make you feel so inadequate at times. I feel like the others have some greater advantage than me. Being at such a big university is such a big advantage. That is why I chose to come here. I really love how much a university this size has to offer. I mean look how awesome the stadium is and the the academic programs. The theater is wonderful and who can top gregory gym? It is so awesome to be surrounded by so much, but it is also so odd to feel so lonely sometimes. There is so much to do, but not always someone to do it with. I have one friend here with me from school. She is so much more than a friend. She means everything to me but she has hurt me so badly. I don't know if it is possible to overlook what she did to me last october. I can't tell if I could possible love her more than anyone else I'll even incounter, but it really seems possible. How else could you forgive someone so easily for hurting you so bad. She wants to be everything to me and all she wants is for me to say the same. But it is hard to base my life around someone that has thrown my life off balance once. She is such a good person and all she needs is someone to really love her and I really do love her a lot. I hope I can put the past behind us. We are so perfect ogether. We love similar things, yet we are really different. She loves art, I love art. She loves music, I love music. We are passionate about many of the same things. The sexual relationship is so nice too. I like feeling so hot and passionate. Sex is kinda a thing in a relationship that is sybolic of acceptence to me. I mean when I bare myself to someone else it makes me feel good. I feel like we are really together. I've never even been with another girl. I feel like I am so unexperienced but it doesn't matter I guess. If you find someone you are willing to stay with why does it matter how many people you have sex with. I guess it is just society that tells us that we should have many sexual partners before marriage. That is so different from what the church teaches. I really don't agree with much of what the church say about sexual represion and not going with basic instincts or enjoying ones self. I kinda am a member of my own sect of religion. I think that there has to be some supreme authority but how am I supposed to believe that man can concieve this preterhuman figure. It doesn't seem like man should be able to explain the creator and so why try. I think that mans purpose it to better himself and the generation following him. ",y,y,n,y,y

1999\_731141.txt,"Well, here we go 20 minutes of writing. I've been so stressed out today. I had to find my friend Jacob a date for Lion Hunt that is in 3 weeks. It was so hard because he lives back home and no one knows him Thank goodness thid girl that lives in my dorm said thath she would go. I have a ton of pre cal homework to do ajnd I have no idea how to do it. I 'm hoping taht this will help me get rid of sone stress. I went to go look for a cell phone today and all the deals are pretty crappy. My shoulders really hurt this chair is probably too low and this is a lap top and I don't like typing on it because the key board is in the middle so your arms don't bend. Oh well there wouldn't have been enough room in here for a big computer. This room is so small. I feel do cramped and like I don't have any privacy ecept now because my roomate is not here right now. Our room is so dirty and I am so sick of it I just want everything to get cleaned up. But of course we don't have enough room. Well, I don't know what elsse to write. I have an 8 o clock class in the morning That sucks. I have to get up way early in the morning. Carey, my roomate, doesn't have class until 11 o colock in the morning. I can't forget to turn in money for my dues to the sorority house. I have a meeting tomorrow so hopefully I will remember. That'll be another item off my chest. I am so lost in anthroplogy. I wish I could understand. I've also got a speech to write and rehearse on thursday so I can give it on friday. that makes me nervous because there is only 1 other freshman in my class, but its not like you can really tell the difference that much so maybe everybody that knows will havbe forgotten that I am a fish. It sounds so weird that I am a freshman again. I'm having fun though. Austin is way different than wichita Falls. I went home lastr weekend and the KA party was so much more lame than the parties we have here. I 'm glad that I still am not at home like 75% of my friends are. I can't wait for tommy and jacob to come down . They'll be here in 3 weeks. YEA! I sure am getting tired of typing and personally I annot wait for these 20 minutes be over because I need to do my precal amd then go to bed I have an early, long day ahead of me . Mondays and Wednesdays are the longest days for me. I basically am in class formn 8-5. Well, Its been 20 minutes now time for me tog og and finish all my fun stuff. ",n,y,y,n,n

1999\_731414.txt,"I kind of feel like my best frined in college station is going to change too much and then we went get along like we use to. we connect so well and can laugh about the stupidest things for hours together. she just rushed and I am not into that kind of thing at all. I went to my first frat party the other night and I did not like it at all. all the girls were skanks and I just stood ther for like 20 minutes and totally did not fit it. I feel like I am kind of figuring out who I am now. in high school you kind of do the cool thing and then act just like everyone else. in college since ther are some manyh people, you can act like yourself and do what you want to. it is kind of weird not knowing who I really am. it is kind of like I put up a false front for the past whatever years. ut is a really cool school. I am not making friends like I wish I were, but I feel somewhat of a tenativness whenever I put in a situation with people I do not know. I am not shy or anything, but things are just kind of different and weird. it is nice trying to find myself or whatever though. I have felt kind of weird lately. I don't think I have eaten enough food during the past week. my appetite is not so keen with the dorm food. the food is not that tasty and I don't want to try any kind of meat substances. I need to get some protein though and shape up. with the long days and heat and all of that stuff, I need to eat better so I can have enougth energy. I get what they mean whenever they say people change whenever they get to college. one of my best frineds who goes to ut and I have not spoken in the last 2 weeks. it is for the better though, I kind of think you can be friends for only so long. I wonder how people can just meet someone in class or in the dorms and immediatley that day or the next go out in the night for me personally, it take s a little longer to get to know someone. my roomate is kind of weird. I expect her to be my best frined and stuff, but it is not like that. I was just thinking of when I told my dad I would never leave him and go to college. I was like five years old when I said that. wow. I feel kind of hurt from a couple of friends. one of them is acting very strang around me and won't tell me stuff about her and her so called boyfriend. I don't understand why she jsut wouldn't talk to me and say he this is what is going on! it is not like I am going to jump on her. I am not a mean person, really I am not. I am just meeting so many people and am faced witht he challenge of deciding who I can confide my secrets and fears in and hwo I can't trust. it is a very tricky situation that can't be dealt with correctly. I am starting to feel kind of tired again. I need that extra energy to get me through the day. there aren't very many interesting things about me, I am jsut like any other regullar person, but I think my personality is pretty cool and can be someting fun to get to know. when I was 3, I ate an entire bottle of childrens chewable tylenol because I thought that they tasted good. I had to go to the emergency room and get my stomach pumped, that is th eone thought that jumps into my head as being the most interesting and unusual. those mattresses in our rooms aren;t that comfotable. in certain places there are areas that are pretty bumpy and lumpy. I guess it is from the other people who stayed in these rooms. I wonder how much they clean and sanitize the rooms inbetween the people who stay in them. I wonder how much of the old persons presence can still be found in the room. my mom insisted on cleaning the room when we got here. pretty werid. she is a clean and neat freak. I guess I get some of that from her. I ahve already found myself cleaning and vaccuming our room two or three times in the last two weeks. I just like things to be clean and I don't like to have a dirty room. my side of the room is usually the cleaner side and my roommate has her stuff all over her bed and stuff. I don't know how come there is not that much light in these rooms. you would think that as a dorm room, there would have to be enought light to study, instead, there isn't nearly enough to wash your face and brush your teeth. my desk kind of sucks. ther is only room for the desk and that is about it. my neck gets tired of looking down at my books on my bed. very bad for you. ",y,y,n,y,n

1999\_732219.txt,"Right now I am very tired, and I really don't know why. I got enough sleep yesterday, but then again I had a very busy day yesterday. It must have been when I went to try out for the texas crew team. I am not sure whether I should join, and it has been bugging me all day. If I join, I will have to sacrifice many things. First off, I would have to get up really early in the morning and I am not use to that. Second, time would be another sacrifice. I would have less time to do other things, and would have to learn how to manage my time very efficiently. I am really missing the girl that I left back home in order to come attend the university. She was so good to me, never complaining and always doing things for me, even if it was at her expense. We got along great, hardly ever fighting. I miss going to her house every day and talking to her and her parents. Her parents were really good to me also. This girl was going through a really hard time in her life when I met her. I am greatful that I was a big part in helping her get through this time in her life. That time was when her parents were getting divorced. She got through it fairly well, but then her mom remarried quickly. This upset her a great deal. I enjoyed the fact that I could be there for her when she needed me. As a result of her mom's remarriage, she now has a new stepsister and stepfather. Her stepsister is really making her life tough. For that, I resent her stepsister. She disobeys her father and stepmother, steals my girl's clothes, and is a big slut. This girl is named Emily. Emily really pisses me off a great deal. Why does she have to be that way. Nobody has done a damn thing to her, but yet she seems to make the lives if the people around her miserable. I think about my girl quite often, but I know that I am up here for the reason of getting an education. I don't know whether I should move on and try to find someone new, or hold off and just visit her when I am home. But while I am in Austin, the main thing to concentrate on is my studies. It seems that my classes are going to be somewhat difficult. At first I was bit scared, but I know I can come out on top if I put the work and time in. It is sometimes hard to manage time between working out, studying, and having a good time. But it can be done. I am slowly learning the things necessary to become a good student here at UT. I plan to do the best that I can possibly do, and hopefully, if god is willing I will make it through alright. Wow, it has already been twenty minutes and I've got to make a class. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_732551.txt,"I am sitting here on my bed in my dorm room. It is 11:15 at night on a wednesday. My friend is sitting here with me and we are about to watch the movie Go. We just came back from brians room where we watched Pulp Fiction. My foot kinda itches. I feel like I ate too much today. I am mad at myself because I smoked two cigarettes today and I don't usually smoke unless I drink alcohol, but it was fun anyway. I really hate to read and study, I would so rather go out and party or even just hang out with people. I kinda feel like I get behind because I am a slow reader and I can't comprhend all of the information in one sitting. I keep losing concentration. I really want a rug in my room. I just boiled some water to make coffee for suzanne and I . I am really gald I don't do drugs or deal them. I kinda have a headache. I am really stressed out right now about getting all of my work done. I need to find two monologues by friday, type them up and read the plays they come from. I really want to be a good successful actress when I graduate from collge and move back to LA. I know it doesn't look like I wrote a lot but I am just ti ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_735895.txt,"The computer that I am on is not very good, so oi hope that it doesn't kick me off, because it would really suck to have to do this all over again. I don't reallly understand how writing my miscellaneous thoughts will help me to learn about psychology. I do see how it can help others study my psychology, but what do my thoughts have to do with a class on introdutory psychology. This last few days I have really missed my girlfriend, seeing as how she is still at home, finishing her senior year. But thankfully I get to go home in 8 days and will hopefully get to see her for an entire saturday. I love her more and more every day which leads me to the conclusion that absence does make the heart grow fonder! I got a job as a houskeeper in the union on the weekends from three to midnight. The sorry thing is that I won't get to see any football games and also my dad is coming to visit me this weeekend, and won't get to see me untill monday because of my job. the good thing about my job is that I really won't have a chance to party. I have been sober for a year now and would lie to keep it that way, and my job will hopefully keep me away fromthe parties. I have given up drugs, cigarettes, and alchohol which leaves me with only reforming my dirty mouth. The way in which I plan to do this is by wearing a rubber band around my wrist and popping myself everytime I cuss. I also let the people around me know about this so that they can inform me of the times that I cass without my knowing it. College life has been pretty good to me so far, but my cousin is not responding nearly as well as I am. I have heard that she calls hrying everynight to her house. But I think that it is because of the fact that her parents, particularly her mother have done everything for her and always spoken for her the entirety of her life. Now that she is own her own, she doesn's know what to do with herself. I feel sorry for her sometimes, bt other times I think that it is about time she learned what life outside her family is like. I do hope that things get bette for her. and that things stay good for me ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_736075.txt,"I have a wondering mind so I think about a lot of different stuff within a short periosd of time. right now iim thinkigna bout home. I'm going home for labor day and I'm kinda excited. I really didn't want to go home but all my friendsa r o I might as well too. I bet my parents miss me a lot. thats y they send me e-mails oftn. its hard being the first to leave home. bc I don't want them to be sad bc I'm gona but I know they r. my mom cried all the way home I bet. she alwasy cries when I leave for long periods of time. u know that guy I saw at church the other day was pretty cute. I think I really liked him bc he was tall. its hard to fing a cute, nice, funny tall guy. especially when ur a tall girl. its hard being tall. everyone always says they wish they were taller and they'd give anything to be 2 or 3 inches taller. why? I'm tall and its not that great. true it comes in handy at times but its also a drag. its hard to find pants that r long and to find a good tall guy. I aslo get so irritated with people when they tell me I'm tall. I'm like hello! u think I didn't know that? no stupid I thin ki'm short! duh! I also get tired of it when people ask me if I play basketball. and when I say no, they try to convince me that I need to. if I wanted to play then I would, why can't they just leave it at that? would that be so hard? college isn't quiet what I expected. I thought it would be more fun, I guess. maybe once everyone gets settleed then it'll be more fun. right now all I do is study and work out, study and work out. its a visoiou cycyle. but its okay becaus ei am not going to gain 15 pounds!! I know thst for a fact. I won't let myself. if fact I'm going to lose 15 pounda at least by christman, I hope. I need to lose weight, I think. if I think I do, then y do ppl think they need to convince me that I'm thin enough? its my body y can't I do what I want with it? I want to start modeling after my first year at UT. thethat lady told me I could and that there company would represent me after I got the braces off adn toned up a little. well the braces r gone, thank god!! and I've already lost a little weight. plus my legs r pretty much all muscle. except for my thighs. they need a little work but thats y I've been going to the gym everyday. plus all this walking around campus helps too. geez this campus it big! luckliy all my classes are somewhat close. but I still get sweaty when walking around. man, I wish my schedule wasn't so spaced out. its a pain in the butt to have a 3 hour break. next time I'm going to schedule them better. theres not enought time to really do anything in those 3 hours worth whild. all I can do is study, get on-line and go eat. which is probably y freshman gain 15 pounds when they get here. u have all this extra time to do nothing and so they go eat. well I'm not going to do that. I'll go eat but I'll make sure I go to the gym later to work it off. I can't believe my friend jesss bought her size jeans and the next size up. she is so thin, she won't gain any weight in college. she barely eats anything. plus she'll be walking around so much that she won't gain anything, some ppl make me so sick. they eat and eat and eat but gain nothing, I use to be like that buyt not anymore. maybe thats y I stopped eating so much, I was afraid I'd gte fat/ I dunnnno whatever the reason its probably for the best. I couldn't live with myself if I got big. I don't understand how peoipole let themselves go so far. i hate it when really fat ppl say they r tired of being fat but then they eat enough food for a small country. I'm like well. if u didn't eat so mucha nd exercised maybe u wouldn't be fat, ever think of that. that guy in med class is cute. he reminds me of a friend from home. he has the same humor as him, which is a good thing. mayeb something will happen with him, I dunno yet. I guess only the future will tell!! ",y,n,n,n,n

1999\_736368.txt,"Right now as I am witing this paper I am thinking about wether I should go to class today or if I would be okay if I did not go at all. If I do notgo it will be okay becasue I can read in my book and then just go to si and still do fine, but I do have a mid term on the 20th in my psychology class which could pose a problem that will be in seven days on next monday. I have to start studyning and reading or I will not get the gpa I need to transfer into thw business schopol. I do not even know why I want into that shcool so badly I thinkthat it is mainlky because of the repect that schoo,l demands. where as the liberal arts schol is more of the blow off lazy person school for peopl who want to be Managers of local McDonalds. Ohh and I have some bills to pay today. I wish I was rich and could aford all the things I wanted without material wants I believe my life woud be a lot easier than it is right now. IF I had all the money than I would have no stress. Without stress I can relax and enjoy life. I know that people sa that money is the root of all evil and money will never make you haooy, and I believe in this 100%. but I do believe that if I were to have enough money to live comfortably and get anything with in reason that I would be beter off. I am talking with my girlfriend of almost 10 months right now and she is distracting me from my work by talking to me and arguing with me about different things. We have an over all good relationship nd very rarely argue. this is mainly because she has a very low self esteem and will not stand up for herself inan argument. I onn the other hand am very cnfrontational and when something is not good with kme I will let the people it involves know. Where she will not. I like her a lot and so do al my friends and parents, but sometimes I have considered especially after three weeks of coleg what it would be like to be single again and able to date many people. I somewhat miss it, but at the same time do not I think for now I will stay with my girlfriend. I just thought I ave to call my stors manager and report one of my fellow employees. He is stealing product from the store, and there is a big reward if someone reports him and he is found guilty. I think he will be found guilty, but I am wondering wether or not I made the right decision in turnign himin, but thne again I could get up to $5000. So since I am there to make mone not friends I think I am making he right decision. Wle finally my twenty minutes is oming to a close this is a hard assignent it is hard to think and write in conjunction. I am not used to this since I hae never kept a diary or anything ike that, I guess for those that have kept a diary this assignment is a simple one. well there it is all done. Bye ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_737251.txt,"Right now, I'm a little worried. I just stopped talking to my friend Nick on the phone and he was talking about claiming credit and what not. I hope I'm not forgetting to do something or else I'll be in trouble. That's the last thing I need right now is trouble. My dad would kill me if I did something stupid (e. g. forgetting to do something I needed to do) and was disenrolled from any of my classes, especially ones in my major. I looked over some information I had, and I really don't think that there will be a problem, but I wish Nick wouldn't have mentioned anything about it. I'd much rather be surprised than to know something was coming and have nothing to do about it. It would be like a giant meteor coming to destroy the world. I would make rather just die in a giant flash of light than have to worry for weeks knowing that there was nothing I could do to stop it from happening. In Deep Impact the president broadcasted to the world that there was an asteroid coming on a collision course with Earth, I would hate that. Sure they are going to try to stop it, but I don't have that much faith in the US Government to fix poverty let alone stop an asteroid from killing us all. Dig a giant hole in the ground. sure, that'll work. But anyway, I hope nothing bad happens to me. This whole college thing is a new experience for me, I'm not used to taking responsibility for everything like I have to now. I'm alone up here, except for my sister not that she can do anything. If I screw up it's my fault and I have to live with my mistake. And even if I do mess up, what would happen? I'd get dropped from a few classes and I'd have to wait another semester before doing the classes that I want to get done now. It might be good in a way, I'd have an incredibly easy semester and later I would have more electives in which I could take anything I want rather than having to take Chemistry or Psychology. All I can really do is hope, I guess. Other than the ocassional worrisome things, college is pretty nice. Carothers is an awesome dorm, much better than what I expected from a dorm. I think that I might like living here next year if I don't move off campus. I'd prefer living here actually. I never was very social before in High School, but it's nice here, it's different. Most people here aren't complete idiots. Honors dorm and all. Also people are maturing I think. There aren't as many clique-ish people here. People are more accepting of other people's views and lifestyles. It might just be that we're all in a daze from being thrown into the college and are just looking for something to hold on to, but it could be maturing. I hope it's maturing. Before in High School nobody would talk to me. I think I scared them. But here it's different. Here people don't seem to care. I think I have to give the whole ""God you're so HOT lets be boyfriend girlfriend"" thing a few more years, but I can live with just friends, for now. That's always bothered me though. How people, no matter how smart or mature they are, are obsessed with looks. Personally, I don't want my girlfriend/fiance/wife to be gorgeous by society's definition. I feel that every woman in one way or another is beautiful, as cheesy as that may sound. I've met people that I'd like to get to know better, and they aren't model types. I've seen those types too and they don't impress me much at all. But I think the real thing that's keeping me from getting to know any of the people I'd like to know better is my shyness. I'm not used to being social, so being thrown into a dorm with so many other social people is a strange change for me. It takes some getting used to. I need to adapt I guess, become more comfortable with my surroundings and my place in the surroundings. My friend Casey became engaged too. That scares me. He's 18 I think, maybe 19, probably 18. Right now, I'm only 17 but I can not see myself getting engaged to be married in a year. 18 years, when the average lifespan of a person is over 70. That's 50 years, a long time to stay married. And if I do get married I never want to get a divorce. I'd rather spend another year making sure she's the one than finding out a year into our marriage when my wife might be with child or something else. Maybe I'm just old fashioned, but I think that's the way it should be. But I can't tell Casey that. it's his life, I've seen him and Melissa together and they are a good couple, but people change you know. Maybe it's just my fear of the unknown or maybe it's true, but marriage ties you down, it keeps you from changing, it's binding. I'd hate to see Casey or Melissa's life ruined by this. Or at least I hope they don't get married until much later, and just stay engaged. Maybe I care too much and maybe it's none of my business, but this is just my stream of consciousness and it doesn't matter beyond my own mind. ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_738505.txt,"I wonder if my parents are coming to visit me this weekend because I need a lot of things. In fact I need a lot of things. I hope this creating stuff really works. O yeah, that math 408c class seems really intimidating. I wonder if I can really get through because I was struggling through the review session today. Well, at least tomorrow is friday. thank god. I need a major break. it is funny because I really and honestly want to achieve so much yet I feel so far behind from where I think I need to be. I'm just falling falling far behind. I must get back into shape and into the jist of things. I seriously need a massage. My legs are killing me. I must have walked ten thousand miles today. only 4 months left to go. great. that pennebaker professor seemed pretty cool. I don't think I want to drop that class because it is so hard to get into but it also seems like it will be interesting. I have never taken a psychology course. ba101 can wait. I wonder how all my friends are doing back home. do they miss me? probably not. I have been here for a week almost. I have met some new people but not as many as I should have. too bad. well, we still have a long time. I think I should join some clubs but I don't know where. hmmmm. this song sucks. I can't wait until friday. I miss everyone I knew. it sounds strange but I really miss them. I need to work out some more. I feel so tired. but I am really surprised I am not homesick. though I do miss the food. I can live like this. it seems pretty fun even though I don't have a car. I think my dad and my brother went bowling. I feel so sleepy. I miss playing the piano and the guitar. I came here to escape a lot of things but it seems that the distance has brought me closer to what I wanted to get away from. lucky for me there are a lot of distractions because sometimes I find myself thinking about somebody more than I should. I don't deserve this. why does this sound so depressing? let's t hink happy thoughts. that girl van that I met today seemed pretty cool. really very outgoing and even waited for me after class. that's pretty cool. I am glad I have dan as a roommate. his sense of humor is always there. I feel like playing basketball but I need to catch up with schoolwork already. the sad things is that it is the second day only. I can't believe I have the same 2 classes with tyson, some guy I met at camp. what are the chances of that? and Lira my second cousin was in my economics class. so is angela johnson from my old high school. but the professor. well nevermind. so many memories. time to make some new ones. should I call my parents tonight. yea I t hink I will. dang I still have to do that calculus homework. I hope it is not that long. I need to do a lot of reading too. for mis 310 so I can get caught up. well the good thing is that my day is over at lunch time. yay!!! but dan is going back to houston and leaving me all alone. so many th ings to do so little time. but I love the ut experience. I really do. hookem horns. ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_739810.txt,"I feel like I'm getting behind in my classes even though I got off to a good start. I'm upset that my mom is quitting her job. The reason seems not good enough after what we went through last time she quit her job. Sometimes I feel like she if making things up or exagerating things. But I feel bad that I didn't believe her when she told me these things. It really upset me last night and when I'm upset and can't do much but mope. I try to stay happy because then I can stay focused on what I have to do, like study. I hate typing on the computer because my contacts get blurry when I stare at a computer screen. Then it makes me tired for the rest of the day. I have to go to band tonight which is fun but takes up my whole evening. I wish I hadn't eaten so much for lunch. I'm mad that my powe is out so I can't do my video exercises. It's gong to be along week. I have a party after the game next week and I'm going to be really tired to go to a party. I'm a little nervous about that. tomorrow I have to go to HEB and get some cash. That will take a long time. I hope I can get a lot of reading in tomorrow. I find it hard to read during the day. I read better at night but then I end of staying up late and I'm so tired in the mornign. At least I don't live at home anymore. i love that picure on the wall. It so peaceful but not too peaceful. it's really pretty. I slept too long today. At least I can get to my 3:00 class this time. I hate to miss class but it's so easy to when your tired. I hate the seats in the auditorium , it makes me feel claustrophobic. I want to get there early to get a better seat, maybe on the outside. i'm glad I foudn this computer lab now I don't have to go to the UGL to use the computer. I want to go to Mozart's tomorrow nigh. I hpoe Jill wants to go. I like to get coffee there and study. I'm gald I remembered to go this assignment. I always seem to forget to do assignments on the computer or over e-mail. it doesn't seem natural. I missed a lot of assignments last year in Spanish that we had to do on the computer. I really like Sapanish, it's juast hard to kkep up with. i thisnk my hands are getting tired. I wish my hadns weren't so veiny. I like the way iMacs look but theyare kind of big. I can't' wait to get laser surgery on my eyes so I don't have to wear contacts or glasses. ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_741261.txt,"I keep thinking about the future and how my life will alter during and after college. I wonder how my grades will be after the first term. I hope I can make my parents proud. I don't want my parents to view me as a failure and a screw up I want them to be proud. I want to be accepted by everyone I meet. I want to succed in life. I wonder how my math test will be tomorrow. I just wish that society didn't view people on how much money they make I wish I could go to a place where everyone was the same and there was nothing to worry about maybe the place I'm thinking about is eternal utopia or heaven. I wonder if there is a heaven what happens after death where do we go. do we ever see the ""creator"" what is the creator is it god or did we evolve through evolution of mico o ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_742385.txt,"Jeez, I had been typing for like at least fifteen minutes and I hit the damn escape button and everything erased from the scrteen. I hit the undo button and that got everythgnbackbuyt I wanted to make sure that it wass the escxapre button and in hit undo again after hitting ht eescxape button ahd everything leeft and shit thie really suck I am now pretty annnouyed. I had so much written and it was prertry good stuff because I t let me sse how much imy mind wantedre when I thought for a constant peroiod of time no wmy typhen really susicsks because I am tying to gype as cfast as I can because I wanta tho get ghitthighs thing ovoer with sasa cffasat as I can . what I was talaking about at one pint in the fisrst on ewas how I have tigns keypaboard, or keyboards in genereal brecause I has a wrist rest on the keyboark onand that was annoynt aoso I took it off and I stareted to yepye faster and with abetter accurary buye you oculdn't tell now because I am tyyping so fast that my saccuarcy has diminincdhsed to the poing youi may thingk I rally su suck iat typoien. it probably looks prtetty bad right now I can't tell because I am ilooking at the kyboark rightnow. I have trouble hitting the t keyp I have to actually think aobut it comparedk to the a key with which I don't' havae to thnk. whoa I just looked at the screen and I feel soty if anyone is ogint o reaad this or attemptot read thins. that really sucks that this may not even bget read becsause they have at least 5oo peopel in the clasese so they will most assuredly do a random check o fhw how sdid the wirithing. they will peobably do only maybe 20 or sp eopelle tecause they want ot know if they did or irt just hit the submit button right below thi sbig plain srcren. I am listing to peopaer jam music right nao and one of my favcorigte soinbgs is palyong righ tno. I forgot the name ifo the sone, actually it ic call hail hiail. it is a cool song and I thingk t was on their yield cd. I am not fully sure. we have thhos lava lapmp in our dorm aroom and I was messing with it w few time s and I thougyth I scrwed it uip. I turned it upside down ad mnesses it up. w had to turn it off for a few hours and it wasb back to normak and me bieng the guy how likes to mess woith things as the incident I descrived at the beginning or this twinety minute thihng hsows, I shork it to s3ew hat would happen. agfain it screwed up and we had to run it ofof for some time. then it went back to normal but it was on the ground ani accidently knocked it over. then it got sxtereed up again and we rurned it off for a longer peroid of time this time pbecause it was pretty sucrewed up . an dthere wasa a hazy ol==k. like thatrewas a lot of ""lava"" floaiting around moile molecules and itwas wn't inin the big bunch it supposed to be. we left it off overnihght and it went back to noerla. we turned the loight s out last night and forgot to gturn the lava lamp off and it was n't even that brignth. not very bright for a "". amp"". I didnt mind it bieng on but my romate w anted it off. je ,ist b e smsatovbe tp ;ogjt/ ech! that looks like jibberish. my s=f9ngers shifted to the right one and tghat looked pretty bad. that is preyy weird hw if you have yoru hand mis poistioned a few centimetere, you can type still but youlook like a copetel fool and you may mistaken for a retard! notr that I am making fun o fhtem but that is a simple fact. people arelso eager to ump on you osometimes in theis world. oh well. aginatot his keyboar thingk. it may be better for meif I buy the microsoft natural keyboard which is split in the middle of the keyboark ins is uposed ot be more ergonomically correct. I have microsoft mousn and it fits in the palmiof my hand. wheni went home and used the mouse there it felt really bac. I wonder how much I hav e yped how. I'll type until the end of this sone, which is now daughter. this is a longer versoin than on the original cd. this is a perarl jam live cd. it is called live on two legs or something like hat. h==I also have this orhter prearl jam cd live xcd. it is a live cd recorded from a conceret in italy. it is pretty cool and I was albe to herar new songs befoere then came out on future. cds. there is a new version of jeremy on it, but I don't' knowi f I likwe it becausei don't remembver it. I really likde hat song some peplse it isn't a song my pearly jam, bu a comver of someone selases osong I thingk with slight differences in the lyrics. ithe lyrics are soo grue becas it is like somepeople don't have mno mind, some people aridiots and stuflike that. reminds me of someoenp in knwo. as you can see if you look at the to of my text here, youwill notice that my speling has gotten better. I have actually slowed down my typing soem because I am not as ticked off as I was when I started typoing. man was I tyicked. so for you psychologists our there who may actuyally read this, my aggravation slowed down because my mind went else where because I got so in tuen wit writign thing assignment. is this evenb an asisghment? -Shawn ",y,n,n,n,n

1999\_748492.txt,"Well right now I only have a couple things on my mind that don't seem to leave my head all day long. The two big ones are this guy I saw again and had a great time with and my school work. These two things are really bugging me. First off with school I am worried about what type of grades I am going to get,whether or not I am going to keep myself on top of my works, whether or not I will have the will power to actually tell people no I can't do this because I have to study, how are the first test in all my classes going to go, is there going to be an overwhelming amount of information on my exams that I am going to have to knwo, how much harder are these tests going to be then my test I had in high school, how exactly do I study for a college test when there is so much information to know, how specific are the questions going to be on the test and are they going to be tricky questions. These are a lot of the questions that run through my head and I am not usually a person who freaks out about stuff in my life. I guess another reason I am so worried is because I would really like to get into the business school if possible, but everyone tells me how hard it is and that I am going to have to make a 4. 0 and then even then I possible could not get in if I don't have the right connections or know the right people. So on that note, I am starting to try to figure out exactly what am I going to do with my life or major in if I don't get into the business school. I guess there are other things that I am interested in, but it would just make life a lot easier if I got in. The other major thing on my mind is this guy a saw again and hung out with the whole weekend. He is such an extremely nice guy, smart, gorgeous, and so much fun to be around and totally sweet. I haven't been treated like he treated me in a long time. He seemed totally into me too, but I don't know. I guess the whole self-conscious thing is coming into effect of whether he felt as strongly about me as I did about him. He seemed like it though. He also just happens to go to Texas A&M too. Which makes things even more confusing. One, if we were to become boyfriend and girlfriend would things really actually work out doing the whole long distance relationship thing?(It's only an hour and 45 minutes away, but still that's different than living in the same town 5 minutes away) Also what goes on in my head is would I really want a boyfriend right now just starting off college and would I really want to put up with whole long distance thing. I can't stop thinking about him and I think he would be worth doing it for if that was what he wanted too. He is actually 3 years older than me, so I know and recognized he already went through the whole party and chasing all the girls phase that a lot of people go through when they first start college. I don't even know how this guy exactly feels about me so in ways I am crazy thinking all this stuff so quickly and soon in my head. I just could tell how much he cared by his actions and things he said that he must be feeling the same way that I do, but who knows I guess time can only tell how the future of my grades and how this guy and I are going to work out, so I should probably stop stressing and worrying about it so much. I guess I can only prepare myself the best I can for all my classes and whatever happens with the guy I guess is ment to be. ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_750682.txt,"Well, I guess that the first thing that I want to write about is that I miss home, and my friends and the guy that I've been dating. Secondly, I've been thinking how easy this college thing is so far, but then again I haven't had any tests or quizzes yet. What else? Nothing really, basically, it seems like I'm still not in school and that It's still summer because I can do anything that I want to, and not have to worry about anything. Everything is pretty laid-back here, and so I don't really get a chance to worry about anything. I have a schedule of events for the day. And, I'm pretty-much told when I can eat and my classes designate for how long I can sleep, so I'm set. I had an audition today for a singing group on campus, and the funny thing is that I'm not really that concerned about it. Less things are bothering me nowadays. I am concerned about money. I only have a partial scholarship, so that's a big deal to me. My parents don't really have all of that extra money to spend, so I know I'm going to have to do well this year so that I can earn another scholarship. Even that doesn't stress me out much. I've been checking my e-mail and mailbox regularly, and I wish that I were getting more mail. It makes me feel special. My parents call often, and It's weird that they miss me so much--surprising even. I am outraged that my stupid books cost so much. I'm pissed off that everyone here seems to have a boyfriend around, but I don't. This girl on my floor always has her boyfriend over, and he brushes his teeth in our water fountain. Eeeww. What else? I don't know what I'm thinking. Mostly of whether or not anyone is ever going to read this babble, since it's only for a completion grade. And also I'm thinking that twenty minutes is a long time. My sort-of boyfriend keeps popping into my mind. I miss him more than I thought, obviously. I'm thinking of what Mr. Pennebaker said in class--that all freshman feel lonely, and that they just hide behind a masque of semi-denial. I'm thinking that I've been here a whole two weeks almost, and I haven't gotten to be friends with one single black person, which I am feeling stupid for (this pops into my head since a black girl just sat down next to me in the lab) I came to UT expecting there to be more black students here. I figured that in a population of 48,000, there would be lots of black students. But so far I haven't been able to associate myself with any of them. Not that black people are the key people that I'm striving to be friends with, just that most of my friends for my whole life have been white because I was raised in a 90% white neighborhood and went to a 95% white school, and I want to associate with my race, and possibly learn to be more proud of it. Anyway, I was just no thinking that I guess that I didn't follow the rules because I've been correcting my errors and revising my sentences all of the way through this assignment. Okay, one minute left. On that note I'll end by saying that I am thinking that this is one of the coolest assignments that I've had in a long time, and that this class is going to be one of my favorites, I THINK. ",y,y,n,n,n

1999\_752651.txt,"I have just finished reading the second chapter of the psychology textbook for class today. My room mate is always playing spades on the internet. I type very loudly. My subwoofer speaker system really looks cool the way I have it set up on my desk. This is a very odd, but interesting, assignment. The combination of the fan and air conditioner noise is driving me crazy. It is like the drone of a prop-plane. My computer is constantly checking for viruses and is always making little ""engine"" noises while I am typing. My room mate has a very odd way of typing. As I am doing this assignment, I am hearing myself talk the words as I type. I am sure that I have always done this, however, until now I have not noticed it. I believe that I just heard thunder. we could use the rain. I can't believe that we had a pop test in spanish today. I have a knot in my stomach. I know that I did poorly on it. I have a great spanish resource. my 501 verbs book. My monitor also makes a noise that sounds like I would imagine electical energy to sound. I want to go home this weekend. I miss my brother. I am going to bring him to Austin sometime to hang out with me and see the sights of UT. What time is it? I wonder if my package has arrived in the mail room, yet? I wonder what my dad thinks of all of my difficulties with the percussion ensemble here? I would like to retreat to Lake Tahoe and bask in the glory of the crystal clear water and the Sierra Nevadas. That was a very random thought. All of the intricacies of the human brain are very amazing. If my cardiothoracic surgery bid does not work out, maybe neurosurgery could be an option. I have never had a class quite like psychology 301. I like the fact that it is web based. If I happen to miss a class, it is relatively easy to track down what was discussed. And even if the web doesn't have the information, the study sessions should cover the material again. I wish that I would have attended the first study session. I wish that I hadn't signed up for the molecular biology honor society. my plate is full already. That is such a strange idiom. I wonder how it came about. I wonder if idiom is the correct term for that expression. I have a very nice printer. It's fast, silent, and very clean looking. I am definitely a strange guy to be admiring his Deskjet! I had to buy a lot of books for my spanish class. It has turned out to be my hardest class. I do not think that I am going to take any more spanish after this semester. I don't think that I was truly prepared to take spn312k, but I must have guessed well on the Wisconson test. I hope that my friend Cory does well at Rutgers this weekend. I can hardly believe that he was the number one defensive pick in the nation. It seems like just the other day when we were playing together for Cunningham Middle School. Now the guy is 6'5"", 245lbs. ! I really enjoy football and I miss the contact, but my I'M experience this fall should be a lot of fun without all of the bruises. I really want to lift weights tonight, but I don't believe that I will have time. I also want to train with Daniel, but I don't know what he has planned for tonight either. It feels like I have been thinking for hours, but It has only been a few minutes. This definitely reinforces the fact that the mind is better than any computer mankind can build. At least until some sort of artificial intelligence comes along. And even then, that won't compare because ""artificial"" is in the name. I really hope that my timer goes off soon and I can stop writing. I think that it would be really cool if I could guess the exact time the buzzer will sound without looking at the clock. It would be like ESP. That reminds me of a kid who did a debate over the existence of ESP in fifth grade gifted/talented class. It makes me feel good to say that I have been identified G/T. That's very cocky sounding, but I don't believe that I have told anyone of my identification in years. I have a problem with cockyness. I had better watch out or someone or something is going to come along and put me to shame in embarrasing fashion. ",n,n,y,y,n

1999\_756180.txt,"This week has been so overwhelming! I have taken in so much and my mind feels like it is in overdrive. I already feel stress and the semester has barely begun. I want to be involved in a many ways as I possibly can, but there are so many organizations to join, I don't know what to choose. The difference between college and high school is readily apparent. I hope as time goes by, I will develop better study habits and get used to waking up early. I am extremely nervous about the first exam in all of my classes because I do not know what kind of questions the professor will ask, and therefore, do not know how to prepare for them. Tonight I am glad that I get to go out and do something because I feel so couped up here in this dorm room studying all week. I am also excited about seeing my boyfriend and cousins this weekend. Everytime he calls, I light up with happiness. No matter what kind of day I am having, I always feel better when he calls. I still miss my ex very much though. Two years is hard to let go of especially when they have been your friend for an even longer period of time. I wish he would just call me because I really want to talk to him. We used to talk every night for hours and hours. He was such a big part of my life and now I barely see him, let alone talk to him. I think that he is mad at me because I am dating someone else, but I'm not sure. He usually returns my calls, but I have not talked to him in like 4 days. I am really hungry and I would love a big bowl of icecream. but I can't have one. I am really trying to stick to this stupid diet because of all of the ""freshman 15"" horror stories. I wish I had more time to take a nap during the day, but when I'm not studying, I'm working out or running errands. Another thing I'm worried about is having two finals on one day. My mythology and calculus finals are right after one another and they are both very demanding courses. Oh well, I guess I just have to make the best of it because there is nothing I can do about it. Thank god I don't have three on the same day--then, I would really panic. I'm thankful to have Julio because he really pushes me and encourages me when I am doubtful or discouraged. I miss him so much more than I thought I would. I have only been with him for a month, but I already feel attached. I hope my parents like him when they meet him this weekend. Hes so smart and has good manners. Their approval means a lot to me and I guess Ill find out what they think of Julio this weekend ",y,n,n,y,n

1999\_756841.txt,"I just got back from Houston and all I can think about is getting ready for this week's classes. I had a good time witj my girlfriend and got to spend quality time with my parents. I hope I can get tickets to the Bob Dylan concert next week. I need to study a lot this week so I can keep on top of my classes and not get behind in anything. Thursday night I hope I go to Bob Popular's again. I'ts fun not having Friday classes so I can go out on Thursday nights . I love college: I feel so free; free as a bird: to come and go as I please. I'm doing pretty well in my classes thus far and hope to continue on. UT football dominated Stanford. They didn't have a chance. However my favorite college football team is PennState. They whipped Arizona last week and killed Akron this week -70-24. Now they have their eyes set on Miami in two weeks : and I plan to go on-line and bet about $20 on that game: in psu's favor of course. Hopefully they will win the national championship. I also hope that UT does well because they are my second favorite team. I really need my 4. 0 Gpa this term so I can get into the business school. I don't know what I will do if I don't get in. I am really interested in studying business and hope to own my own business someday. God I miss my girlfriend: I've only been away from her for like ten hours now but I already realize that I miss her so much. We've been going strong now for like a year and a half, and I love her so much. She's still a senior in high school and I hope that next year she will come to UT. She makes good enough grades so I think she can get in. Sometimes I miss my parents but I'm having a good time thus far. I I have made so many friends. Ut is going to kill Rutgers this weekend : but too bad it is in New Jersey. I want to watch them play live since I missed their game last week cause I was back home in Houston. however I did watch them on T. V . So here I sit on this computer at 11:25 typing and typing staring off into space. I wish I knew what would happen in my future, I wish I knew. Who knows : its all in God's hands now. He is the one who will watch over me and guide me on the right path. I am taking creatine while I work out. Since I started taking it I've gained 10 pounds of muscle. It might be bad for me in the long run but for right now its worth it ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_757130.txt,"Now I am doing the stream of consious assignment for psy. class. It's wierd because I usually don't think this way, boy I am glad that Rachel Fair is one of my good friends, I mean I thought there was no way that we would ever keep up after highschool, but right now we talk everyday I am sitting here at my desk wondering if Mer will call I really had a wonderful time with her on Mon I have thought of her kissing my ear several times sense she did it when we were in the man I wish my sweetmates would pipe down how often is it that when you break up you spend more time with the girl you broke up with than before crazy huh. Well I wish that I could see mer right now she would be so nice to hug and hold close and feel her tightly pressed against me and then I would feel back in highschool I think that bucs is going to be a good fraternity for me to join zube seems to be a great leader I think that he really has a great heart or the lord it's been 10 min so I hope that I am getting close to the timelimit I tried to due the dang survey but my computer locked up towards the end so it didn't count any of the work that I did which completely blows I am really secretly attracted to shannon across my hall she has the most carefree attitude its so infectious I can't help but be relaxed when around her plus she is hot today matt said that he knew that she wanted me so I thought that was pretty cool I wish that when I went to my mailbox there would be something from someone I am tight with everytime I love my mom I know that most guys my age have a pretty bad relationship with their parents so it's diffinitely strange to be as close to mine as I am I love the fact that my parents are starting to trust me and give me space I love this song on the cd inx is the best I just wish that he wouldn't have killed himself to try and show that he was a talented musician I will never understand those that feel they have to kill themselves to get respect I really can't believe that I am having trouble in calc class when I have already had the class that's crazy I saw sarah today which was cool because I gave her a really big scare ",y,n,n,y,y

1999\_765745.txt,"Why do I have this pimple? Why does it matter what people look like so much? I am sure that if we were all turned in inside out, and what was inside of us was on the outside, well first of all, we would look pretty damn disgusting, but if who we were was on the outside of our body, the world would be better. I am sure that there wouldn't be as many people wanting to show off their ""body"", because their new ""body"" would be who they were, and not everyone is happy with who they were. I went to my first college frat party last night, and it was one of the worst nights of my life. My best friend and I had this inclination to go there and do nothing but talk to people. He has a girlfriend, and I just didn't want to meet a girl there for other than friends purposes. It was HORRIBLE. It was crowded as heck, the music was too loud, so that in order for anyone to even understand you, you had to use a megaphone, and to be socially ""accepted"" you had to have a beer in your hand. Now, one might think that would be an excuse, but I didn't see, but 15 out of at least 200+++++ without a beer. For some reason, I want to spell beer, bear, but don't let me please. Thanks. :o) Well, it was so dumb. My best friend and I walked around the whole time just walking, because in this one room, the music was so damn loud you had to use a megaphone to talk to people, and I'm not all about that. I am not the stud who has all the looks, but can't talk to people worth a damn. It doesn't matter though, if you are that stud, because the girl is too busy dreaming about your looks that she doesn't give a poop what you are saying. I am more a people person. I like to make people laugh. I don't do it on purpose, like go out of my way to make people laugh, but it's the way I am. I have this quirkiness (thanks Sooze) about me, but I love it. I don't want to be that stud that can't talk, because I am pretty happy with myself, until last night, when I had this feeling going into this party that girls in general had changed. My whole life, I have been nice, and I go by the saying ""Nice guys finish last"". I had this feeling that it might all change in college, but the answer is ""nope"". I was at my friends house, and her roommates were all telling me that it had changed, and that girls now were looking for long lasting relationships, and they didn't want all that highschool bullshit that they had gone through before. Okay, I know this sounds superficial, but these weren't bad looking girls either. Two were pretty darn cute, and the third wasn't too bad at all, so it isn't that the (excuse me god for saying this) more ugly girls were saying this, but they were girls that you would classify as pretty hot and tempting. I hate using the word ugly, and I hate judging people. I don't. I always hear my friends going up, and saying ""Aaron, how in the hell does that guy have that beautiful girl, when he is so damn ugly"". Okay, first of all, I am thinking that they are jealous, but evenso. Why? Why does it matter what he looks like? Why can't he be a nice guy, who finally beat the system, and found himself a gorgeous girl that appreciates who he is. How he treats her. What he does for the world. What is up with this world? I NEVER say that shit, because there is no reason for it. I hate saying ""oh, he is ugly"" and just making fun of people in general, because if you look at me, I am not the best looking guy on campus, and I have no right in heck to say that. I HATE HATE when my friends say it. But, it's the world. College was supposed to be different. The time for me (the outgoing quirky boy) to make some friends, and go out and have fun. It hasn't quite been that, and granted, I have only been here for a couple of days, but I am scared. I am scared that it is going to be like this for the rest of the year. I mean, I go out and meet people, but I don't know when or how to ask for their number, because it's just too weird in my eyes. We say when we leave ""See you around"", but have you realized the size of this campus. It's freakin' amazing. There are 50,000 students here, and it is atrocious as to how big this school is. It was supposed to be different. I mean, don't get me wrong, I don't have 12 eyes, and I have all my teeth, but it is still the same as in high school. I get befriended by the girls, which honestly is fine with me, because well, maybe it isn't. Maybe it would be nice to be gawked over for once, and maybe it would be nice to be wanted by a few girls here and there, but as of yet, it hasn't really happened. It's not that I am looking at all, because I am in love with Sooze, but it would be nice to have that feeling that when I walk into a room, people stare. I promise you this. if who we were was what we looked like on the outside, I would get those stares. Thank you for your time. ",y,y,y,y,n

1999\_771726.txt,"It is just past one a. m. and I feel like doing this now. I'm not really tired and know that I should go to bed because I have to go to class at eight tomorrow. I've done all of my homework and am extremely bored. I just got off the internet with my boyfriend back at home, which would be Conroe. He's lonley just like me and we have been talking for about three hours. I miss him a lot and don't quite know what to do. I really don't have a lot of friends here. I had seven best friends that I grew up with since around fourth grade and all seven of them went to A&M. I really feel left out. They all e-mail me and tell me what a great time they are having and I wish I were with them. I've wanted to come here since I was in fifth grade though, so this is a dream come true for me. I just wish I had someone to talk to. They were always there for me and we always had a great time. I also miss my family, which is probably to be expected in the first weeks of college. My brother called me today, he is 13, and told me that he just got a new dwarf hamster and I know he got it just because I told him last week that they were the cutest things. He takes everything I say to heart, even if he dosen't know it. My mom's and my brother's birthday is in a week and I'm not sure if I can get home. I wasen't able to bring my car up here so I'm stuck at the mercy of my roommate. I just want to be there for their birthday's. If my roommate dosen't go home though then I'm stuck up here. I've known Sara for quite a long time. For about eight years. We've never really been best friends or anything but we decided to room together because we knew we could trust each other. She is pretty neat, although she does complain a lot. I have really nothing against here though. I'm kinda hungry, if you would like to know that. Instead of eating dinner I went down the hall and watched the MTV music awards and ate candy and popcorn and I'm still hungry. I don't want to have to get up in the morning. When I scheduled my classes I should not have put four classes in one day, but I had no choice. I'm really regretting it now though. Homework is hard to do if it all has to be done on the same day. I'm also taking an aerobics class and it is quite fun. I never expected it to be so physical though. I know you are supposed to exercise and all, it's just that it hurts. I am so out of shape and it just makes me aware of that fact. My eyes are getting all fuzzy. And it is very cold. I'm getting tired now and I think it is because of all the blue writing on the white background. I wasen't tired before. So, my twenty minutes is almost up and I might go to bed now. I doubt it, I am a night person. I'd rather stay up all night and sleep all day. That would be great. Well, I'll talk to you in the next writing assignment. ",n,n,y,n,n

1999\_772974.txt,"Well all I can think about at the moment is how stressful college is and why we have so much work to do. I don't understand it at all and I am very stressed out at the moment. highschool seemed so much easier but I know that it is something that I need to get used to. on top of it all I have so much sorority things to do. we have so many meetings and assignments to do on top of all of our school work. I just want to sit in my room and sleep because I am not feeling well. also I miss my parents. eventhough they are fifteen minutes away I am missing them but when I get around them they annoy me so bad. I don't understand it. I am difinately looking forward to our weekend because I know that our pledge retreat will be so much fun. especially becauase I cannot wait to get to know my pledge sisters. it will be awesome. I feel disconnected from so many of the girls and I know that they are feeling the same way. we seem to go out with the same people every weekend when there are fifty other girls that we still haven't really gotten the chance to meet. I really miss my friends from home a lot. especially jenna. but I know that she is having a blast at tech with kristi. the dorm is awfully quiet tonight. more so than usual. it is very weird not to hear people running up and down the halls screaming at the top of their lungs. it's actually very nice. I probably won't be able to sleep because I am so used to the noise. sleep also sounds really nice. I feel like I haven't done it in a year. now that I am sick I know that sleep is very important but who has time for sleep when there is a million other things to do in life. I also need to do laundry sometime in the next century before I run out of socks to wear. I think my mom said she was going to buy me some new socks this weekend but I never saw those. I wish it would just rain so then I would have an excuse to just sleep all day long. sleeping during a storm is so awesome. it feels so comforting. this is really weird just writing about random things. I feel like I am talking into a recorder or something or just having a really weird dream. actually I feel delirious just looking at all of the random thoughts that go through my mind. I feel like it's deep thoughts by jack handy. if you ever evaluate what you think about it funny to think that ""we always sweat the small stuff and it's all small stuff. "" my dad loves that quote and he also reminds me of it. when I went to the doctor today he was writing down random quotes on the hospital bed paper about college and lecturing me about school. it was really annoying. oh well he was a very old man anyways. he told me never to forget those quotes and of course I already did. what does he expect of a busy girl like me. crazy people. well my time is up. I wish I could type faster so I would have more to say but this is it. random thoughts by Kristen Garcia. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_775955.txt,"Every moment I am conscious of my physical self. it is like I have existed so long strictly within my mind that I have never really felt the sun touch my skin. I suppose I am excruciatingly aware of my body now that I realized I actually have one. Lately it feels like I am rediscovering the familiar. I have always walked down the street. but never been aware of things like others faces, the noise of traffic, the heat, the breeze, the color of the sky. I have always lived in this alternate universe. i see only enough of the physical world to avoid collisions. and I live in my head, in my thoughts, in my music and art. I almost never come out. But lately I have opened my physical eyes. Some of the things I have seen are things I could have done without. I'm not so sure I like it out here with the other people. I feel myself retreating again. I feel that small talk is a waste of breath. Any words outside my poetic code are words wasted. Any utterance that is not a song is a waste of voice. And I am trying to figure out why people NEED people. I have lived inside myself for a long time. I can make it through the monotony of every day life (hint: that's where the ACTING MINOR comes in). but maybe it would be more lucrative to just live down in here. And I wonder what is really ""being productive"". My mother said that I wasted my summer by being in love with someone who ended up not loving me in return. I feel that love is not a waste of time. If it is then what real purpose or function do we have in this bleak world. Of course, now with my heart blown away I feel a bit sad. But I meant it when I gave my love to this boy. I meant every word, every breath, every touch. And I guess that MY time wasn't wasted. his was. HIS time was wasted because he remained too long with someone he did not love. My time was not wasted. And now. let me push all memories of this love deep down into the corners of my soul. Right now this grain of sand irratating every pore in my body. but maybe a pearl will result. A song. A painting. Blah. Blah. Maybe I can once again transform the pain in my life into something pur-tee. Man, someday all of this shit that I have passed off and forgotten through my art and songs is going to resurface and say ""Hey! We are still here. "" and that is going to break me and FINALLY I will no longer have creativity to turn to because I won't trust it anymore. Gee. Something to look forward to. And this girl came up to me today on the first day of classes. She said I looked ""alone"" and invited me to her church where ""everyone is a family and god is clearly present"". Funny that she noticed I was alone and I didn't. I wanted to tell her that I would never fit into her christian bubble world. oh yeah, I live in a bubble world myself all right. but its a different kind altogether. Maybe I should invite her for a visit in MY bubble world. But. heh. i meakly gave her my number. i was in a way touched by her gesture and even though I oppose religion. who knows? I may go just to laugh at the SHEEP and. well. mEDITATE. And plus. it would probably light up this nice girl's life. Aww. It would also be cool to go someplace and have everyone be really happy to see you. I wonder if it would be wrong for me to go in order to reap these benefits. especially since there is NO CHANCE in my conforming to a religion. Hmm. It seems like I have been given the opportunity to explore some areas of my life that I have suppressed in the past. Certain tendencies. I guess I am really scared when it comes to this. I am afraid maybe of what I might find out if I try it. I mean. i have finally admitted to myself that these thoughts are frequent and substancial. But I don't want the course of my life to change that drastically. Right now I long for both but am happy with one. If I try the other and realize that it is so much better than the other and begin wanting only IT then I will have to do some major changes in my life and identity. But it might NOT be good. Or I might continue liking both equally. Which could also cause problems. Sheesh. ",n,y,n,y,y

1999\_777564.txt,"I guess right now I would be feeling on edge, or wary. It is on rare occassion that I have ever written an essay that will not be judged by the firm establishment of concrete details, which are followed by commentaries. I worry about everything, though. I worry about this class. What will the tests be like? Am I studying enough? How many times should I review the material? I know that it is better to ""overlearn"" something, but in doing so, I think I will go crazy. I try to review my material everyday. at the same time, though, there is always something new to read on top of the previously assigned work. I cannot convert into a complete ""bookworm"" because I would not be at ease with myself. I need time to relax and just chill with my friends. It is almost a set system that I have with myself that I read as much as I can, and then I go to smoke a cigarette to calm and relax my nerves. It's kind of ironic that the thing I reward myself with will probably lead to my demise someday. at this very moment, I have a killer soar throat. from what, I have no idea. It's not the kind of sore throat from yelling, but more along the lines of say. strep throat. I'm going to be royaly ticked if it is because I hate being sick. I love to be in control of my life, but when you're sick, it's hard to accomplish because you can't help the way you feel exept by doping up with medicine that makes you drowsy. Yes, I am aware of DAYquill, but it has such a bad taste. Gross. it does work, though. hopefully what I have is just a bug that will pass like the one hour fever I had the other day. I was burning up. The only medication that was available to me was ibuprofrin. I took two of those and layed down with a cool towel on my head. like five minutes later, an officer from the HBSA called to invite me out to eat. I really wanted to go, but I couldn't drag myself out from under the security of my blankets. it really kinda bothered me that I couldn't go because I want to be able to be as involved as I can in any organization that I join. I felt as though I had let some small opportunity pass me by. it was just dinner,though, and we had another meeting today. Thursday, I will hosting for apple computer at the HBSA company night. I think that this is going to be a great opportunity, but I need to do some ""boning"" up on the apple company before I speak with any of the recruiters. of course, I will have to do this tommorrow, which is also when I have four classes, and which is also the day that I promised a friend that we would go work out together. so much to do, so little time. just last night I was talking to this guy, or one of my friends, or someone, about how amazing it is that our brains can compute so many different emotions at one time. From everything I have mentioned, I have experienced feelings of happiness, curiosity, stress, and even confusion. somehow, it seems that I am able to confuse myself about lots of things, the way words are spelled, if I really could have done something or not, or even where I stand in life. weeks before I came to ut, it seemed like I had a firm grip on life. I had a group of friends that I partied with all the time, and while I knew that wouldn't last, the end came too soon. while I still have my ties, I now stand at one of the most awkward times in my life. ut has so many different kinds of people, and while it easy to meet a lot of them, especially if you smoke, we all have this feeling inside that constantly ponders, ""What am I doing with myself?"" I know that these will be some of the most important years of my life because I am ""building"" myself, but I don't think I can completely be myself yet, because I don't know ""completely"" who that is. if anyone asks you for advice, don't say, ""Be yourself. "" I'd say that half of the people at this school don't know who that is. in any case, I need to go smoke. ",y,y,n,y,y

1999\_779803.txt,"it's 2:03. that means I have to write until 2:23. I kind of wish that I had eaten lunch before I started this. is ""kind of"" actually a valid phrase in English? I've heard it used in conversation, but I've never really seen it tuped before. I wonder why we capitalize some nouns like God and English, but not others like god and bicycle. the people down my hall are really loud and obnoxious. I'm not quite sure what they are doing now, but it involves a lot of bumping around. They had a picture of some female anatomy on their wipe-off board for a couple of days, but it's gone now. I'm really glad because it was pretty offensive. I wasn't about to say anything about it to them, though. who am I to tell them what they can display outside their door? now I hear multiple guys laughing. I really don't like it when guys are in the dorm. it makes me really uncomfortable. I feel like I can't really go on with my regular living processes. I'm always afraid that if I take a late shower, I'll be coming down the hallway in my purple bathrobe, and there will be some strange guy standing there. I'm really into my privacy. that's why I chose an all girls dorm. besides, a lot of girls get really stupid and bitchy when they are around guys. last night when I was getting off the elevator with a friend, two girls from that floor were getting on. my friend and I were laughing at something she said, and one of the (not very nice) girls thrust her head out of the elevator and said ""do you have a problem?"" in a very threatening tone. I just laughed at her and said no. then she said, ""I didn't think so. "" then why the hell did you ask if you didn't think so? it sort of desturbed (wrong spelling, geez I hate that) me to think that someone was that bitchy where I live. I also feel sorry for her that she is so insecre that something like that would set her off. my mind goes faster than I can type. sometimes I worry that my writing is not sophisticated enough. I guess now I worry that my thought processes are not sophisticated enough. my roommate keeps trying to set me up with her friend. he's a nice guy, but the thought of getting together with him makes me a little sick. perhaps it's the dirty notes he keeps leaving on my bed when I'm not here. I'm not used to people being that upfront about sex. I noticed that sex is a big interest for psychologists. the first questionnaire I filled out had a substantial section on sex. I wonder if you guys are actually going to read this, or if I am writing this for my own benefit. if the latter is true, I'm not going to get much out of this. I write like this all the time; it's called a journal. it is slightly more enjoyable than many other alternatives I can think of, though. you're never supposed to end a sentence with a preposition. I wonder why that is. I rather like it. maybe because I'm not supposed to do it. well, it's 2:25 now, so I guess my requirement is up. besides, there's nothing more I can think of. ",y,y,y,n,y

1999\_780103.txt,"Being at cllege is a new experience for me and I think that it is giving me a sence of being dependant on myself. I like all the new freedom that I have gotten, but I also am homesick a lot. I miss my parents and being in my house in Houston. There isn't anyone to make sure that I do everything that I am supposed to do. I am a person that does not get stressed out a lot, ut now that I am in college and having to take care of everything on my own, I am getting worried and that is gettting me scared. I have a lot of thing s that I need to get accomplished and don't have time for it. It makes me very frustrated and annoyed at the same time. I feel like I should be a lot more organized and up to date with everything. I am a very organized person, even a ""neat feak,"" and that is why it's driving me crazy when I am behind. I think that if I work hard, then I will do alright. Last weekend, I went home and visited my friends and family and it felt so good to be home. I was able to go driving around and I knew where everything was, and that feeling of being in control was great. think that I just need time to settle into UT, and then I will be in more control. Austin is never going to be ""home"" for me, but it will be a place that I can come to enjoy. I don't think that any city can compare to Houston because that is where I grew up and that's also where I have all of my family and friends. Sometimes I think about how life would be like if I was adopted or even if one or both of my parents were dead. I look back and don't think that I could manage. My parents play a very important role in my life and I don't think that I would be the same person that I am without them. I know a lot of people that have parents that have passed away and they have really gone through some rough times and they are doing well now, and I give them so much strenght and poer for being able to do that. If my mother would pass on, I think that I would really go into a state of depression, and would go trough a transformation, in that I would become very quiet when usually I am very outgoing and lively. Many things don't affect me unless they are very close and dear to my heart. I usually don't cry in movies, and I don't care to become very emotional all the time. I have too much pride to cry infront of people other than my family. No matter how depressing the news, I am unable to show my emotions. That is something that I think that I get from my parents, specifically my mother. I think that I have gotten a lot of my qualities from my mother and most of my physical qualities from my father. I think that I am able to be the person that I am because of my parents. They helped shape me into the person that I am. There are friends that I have been close to in high school, and ever since I have come to UT, I have not been as close to. I don't know the reason for the change, other than the fact that our schedules are conflicting and that we have not tried as hard to keep in touch. I have heard that things like this happen and that you make all of your really good friends in college. I know what people say, but I have a really good friend at Trinity and me and her have keep in touch really well. I think that she is an exception to the ""rule. "" ",y,y,n,y,n

1999\_781663.txt,Right now I am thinking that college is pretty tough. I am constantly questioning my ability to do well in college. I want to make my parents proud yet I also want have a good time. I like to party a lot a little too much probaly. I just want to know how much partying is too much. I like to do what makes me feel good and school work does not make me feel good. In fact it stresses me out severely. I wish the world was a little simplier. I wonder if the way our soceighty is good or not. Successful human beings work their asses off to achieve a good living. Is that the way god wanted it or should we live a relaxed life with lots of fun. For me that would be partying spending time on the lake and going hunting and fishing. Is good for humans to work hard and stress there entire life. Maybe stress is the cause of fatal disease like cancer. It seems the more we evolve the more we work and stress things maybe this is leading us into different illnesses. I don't know I don't think one man does know. We could be completly on the wrong track or we could be evolving better than what anybody thought we could. I want finish school and be a successful human being but I would like to know if this is the right thing to be doing. All the human race would say definatly yes but what if we should be living amore relaxed less stressful and more fun life. Doing what makes each person feels good could be the answer. Life just seems funny because people are not robots they could do whatever they want but we choose to go to college and try to be successful. Maybe people just go through all the trouble to make money someday but if you think about it money is created by humans and if every wanted it they could just give it to everyone. All of this might not seem logical but I am human and these are some of the thoughts that go through my head. I going to listen to myself to and not be something I'm not. I want to succeed and make everyone proud but also I am going to have a lot of fun!! ,n,y,n,n,n

1999\_782869.txt,"My mind keeps jumping back and forth between this year right now and like all of high school. I have such problems with sharing people and friends that my mind is constatly taking me back ana forth to times when I've been in sumilar situations. Cheaters are something I end up with a lot when I date people so the idea of sharing male friends is sdcary to me, I feel bad for being jealous of other girls who hang out with my male friends, but I can't help wondering if they are all destined to follow the same pattern as everyone else. My com[puter is broken in my room so I have to use the lab. I can't stand the noise of either bi;llion people typing at once, and the talking girls behind me are growing more annoying by the minutes. Cranky woulsd be a good wor to decribe how I feel. Reelly Really cranky. I don't know why either, so far everything has gone my way, from rush to guys to sports to school (thats what I'm here to do right?) but at the same time I'm being a total crab! I guess it's gets back to that damn jealousy thing again. I hate that part of myself, it's annyoing as all hell and I can't ever seem to get past it, the rest of my life is totally laid back, yet this is the one part that I freak out on. I can't imagine writting straight for twenty minutes. It took me three to write this, so I can't really understand how I can just blaber for twenty minutes. The sosrity girls are all really nice, the party at the delts was okay, ATO was pretty lame, but none of the new ADPi pledgees no anyone so I'm hoping that once we do some mixers or something along those lines I'll know some more people and therefore have more to do at these parties besides drink my ass off. There's an ATO bar-tab tonight at Sidestreet and a PhiSI party somewhere too, but beong a nice friend I offered to stay in with Brad who is walking on to the football team tomorrow, but he's also got three other girls upstairs, there's the jealousy thing again. Yarg. I left my shoes at the house and don't havce any comfy shoes to wear tmomorrow, sigh. The pledge retreat is this weekend, actually more likethis friday and some of saturday, so that'll be fun, but it's a little scary becasue we are all still just getting t knowone and other. I can't go to the first football game because the girl I was surposed to get tickets with ditchedout on me and I don't have a ticket, so going is not going to be possible, which sucks, becuase I really did want to go and get all involved and stuff. Good god, it's annyoing to have al this to do, I can't imagine how much time all these assignments are going to take, between this class and my theatre major-stuff, I have nooo time and am surposeds to join two outside organizations besides my sorority. If I get cast in a show, there isn't any way I'll be able to make any meetingings with any kind of consistency, but I really wantto beinvolved in everything thats going on. I have to do my laundry too. Somethings got to go and that looks like sleep, at least for the first semester sleep is going out the window until I get this grades business firgured out. Okay, ten minutes left. My room smells like stale coffee (true dorm) and chicken soup becasue retard king brad spilled soup on my floor, and we cleaned it up with paper twels, but not like actual soap, so I'm kinda scared as to what might be living under my bed at the moment. I have new momagrammed sheets that I'm way psyched to put on my bed, because they are those totally comfy jersey knit sheets, and I'm all about soft stuff. My room has turned into a pit, by the way, toaly a disaster area. Yuck-ola. My wallet has been getting fatter, but not, sadly, with money, way too many passwordsa nd numbers accounts and figures to rmemeber just to use these damn computers that run WAY too slow for their own good, or anyone elses for that matter. God damn. I tried to go ahead and do the survey so I don't acidentally forget and not doit, but the comnputer wouldn't laod it becasue I was transimiting my social security number and it didn;'t like that at all, so I guess I'll have to find a friend and mooch of them. Bad time to quit smoking. Almost done. The yamm,ering can stop shortly. Found my comfy pants on a non-cranky not, and that's wonderful becasue I could really use some good comfy pants to just lounge around in. My room looks like a laundry basket blew up on the floor and splattered everythingin it's path. My poor roommate, I don't know how she puts up wih all my shit. She just got cheated on and I feel so terrible having been in the same posotion myslef,and I wsh guys weren't such total morons about stuff like that. boohoo hormones. Two minutes left. I can't understnd my TA in math calss. He speaks english about as well as I speak french, and I know three french words. People say numbers are universal, yeah right, try sitting through a math class with a non-native english speaker as your teacher and see how universal they are come finals. Ah! Done. ",y,n,y,n,y

1999\_785713.txt,I think the emmys are kinda boring tonight and I don't really feel like doing this assignment but I have to because I know I won't feel like doing it tomorrow because I have a busy day - I need to go wash my towels because I don't have any clean ones for tomorrow I wish the stupid laundry room was closer because I hate walking all the way down that other hall but oh well - my stomach keeps hurting because I drank too much last night I wish I hadn't done that because I have felt nauseous all day and its not fun - I don't like martin short I think he's annoying and his speech he is giving right now is not evn funny maybe I should study after I'm done with this instead of being lazy and sitting here watching tv all night - I hope that I am not behind in any of my reading because that would suck if I don't do well on my tests - I wonder where my roomate is and when she is coming back I haven't seen her all weekend but I'm sure she is just at her boyfriend's I just need to remember to tell her chris called twice today I wonder who chris is because I have never met him but he calls her a lot - our room looks messy right now I need to clean it but I don't feel like it the bathroom is starting to get pretty gross too but no one ever does anything about it because it sucks to clean up after other people especially in the bathroom maybe my mom will clean it for us when she comes to visit because she doesn't mind doing that kind of stuff for me - if she doesn't come this friday than I think I'm going to go home for the weekend because I want to sleep in my bed and have some good food and talk to my mom and my sister I need to ask karoline if she wants to go home this weekend too but she'll probably have architercture stuff to do I can't believe how much time she spends at the studio sometimes she's there till like three int the morning but I think she likes the other people there and one guy lives by her so she walks home with him inthe middle of the night - its kinda scary to walk around austin at night because there are a lot of weird people and you never know what could happen I was sort of scared last night when we left that arcade and were walking to the car I hope that I didn't scratch scotts door when it hit the curb because it made that awful noise ,y,n,y,n,y

1999\_787498.txt,"okay, well to start off, I'm really not sure or confident of how my experience here at UT will effect me. ""will I succeed, or fail, only time will tell"", I really have a hard schedule for my first semester, a lot of memorizing, which I can do, but just don't want to put that much effort. Sound like I'm a no brainer, but if I have to do it ""ill do it"", that doesn't mean I want to. my goal is to have a midrange of a 3. 5 to 4. 0 avg. but right now I'm right this short writing assignment for Psy. and I reallly just can't seem to expand my thoughts on the consccious, I guess it's because the prompt says, think spontaneously, but how the hell do I do that if I'm under pressure. excuse my language. but just thinking spontaneously. well I really like this prompt, because there is no right or wrong answers and its just basically a written expression of how one's mind works. I'm not trying to kiss up or anythin, but really I do enjoy this. I would have hoped though, that the class would be a little smaller, so I could ask questions freely and not feel bothered, but that's no excuse I guess, what kind of reputation will I have amongst 50,000 people. Well my goal, is to continue doing well academically and also create a good social life. becoz I can't just study and have no fun, that's not in my domain. I've never had stress before, but I might break that barrier this semester. first day of class was pretty cool, because the professor , mr. peddebaker was pretty funny, and I hope I spelled his name right. anyway its a nice experience. I wonder how long it will take me to study for biology, thats probably my toughest class, coz I don't really enjoy it. I loved it at first, but then I took AP Biology in high school, and my teacher made it so much work, and I didn't reallly get to enjoy it. it was not a fun learning experience. well it's been ten minutes, and ten more to go I'm really counting down dnow. I just say that click once to submit button ( click just onece on submit when you are done) right now I'm watching this girl, while I type, write the longest email I've ever seen, and on lmy left that girl's writing one too, god, don't they have somethin better to do? wrong statement, I was judging them, the truth is I probably write more emails then them. that 's because I lived in three different places less than thrree years. Los angeles for 13 and dallas for 2, and austin for one month. I'm movin like a train. but. well I forgot what I was going to write, ooopos oh well, I just got off my spanish class, and that profesor was pretty cool, although I understood his spanish better than his english. but it was still enjoyable. I want to join a fraternity, but I'm afraid I wont have time to do my schoolwork. but I still want to be social and everything like that, I guess is just another decision to think upon. oh my god, this girl stopped writing her email! the lab must be closing, nope, its not , just being sarcastic well I've got exactly five more minutes and I'm officially done with my first college assignment. I wonder how many words I've written, babbling on and on is something I could do. well I just got a new neighbor in the lab, she's pretty cute, I wonder if I should talk to her, naaaaa, seeems to involved with what shes about to do, oh well, maybe ill see her around, yeah right!, in this place no way. man I wish this one girl went here, Lindsay, she was my high school crush, she was a good friend of mine but I never really asked her out or anythin, I thing she was dating someone at the time, oh wel, thats why I got to be aggressive over here, its a fresh new start. two more minutes left, well I just had to rub my nose it was itching, and fix my hair. well I got one minute maybe ill start on the other assignment, but I don't know how long that would. done ",y,y,n,y,y

1999\_787983.txt,"College is awesome. There are so many good-looking girls. The atmosphere is free and open. I wish we didn't have class so I could go out and party every night. Partying has been fun. I get drunk, but I know my limit. I go where ever the party. Free beer is always good. I don't understand why the Asians frats have a cover charge to get in. There is not a lot of alcohol, and the parties suck. Although I'm Asian, I can't stand them. Asian guys dress weirdly, and the girls look funny. I associate myself with the whites. I grew up in a white neighborhood. I didn't have a white friend until I moved to Texas which was 5 years. I only have a handful of Asian friends. Whites are a lot more fun to hang out with. They're more open and do whatever. I prefer my girlfriend to be white. In the past, I had 3 white girlfriends and 1 Asian girlfriend. Right now, I would like a white one, but I'm going after an Asian one. She is not like the others. She doesn't really like Asians either. She is half Japanese and half Vietnamese. I am half Chinese and half Vietnamese. She also happens to be in the same pyschology class. She sits next to me most of the times. I always sit next to my best friend, Zach. He is cool. He knows when to party. I have a lot of friends in there, and most of them are from Taylor High School. There so many Taylor students in there and at UT. That reminds me, the girl who sat next to me today would not quit laughing. At first, I thought she was cool. Things changed as the lecture progressed. The girl who sat in the row behind me, 5 seats to the right wearing the red Hilfiger shirt was good looking. I wish I was white so I could approach white girls with better ease. Man oh man. There so many pretty girls in that class. Microeconomics has a lot too. Especially the one two rows down from me. I normally sleep in that class, but she kept me awake. Damn. I wish I approached her. Kinsolving is an excellent place to eat. A lot of girls eat there. My parents are bringing up my bike on Saturday, and I'm excited. I definitely need a bike. They'll probably take me shopping and out to lunch. I probably take my roommate and woman along. My roommmate is pretty cool. Could be an asshole at times, but who isn't? We went to school together. We have three classes together including pysch. Right now, I'm pissed at Edwin. He is one of my friends and is also in the pysch class. He won't shut up. He is starting to get annoying. He says a lot of stupid things. He doesn't like UT or something. When he is wrong, he will try to do some bullshit that makes him look right. Such an idiot. My Eco teacher is so stupid. Such an FOB. I just sleep in it now. Computer Science is so hard. I might drop it. That's it for now. ",y,n,n,n,y

1999\_792249.txt,"I really wish people would be more efficient with their laundry. It annoys me to no extent when people don't keep up with it. Just a few minutes ago I was trying to wash my towels and I couldn't because the person left their clean, washed clothes in the washer. I felt bad taking the stuff out and leaving it around. It's not like I would of thrown it on the floor or anything, but I feel wierd picking someone else's clothes and underwear out of the machine. Well I built up the courage because I was annoyed and I then realized that the machine next to it, which was in use before, was now free. So I had a whole who-ha over nothing. Oh well. I actually love doing laundry for some strange reason. I love clean clothes that smell really good. I use dryer sheets and fabric softner so they smell extra yummy. I keep looking at the clock because I'm waiting for Road Rules to come on. They kicked this girl Ruthie off last time because she has an alcohol problem. I really don't think it solved the problem at all. Now she'll be even more inclined to do whatever she feels like. I guess I've never lived with or experienced alcoholism so I wouldn't know what it is like. Needless to say, Ruthie is extremely reluctant to go to rehab. She firmly believes that she is a strong enough person to do this on her own. Don't they all say that? Well I hope she gets better because I know it must be an extremely hard thing to overcome, especially by yourself. I think professional help is an extremely good thing and nothing to be ashamed of. I know many people who have had rough times and psychiatrists and psychologists are very helpful in overcoming depression, alcoholism, or whatever it may be. I know that a lot of celebrities go to shrinks. Rosie O'Donnell talks about it openly- about herself and with her guests too. She thinks it's a great thing. I think it's good that occasionally you can have someone who listens to you regardless and someone that you know will not judge you in any type of way. Although I am a firm believer of not having other people tell you what to think, I think this is totally different. These kind of people are trained and don't tell you how your mind works. I think they simply stimulate ideas, thoughts and reactions that allow one to think about things in different lights and more fully. Ok-enough about that. I've noticed that my roommate takes really long showers. I take mine in the morning and I'm in there for seriously about 2 or 3 minutes. Whereas she's in there for like 10 or so. I wonder why that is. I guess I'm in such a rush in the morning that I'm not going to stand there idely and have a think about my day. There doesn't seem to be enough time to do that now but I guess essentially I'm doing that now. Maybe it's not all it's cracked up to be. I'd rather focus on what's ahead tomorrow rather than the stressful day I had today, primarily in the computer lab. I've decided that I really don't like programming and the technical stuff of computers. I really don't care how it works as long as it does for me. I'll just have to put up with that class until Christmas to get my credit. I'd feel kind of sad if I was a professor and people only took my class because their academic advisor advised them too or if they just did it to fill their credits. I guess they're used to it and don't take it personally. Whatever. Ok- time's up now. I've been writing for 20 minutes as told. Bye. ",n,y,y,n,n

1999\_792994.txt,"Today is Labor Day. This weekend I went to my family reunion in Noccona, TX. My cousin, Tracey, is recently engaged. I am extremely happy for her, but at the same time, I am a little bit jealous. I know I am not actually ready for marriage, but it seems so exciting to me. My brother has been married a little more than four years. When he first married, I did not think too much about it. Now, it makes me just a little envious that he has someone to be with all the time. My parents have been married 31 years! I cannot believe it. In today's world where divorce is a commonplace, I am proud of my parents for sticking together. My parents, about four years ago, agreed to let me have a Yorkie. Her name is Brittnay, and I love her with all of my heart. I was able to see her this weekend, which was so nice. I think I miss her more than anyone else, probably because I get to talk to other people on the phone. Brittnay is the sweetest little princess, and I cannot wait until I see her again. College life is so much different than high school. I t is funny how one grade level (from a senior in high school to a freshman is college) can make such a difference. I really do not feel older. For some reason, I always feel young. When I think about all the petty gossipy things I worried about in high school, it makes me laugh. Once people enter college they change so much. For instance, I have a friend that used to treat girls really badly, but now he is a sincere and honest guy. However, some people change for the worst, which is very unfortunate. I am really concerned about my grades. I really do not know what to expect, as far as exams go; therefore, it is hard to know what to focus on. I want to be a child psychologist. Psychology has always interested me, but the past year, it really has made an impact on me. I love children, and I also love helping people. I figured child psychology was a good way to put the two together. When I become a mom, I want to have a private practice and only work in the mornings. This way, I can spend lots of time with my own children. I also want to make fancy dinners for my husband every night. If I worked all day, I do not think I would have time. This summer I started cooking, and I found that it is quite enjoyable. It is such a good feeling to work hard making something and then share it with others. I would like to take cooking classes sometime during my college years. I also need to find a job. I did not realize how much money college consumes. I feel bad asking my parents for money. Plus, I worked at The Pottery, a local shop in Midland, for a little more than a year, so I am not used to needing money from my parents. My mom and my dad taught me how to manage my monwy. I love my parents/family very dearly. They are the sweetest, kindest, most caring people that I have ever known. My family is also very generous. I just hope that I will turn out to be the kind of people they are. ",y,y,y,y,n

1999\_793883.txt,"Simply amazed that someone has seen to it that I make it this far without more than what I have experienced that is comparable to adrop in the bucket considering that sometimes I could give a damn about what is best for me for the simple fact that I'm in it for the everything I can get only at times it's entirely too much to compute at once. boy, where has the trrain of thought gone to? Maybe it left to another place out of sight but never to be out of my mind becaause it seems to me that I'm already there. I suspect that everyone else is in their own way. that's why we are told everyone is ""special"" when we ae too young too know exactly what that means. I'm glad payed attention that day. Uh oh. here it comes again. jealousy rears it's ugly head signaling for the dogs who are no less guilty of the crime than the one they persecute with their fingers crossed in vain hope wanting our hero to sacrifice his integrity for ideals of what was considered to be right by those who were so afraid of what it was they were dealing with that they confined themselves to an ignorant prejudice. well them fools can stay there and pray they never realize exactly what they're missing until it has already become a haunting unidentifineable thorn in their calloused side. Brains bruised with ignorance rather than blessed with memories of the world they restricted themselves from and feared to the day they wished they had not been such pussies. I cannot pity them, I have no time to devote thought to their rancid exsistence. I have my own to look after. I'm here know and those who would seek my friendship will have it. and those who seek my love will find it. and those who desire my trust and confidence shall not betray it or I shall strike down upon them with the fury of a thousand chained hatred's fire until their very soul. ",n,y,y,y,y

1999\_794411.txt,"Right now it is 1:40. I don't really know what to write about. But, I guess I will just go with the flow. I can't really get use to this computer, because it keeps skipping lines and messing up. I got it about one month ago. i guess that over all it is pretty nice. I am so full. I just ate breakfast , and I think that my stomache is going to explode. But that is okay. I wonder if anyone is actually going to read this. Sorry, this is a bit abstract. I would hate to have to sit there and read over five hundred of these papers. wow, it has only been five minutes and I still have fifteen minutes left. I can't believe that school has only been going on for two weeks. It is weird because it seems like I have done a lot in the past two weeks. But, it seems to be going really fast. I think that my next test is next week . who said. . sorry listening to leah anrioni. Most of her songs have to do with questioning god's or man's motives. it is actually interesting to just listen to the lyrics. I wonder whi write her songs. I guess I could just look at the cd, but I'm too lazy. I wdonder if I should call jr. oh, sorry that is my boyfriend. I would have to wait till I am done with this anyway. I wonder what my life would be like if I had gone out of state. a long distance relationship would not have worked. too much time away from him. and I guess too much room to doubt his/my actions. this is better, because later I can always go. when is the first test in this class? I hope that I didn't have to read anything for next time. god, I keep hitting thr caps lock. that is so annoying. I hate reading my professors book in religios studies. he probably made us get it just to increas the book sells. that woould be kinda funny if he read this. well, not really, but I would laugh about it in about a year. Three more minutes. I think melissa went back to san antonio today. I don't really want seema, my room mate, to come back. she is nice , but it has been nice to not have to listen to her talk all the time. I pretty much like my space. and she talks all the time. but I am sure that there are some very annoying things about me also. hey , my time is up. later. ",n,n,y,n,n

1999\_794811.txt,"why am I so stressed out is it school or is it what is going on in my life, I have no clue. Its probably becasue I'm a freshman or is it because I just don't know what I'm am doing in this school, it's too hard. I don't know how to work the computer system, I have tons of homework, and its all catching up to me at the same time, it's unreal. I'm so bogged down with work and I have so much stuff to do but I'm sitting here typing on my computer on something that I don't know will even get sent to you. My friends are talking to me while I'm trying to write this assignment, and I can't' make my mind focus on on certain thing at all, the music is too loud and I have people trying to talk to me over the internet. these blinking lights are pissing me off I wish these people would shut up and let me tend to my business at hand. I need to read, do my pre cal and I just don't have the time. I don't know how to do my physical science lab, and reading just takes too muck time. I have a date tonight, I don't have time to take them out, but I have to or that wouldn't be nice, I'm going through rush and that takes up more time than anything. I can't' deal with this anymore. I'ts starting to drive me crazy , but hopefully soon I will get used to it. Its such a change from senior year to freshman year of college. you go from doing nothing basically to have to read every night and do all sorts of written assignment, it's impossible twenty minutes is up got to run ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_799457.txt,"well, I don't really know where to begin. it's my 3rd week of school and I guess it's going okay. my classes are getting harder but I suppose I'm getting into the ""rountine"" of things. i don't know wether I'll go to the ISA meeting today cause I know what kind of peeps will be there but I am definetely going to the SSA meeting. i think that'll be a really fun club cause of the people that are in it. the social this saturday should be cool. i havne't called mom today so I should do that before I leave for the meeting. on friday, I am finally going to meet this girl that I haven't seen ever since freshman orientation. i have so much stuff to tell her. that's one of the things that I really hate about college. that it's so hard to make plans with people. and that you can only catch them at certain times cause no one's in their room all the time. damn, we have this cricket in our room right now and I don't know where it is. i've tried looking for it so many times but I can't find it. it keeps chirping every now and then, sort of letting us know that it's still there. haha. ti's so annoying cause at night the little thing thinks it's outside so it just chirps away. anyway, what else is going on. i don't really like my calculus class cause everyone in there is really snobby and already attached to their own group of friends. i don't know how that happened and where I was, but whatever. you'd think in a class like calculus there'd be a bunch of nerds, but not at all. i have to go shopping soon. i need one of those wallets with the key chain thingy attached to it. that would make my life so much easier. it's strange how little things can make your day go a lot smoother. like, getting down to the cafeteria right before it closes. or meeting someone after a long time and spending the whole day with them. or getting a call from someone you love. or realizing that you're going to be okay at UT. or getting a good night's rest after a long time. those kinds of things. okay, that was a really weird tangent. anyways, um. got nothing to say. oh, okay. i find it really hard to get on line once I'm at college. i dunno. i just feel like it's a chore to talk to people or write really long letters and I'm sure my friends are getting a little ticked that I'm doing that. but, I just feel like I'm wasting my time on the comp. i really want some grapes right now. i went to HEB yesterday and I got all this fruit. actually, I think I got too much. but anyways, I got the really big maroon seedless ones. oooh, they are the best. i wish they had better shopping places on the drag. either it's too expensive, or the clothes just suck. I feel like going out today cause I don't have a class till one tommorrow. maybe to a nice restaurant or something. well, actually, I'm finding it really hard to make myself do something. like, for examle, I need to mail out the thank you cards for my graduation party, as it is, they are already 3 weeks late. and I just don't have the will to do it. i mean, I see them everyday sitting on top of my desk, but I jsut don't do it. and I have to look at my bills and balance my checkbook and stuff but I hate doing that kind of stuff. i dunno. i guess I'm just getting too lazy. the other day someone accused me of that, and proved it to him by doing something taht I would have ordinarily not done and when I told him about it yesterday. he just said that I did it for me not for him. it didn't really make a difference to him wether I did it or not. and I realized that was true. when you do something out of spite, you're not doing it for anyone else but yourself. i miss my mom. i need to send her a card soon. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_800087.txt,". instrumental plays. ""candlelight and soul forever, a dream of you and me together; say you believe it, say you believe it/ free your mind of doubt and danger, be for real, don't be a stranger; we can achieve it, we can achieve it/ come a little bit closer baby (get it on, get it on) because tonight is the night when two become one/I need some love like I never needed love before (want to make love to you baby)/I had a little love, now I'm back for more (want to make love to you baby)/set your spirit free - it's the only way to be"". fade out. i never really realized how much the music I hear during the day (week, month, year, etc. ) affects me and plays through my head when I'm not concentrating. da da da da da da da da da da da da da beautiful stranger. geeze, Madonna does some raunchy things in that video. i really liked that new Mariah Carey video I saw this afternoon. throwing popcorn at Jerry O'Connel. mariah fighting Mariah-in-a-wig. fighting. those Austin American Statesman vendors are starting to come up to our door now. how annoying. how am I supposed to concentrate on this writing assignment if folk keep coming through the dorms and bothering me? Anyway, where was I? Somewhere with more pleasant thoughts. get away from reality - it sucks. Sailor Moon. ai to seigi no, Sailor no Bishoujo Senshi - Sailor Moon! Tsukini kawatte oshioki yo!!! Star sticks became crystal sticks. mercury/Mars/Jupiter/Venus Crystal Power, Make Up!!! Sailor Soldiers theme plays. i hope I'll still have time around here to write my fanfics and my original piece. writing may be just a hobby, or so Mom says, but I'm devoted to it just the same, and I will keep writing, no matter what; like TV, it helps keep me sane in what seems like an insane world. all these kids and what-used-to-be-kids-a-few-weeks-ago, drinking, screwing around, partying their butts off, struggling through classes, spending all their free time studying; God!!! How can humans live like this?!!? I must write, I must watch television, I must keep my imagination going - I must keep creating my own worlds and immersing myself in them as much as possible while still functioning normally in the outside world. why write fiction, someone once asked? Someone quite succinctly answered, ""Because reality bites!"" I want to be like these people, and yet I do not; but then again, that's the way it is with me, always, isn't it? Human, yet inhuman, helper of men and destroyer of nations, this and that. i am always the great exception, one way or another. Mortal and immortal, good and evil, all abstract opposites do I embrace, and yet none can claim me fully. scientist, warrior, bard, clumsy, ugly oaf. i am what I am. What am I? I am Ronnel. i have been Evan, I have been Ryan, I have been Vance, I have been Vladimir, I have been Ethan, I have been Devon. a million assumed names over what feels like 11 lifetimes (but it's not; I know very well I'm just as mortal and human as the next guy - it's just that sometimes it doesn't feel that way. I guess you have these kind of odd thoughts when you have a world-generating imagination like mine. when you have pride like mine. arrogance like mine. insane and freaky judgment like mine. ""I am a god! I am a god!! Damn you all who say it is not so!!!"" goes a line from a book I've read. my roommate is on the phone again. talking with all of his friends who always call here, while no one really ever calls me except for Mom, who just calls to nag. not that I mind the solitude, it's just that taking messages and answering phones for someone else and not getting paid $11. 50 an hour for it can get really annoying really fast. He's talking about a friend who lives in a private dorm - I wish I lived in a private dorm. I don't think I'll ever be really happy unless I can have my own house - not a big house, mind you, just one about the size of the one I grew up in. Just my own little castle in suburbia with my own bathroom, my own bedroom, my own closet, my own kitchen, my own TV, my own stereo; a place where I don't have to share and I don't have to worry about what anyone else wants - hell, I want a place where I can go (and stay) and have no problems. No worrying about where my paycheck and financial aid are, where the closest bank is around here, what time I have to be at class, what assignments I have to do. I want to be able to sit around all day and do nothing if I so choose, and have no ill consequences come out of it whatsoever. Yeah, that's a world I'd love - a world with no problems and no ill consequences from anything done. Hmph, how funny - I've just described Sailor Moon's Crystal Tokyo of the 30th century. I want utopia. not a bad wish, when you really think about it, except that when I wished for it, I just wanted it for myself. I've noticed myself become more selfish and arrogant this past year- I wonder how that came out? Ah, well, forget about how - research that when you're in med school or have to write your next psych paper. For now, just condition yourself (whatever name you choose to use this time around) to be a good person, do your best, and keep writing about worlds where the good guys always win, problems can always be solved, and no matter how tragic things get, you can always have a happy ending. ""Oh, what a beautiful dream; if it could only come true, you know, you knowith what we need is a great big melting pot\* Okay, strike that; hate that song. Okay, it's been 20 minutes, so let's send this in and hope the Prof. doesn't think you're too crazy. In case you have doubts, Dr. Pennebaker, I'm not; at least, not to the untrained eye. okay, shut up- you're not helping your image. Just wrap this up, okay? WRAP THIS UP! All right, go! ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_801057.txt,"lately I think of how I have to study and study hard because I would hate to be putting my family's financial status at risk. then I keep an eye out for work thats on campus and make plans to call only I wonder why I'm not getting on the ball with what I know is important. I'm worried about money, very worried about not following throught and disappointing my parents. you know I feel like going back to arlington and visit my family and friends, but I don't want them to think that I'm very homesick cause I don't think that I am . not really. it's relaly only been two weeks away. but it will be labor day weekend so it's okay to be home, I think. wandering if my mom actually plans on meeting my boyfriends mom. kinda nervous because his mom just found out we were going out and so . who knows what she's thinking. I'm trying to figure out how to tell my dad. he reassured me that he's not setting limits on me just that he wants me to take care of school first. why is it my roommate and best friend seems to be in this room as little as possible. I think I'm in here more than I should be but then I like being alone sometimes. wonder if my friends think that I'm just anti-social and don't want to try things. I don't go out of the room except to run, go to class, do an errand. just remembered that I have to go get some handbook for art class and its sold at I T copy. I just don't feel like going to get it right away. think I'll get it after a class tomorrow since I'm already going to be out. don't want to go to room and then go back out until I have class. why do I wait? my dad told me not to put things off, and I said I know but I still do it. scary thinking that I have a whole 4 maybe 5 years of schooling left until I am really on my own. i feel kind of on my own right now. just without parents. when I think of my parents I remember when they left after helping me move in. the days before I thought I was going to cry when they said goodbye because I have been so family-oriented but as they left I came close to tears but they didn't come. hmm that's weird. I love my mom so much that I can't think of why I didn't break into tears. she's always been there. and my dad. well. i came very close to it when he told me he loved mebecause I think the last time I heard him say that to me was so far back I can't remember. then my boyfriend came to spend time with me before he starts school. i was pretty sure I would be okay and that I wouldnt cry. then he left and I cried. lots. strangely he came back and then when he really had to leave I didnt cry. people have a way of disappointing you and making you feel bad. I thought this guy was my friend even when we were distant and then I had to find out that he told a girl I am no longer friends with that he didnt like me. I was in shock I didnt know what to do. my friends have a thing for changing their minds quickly and then saying that they are not different. ",y,y,y,y,y

1999\_810023.txt,"I don't like computers really, they are kind of a pain in the arse, but things are getting better, you know, people learning new things, new methods of compression and technology makes you stop and thinks when is a computer going to be too fast. . my parents are okay too I guess they just aren't in the ""loop:"" as one might say, always having to show them how or bring them up to date and shite, but . . school's fun, math is not okay. Ani difranco is awesome I'd love to meet one day. lot's of people listen to her, why should I be the only one to get to meet her? carl thinks he can play bass, but he can. why? why does jimmy stink? why do people love anime so much? ani is a hottie. often in class I find my self fantizing about what is would be like to meet her. just hang out with her and stuff. be all buddy buddy, get a fone call everyonce and a while and just see hwo things are going down. making sure she okay, even tho she's married, I don't' think it will last, she's too free and out will mr. difranco is never around always at home, I think it's first love syndrome. oh well. patty is awesome, she's soo cute and so funny, and just awesome in everyway, she's not that much younger than me either, she's very smart, and did I mention cute? wish I knew what exactly she thought of me, wouldn't I be wierd if who if anyone ever is reading this comes up to me in class and starts commenting on what I wrote? that would be too freaky, this college is kinda stupid. first of all I'm not 18 yet so they won't let me get the fancy shmancy email account yet the other day they let me get a 2000 dollar loan which I have to pay off in 3 months or they sue me . . wacky oif you ask me, but then again who is? this campus is so huge no one knows anyone around here, none of the professors, none of the students, you smile at someone and immediately your somesort of wack job walking down the street stoopid people keep bothering me, don't they know I'm trying to write? bno respect I tell you, none from no body not my parents, not my stoopid facking roommate who thinks he's my father, him and his girlfriend I tell yoiu, first of all they are not very pretty people to begin with and then they are always here having sex and dammit it get annoying, always trying to include us. not leaving alone when I don't want to ber apart of the picture. always is it okay if I don't this or we're goint to have sex now don't oing tin to the bed room I don't' car ego and getr phreaky don't tell me about it. ican't ccare less, I just bugs the hell out of me when they decide, ""well jason is feeling left out of our circle of love lets include him"" and I don't want to have any thing to do with them and when they are togheter it's fucking discussing. they act like fuckingh middle schoolers. always hopping and bopping about acting all like ""I love you"" I love yout oo let's have babies. holding hands and licking lips . never a moments rest of it, it's enought to make you want to grab the rifle and end it one way or another. dammit . and carl always talking about how big his phallus is. I mean it's okay every once and a while. like on vacation and stuff. but every five minutes? him I can tolerate, go figure. ben used to be cool now he's just a useless pain in the arse. justin is pretty cool, but he's always going on about how everyone's gay and they should be proud of it. I mean it okay but when he tries to convince mne that all I know is gay everytime I see him it gets fucking annoyimg, maybe I get annoyed to easil, not really things don't tend to annoy me, just stoopid peole. people who don't know when to stop being stoopidn and take stoff as their own and well start being just there. I wish scarlett was here sute she did some questionable things but she was really cool about evertyhing I can't fart but carl can like the dickens pikachu, polemon is funny , tell you when they ge to talking and stuff it can make your day, everything just falls in to place and you think to your self you know at least my vocabulary issn't just my name that would proabably suck. just jas ja jja jaosn on on jaos jaoson jaosn would get too annoy anyone eventually. what about people named al tnow that would suck for them. a a a a a all al al llll l l al al dman now speech for them. ca ca ca ca rl rl carl car lr rl rl it's pika chu dalkt and would about those foregin peole. to summ it all up I hat my life ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_811591.txt,"Today is another boring day. I do not know why I chose UT for. It is so differnt from what I thought it would be. Its mainly hard work, but you have a lot of free time to do whatever you want to. I get so bored just staying in my dorm room not doing anything. It is sooooooooo BORING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I rather go back to Wichita Falls, and attend MSU. Atleast its an smaller school, and I know a lot of people there. Wil I be able to go back this Labor Day weekend, to see everybody, and attend my aunt's weddinng? I really really really really want to go back. It is sooooooooooo lonelky up here. I just sit in my dorm room and study myself to death. I barely hae any friends here. Most of my friend are back in WF. Wichita Falls, Boy I wish I could be there right now. It has the most fun and memorable events that happen in my life. Those innoncent years, where you don't have to worry about anything. Your parents were always there for you. Now it seem like I'm on my own. This really sucks!!!!!!!!!!!!!!1 I just want to be back home in my own bed, back at high schools being able to talk to the people I know in class. Being able to call teacher Mr. & Mrs. instead of Dr. now. What difference does it make???????? Its just a titile. The sun is shining bright today. Hopefully, my mood will be like that. I have been so down and homesick lately. I just wish I can just go home and be Mommy and Daddy little girl again. My aunt's wedding is this Saturday. I wonder if she'll make a pretty bride or not. School is driving me nuts here. So far, it has been pretty easy, but I don't know what will happen when all the mdterms come. I think I may bombed everything. I miss all my friends!!!!!!!! I'm still am deciding wheter I should join a sorority or not. It is an easy way to make friends, but I heard that it was mianly parties, and I know that my parents will kill me if I become a party animal. The weather in Austin is sooooo hot and humid. Wichita Falls was hot, but not humid. The humid weather made it worse. I am thinking about my classes that will bother me tomorrow. Its sooooooooo much work in chemistry and emerging scholars. I think it may not bother me that much but who knows what the future holds. Austin is such a lonely place with oiut a car. I heard 6th street is pretty fun. Maybe I should pay a visit over there. BUt I heard that there are a lot of crazy people over there too. Man, life sucks doesn't it? the fun things are always follow by danger. ",n,y,y,y,n

1999\_811679.txt,"At this exact moment I am wondering how long this twenty minutes is going to last because I am going to falll asleep soon and I have a lot of things to do. I wish I could be doing this on my own computer, but the stupid thing wont work, I think I am computer illiterate. I have had e-mail sitting there since june and I can't get into it. It is killing me that I'm not able to talk with all of my friends that went away for college. I shouldn't have waited to do this assignment until now because I need to finish getting my stuff together to go back to ny dorm room. I am really glad that I was able to get away from her for a day, I always have the worst luck and got an incompatible roommate, but I would rather not have come home. The food is better but my parents are constantly bothering me. I need to check my messages in my room,I bet there are going to be at least ten, and half of them are going to be from Ben, my ex-boyfriend. Not going to waste my time on him anymore-- why do people cheat on each other, I woant ever understand that. And what makes him think that just by sayng I Love You htat I am just going to forget everything. Forget hijm, at least I have met someone new that I can tlak to heis so sweet and all but I think I should call it off, nothing ever works for me and I ned to concentrate more on my shcool work. I don't know what to do about guys. I need to meet some more girls to hang out with, but the only ones I see are all snoby sorority girls a nd that just isn't me at all. Kyle is such a sweet guy and all but should I tell him htat I need to slow down and work on my shcool or should I just let things go and see what happens. I'm scared to just go with the flow, I really like this guy a lot and the last time I felt this way I got hurt and that pain is still here. Everytimt Ben calls I get a happy feeling inside until I think of kyle and how he is here now and how Ben messed up when he screwed me over. My mom is yelling at me again I wonder what I did now. Icould be nothing but it will still be my fault for some reason I swear that if I ever heard my parents compliment me or say that they were proud of my I would probably have a heart attack right then and there. I wish I wasnt such a dissapointment I have never done anything right and if I don't get a 4. 0 gpa they are going to lay it on me because if my sister can do it, and play volley-ball at ut then I should be able to just sit there and study constently and maybe one day live up to her. My feelings for Ben and Kyle are so mumble-jumbled in my brain right now that it is starting to hurt from thinking about it all the time. Well what a surprise my mom is coming to yell at me as much as I am used to it the tears still come very easily. ",y,y,n,n,n

1999\_812401.txt,"Life is so strange. For instance today I saw someone who lives right next to me that I haven't seen since I was in my hometown. I don't get guys at all. Why is it that guys can act so uninterested and be so rude? It's strange because if a girl likes a guy she thinks about him and talks to her friends about him and can't wait to hear from him, but guys act like they could care less and don't even call you for acouple of days and don't think anything of it. Why is that? When I have been talking to a guy and he doesn't call me it makes me feel unwanted and I tend to get pissed off. I miss my best friend in the whole world. He is at Rice and my friend and I went and saw him last weekend but ever since I saw him I have been missing him more because I guess I remembered how much he ment to me. The whole thing with this guy I'vebeen talking to is that he doesn't act interesting and because of it he makes me question myself and has caused me to be homesick and yern for letters and calls from my parents and all of my friends from back home. It's strange how certain things trigger you to feel a certain way. I've been eating a lot of sweet stuff today and I've decided that once you've tasted something sweet you keep craving more until you're out of it or you leave the room. My roommate is nice, but she and I have a wierd relationship. We get along fine, but she isn't what I would call a good friend. That is one of the reasons I am never in my dorm room. Why is it that people can be so mean to eachother? I don't like to be mean to other people especially if I don't know them but there are peole out there who will be maen and not even care about it. I also don't get why friends think they should lie to eachother. As a friend you're supposed to be there for someone no matter what, but if your friendis lying to you it makes it so much harder to forgive them once you find out. Some of my closest friends did this to me and now because ofit I don't even associate with them. I don't understand why people feel theneed to drink all the time also. Who says that in order to have a good time we must drink. I met this guy yesterday at dinner who asked my friend and I if we drank and continued to tell us how stupid it was because as children we have fun and do things just because, but as adults we must get dunkk in order to have a good time. I have never felt that I could justify drinking and I still don't. I have drank a few times but just as an experiment, not every weekend. It is crazy to me the number ofpeople who drink on a regualr basis. My friend at Rice has been known to drink and that bothers me considerably because I don't want to seem him get addicted or get hurt. His father has a drinking problem and I worry that will have an effect on him. My friend Cassie is so sweet we have just recently become good friends and we have so much fun together. She is one of those people who could care less what others thought so she just says ""hi"" to people on the street. THat's one of the reasons I enjoy her so much is because she makes me feel like it's ok to just be nice and friendly to everyone and not worry whether or not htey think I'm crazy for doing it or not. My mother get's on my case about everything and nags me all the time. I know she's just trying to look after me and keep me safe, and it doesn't help that I'm an only child but, sometimes I can't handle all of her questions and concerns. I wish she'd just relax and let me live. Don't get me wrong she's the greatest and I wouldn't change her for anything I just think it's time to start seperating what she thinks I should do and what I want to do. Life is funny we go through it trying to make something of ourselve and live up to everyones standards when really we should just live up to our own and try and be happy and make some great friends along the way and hopefully help a fewpeople along the way. Like yesterday I was walking and this guy in a wheelchair was trying to wheel himself up a hill and he was strugglinng. somone asked him for help and he accepted. More people in the world should just do little acts like that that help one person out so they don't have to struggle so much. ",n,n,y,y,y

1999\_813486.txt,"Jeez, why has it taken my so long to do this assignment? Why do I always put everything off to the last minute??? Procrastination seems to have effected my whole life. Even when I was a little kid in elementary school I can rememeber putting off projects till the last night. My mom would always get mad and say you should wait till the last minute to do things, but for some reason that just never got through to me. I don't want to procrastinate. but it do. I always tell myself that I'm going to start it early, but it always ends up the same way. Is this the way it's going to be my whole life? Man, I hope not, but who am I kidding. This is the way my brain functions. Procrastination is apart of me. I love the saying, hard work pays over time, but laziness pays off now. That's like my motto. Even though I wish it wasn't. I wish I could be like those kids who when they got a project assigned in school, to run home and start it right away. I wish my brain would say, lets get all of this hard work out of the way so we can have fun and relax later. But of course the reality is my brain is saying, well since the project isn't do for another week that means I don't have to start it for another week, I can just sit back and relax until then. AAGGGHHHH! I always tell myself I'm going to change my ways, but it never freaking happens. Well I know I'm not the only one with this problem. I know most other college kids puts things off to the last minute too. But dammit, when I think about it really pisses me off. I should have written this essay last week, but no. Here I am, Sunday night, writing an essay that is due tomorrow. it's just like clockwork. I always put off studying too. I really need to study for tests in advance, but I always wait till the night before to do practically all of my studying. A lot of times I wake up early that moring and study before the test. Damn you procrastination, damn you to hell! It's going to be the death of me. I can just imagination how much better of a gpa I would have if I would just study more. Things have got to change, or I'm really going to screw up bad. Dammit. All of this writing about procrastination had gotten my thinking about my mom. I know she worries about me. She knows I always procrastinates. I wish she didn't have to worry about me doing ok in school. She didn't have to worry about my older brother. He was an A student. She never had to worry about him making good grades, because he always did. Man, I wish I had his life. His a great job now, makes a good salary, and his future is extremely bright. Now look at me. i'm a C student with and undeclared major. I really don't know what I'm going to do once I get out of college. Thinking about that scares me sometimes. Well it looks like my twenty minutes minutes are about up. Let me just say it's been fun and I wonder if anyone is actually going to read this? I doubt it, I bet there just going to check to makes sure I've written something cause reading everyones in class would take a hella long time. What's up with the size of our class? I walked into the room the first day and I was like, damn! I've never been in a class this big. I feel sorry for the people that get to class only five minutes early, jeez even fifteen minutes early and nearly 3/4's the place is already filled up. Classes just should be this book. Well I guess that's all have to say about that. see you later. ",n,y,y,n,n

1999\_814133.txt,"I'm stressed out about my Calculus class I don't know if I'm going to be able to finish all the homework and be able to get an A in the class. I really want to make an A because that would increase my prospects at getting a good first job, of course that would only be good for a first job. I really don't like my job at HEB it is really annoying, all people seem to be in a bad mood all the time and I don't find it that enjoyable. If I were somehow rewarded with more money I think it might be managable however, because I can't seem to get a raise out of them I'm going to look for another job. I hope my typing doesn't wake up my roomate my girlfriend is really distressed about our relationship I guess I'll have to write her an e-mail and make things better between us. How I would describe love right now, I've always thought that you had different degrees of love throughout your life, I would say that I love her however. i really hope my roommate is a deeper sleeper than I think he is because I know I would be annoyed if he were typing where I could hear it. Tommorrow I have to go get my Economics book in the morning and read part of that, college seems so stressful, I don't know if I'm going to be able to budget my time. The bookstores rip you off you pay all that money for books and then they buy them back cheaply and then sell them for the same price that you bought them for. That might be a good way to make some money buy opening a bookstore. My dad was telling me how having a low overhead would produce a lot of profits for something on the internet. I had better be quiet so my roomate doesn't hear me, but the noises in the hall are louder but not constent. He has too wake up at 7:00 in the morning to go to class. I don't know how well we are getting along, I guess he is an ok roommate but I wanted him to be a little more outgoing. I guess I'm going to have to meet people on my own which I'm not all that good at but I guess I'll have to try. I need to find out what my rights are in this room and if I'm able to type till just 12:00 or if I can type and make noise till one. I'm willing to try and make it as comfortable for him as I can because I want to fit in with him, but I don't know if I should draw any lines or not. I have all this homework and I don't know what to do about my time management. He just got up was it my fault or did he get up on his own, I don't want to intrude on his space but where does mine come in. I really like my computer it has everything I want it to have, but the company I ordered my graphics card for went out of business where am I going to get another graphics card. I wonder what else I'm going to have to do for homework, I hope it will be easy. I want to graduate early but can I do it or am I going to have to go all four years, if I graduate early I might have some money left for a car, I would really like a corvette but the insurance on them is so expensive especially until I'm 25. I don't know if I can handle doing all this stuff and do my homework as well, with my girlfriend and friends and still have time to work on the weekends time is suck a valuable asset. what else do I have to do. ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_814929.txt,"I am thinking of all the things I have to get done today and how I don't' have anything else to think about. there is so much to get done here and I only got behind one day. dang it this reminds me that I haven't gone to mezes to sign up for anything yet. so I better go get that done tomorrow. RTF reading. shakespeare reading. psych reading. bio reading. art history reading and journal. dang, I guess I could do some of it during dinner, but I told kerri that I'd go with her. I woldn't want to be rude so I guess I'll do it all when I come back. mm, dinner. I'm hungry. wonder what we are having. it better be better than lunch. at least the salad bar was stocked up. I hate it when its not because that is one of the only safe options that there is. Mark comes up to see me on Saturday. I wonder if we'll ever get any alone time. I hope he gets here late because I'll need to sleep during the day because of my pledge retreat on Friday/sat morning. OH I need to call someone about a sleeping bag. shoulld write a note about that, would if I weren't typing all my thoughts out. this is weird. I've never had to do anything like this. wonder if 20 minutes is up, nope 5 minutes. I think a lot in 5 minutes. maybe that is why I talk so much. probably. anyway. I wonder what is on comedy central. I shouldn't turn the tb on because then I won't be thinking anything at all. I'll be all zombie. I'm feeling such frustration now because I really don't want to be doing this and I have only been typing for like 7 minutes. I should have done this much earlier when I was feeling okay and had stuff to think about. now all I have to think about it complaining because I don't feel well, don't want to be doing this and I'm hungry and don't want to eat cafeteria food. hey I could order a pizza, but don't really want to spend my money. I should get a job. Wonder if I can fit 12 hrs of work into my schedule. lets see if I worked 4 hrs that's only 3 days of work. no I really don't want to do so much right now. I'll wait till next semester till I have a better idea on what I am doing and how to handle college life. plus I have meetings on 2 days of the week. maybe 3 if I do rha. but teachign dance again woudl be fun. I could contact them and just talk to them. yeah I think I'll do that tomorrow. plus it will keep me in shape. since I'm not taking any dance training right now. about 7 more minutes then I can go eat. I also need to get a haircut. I'll do that tomorrow too. oh and I need to get this printer working. maybe I'll wait till mark comes so I don't screw it up. yeah I think that's what I'll do. only about 3 more whole days till he gets here. I wonder if we are doing the right thing by staying together while at college. It feels right but it sure does hurt when we have to leave. And what is a healthy amount of time to see each other that we won't be intruding? I don't want ot not see him but I want ot have a life of my own here and its hard to get involved when you are with your boyfriend all the time. maybe I'll drag him to that party on sat. I think he'll have fun. I should really ask first before I make plans. I'm rambling. I always ramble. kerri is done with her psych. I should start mine after I get done with this assignment and the other one. I really hope the other one is easier than this one. if my head wasn't so foggy maybe I wouldn't ramble so much. but then I ramble when I talk too so nevermind. my throat still hurts. I hope that goes away soon. it sucks to be sick when you have so much studying to do not to mention the other things I have to get doen. I should make me a list. I think I'll do that after I eat. k almost done I hope I didn't make katrina mad when I didn't write back to her. I guess she'll have to just understand that I have way too much to do. oh well. I wonder when it'll get cold. I can't stand this hot weather and its so freezing it the room that I have to wear a long sleeved shirt. but then again maybe its just because I'm sick. wonder if kerri is also cold. oh the 20 minuts is up. food. ",y,n,y,n,y

1999\_815617.txt,"Just got back from the store, its 10:30pm Sunday and I have a ton of home work. My EE321 lab is due this week, but the lab was closed today. makes me mad. No notice or anything, just \*poof\* and its closed. I studied witha friend for my other EE class. The stuff is easy but time consuming. I'm worried about my grade in there. Not so much in that I think I'm stupid, but that the Prof's tests are killer. I know this from \*many\* EE grads who have had him in the past. He's also known for being very hard on students in his office hours. something I'm not pleased with. I'd like to talk to him about the class without worring about him ripping me a new asshole just because I don't have the practical experiance in circuit theory he has. After all, I'm just a junior. School eats up most of my thinking. THere is always a deadline or a test or a lab (or a writting assignment) that is due. it always keeps me jumpy. Allison (my wife) is doing her laundry. on our porch. The washing machine is in our storage closet out there. I'm so glad we're moving. This place sucks. I don't like the way the managment was replaced. and how the new people will lie to the tennants. One building has termites, another gets broken into a lot. The managment will not address these issues, and will act surprised each time you tell them about it. like they didn't already know. All I know is that I have to stay late tomorrow on campus because I have to finish my lab, I might be on campus till 10pm tomorow for all I know. Lab does close at 10:45pm. so I couldn't stay any later than that. I hate lab. Its like they make it as hard as possible to get anything meaningfull done. Most of the equipment doesn't work, and what does work is being used by someone else. the work itself is never that hard, its just getting past all the setbacks (like bad chips, cables, caps, proto-boards, etc. ). And the hours for the weekend SUCK. ony open about 5 hours sat, and NONE Sunday. I hate it. ",n,n,n,y,y

1999\_815984.txt,I am wondering why I am doing this writing assignment and if I really have to because I am doing the research also. THe music that I am listening to right now is very loud. I wonder if I should go to class today. I am very lucky to have checked the web page today because there is a lot of information that I didn't know about. The test coming up on the 15th worries me because I am not sure what it will be over or what to study. My forearm is already beginning to cramp up while I am typing. my leg itches. I like this song that is coming on now. My eyes are very tired. my head itches and I have to scratch it. I think I need to stretch my neck. I really need to start getting more sleep since I have been at college my sleep habits have been horrible. There is something under my foot that is bothering me. I wonder how long I have been typing for. Only five minutes. Now I am feeling like this is going to take forever. It is kind of dark in the room that I am in. I'm thinking about pizza. now I am thinking about the girl who's room I am in. She is in the shower. I ate pizza with her for lunch. She is very beautiful. She sure has been in the shower for a long time. Dave Matthew's songs all sound alike to me. I can't get over how everyone loves that guy like he is the beatles of the 90's or something. My mind has gone blank for a second. What time is it now. Only 8 minutes. How come all girls are getting belly buttons rings. If I was a girl I wouldn't get one. That would hurt and why go through that pain. I think the music is getting louder. Cell phones! Everybody is getting those too. And they keep getting smaller. That reminds me of Lethal Weapon 4 when Chris Rock complains that they are only making them smaller so they are easier to lose so that you have to buy more phones and they make more money. I can't think of anything. I am wondering if I really have to do this. Time check. 12 minutes. It is hot. It smells like austin water. The water in austin is really hard and always dries out my skin. I need a chair in my room so when I watch tv I don't have to sit on my bed because that hurts my back. My back is hurting right now. Basketball caused my back problems. I should be playing basketball right now. Everybody thinks I am obsessed with basketball because I talk about it a lot but when you love something shouldn't it be on your mind a lot. I want to be a basketball coach. I can't imagine going to a job everyday and be thinking about basketball behind some desk where I can't play or coach. I have to be a coach or I won't enjoy my job. This girl kim drops everything on her feet. I swear to god she has burned herself with her curling iron six times six times since I have been here. sHe just interupted my train of thought. I kind of like this stream of thought thing because I am realizing all the crazy stuff I think about in a given time. THis song satellite. i mean what the hell is he talking about. It doesn't make since. time check. one more minute till I get to hit the infamous submit button. This was kind of fun. my arm is kind of tired though. ,y,n,n,y,n

1999\_818192.txt,"Hi, when I think of this type of writing I think of a project that my little sister did once. she is very interested in psycology and writing. for a class she had to do this and I thought it was very strange. right now I am watching the cowboys game. they suck. i love football, but the cowboys have lost all respect as a team because of the actions of their players. Troy Aikman is kind of cute and Emmit Smith is a really nice guy but all the others don't really impress, it is half time right now. My boyfriend plays football for St. marks. I love him because he is my best friend and he is so sweet to me. My friends keep giving me crap because we talk to each other all the time, but I can't imagine not talking to him. Last night at the Pike BBQ thing, Jerry Jeff Walker played and that was cool, except that I had cramps and felt bad and Wes had not called so I was mifted. I knew that he was having fun wiht the boys, but I still wanted to hear from him, I am not sure that I am doing this assignment correctly because it is hard to just write what comes to mind, you know. I fell like I am typing this to someone who is going to read it and so I don't know what to put. I am so tired right now. I went to church this morining with a friend of mine who made me go. (I told her to make me go) The pastor talked about dying and how our spiritual goal in life is to die. I had issues with that; I don't think I was as openminded as I could have been because I was tired and hungry and grumpy and I had not talked to WEs this morning. My roommates phone is ringing, I like my roommate a lot , but when he phones ring all night it can be annoying, We are having fun together though she likes to party a little more than I do. That's okay. I am not that big of a party girl and I think that my friends think I am a party pooper. Oh well, I did not party hard in high school so why start now. I know how to have fun, but I came here to get an education, so studying an dmaking my grades is the most important. my best friend kathleen went to Harvard and she has not called me or talked to me yet. I like her but sometimes she can be very difficult to talk to I think that she was very jealous of my relationship wiht Wes. I am tired adn bored oh well There are some very ood commercials on the television. I know we weren't supposed to correct our typing, but I am a perfectionist. That is a major character flaw I am not that bad any more, however I am editing this little paper as I go, I mean that I am just correcting my spelling, I wish that I knew how to type really fast, liek super fast. wes thinks that I am Super Fine like the sugar I bought to put in my tea. Wow dallas is getting their butts kicked I normally would cuss a little in describing the cowboys, but I don;t knonw if that is appropriate for this assignment, I guess it does not matter one damn bit because it is not like anyone will read this. Anyway, Our pledge retreat was fun, okay this tyoing thing sucks. I have no idea what I am thinking. that is what I am thinking I get to go home and see wes's football game against Kinkaid. I hope that they win. okay why the hell has he not called me yet. this is very frustrating I know that he is busy but I would like to hear from him YEA only one more minute. kick ass. I love that phrase It is fun to say. My roommates phone keeps beebing and it is driving me crazy, well not really but that was just something to type. okay time is up bu-bye I like that way of saying bye, The red skins just scored, okay really bu-bye this time. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_819302.txt,"I survived . . so far. I think I'll do alright in college. I was thinking today that maybe I should have gone to UTA. Oh well. I met people from Nolan today. It was great. I don't think I've said it enough but I LOVE ""Beautiful Thing""!! It's a great movie. I know I saw Blake's name today on a sewer lid, and I wasn't being paranoid. I really should talk to Kent soon. I miss him. I was on the verge of tears telling the psychologist about Blake, Amanda, and Millwood. It still hurts. I'm afrain not to take my meds. I can't wait to fall in love. Sometimes though I get very scared that I might mess someone else's life like mine. I have quite a bit of baggage and I'm not sure if anyone will go through. I miss Amanda. Damn allergies just hit me today. Peppermint Foot Lotion. Abuelita Cuca . . I wonder how she's doing. Renata & Seehum were so cute. ""I'm going to make it afterall!"" My frog makes a good pillow. I can't wait to see Kate. She left for Rome yesterday. I realized today I don't care what I do later in life as long as I have kids, friends, a nice house, and someone who'll always love me and be there when I die. Am I going to Hell? I still don't know. Mr. Rist would say I'm as good as damned now. Dying has so much stress attached to it. Maybe that's why I could never go through with it. I know that if I went back to a place like Millwood I'd give up and stay there forever or at least a month or two. I wouldn't care at all this time. I don't dream very much anymore. At least I don't remember them. I sleep so well during the day but it's harder at night. It's that damned melotonin crap. Commie Bastards! Oh well. God I wish my nose would stop dripping. I miss Kate sooooooo much! God bless her. ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_821141.txt,"Why is'nt my roomate quieter doesn't he undersatnd that I'm working on a homework assignment, I never really seems to care what I'm doing he just goes on even if it hinders what I'm doing he pushes an awful lot too. I don't know if I can handle another semester with him, I wish I wasn't as nice and well behaved and just told him bluntly and straight to his face that he was bothering me, I miss my girlfriend she's the only one that seems to understand how I feel even though she claims she has a hard time reading me she always seem to know the right things to say and do to cheer me up even in the worst of moods,, why do the simplest things that my roommate do bother me so much, I wish he would just understand that I want to try to go to bed at a decent time even when he isn't tired he doesn't have to go to bed just respect the fact that I'm tired and need some quiet my girl friend always knows when to leave me alone and let me have my space. why do major things that are poletial problems not bother me such as the possibility of failing a test or a bank possibly screwing me over, a bank can take in thousands of dollars a day but have the indecentcy to charge $3 for a money order in a bank that I'm a member to even the employees think it's outragious, twenty miutes doesn't usually seem like a long ammount of time but when your continuously writing for that time period it seems much longer. homework seems a lot worse then it is I don't mind homework when I'm actually doing it it just when I start it off but more when I stop and come back to it after have a good time. i wish I were stronger than I am socially, if I were more out going but then I wouldn't be who I am now and my friends wouldn't be who they are and I wouldn't have my girl friend who seem to be the center point of me retaining any strength and going on. ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_832140.txt,"stream of consciousness. we studied about that in junior english. what am I thinking. mowed the lawn. hot sun. sweating. boyfriend says I don't have enough time for him. parents say I spend too much time with him and goofing off . i haven't had time to do anything but work and go to school. i have to work today at 2:30 till close. this is fun I like this assignment. parents are eating lunch. they are always on my back about something or another it seems. they make me so mad . I can't wait to get out of here and get my own place and have my own rules, clean house when I want to and not when they tell me to. i love them but I need freedom. why won't they move my curfew up, why do I even have a curfew. I am 18 years old and I should be able to stay out later than 12:30. i love billy so much. it tears me up that we fight so much. walking on campus. gees yesterday was a bad day. every thing went wrong. i have to host three parties today at work. i wonder what packages they are. billy has my license. I need to get it back today. i wonder where they came up with that name. I wish I could be a famous singer. then I wouldn't have to work so hard at getting money and a decent job. I hate rita. what gives her the right to say that we have sucky cashiers. like she is any better herself. she can't keep employees and not many people like her. she is so rude. i wonder if it is true about her husband. that is sad that her stepson thinks she is his real mom. I can't believe they haven't told him yet . he is what almost about 11 or so. 3mins left. i wonder what our next poject in here is. it says on the syllabus. when I am done I will look. i hope it is fun and not borring and hard to understand like my mythology teacher and english assignments. time is almost up then I will call billy back and take a shower and go to work. ",y,y,n,n,y

1999\_835497.txt,"Annoyance is about the only word I can think of at this moment to describe how I feel. Today has been awful. Why doesn't anything ever work out the way I wish it would? Everything I needed to accomplish today has been a filure> I can't find a job because I can't get on a computer because me UTeId is all out of wack. I miss my friends back home and I miss being a part of my family. They just seem to go on so wonderfully without me. I guess I am the one who wanted to move out and be independent, but it'd be nice to know they all still care about me and are concerned with how I'm doing. It's so hard being so alone all the time. I wish I were making more friends. I wish I would join an organization or I wish I had rushed. Maybe life would be more fun if I were in a Sorority. Maybe I just wasn't cut out for college. I want to be grown up and finished with college and heve my career so badly. I'm tired of just meandering around with no real purposee in my life. I want to start my real life, and I know this can't be it because I'm not happy with it. I want to fall in love and marry and have a family and a meaningful job. I just needsome meaning in my life. I don't know what I'm here for. I know what I want to do with my life, but time is getting in my way and I'm angry because of it. And I'm hungry; physically and metaphorically speaking. this cannot be the way college will be forever. It's so much worse thatn High school. It's so big. It intimidates me to think that there are more poeple on the Ut campus thatn live in my home town. I have a class that has twice as many pople than I graduated with in it. It's a real shock. It's traumatizing to go from being well known and well loved to not being either one at all. It hurts deep down and is extremely depressing and discouraging. But I shouldn't let it get me down, I should hang on to the confidence I've still got, because it's the only thing that can get me through ""the best years of my life"". Yeah, right. ",y,y,n,n,y

1999\_836030.txt,"clearing your mind must absolutely be the hardest thing I've ever done. To consciously try to just let your mind leak onto a computer screen is in no smallway troubling to me. I guess it should be relatively straightforward, but the entrails of my mind are hard to onterpret. In fact I wonder if the stuff I'm writing down right now is the actual true thoughts going through my conscious mind. Like right there, when I said ""conscious"" mind instead of just typing mind that tells me that I'm still thinking that I'm writing for something when I guess the true nature of this experiment or mind game or whatever is just to see what filth our minds gush out. in all honesty I'm not concerned with filth. I had possibly the most incredible feeling this Monday andI am still absolutely quaking from it. I had an incredible, picture vision rocket into my head about the girl I'd like to and hope to marry. Beforehand I had agonized voer her being away from me and the possibility of her blue eyes straying but I finally had the vision, and I say vision because I looked and saw her 30 years from now and I truly loved her. Then last night I had called her earlier in the evening and left a message and I thought there might be a remote chance that she would call back, and she did. That alone made my night . Then I started feeling good about myself and so I gave her a little taste of the treatment she always gives me and always succeeds in making me more eager for her-I acted like I had better things to do. So as I got off the phone adn said that I must away to bed she said, and this is the goood part, ""Hey I'm not letting you go yet!"" Ihave never in my entire existence been so happy as then. Call me pathetic, but I could watch this girl breathe as she sleeps for 24 hours a day and I would not fear etenity because that would be my perfect heaven ",y,n,n,n,y

1999\_836170.txt,"I don't know how to put my thoughts into words. my mind wonders all the time. I'm really tired. the dog is taking a nap -- I wish I was taking a nap, too. I stayed up too late last night. church was hot and not very interesting. I wonder what time we're leaving today. the houston comets are playing very good. I guess they are still mourning the loss of Kim Perrot. her death was so sad. where did that crazy dog go now. I bet she went to take a nap in my bed. my typing probably distrubed her. crap! the comets can't score to save their life. good shot. who the heck is that girl. Sheryl Swoopes is incredibly fast. I wonder why she doesn't get a long with cynthia cooper. pass the ball. rebound. is that a play or what. my sister is being such a baby today. she is so bossy, and when she doesn't get her way, she throws a fit. I never stick up for my brother, but the one time I do, it infuriates her. I can't wait to get back to austin, and I'll stay on my side of town, and she can stay on her side. I won't call her for a couple of days, so she can get completely over her temper tantrum. I hope eryn doesn't call me for a few days. I just want to stay at my dorm and relax and study by myself. this is the stupidest commercial. I hate that Buddy Lee character. I have to go to the bathroom, but I still have 10 minutes to type. I have got to go on a diet. I'm getting extremely fat. I wonder when that aerobics program gets started. I hope it won't be too hard. I have got to set the vcr to tape my soaps for the week. I hate missing those shows. that girl is such a weiner. she is always getting hurt. I'm getting sick of typing. oh that was a cheap foul. I wonder how they wash there hair when it's in those braids. I bet it stinks. that girl is ugly. he is a horrible dresser. I wonder how much money they make. my watch is rubbing my hand. my eyes are tired. I haven't seen this commercial before. it's kind of dumb. my mind is starting to take a nap. it isn't wondering so much anymore. I hate that when I get in a daze and just stare at people. it's embarrassing. this game is getting boring, I wonder if there are any other games on. when do the cowboys play today. how much more room do I have. I guess I get as much room as I want. cynthia cooper is cocky. why do they wear lipstick when they play. that is retarded. they dress up to get sweaty and work out. I wonder how loud it is in that arena. my head itches. I think someone is driving up to my house. that's a walk! the comets are looking better. is it supposed to rain today. it's pretty cloudy out there. my throat hurts. I wonder if I'm getting sick. man I'm tired. can I ever run out of water in my eyes. every time I yawn my eyes fill completely, and --- the phone is ringing --- I looked at the caller id, but I don't want to talk to that person. I still have to go to the bathroom. well it's been 23 minutes, so I'm going to quit. I hope I did this right. ",n,y,y,y,n

1999\_837226.txt,"""no, I don't want your number, no, I don't want to give you mine and no, I don't want to meet you somewhere, no, I don't want none of your ti-ime. "" (the song that is in my head) I am worried that I lost a green piece of paper, among other things. sigfried and roy. I am eating wheat thins. zucini. go fly a kite. there is an antropology major on this floor. my back itches. 'she sells sanctuary'. my roomate talks, talks, talks. my philosophy prof. likes to drop the chalk. ""no, nosy-girl, go look at the door"" (that's what I just said) she's a hobbit-girl. I like it when people breakdance. I regret that I have only one blah to give for my country. all my friends talk about is records and porn. I'm trying to hide the fact that I like ska and very confused about what I should be. I only pretend to know everything, really I don't believe anything. it's easier that way. I don't like pepsi. ut gives me pimples and blisters. I don't want to get my wisdom teeth extracted because I don't want to like medicine. I'm black at night and white during the day, my door says so. I'm thinking that I may have a vague headache. my eye don't want to be open. dammit I'm not thinking about anything at all. chicken coops and grey days. saris. ""rollercoaster of love"" they don't make beef alphabet soup anymore and that sucks. red old shack and a cow in the back. my roomate has a lumpy forehead and she prays funny. blah blah blah. saturn is my favourite planet. ""the faces she's watching, she's watching the faces. "" ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_838579.txt,"ok, right now I feel tired and annoyed. maybe because I just broke up with my boyfriend of 10 months but maybe its because I couldnt get this website to work forever or the fact that I went to bed at two for no reason. putting the tired aside, I'm also pretty exited. my brother is teaching me how to solve a rubiks cube. I love doing things like that, but sometimes I give up too easily. not now though, I can't. not about the rubiks cube, but about the business school that everyone I talk to feels the need to tell me how difficult it is to get in, but I'm not giving up. I'm trying to adjust to austin and its really not that hard, I just don't want to call it my home because its not- I've lived in houston my entire life. that's my home. even though I was raised in houston, ill end up in colorado. I feel like I'm trying to make conversation to a comuter which doesn't really work so ill just tell you about me. I love the color blue-any shade of blue, I love them all. I love cold weather even though I don't know what its like to be in a snow storm or shovel snow to get out of the driveway. I want a big truck when I'm old-not to show off but to be comfortable. I want to work, not be a housewife even though I do want kids maybe two or three. I admire my mom. she struggles and I love her. I was raised mormon even though I am not mormon anymore. I love dave matthews and sarah maclaclan thier perceptions of life are awesome I love songs that hit me right in the heart whether its an uplifting song or not. I love writing even though it takes me forever to write something worth reading. I like kissing. only when its sweet and meaningful for him and me. I love being a friend. helping those that I care about-it just makes me tingle inside. even though I wasnt always like that. I used to have the best scream. I was a selfish kid. I threw fits. I'm better, now I like to share. I didnot smile until I was two. sometimes I worry I have a bad heart because I can randomly have my heart go wild (literaly) I wonder sometimes too if I got my moms manic depression. I'm not a sad person overall but I can be a lot. I always wondered how that worked too. maybe this course will help me understand. I like beer, but not too much. I used to drink to get my mind of things, now I realize that was dumb. now I write to get it off my chest. what do I think about? god. the world. people. why? I don't stand up to my dad even though my front pretends I do. I really just avoid him. his wife is evil, but her kids are the best. how do things like that work out? I have four brothers and a sister. I love them all. they are all so interesting and so individualistic. I have an ex boyfriend named ben that I am obsessed with and so does my roomate, mary. we both wore the same prom dress and bought the same bedding even though we did not shop together. I want her dad to mary my mom hes neat. he writes for the houston chronicle and my mom is an english teacher. even though it wasnt her choice. she had to start working to be financially stable to avoid my dad. that s why I'm determined to make it in the business school and not be a housewife and drive a big truck. ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_838641.txt,"Right now my mind is confused because I'm not sure what exactly I am suppose to be writing. I think the more I write, the more information flows into my mind. For example, write now I just thought about how sunburned I am, and I wonder if I am going to peal. I'm also thinking about what I'm going to do tonight. I'm so tired, but I don't want to miss a night out with my friends. Seeing how I'm at my home in Tyler, I feel that I should spend as much time as I can with the people I don't see everyday. It is my first time to come home from college and I'm begining to understand what say about it being so stressful. There is just so much to do and not nearly enough time to do it in. I constantly think of all the homework and reading I should be doing in all my spare moments, but it's just so hard to concentrate when there is so much to do. I just found out that tTexas won today. I'm mad I missed the game-I bet it was so exciting. I hope this whole thing doesn't sound too dumb, although I'm sure it does. I wonder what everyone else has written on this assignment. I'm not a very deep person, but I have a feeling that this class will help me learn some things about myself and what I DO think about. There is so much going on in my head that it's hard to pick out every single thought. Well, I just looked down and my time is up. hope this has been interesting to read!! ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_838987.txt,"I'm looking at a picture of my best friend who is now in Nashville adn I wonder what she is doing right now. I'm wondering what my boyfriend is doing at school at this very moment and why is every second centered around me like a movie or something, I think we should be able to take a sneek peek into others lives right when we want to. I've wanted to know why life isn't that easy. Pictures are supposed to make you happy and remember happy times yet when I see them I just think about times that will never take place again because they are in the past. Sometimes I seriously resent the past. I need to do my laundry and I need to put a different CD on the player because this one is getting old. I got two card for Greg and I need to get off my butt and get the stamps. My mind is just full of things I need to do but I figured I would get this one done first, before I forget to do it later. I'm still hungry and I'm not sure if it is out of boredom or what. I refuse to get the freshmen fifteen because I'm happy with my weight right now. I like to workout and I need to do it more now that I have the chance right now. I hope my mom is doing well at her job right now. I also hope I get to go home for labor day to see Greg for the first time in two weeks. I miss him so much, but if I stay busy it won't be that hard and will go real quick. Twenty minutes sure is a long time and I don't know how long I have been on the computer, it seems like the internet and email are the only links to people outside of UT. I would call more but bills are so expensive. I need to make my bed before I turn into a complete slob. The chair at this desk is way uncomfortable right now and my legs hurt from walking. My feet are going to look so ugly after one semester here but oh well. I'm going to get stamps after finishing this, I can't wait until it gets cold. Hot weather makes me so tired all the time. ",y,y,y,y,y

1999\_839013.txt,"Life is ever changing. Nothing remains the same yet, you keep everything with you. Every good thing that has made you happy and every bad thing that has changed you in one-way or another. Right now I miss him. I feel love and sorrow. Lose for what we never found. Why wasn't I the one. OR instead, Am I the one who he needs? I hate questions that keep me up at night. You tell yourself, ""Go to Sleep. You have a big day ahead of you"" But does your mind pay any attention to what your body needs? No, never. So, I find myself wondering what he is doing and what he is thinking. Is he okay? Not caring if he is with someone else, just wishing him happiness. I hate myself for being so nice. People use me and don't even bother to thank me for that. Is that to much to ask, A simple ""Thank You""? I am greatfull for lots of things. For my mother and father and grandmother. By the way I wish she were hear. Sadness with a touch of happiness runs through my body as I think of her. As I think of when I was two years old and would help her clean the house. About all the days she made sure I went to school and did my homework. Especially of the day she left us. The day she left me. I was running. I remember I wanted her and she couldn't say anything. All I wanted was to say ""Thank You"" for all the love she showed me. I guess that is why I say Thank You for everything now. I should have told her that she ment everything to me. Well, I did, but I don't know if she heard me. It is because of her I am who I am today. Not only that, it is because of her that I am here. The world should be a better place. Not for anyone in particular. No, just everyone. People should be happy with who they are inside. If not, than it is difficult to reveal yourself to anyone. How many people do you know that became who they are or accomplished what they have by being true to themeselves? I don't know many. Sure, I'm only 18, (well 19 next week) but life has not been easy to me either. When I think of my childhood I don't have fond memories. Most people I know would easily go back to the days they had no worries as children. Well, not I. I hated being a child. Even then everyone took control of me. Starting at the age of six my brother sexually abused me. Can you imagine that? My own brother. Sure, I forgave him, but he wasn't the last. I don't remember how many people messed with me as a child, I try my best not to think of that time-period. Though I do remember that I wanted to be better a better person when I grew up. I wanted to leave and never return to the pain. Now I am strong. Stronger than what most percieve me to be. I love everyone despit the fact people are harmful. I trust everyone despite the fact people are decietful. Most importantly, I am happy. Though I do miss holding him:) ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_840252.txt,"Why in the world am I doing this at one thirty in the morning? On a weekend? I hope teri doesn't get back until Tuesday, I can't wait to switch rooms. It's funny that she complained about me too. I haven't figured that one out yet. radio stations come in better at this time of day. I kinda wish I was able to go home, I don't like being on a deserted campus. mark is getting annoying. not really. I just don't know what to tell him because I've never been in his situation before. and it's frusterating to have him ask me for advice, and not have any to give him. I love him to death, and it hurts that he's upset and I can't do anything about it. he reminds me of daddy, that's probably why we get along so well. rachel is not the person I thought she was. I can't believe that we were all friends not 3 months ago. I guess I should have noticed, she did the same thing to zack and thomas. I don't understand how someone so smart can be so wild. those two traits don't usually go together. I wonder if alison is having fun at the lake. she's lucky to have her family live so closely. why does this campus insist of having concert by people who are so outdated? why can't creed come or some band like that? this isn't as hard as I thought it was going to be. I feel guilty about going not going to church. listening to this tape shouldn't be a substitituion for actually going. I think that's what scared teri so much, all the Bibles on my desk. Oh well. Something tells me that my non Christian friends are rubbing off on me more than my Christian ones. I'm hungry, but I don't want any of the pizza that's in the frig. I want to go to pappadeux's. i wonder if a bus runs out there. frog legs would be great right now. my head is starting to hurt. Hamlet was pretty good, I wish I would've read it in high school. gosh I miss thlp. I wonder how much better I would have liked school if it had been just like that. stephen hasn't gotten in touch, I wonder what's up with that. I hope he finds his basketball skills again, it'd be a shame to waste them. he needs to take a break he does too much stuff. this buddy list thing is going to kill me. I shouldn't have it up when I'm doing homework, it's too much of a distraction. I wonder if I have any oreos. ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_846387.txt,"Computers, I hate them. Today has been a very fustrating day. Hours spent on waiting on people. Hours that I have wasted. I am nerous about not what is coming soon. I have so much work to do. I still don't have my Organic Book for organic. Gosh, I am so behind and the first exam is coming up really soon and I still haven't study for it. Worries, how come people have to have all different kind of worries. Isn't that dumb. I need to start studying soon. I guess I just work sleep tonight. Stay up for a while studying. I also got to understand Mirco. I am also behind in mirco. School. ahhh. Oh well, school is ok, but I really miss my friends in Purdue. They call and write but I really miss them. Everytime I talk to them I feel like flying back to Purdue. hehe Larmie just said something funny. I am hungry. I didn't eat dinner coz I was on the phone waiting for the people on the computer to help me. I have this . I forgot. Anyway. I really miss everything in Purdue. My friends and that fall is coming. My friend just wrote me and told me about how fall is coming. That makes me very jealous coz fall is my favorite season and I won't be able to enjoy it. I am stuck here in Texas, hot hot hot. Gosh, I really miss Purdue. Evi, Jerry, everyone one else. I am getting annoy. I am using a friends comp coz my doesn't work now. anyway her boyfriend is online and wants to talk to her but I am using it doing this assignment but he keep on making these noise. My friend is on the phone talking to a friend from back home. I . can't wait until thanksgiving or xmas. Coz then my friends from PUrdue is coming to visit me and I am planni to visit them on xmas. One thing I like aobut UT, I guess, is that we have 5 weeks off. That is good. But if I go to work, I probably won't be able to go to IN. I want to eat, I guess, I will after I finish with this assignment. her boyfriend is making knocking noises now. I really want to tell him that I am doing an assignment now but then he will keep on asking and then I will waste my time, but he is really getting on my nerves. I don't want to be rude to him, since I am using my friends comp and he is her boyfriend. I still thinking about Purdue. How I miss that stupid place. I use to complain how I don't like it that much. But now, I trhink in many ways it is better than UT. I guess it is because I am not use to this place and that I haven't met that many friends yet. I don't think I will met that many friends now. Coz the people in my classes are either junior or senior. Some sophomore but not much. They all have there own group already and I guess they are not really interested in meeting anymore people. I just reply to her boyfriend and I don't know what I was going to say. Oh, well, Oh, people here I guess they are not in the stage where they want to make that many new friends. I understand coz if I were them I guess I won't either. If I was in Purdue, I probably won't make any new friends coz I already have my own. They know me and right now,here I still don't care much coz I still have friends back home. Not really home coz home is now in Texas. I wish I was back there sometimes but I also glad I am here, maybe I get to learn to be more independent. If I was in PUrdue right now, I probably don't have to worry about the comp coz I will have plenty of friends helping me setup. I don't even have to do it myself. I think I might learn something from this. I hope I do, coz if not, I will be upset coz going though all this and still don't know hope to fix the mistake I will feel useless. I don't want to feel useless. wow I think I am really hungry coz my stomach is making a lot of noise. Maybe in a few more minutes I can go to eat. i have to eat noodles, I guess it isn't that bad. After that I think I will go do assignment 2 and then I will go study , can't study orgo, coz I don't have the book, maybe microbiology. I need to understand that. I hope I can find someone who can help me with my problems. Just some friends like I have in Purdue, who cna help me when I need help. Some people who understand computers, some who can help me with classes and some who can help bring me places. Hmmm I wonder if I will make those kind of friends. If so, I hope soon. Until then, I guess I will miss PUrdue a lot. well, got to go eat coz I am really hungry. I think , I hope this is long enough. ",y,y,n,y,y

1999\_851896.txt,"Right now my thoughts are geared toward wether or not I just submitted a blank page because I hit the tab button so I could write in paragraph form and then boom. the screen said you have submitted, thankyou. But anyways I hadn't even started. Right now I have no idea what I am supposed to be writing, the assignment seems to easy. Usually that means I'm doing something wrong. Right now my thoughts are concentrating on thinking of things to write. I feel like I'm in a sort of mellow mood, after all, there's not much excitng going on right know. I have calculus to do and I almost don't want to pick up the book because I know I won't be able to do some, andthen I may get a bad grade on the homework. That means that I will get a bad grade in the class unless I do perfect on the tests. Well, I wish I knew how to type, not that this assignment would go by any faster. Sensations? Well I'm sitting on a chair, I can feel it supporting me. I have this habit of biting my lips, so I can feel that to. Only bite the inside of your lips because then they don't look all messed up all the time. If someone reads this they are going to think strange things of me. I wonder if the box keeps going, yes it does. Wait. agh. a drink of water. More sensations!! I felt the water coldly flow down my neck where I imagine it's being mixed with luch. which was a 9 inch sub from ""PO Boys?"" At least it was relatively healthy, but it's more expensive than Wendy's. Oh man I hope that somebody doesn't call because I might have to write this over again. Or does the computer automatically kick you off the internt when you have been on for more than 10 minutes and not done anything, that would be bad. Does that mean that I would have to go back and write this all over again. Well, I can't wait to get this done because I get to relax for one damn second of the day. I've been up since 7 walking around carrying ahuge bag on my back. It makes me hunch over because if I stand up straight then I would fall over. I hope I don't have a bad back when I'm older. at least I'll be smart. Wow I've already been writing for 15 minutes, probably about the wrong stuff, but hey. Another sensation is my fingers hitting the keyboard. And I can see the keyboard. My cell phone just rang, I could hear that. Well, anyways, this whole 20 minute thing is leaving me with nothing else to think about. I wonder what other people wrote, actually I could care less. Their interpretation of the directions is no better than mine, but anyways. I really hope this actually submits. after all, it is the last minute. I'm glad Paul reminded me. ",n,n,n,y,n

1999\_851919.txt,"Right now I am tired, sleepy, and restless. Stressed about finishing work and school. I have a lot of work to get done before going to school. I want to get off to a good start this year and not fall behind. I need to finish this assingnment and get to others before school starts. I'm hungry and I need to make some food along with other things I need to do. I think I'll make a sandwich. I also need to take a shower before I go. I need to get my clothes out of the dryer so I have something to wear. I think I'll wear shorts today. I'll also wear a baseball cap. I want to pickup a cd on my way back from school today. Also need some groceries. I hope I don't have much homework tonight. Only a few more days until the weekend. I'm going to Houston this weekend, that will be fun. This is a three-day weekend. I'm looking forward to having three days off. I'll probably hang out with friends and go to a movie this weekend. Oh, yeah, Jared is back in town this week. I'll probably hang out with him this Friday, cause Saturday morning I have to go out of town. What is today? Tuesday. That means I only have two classes today. That's pretty good, but the next two days are pretty long days, and then Friday is another short day. My 20 minutes is almost up. I'm glad I got this writing assignment done and out of the way. Well, I guess that's it. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_852154.txt,"I hope no one heard me yelling and screaming for the Cowboys game. That was the most awesome season opener I have ever seen. I really haven't been keeping up with the Boys but I'm glad I got to watch them. I really have been missing football. I can't believe I haven't even been to the Longhorns games. I watched their games more when I wasn't even a student here. I guess I got so caught up in the Spurs mania happening in my city. That excitement will be hard to beat. I remember the night the Spurs won the championship I was downtown because my friend since first grade was having a graduation party at La Villita. I knew I had to go since I was so close to her family for so long. Her mom was my coach. I still call her Coach. Anyways, Analissa promised that there would be a tv there for me to watch the Spurs game because I am a die-hard Spurs fan. Several years ago when they would play really well during regular season but then lose in the playoffs, I would go in the guest room, put my head under the pillow and start to cry. I was embarassed that I was crying but my hopes had gotten so high and they had really let me down. So when they finally had an awesome chance at winning the NBA title, you better believe that I wanted to witness it. I was so disappointed when my friend didn't have a tv at her party. I seriously wanted to cry. I am not just one of those fans who likes their team only when they're winning. I had been waiting so many years for that night and then I didn't even get to really enjoy it. I wonder if anyone is writing to Professor Pennebaker about their sexual thoughts. I bet he is thinking, ""That's not what I had in mind when I told you to write anything you're thinking. "" Back to what I was saying, I was so desperate to see the game that I called my friend on my mom's cell phone and told her to call me and pretend to be my mom, telling me to come home because if the Spurs won it could get too rowdy downtown. So I left with my best friend, but I felt really bad that I lied to her family, because her mom was thanking everyone who showed up to the party despite the fact that the night would go down in Spurs history. She said that we were Anie's true friends. Ouch. So Rae Ann and I walked downtown to different smoky sports bars trying to find a decent place to watch the game, which was already three quarters over. Finally we just went to the Marriot hotel and found a tv. There were a bunch of drunk older men hitting on us, but at that point I could care less, because I was so into the game. I wonder if the professor is going to think what I'm writing is boring. My roomate just came in the door. She was out of town for the weekend. I hope she doesn't mind me using her computer, cause I still haven't gotten mine yet. Back to my story, I watched my game and we won of course and it was one of the happiest and adrenaline-running moments of my life. How pathetic right? Just kidding, but it was exciting just like the game today. I wonder if Eddie saw the end. I know he had been watching it. I hope he calls later because I miss J. c. I love their apartment. I definitely want to move there next year if I have enough money. Those were the best apartments. An artist must have designed them, because they looked so modern. I'm looking at my watch and there is a minute and three seconds left. This assignment is really neat but it is kind of hard to track my stream of consciousness when in my mind I know I am writing for an audience of at least one person. Oops, my watch is beeping- time's up. ",y,n,y,n,y

1999\_852277.txt,"I have a lot of stuff to do tonight. I'm glad I'm getting this done relatively early. I wont have to worry about it when it comes time to turn it in. I usually don't get assignments done thiis quick but I have a lot of stuff to talk about soi thought I'd go ahead and do it. I found out about bonnie having breast cancer today and that just adds to the fact that meme has cancer as well. that's two people in one week that I'm close to that have found out that they have cancer. I haven't known many people in my life wit hcancer and all of the sudden this happens. I really wish they didn't have to go through kemo therapy. it seems so primitive and I hope a more efficient and effective cure is found soon. I talked to rachel tonight. I know we will probably never have anything but the situation with her mom may bring us all very close. I love them like my own family and I know that me and mom are ready to fly out there anytime we're needed. five minutes have gone by and I'm already tired of typing. I'm excited about seeing ashley this weekend. I miss her. I'm really looking forward to meeting all of seth's friends. he says they're all hot so this ought to be a good weekend. I'm glad everything has worked out with seth and my parents. I feel a lot more happy when I talk to rachel. she still has that effect on me even after the rough time we had this summer. I still think she is one of the finest girls I have ever met. I just got a new email but I can't check it for another ten minutes and that is going to drive me crazy. I have to clean my truck out tomorrow. after starr dumped that frapuccino all over the place, it has stunk in there. this is a really good song. I like listening to heartbeats on the beat. somethimes they depress me though. I wish I could send one out to someone special. I'm sure she's out there; I just have to be patient and not try to force anything to happen. I have a really good life. it would be much better with a girl but I can do without untill the right one comes along. I'm so excited about going to vail for new year's. we're going to have so much fun. I'm glad kim is going. she is so cool and my best friend in the world. kelly is such a good cook. so is mom. those were both very random. I'm not sure where I want move next year. I pretty much have any option open since brannon lives in some of the most expensive appartments in the city. I only have five minutes left. this is a cool assignment. I like to just sit down and write my feelings for a while sometimes. it helps t osoothe my nerves. I really wish I could check my mail. I have a lot of readiign to do. I love this stuff we're talking about in psycology. I'm not just trying to suck up or anything because I figure dr. penn wont even read this. it is all just really intriguing to me and I am haveing so much fun. I hope meme and bonnie are both alright. I want to see the ellenburgs again. I hope they come out and see us soon. I want to see rachel again, too. and reagan. ",y,y,y,y,n

1999\_853304.txt,"I wonder what this assignment is about. the tv is on and some stupid commercial is going on I need to go get some dinner by 7:00. wow that's a nice car on tv, I need to earn some money so I can get a better car. that reminds me my car is still broken down at taco bell and I need to call them and tell them not to tow it or I need to get it towed to a shop like the pep boys across the street man cars suck when they're not running I really wish I had lots of cash so I could buy a more reliable newer one I should call that guy tomorrow about the job so I can earn more money my mind hit a blank spot where I can't really think about anything. then how am I typing if I'm not paying attention to anything? I must be paying attention to something because I'm typing or maye I'm just doing it unconsciously I'm thirsty I need to get something to drink but I can't leave my desk ther's some water right there I'm goin to grab it as soon as I finish this thought how long has it been? only 7 or 8 minutes I need to organize my thoughts and my bedroom, they're both messy that pizza on tv looks really good hey I have a coupon for a free pizza maybe I should order one I wonder if they will deliver a free pizza or they will probably make me pick it up how far is the nearest pizza hut I think only a few blocks away but I should save that for when I'm out of cash and really tired of dorm food I think I already am tired of it but I will be more tired of it in a few weeks my eyes are kind of itchy I guess it's probably allergies saturday night live is on tv it's pretty funny I wonder what it would be like to be in the saturday night live cast I bet there are all kind of hidden relationships and tensions between the characters that go on behind the scenes like with Chris Farley from the older cast how much time has passed I've got about 5 minutes left then I will stop and look at the second assignment and if it won't take too long then I'll do it before dinner but if not I probably wont get to it for a few days because of all of the things I have to do in the next few days let me figure out what I need to do. I need to get my books, call that guy, deal with my car, clean my room, e-mail my friend from high school, check to see if my camera has arrived if not I need to e-mail that guy and see what's taking so long what are they doing on tv that's strange what else do I need to do lets see. I need to go to my classes and go get some groceries, talk to my parents about the money I owe them damn I need to find a way to get lots of cash to repay my debts and buy some of the stuff I've wanted for so long I haven't actually bought anything I just wanted to buy in probably a year because of all the money I owe I should have worked more last summer but I guess its ok that I didn't because I was sick for most of it I'm so tired of getting sick it really makes me angry and tense about things ok what time is it okay I've been writing for about 22 minutes I guess that's enough now I'm going to stop this and finish up this assignment ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_853377.txt,"right now my mind says why the hell do I have to do this. I'm not up to doing this crap because I just woke up and I realized that I have to get this homework done before it is due in class. I have been missing home and all of my friends. especially the girl I love but she is being a bitch to me sometimes and I don't appreciate that. anyway I have realized that I have been slacking off in my classes and I have to get started on doing all of my homework because if I don't then my ass is going to be back in home racking leaves, and cutting grass. anyway, my roommate, which is my best friend is going to move out on me and I am going to be here all alone. I think that at he is stupid for what he did and I hope that all of it is falsed. he might have gotten his seventeen year old girlfriend pregnant and now she wants him to go home and be with her so he is going to drop out of college to go back home and take care of her. i sure do hope that the bitch is lying and just wants for him to be close to her for no reason. but if she is lying and doing it on purpose, then I will fuck the shit out of her for being a bitch. anyway enough of the vulgarity, this is all that is bothering me and all that is running through my mind, I am also thinking about this girl named felicia that I met last night. she had just turned nineteen and she is one of the nicest girls that I have met down here. she has a wonderfull sense of humor, she doesn't like to leave anyone out and she has a beautifull smile. I don't think that she thinks much about me but I sure do hope that one of these days she realizes what a great guy I am and she starts to recognize my existance on this earth. tonight is going to be a great night, we are going to go eat chinese food at the china star, we are also going to go get drunk off our asses and party tonight. my friend is not going to forget tonight since it will probably be his last night here so I we are going to party for him, the twenty minutes seem to be up so lates and peace out. ",y,y,n,n,n

1999\_854382.txt,"Well, my first thought is that I don't quite understand this activity. I'm not sure if you want me to tell you my thoughts, as in a journal, or just irrevelant thoughts that pop into my head as I type, therefore I'll just write a journal entry. Well, right now I'm mad at my friend because she seems to be choosing her boyfriend over me to hang out with, so I guess that would make me jealous. And it doesn't help the fact that she and her boyfriend are the only two people at UT that I know. Another feeling that I'm experiencing is sadness and homesickness. I just talked to my best friend, who is attending the University of North Texas, and she was describing to me how much fun she is having and how many friends she is making-this makes me sad because I know that she is having more fun than I am. I think jealousy has a little to do with that also. I talk to my parents almost every day, and they describe their everyday life to me, and I feel left out almost, because I can't be there with them. I miss the normalcy of home. I miss waking up in the morning and knowing who my friends are, and what to expect in my classes. I know that things will change, I'm just really anxious for that to happen. Sometimes I doubt if I made the right decision by coming to UT. Would things be different if I were at UNT with my best friend? I know things would be better. I was always afraid that if I went to UNT, my best friend would think that I was going there only because I couldn't make friends anywhere else. I only decided to come here to UT because they have an outstanding business department, and I plan to major in Management Information Systems(MIS). I'm a little overwhelmed right now because it seems like there is so much to do. In every single class so much is expected of you. It will just take a little time to get used to everything. I don't adapt well to change-I'm very much a habitual person. ",n,y,y,y,n

1999\_854693.txt,"I feel stressed,tired and kind of anxcious like I have so much to do and not enough time to do it in. I am wondering what I really want to do in life and if I will be successful in life. I wonder how I will do in school and if I will make it through four years of school. I am thinking of my boyfriend, he goes to prarie view a&m and I miss him a lot. I wonder what he is up tp right now and I want to talk to him because I miss him. I am thinking how sleepy I am and how much I want to go to sleep. I am trying to work and think of all the other things I still need to. I miss my other friends and I am wondering if they are having as much stress as I am. I really want to go to bed but every night that I go to bed I feel like I have a lot to do that I have not yet finished. I have a lot going through my mind and it confuses me because sometimes I think I don't now what I really want out of life. I get very afraid that I will not succeed in life. I want to make my parents proud and happy but I also want to be happy myself but I am not totally sure what I really want out of life. I always thinl about how I don't want to be a dissapointment. I don't want to fail but I don't know if I am strong enough to succeed. ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_855558.txt,"This is a little confusing. I am not quite sure what I ahould be doing. Oh well I guess it really doesn't matter. I am glad I am going home this weekend. I really miss everyone. It will cool to just hang out at home and not have to worry about what I should be doing right now. College is a lot of reading. I am actually learning a lot more than I learned in a whole semester of high school. I enjoy that but it does get to be a bit tedious, expecially science. Well iguess it can only get better form here on. I was confused about a lot of stuff, like what to do with all of my spare time. I was going to have a job but then they took away my work study and now I have too much free time. That's okay because I didn't really want to work anyway. But I can't believe the lady never called be back. Tha t is just rude etiquette. Oh well. There's nothing I can do about it anyway. I wonder why we are shunned by our dorm mates. I guess we weren't social enough or something. We tried. But at least they aren't outright mean to us, they are just very cordial and you know what that means. Doh! Oh well. It's fun rooming with Ashley, I just don't know why she chooses to bother me on purpose sometimes. I think she can be very immature at times. But I would rather put up with that than with someone who barely talks or just doesn't like me for whatever reason. I don't want to go to all those meetings tonight that sucks! Maybe I just won't go. But I probably will. I can't shirk my responsibilites just because I don't want to. Maybe some people need to do that once in a while though. I wonder what Plato would have to say about that. His books are cool. I like the idea of Socrates just sitting around waiting to confuse people. If you make people question their own values, then what do you consider as your values? I don't know. LThat's just odd. ",y,n,y,n,y

1999\_855682.txt,"The way I feel has always been of interest to me. i have experienced so many emotions that at times my mind seem confused and bogged down with internal conflict. I have some what of a codependent personality and love to have relationships (longlasting perferably) with members of the opposite sex. To be completely honest, sex is usually not the primary motive for me in a relationship. Currently I feel somewhat lonely as all of my friends are currently in relationships that have been very beneficial to them. I live in an apartment which is not as advantageous as it seems. The people at Jester seem to be easily approached and my friends have met far more new people than I. I don't believe I am as happy about being in college for this reason. I love meeting new people. I find it hard to concentrate on work and am constantly thinking about certain people or friends I left behind. I seem to dwell on the past lately. I go on eating binges and then won't have an appetite for days to follow. I work out constantly and lately have been woried about my physical appearance. I many times dwell onthe question ""Why do I not have a girlfriend, why do they not find me attractive. "" I guess part of the reason I feel this way is simply because as a child I was teased about being overweight. I guess I developed a level of self consciousness as a child and still to this day am woried about my weight. I've tried meeting people but the conventional means just do not seem to work for me. It is hard for me to approach a girl and that tends to bother me somewhat. Personally I tend to avoid large groups simply because id rather get acquainted with a person on a one on one basis. I also worry excessively about my grades. I guess from reading what I wrote my biggest feeling/emotion is lonliness. ",y,y,n,n,y

1999\_856386.txt,"hopefully I remember to stop in 20 minutes. my mind went blank for a sec. what should I write about, what am I thinking about. what is this group's name, the group who sings ""what's my age again. "" it's blink 182. just thinking about the song, singing it in my head. should I go ahead and write the lyrics down since it's in my head? keep on singing the song. now I'm pondering about what I should write and think. I hate this song, christina aguilera's ""genie in a bottle. "" my is thinking what to think so that I can type it down. my mind is completely blank, I have no thought or feeling whatsoever. now the room is getting cold. I can feel goosebumps forming. I'm singing the song I don't like. I was thinking that thank goodness I'm not working tomorrow morning. my eyes are beginning to hurt from staying glued onto the computer. I wonder is it time yet? another song is playing, and again I'm singing to it. singing the song. come on, think of something so that I can type it down. thinking of what I need to do tomorrow: go to co-op and return my books before it's too late to get a full refund on books. I have to meet with my sister so that I can get her some food. I also need to go this store so that I can buy a new pair of sandals since the ones I have right now are getting ready to tear on me. it's located behind einsten's bagel store. my mind is drifting back to the song. I think the music is distracting me from thinking. all I can think are the lyrics of the song and nothing else unless I make myself think of something. now another song is playing, but I forget who sang it. the name of the song is ""how's it going to be. "" trying to think of the artist who sings this song. I can't seem to think of the artist's name, but I know it, it's like it's on the tip of my tongue. I know it, but can't say it. I hate that feeling. my mind is once again blank. I'm thinking about the mall. because today we went to the mall. I'm now thinking about the topic of this writing assignment, am I doing it correctly? hopefully. how long do I have to go now? just thinking about the meeting that our dorm is to have concerning with sex since the radio had said something dealing with sex. I'm now making myself think of things. so I'm thinking of when I'm going to go back home. I'm thinking about wanting to go shopping. I'm thinking about the allegations I've read in the daily texan on gap. about how the were alleged to using sportshops. I'm thinking that if the allegations are true, will I continue to shop there. I'm thinking about the m&m commercial, the latest one, since I thought I heard something similiar to that on the radio. I was thinking of something, but was unable to type it down, wasn't fast enough. thinking of the song that is now pllaying, tlc's ""unpretty. "" is time yet? feels like 20 minutes is forever and endless. when is this over. found out that I have one minute leftover. feel like just stopping since it's only one minute. reminiscing about my chat with my friend through the aol instant messaging. I think it's time. time now. yes, I'm done. ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_859522.txt,"well here I am in the same predicament. it's interesting how life tends to repeat itself so much. I don't like hearing music while I work. it get's annoying. but allanis morisette is okay. at least she puts some intelligence in her music. but music is distracting. I have a hard enough time sorting out all of the conflicting thoughts and emotions in my head as it is. I don't need music in there screwing things up while I'm trying to work. some people like listening to music while they work. perhaps they just don't have as much running through their minds as I do. I keep thinking of a million things all at once -- a million things that I neeed or want or should do. but will I ever get to them? sometimes I think I will never be bored. I would love that sensation. to be bored. to think, ""hey, I have nothing better to be doing right now than just sitting around. "" that would be so wonderful. but perhaps it is impossible for me. perhaps I will always find something to do. there is never going to be a time that I am devoid of all interest, all motivation, all desire to do SOMETHING that my mind tells me should be done. even if I had no school work, even if I finally unpacked all the crap in my room left over from the move. even if there was no one left to email, write, or call. even if all that happened, which it never will, then I'd need to finally get started on one of my many self-initiated ""projects. "" to learn more about religion -- especially mine. to teach myself how to play the piano, and the guitar, and the violin. to understand women. ha. I'd never finish that project. so perhaps my life consists of perpetual preoccupation. this is a stream of consciousness. I'm supposed to transcribe the thoughts as they run through my head. how is that possible? that's like trying to describe what happens on each roadway in america all at once. there are too many streamS of consciousness. there isn't just a singular stream. I could talk about the countless thoughts of how busy I am, how stressed my life is right now. I could speak of my love interests, my friends, my relationships with others past and present. I could speak of the things I want in life -- the never ending flow of ""man I want to do that someday""s. I could gripe. I could gripe about anything and everything. I could turn philosophical. I could question. I could write my stream of consciousness about me thinking of any one of these things. yet I am thinking of them all at once. so how do I transcribe that? and then I look at the clock. ten minutes gone by. I have just put into words a small part of ten minutes of my thoughts. it's interesting how I love to write. it's such a peculiarly interesting thing. I wish I had written more as a kid. I wish I had kept a journal. I did for a while. it's amazing to see you misspell simple words, write so stiffly that the page seems like stone. but still, it's you. it's how you were long ago and how you have changed to what you are now. one excerpt of time. what piece of time. on paper. people talk of time machines, yet we all know they are physically impossible. the closest we will ever get is a little journal and the words that describe what the pen felt from the emotions of the heart. but back to time. I can never stay on one subject in my mind for very long. perhaps that's why I find it hard to sit still for long amounts of time and read. I wish I had more time. I wish I could make everyone happy. I think I could if I had the time. I'm trying to finish my reading. but my friend wants to go out. hell, it's 11:30 at night, and I wanted to get up at a decent time tomorrow. I never get anything done it seems when I start my day at three in the afternoon. but he wants to go out. I guess I should; it's saturday night. but hell, I went out every night this week it seems. why should I go out this night as well just because it's saturday. I should stay and work. I guess it's good though that he asked me to go out and I said yes. if I hadn't of been waiting for him, then I wouldn't have thought right now of the fact that I need to finish this writing assignment. argh! I can't stand not to proofread things. I'm such a perfectionist. I had to make sure that word was spelled right. I can't allow myself to not proofread something. even though it seems that's part of the point of this assignment -- to not look back and simply type. that's near impossible for grammar nuts, it's a sin. but I guess I will force myself to hit that submit button in about one minute when my twenty minutes are up. crap! that sentence ended on a preposition. again, these things just can't happen with my writing. but I will rebel; I will leave it be. I will just accept things for what they are and move on. (another preposition) perhaps I should act my life out that way. just let things be, accept them as they are, go with the flow, man. maybe if I didn't worry so much things would be much easier. I stopped worrying about the music and it didn't bother me until I thought about it again. I guess I should relax in life. I guess I should go out and have fun and forget about staying in and getting caught up on my work. I guess I shouldn't proofread this. I guess I should just hit that submit button. ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_859566.txt,I just got my hair cut I am wondering if will make any difference in the way I present myself to everybody it is much different than my old hair style and quite a shock I am hungry although I ate not too long ago I didnt eat enough food I'm thinking now this seems a bit silly for a whole 20 minutes that is a long time I think its cool my to hear from my friend again now thinking the sound of the keyboard is strange sound and need to pick up workstation want to play guitar and need to find something to do need to do things I have been meaning to do can't believe I have to go back to school there is so much work and need to practice math though I don't have to I should but nobody cares if I do or not just if I do well in the course which basically is a sorry class its not hard but youd think teachers would plan out more thoroughly there classes in college especiall with the short classes now wondering whats on tv what my dad is doing was good to see him this weekend like rachel need to straighten up I'm kinda bored things that need to get done don't like school but at least I look better with hair cut need to get stuff so it doesn't look silly I'm thirsty I think what could I do now this would be a lot easier if I were talking I can type only about 1 tenth the things I think am thinking many things at one time would like to learn new guitar song would be a fun thing to do want package has been to long also want mail I like mail want to make some good food but going to this grocery store sucks kill wasps don't like them I have lots of stuff its everywhere many cool things would really like to go to sleep but there are fun things I could be doing should go to bed earlier 20 minutes huh why 20 brings the question should you write something noone will ever read would there be justification in that typing is so slow but computer does not work well makes me irritated it should work very well but it doesn't things don't act like you thing they should oh oh need to exercise today for sure must do it would like to look in shape for a change though for me don't care what other people think I would like to be in shape mmm food but I despise grocery store dumb people all over like a bees hive of idiocy but some people do best they can others morons for what reason don't know they don't want to be the best they can I do not try my hardest though but I'm happy about it I know I can do whatever if I need to but there is no need society says its ok to be average thats good just don't like seeing people everywhere there is no way to be alone with ones thoughts cars cars yada yada always car things is very strange making no sense perhaps makes one feel cool or special web is very central to admin at ut is a gamble though it helps a lot it creates a vulnerability is not what I expected seems to be more than too many people it is time to limit somehow or better prepare for that number of students because it creates a lousy atmosphere like sheep going through a turnstile just go here and take a test and graduate and next in line whats up with that where is the personal side I guess its at the private schools forget them on the other hand no don't know where thing is why are you bothering me no no I don't know what you want go away no no go do it your self good its over ,n,n,y,n,y

1999\_869069.txt,"Well here I am sitting at the computer typing very badly as always, constantly hitting the backspace key. I just rebought my books from varsity books online becuase some of or rather one of the books I have is signifigantly cheaper there and then I registered for some sweepstakes tat they have- like I could ever win one of those things but you never know in eighth grade at the going away dance only for eighth graders I won a bag of blowpops huge bag and I never ate most of them they sat in my desk drawer for a long time and then as a periodically clean my desk drawer I would find one and throw it away. My roomate is on her computer too typing awaay talking to her boyfriend she is so dedicated she already finished all her homework already I'm still just kind of trudging along. I'm really tired its time to go to bed I wonder if I should take advil because I had my wisdom teeth out on friday but I'm really tolerant to pain so I never even took the perscription pain medication- but I have no idea if anything is wrong because I just sort of ignore the pain. After I finish this I am going to take a shower we talked with our suite mates about the bathroom and stuff my roomate is talking to me about having a place to stay for her boyfriend over labor day she doesn't know who of her friends will be here so he might stay in our dorm but I know that they won't do anything I'm probably going home because I live here in austin then he can stay in my bed if he wants it won't bother me he's a nice guy- I have only known jenny for 5 days and it seems so much longer we really get along pretty well we come from similar backgrounds too. We both grew up in the US with parents from Taiwan so we have similar backgrounds. I filled out that survey it was so strange and so long. The pre-test thing. I'm just an all over goody goody so it was interesting to think of people filling it out diffeently with their true lives I'm such an innocent and I don't see people doing bad things liek drinking or having sex and abortions. One of our suite mates rushed and she got into ZTA and some of her sorority sisters are taking her out tonight and I asked where she was going and she said to some frat parties and she was going to come back completely hammered it made me wonder because it's the first day of school and she has an 8:30 class tommorow but oh well it's not might life or my concern. this room is so cold. and she seems so smart to she took all the AP classes and I think she was on drill team too. And she has a bum of a boyfriend or something like that it seems like everyone has a boyfriend but me but thats ok I don't need a guy to make me happy even though I would like a boyfriend- I've never had one before that is so strange but that's ok. I saw a lot of people from high school so far well not a whole lot but that's ok. There are a few of us from church here also Clement who is in this class too was supposed to come help me update my differentials on norton or something- my brother like ICQed me and told me to do it at least once a week I had no ide what he was talking about and I tried to do it. I can't believe I have so much to do already I have a lot of classes I thought it would kind of be like high school but I don't think so I saw a few people around campus that I know from church it was really weird thinking I knew them and stuff and seeing them- you can tell all the freshman on campust because they walk around with maps in there hands and they get to class about 15 minutes early but that won't last long- especially those 8 o'clock classes oh I think I need to charge my cell phone I'm not sure oh well. well I think my twenty minutes is up and I'm about to completely fall asleep and one of my suitemates is in the bathroom so I guess I could read sociology until she is done but. well good night. ",y,y,y,n,n

1999\_871353.txt,"I feel stressed as there is not enough time for anything. Will this ever slow down. Always things, always processes. I am glad school has started again, yet I am worried how everything will turn out. I am angry with my step mother. A death in the family has made me depressed, and happy at the same time because I know that she is no longer hurting and is in a happier place. I am frustrated with growing out my hair. My dads and my relationship has grown since our talk last week. I am dissapointed in the way I acted a couple of days ago. I hope my dads and my relationship continues to grow and build. I am ready for the heat to go away it is miserable out side. I feel dissapointed in myselfif I don't work out daily, and I probably shouldnt. I love my new apartment, but sometimes I feel lonely. I think I will like all of my classes this year because they all seem very interesting. I need to enjoy something to do well in it. ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_871544.txt,"As for now, I feel as if quite a weight of stress has been lifted off of my shoulders. I had many things to accomplish once I started school here at The university of Texas and I am finally beginning to lighten the stress little by little as I achive the goals I need to. for instance, today, I needed to petition credit of hours which I earned off of the ap testing which I took in highschool. I attempted to do it off of my compuiter but for some reason, even though I typed the correct web site, I could not actually claim my hours. Thus I actually went to the Measures and Evaluations building which allowed me to finally claim and petition my scores. also, the week before school started, I was ecxperiencing stress due to the fact that the ethernet card I purchased for my computer had a cd which was burned and incompetent of following the demanded preocedures. at that time, one evening I finally cried because of the accumulated stress which had built up immensly. thankfully, right now I am a much happier person both on the enterier and teh exterior. for example, I began to write to all of my friends back home as well as write to my penpal who lives in Cicago Ilinois. I am starting to miss all of my friends and my family. the voices of my loved family do not leave my head. instead, their words repeatedly play in my mind as they are right now. I remember things my brother said to me whether it was great advice, or even a comment which brought me down. many times I feel that I can trust my brothers opinion since he tells me anything I need to know extremely bluntly and straight out. all my female friends I know may try to beat around the bush by telling me a point. I do the same thing. I care for my friends and try to tell them everything in a very nice way. however, when it comes to my biological brother, he is probably the most honest boy who has ever spolken to me. who has ever spoken to me. I miss him a lot. actually I probably would not have been so homesick had my roommate not convinced me how much more comfortable and relaxed I would be at home. last weekend, she went home to visit her family and friends. when she came back, she told me that she was looking forward for the next weekend so she could go home and sleep in her own room once again. wow, how could I not imagine how nice it would be for me to go home as well and see all my old friends again. I really miss them. in addition, I miss my friends which go to different schools. I keep pictures of them to reminfd me of the friendship they shared with me. it is almost as if they are close in a way, but, not really. my mom on the other hand may just miss me quite a bit. I am looking forward to seeing her since she is in california visiting my precious grandmother right now. I'm very close to my mom and that is why I believe that my leaving may affect her and me. we are like best friends who tell each other anything in our lives. she cares for me and I hope that whatever I choose to do with my life I can impress her. however I would never do anything simply because of the reason that only she wants it of me. in fact she trusts me well enough to know that I will be able to grow up to be an independent person with great values, goals, and striving ambitions. my mother also helps in relieving my endless stress. just knowing that I can count on both my parents aids me in relaxing and doing the best that I can. ",n,n,y,y,n

1999\_872645.txt,"I wonder what's for dinner, sitting at the booth Monica's in the room I should have brought my disk to check my e-mail I want to go see Steffen Germany seems so cool the apartment taking a video for steffen falling on trevors bed over and over again I got a bruise the x's on my hands are bright I hope they come off a bunch of stamped x's on my hands buildoing up, my entire body is dyed purple, the enigma, Chase and Steffen saw him at Stars, eating at Stars see Swinging Utters the following morning after the warped tiour at Stars I want breakfast food at whaterburger I wish they didn't mess up my order last time I got lost deiving here Kerrville seeing the deer I wish I could have held the baqby squirrel or saw it Urban Ledgends Chase deosn't like those moivies L-something movie goldie Hawn flying in the air off of that one movie with Woody Allen, Tim Roth, the Deciever, him taking pills, a split personality pshycology class drugs don't affect a person on the test, the movie was wrong renting movies in kerrville, Emir buying Basketball for me for Chase, Chase and I. what to do. Going tothe apartment Concan, really sunburnt, the following night at Chase's Randy comes over and pushes me on the trampoline, so much pain, wisdom teeth codine, falling asleep all the time, freshman seminar falling asleep middle school they used to eat goldfish taking my trah to the can and saw Kyle and laughed, Las Vegas at the park skateboarding, rollerblading going through the water then fell down, jumped up fastly. hahahaha sleeping on the floor waking up the house when I screamed though I didn't know it. fall time, this boy's life guy Stefen, he seemed so nice hanging out at the snow cone place red soda with ice cream going to pick up my cousin at bvaseball practice waiting over time driving around with Alix going to Chase's before christmas day, seeing Steffen going to the show, Chase playing, watching there video at Jason's, looking at the stars in my front lawn with Jason seeing a falling star in front of the apartment, I hate typing this, I wish the time was almost up I have nothing to write Chase will be here soon, I wish things were cool with us, why do things suck, Iw ant my hair to grow out and dye it red, I need to start swimming beths house swimming, her party, trey-getting married, how things change, my back is alright, surprizingly phiscal theapry helpped. it's hot out, walking Caleb to class, such a nice guy it's a small world I wander what cort's doing. i miss Steffen, I wish he'd come down, I'm so depressed here. I miss everybody from corpus. I need to check my e-mail it's kind of hot in here, I wish it would snow I hate being so picky aobut things I feel light headed starring at this keyboard is making me sick, I have a headacke and still 5 more minutes of typing, deep breathe. go away I'm so tired. staying up watching pop uknown and sunday's best they were good I miss Chase's old self able is so annoying I hope I don't have to really meet him, oh well, I'm hungry I wish Chase would get here so we could eat, I wish I'd be done with this so I could eat, head hurts. my wrist hurt too from keeping them agaist the counter's edge while typing I want it to rain, running around in trashbags during the rain I lve the rain. I want to paint this keyboard with a bunch of different colors, I want to paint my room with different colors Cerel sounds so good right now, I need to start working out, I'm so out of shape. Come on time 2 more minutes, hurry up I want to stop I'd like a break my head is hurting I'm getting anxious. 30 seconads hurry I need to stop looking at the keyboard when I type, that's what's making me sick. ",y,y,y,n,y

1999\_872843.txt,"I wonder if they sell show posters at that let's see, I have 2:44, I have until about 3:05 to write, no that's not right, yes, wait, yeah it is, anyway, I wish I could go back to new york I remember the New Amsterdam I got to tell Sarah I ran into Margret today and that she lives in Blanton, with the teletubby wrappingpaper on the door, I should tell Jessica too, I wonder how Carrie is and why hasn't she e-mailed me back, I wonder what Julianne's up to right now. I got to get Sarah a birthday card and one for Robert too. My Girl, aww that reminds me Macaulay Culkin, I'm thirsty Sarah, I miss her I have so much work to do I want to take ballet really bad it makes me sad when I can't and I really wish I had my ponte shoes here aww daisy I wish she was here right now I wonder if she even misses me she doesn;t act like that, like she does when I get home, she could at least wag her tail or twitch an ear like Mama says awww hee hee oh I needa call Welo and Wela today and tell them hi I really want to see that album of pictures Andrea said uncle had and Sarah said Andrea goes hee hee I could be writing an e-mail for this long and not even notice it like when I write one for like I should tell Ms. Jowers about the press job, she'd be proud I still need to get my Savrola from churchill I wonder if they can mail it if I call and does she still work there? I think so I think she does I wonder if she'd write back, I could just send it to churchill I hope suzanne at least found out something about josh even though veronica doesn't say much, I wish I had some degas posters to put on my wall but I wouldn't put them up there probably, I would probably just frame them cause I wouldn't want to ruin them like my dawson's creek poster, those copy max people I knew it'! I knew that'd be the poster they'd mess up with the laminating that reminds me I wonder what kind I don't remember exactly what kind of system they used in creative writing to do train of thought for a prompt that's write, I mean right! hee hee :OP kathryn and emily, oh I have to write to her, or e-mail, that's quicker, anyway, it was some kind of system where you type random letters or something I wonder how josh is doing I really hope suzanne found something out but I doubt she did becuase that's wierd how you can learn to type and eventually not even look ath the keys like gl said, awww I can't wait till 42nd street I wonder if gl and annette and daniel will come back to do it and ay! those people are so loud! quit screaming, it's like they've never been on their own before or something no control anyways maybe I'll see if anneliese can go with me to pick out a card for sarah and one for robert and there was this one at Barnes and Noble that I wanted to get for christine, a pink cadillac, she 'll definitely like that, hee hee I can't wait till opening night that will be fun I wonder if she will be home tomorrow or tonight I hope so because I haven't written and I called the other day, but I hope she got the message, I wonder if josh got sarah's message or if he even got the card I hope so I want to watch my movies too but I have so much to catch up on. it's so cold in here I can't believe there's still like ten minutes to go, anyway, I can't wait till the a jet all the way why are you so nice to them if they annoy you so much why I can;t believe that lady sang somewhere that's so wierd like david and mr. walker and suzanne's connected in some wierd circle to all of that it's wierd like it there really fate or, people would just say I'm relating all this stuff together because it's on my mind but things pop out at Sarah without her even asking, that's kind of I wonder how long everyone else's is is it I guess it just depends how long you type snoopy awww I'm glad I brought those with me so they can sit in my dorm instead and my picture of daist mae I got to go to church this weekend too I can't wait till dc starts did I already say that, my arm' s starting to hurt Mama says it's too high like the ones at home it said don't worry about punctuation and stuff right, cause it's like train of thought I better go check at the end I wonder how many people actually type 20 min straight without stopping I'm trying anyway I guess I deserve a break but I don't want to have all this math hw in the week either I 'm so glad it's only a semester I miss Sarah I can't wait till she comes here it's wierd how all these twin subjects keep popping up I wonder if I should reread this cause time's almost up I can't wait to go card shopping it's fun I wonder if sara flores is back in town yet what was I saying oh I doubt people check over this I should prolly write to ms. hester sometime I was think ing about calling her but I don't know when she'd be there or have lessons or if I wonder how big little josh is now, not josh, but andrea's dog awww prolly pretty big by now I need to respond to ms martin's letter too but it sounded like she didn't expect me to respond for a while even though I prolly will and get sidetract I wonder what jessica's up to I have to get I'm working why don't they just say the problem instead of giving a number sarah thought that was funny when I said the computer talked I wonder if she ate with the cats today ha ha I should call her! hee he :OP well time's up I guess I wonder if I should look over this prolly most people don't but sarah says why do you check stuff so muchjust cause well time's up I guess I can stop writing now, ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_873155.txt,"Well, to begin with I am simply thinking that I don't think I can type for 20 minutes without my fingers cramping up. But that is Ok I suppose since I doubt that anyone will ever read this because in a class of 500 students, I don't think anyone is insane enough to sit down for the time it would take to sort through my terribly confused thoughts. Confusion is a funny thing. It comes all at once and for most people it comes quite often. At least I think it comes quite often since it comes to me quite often. Even when you know exactly what to do, sometimes you can get confused because you don't want to do what you are supposed to. Sometimes you just have to bite the bullet. (In a manner of speaking) I am thinking that I am tired of writing about confusion. It's kind of like thinking about thinking. I heard that it is bad for you to do that. I think it destroys brain cells. But then again, a lot of things destroy brain cells. Drugs destroy brain cells. I don't do drugs because I don't think I have very many brain cells to spare. Wow, only 5 minutes have passed! That is terrible because the tips of my fingers are getting sore and I don't want to stop because you just might have some kind of secret timing mechanism on this little web site of yours and I am taking no chances with that kind of stuff. I know how sneaky teachers can be. I know how sneaky students can be. Some chick was all cheating on out Math Quiz today. I don't know who she was, but she was just flipping through her notes. The teacher had no clue. He was too busy daydreaming. I could have cheated also, but I don't like to cheat. I think that if my best isn't good enough for the professors at UT, then too bad, I'll go to community college. I would rather have a degree from ACC that I earned than one from UT that I cheated my way to getting. I think most people would agree with me but who knows! I tend to think that people are good. But that notion has bitten me in the buttocks more than once. Take for instance my good friend Tiffany. Yes, good ol' tiffany. I loved her to death. We were really good friends. We did everything together. Then one day I found out that she was sleeping with my boyfriend, John. That was quite a shock to me. I was so depressed. I didn't even want to get out of bed. I did, but it was one of the hardest things I ever had to do. I was really very in love with him and I thought that he was in love with me too. I guess that is just one example of how stupid I am. So I guess I learned from my experience. People aren't as good as you would want them to be. But then again maybe I didn't learn jack. because the next guy I went out with was a jerk too. Well, he actually was a decent guy. At least that is what I said to everyone when they told me he was a ""player"". Oh gosh I still have 7 more minutes. Well anyways, they told me he was a player but he said that he thought I was the most beautiful person he had ever met, inside and out. That was it, I was hooked. That is all I have ever wanted was for someone to tell me that I was special. He made me feel pretty and he told me I had the most awesome personality he had ever encountered in a person. I loved hearing him say that. I was willing to risk everything. I even compromised my friendship with my roomate. See, she said they were just friends, and so did he, but then when him and I went out for the first time, she was very pist off. I didn't know why, but it became a suspicion of mine that she secretly liked him. I asked her about it, and she denied it. But I still to this day do not know what to think about her liking him. I mean, she did encourage me an unususal amount to break up with him. Not that it would do her any good because he really would never go out with her. But still, I wonder sometimes if she ever did like him. She is a strong willed person and I thought that she would just come clean and admit it if she did. But the thing about strong people is that most of the time they are often weak. they are just good actors and can hide it better than the rest of us. I think all humans can have the same amount of strenghth. I think that if you just pretend to be strong, then everyone will think you are strong. It is from this facade that you can draw strenght. Take for instance Omar. I act like I don't care about him at all when really I still care for him a lot. Now, since everyone thinks I am strong I just pretend that I don't care about him and it helps me to deal with it when we are around each other. I guess I kind of slipped the other day when I got drunk and called him on the telephone at 4:00 in the morning. Hey, I hope nobody reads this because this is some embarassing stuff and I really don't think that anyone should know about my loser life except for me and the Power Macintosh. OK well I am pretty much done now. I guess that wasn't so hard after all. I hope the next assignment is this easy. Not that my hands aren't going to cramp up when I finally press submit. Ok, I'm done. ",y,y,y,y,n

1999\_873499.txt,"I am presently thinking that I cannot believe that I am actually going to sit here and write fo 20 minutes, that is a really really long time. Well I am also thinking that I am fivxing to go to aerobics from 9:00 to 10:00 and not only is it late but it is also going suck. But I need to get into shape. I am worried that if I don't go and excersise I am going to gain that dreaded freshman 15 which will not at all be cool. I come fram a town of 20,000 and everyone knows everyone and all their business so I am sure that if I go home whith any added pounds everyone will notice, and most likely comment. Well I just looked at the clock and I realized that I have only been typing for four minutes, and this really scares me because I do not want to get cramps in my hands. I hate to type, because I am not very good at it and on top of that I do not use very good grammar or punctuation, even after I checked and rechecked my work. So it does worry me that I will have to turn this assignment in unrevised. I cannot get itout of my head how weird I think this assignment is MY friend is now leaning over my shoulder trying to read the assignment and she is making me very nervous. i can not stand to be nervous. The girl next to me just call the little whistle on her screen which notifies her of new mail, and I was thinking that I love it when I hear that noise. Earlier before I started this assignment I checked my e-mail and I had one new message from my friend Travis who goes to Sam Houston State, I was so excited to hear from him he is one of my really good friends. the lady that is in charge of the computer station just made this girl show her, her id and when she asked for it she was not very nice. Which makes me think of the fact that I very strongly dislike people who are rude when they are providing a serviece to you. I mean it is like they are getting paid to do this so I do not know why a little common courtesy is so hard to come by, I am getting really bored with this assignment because I am having a hard time concentrating on typing while at the same time letting things naturally flow into my thoughts. But I guess that you are used to that, I am like also wondering why I am acting like you are actually going to read this because I know that you are not and it seems stupid to sit here and just jabber about nothing, someone else just got the e-mail alarm and once again I am reminded of my most recent message, which I was very excited about, my friend next to me is the one I go to aerobics with and she is already all dressed in her aerobics outfit ready to go. she just interrupted me again to ask me for the instructions on how to get here, I do not like to be bothered when I am in the middle of doing somthing, but I have found that it is very not to be bothered when you are living in a small space with someone, because no matter how quiet they are trying to be they never seem to be quiet enough, I know glanced at the clock again and I realize that at max I only have to type for 3 more minutes which excites me very much. My fingers are cramping and I am getting very old with this assignment I am hoping that the next assignment will not be timed but I am under the impression that with my luck that is am improbability, I feel sorry for my friend she just started the assignment and she has no idea what she has gotten herself into, I cannot wait until she is done so I can ask her what she thought about. WEll MY TIME IS UP!!! ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_873569.txt,"Ok so right now I am thinking of the order that I plan to do things tonight and what exactly I want to do. My friend from back home is coming into town so I want to do something fun, so she will have a good time. I decided not to pledge this semester though so I don't have any fraternity hook ups any more like I did this summer so I don't know what I am going to do. I will probably call my friend Matt who plays baseball for UT, he will most likely know of something that is going on. I think writing like this is really weird, I mean it is hard to believe that I am actually going to turn this in as a paper to be graded for school. It feels strange like I am doing the total wrong thing but you did say that it was a completion grade so I guess I am going to be ok. I keep looking at the time though to see how much is left, it is not that this is hard, it is just really strange, I mean I feel like I am writing a letter to one of my friends, and I'm just typing as fast as I can and saying whatever comes to mind, (to my knowledge that was the assignment) but I am NOT writing to my friend, instead I am writing to a professor and I excpect to get an A! Oh well I just hope this is not too good to be true, these writing assignments I mean, it is like this isn't really work it is just a chance to tighten up my typing skills and kinda write a journal of sorts. Ok so I just was thinking about how I need a 4. 0 this semester in order to make sure I get into The College of Business at UT, and how that is the reason I am taking all fairly difficult classes to prove myself. well here is the thing, I had a 3. 7 as a transfer student and they still didn'tlet me in! it was because I didn't have economics, but still I had 42 hrs in just one yr of college, that is more than a great deal of people have after 2 years, at the least it is a semester ahead of schedule. so what I was thinking is how bad I want to get into business school but that I wasn't studying anything at the moment and how I really hadn't spent all my time studying but I feel that I am up to par with all of my classes but that maybe if I really want to get in I should be studying at all times and never really having fun. I mean the thing is I have decided that if I make a 4. 0 and am still not admitted I don't care, because it obviously wasn't meant to be, but I should be if I try my hardest I will not care, now I know that the only way I will be able to have peace with myself for not getting into business school is if I am condident that I gave 110% effort to get in, and I am afraid that if I am not studying and if I go out ever I will be unsatisfied and feel like a failure if I do not get in. Plus I know that if I actually bust my ass and make a 4. 0 with my schedule, people will have to take notice. well I am having troube with the canturberry tales though, I mean I am good in english but I HATE old english and trying to understand it, so when I read the canturberry tales it is like I am physically reading the pages but about 50% of the time I don't know what I am reading. so I tried to find a translation into modern english, and I found out that on the professor's test it is all basicaly quotes from characters and you have to identify, well if I don't read the original text I will not recognize the quote. Then there is business calculus, basically I was a person who was always in the honors math classes because I was an honor student but I sucked in math, like I should have been in regular math, but know I wasn't so I basicaly glided through all of my highschool math classes with b's not learning anything, so now I have an espessially hard time doing complicated math because I don't know simple math, however I know I can do this because I took college algerbra last year and yes I did have to study and get tutoring help but I ended up with an A in the class. I suppose I will have to do the same in cal. well I am doing alright in my economics class at the moment although I am a little confused as to how to draw a supply and demand graph but I am not too worried about that. This class is something that I am really interested in and I enjoy it but the truth is I am a chapter behind in the reading, I have only read chapter 1. I guess when I get done typing this I could go read ch 2, but is the start of my 3 day weekend and man, I just want to hang out, I guess everybody does though and that is what seperates the people who just wish they had something and the people who go get what the want regardless of the sacrifice. Ok so have now been over 20 mins but this was actually kind of fun. I hope this is what you were looking for. good bye byron ",y,y,n,n,y

1999\_874130.txt,"I like to hear music. For some reason, I recently discovered old rock, specifically the group Pink Floyd. Their songs evoke strange feelings of relaxation within me. Why though? I suppose the smoothness of the words accompanied by the awesome guitar. I am reminded of the lyrics ""so do you think you can tell, Heaven and Hell, Blue skies from pain, can you tell a green field, from a cold steel rail? A smile from a veil? Do you think you can tell?. cold comfort for change. how I wish you were here, were just two lost soles swimming in a fish bowl, year after year, running over the same old ground, but have we found the same old fears, wish you were here. "" --Pink Floyd's song ""Wish You Were Here. "" I find myself relaxed yet down though. I am disturbed somewhat from the words; but, why am I feeling relaxed. I think it is from the awesome music and pitch of the singer's voice. Their exotic, at least to me, beginning seems to subliminally evoke depth of thinking even though the words may seem stupid. But, the part of the song I enjoy the most is the fishbowl analogy. I think it is ingenious and I am reminded of myself and my inability to find the right girl of my dreams. For some reason, the analogy portion evokes a sort of chivalric ambition within me. I desire a bit of love and romance from a special person that I want to meet. the perfect girl. Someone with the same aspirations as me. A person that when I look into her eyes I find myself lost. Yet, physically, the act of looking into her eyes would have no physical affect to me in the real world. silly. Anyway, I am aware that Pink Floyd took drugs and were possibly high while writing this song. I do not condone to taking drugs. In fact I dispise drugs. They ruin lives and for what. So you can loose your mind for a couple of minutes and kill yourself. The best way to counter drugs is not to try them at all. Abstinence from drugs and getting drunk is the best things in life, at least I think so. I don't need to get myself drunk at a party to have a good time. I just need to go regularly and I will have an awesome time. I am reminded of a party I went to a few weeks back. This is a disco party where you dance with girls. I went to the party and was dancing and having a good time. Unfortunately, the other guys needed to get drunk to dance. So, they all went outside to get drunk and came back in. They were the biggest loosers I have ever seen in my life. I suppose they don't have enough self esteem to go out and dance with the girls. Unfortunately, I feel that I miss out because I tend to do the right thing. That is why I am rarely invited to parties. In my whole highschool experience, I have only been to two parties. Pathetic huh! Anyway I look forward to college to meet some nice girls that will like me for being myself, the good guy. This paper will self destruct after you read it! just kiddin' ",n,n,y,y,y

1999\_874234.txt,"I'm really hungry. I'll have to go shopping after this. I don't know what to write. I really need to catch up on my reading today. I don't know why I always leave things to the last minute. I was going to try to keep up with things this year but I'm not doing a real goodd job. I have to do computer science tommorrow. that will be easy. I should have called darcie and megan this weekend and hung out with them. kyle should have come up too. I'm surprised I got mike to come hang out last night since he almost never leaves his apartment. I really want to go smoke but I probably shouldn't. I need to cut down. I wish I could think of a place to put these stickers. I had to kill a spider but I missed him. what weas up with all those spider questions in the pretesting. pretesting took a long time. and it seemed like a lot of pointless questions. I need to go sign up for experiments. there sure are a lot of beer cans lying around. I need to get everything cleaned up in here. I haven't finished unpacking yet. I have to go look for a job tommorrow. I wish I didn't have to work, but it will be good for me. I won't waste so much time hopefully. damn, I haven't been writing very long. I hate doing these things cause if I'm thinking about writing everything I think, then I don't think normally. I wrote think too much. there's so much shit I have to do. and I don't want to do it. I'll probably end up not doing any homework again today just cause I don't have to have it done yet. I can't wait to get out of school. I wonder if anyone will actually read this. if so, what's up. I'm getting tired of writing. I'm so hungry. I should start clipping coupons to take with me. I guess it'll make a big difference and I don't have a lot of money. I wonder what my sister's doing. I should start taking some more pictures. I haven't really done any of that for a while. I wonder what's on that roll of film in my camera. it's been in there so long I don't know what I took pictures of. okay about five more minutes. shit. I wonder where I should try to get a job. hopefully something fun but I don't know what. I feel like I should have more written down for twenty minutes. oh well at least I did something. I don't want to write anymore. ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_876264.txt,"Today, what am I feeling. actually my roommate and I were talking about how we werer homesick. not in a bad way. we just miss home. I wish I knew what it was about home that I miss. is it the people? no not really considering I didn't have any really good friends when I left home. it it my parents? yeah some of it is that. but there's just this emptiness and I can't figure it out. I also feel like I am in a hella bad mood. it could be pms but it think it is a little too early. I really really hate pms. I get totally irritable and I was noticing yesterday how I felt really annoyed with people. especially my roomate and another friend. I figured it was just cause I was tired and sick of people in general but now I think maybe it is something more. well the stress of school finally begins. I'm remembering how much I hate stress. this stress is alittle different because its mixed with a lot of anxiety. I am a very anxious person at times and I hate it. I get very freaked out when I don't know what is going to happen. I guess you could say I have a big fear of the unknown. when I was applying to high school I used to freak out a lot and have crying fits because I didn't know where I was going to school. then this spring I would have freak out attacks about where I would live. I hate not knowing what will happen in the future. I think its kinda funny that I am a christian yet I struggle with the unknown. part of being a christian is having faith in god to work out all the things he has for you. but I find it really hard to trust in god and just let the fear go. I guess I have my weak areas just like all christians. anyways anxiety, I am really anxious about school. I have no idea what to expect as far as tests and grades. I told myself that because I couldnt drink this semester I would try really hard to get good grades. but it is just so hard to make myself sit down and study. I am areally lazy person and I don't like to work very hard if I don't' have to. I'm starting to ahve doubts about my major. I reaaly love spanish but I'm not sure I'm good enough to pursue it as a major. I guess there are just a lot of people in my spanish class who seem to be so much better that I am at spanish and I get discouraged. anyways, I think my friend graham made a good point when he said that a lot of people didn't place out of spanish hours like I did and that college spanish teaches you a lot morethan high school spanish. I think he was right. but still, I'm just not real sure any more. ugh the people next door play their music so loud. it really is rude. I wonder if we play our music too loud nad jus tdon;t realize it. hmmmm. well time feels like its going by really slowly. perhaps my bad mood is jus t the devil trying to take away from the awesome things god did this weekend. well that's a thought. that retreat kicked some booty!!!!!! ",y,n,n,n,n

1999\_876535.txt,"ok so now I'm writing I'm doing this so I can just juno into the assignment its not very interesting so far and my tyoing is slower than my thinking and I had a completely different thought while I was typing that lst sentence ok now wehat I'm still typing I could talk about myself but it would sound kind of lame. my guitar is out of tune and its missing a locking nut and the pickup selector switch is missing its little decorative cover, I could buy new parts but its kind of depressing right now because I don't have any money and it makes me want to give up guitar even more we played a show last night and screwed up a little more than usual but this guy in the band before us that was pretty good but all the same kind of music pop punk was trying to intimidate me by staring at me it didnt work then but its working now the bass player said we were good but I thiought we were terrible there was no harmony the bass and guitar were out of tune anbd the drummer was playing to a different tune is what it seemed like. the vocals werent so good either. we had to cut ourset by nore than hald wich is especially bad for us sinc we have 14 songs and they are all very distinct, not all pop punk or punk ska but some rockabilly and some primus ounding metal stuff a little emo too. I forget what else oh yeah like old school punk with the snotty vocals well. anyways my dad got mad because I was supposed to help some guy move and I bailed halfway through to go play the show, playing live is like a drug, this time it wasnt so grreat, but weve playeed about 12 or 13 shows and some have been awesome, the crowd going insane because of us were aboutt o lose it any second just trying to hold on to our instruments long enbough to make the next note come out barely even able to keep our feet on the ground. anyways thats all over now because I have to get a job and go to college and theres no time for it ill find other ways to make myself feel good but that was a grweat one and I know my bandmates are depressed about it too. anyways my dad was mad because I did that and left even though I got the 40 bucks and so he's really mad and I don't even feel at home hre, at home asnd I don't feel completely at home in my dorm so I'm restless and it sucks. anyways so thats the whole of that messs and I'm just ttyping now because that whole thing was like one big brain sigh and now I'm breathing normal again. stop. nothing to say. maybe the brain works like that spasms of thought and then kind of a rest. I guess mr pennebaker would know, anyways I smell cinnamon buns and so I'm going to go downstairs for some brakfast and tension and so the food is going to tase bitter, I sort of awant to fgo back to my dorm but I don't really have any friends there yet. oh yeah I was going to go well that was about 20 min stop. ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_877024.txt,"OK, it's 8:10 and I hope I can get through this assignment without my computer crashing. I hate typing. chris is an asshole; this was a very bad day and I know it's probably bad to always be negative, but I don't fucking care because this is my stream and no one else's and I don't think anyone will read this anyway and if you do, you'll never know who I am because there are ten million people in that fucking class and no one knows who I am. by they way, would it be fucking possible to go to one of those classes and not be surrounded by sorority bitches? I mean, they are so annoying with their chatter about boys and hair and beer and parties, and they talk in class which is really annoying and they make my skin crawl. well I stopped for like 10 seconds, is that OK? are you going to come over here and kill me now? didn't think so. damn, I am displaying some fucked-up-ness am I not? I knew this was going to be a 301 intro class but I forgot that meant freshmen crawling around everywhere. I was never that stupid. I was never that annoying. well fuck, it's only 8:16; but anyway I have a ton of homework to do today and a friend is coming over for dessert later, so I need to get this done. i will add some happy thoughts just so you don't apply your analytical theories and conclude that I am mad and need to be injected with some medicines to make me happier and more docile. happy. happy. happy. nothing comes to mind. except that donny's trial is finally over and that makes me happy. my brother, donny, was accused be a couple of girls of molestation during a clarinet lesson and that was nine months ago and my family had to pay thousands of dollars to defend the lucky guy and now we have no money, but at least those mini-whores backed down, yeah thanks, after 9 damn months they were like (my hand hurts) nevermind, we don't want to testify (because we're lieing!!!!) how do you spelll lieing? liing, lying yeah lying, sorry that I don't know how to spell but who cares becasue no one is going to read this anyway. I am a very fast typist so I think that my writing will be longer than most chris just walked by sophie the kitty is playing with the lizards and chris is trying to look at the screen but I think he shouldn't his is my fiance and my fhands hurt carpal tunnel carpal tunnel I have a huge secret: I have a giant crush on an old english teacher of mine; she is a woman; and I an engaged to marry a man. hahahahah. that's funny. I think that htat is very very funnyll meow. I made a cat toy for sophie; a film canaster full of pennies; she loves it; it is loud and my toes are cold; I had hot dogs for dinner; I can't tyep as fast a s my thought are coming; becasue I am thing like a milltion things at a time like tath I sjust spent 900 dollars on a princeton review and I hope that I t gives me a better GRE score than ANYONE in the ENTIRE WORLD!! hahahahahha I don't care what you say; I am taking a break. ok now I am mutch better. muthc I said mutch; hahah I am better my hands don't' just I meant hurt anymore but my toes are still cold. anyway this english teacher is really cool and I've had her for like two semesters and she said I was ""too naughty"" in class. what is chris blowing on? he was blowing on ""a tabby thing on his book and he wanted the ink to dry. last night he farted and it smelled really bad. ihahahah the things going through my mind. I hiop chris says he wants to read this and that iwll probayy color my thoughts for the duration; could you do something aobut those fukcing standardized tests? I means really? I got a 1260 on my SAT and I hapve a 3. 97 GPA; os that was not a very good predictor of my progress at 8:30 see you. ",n,y,n,y,y

1999\_877268.txt,"I've been thinking a lot about this next weekend. Tryint to plan everything out so I get to see everyone. I miss home. The people, the places. My church, my room, and all the little things too. Just the familiar surroundings that make home what it is. So peaceful. So safe. One things I've found at college is that there's a void in my life that can't be filled. It won't ever be tha same. The relationships with people back home, that's the biggest void of them all. Susan, Amy, Jennifer, John, Mikey, Jeni, Ms. Betty, my parents. You can't replace that. It's always there, just sitting, empty. Sure, I can meet new people, do new things, but you can never replace a person, a relationship. They're all differnt and unique. My left arm is tired. Well, I just thought that so I figured I'd write it. And I just thought about writing about my arm. Wow! And I JUST thought about thinking about writing about my arm. It never ends. weird. I've always been interested in how the human minds works. It's funny when you think about it. Here we are, using our minds, trying to figure out how our own minds work! Isn't that weird? When you think about it, where do you get yourself? How can you come to a conclusion when the conclusion you're trying to come to, is actually the tool you're trying to come to that conclusion with? It's impossible. An endless cirlce of thought and ideas. The human mind is a mystery, and always will be. That kind of impresses me that I came with that. Gee, I'm smart. Just kidding. Well. ten more minutes. Ok, I ;ve gone from missing home to pondering about the human mind. My shoulder hurts. Wow, I complain a lot. I'm feeling my elbow right now. It's swollen or something. I'm not sure why. I've been working out a lot so that might have something to do with it. Who knows? It doesn't hurt, but I don't know if I should avoid straining it or what. I'm supposed to work out today. We'll see. I've been thinking about someone back home a lot. Her name is Cam and we met about a month before I left for college. There was this kind of initial attraction I guess you'd say. Kind of weird. I haven't had anything like that in a couple of years. I think it was her bright personality. She has thing kind of glow about her. She's always laughing. I like that in people, because I need to laugh more sometime. So we kind of talked about our relationship some, and I told her I didn't think it was best if we committed to anything, I mean, since I was leaving for college. She's a junior in high school. But we've kept in touch a lot. I think she wants a committment, but I don't think that's smart. But you know, there are sometimes when what is smart isn't what is right. Sometimes we have to do the irrational and just dive in without holding back. It's like faith. God doesn't always make sense to me. I hear all the time people trying to disprove God, or Christ, or the Bible, or christianity. like I'm taking this class, the Rise of Christianity, and he always tries to show flaws in the Bible or myths about the early churches, or whatever. But the fact is this: I know what Jesus has done in my life, and nothing can change that. EVER! What He did WAS illogical, it WAS beyond understanding, it WAS a miracle! And NOTHING can disprove that, not science, not anything. How do people react to that then? Well, people's final defense is usually, ""Well, then you must be crazy. "" And if that's all they have, then I'll take that any day. Times up. Hey, I liked this assignment. I think I will enjoy this class. ",y,n,y,n,y

1999\_877795.txt,"I am so glad to be home this weekend but at the same time I really feel like crying right now. I don't know what is wrong with me . I don't want to go back to school I really hate it there. I really just wish that I could make some friends it seems like everyone already has made new friends and they don't want any more. I just can't be the type of person to go uot and meet new people. but I may not even be here next semester so what is the point of making friends if I will be at a different school in a month. atleast I have Adam there with me at school I am only happy when I am with him but I can't be with him all the time I have got to live my own life. he says that if I hate the dorm so much that I should move in with him but I am really scared to , I think because I am afraid he will get tired of me. iam also worried that if I change schools next semester that he will give upo on us and want to be with someone that he has there with him all the time. he says that he doesn't want me to leave and I believe him buthim saying that is really unfair to what I want. I am just not happy there at school and he shouldn't want me to stay there just because it makes him happy. atleast things are better now than they were when I first moved to austin . I know that I cried a lot and it was probably annoying but carrye didnt have to yell at me about it she is my friend and my roommate and she should understnad that the transistion to college is not that easy for everyone. I am scared to talk to her about anything because I am afraid she is going tro jump down my throat again. I wish I was good at talking back to people and that I wouldnt let everyone walk all over me . but I can't help it I don't know what to say to people when they trake advantage of me. I don't want to make them mad at me but what can I say . the few times that I did talk back they embarrass me by making it seem like my fault, and like I am freaking out. why are people so mean. I am so ready to just be married and have a job and live my life and not have to follow everyone's rules no one seems to understnd me but hey thats ok I don't even understand myself. I just want to be happy and I am not happy right now and now that I am home I want to go back to school because I feel to growm up and mature for my friends that are here. I will figure it all out one day ",y,y,y,y,y

1999\_877851.txt,"My first reaction to this assignment was to just write that I felt nothing and perhaps continue writing that for 20 minutes; however, I am interested in where this is going. Right now my boyfriend is poking me as he displays how I can touch-type and he cannot. The other day, we went to go and buy fish. We drove around Austin I don't know how many times just looking for pet stores. We drove to Highlands Mall, Lakeline Mall, Petsmart, and Petco. I finally, after searching and carefully chosing, found fish that were supposed. It really upset me that out of the 4 fish that I bought, none of them adapted well in the fish tank environment I previously had. The sole fish that I possessed in that tank ate all of the food I would drop into the tank continuously. It really began to bother me when I saw him nipping at the other fish's tails. So, I took matters into my own hands and separated him from my new, smaller fish. I understand that these unpleasant changes were my own fault. I knew that I was supposed to introduce the new fish into that environment slower and in a certain, specific procedure. Well, I finally figured out that things wouldn't work out between my old fish and the new fish, so I eliminated the problem by flushing the big fish. I am really suprised that I did this because I am such a humanitarian. For example, whenever my other fish would die, I would get other people to remove them from the tank because I couldn't deal with the dead fish. I always felt as though they were looking at me. There is one instance where I did flush other live fish, but once again, it was for the good of the aquarium. I don't know, I think I have always had such a problem with death. It scares me, but it doesn't. For example, I used to work at a hospital in San Antonio, when I was a junior in high school. This is where I had my first real encounter with death. I never had to experience death in my family, in friends, or aquaintences. However, since then I have had to deal with it several times. I guess I take that back, I have had to deal with death one time before, but it was in eighth grade. I can't remember all the minute details of it, but it really brought me and one of my friends together. Anyhow, this hospital death experience really opened my eyes to the whole death scenario. And I know this sounds corney, but every single time I have had to deal with death since then, I have seen a little yellow butterfly. This spiritual experience has consistently happened to me on about 5 or 6 occasions. Well, my 20 minutes is up. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_879977.txt,"I'm dizzy. This sucks and I feel worthless. How can she do that? I probably look stupid standing here at this window. Damnit! I can't get this song outta my head wish I could play it better fucking idiots. why can't I find someone like me there goes a goober. I wish these people would stop bothering me. Fuck. L. passing by without a glance open the door, damnnit look over here again. prim and proper. outta control. close your fucking mouth. what the hell was that. empty tables, is it open? there's nothing there. come over here and talk to me. not you. yeah you take take those over there. come back. Michaelangelo, where are you? lay down here and look up at the sky. down here dark and dingy, but only to me. that sucks. why is that there? all these robots. God. nothing at all. give it up. was that good? watch where you're going. Oh my god, I feel faint. don't want to be here. That guy must be sick of it too. Probably not. Look up. Down . What the fuck. Oh crap. I don't care anymore. Why do I do that. white shoes. black pen. what are they using that cart for? knee brace. wrinkled . old . grey. pompous and big breasted. fucking lier. I hate people, especially the dumbasses. all. quit looking at my. stay away. I'm hungry. No I'm not. Shit. games. I like to play, but not observe. woh. Tralala ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_886360.txt,"Well hello, it is not that late but it feels that way, I wonder what is awaiting me in the jester mail room. a package, a big one at that from my mother. ""some thing for you to hold on to"" she says. what might that be? a teddy bear. I hope it is something interesting. now I am so excited I can not slleep. well this and also the fact that I slept for 3 hours this after noon and missed psychology. thank goodness I checked my e-mail, which is a rarety. I'm becoming stressed with calculus, devil class, I will fail and if I do I will take an easy summer course at home and pass with no stress, should be doing homework, this is homework!!!! this homework is fun I could get used to this, but it would be better is someone was listening. listening listening, should I be listening to my inner voice saying to drop out of school because it is too hard for the likes of me??? I will just have to work harder than the average bear bear, how funny , teddy bear, I wander what my package is. is brian going to come to see me this weekend with my family, do I want him to he will say no, I bet. that is just him I wander if my typing is keeping tina awake. I doubt it , there is sunshine every where on campus no rain no rain anywhere on campus why it is dry here, calculus chemistry calculus chemistry hate calculus love chemistry hate calculus hate calculus I wish that I didnt have to take this stupid useless math clas I don't need it at all I am in love with someone who is in love with me he is going away to the navy and I want to stay with him but he is affraid of being dumped by me, by me byme, but I care somuch for him why would I evere dump him, I wouldn't iwouldn't never!!!!!! I am as sure as I could be at this point in life life that is forced forcing me to go to school to be affraid to lose what I reallywant, what anyone really wants is obsolete who cares waht you want!!!!!!! its what you have to do no matter what the cost, your sanity, who cares one more mentally instable person join the club the prozac club, the zoloft club, the effexor club, did I mention that pre-pharmacyis my major the major that occupies this forced atmosphere, not physically but mentally my own mental judge pushing pushing pushing my self no one else has made this impossi\ble only myself my mind, foam club tomarrow in bikini to get in free, is this fun I'm excited I hope my so-called friend decides to take a few more people so-called not = to negative meaning only question of the true meaning of friend I want to be perfect in every single way humanly and inhumanly possible!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! put me in an experiment!!!!!!!!!!!!! ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_887899.txt,"I just went to the union to eat chick-fil-a. i had a coupon for a free meal but they didn't honor it and I felt like I had waste my effort as well as my frined of walkin to the union and wasted our money paying for such an overpriced meal. now, I'm sleepy- I always get sleepy after I eat- especially greasy food. I don't think I have a weight problem, but I htink I should make more frequent trips to gregory to tone myself up. I don't' put much on personal appearance but it's not something to not take care of. i wish I could go take a nap now but I want to finish this assignment and I don't 'want to lie down right after I eat because I heard that it makes u retain all the fat in ur meal if u go to sleep right after u eat because ur body thinks ur sleepign and stores all the fat. i'm not sure how that works but wutever. i'm on aol right now. waiting for a friend from back home in houston to sign on. so I decided to check out the psychology web site while I waited. he's prolly in class at Rice University right now. he's an engineer major and also my best friend. i have two best friends - kristina and stephen. me and stephen have only been best friends for a short period of time where kristina has been my best friend since the sixth grade. she's also in houston. I hate austin it sucks. i wish I was home - me and stephen are confused as to wut defines our relationship- we have strong feelings for each other. romantic one. but we don't seem to think a long distance relationship is ideal. plus we're not committing peoople. i'm awfully tired of this assignment and only 7 minutes have passed by. my neck hurts. i'm usually a tying sorta person. and I guess this is good practice for me- I use the back space key a lot - I wish I could type as well as my roomate jenny lau. she's an excellent typist. i'm just a scrub typer- I have bad coordination- I cna't dance- can't sing - can't 'type- can't play video games. sigh. i'm a good studier though. i don't' mind takin time to do things throughly-- I'm slow at pretty much everything I do but I do them sorta well. i wish stephen would hurry up and get on. he doestn' have his computer because it's at home but I'm sure there are plenty of resources at Rice university. i wish I went to rice. he told me about wut they did up there and it sounds so fun I wish I could get in and I wish I could afford it!then I would sooooo want to go! I think if I do ok this year I could prolly get in. but I don't know abou the other part - I'm gong to ut on scholarship money and I thinki t's going to run out before the 4 years are over. i wish money wasnt' such a big issue in my life. i'm unemployed right now and I have no cash flow but out. it sucks. i think next semester I'll start a work study thing. i wish my parents were architects adn hemotoligists liek stephen's parent's - they're on their way to becoming millionaires. i wish this was in store for my parents. they make lousy money and htey have 4 kids and 3 of whom are in college. my brother is at the university of houston right now and so is my sister. and my best friend. ltos of ppl from school go there. my home town houston. i like it there better than here. i'm sleepy. 13 minutes have gone by . man. where are u stephen? I slept with his tshirt on my bear last nite. i think about him often. i don't think I want to start a romantic relationship with him because I don't think it's worth the risk. i'm an idealist and a romantic and I doubt my best friend could fulfill my romantic desires as a boyfriend. he's a passive person who lets other people control. however he's always in control in his mind. he's so smart and so quiet. he keeps all his thoughts to himself unless u pry at him. he'll open up to me more than his life long best friend brian. i think it's because I'm a gurl and I'm always nosy. so I don't know. i doubt we're right for each other but u never knwo these things we could end up married. highly unlikely but possible. stephen said that he'll save up his money and take me to hawaii- I know that sounds so stupid and so unlikely but I believe it he does get a job soon. a high paying one- like at a computer place like this summer. he can do it - and if he does save up enough money- he really will take me. we've discussed it and he said he'd really try and I believe him. i guess it sounds like I'm trying to convience myself. maybe I am. but I really want to go and I belive that he could make this happen for the both of us. he believes in having fun and living life so spring break we're there! I hope! hehehe. ok. 2 more minutes and I cna quit. after this I guess I'll write my lil estebie an email - this would be his second day of class at rice. he loves it there. he' an owl all the way. well ok times basically up bye bye bye bye!!!! ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_888427.txt,"I feel somewhat confident but also unsure about myself entering college. I am excited about what might become of this expeience and oppotunity but am also somewhat unsure about some of the greater unknowns out there on a university cmapus. I am sitting in a some what comfortable chair and that is quite relaxing although I shoulnd't be so concerned with feelings although they are important but they can get you into trouble and can misled you sometimes. This psychology course should be an interestingone and I am looking forward to learning about personality especially . I have a somewhat usual but unusual personality, I feel proud about that which I probably shouldn't because anything that I have is a gift endowed by the Creator. Pride is something that creeps into me and this disappoints me when I see it evident in my life everything that I have is from God ultimately and so I shouldn't have any reason to be proud of something That God has given to me while I have done some of the work in the eternal scopeof thing s I will alos be held accountable for any gifts that I have received. this assignment is somewhat interesting although it is not sometying that I have done very often I don't like to do things new naturally but there is something of a Holy Spirit power that has recently enabled me to do things that I normally wouldn't have had the strength to do pon my own strength. I think that the truth of Jesus Christ is the most amazing thing that I have ever encountered I also feel the same way about it . There is a lonely feeling that tends to pervade me right now but this is soon wiped away by the invocation of the All- Holy Name ofJesus. Personality is utterly intriguing I think because it can teeel us so much about people and understand why we have tendencies to do the things that wed do. I don't really like pearl jam but I do like classicla music and I love this group called third Dayu. College is such an interesting concept that it comes at a time that we are learning to think about things for ourselves and discerning truth from lie. This is a much greater method on the whole than havingh someone else think for you lest it be God seeing to it how He is the only One that knows all andcan never err. Truth seeking must be doen in a very humble frame of mind though fo rif we expect more than we humans are capable of or wait to long to make a decision, seeing how life is so sort and essential we could die at any time as f ar as we know. The clock says that I am completed with 19 minutes of the proposed 20 and I don't know if that is good or bad because I rather enjoyed this assignment seeing to the fact that I got to talk about some of the thing s tha t enter my mind sometimes peroidically and sometimes frequently. it is interesting to observe radom thoughts and frequency of thought and how many mistakes I amke on the keyboard wh ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_890093.txt,"I am bored, I don't know what to write. I think that I am going to enjoy college. I miss my friends and family from back home, but I am starting to mak new friends here. I will probably go home to visit this weekend for the labor-day holiday. If I do go, I want to make sure that I will have plety of time to rest up, because last time that I went I didn't really get mush time to sleep, so I was pretty tired on my way back. I have been tired all week long now. I went to bed after midnight last night and then I had to get up this morning at five so that I could go do the PT test for the airforc ROTC. We didn't even do anything except count how many reps the upperclassman did. I wish that we could have worked out too. I really hate it while I am doing it, but afterwards I feel pretty good. Tuesday, when I got done with my PT test, I started throwing up on the field. I was pretty tired from the push-ups and the sit-ups already and didn't quite catch my breath yet when I had to start the two mile run. My time for the run went up a minute. I will try to get that back down. I want to be able to max out the push ups and the sit ups by the end of the semester. I want to get as fast at the run as well, becase if you max the run, it is worth twice as much as maxing the pushups or situps. But I care more about those than the run. I need to make up an excercise schedule for the ROTC. I don't really know when I want to do everything. I will probably just do pushups and situps in the mornings before class. Since I have to wake up at five on Tuesdays and Thursdays, I usually wake up pretty early the other days as well. I will just do those excercises and then do my homework. in the evenings, I will go downstairs to the little gym that is here in my dorms to work out. That should be plenty of excercise. I will probably not be able to do it all of the time though. I wanted to start doing the pushups and situps in the mornings this week, but I barely have enough sleep to wake up and go to class much less to work out. I think that I will like it in the Air Force. It doesn't look like I had thought that it would be. They were saying that they weren't allowed to yell at people in their faces like they always have on TV. It looks a little more respectable that the Army. I hope that I will like it. On Tuesday, two cadets each recieved a 2000 dollar scholorship. I want to find out what they had to do to get them. Someone said that to get it you have to have a 4. 0 GPA. I'll bet that there is more to it than that. But I want to try to get a 4. 0 anyways. If I have to get a loan, it will look better. It will also make me more elligible for scholorships. I am going to need the money. NExt year, I think that I will get and apartment or an efficiency to live in. I think that I would like that more than living in a dorm. It is too noisy here. My roomates are nice, but they like to stay up late, and I always have to get up early, so it irritates me a little bit. I know that they aren't trying to be loud, but when I am dead tired, and they have a bunch of friends over, I just want to scream. But next year I will have my own place by myself. That will be nice. The only problem will be that I will have to cook for myself. I don't really know how to make anything except for scrambled eggs, macaroni and cheese, and breakfast cereal. That probably won't be very nourishing. I will probably need to get a roomate that likes to cook or something. Maybe Melinda and I could move in together and she could cook the food and do the dishes while I go to school. She could also babysit in the apartment to make some extra money. But I don't think that there will be enough money for us to do that. I would really like to help her out, but I don't have enough money, and in the past, every time that I helped her, it just ended up costing my a lot of money, and then after a week or two, she would be back in the same situation, needing my help again. It was very irritating, also. Still, she is a very good friend that I know will always care for me. She is very nice. I just don't think that she is very good handling money. But not everyone is good at that. She is very good with kids, and I'm not very good with them at all myself. I never know what to say to them. I start off talking about cartoons and stuff like that, but after a few minutes, I run out of stuff to say. My cousin Dillian liked me pretty much though. My mother was telling me about how he was so excited that I always made breakfast for him in the mornings when he was over. But I was pretty bored when I was watching him. I couldn't always understand what it was that he was saying, and for the last day,all that he wanted to do was make ice cream out of play-dough and for me to pretend to eat it. It wasn't too bad the first time, but he did it for about a half hour. ",n,n,y,y,y

1999\_890187.txt,"I have never had to write like this for a class before, but I believe that I have done something similar to this on paper -- like in a journal or something. I'm not sure what I am going to write about for twenty minutes, but I guess it will not be that hard. there's a really cool song on channel 15 right now -- I heard it while I was doing my hoomework last night. it's like a live version of a song by Portishead. I think I'll go out and get the CD. when I have the money -- haha. this is a really cool group. I think I can get into their music. I'm a real music lover. I think there's always a song of some sort playing in my head. I can't wait to hear a lot of the live music downtown. hopefully we (my roomates and I) will go soon. music and art are really my thing, even though right now my major is biology. I'll probably end up giving in and doing what I want to do. I just don't know how I'll make it (financially). but enough about that. lets see. gosh, Lake Travis is SO gorgeous. I really want to go back out there this weekend. it's so relaxing. I love being up here in austin. see, I'm from corpus christi - which is also a very pretty city - but it's just so FLAT down there. the land and everything. all we have is mesquite trees and cactus. the beach is great, but I grew up in a more rural part of south texas about 45 minutes or so from the beach. I can't imagine moving back to south texas though, not now that I've seen hills and trees. and no humidity! my hair does great here. my parents should retire around here. might be good for thier alergies. I don't think I will live in austin forever, but as far as texas goes, I think it's the only place I might live. I want to travel though. see all the places I've never seen. maybe I'll study abroad. who knows. gosh, my parents would die. see, I'm the only child. I've already had to come home like 3 times since I moved here in august. I miss them too though. a lot. I guess maybe I'm not supposed to go off on a tangent like that. i'm just suppossed to write about what thoughts come to mind. but I guess those were what came to mind. hmmm. i'm tired. yes, I hope I'm able to get more sleep tonight than I did last night. maybe I'll get motivated and get all my work done before. oh. 2 o'clock? probably not. but I'll get to sleep in friday and this weekend. I had better get motivated today. yeah, I guess after this I will begin studying and then go out for a jog. I always feel better after I excercise. and excercise is something I really need right now. there's just not enough hours in the day, you know? I'm taking 16 hours and 3 of the five courses involve a lot of reading. the other two involve a lot of ananlytical thinking -- something I don't enjoy a whole lot. well, not at all, actually. ok, times up. twenty minutes. wow -- that went by more quickly than I thought it would. and check out my HUGE run-on paragraph! I hate those. oh well. ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_890258.txt,"I am so completely upset with my mother. We used to be so close and now she has turned evil on me! She's mad about my cell phone bill, well then why did she buy it for me? I called her the majority of the time anyway. It's not like I was calling Danny or Christie! I think I- aggh, she seriously thinks I have nothing better to do up here then listen to her bitch about money. I'm trying to earn a college education so I don't have to worry about money. Not that a degree will magically erase all of life's problems, but it will always let me have something to fall back on. I wish I didn't have so much to do. I have a t least 2 chapters to read for each class, and I overslept this morning, so I missed Geography! Oops, I'm seriously not too interested in how the prehistoric man evolved into what we are today, but it seems rather important that I memorize it all now for the sake of the essay test yet to come. What's that all about anyway, essaytests? Why not just give mc tests like the rest of the world? How boring would that be to read 300 essays over geography? Feel kinda bad for that man. I think that college should come with a scheduled in nap time. Everyone gets tired, it should just be one extra hour where you take your mat and blanket just like in kindergarden and go to your assigned building and sleep! If you show up you get a C if you doze off and on you get a B and if you knonk out you get an A! Sounds good doesn't it! It could count as an elective, and those with the hardest classes and the furthest to walk would get to register first! I'm so smart I scare myself!! Just kidding, well. I still need to find brown shoes. Brown dress shoes, I have this brown dress to wear to this 75th anniversary party, and I don't have shoes! I feel kinda like the girl in clueless. ohmygod, no shoes whatever will I do? Seriously, after I enactmy nap time plan, I am going to create a brown dress shoe company. I will make a fortune, because I will be the only person in the world that makes brown shoes! One day. I have a monster headache, I think it's my contacts, I should probably change them, has it been two weeks? I don't think so! I'm a responsible person, I just forget to do things sometimes! I had to got to the postoffice today. That was neat. I had no idea what I was doing and I felt like a dumb teenage girl who had never been in any sort of public ""Official"" place. I'll try to stay away from there. Well it's been 20 min! Goodbye! ",y,y,y,y,n

1999\_890629.txt,"I have an aching headache and coughing every five minutes. I can diagnose that I have a cold because of my symptoms. The symptoms plagued me for more than 3 days and will not go away. This is very upsetting because I am planning to go tubing with some friends on sunday. If this sickness is ongoing, I may not go tubing. I'm taking a lot of medicines to relieve myself from this sickness, but nothing is working. My frustration is aiding the sickness to persist. There's one class I'm having problems in. The class is microeconomics; I failed both quizes and so behind in my reading. I'll spend a lot more time studying for that class than any others. I always have something to do but my sickness is preventing me to fulfil it to my best potential. I met a lot of people and made new friends in college; it made me have a sense of belonging that of which I lacked in high school. After me sickness is gone away, I know that I will have a great time and have a sense of directrion in life. My floor is so friendly and nice. We go out together and a maater of fact we went to Olive Garden last Sunday. I joined many societys like the Pre-MEd adn Pre-Dent societies to better my future and put me ahead of others. ",y,y,n,n,n

1999\_892421.txt,"Throughout my life I have experienced many important events in which have shaped the way of my future. for example, when first arriving at UT I was awe-inspired by the size of the campus, and the enormous amounts of students which attended. I was shocked by the different races which represented each other. I could tell that everyone was already forming their own little ""clicks"", whether it was based on their interests in music, race, sex, sexual orientation, everyone was already making new friends, and social gathering were taking place. While everyone was socializing I was busy worrying about the classes that I was taking, the assignments that were supposed to be done in classes that I had. I was lonely, I was scared, and being from a large city, I was trying to adapt to an even larger one. although UT is a beautiful campus it offers more than just a decent education it offers a variety of things, for example, the opposite sex,new friends, and just having a good time, while at the same time, studying. I knew coming to UT that I would have a good education, but I needed a way to find myself, who I was, and what I wanted to study, I came to UT wanting to be a doctor, but I figured that it may not be something I wanted to do. perhaps becoming a professor would strike my fancy, at some time in my college education, but whatever it is that I may become I want it to be something that I am going to be happy doing. I realized that high school is much different that college. college is much more demanding, and time consuming. but in the end it will even out someday. When I was a child I had dreams of being a great military leader. a policeman. a astronaut. or a physicist. as of now I don't know what I want to become I'm still trying to find something that will interest me greatly. as a child I always wanted to do something that related to the field of science thats why I wanted to become a doctor. but now that I'm in psychology I've realized that it is much more than the study of the mind. but how it works and functions. in science I have always wanted to contribute something that will interest others. for example in psychology, it would be interesting to someday find a cure to depression. or just find a way to make everyone happy, in the event that I would someday accomplish something like this, I would make sure that everyone would reap the rewards of a healthy lifestyle. knowing that I have contributed something to the art of science would be enough for my to tell my grandchildren one day. now that I am more relaxed here at UT it is easier for me to meet new people and get around campus faster. finding the shortcuts. and finding which classes are the best. all the time when I first discovered what comes along with a great education. i have also figured out that I can become whatever I want to be. just as long as I put my mind to it. and test out my skills as a academian. coming to UT I knew would offer a lot of new and important things to me. i knew that with hard work and determination. i could accomplish whatever I wanted to. conquering my thoughts has been something that has always been a goal of mine. overpowering myself, knowing that I can't always tell myself what to do all the time. and just let my unconscious mind take over. often times when I become depressed I find that it is easier to listen to soothing music. talking with a friend. or playing chess with a friend. or playing cards with them. at times I just want to take a walk or listen to the outside or hear the rain as it pours down so easily. when I do find myself depressed I always try and do something productive so that it will get off my mind. and think about other things. such as playing basketball. playing baseball. or like I said playing a good game of chess with my friends. i havent quite yet found my niche at UT but it will come someday. and I too will find my interests in academics. and find something that I truly love doing. whether it be my major now. such as biology or even psychology. as a kid I remember pouring through my fathers materials. because he to was a psych major and he understood how the mind worked and how we get along with our environments. and how we socially interact on a daily basis with nature. all along I thought I always knew what I wanted to do when I got older but I guess its an answer I will learn in time. ??? ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_892501.txt,"I am very stressed out right now for several different reasons. For starters, I was half way done typing this paper when my computer messed up and everything was erased. Also, I have fake nails which makes it very difficult to type. At this moment, I am trying to write this psychology paper yet all I can think about is everything else I have to do. I wish I had a pen and lots of post it notes with me at all times because I am always thinking of things that need to be done, yet I can never seem to remember them. I am constantly bombarded with thoughts of what books I need to go buy, what sections I need to read for what class, and how I am going to pass this semester living in Castilian. It is wild and very loud which makes it very difficult to study. Also, my ex-boyfriend Derek is in the hospital. He has Multiple Sclerosis and it happens to be very bad right now. I feel so guilty because I have not had the chance to visit him since he has been admitted into the hospital. I think that my mom and I are going to send him some flowers, though. We broke up almost two months ago and he has had a difficult time excepting that fact. It makes me sad to know that he is in the hospital doing absoultely nothing while I am away at college having the time of my life. I don't want him to think I don't care about him anymore or that I have forgotten about him, but this is my own way of really moving on. Last night we had our first date dash for my sorority. I invited this guy named Jordan who lives at Castilian. He is really good looking and we had a lot of fun together last night. Usually I am intimidated by good looking guys, but for some reason I find him very easy to talk to. We also had fun dancing together which is a definate plus because I often feel self-conscious when dancing with good-looking guys. I am a little upset becuse he left me after we got back to Castilian. He told me that he was going to go talk to his friends for a few minutes and that he would be right up. Too bad he came up an hour later when we had already left. I am not even that mad though because I know he feels very bad about it. I am hoping that he invites me to Delt pledge line. I am also very excited because this guy I met and dated at camp this summer wrote me an e-mail! It may sound pathetic but I was really glad to get it. He is a lot older than I am so I was expecting him to forget about me after camp. We are planning on getting married in four years as long as ""college doesn't change me. "" He is a TA at OU and is one of the most interesting guys I have ever met. We share a lot of the same beliefs and have such a good time together. When I graduate from college we are going to move to a beach in Mexico together. We just sarcastically talk about that, but I wouldn't mind it being a reality!! The other night I put some closure on an event that I had needed to for years. It felt really good to do that. And now I am going to put closure on this paper because all I can think about is what I need to do and how I need to be back up at school soon so I can start getting ready for the game. ",y,n,n,n,n

1999\_892569.txt,"As I sit here and complete this assignment, I am reminded of all the other homework assignments I have been bombarded with this Labor Day weekend. Much of it is reading, and I know how important it is to keep up with it. I have learned many lessons from procrastinating. I keep thinking how this weekend is flying by too quickly. I am currently enjoying my short stay here back at home. I feel as if that in the blink of an eye, I will be back at college. When I returned home on Friday, I went to my brother's high school football game. Just being in that atmosphere brought back all the feelings of high school. Some were good and some bad, but I will always treasure the memories of going to those games and having the time of my life with my friends. My birthday is next Monday on the thirteenth, and it will definitely not be the same without all of my close high school friends. I cannot believe my birthday this year has to be on the worst day of the week. I will probably celebrate it with my family next weekend. My feet are freezing right now. I need to put some warm slippers on. Since I am writing this assignment on paper first, my hand is beginning to cramp up. However, I am beginning to think of how much I am truly enjoying this assignment. I like the way I can just freely express myself without any impediments to cease me. I feel a bit hungry because I have not eaten breakfast yet, and it is nearly lunch time. I have a familiar craving for fruit. My mom has read my mind and has just brought a bowl of grapes over to me. The taste of cold, plump, luscious grapes satisfies my momentary craving. I need to go running today because I did not eat very healthy yesterday, and I feel fat. I wonder if it has been twenty minutes yet. I think so. I better stop before I babble on forever and ever about the most randomest things. ",y,y,y,n,n

1999\_893124.txt,2:50 I have to finish by 3:10. okay sounds good. these keys are so loud. dell computers. my dad always says compuuttaaahhs. angie my dog. god. oh my gosh. shhhh. quiet is a good thing. practice violin. symphony orchestra fun fun fun. dave is funny. hannah is hilarious. his hair. oh my laughter. smile. happy face. instructions. are a good things. hula party tonight. grass skirt green. suli and daniel spaghetti I can't believe I don't know what to call him. michelle grading papers. paperwhite. printer not working. ay de mi. spanish. professor gascon. my speech. faces nervous. nerviosa. pausee. blank. blank to fill in the lyrics for the song. ricky martin. those white shirts are just so typical. dancing feet twisting. stage mtv music awards. quite a show. elaborate stage decor. decorations. I wonder what decorations my parents will use for the church party. all saints on sunday. patrones. pantalones. jessica in new york. I wonder if she saw a lot of chaos at the music awards. awards. I have won awards. superficial. submit below. basketball hoop. swish. I hope aaron and I can play basketball when he comes over for thansgiving. arrow down. cursor moving as I type. gosh I type a lot of mistakes. mistakes. cursor moving right after the words that I type. okay enough of that. lisa. forms for the paper. 12. ally voice. soothing. courier. doman. newer ones. I eavesdrop a lot. bad thing. just can't help myself. airport was trying to listen to someone's conversation for a paper I had to write. mr. diaz. wrote that play. didn't think it was that great. I had to do this same thing for ms. murphy once. said I was a good writer. writer. liberal arts newsletter. I need to work on that. I am such a procrastinator the queen of procrastinaation. mr johnson. those typing games we had to play. ohh and alan hampton. the crush and conversations and e-mails. my goodness. wonder if he's still going out with erika. erika sondenrogger. so skinny. only ate candybars. that pretesting survey. so much about food and body image. imagen del santo patron. goodness only 2:58. have a lot of time to do this for. I just don't know if I can keep on doing this. keep on keeping on. I wonder if like while I'm typing a thought and another pops into my head as I am completing the last thought. do I type what I was just thinking or go on the present thought. oh wordss. ll. mistake. period. i like periods. jessica simple. those cards that she has on her wall. my wall tried to copy. richard. richard. play. orchestra concert. think he was bored. should I correct typing errors. it's a natural thing for me to do. ohh. just did it. so I'll do it. do it. do it right. it. oops acciedentally pressed the enter button. on ash's computer. claire. haven't written about her yet. new orleans. la you could look up all these people and get to know me pretty well. plan ii. click once. my eyes sometimes swerve onto the stuff on this page. swerve? sounds like I'm driving something. funny. am I funny. ellen was having insecurity probs on her show about being funny. I just keep on typing and typing. I am thinking about the other people in the rooom and if they think I'm weird for just typing continuously like this. 20 minutes is a long. oh another thought. joanna. she's a thinker. misspeeling. blank. is it okay if my mind just like hgoes blank. stream what does this tell us? mmm is really significant or just blubberish. capital at night. george bussh' s governor mansions. mancion. you know I think about spanish translations a lot. I love to speak spanish. espanol. wooohoo. I write that a lot. am I really tracking my thoughts or is it just my contrived mind. I always worry about my sentences. felt good thought that he complitmented me. okay. okay 3:04. gosh it takes a long time to type numbers . didn't really learn how to efficiently type numbers in computer class. mr johnson. wonder how he's doin in good ole provincetown. gay. computers. ms. smith. sante fe chamber music festival. I see that doggone poster every time I come here. to the computer lab. girl gabe. ohh gabe. bb. kenneth. I don't like that name very much 3:06. yeah^ what is that symbol. gabe. prom. black dress. black dress. sequins. dancing. oh lights that room. thinking about the layout of the double tree room. what a party. fiesta. fiestas del san isidro. oh those faces that were looking at me. scary. lik ethe mtv movie awards. gosh I'm getting tired of this. tapping on the keys. keyboard. my focus is hurting. toe. wart is almost gone. woohooo. dell I see the symbol as I'm typing. login. my ifry account number is so just hard to remember. I mean how do you remember your phone number. I just do. matt damon in good will hunting. genuis. movies. I love movies. clike once. susan. steward. matt silverman. why hasn't he called me. gosh I keep on mentioning guy's names. one would think that I am boy crazy. time almost up. I am watching the clock pm . symbols to click on. fingers. come ontime just turn to 10. it takes so gosh darn. ,y,y,n,n,y

1999\_894712.txt,"I should have done this assingment sooner. It is a different type of assignment from ones I usually get. It is hard to write out what I am thinking about. I can't seem to put my thoughts into words, or maybe I can but I just don't want to tell anyone about somethings that I think about, especially someone I don't really know. I think that is the reason I put off this assignment for so long. I didn't know if I wanted to just pour out all of my thoughts into this assignment. I don't know if I thought I would be ambarrassed with my thoughts or if I just wanted to keep them secret. Not that any of them would be embarrassing. I think that I mostly just didn't want to have to write them down. It doesn't seem that writing down your thoughts would be very difficult, but once you actually sit down and try to track your thoughts your mind goes blank, or you try to think of something interesting to think about. I was thinking about going to work tonight and wondering if I would actually get off at nine. I also thought about an internet friend from Kansas who I haven't talked to in a while. But I didn't think those were too interesting to write about so I began to think about other things. It is amazing how you can think about so many different things sometimes and at others times you can't think of anything. Just the other day, I was trying to write a philosophy paper and I thought I would be able to write it very easily. But when I actually sat down and began to put my thoughts into words on the paper it came to be extremely difficult. I knew what I wanted to say but it was hard for me to elaborate my thoughts to fill two pages for the assignment. I became frustrated and disappointed with myself brecause I couldn't expand my thoughts. I believe that I could have written a beautiful paper but at the times I sat down to work on it my brain seemed to go blank and I couldn't think of the right words to use or how to make my sentences make sense. I htink that I have this problem often, but usually I can overcome my ""writer's block"" simply by putting the assignment away for a while and trying to write again later. I think that is another reason I put this assignment off for so long. I made it seem harder than it really is and made myself have ""writer's block. "" I seemed to not be thinking about anything so I couldn't just put my thoughts down. I was also worried about writing about the right things, but I realized it doesn't mater what I write about, it is just supposed to be what I am thinking. These twenty minutes have actually gone by pretty fast and I feel good about myself for just getting this assignment done and not procrastinating any more. I have definetly learned to do these assignments right away and that I don't have to think too much about them. I just need to write and not worry about how ""stupid"" I think they sound. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_895575.txt,What should I write. hmmm well I'm kinda feeling tired right now and hungry. Went bolwing till about 1 am last night and havent really had anything to eat yet. In about an hour me and a few people from the dorm are going out to a Vietnamesse restaurant to eat since all the cafeterias are closed for dinner on sunday. I hear people talking in the hallway about going to play paint ball on monday. I think I am going to go. I've never played paint ball but I've heard it's pretty cool. Hopefully it wont last that long because I was planning on doing some reading for my classes. something always comes up to keep you from studying. oh and I have calculus homework to do also. damn. my calculus teacher is French and has not mastered the English language but really who has in the mathematics department. Tuesday is a busy day so I don't think ill get much done then. all the clubs I signed up for meet on Tuesday. there are five days in the week and lets say take out friday to make four possible days to have a meeting and they all choose the same day. just my luck. Ill just have to choose which oraganization seems the best. hm well is my 20 minutes up. yup ,n,n,n,n,y

1999\_896020.txt,"I'm feeling tired because I just ate and I'm concerned about finishing my chemistry homework for tomorrow. I need to go through two more chapters today and then review all six of them by Thursday for the test. I've fallen behind because I was unable to get anything done last weekend because I went back home to Houston. I also didn't get anything done yesterday because I again I had to go back to Houston for the funeral of one of my friends from high school that got killed. He was driving to Dallas to meet his roommate and had to swerve to miss a deer. It was pretty sad considering he had most of his life in front of him. His car flipped three times and he was crushed. I found out yesterday at the service that he had a rosary in his pocket when he died. interesting. I just noticed that the Astros won there ninth game in a row. I'm thinking about going to medical school after I got my degree in Architectural Engineering. I want to be a psychiatrist if I don't continue my study of Architectural Enginnering. I've got myself listed as being in pre-med. It so happens that 10 of my 14 hours also count towards the completion of pre-med. That was one of the best things that happened when I went to Freshman Orientation in the summer. When I went to see my advisor, she reentered my registration code and it will allow me to register for non-engineering required pre-med classes like biology, etc. Chemistry is pretty easy right now, it's just that we are going at a really fast pace. I hope that he (Dr. White) slows down pretty soon. At this rate, we will be through with the book a month early. He's already covered six chapters in two-and-half weeks. One of the other classes (the one with my roommate) is still on Chapter 1. I wonder what I'm going to do for dinner tonight. My roommate and I were trying to decide earlier if we should go out or if we should just make sandwiches in the dorm. At any rate, we both have homework and studying to do, so when and if we go it will probably be late. It doesn't really matter when we go since we don't have to get up early for class tomorrow. The only day I have to get up early is on Tuesday. I have a Geology for Engineers lab at 8AM. It's an easy lab, but the Geology for Engineers class itself looks difficult. I really like everyday except Tuesday because I can stay up late and study, or go out and not have to worry about getting enough sleep. It fits my schedule perfectly. I notice that my time is almost up. I have another one of these to do tomorrow. I should have got started sooner. I missed lunch today because I didn't get back into town until it was too late. After I got in, my roommate and I went to go workout. Sunday is usually our off day, but we decided to go max-out on the bench press. We usually go workout everyday except Sunday. Our dorm is located in a really good spot. We are right between the Stadium and Gregory Gym here at Moore-Hill. It sure does make for a long walk to some of my classes though. Oh well, time's up. ",n,n,y,y,y

1999\_896023.txt,"thinking about how school is so different, so many people, so many things to do, all the perpetual motion. music is great, is it really what I want ot do? I love it and it is fun, lovely, dorm food is horrible, it gives me gas, soggy waffles, watery milk, I miss thorin, I love him,I want to hold, kiss him, waht are my parents thinking? I know they want me to call them, later. i want to be in wind ensemble, really do, I don't know about university symphony band or whatever, it is really good that sarah has a quiet keyboard, or I woul disturb her too much, dorms are too loud, I can study though, not too hard, I wish my stupid tape player owuld work, king singer are the best, I wish I could sing like htat, too much reading to do, after a while I will get into a routine and not waste too much time,. I like psychology class, so mamy interesting things and people to know, I'm glad ben and bret are in the class how is shellsea doing? she sleeps too much and she was at jeremy's house tuesday nite and why do people party so much, ther is too much to do, I want to go to the bassoon party tomorrow, and met people, they are all very fun, duh they;re bassoonists, we;re wierd peole, why do I feel like I am not capable of this look how manyo hter stupoid epople make it thorugh college, an di am smarter than most, I want to meet peole to sing and play guitar with and be christian around nad spend more time wiht thorin and have hom be more christian, and I want ot have kids with him, I love him so much and I can't believe we are engaged, I'm so happy and I know it will last forever, and my parents will be happy about it when we tell tem, or at least I hope so what is every one in high school doing now? mr. mladenda, mrs. rogers templin, lewis, everyonw, I hope julie is ok but she stays away from thorin in a romantic sense and I hope that I can settle down and find my own group with whom to study and have fun and not party too much and not drink ever and never do drugs and kelly is iresponsible and I hope college helps her cause I like her a lot, I wonder if she's a lesbian? she likes guys though, oh well, I wish I had a car to go places and have fun and visit thorin, and family and I really need more time to write letters and communicate with peopole about what is going on, I want to visit casey and talk to all my german family and friends face to face agin and talk to al yfu and chemnitz alumni and melvin b and other people that I love for being so wonderful and cool and happpy with theri lives and laura is doing? I want to know what she is doing and visit her and tell her abou t thorin and tell her the truth aabout denis and why do I not like him so much? he made me betray myself and then betrayed me and I hate him, to say it is good, but not because god says forgiveness is holy, but how could he and now I'll be in a rut because it's so depressing and now I''ll make myself think of something else, how and I going to do the bus schedule? is there a wc bus going in the other direction? probably not but I will never know because I. i need to save my bike for winter and for psych class this is a cool writing assingnment the book I read like htis was awesome and I thought it was really different and wow I really want to be in wind ensemble and the orchestra, and I miss thoring and I am really tired, I got up too early and then that stupid class was canceled and this is really hard to do when you're tired because of the distractedness and the staring off into space that goes on and I hope I'm not distrubing sarah and I need a computer of my own so I can not tie up hers all the time and I hope she doesn't mind and I need to e-mail thorin so he has my new address and can send my lovely letters agagin, and I wonder how it will be living apart for now but then having an apartment or living in married studetn housing, my wedding will be beautiful and lovely and grandad will officiate with bubbles and flowers and mom's wedding dress and my twenty minutes are almost up so I think I will press the button that says click ONCE to submit. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_896204.txt,"I think this is a really cool writing assignment. I like assignments that are easy yet mean something. I really hate this song I don't know why I am listening to it but I am too lazy to go change the station. and this new keyboard is hard to type on it forces me to typer 'properly' I guess thats not abad thing. I like it when my roomate is not there sometimes and I am here alone I like being alone. I am currently having a brain blank. I am full because I just ate lunch with my friends and now the bottom of this hard wook chair is pressing into my ankle bone and is killing me. ouch. I don't understand why my room is so cold good lord ihave to wear long sleeves to stay warm. I am very tired and I should sleep but I need to do this assignement which I have sadly put off already too lonf. haveing an 8am math clas sis not fun and I hate it. but the material is easy so far. I am bored and tired and I feel like going home but I can't my roomate is going home and I will be here alone all weekend. well we are rarely alone becase all of my freinds come to our dumb room all the time which sometime is annoying because we don't get stuff done soemtimes. this new song is itersting. I love music. I am sleepy. but man the lyrics are so dumb. what is the deal with all this insipid lyrics. I don't know what else to wreite. I think amybe my mind is slow because I just ate and I'm sleepy and I can't think very clearly. there really isn't much to think about. I am happy that my friend is coming to visit us here he lives off campus and we don't get to see him too often. but hes really cool. I feel happy to be able to see him. I feel comfortable with him. I really like my room. this commercial is really dumb I wonder if they even make impressions on anyone. I feel bad for putting this assginment off for so long. I don't usually do this I often wonder if I will pull the 3. 5 I need this semester I hope I do. I think I am overall happy here in austin but I get lonely someimee even tho I am surrounded by my friends. but they are my high school friends. writing for 20 minutes about nothing in particular is harder than it sound si guess. I can't think of anything to write. my mind is blank. all I am thinking baout is typing. which I am not doing very well. I miss my parents! woah what a comment but I think I do. which is cool I guess but it has ony been like 3 weeks I don't know what to think I wonder what football game is next (NFL) I think we are playing the redskins soon. I think tis radio station is terrible. my roomate souild be be back in like 30 mih\nutes. man I dotn have anything to say. I think I maybe should have done this assignemnet at a later tome when my brain isn't sleepy and my stomach isn't full from lunch. my floor is really dusty. gross. I have 4 minutes left. write weite write. I can't write anything. i am mentally singing the lyrics to this song and that is the only thing in my mind. I am going to try to go to the libraby tomm and study. I have parties to go to tonite and sat nite and an honors 'party' on sunday so I have to try to get as much done on sat. I feel like I am behind. college is hard as to where u will get behind and then wham it all sneaks up on u and u don't even realize it. but I love it so far and I can t imagine living this life for 4 years. thats a long time and I can see why people love these 4 years so much they are so random and fun. I can already tell that I am going to miss it during the summer and when I leave. I have 2 minutes left. I like having my own computer here I brought it over labor day weekend and I set it up, boucht the cables, etc all by myself which I have never doen before but I did it and its a cool sense of accomplishemnt. and I catually got the wthernet working even tho I had heard horror stories about it not working. its so fast. I like being self sufficient I thik its really good. I liked setting it up and makin it work myself. and it aint no I-Mac either where u just plug that mess in. oops times up. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_897233.txt,"20 minutes. that's a long time. I'm not sure if I have enought thoughts to fill 20 minutes. that's a lot of seconds too. 20 x 60 = 12000 seconds, I think. unless I put one too many zero's and then I suppose it wouldn't be too bad. luckily, I have a timer for the kitchen that my grandmother just sent me for my birthday that I can use to keep track of this writing assignment. I'm also listening to some tunes as I write this. I don't know if that is allowed, but I think I would get too bored if I didn't get to listen to music. I love listening to music very much. and I love belle and sebastian very much which is what I happen to be listening too now. unfortunately, I can not sing nor do I have the ability to play any musical instruments. what a sad sad state of affairs. I am also drinking some orange soda as I write this. mmmmm, orange soda. I just baked a pineapple upside down cake and I think that I just might have turned out well. as well as a pineapple upside down cake can be I suppose. later tonight I think I am going to visit my strange friend kurt and his roommate adam. they are having a little gathering there. it's a good thing I don't have school tomorrow. esp. since I have tons of work to do and I haven't done any of it yet. I have gotten far behind these first couple of weeks. some of it is because of the recent move but that's just an excuse for the most part. I'd just rather be doing other things than homework lots of the time. I really need to figure out what I'm going to do with the rest of my life. I don't want to work just yet, so that means more school. I am positive that law school is notthe place for me to be. maybe public policy, but even that I'm not all that sure of. maybe someone will offer me a job where all I do is sit around all day playing jezzball, looking cute. maybe they'll pay me lots of money for that. wouldn't that be nice. I'm sure that I wouldnt' be the only applicatant for a job that sweet. I also need to figure out what on earth I'm going to do for my junior fellows project. dean carver is going to freak out if I don't come up with something soon. I'm such a slacker, I don't' know why they keep letting me do stuff at this university. I worry for jessica and her three hours of school this semester. I don't think that's such a good idea. how easy will it be for her to justify dropping that one class? far too. I don't know what she thinks she's going to do with the rest of her life. run off with michael wherever he decides to go in may? that will hardly work for anyone. yikes. they just got back from some kind of party and they were way overdressed. that is pretty funny. I don't' know why they didn't just suck it up. but I guess that would have made them look kind of stupid. I think that this is an interesting turn of events. I also hope that someone doesn't read over my shoulder because I might get in just a little trouble for typing some of the things that I am saying. jessica is complainging about being fat. let me just take this time to mention taht it is fine time for me to get out and exercise or something like that. I guess I won't ever be as thin as I was when I was 16, but it's hard to face that fact. well, they left again, so it's just me and the orange soda and belle aand sebastian again. that's more like I like it. althought michael hasn't benn over here as much since jessica is pissed at him more often these days. it's kind of nice to have him out of my hair. I am suprised that mindy has not yet called today. she is so nuts, I don't even know what to do with her. I am afraid that she might tell catherine some of the things that we've said to her recently since she's so pipolar and loving of catherine two days after she tells her that they're not going to live together next year or buy groceries together. what a nut case. they're all nuts I tell you. not me exculded, just eeeveryone that I know. where are all the sane people in this world? are they hiding out at home afraid to come out because all of us wacko's are walking around outside? wouldn't that be a funny sight to behold. I hope that I can find someone to teach me to play GO. I don't want to have this board just sitting around the house with nothing to do with it. talk about impluse buys. I guess there are worse things to spend money on, but I can't think of what that would be right now. mmm. I want to smoke. this 20 minutes is killing me. so I smoking I suppose, but since I'm not all that excited about living until I'm 80, it's okay that I'm taking seven minutes off my life or whatever that urban legend is. I need to take a shower soon, if I think I'm going out to any kind of party. with this short short hair and all this gunk that I've been putting in it, it is imperative that I wash it soon. it's looking pretty greasy. I'm not sure about this short hair just yet. jacob says that it looks sophisticated, but I think it just looks short. I've never ever had my hair this short. it grows back I guess. I do kind of like the fact that I don't have to do anything with it and that it's not in my way in the slightest bit. that's what I get for letting philip choose what to do with it. that's also what I get for being so indecisive. I'm also worried that these bangs things are going to acause my forhead to break out because they sitting there all teh time. oohhh, the timer just rang and it scared the living bageezers out of me. ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_901945.txt,"I have decided to get a head start on my writing assignments so here I am writing about my thoughts. I am completely amazed that I can do this assignment on the internet. I mean five years ago who ever would have thought that you would be typing and submitting assignments off of the internet. Sometimes I wonder if the internet is just getting way to big. I hear people say that they think that it is going to get so big it will just collapse in on itself. Personally I do not completely understand what they mean by that. But it is kind of scary that any kid can go on the internet and get as much information about guns and hate groups as they want. I guess, like most things in life, the internet has its good points and its bad points. This writing assignment is my first writing assignment in college! It is so weird that I am now a college student. I still feel like I don't completely belong here. I have met a lot of cool people, but it definately does not feel like home. For some reason I have not come to realization yet that I am here for like seven more months. I still have no idea what I want to study. My major right now is microbiology. I was planning on becoming a doctor, but I'm not completely sure. I think that is what I want to be but I am interested in so many things. I'm taking an architecture class this semester just to see if I'll like that. I am good at math and science so I considered engineering. The only problem with engineering is that I really don't understand what an engineer does! I love science so I guess the medical field is good for me. Lately though I have been thinking of studying to become a veternarian. It involves science and animals and I absolutely love animals. The problem with deciding on a major is that I have no clue what each major entails. I guess I will have to go and research all the different majors I have been thinking of. This past june I went to this program called National Youth Leadership Forum on Medicine in Boston. I did not really want to go but I decided it would help me to make up my mind on becoming a doctor. It did not really do that, but it was an interesting experience. We went to Harvard Medical School and talked to med students there. That was interesting because I was expecting like a bunch of Einsteins sitting there just naming off different formulas and equations. Actually they were just normal people who did not seem any different from myself. Also at the Forum we went on hospital tours and some kids (I wasn't one of the lucky ones) got to shadow a doctor for a day. My friend Harris was able to actually watch open heart surgery. She said she saw the doctors flatline the heart (I guess the do that in open heart surgery) and then revive it. I was angry about that because I really wanted to see something like that. Instead, the hospital I went to, we had an eighty year old man take us on a hospital tour. Like I've never seen a hospital before! All in all the trip was fun because I at least got to see Boston. I had never been on the East coast before and it was really interesting. Boston is an amazing city but it is way too chaotic. I had been accepted at Boston University and I did not go there because it was way too expensive, and after actually going to Boston I was glad that I did not choose to go there. I mean, I love big cities and all, but Boston is just way too big. I would lose myself there. So here I am at UT. I am from Michigan and my final decision in a school was between UT and UofM. The only reason I came to UT was because my parents moved to Dallas a few weeks ago for my dad's job so I figured I might as well come to school here too. Being up in Michigan with my parents down here just seemed like it was way too far. I am ready to get away but not that far away. Texas is so different from Michigan. It is really hard to get used to. I have never seen a state show their state flag so much. It is cool, just different. I live in Michigan for 17 years and I don't even know what the state flag looks like. Everyone down here is really nice though. I like that a lot. I guess it is a southern thing, because people are really eager to talk to you. I can't believe how many people I have met and I have only been here for a week. I like UT a lot and I am glad that I chose this school. I am sure that after time I will feel like a true UT student. I guess that I just need to find my niche in the college scene. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_903880.txt,"I am so tired right now that I don't want t go to class right now but instead just go to sleep in my nice and cozy bed. I wonder if this one girl likes me and it is driving me crazy because it is affecting my thoughts. I wish it would get cooler here; It is so hot and dry outside. I wonder if I have any other homework to do tonight because I want to just relax and play some basketball. My friend has just gotten on I'M and I want to talk to her but I hafta do this assignment instead. I just thought of something funny that happened in psychology class. I think I could have broken that lie detector test easy and in the mean time made people laugh too. Hmmm. I am getting hungry right now and now my roomate has just came in and keeps asking me what I am doing and now I can't concentrate anymore. I really enjoy watching Michael Jordan play basketball and I want to get that video that is out on his greatest moments. Dang, my room is messsy I really need to clean it up, oh well. I wonder if the MTV music awards are going to be any good tonight. sounds like it would be interesting for a big get together with friends and stuff. I just got out of my english class and that was so freaking boring and not worth my time. Well, I am running out of stuff taht I am thinking of. now I am hungry again. I am so hungry but the thought of eating jester food makes me think of really disgusting thoughts and many trips to the bathroom. That is why the bathrooms never smell good because the entire floor is doing the big number 2 all day long. Ok, now our hall is noisy becuase the cleaning lady is vacuuming and is getting really annoying. Well my 20 minutes are up and I am going to take a nap now. ",n,n,y,y,y

1999\_908748.txt,"I feel very tired and alone. My room is too quiet to sleep, if that is possible and I don't have anyone to talk to since my roomate is out of town. The fan is on high right now to try to create some noise and keep me cool and comfortable, but the mugginess and isolation are too much to allow me to get any meaningful rest. It seems as though me clothes are permanently stuck to my chest and back. There is hardly any noise in my room besides the sound of the fan and the typing sound of my keyboard. I like to type as fast as possible so that the keys make almost a musical harmony. Besides the occasional loneliness, I am very happy with my new life here at college. My ex-girlfriend from high school came in for the weekend to see me, and I had a great time. however, I don't think that I would like for her to come to college with me. She goes to A&M and although I don't get to see her as much as I would like, I think that I saw her too much when we were together. It makes for sort of an awkward situation, but I have a lot of freedom, and at the same time, quite a bit of security knowing that she still cares about me and loves me. I don't like to say goodbye to her, though. She holds me and kisses me all weekend, but when it is time to go, she gets more depressed than she was when she hadn't seen me for weeks. Sometimes I get scared about her being so home-sick. She stopped eating for a while, but only told me about it today. It made me upset to think of someone who was too upset about college to eat. Everyone ends up saying college is the best time of their life, so I think that people should just forget about being homesick and try to get to the fun stuff as soon as possible. I like to have my own place, my own stuff, and a new group of friends. For the first time in my life, I can use self-control and discipline which I lacked back in high school. Back then, I figured that my parents could try to catch me if they could, but here, it's either be smart or lose out on a great opportunity to get an education and make connections. My parents do still have some say in my behavior though. They are the ones that tote most of the bills for me and recently rejected my request to join a fraternity. I was really excited to get my bid and go through the pledge stuff, knowing all along that my parents would make me wait out the first semester until joining. I wanted to make some new friends outside of the ten or so good friends that came here from high school with me. Oh well, I guess that parents know best, and I didn't challenge them too much with this decision. I'm sure that I could still join today, with the use of a little charm and a minor guilt trip. But, they are probably right on this one, so I'll let them win. The weather here seems to give me frequent nose-bleeds, unless I am just picking it more than usual (a little humor even though no one but me is listening). I love to joke around about things. The nose bleeds may be caused by some sort of anxiety or stress about being in a new place. I used to wake up with them all the time when I first moved from Michigan to Texas. I thought that it was the driness, but now that I have them again, you can't help but wonder. Time seems to go by quickly when I get to ramble on about life and myself. Does that mean that I am arrogant or self centered, that's probably it. The phone just rang and got me off track, but it's about time to go anyways. I try to correct all my mistakes during this writing even though I know that I don't have to. The work of good teachers or just a perfectionist, you make the call. Actually, I think that the bloody nose may have come from being hit during a game of basketball the other day. Maybe it is just a coincidence. Psychologists always over examine things I think. The answer the usually right in front of their nose, but they think about it too much and get too deep. Was that a pun? ",y,n,n,y,y

1999\_910113.txt,"I'm sitting here writing for psychology class. I don't know what to write but oh well. Well I went to play tennis today because I'm going to tryout to be a walk-on for the team. I really don't knowif I will make the team but I'm going to try out anyway I just hope that I'm not the worst one out there. I wonder how and if I will be going to the OU and Texas A&M games. I really want to go. Man it would just be so cool to go. I would get to see all the good-looking football players (especially my man Major Applewhite). MAn, he is just so cute. I think about him a lot. I have developed a little bit of an obsession with him. He just looks like he would be a cool person totalk to. I really want to write him a letter to tell him how big of a fan I am. He has worked really hard to get where he is right now and he is just a big inspiration for me. Oh man to get to talk tohim would be the bomb. I don't know though because he has a girlfriend and that just isn't cool. Ah. My friend Matt e-mailed me today. He is just so weird. I don't know. I feel like I should go to Gregory to work out today but I just played tennis this morning. I don't know. My eyes are being really annoying. What? I am really straining to see the screen now. Man, the Backstreet Boys are really cool. I'm going to see there concert in New Orleans and it is going to be really cool. Ah, Nick, he looks good. I can;t believe that he did that announcement for the radio station here. I wonder if I will win that contest at Sears. Oh to go shopping with Nick. I wonder how Alisha is on the tennis team. Why am I thinking about her? I wonder what Robin is doing? Man, I must feel really guilty about Robin and Brooke because UI think aobut them a lot. I wonder what TAsha and Nance are doing. Oh and Jennifer too. Amy and her roommate sound like they are tight. I wonder what Austin College is like. Wow, it is a small school. I love U. t. it is the greatest. Yeah. My feet hurt from the way I ;m sitting. A hotel room for the OU game . I wonder how many people could fit in my room for the A&M game. I wonder if Kristine and Matt are going to want to go to the game. Yeah, I'll ask them tonight. What is in my eyes, they are going crazy. I wonder how much time there is left. Who just sneezed in the hallway. Oh, coughed. Wow! What am I going to write about next. I keep looking at the calender of Kristine's out of the corner of my eye. Yani is chewing her gum loud. I'm probably bothering her. Yeah, the PCL. What? Why am I thinking about the PCL. My nose itches. I have to go do the experiment tomorrow. I wonder what they'll make me do. I hope I won't be with weird people tomorrow. Somebody slammed the door. I wonder what and who is playing at the U. s. Open. I really hope that Andre Agassi doesn't win. My eyes are still going crazy. My ring is cool. I wonder who filed a complaint against us. My eyes. Who is talking out in the hall? I don't know. Yeah, I'm just sitting here typing. The microwave is freaking out. How do I type. I wonder how long this is going to be. My gum is kind of gross right nowbut now I;m popping it. Yeah bubbles. Oh that is the name of the group for the Texas A&m game draw. My eyes. I love to get the crap out of my eyes. TExas A&M. I really don't like them. I wonder if Yani is getting anything done with me typing away. The sink. What my eyes. I coughed because I couldn't breath really well. My eyes. Waht is my problem my arm hurts a little bit. The light keeps flashing really quickly . My fingers are gay. Yeah Dentene Ice and the Torch Parade. This computer looks funny,It looks like it has ears. and my wrists are really weird I wonder what kind of coffee shops are good. I want to go look at the one on the Drag. The Drag. Sometimes the people I see on the Drag are weird. They have weird color hair. I don't knwo. I really want a camera with a zoom lense so I can take cool pictures at the BSB concert. Airport The Drag. And I wonder if we are going to go in a hotel close to the arena. My eye. and yeah. I don't know what I ;m thinking. Some girls are out in the hall. ",n,y,y,y,n

1999\_911756.txt,"A of the present I guess the most common feelings I have are nervousness, excitement, sad, and happy. I imagine that these emotions are all quite normal, especially for a first year student. I guess the first two I will talk about are the ""better"" of the bunch: happy and excitement. The main reason I am feel these would have to be that for the first time in my life I have ""true"" responsibilty, there is not a parent or teacher looking over my shoulder to make sure I finish all my work and get it in on time, it is up to me. Secondly, I am lookinf forward to the learning style of college. No longer will I be bambarded with quesitons asking about pointless dates and useless facts, I will be asked to explain the theories and ideas taught in class. The lack of this is what I disliked about grade-school. I guess, at least in my case, for eahc ""good"" feeling there is an oppisite, ""not-so-good"" emotion. Most of the people I have talked to that went off to college were the most nervous about the simple fact of being away from home, ""being on your own. "" I have friends as close as 20 minutes from home feeling the same thingas those 3000 miles away. But, at least as far as I can tell, I am not that home sick. THe part about being away from home is the fact that most of my friends are going to school at home. Granted I have a few friends going off to colleges that aren't at home or isn't UT, but the most part if my friends are not in San Antonio (home), then they are up here at UT, in fact my roommate has been a friend of mine since 8th grade. Even on top of the ""friends"" factor, the one that gets me the most is that my girlfriend is still at home. That would have to be the hardest part about coming to UT and the reason for the most nervousness and most about of sadness. Lucky for us though San Antonio is not that far, coparatively speaking, so the amount of time we can spend together is greater than that of my friends who went to other states and have a boyfriend or girlfriend in San Antonio. Although I am in the Longhorn Band, so that, at least for the fall, is eating up most of my time, but the time we do have together we enjoy a great deal, and both of our families support us so that helps considerably. So I guess all-in-all there are a lot of good emotions and feeling in me involving the change to ""college-life"", but nontheless there are still those ""not-so-good"" ones residing in me. ",y,y,y,y,y

1999\_911928.txt,"Wow, I can't believe I'm finally here. I've waited so long to get to the point that I am in my life right now, and now that I'm finallly here I feel like I really am not. I return to that same question that I've always grappled with. What is my purpose?? If I was religious in any sense then I might be compelled to believe in the ""obvious. "" But I am not and therefore I must pretend to be purposeful and hope that in the end my lufe will be fulfilling. What did I throw away with Mike? Or did I throw it away? Only time will tell I guess. I will say that I have never known such unconditional love as that which I had from him. I crave excitement though. A restless mind, I suppose. And a restless heart. One day I will meet my match I feel. Someone who will mirror me in my restlessness. we will feel out the world together and find happiness in adventure and passion. False idealism perhaps - or perhaps not. I burn with anger for what happened to Amber. Anger for whoever violated her and anger in myself for not seeing it coming. Let me correct myself - anger for actually seeing it coming and not doing anything about it. I've seen this coming to her for a year at least. And I never said anything to her. I learn from others, but I suppose others don't always learn from me. Thank God she's ok. perhaps it was a blessing in disguise. Well, a new start and new people await here. I feel like the world has handed me a gift and now it is my responsibility to embellish upon it. It's all there on a silver platter for me to grapple with, and I DO intend to grapple. I'm putting in my two weeks notice on August 1st. Counting down the days. My job has become such a headache. The money is good, the hours suck, and now the people suck. Why does money mean so much to me? I feel like a green-eyed monster and I'm only 18 years old. I'm already thinking about investing. Thinking about doing a little research and putting my money where my mouth is. I plan on being in the six digits by the time 30 rolls around. What do you see when you look into people's eyes? Eyes are the windows to the soul. I can read so much into a person by looking at their eyes while they talk. So what am I doing with blue contacts? What am I trying to hide? What do I want to become? I think I would trust my warm brown eyes over my glacier-blue contacts any day. All in the fun I guess. A mystery to others and maybe even to myself. Casper is so peaceful. I wish I were a dog sometimes. To be caressed and loved all day and to give unconditional love without material or superficial worries must be pure emotional ectasy. Not a care in the world. My bed is calling. ",n,n,n,y,y

1999\_912253.txt,"It is really hot in here. I wish someone would turn the ac down. I hope I didn't miss anything in Calculus today, but I can get the notes from Nicole. I need to do so much stuff this week with little time to do it in. I need to email David and reply to all of the emails I got yesterday. I need to hang up my pictures in my room, but don't have anything to hang them with. I still haven't cashed the check from mom, and I'm running low on money. College is sooooo expensive and there's always too much to do. I hardly have time to do everything that I need to do. I have to pay for all of the clubs I want to join and speaking of that, I have to write essays and fill out applications for TX sweethearts, spirits, the children's hospital, and go to a meeting for AED. I have a meeting at the ADPi house tonight and Wed night!!!! All these meetings--at least one everyday/night. I also have so much chemistry homework tonight. I keep falling behind in all of my classes. As soon as I catch up in one of them, I fall behind in another. But last night I did a lot of homework, so that helped a little. You know, everytime I am trying to write a thought, twenty more come into my mind. I wonder who looks at these writings and if they get bored of hearing everyone's thoughts. I have to do seven minute abs tonight because my roommate and I are going to for two weeks to see if we can get a six pack. My fingers are starting to tingle from typing so much, so fast. I wonder what's for dinner tonight at the sorority house. I hope it's something healthy. I haven't been eating very healthy since I left home. Not that I ate healthy before but at least I had complete meals, not just pizza or junk food. what else am I thinking of?. maybe if I look around my room. i really need to clean my crap off the floor and desperately need to do laundry. I normally go home to do it but I do not have time to go all the way home and waste time there, waiting for it to dry like last time. although I did promise my brother that I'd bring him up to my dorm to check it out since he hasn't seen it yet. and I really want to see my dogs. I think I miss Bear more than anyone else. probably because I cannot talk to him over the phone or email him like I can my parents. russ calls me nonstop and really gets on my nerves. I feel bad when I'm mean to him but I have so much stuff to do and don't really have time to talk about nothing to him. uh, oh, my sweetmate just got home from yesterday. She stays at her boyfriend's house almost every night. gretchen told me that she came in at 7am this morning making tons of noise. she doesn't care about other people and is so self-centered. I hope she doesn't come in here and read this. that'd be very bad. I need to go to TOPS to get my pictures from last friday night. I had so much fun and want something to remember the night by. ",n,y,y,y,n

1999\_912499.txt,"Well, since my friend just told me how she neglected to get us these free random glow in the dark condoms, I've got sex on the brain, not that I've even had sex before. It's just one of those things that jumps in my head two or three times a day. I think it's because it's one of those unknown things I haven't experienced yet. I really wish I was back at home sitting on my bed, with my dog at my feet, waiting for my brother to come in and keep me up talking about my poor relationship problems which I still to this day haven't figured out. I miss him, my boyfriend/ friend/ player/ love or whatever. All I know is that I had fun with him no matter what was going on in my life. He could and still can always make me laugh. I miss that. I just plain miss him. And I'm not saying that I never once thought of having sex with him but it was never a real issue. He made me smile and never upset me. Well, that's not completely true. sometimse he upset me but it wasn't his fault. Unfortunately, I loved him a lot more than he loved me even though he really and truly loved me a lot. sometimes I wonder if he is gay. I know that sounds odd but maybe . no forget it. I'n so exhausted and all I want to do is go to sleep in my own bed under a real homy roof. I know it sounds funny becaouse they're probably all asleep but I wonder what they're doing- mY family and John and my other long lost friends who off at some far away college. poor Jonathan is out at sea. I hope it's not raining on him. THe food here is good but I don't like having some one tell me when I have to eat and when I can't. There is no refrigerator with Blue Bell stuffed in the back. And most of all, there is no Arlington Dance Academy. Oh, guys I wish I was there to teach my little kids and have them run up and hug my leg. I wish I had my senior class back cause I have so many great ideas from new pop songs I've heard here in Austin. Why can't I just skip the whole college thing. I know ican do it and I have the abiltiy and the committment to finish, Ijust don't think I need to . I want to run a dance studio . I need to be going to conventions and new York and watching my previous dance instructor run the agenda and show me the accounting not learning about some stupid coorporations that I'll never want a job from or need an interview from. I just want to do what I've been doing best for the last 15 years and that is choreograph real dance in my own studio with my own ideas and expectations. It's my dream and its getting away from me. school seems second now and I really don't care. I've put it first most of the rest of my life. I did my 18 years now I want my career, my dream. I still want to dance myself but that is possible except not here in Austin where most of the studios are for elementary and the directors are real snots. people should want you to dance with them especially if you have a good attitude. but my bed is calling to me and I still have some very important e-mails to take care of. it's so nice to know that some people care enough at least to type. ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_912743.txt,"I hope that it doesn't matter that I do not capitalize anything. I seem to type better and more ""stream of conscious""-like when I don't have to worry about anything. I like it here at ut. I like how my classes are big. I thought that it was going to be a really big change for me. I went to private school all of my life until right now. my classes were no bigger than 25 people. in fact my psychology class is almost bigger than my entire high school. the hardest part for me so far has been homesickness. I really do like it here. but this whole independence thing is new to me. this week has been a ton better than last week was. I am a little worried about tomorrow because I have two quizzes - one in chemistry and one in medical terminology. they shouldn't be too hard because I've been studying all week. first tests are always worrisome I think. I am going back home to san antonio tomorrow. I can't wait to see my dad. he has been in la for a week or so and I haven't seen him or talked to him. when I think of my dad I always think of this past summer because we would always watch the atlanta braves games and espn baseball tonight together. I have always been a big baseball fan. I never wanted to play softball or baseball, I just really like to watch it. I have realized that watching baseball with my dad at night was how we bonded. he is not a big talker. he is not a very sensitive person either. throughout my life I have never really had anything in common with my father until baseball. I guess the biggest thing has also been me coming to ut. he came here and graduated from law school over 20 years ago. he was so proud that I decided to come here. I love to see him happy. my boyfriend is still in san antonio. he doesn't admit that he didn't want for me to like it here. but I know him better than he knows himself. we've been dating for over three years now. it doesn't seem like that long. I love him. he has tried everything to make me feel better, concerning homesickness that is. he calls me every night and tells me how his day was and then asks me about mine. he is the best thing that has ever happened to me. it's kind of scary though. I want to spend the rest of my life with him. but I am only 18 years old. how do I know for sure that he is the one? I guess it is just another mystery of life. last week when I went back home I went out with my boyfriend on friday night. I didn't think that it was going to affect my mom so much. she was so hurt that I wanted to go out with him and not spend my time with her. it's hard though. being torn between your boyfriend and your family. but I spend all day saturday and sunday with my family. my mom apologized to me about how she acted. I told her that it was hard for me to choose and that I felt torn between the two. she understood and now everything is great. communication is the key to improving and understanding all relationships. that is what I think anyways. well my twenty minutes are up. I have to go meet my roommate and then we are going to go eat. until the next writing assignment. ",y,y,y,y,y

1999\_913026.txt,"I'm not totally sure what I'm supposed to be writing about. I will be glad to get this assignment out of the way, because I have so much stuff to do. My classes aren't too bad, but there's just lots of outside assignments to do. I feel like I'm always busy, especially with being in a sorority. I love the one I'm in, because the girls are all so genuine and sweet, but it really takes up a lot of my time. We have 2 meetings every week and then other activities. I don't feel like it's possible to do all of that, study, and make time for a social life. I have been having a lot of fun, though. My mom thinks I party too much. She doesn't really understand that I do work on school stuff, and I do know that classes are the real reason I am here in the first place. I know that I can't go out every night. I don't think I'll have too much of a problem, because I can balance everything and plan ahead if I know something big is going on over the weekend. My seminar class is kind of annoying. It's a stress-management course, and I picked it because it seemed like an easy one, and I really wanted a seminar. Everything's pretty much common sense. We have all these handouts and activities on managing time, organizing, and stuff like that. I do stress sometimes, and I always have a lot on my mind, but I don't let it bother me. I'm very organized, and I always find a way to do everything that I need to and still make plenty of time for myself and fun stuff. My room mate does stress a lot though. She's always a little edgy and panicky. She kind of thinks about everything all at once and worries about it instead of getting something done and out of the way. She kind of looks at the negative side of things sometimes too. She's one of those ""the glass is half empty"" kind of people. It bothers me sometimes, because I like to be positive. I'd rather be getting things out of the way, then focusing on everything at once. I also don't think there's a point in worrying about something unless you have to. I'd rather just wait and see what happens. I really hope the guy comes to hook up the Ethernet in my room soon. I've had so many problems with my computer, and I hate having to come to the lab. It's just down the hall, but it would be nice to stay at my desk. It'd be more comfortable too, and convenient. My dad bought my computer when I moved in, but it had the wrong kind of Ethernet card installed. Now it has the right one- as long as James comes to hook me up! I hope there are no other problems, because then I won't know what to do. I'm so illiterate when it comes to computers, and I hate that because I don't understand how to fix things--or even how to tell what's wrong. I think it's pretty cool how we can just type all of this on the computer and not even have to turn in a paper. I was kind of surprised. I wonder if everything will be like that in the future; if all work will end up being done over the Internet and just mailed to teachers. It's definitely less of a hassle. I'm excited about this weekend. I'll get to see a lot of my family and some friends back in Houston. I really want to see Corey. He's such a great guy, and I think I really hold back from getting too close to him. I guess it's because I knew I'd be moving, and I don't want to be attached to someone that I can't always see. It'll be nice to see him though. I might get to see one of my best friends too. She goes to SFA, but she'll be home this weekend too. I think she's having tons of fun at college too. I'm definitely glad I came here. Sure it's big, but it would bother me if it wasn't. I'm having fun, and there's always something going on. I love that about big cities. I can't imagine living in a small town and not having anywhere to go. I would get so bored. I guess it would be different if you grew up there, though. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_913369.txt,"This assignment is kind of hard. I'm not used to just writing doen wat comes to me. I'm sitting here trying to write every thought in my head but my mind seems to go blank when I don't want it to and runs a million miles a minute when I;m trying to pay attention in class. I should be in Clarksville with friends a beer and bbq. I need to go skate more. School is to time consuming. I don;t even Know if I really want to do it. The work is frustrating. I don;t mind going to class but I hate all the outside reading and homework. It's not even that I dislike reading I just want to read what I want to read not some course related book. The Story of B is one of the most intriguing books that I have ever read and I havent even gotten through 1/4 of it yet. Maybe I like it so much because of the character. He's not sure of many things and that's exactly how I feel. I want to be liked but at the same time I hate contact with most people. I think most people arent worth talking to. Theyre dumb, they have nothing to say. ITs pointless. People suck. Writng this out is strange, these are things I should keep to myself because I don't even know if I truly believe what I'm saying or if I;'m just getting angry again. I do get angry to much. maybe I should quit smoking. I know I should but its hard. I had no problem on the trip but that was because I couldnt get any I just can't do it around the ville, we smoke to much for sure, throwing money away but fuck money I sit here and stress on how much money I take out of my savings and then in the same instant say to myself I don't give a fuck about money fuck money I should have been born a long time ago when you provided for yourself and if you couldnt hunt of fish then you were in trouble fuck vegetarians self righteous think that because they don't eat meat they are somehow above me fuck that If we didnt eat meat id die I need to stop worrying about girls so much to I always say I don't give a fuck whether I'm seeing anyone or not but I'm always thinking about girls typical I need to get out on my own and figure all these things out I should not worry so much but I do at least I have music and my boys and skateboarding who cares I don't go out as much I still love it just as much at least I think I still do but I can definitely see myself drifting away its probably because I smoke to much that shit kills you, your energy and your drive yet I love it so much and I can't quit obviously this is a big thing to me because I'm always stressing on it and fuck stress wwhereever it comes from I wish I could destroy stress does nothing except cause problems I try to be stress free but its impossible especially with school always looming over how much do I reaaly want to go to school I don't know I know I could go and make a living without school and maybe I shoul because I'm tired of getting all this ""knowledge"" that isn't applicable to anytihng outside of ut of course the shit is expanding my mind and view of the world right fuck that I live in texas and I don't really care about to many other places why should I ",n,n,n,n,y

1999\_915168.txt,"My thoughts are all jumbled right now. My life is so different now than it was 2 months ago. I had no idea that leaving home and beginning a life on my own would change me so much. For years now, I've anticipated this change in my life. I've so wanted to be on my own. not because there's anything wrong with my life at home, but because I've always been an independent person. i've always felt I needed to do things for myself. take care of myself. not be such a burden. Today. tons of things have gone through my mind. Most of the day. it has been sleep. I love Saturdays. i love to sleep and not have to worry about getting up to do anything. But. at times. i think about home. the things I'm missing. and the things they're missing about me. I think about my little brother. and how I'm missing him grow up. I know I've only been gone for three weeks, but he has changed in my eyes so much in those three weeks. I think about the birthdays I'm missing because I just can't make it home every weekend. And I think about my friends. my best friend, Amber. how I miss talking to her about EVERYTHING. How I wish she were here to experience all the stuff that I'm experiencing right now. I think a lot about my ""boyfriend"". i put it in quotes because we're not exclusive anymore. we're ""dating other people"". i think about how much I miss him. his eyes. his laugh. his attention. But today when I woke up, the first thoughts that came to my head was. Nikki, you have two papers to write for Psychology. better get it done. Nikki, you have to mail you're grandmother a birthday card. you're going to miss her birthday this year. Nikki, you have to mail your paycheck home so Mom can deposit it for you. Nikki, you have no money left from that paycheck. so STOP SPENDING. Life is so different for me now. i've got so much to think about everyday. like I haven't done laundry in a week and a half. and I'm running out of clothes. i have to get that done too. At times, I miss having my mom there to remind me of everything. to tell me to do stuff. but at times, I don't miss that. i'm glad I'm getting things done without having to be told. I think about other stuff too. like. where am I going to live next year?. am I going to be friends with the same people? I've been so lucky up to this point. i've got the greatest friends. they'd do anything for me and each other. I love them. and I've only known them for three weeks. I've got to think about work too. how different it is from work at home. how there are just those days when I just don't want to go. and how I'm so glad that I get a break today and don't have to go in. Don't get me wrong. i love my job. it's just. i feel overwhelmed at times. My friends are going this way. and that way. and none of them have jobs. when I'm working almost every weeknight. Sometimes I feel deprived. of there time. of my own time. but then I remember that I am now a responsible adult. and I am doing things for myself. I have to find a church down here in Austin, too. I've never had the experience of doing that before. i've always been a member of the same church. always been around the same people. coming from a small town, that happens. But God is a big part of my life. and I've got to find a church. i worry about that a lot. It's something new for me. and I'm scared. Right now. i'm thinking about how cold it is in this stupid room. and how it didn't do me any good to shave my legs. oh, and how cold it's going to be this winter. so glad I bought a down comforter. Well. that's about all I'm thinking about lately. so I guess this brings my paper to an end. Thanks for listening. ",n,y,y,y,n

1999\_915239.txt,"I think college is going to be the best part of my life. Coming from my high school, it seemed hopeless to find a place where I'd fit in. UT has such a wide diversity of people and so many ways to meet new people, that I think, I will have no problem finding someone like me. Of course, right now, I'm still a little shy about talking to people but hopefully that will change. I really want to join a soroity and become active in as many Hispanic and other multicultural events or projects as my schedule will allow. Maybe this will help me find the kind of people that can relate to me. Even though I only know a couple of people on campus, I feel more comfortable there than I ever did in high school. Outside of school, things are good at home. I have all the love and support than I can ever ask for from my family. Without them I don't know where I'd be. I love them very much. I don't know why I can't tell them that. I guess I'm just too stubborn. I also get a lot of support from my boyfriend. Even though I didn't really want a boyfriend, I'm glad he's there. He brings a lot of fun to my life. I hope school doesn't take away my time for him. I know its going to though, ecspecially if I join all the organizations that I want. Overall,I'm satisfied with everything. I know its going to be a long and hard four years, but I'm looking forward to walking the stage with an engineering major. ",y,n,n,n,n

1999\_915366.txt,"I don't know how to start a paper like this but I'll do my best. I really miss my mom and my sister, but most of all I miss my boyfriend Michael. He means so much to me and I feel as if our relationship is falling apart because I live a 100 miles away. I don't know how to get over this feeling of loneliness. I meet a lot of people but I still always think of him. He is so understanding too. He said he would understand if I wanted to date other guys. But to be honest with you, I don't. I know I am too young right now to know if my feelings are real but no one up here even compares to him and that really scares me. I cry every night because I miss him so much. I'm tired of crying and feeling scared. I want Michael to be here with me but that is impossible. I went home this past weekend and I realized how much I loved it. I never wanted to come back to Austin. I hate it here. Nothing is secure and there is no one to count on. I wish I could go back home but I can't. I would transfer somewhere closer but I am in one of the top business schools and if I get out then I might never get back in. Don't get me wrong, this is an outstanding school, I am just so homesick. I guess in time though it will get better. Everyone says that the first few months are hard for freshmen. It is such a big adjustment to make. I just hope I will adjust. What if I never do? Then what happens? Am I to be unhappy forever? That is how I feel right now. That I will never be happy again as long as I am here and Michael is down there. Maybe I will feel like that for 2 more years, maybe I won't. One can never know. Sometimes I write poetry to ease my mind. I find that it really helps me express my feelings. Whoever is reading this, do you know of a poetry class or something that I could take? I think I would really like that. I also want to learn how to play the piano. Then Michael could play the guitar and I could play the piano. That would be interesting. I wish Christmas holidays would come so I could go home for an extended period of time. I never thought that I would miss it this much, but I do. I think I want to live in my hometown when I grow up. It is such a nice town. Everybody knows everybody and it is so safe. And there I won't be alone. I hate being alone. I'm tired of being alone. I have friends here but they can only do so much. It takes that extra person to really get you over the hump, unfortunately he does not live here. Maybe someday, we can be together again. At least that is what I dream of at night. He is the only one that makes me truly happy. well, time is up! ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_915632.txt,"well I just got back from my home town in huntsville today. I went down there for my granny and paw paws fiftieth wedding anniversary. I think today was the hardest move I ever made. it as my first trip home since I moved down here. the first time wasnt as hard as today was. I guess I realized that I don't live there anymore. when I was leaving I thought to myself I have to go home. but this doesn't feel like home to me, huntsville does. I had a blast while I was there. I got to see most of my friends including my girlfriend which I was basically forced to break up with because of my move cause everyone knows that long distance relationships don't work. but it was like nothing had even changed. I had so much fun with her and with my old friends. I honestly didnt want to come back today. I cried the most I've ever cried in my life today. the hardeset thing for me was to see my mom cry. I think she realized that I was actually gone as well. I could also tell my dad was fighting back the tears. the only other time I have ever seen my dad almost close to crying was when his grandmaw died. me and him are best friends. he told me he loved me today which I havent heard out of his mouth in a while because you know, were ""men"". as I pulled out of my driveway, my mom and dad were hugging each other, they have never done anything but scream and yell at each other since my 18 years of living there. I burst into tears at the sight and drove off with that pain in youre neck you get when you try to fight back tears. this still wasnt as bad as when I had to tell my exgirlfriend bye again. she was the last person I saw before I left and I spent about an hour over there. we talked about how much fun we used to have. I wish I could see her more often. she gave me my birthday present today because I wont be home for it. she wrote me the sweetest card and I started to cry again. then I opened the present and it was a fairly expensive watch and I burst into tears again. I realize how much she really is in love with me and I wish I was there to share that with her. its going to be even harder to get usec to living down here now. to end with a good note every one I visited sent me lots of food back. thanks for listening, I feel a lot better now. ",n,n,n,y,n

1999\_915866.txt,"How do I feel? Well each day is different, sometimes overjoyed with excitement and fullfillment with myself and life. Everything seems ok. But very often such as today I feel lonley and unfullfilled and unsatified. I don't lnow if it was because my roomate went out of town for the weekend but the thought of waking up alone gives me a sick empty feelong in my stomach and my heart. I was just thinking the other day why it is that people especilly women ,girls, always like to sleep with stuffed animals? I personaly have never really felt the need to until recently. It is comforting, taking the place of something or someone that is missing from life. I have never been in a serious relationship and I find myself more and more thinking of what it would be like and I often pay attention to other couples or people who appear to be together happily enjoying eachother's company, caressing each other, attentive and sensitive to theother's needs. A special unspoken bond between them. I am jeolous and I don't know why it is that I don't have that. I don't think that I have ever felt this need so strongly before. I am not a very affectianate person. I have never really been. It seems awkward to me to be so, but I feel this untapped very sensitive affectionate part of me that wants to be unleached. I love people so easily. I know that we are flawed with imperfections and sometimes when I see someone as they really are, when there are not hiding behind and image it is easy to love them and see how other's love them and why god loves us. These thoughts make me feel peaceful. But sometimes I am scared that I am over my head, that I see to deep into things. I see corruption, evil that goes to far, in the world and in people. I don't want to be afraid of it because I still believe that good will overcome but it scared me to see that way that society seems to just accept everything, good and bad. I think we should acknowlege it's existence but condemn it as well. It seems so easy just lose yourself in it and I see people do it all the time. It is hard to keep a level head about thing the more you see of them. "" the more you know the less you believe"" But I want to beleive and I do. Yet I cannot ignore what is there. I think that my mother does in a way and she has chosen her point of veiw, a way for her to exist peacefuly in the world and not get lost or confused by it. But to me she seems sheltered and I don't want to live like that. I think I may have a brady bunch family. I believe that I am really lucky. My parents are still together, still in love. They have each other to get through life with. To tell each other that everything is ok and that it is not so bad and that no matter what they are together, and that is enough for them. The rest of the world is irrelevent at times and it is their own creation of a world that they live in. They don't see what they don't want to see and are perfectly content. I am different however and quite alone. I know myself though. At least I have that. I want to take a bigger part in the world than my parents. I want to make an impact on the way we all live. I want to make it better. It's so odd that everyone seems to say that or begins in life beleiveing that they can and so many give up and don't or get lost in what they are trying to help and change, losing sight of the big picture. I am afraid that I will. I don't want to be alone. I get depressed and my energy and motivation sink away from me when I think of trying to do anything on my own. I want to find someone who shares this ideology, someone who will see me as I am and as I will be. I want to grow together with someone. Maybe why I haven't had a serious relationship is because I am judging to soon. I always think about why they aren't the one, even before I give them a chance, and I am too picky. I am a walking contradiction. I will turn away anyone who is not the cute big manly type and then I will turn away the cute big manly type because they are too self involved and not sensitive enough or too physical. I can't see to find the right combination. I did find it! I found it and then I lost it. I don't even know what I did really. It was imposible from the beginning and I knew that. He lived five states north. We are in two totally different worlds. I only talked to him on the phone and I knew that I loved him. It makes me teary-eyed to think of what I could have had. I had woanted to see past these limitations and boundaries and make it work and so did he. He was all for it. He inspired me and made me believe that it would work. I beleived in him, in his words, perhaps folishly, naively, and then the bomb dropped. What I had hoped had finally come true only lasted a month and we called it off. The relationship had no where to go but down. I wish I thought about it rationally and protected myself, but I am also glad that I took the risk. I would be the same today without my experiences. I know that but looking back it seemed so obvious the outcome. I set myself right up for a fall. I knew all along that someday we would break up but I didn't know it would be so soon. I thought maybe it could by some miracle last. Now I still think of him often. I can't help it. I have never felt the way I do about him for anyone else. I am afraid of getting into another relationship but more I am afraid of caring so much because I think that I have a big heart and it is so easy for me to get attached and to love. I guess that has to do with being young. I don't think it is as easy for people as they get older. I think of this today and I am sad. I don't know if sad is the right word for how I feel because I am not unhappy really just incomplete. I want a fantasy I suppose. I want to meet someone who will see right through me and we can teach each other about each other and become better people. I want him to pick me up and hold me and for me to feel safe and certain that everthing is how it should be. I want him to see only me and make me feel special. I want him to think that he has never met anyone else like me and I am the greatest creature on earth to him and he will be the same to me, and nobody else can compare, nobody of the opposite sex seems as appealing. When our fingertips touch there is a tingling electric sensation, when our eyes meet we see the inner most parts of eachother and the world, the world we create around us. I don't want to be wrong and I don't want outside influences to braek us apart. I want a dream I am smirking at myself the way adults do when the go along with what you say and they are really thinking how niave you are how much more they know and it amuses them the knowing of what you are sure to find out through experience. I hope they are wrong though. I want to beleive that this could happen. ""In the real world. "" I doubt it is that easy but I wish it were. ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_916221.txt,"Well,after I finally figured out how to get into all of this computer stuff,I'm going to calm down by writing. The first thing comes to my mind is I'm wondering whether I should go out tonight or not. I'm determined to finish all of my homework for this week and I'm sure that I'll finish everything by ten or ten thirty. But' my body really doesn't need for me to go out, but by ten or eleven o'clock I get really antsy. I'm proud of myself today because I took care of a lot of stuff that needed to do. I woke up at eleven, which is later than I wanted but I got moving right away. I went to TOP and bought all of my pictures and then I went to my Art History class. After class, Iwent with my two friends Sara and Whitney to University Realtors to figure out our living situation at Villas next year. It turned out that the apartment we wanted had already been taken after the guy said he would reserve it for us. So we got really mad at him and we worked it oit that we would move into the six bedroom apartment rather than the five bedroom apartment. Therefore, we had to get two more roommates. So we went over to Joanie's place and got Erin Vaughn and Joanie to live with us. It actually turned out for the better because the six bedroom place is for 8 people but since he screwed us over, we get to have nine people. With nine people, the rent ends up being cheaper. Since I'm sharing a room with my friend Jennifer, it'll be cheaper for us. I'm really excited about the girls I'll be living with next year because they are all really cool. My roommates for next year at Villas will be Anne, Carolyn, Jennifer, Paige, Sara, Whitney, Joanie, and Erin. I also had Ed on my mind today. He's my new boyfriend and I'm just crazy about him. Everybody says how great it is for me because he is such a nice guy and a gentlman. We just met about two and a half weeks ago and we were crazy about each other right away. Everyone is so surprised that I didn't know him before because we are so close already. Everyone asks how we met: he is my good guy friend's roommate. My guy friend is Will and right when Will moved into Towers, he wanted me to come over and see his place. So I went over there and I distinctly remembering Ed answer the door and I had met him for the first time. I thought he was so cute and we just talked for alittle while and our personalities seemed to click. Later that night, Ed called and invited me to the football game. Then we just started talking more and more and we just fell for each other. I've already screwed up a little bit in our relationship and I was terified that he would leave me. But, he forgave me and took me back right away and I'm so incredibly thankful. I never want to feel that bad again in my life. That's when I knew that I really was head over heels for him when I was terribly depressed over such a small mistake. I hope it works out for the future and all of my friends just tell me to grasp on to the now with your boyfriend and not to look ahead or else it could end up causing problems. I'm just so anxious about everything because this is my first real boyfriend ever. Well, my twenty minutes is up. Bye. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_916431.txt,"These past couple of weeks I have felt kind of out of place. Not that I haven't been having fun and meeting new people just that it is taking some time to adjust to everything. I sometimes think that I have too much going on and that I need to quit something. Between school, Texas Pom, and soroity I am always on the go, and I never have time to just sit and relax. However, when I get a little time to just relax, all my friends start to come in my room and ask me to go do something or just talk. I don't want to be rude about it, because I don't know all them well enough to know how they would react. For example, I've been feeling sick lately and I really should stay home and get some rest tonight, but all of my pledge sisters are going to a mixer tonight, and I feel that I should go with them. I don't really want to go, but I feel like I need to meet some more people and not let my pledge sisters down. I know that they understand, but I also feel that they might think that I don't like to go out and have a fun time with them. These thoughts have also led me to revaluate why I did Texas Pom. We have to practice so much a week that I have to miss some of my pledge meetings and give up time that I could use to study or rest. However, I love the girls on the squad and all of the fun that we've had together so far. Also, the games are such a rush and make me feel so privalleged to be out there on that field. I would feel like I was letting the whole team down if I quit something that I've been committed to a lot longer than my soroity. Plus my coach has been so understanding lately with the adjustments that I'm going through, that it would be hard for me to tell him that I might want to quit. I guess I just need to sit down and eveluate all of the options that I have right now, or maybe just give it another couple of weeks to get adjusted before I make a decision. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_916443.txt,"Ok, it is 2:02 in the morning and I don't even know why I am doing this assignment --- I just spend over an hour doing the experiment pretesting and I should have gone to bed before I even started doing that, considering the faxct that it is not due for a while. but, I guess it is good that I did it now cause I tend to procrastinate and I probably would have ended up on the due day trying to get connected to the sight and have 40 million other people trying the same thing --- connecting to these sights are so ridiculous - it was impossible to get through the ut main sight to register for classes -- I'm spelling sight the wrong way, I think - spelling is one of my worst subjects, derek always makes fun of me for the way I spell and how I am the only graduate of high school who can't spell the simplest words (for example, that one!) he also laughs cause I always say periferial vision the wrong way --- he's so smart, he makes me sick, I don't know what I would do if I were that smart - I guess that I could do anything that I wanted to, and I guess he sort of does too, he went to school last year and partied all the time and still got higher than a 3. 5 - that's what I got in high school, and I admit that I didn't study, but I also didn't go out every night - I guess I just procrastinated and pretended like I had more to do than I really did, but then all of the work piled up and I really did end up to have lots to do, but I also let the work pile up because I was talking to derek on the phone ---- my parents almost killed me because of the phone bill, and made me pay for it - and it was so expensive! my phone bill is already going to be skyrocketting and I have only been here for a week and a half, but most of it is to my parents, so that will be acceptable to them cause they were the ones who wanted to find out what rush was and how it went and they wanted every single detail, so I guess I can't really get in trouble! ok, it is 2:09 and I don't have anything to write about already - I guess I have a short attention span casue this was fun at first and now I would rather go and call derek and talk to him on the phone, or check my email or something - I am so proud that I am actually trying to do my work ahead of time, then again this is the fun homework and I always get the fun stuff done first and then have all of the bad and boring stuff left till the end - if I type fast, which I think I do, I am going to have ended up typing a lot more stuff in 20 minutes than other people would have, and that's not really fair, but that's ok, cause I talk a lot and am sure that I will find stuff to talk about even if it is not in any kind of readable and understandable form ---- I don't like puncuation - I just like dashes like a thought afterwards or something, though that is normally what it is, I also don't like to capitalize a lot if I am writing something really fast and not stopping, so that is why this is not capitalized and has lots of hyphens, they are just more fun --- I wonder who was the first person who evewr thought to make little faces out of the symbols on the keyboard, I mnean, who sits down at his/her computer and looks at all of the punctuation keys, ect. and thinks, oh that would make a smiley face, ect? the icq smiley faces are better than the ones on aol cause they automatically turn into the stereotypical yellow smiley face instead of the actual punctuation marks - derek bought boxers with me that were joe boxer once, and that was kind of embarrasing cause there was an old lady right there and I didn't want her to think that we were doing inappropriate things and that I was just used to seeing his boxers all of the time, so I pretended I was his sister, though that's what I feel like anyway - we have known eachother for so long, told eachother so many things, and done so much with each other that we are just like brother and sister - I don't know what I am going to do next year, I guess I can just I'm him, but that's never as good as talking on the phone and the international calls would get me killed, but I can't stand the thought of not hearing his voice and all of the different inflections therein! how sad! I guess I won't think of that for now, but that's just going to make it worse next year, but then again, maybe we will have gotten in some huge fight and not be talking by then, which would of course e bad, but on the other hand, it could be good cause then I would not be wishing that I was talking to him - ok, I forgot what time I started writing this and it is 2:18 I think it was 2:05 - oh no I think it was 2:02 --- I am going to cheat and stop to look at what time it is for the sake of my poor hands that are getting ready to fall off - I need to get back into the habit of typing, though it was so hard for me not to be typing in classes today and yesterday - I have no hope of keeping up while I am taking notes by hand, I am just not used to it - there was one guy in my chem class taking notes on his laptop, so maybe I'll bring mine next time so that I will actually leave with good notes, but chem is the worst class to bring the laptop to cause there are lots of charts and drrawings ect. that take me too long to do on the laptop that I would have to do on paper, leave space on the word processor, print it out and then copy the picture back to the other sheet, but I don't htink I would do that, or I guess that I would wnat to - iam getting sleepy and want to go to sleep - my roommate goes to bed too early and has classes too early and I feel badly keeping her up, but she said that she was a night person and I todl her that I definitely was, and I guess she'll have to get used to it, but I still feel badly --- it is now 2:22 and I forgot to look and see waht time I started so I guess I willl look now and if it was at 2:02 I will not write any more and if it was at :05 then I will have 3 minutes left to write - is that right? I am so bad at mental math - derek is so good at it, he makes me sick - I can't do anything in my head and he can do more in his head than I can with the calculator, but that's ok I can do things that he can't so I guess we have to even out sometime - I guess that I will check the time now. ",y,y,n,n,n

1999\_916457.txt,"I guess it is about time I start my work for psychology. Although, I am quite bothered that my keybourd is vibrating from all of the bass coming from the neighbor's stereo. I don't know if you know this but you can hear here people talking loudly in the hallways at all hours of the night. All in all college is better than I thought in terms of classes and proffesor, except for calculus. But it is different in terms of people. I just don't fit in with large groups of people well. I'm one to do things in small groups or one on one. I am I guess you could say shy, not so much shy as quiet. I can talk to people I just don't talk a lot. Even my girlfriend whom I've known for a year now. She talks all of the time so it works out. I miss her a lot, more than my family. At my age I was ready to move out from home, but I still haven't adapted to living here yet. I need to start getting more sleep, Ithink I average 5-6 hours of sleep a night. Usually I'm fine except for when I am in classes, just chemistry and Calculus. I want to call to talk to my girlfriend I wqent home to houston and saw her last weekend I have not spoken to her since monday, and I really want to. i have clculus I need to be working on on top of this but it isnot do until wednesday so this assignmnet is more pressing. Sometimes I woory about whether or not I am going to be able to hackk it in some of my classes once we have some tests, chemistry and calculus are pretty hard. I probably chose about the hardest major thjough, Electrical Engineering. I keep on think ing of songs in my head but that can't well be written caan it. I enjoy music, both listening and making music. Playing guitar is one of the major strees relievers for me I do it at least 30 minutes a day now that I am in college I used to only play that much a week. I've been writing more songs now too. I hadn't written any for a while so I hasd a clear fresh mind to work off of. I have been devoting most of my free time to that I guess. I can smell the perfume on a stuffed animal in the room that my girlfriend gave me, she spraid her perfume on it last time I saw her. Few people are really love at this age, I think. I know I am I'm eighteen years old and I've already met someone who's d I'd love to spend the rest of my life with. She is the first girlfriend I ever had. I'm quite picky when it comes to those sorts of things. I'm suppossed to be meeting new people and building new friendships here at college, supposedly the best times of our lives, I hope that that is wrong. I'm just not socially fit for the college way. Everyone on each floor knows everyone around me, but I don't. And I don't want to I just know that I wouldn't like most of these people, I am also picky about friendships. I don't like just hanging out with people for lack of a better thing to do. I just want to have a feew really good friend, instead of knowing everybodies name and that being it. ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_916707.txt,"I have a headache I took some excederine a few minutes ago I am tired. After four days off I was out of the habit of going to school. I feels good to be home. This assignment is odd. I am full. My head is hurting again with a dull pain this time. Tuesday night, nothing good comes on Tv I have to watch satellite shows. Some people did this assignment in the first day of class. I guess it is hard to find anything to do when you move away from home I am glad I decided to live at home, but I am afraid I am missing out on meeting new friends. Sometines I feel like an outsider on campus. But I wouldn't have made friends easily either. I would just sit around, study and be bored. I wish I was more outgoing. I want to speak to people and make new friends but it is one of the hardest things to do speaking to strangers. I want to but my own inhibition stops me. It is funny how you can want very badly to do something but someting inside you stops you from doing it This is really helping my typing. Like in high school typing class High school was generally a good time I had trouble meeting people there also. I was time to graduate, more would have been ridiculus. I waited until people would make an effort to meet me rather than be proactive I should approach people myself like I intended to do today but couldnt UT is a big place I have a lot of concerns I like chemistry and welch hall but I am a business major Business majors earn more money I want to buy a house and a new car on my own break away rom my parents but I am not ready to leave home. starting high school depressed me I am afraid I will hate business I think God's plan was for me to be a scientist but I am taking all the wrong courses Common sense tellw me to major in business but my gut feeling is science there are no easy answers I can be a judge, which is cool I don't think I think fast enough on my feet to be a lawyer Drafting documents I can do A masters in business would provide as many opportunities a law school But with law I get a license and a Doctors degree. Is prestige that important. Sometimes lawyers carry a stigma I don't want to seem overeducated to work in business, but its now or never. It is too hard to decide what to do in life I am afraid I am making all the wrong decisions. time is up I like this assigment ",n,n,n,n,y

1999\_917031.txt,"Well, I just got back from my Zeta meeting. It was cool. After the meeting, we went to this show where this guy hypnotized people. It was so funny! Some of my pledge sisters where some of the subjects. It was hillarious to see them and the funny things he made them do. I can't believe I waited until now to write this. I'm usually the type of person who gets things done ahead of time. I think all of this freedom makes me feel like I have nothing to do. I missed a homework assighnment in Kinesiology the other day. I couldn't believe it. Tomorrow we're going to have this ""relationship talk"" with the Delts. It's going to be really fun, I can't wait. This time is going by really slowly, I just know that I'm going to run out of stuff to say. I'm really hungry, I haven't eaten since 5:00. I've noticed that I eat more often now. I think it's because I work out (or try to) three times a week. I always feel so much better when I work out. Hopefully, I'll be able to keep it up for the rest of the year. The dreaded ""freshman fifteen"" is not going to get me! This Thursday, I have a meeting with my doctor about my knee. It's been giving me problems. I had surgery on it last October. The crappy thing is that my other knee is starting to feel the same way. God, why was I born with ghetto knees? Okay, I feel like I've been writing forever and it's onlt been 10 minutes. I am dreading all of the writing I'm going to have to do next semester. English is going to suck next semester! I've never been any good at English. I don't enjoy it in the least bit. On the other hand, I love this psychology class! Every day I get to come, I look forward to it. Our professor is hilarios. I don't know what it is that makes him such an awesome teacher, he just is. Every day, I come home and tell my roommate all that we discussed that day. I enjoy reading our textbook, I actually find the information interesting! (much unlike my other classes) I wish Psychology was a more job-promising field. I would definately look into it if it was. Okay, five more minutes, I think I can BS my way through it! I'm waiting on my this guy Kevin to call me. I'm not sure what exactly he is to me. We're dating, and we wouldn't date anyone else, but I feel funny calling him my boyfriend. Okay, my roomate just blared the TV. If I did that while she was trying to do homework, she would eat my head off!!!!! Okay this last minute will be used to sign off. I wish all of my writing assignments were this easy! There, D-O-N-E! ",y,y,y,y,n

1999\_917645.txt,"Right now I am sitting at home checking my email and different things. A lot of things are running through my head. I need to read for my classes, I need to go to work, and I need to clean the house. I am interested in this psychology class and I like Dr. Pennebaker a lot. He is funny and keeps class interesting. I look forward to class and believe that I will learn a lot. My sensations at the moment include being extremely tired. I am worried about getting everything done and think that I have to much to do. I am very happy it is the weekend and am so glad I don't have class on Friday and this weekend on Monday. I am excited about this weekend because my small town is having a picnic and they are always a lot of fun. I am sorry that I will miss the UT football game against Stanford but the last one I went to was extremely hot and I was drenched with sweat. I had a lot of fun in spite of the heat though. I love the spirit of the fans and feel proud that I attend a university with so much pride and support. I love to be amidst the fans and hear the roar of the games in general. I saw so many burnt orange shirts in the stands that I couldn't believe it. It is almost solid burnt orange with an occassional white or some other color shirt. I don't need to buy any more UT clothing, etc. I have to much stuff already, but every time I go into the bookstore I buy something with UT on it. I feel sorry for whoever has to read this or check it over because it is boring and I don't even know if I am doing this right. I am just writing what I am thinking and it is turning out to be a cool assignment. I think it has been about twenty minutes so I am going to end the assignment. I enjoyed this and it helped me to write these things out. It felt like I was talking to someone who was a very good listener, even though it was a computer screen and no one will probably read it anyway. ",y,n,n,y,n

1999\_917875.txt,"as I sit here to begin writing, I was stood up for a date this weekend. I know this happens all the time, but still it hurt. and I don't know why. I mean its not like I need love and attention all that much. okay, so maybe I do. but is that so bad. but it seems that everytime I find someone who does love me I find a way to push them away. I don't know. maybe I'm not meant to be happy. I really do hate being so dependant. and I don't know why I am. maybe its genetic. maybe not. maybe I'm just becoming one of those messed up people I never wanted to become. who knows. usually when I write stream of consiousness it turns very melodic and down trodden. I guess this keyboard messing up might be helping things. I don't know. I'm not really tired, but I have so much to do. and I do want to get some sleep. maybe getting dumped on some is good for me, maybe it will wake me up. maybe I am dreaming too much. maybe none of this is real, and I'm jus+t fooling myself. who knows, I surely don't. but its kinda bad being so dependant, especially when you don't attract girls by the dozen. but I can not help it, its who I am. a hopeless romantic, lost in a non romantic world. oh, for the days of the cowboys. when men were men. or medevil times, with knights, and damsels. and fuedal kingdoms. and the plauge. ring around the rosey. ugh. I hated that game as a child. but now I think its kinda fun. I dunno, I jus+t want someone to share with, to be with. maybe thats too much to ask out of every girl's best friend. sigh. I really don't want to go to work tommorrow. I mean I do okay, at it. but I'm just not annoying enough to be really good at it. plus I guess there's no incentive. I don't know if I want to go back to dallas on the first. I'm not sure if I want to go back period. don't get me wrong. I mean I miss some of the people. but I want to get past Mesquite. to move on with my life. I guess I have a lot of trouble moving on. but somtimes people jus+t make it too hard. this is a very pretty song. I may ask Mandy out. as a matter of fact, I think I will. but is it wrong?? I don't know. I'm not s+ure if I'm qualified to say. I'm not sure who is. I've done so many things that I said id never do. oh man. am I messed up?? isn't that somthing we are always asking ourselves though??? or at least it seems I am. I mean I have never loved anyone the w4ay I loved Kara, since Kara, if that makes any sense. I'm just so utterly confused at the moment. I don't know. plus I have too much to do to be w4orrying about all this. life should be so easy right now. I should be having a ball. but I'm not. and I hate it. ",y,y,n,n,y

1999\_917974.txt,"I really don't have many thoughts right now, other than the fact that I get to go home this weekend. I really can't wait, and what is this song going on behind me? Anyway, like I was saying, I get to see Jenny, she's my girlfriend. I miss her so much, but that's okay. I think about her constantly. For example, when I am in classes, I think about her all the time. No offense Dr. P. , but I do! Anyway, I love this song that's on right now. I really wish these people would quit Instant Messaging me! I get so tired of hearing my little ding in the back going off telling me someone is there! Oh well, I guess it's my fault for being so damn friendly. That's okay though. I miss my little sister. I can't wait to see her. She is the most prescious thing to me right now, other than my studies. Who the heck is blaring their music. I am trying to do my work and they think everyone has to hear their damn music. That's okay though. I understand, I like music. Man, there isn't much room on this little space to write for twenty minutes. You should really reconsider and make us write for like ten minutes instead of twenty. That's okay though. I don't mind. It's not like I'm whining or something. Anyway, where is Russel? He never has this late of a day. Hmm, I wonder. Wow, Britney Spears is so pretty. Just too bad everyone has to dog her because she's successful and they aren't. I hate it when people do that. Oh well, I guess it's what makes the world go round. I don't know, I don't have all of the answers. I guess really no one does. I wonder why Deena decided to talk to me of all people? That was really weird. She's pretty though. I wouldn't mind getting to know her as a friend. She's really sweet, or so it seems. I love meeting new people. I guess that is why I chose this school, well at least one of my many reasons. I love college. So far, that is. I can't wait to meet more people. Wow, my twenty minutes is almost up. I can't believe it. I really can't wait to go home. I'm not homsick, but I am really wanting to see Jenny. See, there I go again, thinking about her. I can't stop thinking about her. I love her with all of my heart. I would never do anything to hurt her. I know that she knows that and I know that she wouldn't hurt me either. Man, these chairs hurt. I wish I had a cushion for it. That's okay though. I am thristy now. I need some lemonade. I guess I'll have to make some. I'm out. ",y,y,n,y,y

1999\_918847.txt,"Calaculus is thr one road block in my college education. It's not that I hate math, I would much rater deal with numbers than people but I'm pretty bad at both. I giot my roomates girl friend to help me with tonites HW. Turns out I got the all right but did them totally wrong. I guess this is stream of consciosness. Hey the new Cris Cornell video is on! I loved soundgarden but Cornells neew stuff just dosent have that bite. I probably liked them beacause Matt Cameron, Sound gardens drummer, was an early inspiration to my own drumming. I love to drum. I'm happyi live in an apartment so my roomates and I can just play. I cont think id be able to play in a dorm! I read a couple books that worked along the stream of consciousness angle, but I always think of a comic my friend wrote when I hear. he draws an exellent japaneese style comics or books I should say, on VERY sexual themes, hey there cool pretty funny to. On his website one time he did a 12 page thing on his own emotional problems. he protraied his conciousness as litte lizards and naked chics inhis head. it was hellously intaspective. I CAN'T SPELL. Its been 10 Minutes. This isn't so bad. Not boraring topic to write on and this will probably never be read so blah blah blaeh. I like the fact that most of my profs. like the internet. this is great no worrying about turning thins in. I'm always on my computersince I am a true computer nerd. that is of course why this is so late!! Hey a sound garden video is on! hey my writing is coming back in on itself! I've alredy gone through one cigarette. I don't some much usually just after a big meal and at parties. I hate the tobacco companises but that is a EXtreemly shallow argument since I've given them a bit of cash! I hate people who have that kind of mind set. I don't like myself to much so I guess it works out. well now I really hope no one reads this 20 minutes HA ah!! ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_919095.txt,"I suppose that the first sensation that comes to mind is contentment because Janet Jackson is playing on the radio. I love Janet Jackson. A lot of times I tell people that I'm obsessed with her music, but I really don't think that is true. I exaggerate too much, I think. I guess I just want people to be impressed with what I'm saying. I don't care if they like it or not - I don't care if they like me or not. In fact, in a lot of ways, I would rather them not like me. I know that is completely abnormal. MOst people strive for acceptance or whatever. I would rather people not like me. That is, except for the few friends I have. I have about ten friends, I would say. This is fine with me. I would rather have ten friends that I know and trust than have a hundred that I barely know. I hate the concept of accquaintances. I realize that sometimes it is necessary, but it just seems plain stupid to me to call people who are really accquaintances, friends. A friend is sacred. Family is important and all. They are the people who are stuck with you no matter what, bascially. A true friend chooses to be stuck with you for the rest of time. That is sacred. Without my ten friends, I would be lost. If they decided that they didn't like me, I wouldn't know what to do. However, people I don't know - I could care less. I don't like meeting new people. I guess maybe that's because I am uncomfortable with change. New people change so many things. I realize the value in making new friends - I really do. but, I think its better to meet someone as it happens - by chance, so to speak. Consciously making an effort to go out and meet people - I think that undermines the meaning and value of friendship. If someone said to me - I'm going to go out and meet friends today, I wouldn't even know what to say. WHAT? That is beyond the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard. I can only shake my head and wonder what goes on inside that person. That statement makes it sound so easy - just go out and meet friends. How simple. I feel bitter right now. I don't think I should feel bitter. It feels wrong, somehow, so now I feel guilty. I'm bitter because it has always been a strugle for me to meet people that I like that like me back. Or so I always thought. In actuality, it was always in my mind. And now that I realize that a lot of people would like me if I gave them the chance to, that scares me. Like I said, I like having only ten friends. It works for me. I can't take on having many more friends - I would strecth myself to thin. So, one would say, just keep some close friends and the others not so close. I do that now, to some extent, with my ten friends. If I did it with more - some would become accquaintances. Like I said, I hate the concept of accquaitances. And so, it all becomes a circle. Most things are circles, though. If you can't come to a conclusion, it is probably a circle. Circles are so hard because one is constantly doubting his/herself. Should I be on this side or the other? I suppose that one just has to make a choice, a commitment, and stick to it. Faith - such a hard thing. Especially when one has to have faith in oneself. It's so much harder that it sounds. Perhaps it is the thing that humans strive for or should strive for. I don't know. I won't even go into anything like that. The meaning of life, etc. I don't know enough for that - not even close. That's okay, I can wait. ",n,y,n,y,y

1999\_919150.txt,"I really enjoy college life, I love being away from my parents but my boyfriend is still in dallas and I miss him so much that it hurts. Sometimes I feel as though I am alone and that this college world is so enormous it feels intimidating. psychology has been an interest for me since I was in middle school because when I was younger there were six guys who came up to me and my brother and asked us for our money and then pproceeded to hit my brother. this experience was very traumatizing to me and after that I went to my school counselor to talk to her about it all she helped me so much that I really got interested in what all the mind does and what one mind can do to another through therapy I went to my medical terminology class today and I was so tired because I stayed up until like 330 last night and now I am very tired and would like to just go to sleep, but I have another class college is completely different from high school I never believed people that said that until I got here ever since I have been here all I think about is my boyfriend and how I wish he was here and my studies I am really getting serious about school and I am excited about my years to come because I love the environment of everyone caring about school and their studies which is completely different than what people thought of in high school I love this environment I am in the computer lab right now doing this assignment I hope I am doing this right even though it says there are no right or wrong answers to this writing assignment this weekend jovan, my boyfriend's uncle is having his wedding party and I am going home for it at 500 I have to meet my brother at his fraternity house to get the car so I can get on the road to dallas I am excited about seeing everyone and everyhting but the drive by myself kinda makes me nervous just as long as I don't have to drive in the dark for a long time I will be okay cause it just kinda scares me when I am driving a long way in the dark by myself I did that survey thing for this class the pretesting last night on my friensd natalies computer and I thought it was pretty funny some of it the spider part actually made me scared even though I have never really had a fear of spiders before not like I was extremely scared of it but itr made me start thingking about spiders for a moment this day has been so busy it feels like anyway but then again I have had worse I wonder if I will really fulfill my dreams of becoming a psychiatrist or what will happen in my future I know that me and jovan are going to get married in probably about 5 or 6 years - I hope anyway he is moving down here next year so we can be together I love him more than anything - everything about him my best friend is in utah right now at byu and I miss her so much I just read her email a few minuites ago and she is having a blast I wont get tosee her until christmas and it will only be for like 2 days because she has to go to california and then she has a football game to go to she is in band there with my friend john I was in band in high school but there was no way I was going to be in band in college because I really didnt like it that much in high school my parents wanted me to stay in it me and my mom have been arguing a lot lately and it has really bothered me but I think and hope things are getting better since italked to her last night this weekend is going to be so busy tomorrow I am going to take jovans car tot he shop to get something done to it while he is at work and then I am going to go help his family get ready for the big day on saturday then saturday we are going to party all day and sunday I need to study all day I have studied all week but I need to review for monday cause I have a quiz in medical terminology over suffixes prefixes and roots my first college quiz!! I'm not really that exciterd but I thought I made add some sort of sarchasm into this little essay that I am writting this is actually really interesting because I have never had an assignment like this and it has almost been twenty mionutes I wish I could type faster I get to see jovan in like 10 hours or somethign he gets off work late he works at a print shop where he does press stuff and he really likes it but is going to go to college soon I think I am done now thanks for listening ",y,y,n,n,y

1999\_919315.txt,"I feel really crappy, today, I didn't get enough sleep last night. I think part of it is the Texas loss on Saturday, especially the way they loss. Least the Cowboys won last night. So far I haven't been very home sick. It might be because my roommate went to the same high school as I did. I have also been able to talk to my parents a lot because of instant chat. My mom wnts to get a web cam so she can actually see me. I think she has a hard time with me leaving, I'm the first child to leave home. The network here at UT is really cool. The connect rates are really fast. I had a crummy 28. 8 modem at home. My dad was going to get DSL, but we lived to far from the central office, that sucks. I'm really hungry now. I'm not hungry in the morning, but halfway through class, my stomach starts to hurt. It's probably because I'm used to sleeping late and not eating breakfast at all. 10 min to go. I'm not taking an English this year. That's good. I don't like to write papers very much. You might write a paper you feel is perfectly valid, but turns out to be wrong. Yet you put so much work into it. 6 min. Milk tastes pretty good. I'm used to 2% at home, but here, my roomate and I just buy the full vitamin D milk, yum. I hope there isn't a writing length, I'm having sensation block. 3 min. Time is almost up. Might take a nap, my next class isn't for another 5 hours. I don't have classes on Fridays which is so cool. 1 min. My alarm is about to go off. Set it for 20 min, so I wouldn't write too much. Time's up. ",n,n,y,n,n

1999\_919689.txt,Okay RIght now I'm so worried about many things. I just don't know what I want out of my life I am just so confused. I know what I want to be but I'm just so worried about making the grades that all I can think about a lot is school. Which I guess is good because they say if you worry enough about it that you'll end up doing good. It's just so tough for me not to worry about everything because I'm know on my own and I have to prove to everyone that I can make it and I can be independent. All throughout my life I've strived for the moment when I can be on my own and not have my parents or anyone else holding anything over my head. Well if schools not enough to worry about I have all of this other stuff like my relationship's with my friends and guys in particular. For instance I came here to Austin with a boyfriend and not within two weeks I wanted to have an open relationship. When he came down to visit I was a complete bitch to him because I felt like I would have been missing out if I devoted all of my time to him. Anyways I know have found this totally awesome guy but the only problem is he is 24 years old and well I'm 18 and I think it's okay but I don't know exactly how he feels about it. I don't think he thinks to badley of it because he took me out on a date and he's invited me out again. But I can't help but think it is because I'm young and he thinks he can have his way with me. And I know he is really nice and such a great guy but I'm just so suspiciuos of all the guys up here because were in a big college town and a lot of the guys can only think about getting one thing! Then also my ex-boyfriend keeps calling me from Japan because he's in the Marines and he still fantazsies that we are going to get back together when he gets out. And I can't help but be nice to him or anyone else for the main fact that down the road of life who knows who your going to need a favor from. ,y,y,n,n,n

1999\_919796.txt,"Right now I am feelng a bit anxious to be done with this writing assignment. I don't think I have ever written for 20 minutes straight and I don't know if I can do it. I feel full because I ate a big lunch and I am looking forward to being done with all of my homework so I can sleep good tonight. I feel relaxed and stress free and it probably has to do with the fact that I have been sitting down in front of my computer for several hours now doing my own thing. That is, anything I want to and not things that I need to get done. I feel good after doing my own thing because I don't feel commited to anyone or anything. Okay, 5 minutes have passed. I can't do this. What am I going to type about? I don't know how to describe the way I feel or my sensations. This assignment is a trick isn't it. It is meant to show that there is no way to express them and you just feel them internally. Oh boy, I am excited about the coming week because I just joined one of the choirs here at UT and I can't wait to practice. Music makes me feel good and I love to sing. Singing takes me away from all the daily stresses of this world and helps me appreciate the finer things in life. Also, there is a girl I met in the music school that I might get to see when I go to choir. She is nice and I wouldn't mind talking to her and getting to know her better. I am know thinging about Maryann. I don't know why but maybe because the girl at the music school has brunette hair just as Maryann has. I wish I would have told Maryann the way I felt about her along time ago. The choir director is really nice. She took time to audition me with on days notice and accepted me without many questions asked. I don't know anyone in choir and I hope I make friends in there pretty quick. In fact, I don't know many people here at UT yet. I feel lonely when I eay along or I don't have anything to do on weekends. It is different from back home when I could call one of my friends up and we would just hang out together. I am now thinking about my weight. I just lost a lot of weight and I want to make sure I keep it off. Eating here at Jester is tempting to get a lot of food because it is all you can eat. If I gain weight. I am going to feel down about myself again and that is absolutly what I don't wat. The pastor this morning was powerful and I liked EVFREE all together. I will probably visit Grace Bible next week but I anticipate I will join EVFREE. They have great worship there and I like the pastor. Their first service will take awhile to get used to because it is so traditional, but I know I can handle it. I think that church would be a great place to grow as a Christian and meet other Christians. I hear Chris' voice in the hall and I am thinking about him rollerblading and the cop telling him to take the rollerblades off and walk home. That's funny. Okay. i have 7 minutes left. I can do this. Wow. time flies when you are typing about your feelings. Now I am thinking about my roommate Mike. I am wondering what he thinks about me. I don't know if he is mad at me for anything or if he likes me. I hope he likes me because I want to be able to get along with the person I am living with. I hope to be a witness to him this year and maybe he will accept Christ soon. That would be great and I want God to do that through me. I feel so sorry for Bernie right now. She has the problem with Aaron and she doesn't know what to do about it. I wish Aaron would grow up and realize that he needs to back off. He's been ticking me off lately. It makes me mad when I think about him and I'm mad now. Why does he act like a baby and whine to everyone? Why can't he take things like a man. All he has been doing is whinning to Bernie and telling her how ""he gets lonely eating by himself everyday"" and trying to make Bernie feel sorry for him. AH! Three more minutes! I'm excited. I didn't think I could do this but it went by really fast. I am not looking forward to doing laundry this weekend. I have never done laundry in my entire life and I really don't know how to. What if I turn my clothes different colors? What if I have to buy all new clothes because I messed up on the laundry? Ooo. i'm worried about that. It is so cool that I found all these old Nintendo games on the internet that I can play in my spare time. I haven't played some of those games in 10 years and they bring back good childhood memories. My email program just dinged so I have email which is very exciting. I can't wait to read it. It is now time for me to stop writing so this is it. I leave with a good feeling of anticipation. ",n,y,y,n,n

1999\_919820.txt,"I feel a little tired. It is cold in here. Maybe I'm tired because its cold in here. Why a writing this paper? Am I going to be judged on what kind of person I am by these rambling thoughts that I type down. I'm still mad that I lost my remote control to my reciever on the move up here. It will probably cost around 30 dollars to get a new one. You know I found it impossible to clear your mind of all thought, because to be able to do this you have to be thinking to remind yourself your not supposed to be thinking. Dad's birthday is this weekend. Probably going to go see him. I wonder how the new restraunt is doing. I wonder how Mark likes running it. I'm getting kind of hungry. To bad there is nothing to eat though. Man I need some money. Maybe I'll get a job working on my days off so that I can have enough money to eat. I still need to read chapter 2 in my psychology book. Its a pretty cool book I like the qoutes by the different people. This computer is under 1. 5 tons I would say. Man I need to get out of the house. All I do everyday go to class come home eat study watch tv go to sleep. And then the next day get up clean the place up eat study watch tv study shower well I guess I shower the day before two and then go to sleep. UT is very different. I had 40 people in my senior class and everybody was extremly friendly. Here everbody is different. Maybe they weren't raised the same as me to be polite to everybody. That alright. I'm sure I'll find some friends that have the same views as me. Whats the deal with all my classes talking about how depressed you are supposed to get. Its kinda like they are telling you that if you don't become depressed then you arent normal. Maybe I will, just to be like everyone else. Nah. Maybe I should start lifting weights again or swim. Man this is weird. I keep thinking in the back of my head that this is supposed to be stream of concious but for some reason I keep trying to make sense on way I saying. Damn that really scared me the dang air conditioner just made a helluva loud noise. That reminds me of the questionare that I had to fill out for the experimental research for this class. Are you afraid of spiders do you constantly look for spiders do you dream of spiders thats crazy. Hey that reminds me of Saturday Night Live. Thats Crazy. That pretty funny. Mispelled thats. Oh well. One minute left tick tock tick tock tick tock oh no time has stopped 2:34 AM that is what it says why is it when you notice time it goes by so much slower ding ding 2:35 our time here is done. ",y,y,n,y,n

1999\_927566.txt,"strees is this what college is really about. I never thought it would be this stressful especially this early in the game reading, class, reading, andmore reading. I never read this much in highschool therewas never any need I always found a way to float by but now Ihave to there isno more timeto fake it this is for real this is the big leagues as my dad would say. Speakin of which I remeber the car ride here the thousands of adages and proverbs and basically bullcrap that decided was something that was entirely neccesary and vital for me to hear I suppose he hadthe right to afterall he is paying for this and if I SCREW up then he will be the onetopay for the mistake therefore PREESURE and extreme amout of it for what reason it makesmewonder if anything including a college degree is worth that much in thegrand scheme of thingsafter all cameron's dad never went to college he decided to persue his dreams and enjoy life and heseems tobedoingjust fine but that not the Oleniczak way theOleniczak way is to pressure ourselvesto death that is to say that we must always succeed and at all costs wether it means dedicating our lives to something we hate orpretending that we really enjoy those things which will make us successful or at least acceptable to therest of our family because afterall god knows that if Anut Pat's kids succeed furthur in life then we do then we are obviosly not worthy who am I kidding they arenotthat bad after all I kow they love ilove them and they may putsome pressure on me but I know that deep down they are probably in the right despite that I am right where I want to be on my own away from home and surrounded by girls sounds like utopia if you put it in that perspective I guess I would not haveit any other way this is what I want and this is what I am going to do ",y,y,n,y,y

1999\_930619.txt,"I am sitting in front of my computer right now thinking about how I have so many things to do and I am not sure how to organize my time sufficiently. I cannot decide what my priorities are yet. Of course classes are the most important part of being at college, but there are various clubs and organizations that I am interested in from the description on flyers and posters. I don't know what these clubs are really like though. It is the people that makes an organization fun and you cannot tell what people are like from a flyer. I am really hungry right now. I hate that the dining hall is closed for dinner on Sundays, not that the food is really that good anyway. Wait this isn't Sunday, this is Monday. We just didn't have class because it is Labor Day. That will mix me up all week. I will be a day behind. It is hard to let your thoughts flow naturally when you are thinking about thinking. I am so glad that Lindsey came up to visit me this weekend. It feels so good to laugh with someone that already knows you. You don't have to try or think, everything just flows so naturally. I know that it takes time to develop a friendship like this and I cannot expect to just make instant connnections like that in a new place, but I am not good with all that patience and effort. I can't wait until the pizza gets here. I don't feel bad about eating unhealthy food because I have to walk so much around campus. I don't think I've ever walked so much in my entire life. And the heat totally drains me by the end of the day. I am dead tired. I am really surprised by the comfort of the beds in my dorm room. At orientation I couldn't sleep at all because I was so uncomfortable but now the beds don't seem as bad. Except the window next to my bed shines light all night long. I am used to total darkness and total silence from home. The car noises and people at all hours makes it tough to fall asleep. I've also been having strange dreams lately. The first couple of weeks in a new place I always have really vivid dreams and I always remember them really clearly unlike usually. This happens everytime I am away from home. Wether it was when we moved to Singapore or just going to summer camp. I am looking at the picture of my dog sitting on my computer. I miss petting Lucy. The other day there was a towel laying on the floor of our dorm room and I had to do a double take because I thought it was Lucy laying there. She is too adorable. When I get my own place I am going to get a Labrador puppy. I don't think I could ever live totally by myself, without a pet or anything. I either need a roommate or an animal, something to acknowledge my existence with a tangible response. Now its been a little over twenty minutes and the pizza is here and it smells really good. ",y,y,y,y,y

1999\_931394.txt,"At this very moment I am feeling slightly depressed. My roommate left for the weekend to go home and see her grandmother. That's great. The first weekend of school and she decides to go home. She left me all alone even for the first football game. It's not that I am totally stuck on my roommate but having her around is nice. It gives me someone to go and do things with and just some extra company. I'm also a little stressed. Moving to college has been fine for me. I haven't gotten home sick, really. And I'm having a lot of fun. But adjusting to how much work I have now is hard. I one of those people who needs to complete all tasks and be ahead of schedule if possible. That's impossible here. And if your not computer literate your screwd. So that means that I am screwed. But on the same notion, it forces me to learn about computers and how they work. I have no option if I want to succeed. Succeeding is important. I was valedictorian of my high school. I think that is a curse. It seems that the past valedictorians have failed at what they have attempted past high school. And it doesn't help that the entire community is watching either. I want to succeed and prove that theory wrong. I hope it happens. I really miss my boyfriend. that is an interesting story. He is 26 and lives in Dallas. What a bummer. Not that he is 26 but that he lives in Dallas. It is hard with our relationship sometimes because we come for two totally different worlds. Most of the time I don't know how to read him. What is he thinking? That worries me most of the time. I don't want to seem totally dependent or ignorant or niave. We once got into a fight and he told me that I had become to dependent on him. That really pissed me off. I don't believe that I had become dependent so much as emotionally attached and bored. Bored because he had moved and I had nothing else going on at the time. How dare he call me dependent. How am I suppose to feel when he decideds to move off to Dallas and not visit that much using his job as an excuse. Dependent my ass! It just really irritates me. But I don't know what to think about it. Moments like these, when I'm all alone is when I miss him the most. And I try not to think about him scared that it is making me dependent but at the same time I can't help it. then I have thoughts go through my head that maybe being dependent every now and then isint so bad. Its him that has the problem. Why does he have to be so independent? I don't believe that someone can be totally independent. Everyone from one time to another needs someone. Everyone. So why does he have to act as if he doesn't. I wonder if my time is up yet. I honestly don't think that this has helped me much. Its just made me think more. Great. yes my time is up. good. ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_931826.txt,"Right now I am feeling very annoyed. I have to do my first lab write up and I am so confused. I wish I could get it all done now so that this holiday weekend I wouldn't have to worry about it. I am going home this weekend for the first time in a month or so. Even though I am a junior I have felt like such a freshmen this past week becuause I just transfered here. I don't think that's a bad thing , to feel like a freshmen, but it's really weird. I can't wait to go home. I got my parents and my brother a UT gift form the Co Op I can't believe that Jennifer is getting married this weekend. I think the wedding will be a lot of fun. I love the dress that I get to wear since I am a bridesmaid. I really though that if anyone was going to get married first it would be me. I am the one that hads the most stable realationship. i really hope taht their marriage works out. They haven't always gotten along really well. In fact when I first met her a year ago he was galavanting around town with some 5 other gulklirls. She is just that type of girl though to go for the ""jerk"" kind of guy. i really think that this was more of a pressure thing that they are doing this because since he went into the Air Force and then found out that he was going to Alaska I think he was scared to do it alone and he knew that he has always had her buy a string. I n all the time that I have known them they have never been really compasionate to each other and whats worse is that I used to hate him because of how he treated her and all the things I heard about him. well I wish the best for the two of them. I hope I don't forget anything for the wedding this weekend. I am still so nervous about this semester since I am in a new school. I think that I will be okay though because I know how to magage my time and use it wisely. It's dunny because there is always something to do. Tonight I made dinner for my boyfriend, my roomate and 2 of his roomates. That makes me feel good when I can do other things for people like that. We had spagetti salad french bread and I baked some cookies. I am feeling a t peace with myself right now becuase I now that I am doing all I can do to be the best. Not because I made dinner. But because I have gotten so much accomplished today int he way of school work and all the errands I had to run. It is so nice to sit here in this quiet apartment by myself and write for 20 min. I feel bad because I din't work out today. I have been doing really well though by going at least 3-4 times a week and running 2-3 miles a day and then doing weights. For some reason though I feel really fat. When I think about what I ate at dinner I want to gag. Oh my gosh I just thought about my Gov class and how boring it is. It was funny though becuase he was telling us that one student said that it was so boring it made him want to gounge his eyes out with a spoon. That;s hilarious becuase thats kind of how I felt today. The cool thing is that he published his lecture notes and I think they will help out a lot. He is also going to give out the test that he used in the summer for us to study. I don't think I have had a prof with worse organizationl skills. I was trying to take notes and it was so hard becuase he jumps around so much. you got to feel sorry for the guy though. At least he knows that he is not the most interesting guy. He also told us thata student told him that he talked like Norm Mcdoland. Very monotone. That was funny. The more and more I think about it it is true. Geez I can't believe I still have to do that long lab report that is going to take me forever and my TA has still not emailed me beck. At least for the first one she is going to grade them and then return them so we can correct it. That's really cool of her ",y,y,y,y,n

1999\_931987.txt,"ok I begin writing now without thinking about the writing that I'm doing this is so eird why do this why proffessor make us do this will he be reading what we're writing or not and will he be able to see what I'm thinking by just reading. will it offer insight into what my mind works like is it going to help him see what kind of person that I am I miss jun where is she where was she last night I want to have sex with her I want to have a relationship with hertooo this is weird I'm writing dowwn exactly what I'm thinking and it all comes so fast I'm not even thinking like I normally think usually there' ssome kind of method to the way that I do it but now I'm just writing and I'm not even having complete thoughts leading to ideas and resolutions now I want to shift thinking so that I can do some productive thinking or maybe not waste time but I'm stuck on this and I guess I should do what the assignment says jun makes a sound that's so sexy when I lick her earlobe it makes me want to fuck her wow I wonder if anyone will read that and think I'm some kind of pshycho this is so weird I shouldn't care what I write, but my name's on this so I have to worry but I'm sick of worrying about things that's why I drink so that nothing matters that's why I like smoking pot because no worries that's not why I like to have relationships with girls though that's more psychological and I think thati have these relationships because its something to put my energy into to figure out that I'm not into damn I just stopped accidentally owh well now its time for a new stream I need to do this work so that I can get my good grades so that I can get into good school so I can make good money so I can have happy life so I'll be happy but so often to do this I have to do things that make me unhappy I like this classbut not some of my other classes like english where the teacher's a bitch and where I spend the whole time looking at jun because she's a beautiful girl and I want her why do so many of my thoughts concern sex and lust annd anger and fear and worry it would be easier to eliminate the last three this isn't really stream of consciousness writing because I'm actually being much more random in my thoughts than I usually amn so this assignment doesn't make any sense I wonder if thy use this for any psychoanalytical purpose I wonder if other people's writing is similar to minee in any way I guess so since there are fundamental similarities between all human brains and minds that can't be overcome and I'm not that diffeerent from others in that respect I wish I was more like others but not sacrificing the things that are important to me I wish I had a steady girlfriend that always makes me much happier I just met jun and hooked it up with herand now I don't understand the rlationship and don't know if it'll continue and that's frustrating because I want it to and at the same time don't because she's dkind of a slut and might ahve a disease but I lust for her and she's the only girl who's paid me any attention so I really want to have a relationship with her though I'll prbably get hurt and feel like I should never have done it and then I'll be sad again but for now I'm happy when I'm with her and I feeel good when I'm with her and its good I'm still worried that I think about hers o much and that someone will read this that's why these tests are total crap because I have to spend so much time worrying about what the shrink thinks because I ahve this facade to put up for some reason although it won't affect my grade and it won't affect my relationship because I probably won't ever see him agaian and I won't have to face him but STILL I worry why do I do that what am I so afraido of revealing and why ami so afraid of people really knowing what's inside am I that evil and suppressing that much of myself that its making me put up a false front that I think everyone should see why do I opress ok this is really weird I'm starting to get very introspective this is probably not what I was supposed to todo but oh well now I'll be able to keep typing I forgato my ttrain of thought my typing is becomeing more and more flawed because I'm mjust closing my eyes and letting it all flow out on paper fuck jun I'm letting it go I hte something I love something I'm getting in tough cwith emotions I want women I like them they smell good this is funny to whoever reasds this oh well laugh because I guess it really is maybe I'll read it myself afterwords and have a good giggle at myself and maybe that's the point of life to be comfortable withwho you are and what goes on in your head its almost time to stop althought I was just getting very interested int he results and in to what I was writing times up. ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_932586.txt,"Today has been a good day. At first I was afraid that UT was going to be a difficult experience for me since I had never been far away from home for more than one week, but it has turned out well. I've met a lot of people. Last night, I had a really good time. Even though I was out really late it was an enjoyable experience. I have tried to maintain friendships with people from my small town of Laredo. Although many of them weren't close friends they are still a contact to a world so different from the world that I used to live in. Nonetheless, I don't think I want to live in the past. I want to live life to the fullest. In fact, I decided a few days ago that the only way to adjust and have fun, I have to remember that I am a naturally outgoing person even though shyness sometimes overcomes me. Due to this, I have met more people. I do hope that the people I have met so far aren't psycho, though. You never know who you are talking to in a town this size or what that person must be thinking. Last night I had to ask some random person for a ride because the dorm dorms were locked and there was no one there to answer. Under any normal circumstances I would not have done such an irresponsible and dangerous acts but I was scared and I didn't want to spend the night in the lobby. As a result, I see that UT and Austin are turning me into a new person that I always wanted to be. Uninhibited. Fun. Wild. Although these characteristics have always been in me I realize now that they are barely rearing their heads for a a new beginning of adventure and excitement. I don't miss home as much as I thought I would. I see that freedom and self-rule has begun to change my personality (hopefully for the better). However, I can't help but think that it may all be wrong. What if home is what kept me safe and secure. Being away from my boyfriend is the hardest. It has been two weeks since I last saw him and already doubts have sprung into my mind. I think of him and don't miss him the way I thought I would. I do in a way but not as badly as expected. A friend told me to keep her posted on my feelings and what I was thinking but I feel that talking about my lack of feelings would be almost as bad as being unfaithful to him. Nontheless, UT is proving to be a different and definitely exciting experience that I hope to enjoy for many more years. The future lies ahead and I await it with an anxiousness I have never known. I hope it all works out in the end. ",n,n,n,y,n

1999\_933074.txt,"""antisocial""--that is what it said in large letters as I walked into my dorm room today. Everyone on my floor thinks I am antisocial. I hate the way that people do not ever understand the difference between anitsocial and shy. I wish that people would just to understand people more and hate them less. I guess it is partially my fault. I long to meet new people and make new friends but I spend all of my time locked in my room talking to all of my old freinds that are hundrends of miles away. They are all coming to visit me tomorrow for my 19th birthday. lots of them are coming. I guess it will at least show all of the jerks on my floor that I am not as ""anitsocial"" as they think I am. They are all so stupid anyway. All they do is get drunk every single night. How can they think so highly of themselves living that way. When do they ever study? The true is that I am jealous of them, I have always wanted to be so carefree and fun. But, I would never pick on anyone, EVER! I guess I could go out and party everynight, but that just isn't me. I would fell silly if I ever went to one of those wild parties. Besides, I am going to be a doctor, I need to stay and study. It makes me sick to imagine the possibility of not getting into medical school, it is my dream, the only thing I really want. But, I am not the most desipined student, I love to slack off and sit and play on aol. I will never get into a good medical school and then I will be lost, it is the scariest thing I have ever had to face. It is so scary that I try to protect myself. I am a diehard romantic and it is amazing that in my lowest moments I think about marrying Ty in order to secure my future. Ty is my ex-boyfreind that I would never be happy with but I in the business honors program and wil surely be rich someday. I often think that if I marry him then it will be okay if my medical school falls through. I know it would be stupid but I think it at times. What I really want is someone to sweep me off my feet, like in the movies. I love okd black and white mushy romantic movies more than anything in the world. The are so sweet and beautiful and you can always tell that they will never fall out of love and that they really will live happily ever after. Such a nice thought. I guess I cna't ask for a fairy tale but I know that I will never get a divorce. NEVER! I was always so proud growing up that my parents never divorced. I always thought that it somehow made me better than everyone, like I had something to do with it. Well, the last day of school on my Sophmore year my mom called me into the living room and told me she was moving out. I thought I was going to die. The effects of this event have been bothering me ever since. I am so clingy now with guys I date that I drive them insane. I have this unbelievable fear of being left by those I love, and I wwent through a phase were I cried everyday for a year. I am going to be a much better parent to my kids than most. I am going to sing to them and show them hapy movies and take them to museums and plays and play games with them. I will puch them to be wonderful, but not too much. And I will make sure that every moment of their lives they know how much I love them. I can't wait to have children. I do worry thought. sometimes even the best parents can't always innfluence their kids to be good. Tonight Ty is taking me out for dinner. I invited my roommate to come with us, she said she would and I feel bad because I think it hurt his feelings that I asked her. I just can't help it. Even in high school I would invite the band director that everyody hated to walk around with us in Disney World. He looked so lonely walking by himself. I hope I find someone to appricate me being like that. ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_933177.txt,"College is so cool. This is a pretty cool campus. Surprisingly I'm really not that scared or homesick, and I'm 1400 miles away from home. I grew up in Dallas, TX. , but I moved to Minnesota when I was 11 and then to Wisconsin when I was 15. Now I'm back in good ol' Texas to stay. I have quite a few friends here so it's not like I'm alone. In fact, I saw my old elementary ""girlfriend"" the other day down on the drag. I was walking to get my books and she was in a 99 black ford mustang driving the other way. She honked the horn and waved and as I looked back to wave at her, I tripped on a pole and nearly fell flat on my face. I don't know if she saw it. i hope not. I called her up tonight to talk to her, but she wasn't home so I left a message. I said, ""it was cool seeing you the other day, but I don't know if you saw me almost fall flat on my face, it was embarrasing. I can't go out looking like that so give me a call so I can reedem myself. "" I can't believe that the jester tv channel shows cool movies. My roomate is watching the movie Fallen right now with this girl. He says its really scary, but I just think it's weird. It's funny, I never really get scared that much by movies and stuff. I think I just tell myself that it's not real and then it doesn't bother me. That must be like psychology or something. Damn, I think about the opposite sex way too much. I love girls, I think that they are the most beautiful creatures to ever walk the face of the earth. I certainly picked the right campus for girls though. Like 70% of them are goddesses compared to the ones where I come from. Where I live now, most of the girls are big farm girls that could take me in a fair fight, and they are all polish. Polish people are so stupid . . they'd couldn't make ice because they forgot the receipe. Well, my twenty minutes are up, so this is me signing off ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_933681.txt,"Hello my name is Joey michael Kindred and I am a biology major. I plan to go to medicall school some day and I hope to become an orthopeodic surgeon. I did not become interested in orthopeodic surgery until I hurt my knee the first game of the football season my senior year in high school. I tore three ligaments and blew seventy percent of my cartilage in my left knee. I used to want to be an orthodontist until this injury but my interests changed with the surgey and all. School is very importtant to me although in high school I can honestly say that I did not try my hardest. I did weell enough to get by and to get into the University of Texas but I did not do my best. From this point forward I strive to be the best that I can be in school and whatever I do so that I can get into a medical school, hopefully somewhere in Texas. I grew up and lived most of my childhood in dallas texas and that is where my dad lives. I have a lot of friends that live there and I really like dallas. It holds a special place I my heart because of all of my experiences there. I moved to mIdland texas in the seventh grade and went to high school there at midland high. it is really neat to hear you talk about midland, Dr. Pennebaker, in our class. I had many great thigns happen to me while I was in midland and one of those things is my long term girlfriend of five years, Katy Kelly. She means the world to me and I hope I mean the world to her. She ended up at texas tech university but hopefully she is going to transfer to UT at the start of next school year for the fall of 2000. I am going to las vegas with her and her family in september for her birthday and I think that will be fun. it will be hot in las vegas and I look forward to seeing the beachboys and Alannis Morisette live at my hotel. I miss her terribly and I haven't seen her since the 20 of August. her mom and dad constantly send me email and little care packages and I hope someday I will marry this girl. I want to live somewhere in the country but somewhere that I don't have to drive that far to work. I want to live outside of a big city because I want to be a weell known doctor that people from all over teh country go to in order to get there bones fixed. that has always been a goal of mine and I plan to carry it out. I hope to have kids someday and raise them the same way my dad raised me because I can't complain. I grew up in a chrch going family and just came to really know the Lord abotu two years ago. Church is very important to me although I havent found a church here in Austin that I am just wild about. I am a freshman yousee and I havenot been heree that long. that is my life story wrapped up in just a little bit of time but I guess that was my stream of conciousness because that is what I thought about when I was writing. ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_934402.txt,"Today has been a very stress ful day starting with the first time I ever missed a class. Today my parents and I got in a fight and I was going to be late to class so I decided to just not go. This caused my parents to be evenmore upset with me. Not to mention that we were already stressed about the apartment situation for next year. Isn't that retared to hav eto sign a lease in September for the following school year? You don't even know if you will get along with the people that you ahve agreed to live with for the entire year. A realty company makes everything so much more difficult. We have to pay a application fee and a security depsoit of $35 adn $480 respectivly. In the upcoming week we have to put our firsty monts rent down which is $481. It is just rediculous that we have to worry about this at this point in time. I am also extremly stressed about school. First of all I don't know what to expect coming from hogh school to college. Second of all, all the professors throw all this stuff at you st once and expect you to remeber itall. It is completly over whelming to a freshman. Third on my list, my soroity is also giving us all these dates to remember, things to sign up for, dues to pay, committments to fulfill that everything is all mumble jumble in my head. I am completely overwhelmded. Foutrh of all, I never get any sleep. I had to go home to Houston to get rest and to be able to study. Fifth -- I have not been able to fit my routine work out into my schedule yet. I am terrified about gaining the freshman fifteen. This summer I wroked so hard to lose weight, and I finally did. I will be greatly depressed if I gain it back and more!!!! College is supposed to be the best four years of your life, but so far it has been one big stress pile up. I can;t take it. Not to mention that I am completwly homesick. I am so close to my family it is ridiculous. I miss my mom to no extent. My sister just got engaged and I feel like I am missing out on all of the party plans. I feel so far away. My dad has to be the most unselfish wise person I know. He adds so much to a converation. I miass them all so much. Everyhting brings me to tears these days if I start to think too long about it. One of the most important things in my life I forgot. My dog Jake. I miss his sweet face so much. He was such a good friend and companion. I never have any time to email my friends in London or in other colleges around the nation. I also feel like I am having a hard time opening up to my surrounding s whether it is to my girlfriends or to guys. I wish everything wasn't ALWAYS a drunken brawl. I don't mind the partying if it only were in moderation. Anyways, I think I am just having to get adjusted and that it is just taking me longer than others. everything is all so important to me:grades friends, guys, family, beliefs etc. Why can't evrything just be perfect???? ",y,y,y,y,n

1999\_934482.txt,"Mostly I'm reeling in amazement at how complicated looking a Vitamin B-12 molecule is. That goofy larry wall and his themed state of the onion adresses. heh. Doh. keep writing. I suppose turning off the TV and ignoring IRC for a while would be a good idea. Twenty minutes eh. that's a long time. I suppose I ought to mark the start time. 20:30 will do nicely. Dootdedoo. Wellk look at that, jam's brain goes blank, remembers the TV, backtracks to Berlyn's debut in World Championship Wrestling and thinks how pathetic it was. Alex Wright is such an idiot. Oooh. I'll fight buff bagwell. moron. Bagwell is a face. HE'll kick your (bleep) into the next country. (The vodoscriber upon which this was composed, the browser into which it was copied, the web server which processed the request, and the routers involved in the communication are all members of the machine purity league wihch has as one of it's bylaws: ""No machine shall reproduce obscenities or lewdness in any way other than (bleep), even if pounded upon. This is to protect biotics from themselvels. "" All hail L. Ron Hubbard. ) I suppose it was inevitable that I'd think of school. My use of (bleep) led to that rather long parenthetical outbusrt, which in turn made me think of his mighty authorliness Mr. Hubbard, which in turn caused me to spontaneously recall several large words and what I did for an hour or three today. I do find it slightly amusing that in 3 out of my 4 classes today, a laptop and a puter-screen projector appeared. It's such a pity they all had crappy operating systems on them. Although the PSY one was the worst. Windows. How sickening. I can't stand that feited piece of monkey (bleep). How the unholy hell can anyone consider paying for something so unbelieveably substandard? If you buy a car and it spontaneously explodes in the middle of the road, you go get your bloody money back. If Windows explodes in a massive BSOD fireball, you just dutifully push reset. And NO, I am NOT a moc user. In fact, I find macos insulting. uh oh. flexy lexy, lex luger is coming back with his hulk hogan is a jackass proof. I bet its true. hogan has done this sort of thing before. he is a heel. he has to pay marvel (I think) for using the old red and yellow, so chances are it won't last. You know, I hope I'm doing this properly. No I don't. I don't care. It's simply do-and-get-credit. Lalalalla. lex has a picture apparently. Oooh. no pleasure in what you do. pity you sound like an idiot. The stinger coming out. joy. I like his entrance music. It's nifty. Sorta ominus and stuff. I liked sting better when he wore a trenchcoat, carried a baseball bat and descended from the ceiling. Pity those columbine dicks had to go and ruin the trenchcoat thing, and then the late, great, owen hart's descent into a ring post stopped the rafters stuff. I keep forgetting sting gets a title shot later this month. Damnit lex, get to the bloody point. I don't want to hear this crap. Irrefutable proof. Pfft. Scam artist. that's a good one. Did you think that up yourself?GET TO THE POINT YOU NADEATER. Jesus. you are so annoyng. Hogan rammed Nash with the hummer. what the hell. oh that's so conclusive. Of course hogan drive's a hummer. That's such bs. you queer bastard. You better pheer hogan's wrath. Doh. keep writing. Uhh. write write rite. Er. type type type. I'm not sure what the hell to type. Let's pop the fingers and otherwise kill some time waiting for something to come to mind. take a drink, piss o. er. no. Why did DDP just suckerpunch hogan. that's so queer. Damnit I hate it when they do that. What the hell just happened? Is hogan evil? Is lex joining DDP? Is sting believing this (bleep)? Will gris ruin heller? Heh. I bet that last one stumped you. Well, it would if you a) were reading this and b) had the same schema as me. Gris is the main character from. hmm. am I supposed to be doing this like this? Let's read the question again. Oh now that'd piss me off. netscape I swear to all deities, gods, elements, and prophets that ever were, are or ever will be, fact or fiction, that if you crash after me typing all of this, I will personally rip you byte from byte and eat your mother's soul. Do you understand? TNhat's good. E>RRRRRRRRRRR. the best show on television. Not quite, but a damn fine show none-the-less. nonetheless has no hy---(BLEEPING) BIBLE COMMERCIAL. there is no bloody god, and if there is I still wouldn't care. If he's going to drop me into the fire just because I don't give a shit about him then he isn't the loving bloody god that ppl say he is and he should be shot, hung, burned, kicked in the nuts and then REALLY hurt. Oooh. scantily clad females. there goes my id again. I bet I could get ted to help me with my psych homework. maybe he knows some good stuff to do that research paper on, because there is no way in Zark that I'm going to do that bloody experimentation stuff. Not only can I not stand people, I can't stand speaking to them, or doing the stuff they tell me, so the entire theory of experimenting on me is . well it just doesn't work. I find the whole idea so repulsive that I'd wrather wriiteaotnseuhsatnoheusnaoheu. rather write a 5 page is it? research paper than do that. What a lazy (bleepard) I am. Oh look. time's getting close to up. if it didn't require my stopping I'd go make one of these clocks show me the seconds. pity, that. Wait wait wait. wait wait wait. heh. At the third tone the time will me 205000. beep beep BEEP. L. Ron Hubbard probably owns the copyright on Gris and all the other mission earth stuff, even if he is dead. And his worship himself DNA, Douglas Adams definately, unless he's a complete moron, owns the trademark/copyright on the number 42. ",n,y,n,n,n

1999\_934611.txt,"OK so right about now I'm thinking about what a great and interesting assignment this is . I am also thinking about all the stuff covered during the last classs about the brain I can actually see my brain working, with all that left and right functioning stuff. My thoughts are now drifting a bit becasue the phone just rang but it was for my roomate. Now I'm thinking about this one girl I sat next the last couple of classes we were usually arow or two apart but man I really thinkshe is beautiful. I hope to sit right next to her this upcoming class and start up a conversation or something. I hope she likes me, I'm nervous as all hell. Ok now I'm thinking about all the stuff I have to do today. After this assignment ill probably ask someone to do my laundry, then ill do some english and chem and of course the dreadful calculus. My sensations are somewhat jumbled I feel kinda depressed just because I have been looking for a girlfriend for so long and can't find the right one. I feel like I have so much love to give but noone to give it to. Also I really miss my friends from home in san antonio. there are about three girls I have my eye on right about now. this one girl I went to camp texas with whose name is Julie, that girl from psychology class, and this girl I have been in love with for about a year( but she is in San Antonio and has a boyfriend) , I usually think about her every hour of th eday and dream about her like four days out of the week. Yeah I reallly miss Kristin a lot. sometimes I see myself kicking that boyfirens ass but then I think about how upset it would make Kristin. Almost everything I do is to show her that I am better thatn that loser of hers. Iv'e never met anyone remotely similar to Kristin, one of a kind. Oh well I got to stop thinking about it or ill end up in tears again. anyways I really can't wait till September 28 because this band that is from my home town in san diego California is finally putting out a CD and it comes out that day. This band(Sublime) is actually old but the lead singer died in 96 of an overdose and the band members finally got over the death and decided they ow it to him to keep playing, there motto was long live the Sublime sound. there sound is like a mix of a lot of Reagae, punk, hip hop, and some spanish stuff in there to. So since they were going to need a knwe lead singer, they got a long time friend of the band , Opie Ortiz, a tatoo artist from Southern CALI, to sing. There new name is ""Long Beach Dub ALL Atars"" I could go on and on about hte history of this band and what is goung on but it would get crazy and who ever reads this would think in crazy, good thing noone is going to read it. That would kinda be crapy if anyone read this becasue they would be like reading my mind or something. I just found out I have three minutes left and I wish I could stihere and do this all day for real m like in a zone or somrething. right now I'm stumped I don't think me mind is moving at all, I'm ust thinking about hitting the right key. I feel like typing out the lyrics to the song Badfish right now becasue they are about love afor a girl and for the beach and ocean and the su, and big reefs underwater, god and all these things that ust hit me hard. ",y,n,n,n,y

1999\_935355.txt,"Well, I am giong to follow my ""train of thought"" for at least twenty minutes. I wonder if I should do this assignment yet, I just added the class, and havent even been yet. Well, there doesn't seem to be a right or wrong way to do it, and I have the time now. This is my first assignment in college. I want to do well on it. I am very comfortable right now, although I know that won't last long. After this I am giong to LHB practice, and its about 100 degrees outside. I remember back in high school when I used to love band practice. Now it just seems like a chore, something I am doing for my parents. I'll do it though, and for as long as they want me to. I was in a bad mood all day, until about 30 min ago, when I finally got to add this class. This is the one class that I really wanted, but couldnt get, until now. I want to major in psychology, and then maybe do law school, if I have the energy. I would also like to be an astronaut. I try to set very high goals for myself, because right now, no doors have been closed. I still have the opportunity to do whatever I want, be whatever I want. I realized last night that if I wanted to, I could just leave austin and take a bus, or drive to California, and just live my life out there by the ocean, poor, but with no responsibilities. It is actually pretty tempting. I would never do it though, I guess because I know it is not a smart thing to do. I am really enjoying this, I didn't know it would be so easy. Speaking of big goals, I also would like to research time travel. I am not convinced it is impossible. I did a report on the possibilities of time travel last year in high school. Many people beleive that once you reach the speed of light, time stops, relative to you. It has been proven that time slows as you approach the speed of light. If time stopped for you, ou could travel as far into the future as you wanted, but you could never come back. I always used to think that if time travel was possible at all, it would be going back in time. I hope I am diong this assignment right, I'm really just rambling about whatever comes to mind, which is what is asked for, I guess. I am really looking foreward to meeting a lot of new people here. I also want to keep my old friends though. It shouldn't be too hard, because I only like an hour away. Well, I guess twenty minutes is up. I'm going to go buy my book for this class, then go warm up for band practice. Tyler ",y,n,y,n,y

1999\_935699.txt,"Writing about what I am thinking will be a new experience for me. I just got back from psychology class, so naturally I am thinking about psychology. The way I learn is that I review everything said in class in my mind for at least 30 minutes after class. Now that I am doing the writing assignment I have other things to think about. my roommate is cleaning out the refrigerator. I honestly think that she is one of the most histerical persons in the world. my other two roomates are engrosed in the television which basically means that they are compeletely useless for the next four hours (unresponsive to almost anything excep for maybe a fire in the house) maybe they will talk to my roommate that is cleaning out the frig. during a comercial. Kate, the one cleaning out the frigerator just called the two couch potatoes re and tard, that made me laugh. Trying to keep one line of thought is really hard for me. I listen to everything that goes on around me and have to have a thought about it. It makes it really dificult for me to study most of the time. I cannot study at home because I have to talk to all my roommates or listen to them being crazy or something normal (that does not happen very often around here though) I also cannot study at libraries because I am a people watcher. I like to just sit and watch people. I learn a lot about people that I don't even know just by watching them interact with their friends, or even how they walk. I also suffer from severe migranes, which makes my life interesting when I get a really bad one. I think I have almost overcome them, but I do have one right now. all I have to say about it is AGHHHHHHHH. My mind almost automatically switches to thinking about Alexander when I have nothing else to think about. he is my best friend and I love hanging around him. he just broke up with his girlfirend and I just broke up with my boyfriend so we have a lot of crying to do around each other. my exboyfriend was really bad for me. it took me two and a half years to be able to say that outloud. I think the only reason that I went out with him, and stayed with him was because he was the first guy to acknowledge my existence. I guess I didn't have very much self esteme when I met him, but now I do, and now I realize how bad he was for me. Alright, it think that my 20 minutes are almost up, so I am going to go eat something and get ready for water polo practice. adios. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_935891.txt,"o. k. now I have 20 minutes to write whatever I'm thinking. Humm. That's a lot of time and to be honest I can't think of anything to say right now. I'm tired and hungry even though I just ate. Overslept last night so my body is killing me at the moment. Busted my head playing football yesterday and now my head is killing me. Glad I didn't have to get stitches cause that would have been bad considering that would cost a lot plus I don't like stitches. I don't like needles at all for some reason. I want to be a doctor though so that is kind of crazy. How can you be a doctor if you don't like stitches. Well a couple minutes have passed and basically I'm not sure if I'm doing this right. You want me to talk about my feelings huh. I'm tired, miss home, and uncomfortable basically. I feel good right now I guess, I mean I'm not cold or anything or hot. Just sitting here without my shirt in a chair. You told me not to correct my spelling but I missed the r in shirt earlier and spelled shit, and well I don't want to say just sitting here without my shit, so I corrected it. I'm a pretty good typer I guess. I know where all the keys are and everything and I don't make too many mistakes. I'm using AOL and one of my friends keeps instant messaging me and well I can't reply back cause I have to get this done. I keep putting this assignment off, because I'm with this fraternity phi-psi and well it takes up a lot of my time and I really don't have much time to get on the computer and do this. I could easily have done it on paper cause we have to be at the house for 3 hours everyday for study hours. The thing is we don't have computers there and we are supposed to be in this room doing our homework, and well hard to do this assignment when you don't have a computer handy. It says to do it in seperate days, but I just finally remembered to do this. Actually I knew yesterday but the whole day I was at the frat house doing chores to get ready for the big party. I then went to the big party and had a good time. I know you're probably thinking, if you have time to go to the party then you had time to do this. My answer is true very true, but when you spend 4 hours getting ready for a party you want to enjoy it you know what I mean. I'm really tired of doing this. 20 minutes is a long time and there are some football games going and I want to watch them and well if I do then I won't be able to type cause my mind would be somewhere else. I cleaned my room the other day and so it looks pretty nice. My roomates side is really bad, but mine looks good so that's all that matters. I'm with the phi-psi fraternity and he's with the ATOs and well they are the biggest rival fraternities on campus. Don't really know much about it, except for the fact they hate each other. All I know is that phi-psi put a sign up in front of the ATO house that said something like you can't spell faggot without ATO. That was pretty creative in my opinion so I give them credit for that. Humm. nothing much to say, and still have a couple more minutes to ramble and ramble. I'll sing some songs, that'll pass the time. Under the bridge downtown I used to something something, o. k. so I don't know that one. It must be your skin cause I'm sinking in, it must be your feel cause I cannot feel, it must be your . O. k. don't know that one either. I remember when we used to sit in the county yard of brooklyn. Good times we had oh good times we lost a long the way a you aya ay. No woman no cry. No woman no cry. Say say. Hey little sister, don't shed no tear. That's all I know about that one. I'm sure I know a song completely just can't think of any right now. Really don't listen to the words anyway. Always pay attention to the beat, cause I play guitar and I like to play and listen to the instruments rather than the words. I don't know just do. Time is winding down. To be honest I forgot when I started. I think it was 2:06 and well it is now 2:23 so it is almost time. Really want to watch the cowboy game, cause it's going on right now. Jeopardy themes song. Do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do. O. k. that was a waste of time. I wonder if you actually time this. like if it is a test to see who really finishes this crazy test. 20 minutes is a long time, and well I'm as impatient as someone who really has to pee and is waiting on a stall. I like using analogies, makes things more interesting. Well I'm down to my final minute I think. If you are timing this than I tried to do the whole time, but I'm sick of being here. I'll give it another minute or two. Hummmm. That is all I'm thinking right now. La La La La La La La La La La La La La La La La La La La. It's that off to work we go song. We whistle that when we do work at the fraternity. It's kind of funny I guess. O. k. I gave it another minute and well peace I'm out of here. Actually I'll be right back cause I have to do the other assignment now. ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_936347.txt,what am I thinking about don't got the foggest clue. looking to see how long I have to write for and what I am going to write about. thinking about a wonderful girl that I wish to be close to just wondering if she wants the smae or if I want to see other people. I do miss having my sister in the same city as me she really has meant a lot to me in the past few years and I do wish she was here. but then again I am loving all of my freedom here. have not talked to my mom in a few days and I like it she is not hounding me to do anything. niether is my grandmother. wonder why kellys dad wanted to talk to me. do miss kelly a little but hopefully we can still be friends wonder what nicole is doing right now. this is the third time I tried to write but the other tow trys I go restless and stop writing. really did not know what to say but now I am just hoping it is not to late for these writing assignments. always seem to wait till the last minute. I cna hear thoughts in my mind but don't know how to put them into words. or which one should I write about first. lunch was good and now I am feeling better because I got something to eat. don't want to work anymmore at eddie bauer because I don't like it anymore and I don't want to work there because I may have something better to do and plus I hope I can find someone to work for me tomarrow so I can go to the training session to be an offical for intermural football. hope my family is doing ok have not heard from them lately. still have ten minutes to write. my mind is completly blank I keep thinking about this book we read last year in english it was written in stream of thought. hope the professer got my email about the brain test to see if a person is right or left brained. nose itches. relly wish we did not have to do this. or at least not for so long. ok sitting like this is not the easiet ok that is better. morrre comfortable. hope miriam can go this weekend to george carlin have not talked to her in a week and hope everything is going good with her. my neighbors are wierd they play some stange fucked up music. hope I do good on my quiz tommarow I need to study and catch up on my readings. need to know when my calculus test is. and my eco. test. hope the pysc test is not soon. really need to catch up on some reading. hope nicold can everything taken care of so she is not so stressed out. I love spending time with her she is so wonderfull. I think I may love her but then again I still have a wondering eye. I want to meet nwe people and who know the right woman may be out ther but right now I think she is the one. ok good time is up. ,n,y,n,y,y

1999\_937378.txt,"The Complete Works of Shakespere is a very large book and although I've skimmed through King Lear and Hamlet and a little bit of the old Twelfth Night, I reckon it would take me about a year and a half reading every day to get through that whole book. I'm glad I could change my schedule during add/drop because getting up at eight just would have not happened at all. Sexie Sady, she lastest and the greatest of them all. did you know the world was waiting just for you oo ooo Sexie Sady or Sadie, however big you think you are areaeaereare. You'll get yours yet. Abby's massage to the alternative take to this song. All those weird little encounters. This assignment better be like confidential. A man's thoughts word for word over twenty minutes by definition should be filled with nasty gutter talk and such, but for the sake of the grader, this stream of continuous mental blabber shall be filtered convieniently for filthynesses sake. Helter Skelter would you want me to make you? Tell me tell me tell me the answer Helter Skelter Helter Skelter Helter Skelter ooooooo! Aw here she come! Nice slide guitar work ther, George, when I get to the botom I go back to the top of the slide Do you don't you want me to make you? Comin dowm fast but don't let me break you. You may be a lover, but you aint no dancer. Helter Skelter Helter Skelter LOOK OUT! Arpeggio Arpeggio Arpeggio (slide guitar guitar guitar) THis is fun. Noise, and back into the song once more. once more. Hahahaha. Next cut, fellows. It's not necessary to go on for say fifteen minutes. Now a nice quiet one. No one will ever read this. Time to change the announcement on my answering machine. I'll have my computer do it again, but in a differnt voice than that man voice named Bill or whatever. I must go Junda Hu's office hours today and hand in me homework, lest I be penalized. Where is RLM? Where will I go after that. Will I take a shower. Yes. Will I wear my pledge pin or on the same plane, will I wear a collard shirt around campus this afternoon. I've had a pleasant and not so well deserved morning lounging around the room while my good buddy went off to an 8oclock class this morning. Too bad for him, although I probably should have ittited off to Junda Hu's. We go over stuff that I know too well already, but the homework definately should have been put up then. After Pledge Line I probably will not make class in the morning Friday, but I know that I really should go. That would be a very terrible habit to fall into although I know many upperclassmen that not only do not go to class on a whim, but sell back half their newly bought books Like Brent right at the beginning of the semester just for full retail reimbursement and on hopes to just wing it all from the course packets and what not. I'ts funny when people in conversation use ""and whatnot. "" It really says a lot about tha speaka and grabs the attention of the listener because that little turn of the tongue is not too oftern used any more. THe directions said not to pay attention to sentence structure and such a dn that is good because right now I am mayor of run-on city. I suppose those who waste the time to right all this down on paper first and transcribe their stuff will pretty it up a bit and the experiment will be botched like that. enough. I used to do this kind of stuff in 6th grade En ",y,n,n,y,y

1999\_938294.txt,"I DON'T REALLY HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY. I JUST NEED TO GET THIS FINISHED SO THAT I CAN GO TO PICK UP MY FRIEND. I TRIED TO DO IT BEFORE BUT IT WOULDN'T LET ME. THIS IS SO BORING. I DON'T REALLY WANT TO SAY ANYTHING THAT SOMEONE ELSE MIGHT READ. THEY SAID THIS WASN'T GOING TO BE GRADED SO IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU SAY BUT I DON'T THINK THEY WOULD MAKE YOU WRITE IT IF THEY WEREN'T GOING TO LOOK AT IT. THEY PROBABLY JUST SAY THAT TO MAKE YOU FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE. I NEED TO GO HOME SO I CAN GET ALL MY OTHER STUFF DONE. I'M KINDA HUNGRY. I HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE 10 THIS MORNING. I WONDER WHERE MY BOYFRIEND IS. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO CALL ME AN HOUR AGO. HE PROBABLY WENT TO THE VOLLEYBALL GAME. I GUESS I'LL JUST LEAVE HIM A MESSAGE TO CALL ME WHEN HE GETS HOME. I DON'T REALLY WANT TO TALK TO HIM TODAY ANYWAY. I THINK I MADE HIM MAD YESTERDAY SO HES PROBABLY IN A BAD MOOD. I NEED TO GET SOME MONEY. I DON'T REALLY HAVE TIME TO WORK MUCH. I HAVE TO GET AN OIL CHANGE AND A NEW BATTERY AND I HAVE MY INSURANCE AND PHONE PAYMENTS COMING UP. PLUS MY ONE MONTH ANNIVERSARY IS IN ONE WEEK. I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT TO GET MY BOYFRIEND. HE IS REALLY HARD TO BUY FOR. ITS NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO BE MUCH THOUGH. I SHOULDVE BEEN SAVING FOR A WHILE NOW, BUT I DIDN'T EVER HAVE ANY LEFT OVER MONEY TO SAVE. I THINK ITS BEEN ABOUT 15 MINUTES NOW. I'M RUNNING OUT OF THINGS TO THINK ABOUT BESIDES HOW I WISH THIS WOULD HURRY UP SO THAT I CAN FORGET ALL THIS BORING STUFF FOR A WHILE. I NEED TO START STUDYING FOR MY TESTS. I HAVE ONE IN ALL OF MY CLASSES FOR THIS WEEK AND NEXT WEEK. I REALLY HAVE TO PEE. THIS SUCKS. I AM SO BORED. MY BROTHER IS HERE NOW AND HE IS SO ANNOYING. HIM AND HIS GIRLFRIEND ARE ALWAYS FIGHTING. WELL TIMES UP. ",y,n,n,y,n

1999\_939985.txt,"Assignment 1 It is 12:00 am and my mind is very tired. It has been a very long and exhausting day, and I can't believe this is only the second day of class, I have a long way to go, hopefully Ill be able to handle it. It seems as if I don't feel like thinking, my mind feels lazy as if it has been asleep this whole summer--I need to wake it up and make it start thinking again--like I did back in highschool. --or at least back before my Senior year when I didn't really do much thinking at all. I hope tomorrow goes good and I am able to get all the stuff I need to get done. I'm kind of worried that I am not going to be able to manage my time while I'm here--like sitting here right now at midnight where no one knows where I am, kind of scares me. I have the freedom to do what I want now, and I hope I can still make myself do all the things I need to. I am also worried right now--walking back late at night by myself. It scares me to think of what might happen to me. But some things have to get done, and you just have to do them. I really would like to go to sleep right now, I think my tiredness is interferring with my ability to think about this writing assignment. Maybe I should have waited until I was a little bit more awake. Or maybe, I think better when I am tired. I don't know. My mind is blank right now, and I am feeling a little anxious that I am not writing what I need to be writing about,and that some how who ever is reading this will not give me credit because I didn't follow the assignment. I wish I could go home and sleep in my bed and my house, I am getting a little bit homesick. I already miss my family at home and all my friends. It gets lonely up here, when you don't really know to many people, sometimes I feel like I don't belong here and that what I am majoring in is totally wrong for me. I feel like I won't be able to handle Calculus and some of my hard classes. But, I know I have to. I don't really have a choice right now--I have to at least finish out this semester and see how things go. I hope my roomate isn't worried about me, she left here about and hour ago and I told her I would be there in a little while. Oh well, she probably just fell asleep or something. I am feeling kind of anxious right now--I don't think I like being here by myself--I don't know what it is. I feel anxious a lot--I should stop worrying about things so much. Well the 20 minutes is up. The End ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_946196.txt,"Well, college is turning out to be quite an adventure, although I could have guessed that before I got here. I am enjoying meeting different kinds of people as well as being challenged in all of my classes. I could probably do with less reading assignments, but the majority of the text that I've been reading holds the same principal. Learn to question things and make a decision on your own, with ideas to support it. I like this concept, it allows several possibilities in every aspect of life. The idea that the classroom wants me to think critically is exciting. My first impression when I walked into a big lecture class was intimidating. I'm used to the small classrooms where I know the other students around me and I'm comfortable with them. I can also get bored with them as well, so the big classrooms allow me to meet different people every day, this is something I definately like. I like to think that there are a lot of other college freshman feeling the same feelings that I am feeling, that I'm not the only one that is scared and intimdated yet excited all at once. It makes me feel not so alone, in s University as large as this one it becomes a necessity to not feel alone or isolated by your fears. Making new friends is difficult but I think that the majority of freshman on campus are open to forming new friendships with many different people. The entire aspect of not living with my parents and having them in the same house as me p=monitoring my decisions and actions is both liberating and terrifying. I feel as though I have a chance to completly be myself and decide if the person I have been for the past eighteen years is truly me, but at the same time, I wonder if I can meet my parents expectations of greatness. Will I be the type of person that they would be proud of, will I have the ideas and beliefs that are acceptable to them. My fear of not meeting their expectations is not completely overwhelming because they have always taught me to question things and I think that if I form my own beliefs that happen to differ from their beliefs, they will be accepting if and only if I have reached that conclusion through logic and reasoning and I can support my ideas with valid argumentation. It definately can become intimidating at times though. I think the main thing that scares me is having to support myself. I have lived with these people who have taken care of me for eighteen years, I haven't ever had to support myself. In a world that I've only been shown glimpses of, I will soon be expected to make my way through on my own. THis I think is the truly scary part of starting college. It shows us what the world is like in spoonfuls and hopefully, we are prepared enough to face it by the time that we leave college. I don't want to be naive and think too optimistically because it is hard to look at the world in optimism all the time. Yet I don't want to scare myself to death thinking negatively all the time either. COllege will be a good tester of my character and ability to survive without my parents holding safety nets for my constantly. Over all, I am excited and terrified all at once. ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_949937.txt,"Right now I am sitting by the phone debating on whether or not I should call this guy who is both my friend and currently the guy I have a crush on. He lives in Katy so I miss him a lot. I also have this nervous/excited feeling. I can feel my heart race. I tried calling earlier and talked to his dad - I think. I don't know what to do! My roommate just walked in and smells nice because she just took a shower - reminding me that I still have to shower sometime tonight. I keep thinking about all the things I still have to do tonight - like shower, read for journalism, read for art history, back my bag, someday soon wash some clothes, and maybe clean up a little. Just random things but I don't have much time because my roommate goes to bed early and I/m such the night person. Getting up is a pain in the ass though. Those 8am classes are hard. I'm so tempted to skip but I never will because school is important to me and especially my parents! What a mess of papers on my bed! Too much to do and too lazy to do it. I just thought about my email. I love email. I check it all the time and am so disappointed when there is nothing new. I had a crazy email crisis this morning. I hit the wrong key and sent all my mail and a folder to the trash can. What a scare! I recovered it though but was almost late to art class. Now I can't help but think what to write next. I am still thinking about the phone as time goes by because I have to call - if I am going to call - before 10 pm. I guess I won't call tonight because it will probably just stress me out or bother me. I am done with class by 12:30 tomorrow so I will call late in the day. I miss him and worry about him and so desperately want to see him. He makes me feel so comfortable and always makes me laugh. I can't open up with many people as easily as I can with him. I miss him and wish I could might more people like him. I just don't know where I stand with him and I wish I did. I worry now that time to stop approaches if I said enough because I type rather slow but I did put honesty and effort into this. It is weird opening up for this assignment. ",y,y,y,n,y

1999\_950573.txt,"I figured that I would put this assignment off a little more---or at least until my thoughts were more collected, but I now realize that they're am as collected now as they're ever be. I think about all that I have to do, assignments in school mostly, but I am also busy thinking about a certain person all the time. I suppose I'm going through sensory overload right now. my brain is working at a million miles an hour to keep up with the information that is being put in as fast as possible. Then there's that person I mentioned. I am confused about a certain guy that I really like. Sounds so tyipical, right? I will have to put those thoughts aside until school is over for the day. I am pretty unhappy with a lot of people that I have met at U. t. They are so interested in having a good time, all the time. Drinking and sex outside of marriage, namely. I ate lunch with an old friend that I haven't seen in a long time, and all he talked about was partying, and the like. I don't drink, because of the law (I'm 18), and I don't believe that anyone should get drunk because that's what the Bible says. Life seems so messed up. I'm not depressed about it, but I am bothered by what I see in the world. I feel a sense of hopelessnes about me, and I know where it is coming from. It started with the fall of man in the Garden of Eden. God has given man over to his wicked desires, and this means that unless God sends revival, things will continue to get worse. Also, I have been reading about the Clinton administration in a book entitled Unlimited Acess, and I think, ""If this is what our president is getting away with who CAN we trust?!"" Of course, I don't put my faith in things which are seen, but things which are not seen. God is in complete control, and no matter how bad things seem, he will take care of His people. Some day, all of this--including the computer that I'm typing on---will burn up. God will come back to gather His elect and the those who are not will burn in the lake of fire forever. this is such a scary thought, but when you think about it it makes perfect sense. God's gift of salvation was totally voluntary on his part. He doesn't have to save anyone. We all deserve damnation because of our sin. We sinned in Adam. But in God's incredible mercy and love he sent Christ as a propitiaton for our sins that we might not perish but have everlasting life. Oh, that I might be found among those names written in the Lamb's Book of Life! I'm a terrible sinner just like everyone else. I struggle with the same problems that everyone does. But I keep coming back to the cross and pleading the blood of Jesus. I have no inate merit. My righteousness are as filthy rags. It is insane to think that one can somehow work their way into heaven. The Bible says ""Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy He has saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. "" Jesus is our only way to the Father. Not our pitiful attempts to earn our salvation. Jesus said, ""I am the Way the Truth and the Life. No man comes to the Father except through Me. "" You have to come to God (it is clearly taught in the Bible), but you can't unless God makes you come(also a clear teaching. ""No man comes to Me except the Father drag him. "") That leaves you in a particularly strange situation. You have to come, but you can't. I pray about that one a lot. Well, those really are the things I think about. I'm a Christian, and I live in constant awareness of my Creator. ",y,y,y,n,y

1999\_950942.txt,"it's 9:19 right now. I should call home soon. I wonder how my family's doing. how's justin? and joshua? . and mom and dad. oh yeah, retreat. pick up at 7:30 friday night. san antonio. I hope all the church people are having fun . business. I like my ring. I'm calm . today's been so tiring. 8:00 calculus. gosh I can't do math early in the morning. mis. when you care about someone more than they care about you, you end up getting hurt. is it really worth it? why the negative attitude. and yeah, I feel like I'm sinking into that depression that dr. pennebaker talked about the freshman. I believe ti to be true. I can see how most of us would get depressed. the whole new environment. new friends. keeping up with old friends. worrying about how to fit in. about grades, and gpa's and food and getting the freshman fifteen. find a family church. keeping strong in faith and healthy relationships. and to add to that everyone's else's problems. hm. that was a good kiss. I love gary. I feel so blessed with to have him. he is such a selfless and caring and giving guy! I'm glad he got back safely. I wish the ppl in the halls would be quiet. that's what I hate aobut college and ddorm life. there's always SOMEONE in your room or in your hall talking. and I can' t hget started on homesork anymore until like 9:00pm and by the time I finish I get reallly tired causeit's really late. and I wonder why I go to sleep so late. I waste all my time. I went shopping with lucy and josephine yesterday. at momoko. the CUTEST little store . I like my hello kitty towel. it's so cute and the the bracelet. except I wish it wasn't pink. blue's cuter. and yeah. hmmmmm. that other store the chadeau was really nice. I have to go back. gary's wallet is here. I wonder if he realy likes it. andi need to fill out loocie's address page it's cute oo with the ""man toe"" ppl. my arms are geting tired. why do we talk the way we do? why do we act the way we do? why are we igonorant and proud ppl who are too insecure to let ourtrue selves show. why must we put on an act. I hate karen. but I'm not supposed to. but why oh why is she the way she is? how insensitive! and how int he world did she and jennifer becom best friends all of a sudden. what an act, I swear. it's all an act. they look so happy when they go arouund hating the world together. I don't know if jennifer is fake around me, either. it's so hard to tell. and I don't like the way she is with gary. I don't like it. I hate it, I hate it. why the fake smile and the fake happy attitude. how fake. and the high pitched voice. and karen. ohhhhhhhhhhhhh. what the heck? she's ugly and she's fat and she's got big buggy eyes and she thinks she's all that . she's all FAKE. I hte fake ppl. I can't' stand them. I hope I am not ever like that to anyone. this stream of consciousness thing is helping me vent. and my arms are getting tired. but hey, I like this. writing whatever I want. and not have anyone read it. lalalala. fudd is cute. so is fergus. and I need a picture in my p[icture frame. and hm. lucy's mirror is turned backwards. and m. I cna't help my coreect my mistakes. hehe. I hoop gary comes back soon. how come he's got all these new friends to study with. I wish I did too. but my homework. you cnat' really groupd study with. hm. lalala. if I only took philosophy and chemestry this semester, maybe I'd have a class or two with gary and maybe things would be more bearable. or maybenot. cuas jennifer's in that class. and oh. jennifer shue. she doesn't seem very real either. hm. why do people blame others for thing s that are not their fault? that's so stupid? is it a sense of denial? lalala. why can't we accept the truth and accept our weaknesses and admit we are wrong? why must it always be someone else's fault? that's such an immature attitude / I wish I could give them all a lesson. and take away all the ppl they're depending on. and show them that they can't go on living a lie. I like this computer. and the screensaver. and the background. the paperclip is so cute. and josphine's so sweet and lucy. I like it when we can really share and talk and not worry aobut being judged by our own friends. it was never tha tway with akren or jenn or maxine. I've alwyas had to be very careful in fear that tey might look down on me or tlk behind my back and such and such. lalal. I want my own apartment and decorated it all nice and pretty with a puzzle room. and a candle room. and really cool picture frames and dried flowers. yeah. I hope our new house look sreally nice. I want to be an interior decorator. yeah, how interesting. I would be so good. an one more minute. I want something to drink. I'm thristy. orange juice? OJ? simpson? what's that term called? word association. club meetings. chp. and come on ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_955689.txt,"will the cowboys win this game, who knows, why even care, will I be approved for a credit card application that I just filled out? I wonder if I'm going to be called by a friend to eat lunch, I'm not hungry, because I just ate, not really in the mood for jester food, stomach hurts a little from working out yesterday, not too bad, I hope I do good in all my classes this year. theres a lot of dust in my room. I need to get my friend to make his business run better. hes not a good business man. I get him all his business. I need to clean my room, at least my side. I don't know why I bought my caller id thing, I don't even have caller id service. it wouldnt help much anyway. I want to watch the game, but I have to write this assignment. I wonder what I will do today. I want to visit some friends. I wonder why I can wake up so early and all my friends sleep so late. cowboys are doing good this game, since I can hear the game going on. I wish I had a source of income right now. I don't know how I am going to pay for my cell phone bill and the money for the frat I'm rushing for. I'm glad I didnt drink last night, I feel pretty good today, except for a running nose. wow my 20 minutes are almost done, I wonder if my parents are going to call today. I need my cell phone back from my friend. I wonder what this blue, stringy dust is that is all over my stuff. oh look, my time is up, finally I'm done wit this, I'm glad I remembered to do this today. ",n,y,y,n,n

1999\_956491.txt,"I am really hungry right now. I wish I could go and get some cooking form home. I miss my mother's cooking. I won't be able to get any home cooking until I go home next month. That's a long time . I wish I could go home labor day weekend. I wonder why everyone else is homesick,but I'm not. I miss my parents,but I guess I fell that I'm going to go home soon. Why is this stupid song on mtv. I hate when they have those people interrupt the video to talk about why they like the video. I wonder wat I'm going to do today. I wish I had my car up here with me so I could go to the mall whenever I wanted to. I hate being immobile and relying on other people to tote me around. I need to go pick up some trashbags for my room. I wonder if the Jexter store is open. I don't fell like going down to the drag just for some trashbags. I ove this song on tv. I should put the ck in and listen to it. That reminds me I should meet my roommates who always play that loud music across from the bathroom. I guess I'll meet them when we finally have our wing meeting. I feel like going to that stepshow today, but I don't have a way. That's another reason why I wish I had my own car. I really need to wash my clothes today. I don't feel like it ,but I don't do it now I'll never do it. I'm glad my mom taught me how to wash clothes. That would be pretty bad if I went of to college and didn't know how to wash clothes like my roommate. That's one downside to living on your own, your parents don't do your laundry anymore. Now that's stupid. How are people supposed to know that on saturdays the parking spaces by the field are reserved. I can't even contact Jennifer so she can move her car. I don't understand why they didn't tell people when they assigned parking spaces. I hope they don't tow her car. She should have left her brother's phone number. She doesn't need anything else bad to happen to her. She already doesn't like being here. Poor thing I hope she feels better soon. I can't think of anything to say to make her feel better. I know I look bad because I haven't shed a tear over my parents and she's been bawling. Okay my 20 minutes are up so I'm going to quit typing now. ",y,n,y,n,n

1999\_956679.txt,"I feel strange to be writing, I should have a form or a document or something specfic to do, instead of listening to lena horne on hte stero, god I wish I could sing like that so thoarty and sensual like maybe its befauses she black, but that would be wrong to say I could get in trouble the people next door are balck, why is it that all hte good reallly good jazz performers were balck, yet the only people I know who like jazz are pasty white, thats strange, so many things I say could get me in troulbe I can't tell ryan I'm in love with him, he'd get scaared but I'm nt in love wiht him its a passing fancy, oh I hate being female and emotional it sucks, go lena, she has the answer, she just sung a manhating sond, I feel sorry for the person who has to read this, this is dthe easy writhing assignment hat I've ever done, Iknow I'm supposed to wait on the second assignment ut I want to get it over with sorry whoever has to decipher tis but I not correcting it, they told me no t togod how to figure out the thoughts of me, I can't figure my thoughts how can you reader person, I;m hungry I want food, yet I have noneone to eat with it;s annoying lisa said she'd call me but she didn't I didn;t think she would silly women me an lisa are both silly she;s in littlefield I could go find her but wondering around in a dorm oh thats intellegent now lena is sticking by her man eben though he's a slob, confusing I think so I'm tired I slept in late to day why am I tired must skip this song depressing this whole writing thing is a form of self expression I guess culd be threaputic oh htat's spelled so wrong I can't spell never could, I'm adding puncuation not supposed to do thta I thought this unfourtunaly this is the easiest writing assignment all yeaar whats the requiremnt in spainish, oh jennifer just got in turn down the music she probably dosen't like lena taht's so many mistakes in grammer structures mother would be mad but oh well I don't care she snot here is she now imiss my dog I have nothing living in my room minus shower mold but syou can't cudddle that what a nasty image ryan does the silliest jokes with bad puns like tahat oh I've got it bad I think how pathetic a women leaning on a man its wrong in so many way got ten minustes left tahts a lot for just ten mins. I covered so many topics back to lena but soft so not to bother jen I wonder why she never shortened her name to jenny or something everyother jenniffer does but everyone thinks jenny's name is shortened when its not for the poor readser htats my sister hse is newly married a picure of martial bliss and all htat I miss her sometimes but not to much we fought adn fought she thrrew a brush at me once I waas os giveing and non confriatonal as a child probably cus I was fat why do pepople discriminate against fat kids its mean my jkids will play sports and be actifve I love kidss I'm maternal all over a sk anyoone htey like to tease me about it how on earth can the reader diecphir this oh that good spelling I'm not an english major I should be a bio major but I odnt know I'm confused how am I supposed to choose a path for my llife how stange and silly to expect htat of me I have no plan I wnat to go to philly and I would love to visit vbangkok it sounds os coolk but I wnat a translator how can I claim ot be adverterous and not be aable to take off somewhere on a whim or is that responsible I wonder how mom would take it if I went to philly over christmeaas not well why bother I want to seee ryan I miss him god that so sad with the femine dependance imiss him though some would say htat was cute glad he doesn't live here id be in trouble pregant whatever to hell wiht purity here;s ryan oh now that is offically sad beyond belive why do women give up their positons for men, why isn't it the other way around that woudl be a change stupid pateracail society spelling agian I hate speelling its the way I was taught to read the stupid whole word approach not the phonics I have homework I ahte work I'm a lazy son of a opps don't want ot curse on a paper I curse ot much that;s not lady like but then what do I care I shouldnt have to fit a standard of feminism how arachic and outdatinga and silly opps one minuste left I really do feel sorry of rthe reader I'm going to read this before I sign out and laugh I hate my laught but this is funny why do I add t to the end of ough whay tath's stpid but whay is a prouduct of cheese how bizarre. done. ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_958720.txt,"why did these girls from my hometown just call me and invite my roomate and I to a frat party? what were they thinking? these silly girls went to school with me for 4 years, and all of a sudden I have changed into a college girl that wants to drink, party, and hang out with jocks?? uhhh, I don't think so. I mean, it is a nice gesture, I guess. I would almost rather they not call at all. that would make me feel so much better, I hate seeing all of those kingwood people in austin. I eamn, I did come here to expand my horizons. I do not think that frat parties are neccessary to experience what college is all about. So, I decided to stay at home and work on psychology homework. Why? it isn't like I am enjoying this. I would much rather be out watching a band, or listening to music, or hanging out with my best friend holly. I really like the fact that we are roomates now. over the summer and for about the last year or so, we didn't get to hang out very much. But, now that we are here, it is like we are getting to know each other all over again, and I love that. Even though we are extremely different now, she is like part of my family and makes this huge campus seem somewhat small and unintimidating. She is also a lot like me, like when those girls called, I could tell by her facial expressions that it was a ridiculous idea. It was almost as though I could read her mind. My foot itches. Tomroow, I am going to church for the first time in about 6 months. I don't know why I stopped going, maybe I got too pessimistic or maybe my spiritual side just died with the loss of some important friends. I am not really sure, but I am certainly hoping to revive that side of me, because I definately need some sort of outlet for all of this stress and lonliness. No, that is not the right word, I am not lonely, maybe just scared of what I am to become being spiritually dark. Why did that happen? I don't understand so many things, but I am trying. I have also been going with Holly, my best friend, to her church related organization on campus. I really like it a lot, maybe things will change soon. I miss my mom. I hope that she is ok without me, and my little brother too. He is in second grade and doing so well, but he hates school. He isn't very attentive, but very creative. I miss my family, we were very close. Except for my dad, he is a jerk. I wonder sometimes if I will ever find it important to speak to him again. I don't really think so. He does nothing but cause stress and harm, he doesn't pay attention unless it is something bad. He doesn't know me, yet he seems to evaluate my every BAD move, without noticing the good ones. I am not a girl that holds onto grudges, but I am too pessimisstic right now to forgive him. Maybe it will come in time. I hope that I am not studying the wrong things for class. I often wonder how I am going to make the grades. I mean, I know I can, I am very smart, but it is hard to concentrate right now with all of these things happening at once. Especially coming to college for the first time. I never dreamed that it would be as draining as it is. Once again, I am so glad to have Holly here to keep me in my comfort zone. It is said that you make some life-long friendships here, but I am struggling with all of these new people. I have not found the time to REALLY get to know anyone that is new yet. It is like they are all aquaintences. I am sure that that will all change, once I am in the swing of things and I do not refer to old friendships as a comparison. Why are we doing this assignment? Am I part of some sort of research? I would like to know, I feel like I am spilling all of these things onto paper, maybe someone will read them and take them into account, maybe not. Maybe I am just another research rat. Why do they always do research on rats? I don't get it? If you are going to hurt an animal, why is it always rats? I mean, isn't there something that is closer to humans genetically than rats? maybe monkeys. But I do not like that animal research idea at all. Give it up. We are human, we are not supposed to understand everything that walks, breathes, and thinks. We should just contemplate it, talk to people, and think about them to ourselves. Why should we impose onto other species? What if it was the other way around? Wouldn't we think. ""Why do they even care? It isn't as if they can change anything, even if they wanted to?"" People are people, it is instinct, why should we cut it apart. It almost ruins the whole experience of life on Earth. or mars for that matter. Do we care if there is life on Mars? Unless we interact with them in some way, why should we care? Technology is killing man, man is killing himself. Life is supposed to be fun and exciting. not facts, computers, and stress about the y2k crap. Oh well, I don't understand. Why am I thinking all of this at one time? Pretty weird how it all just sort of comes to my fingers as I am typing, but I suppose I am thinking it for a reason. I got a package today, it was a necklace from a friend in houston. it was nice but he said taht when he saw it it made him think of me. Why? I asked myself did that necklace make him think of me? it really isn't anything like my fashion. and there was no letter inside, only a necklace. I mean, it is the thought that counts, but that is ridiculous. I think I deserve more credit for my individuality than that. hahaha. ok, I am really hoping that some good shows come around here in austin. I miss the punk rock scene in houston. I am sure I just need to get to know people who like it and just start going. I found a club that I am really into now, it is called the concert comittee of the texas council. I am extremely excited about that. I wonder if I am going to dream about any of thise weird stuff tonight. I wonder if it will stay inside my head and dwell there until my eyelids close. Then, all of the thoughts will explode and I will have one huge lng dream about my dad, holly, church, monkeys, rats, and music. that would be weird huh? I definately think so. Well, my back is definately starting to hurt from sitting in this stupid dorm chair for so long. I want a back rub. ad you are probably wondering why my assignment is long. I can type extremely fast for some weird reason. I am done. enjoy me \*cara\* ",n,n,n,y,y

1999\_959624.txt,"I am really tired today. I am also pretty homesick. It is my birthday. I wish that I was at home. I want to celebrate my birthday with my parents and sister. I want to go to my favorite restaurants. Blue Goose sounds really good, but why am I worried about good restaurants in Dallas. I can get just as good or better food here in Austin. I want a turkey sub for dinner tonight. I also want to go to get ice cream from Aimee's with my friends, but I have so much to do. I have to review all of my notes tonight for my classes, plus I have to go to the sorority pledge class meeting at sometime. I better look up the time soon. I am glad I stayed in and studied this weekend. It helped me get organized and feel like I knew what I was doing. Rush really made me crazy. I hope I like being in a sorority. I am scared because I don't party that much, and I don't want it to take away too much time from my studies. I know that I do have to balance my life. I have to make time to meet people nad have fun. I just never feel like I have enough time to do everything. I feel bad that I couldn't go to lunch with Leisha today because I had to read my phylosophy, but I went to run and then to church this morning and I had to get my stuff done this afternoon to be ready for the meeting tonight. I wish that I was at home and could just relax and watch TV. I miss summer time when I didn't have to do too much. I hope all of my friends in all of their colleges are doing well. The birthday card from Amy made me sad. It already feels like we are drifting apart from each other. Even when I e-mail her, I don't know what to say. I feel like she doesn't care what is going on here because she doesn't know all of people I am talking about when I tell her what I am doing. Why doesn't she tell me a lot about her life? I want to know what is going on, not just hi how's it going kind of stuff. I am so happy I know my roommate though. We have had so much fun together, and we keep each other sane. I get scared when I think what might have been if I had gone pot luck. I keep meeting people who have crazy roommates, but I think I really could have gotten a long with everyone. I have met the coolest people. That girl I sat next to in Economics the other day, was really neat. I need to get her number. I like my sailor sis in Delta Gamma, but I am afraid to go out with her. I don't know if I can keep up with all of these UT people. They party way more than I do. I think I am going to go home this Labor day weekend because the parties aren't a necessity to meet people. Anyways, nobody who I talk to will remember me because they are all drunk. I don't understand why I go to these paries to meet people when I can't even have a coherent conversation with people, but I guess they are fun. I am so confused right now, but I think it will all start working out soon. I just wish that I knew everybody instantly and did not have to work so hard at meeting people. In high school I could see anyone and know them. Like at the game last night, I hardly knew anyone, and in high school I could talk to anyone around me. I guess soon enough, I will make new and good friends, but I sure hope it comes soon. Luckily, I have Megan. She has kept me from being sad, plus I really like it in Austin. I love walking around campus and seeing everyone. It is the prettiest campus, and I really like all of my classes. I am really scared about keeping my grade point up. I worked hard in high school and did well, but will it be enough for college? I sure hope so. I know my parents will be happy as long as I do my best, but sometimes I feel that is not enough. I guess I pressure myself too hard. I just have to keep listening to my parents advice to balance my time between relaxing, socializing, and studying. I will do my best. I know that it will all start being normal to me pretty soon. I just have to wait for the adjusting period to be over. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_959747.txt,"Right now I am feeling very tired. I have a nervous feeling in my stomach probably because I am going to meet a guy that I've had a crush on this friday. I am kind of upset that my friend from chicago hasn't called me. I am also nervous about the semester, because I am hoping to bring up my GPA since I didn't do so well, last year. My second year and already I feel like my classes are just going to give me a lot of trouble. I'm still on basics and at times I feel dumb because I should already be in my upper division courses. I am motivated again to do well and I feel that everything I am doing so far is going to get me to where I want to be. I have exercised, studied, relaxed, etc. What else do I need to achieve my goal. I want to get into med-school and become a doctor. But, I also want to finish as soon as possible. I miss my family, but I don't miss the rules that they give me. My parents are good parents, don't get me wrong, but I still disagree with a lot of the rules. I guess everyone raises their kids differently. But in a way they have me scared. Scared, to go out to clubs with my friends, or parties or any other social activity that happens at night. Mainly because they would always tell me that it wasn't me they didn't trust it was the ""people out there"" So, that freaks me out and whenever I do go to clubs or anything I'm always paranoid that someone is going to have a gun and just start shooting. Or an even worse thought is that I might somehow get hit by a drunk driver. Whatever happens in the world that makes the news and freaks out my parents is what I'm afraid of. Maybe, that's how they wanted it. I'm still a pleasant person to hang out with, don't get me wrong, but sometimes I just worry too much. Back to the feeling tired bit, well this past weekend I went home for my sisters birthday. It was a surprise. She gave me a big hug. And it made me feel really good, because me and my sister are always fighting. And going away to college has brought us closer. She is 15 and I'm 19 so it's a big age difference. Anyway I went to her party that my parents had for her and I slept about 5 hrs. the entire weekend. I got home Monday morning and slept all day. And about being nervous well, sometimes I always have that feeling. And usually I can explain it, but there are times when I don't know why. I like this guy James from Chicago, the one who hasn't called. And since I've met him, I can't seem to stop talking about him. I catch myself talking about him as though he's made a big impact on my life. And really he hasn't. So far everyone I've met has heard about him and my roommates are tired of it. But I can't help it, so lately for everyone's sake I've been keeping quiet and trying to talk about other things, but I still have him on my mind. ",n,n,y,y,y

1999\_971541.txt,"stream of consciousness, I don't even know how to spell the word, god my roommate is so retarded. she is so fat. if I get fat because of all the junk food ill be real angry. god I can't type. this is so retarded. I really like the song. damn I have to go to the bath room and its only been like 3 minutes porbaqbly less, there I dammit go again, can't type. uggghhh the stupid computer guy didnt call back about my computer, stupid flirt oh yeah he can flirt and try and act all cool with me and my roommate but can't even get my computer back before my assignment is due. I hate using other peoples computers it just doenst feel the same and I really don't like typing on lap tops. I like my computer, it feel comfortable, I feel so weird at my own personal computer in college doing college stuff. although I am reall glad I don't have to write any papers. I'm pretty damn good at writting but I hate the effort that you have to put into it. my papers have to be perfect, each word percisely chosen, but then that is the point of most papers I mean all the really good writters specifically choose they're words to convey a point. I really have to go to the bathroom, but my god damn roommate has a guy over and the bathroom is right next to her room, I mean how akward is that. I have a problem going when its just girls. I have a dg meeting no a retreat at five 15 can't wait I really am beginnig to like being a dg although I don't know where ill get the money to pay for this but I worry about that later, I always get around things that I want, although I didnt get into the sor that I wanted I mean out of 5 I didn't get either, I just didnt realize how incredibly hard is is to get into the good ones, I just wish I knew why I was rejected at some of them. and I am really really bothered by the fact that this is so final I mean for life, I can't go back and try to fix things or change things. that's what's really bothering me, I can't seem to be in charge. I really wanted to be on crew really bad, I looks so fun and I love water, but the practices are so early I mean 5 and 6 in the morning, that's like the middle of the night for me. I got home at 2 and would have only got 3 hours of sleep if I wanted to go to try outs, and since I can't go to the practice tomarrow I am pretty sure thqat I can't do it, there's always next year, I guess its all for the best, I mean I will have a chance to get my footing and get adjusted, I don't want to be to heavily involved my first semester and being in a sorority takes up so much of my time. god I just really want to meet some hot guy and make really close friends, I know I'm supposed to give it time but I have been so severly disappointed since I have been here. I didnt get the chance I wanted to be in the in the really cool top sors and live-- had to go to the bathroom much better. I guess I'm happy I mean I just have such high expectations for myself, ilways want to appear to very cool to everyone else, I guess other's opinions really do matter and I know that isn't what is going to make me happy yes like with jas. jazz I really fucked up that one, all I could think was will I be cooll with this guy next year, not if I was happy or if I liked him as a person and when I realized what he meant to me it was too late. and then there's also the fact that after we got in that little fight I cuouldnt do anything about it. just wait for him to call or not call, I couldnt fix it. even after I went down there I wanted to make him see I was sorry and that I could be and was everything he wanted. I can get so messed up sometimes. I don't give people a chance because I don't perceive them as what other's would perceive as cool soes that make sense well to me it does. why am I so obsessed with society standards, I guess that 's I why I have never really be that happy or had a really super good best friend. to worried about what other people will think or say when they see me. I want to be proud like all the other girls and I don't see why they get to have everything. I mean they can be cold hearted bitches an dback stabbers, everything bad, but they'll have popularity, hot guys tons of people dying to be their friends, but me typically very nive and loyal doesn't ever get any of that, or maybe I do but just not they way I want. I always want what other people have or I can't get. more writting but I kkinda ran out of topics running why do I have to run so much and eat so little I'm mean I have a serious problem with wieght gain, I can't loose the pounds and I seriously feel like cruying because my legs are so thick. I mean I work out and I'm trying to more and have seriously cut back on my this song sucks how much longer, I guess its ok I don't want to take off my ursuline ring its part of who I am, I think its cute that I still wear it. i had a good time at ursuline it was only this summer that I got dicked over. I don't know what the deal is with andrea but the has some serious issues, she needs to grow up or get a life. I mean she just takes me for granted so much and now she's doing it to my roommate and I don't like it, I thought for once I would be able to get heroutof my life but it doesn't look that way, its like she doenst respect my friendship at all, she really doenst respect anyone, she is a conceited spoiled brat. I need to brush my teeth oh hey look I'm done ",y,y,y,n,y

1999\_971941.txt,"Well, I don't know, or should I say that I am not sure on much right now. I feel like I've always tried to be good and kind and honest, especially honest. Now, it's not like much of any of those, beause I am not right to Ryan. Oh Ryan, I don't know why I have done and do the things I do. Some people aren't right in your life. Ryan's right because he is comfortable. Others are old and dirty and uncaring. Yet, I am still spending all this time and energy on them. Not thinking much of myself, am I? Do I? Will I ever? It's like I always have the right things all planned out--like Nathaniel tells me--but I never have the confidence to follow through with everything I dream or how I want or wish to be. I want to be strong and I don't want to be taken advantage of for the rest of my life. I want to be pretty and I want to be skinny like I was when I was fifteen with long brown hair. I can go back to that. I just have to run, run like I did and eat much less. I have a perfect vision of what I want to be but I always set myself up to fail. I won't follow through but I must. I must be honest with my feelings toward Ryan, not honest with what happenned, just with my feelings because I do care about him. I do. I don't want to hate myself right now. sometimes, someimes when I'm alone with my thoughts I think too much about all of it, I feel dirty, dirty and ashamed, and all I want is someone to hold me and tell me that they know and they still care and they still like me and they want to be there, that's what I thought Greg was or is. critical though. He can be so critical, but he said he called--called like he nevercalls anyone he misses. He missed me enough to call me. more than I thought I would. we said more than we thought we would greg and nathaniel make me want to be a better person. I always want nathaniel to see me in the right way--he knows, greg too, they still care. But I am always like that questioning whether anyone does. maybe the thing will work and I will be happy- not eat more. iam afraid to eat more, but I probably won't if I do it right. But I want to get all nice looking for when I seee greg at Christmas. I want him to think I am pretty, he will, no more diritness-- it's ending soon, but I have to get the pictures back. I remember Saturday night. I couldn't even close my eyes or lay by myself. trouble sleeping. i had to go ly next to my mom . she cares she really does. I don't care what they say about her or think about her there's a love and care in her. she's really concerned about me. she wants me to get better. I'm trying. she doesn't know the dirty things--she has a nidea, but in it all she doesn't care she still loves me. I wish I could hug her. go back this weekend to houston like you always, do Chrissy. try to be happy, think of others and fufill what you want of yourself be everything you want plus some-- now that's pretty. ",y,y,y,n,y

1999\_972522.txt,"Today was fun. it was more fun than usual. Psychology is a fun class. I had more fun in than usual. Poor Tracy. I feel so bad for her. Why do guys treat her the way they do. She's such a good girl. If I were a guy, I would be happy to have a girl like her. maybe it's because at times she can be submissive. it seems like guys always want a challenge in life. How awkward. oh well I hope she transfers soon. I hate Judy. she's such a bitch. I dunno how she is going to become a psychologist. Gross. she's so insensitive and mean. i have no clue how she is going to become a psychologist. Aren't psychologists supposed to be nice, friendly, understanding, etc. ?? Well anyways. i just found another person with Charlie's birthday. i was reminded of him once again. Gosh he's such an asshole. i'm so happy I left him. i don't know what he's thinking. Why the hell would I ever want to get back with a shit head like him. He's so stupid. oh wells. i miss my mommy. it seems like I love her a lot lot more now that I'm away from home. I finally realize how much she loves me and devotes herself to me. oh well. i'm going to show her I love her a lot more eventually. i miss her so much. sometimes I wish I could just hold her and stuff but I guess not. Gosh this psycology class requires a lot of writing and etc. oh wells. wow I can't believe I met another Japanese girl like me. hehe. she's so nice and cute =) Anyways, I better study harder in all my classes or I'm going to completely fall behind in all my classes. the other Charles is stupid but he's fun to hang out with. why am I such an abusive person. it's like I always like to hit people and pinch them. oh well. Hung is really sad. well that's what Thao and Tracy says. what can I say. He shouldn't have said all the things he said. He's so dumb. typical guy I suppose. why did he say the things he said anyways. He really hurt my feelings. i may seem like I'm not a sensitive person, but I am so sensitive and some of the smallest things get to me. that really sucks. Grrrr!!! I hate my step dad. He's so superficial and stupid. i hope his son doesn't come to Houston and live with us. that would suck so bad. i really have no idea what I would do. He would definitely mess up the whole family. i wonder what Charles is doing right now. i wonder if he really does have feelings for me like he says. i wonder if he still thinks about me and stuff. He's such a dickhead. i bet h already slept with another girl already. Grrrr. what a damn loser. He's almost 24 years old yet he is still a junior. i really would not be suprised if I graduated before he did. hehe. michael is a really nice and cool guy. i'm glad I met him. i wonder if he is gay. that really sucks. guys who usually talk about their fatness usually seem to be gay. i have no clue though. i kinda miss Charlie pooh. oh well I must forget about him. i really need to catch up on my studies I must make a 4. 0 gpa so I can get into a good med school with scholarships and etc. Gosh Poor Catherine. i know her and Eric are having problems. it's just that she doesn't want to admit it. Everytime I bring the subject of him, she tries to avoid it like she doesn't care but I know she does. oh well Poor girl. i hope we have fun this weekend. that would be really great. Yup =) Ok now. it seems like I am running out of ideas to write for this class. i need a haircut bad. Hehe. oh my god I can't believe 90210 is still showing . that's pretty amazing. it's the 10th year since its been running. wow. Jenny Garth is still my idol. she's soo pretty and she dresses so nice and is skinny. i want to lose another 10 lbs. then I will be soo happy. the girl from party of 5 has really grown. i love her hair. thats the next haircut I'm going to have. it looks so nice. ok now. i think it's been 20 minuties and I'm tired of writing so I'm going to go now. byebye =) ",n,n,n,n,n

1999\_973303.txt,"I don't like the fact that I'm not sure if I can print stuff in this library. it would be so much more easy if I had my own computer, but oh well sarah is probably getting one in a few days then I can use hers it is so crazy how much things have become computer dependent I never thought that I would have a class that was web-based. but it seems that most of mine are and its kinda good in a way because it is forcing me to actually use the technology thats out there I'm not very computer oriented but I think about one year of college will whip me into shape, speaking of I need to go to the gym, but I'm not sure that ill make it tonight maybe ill call jane and see if she has time to go wiht me. sarah doesn't really work out a lot so I've been doing it by myself it would be a good idea to get one of thoes little hand held recorders and tape my spanish lectures because he lectures entirely in spanish and I understand spanish stuff so much better the second time through that I think it would be a really good idea to tape him and then listen to it while I work out wow its only been five minutes its hard to do stuff like this when you know that tons of homework awaits you and you arent really looking forward to it. I'm so glad we have monday off A&M doesn't' even have this holiday but I guess that they started later than we did. I'm going there this weekend and I can't wait to see my closest friends in all the world because they all went there I'm glad I didnt even though I miss them dearly because I have been forced to meet all kinds of new people and I have met some really nice ones, not as great as my best freinds but then again its only been two weeks they all seem to be sticking together pretty much which I think I s pretty dumb because they are never going to grow up if they don't start spreading there wings so to speak. its kinda funny that I just happened to look at my watch and I have been writing for ten minutes now I always seem to look at it in 5-10-15 minute increments. maybe myu internal clock is really acurate or something. I dunno. I'm really tired right now even though I got a lot of sleep the other night maybe I just need even more. I need more sleep thatn anyone I know I wonder if I get more tired because I convince myself I didnt get enough sleep or if I'm actually really tired. I think I do get really tired becuase it starts to show on my face, I get horrible bags under my eyes and I just look gross. like right now. plus I am totally broken out, more than I have ever been, but I'm hoping that its just the stress from going off to colegio. who knows well see in about a week. why is it that sometimes your face turns red. I hate that so much I feel so exposed when that happens. I can feel it getting hotter and I think that makes me even more self concious which in turn makes mya face even more red. I wonder if people you don't know notice when you blush or is it not as obvious as it seems. i didnt used to blush but now I occasionally do a t really inopportune times . like today when a guy I think is attractive said hi to me I got all flustered. its so stupid I don't even know him and I've convinced myself that we are destined to be together. sometimes I am so unrealistic when it comes to relationships correction I am always unrealistic that is something hard for me to admit to because in admitting that I feel let down. I get really dejected when it comes to guys, and I don't theink that any good ones exist even though I know in theory that isn't true I just havent come accross anyone who has disproved it to me. maybe its because I don't attract the nice guys because I'm sending off a negative vibe that was on oprah the other day. they were saying how can you attract someone if you automatically have a bad attitude about it and think that they couldnt possibly be worhty of you. I dunno. I can't stop thinking all guys are bad just to attract a guy because I think that is the wrong motive for changing my opinion. its like in bridget jones diary she does stuff like that sometimes I remind myself of her except not as extreme. well of course not she was a complete lunatic. I wish my parents were not in ireland right now becasue I would looooovvvveeee to see them this weekend but I can wait I miss them so much I think because we get along so incredibly well its really abnormal I think no one else I know gets along as well with there parents as I do its really cool I thinkwow I went over the 20 minutes who would have guessed thats kinda weird everytime I mentioned the time I said wow. huh ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_973407.txt,For the past few days and now I have been thinking a lot about my friends back hone. I am thinking of all the good times we had and how I miss them a lot. And of course I am thinking about girls and especially one of them. I also thinking aout this summer and how I met a lot of different kinds of people by attending the preview program and gettting an early start on college. Adjusting from hihg school took college took a little bit of time. Having fun and partying are always on my mind. I partied a lot this summer. it was a lot easier then because I only had to worry about two classes; one of them was pre-cal and I knew I could hadle that so it was basically only e306. Some other thoughts that also come to my mind at this moment are thoughts about my parents and how I miss them and my rest of my family back home. Thinking about that sometimes makes me sad but I don't let it get to me. I am usually a very happy person and people can tell when something is bothering me or not. lately I have not gone out mainly because no one has really invited me go out with them. But also because I have been a little low on money. There is money in the bank but I don't know for how long there will be money there. This summer I spent a lot more monwy than I should have spent. I don't usually worry about money but I really spent a lot and the worst part of it is that I don't know waht I spent it on. at this instant I am thinkign about my grades I got this summer. I was disappointed with them because I know I could of done better. I got a B in English in which I am pretty satisfied because I can't write good at all. But I know I should of gotten an A in PRE Cal. I put a lot of effort and I thought I deserved an A but the teacher ws sort of a Bi---- towards the end. I was really frustrated with this. I had never been so caught on grades until this occurred. So instead of starting my college career with a 3. 5 I started with a f\*\*\*\*\*\*\* 3. 0. this really frieken sucks big time. ,y,n,y,n,n

1999\_974189.txt,"Well what do I want to say I guess I should start by being pissed off that the girl I'm dating didn't call me last night after she said she would. we aren't committed or anything it just aggravates me when someone goes back on their word. well my brother's in town for the first time to see me we went to a good party last night, actually it was totally lame and it sucked that it was his first u. t. party. tonight will be so much better though cause the party tonight will be cool. phi Kappa Psi is where it's at. right now notre dame is barely beating purdue even though it's a two point game n. d. should run away. college has been cool so far and I like the fact that I automatically get credit for this assignment by just writing my thought down. that's pretty cool. my hardest class is my calculus class it's totally reeming me. i've never had a tutor before but he's my new best friend now. damn it's hot in here. the cafeteria should open right about now. i hope they have good food today lately they've be lacking the good food department. my roomate just doesn't understand. I really do believe he and I are do a good fist fight before it's all over. actually it won't be a good fight because I'll kill him. he's so loud and thinks that just because we're roommates we're automatically buddies for life. i think we could be friends maybe even good friends if he could. we'll how I don't know cause he gets on my nerves so much. oh well we're two different people from two different background. kid rock is awesome. especially on the mtv video awards. it's really hard to writes and sing at the same time. but I guess I can do that considering the fact that there aren't any wrong answers and I can write anything. i don't really miss home that much. maybe my family a little but austin is so cool. i just hope I can keep my grades up so I can stay in the fraternity. and I hope I have enough money to pay for all the dues. well my time is almost up and I hungry as can be so I guess I'll go now. ? ",y,y,n,y,n

1999\_974267.txt,"I hate this type of assignment, the kind of work that tries to force a thought into one's head. Thoughts should come naturally, and when the mind is prompted, then nothing comes to it. Well, as long as I'm supposed to be thinking, let's think about why I'm doing this. It's to get a good grade. Why do I do anything. I always seem to respond in a manner in which the answer seems acceptable to everyone else. Maybe I'm doing this to please everyone else: my instructor, my parents, myself. So why do I do everything else that I do? Why do I devote so much time to working out and exercise? Is it because I want to fool myself into living longer? Is it to mold my body in such a way as to attract others and get their attentions. I always say that I just don't want to become weak, that when I find someone to protect, I want to be able to protect them. But if I am always desparately trying to find this person that would fill the current void in my life, why is it I push everyone away? My friends, my peers, my elders? I don't do what everyone says is ""fun. "" I don't hang around others for long, I don't go to parties, and I rarely impart what I truly feel. It seems as if I've been hiding half my life, hiding from others and from myself. Inside, I scream to myself, ""go out have fun meet new people you boring dolt!"" and in my mind I'm always prepared to do so, but when the moment of truth comes about, I never act out my true intentions, either being intimidated or discouraged. I remember when I went to that UT freshman orientation. My friend said when you get to the dance, just go up to people, introduce yourself, and ask for a dance. And he's a loser. But it worked for him, so I tried it myself. The first time, rejected. The second time, rejected. The third time, rejected, and even I know that 3 strikes is out. I get so sick of hearing excuses like oh I'm too tired or I don't feel like it. Yeah right. Then why the hell are you here at the dance? Just give me a straight and vehement no and I'll be on my way, not even to think twice about the encounter. Now on strike three, I had another reason for retiring that night. That girl, the way she looked, the way she acted, it was deja vu. I went to another country with a girl like that, stood by her side, opened my heart to her, and offered it to her. She led me on, to believe that for once, I had an opportunity for love, that it was my time in the spotlight, and with the most beautiful girl I have ever been with. Visually stunning, patient but forceful, and gentle, someone to listen. I thought I finally found her, and felt as though I was riding above clouds. Then I just came down hard with the rain. I've never been the same afterwards, because everything was seen in a different light. This third girl at the dance, the rudeness didn't get to me, but the memories of heartbreak was just too much to handle. I asked Tonia out to the dance once, and she came. But we never danced. I asked and she ignored. Just like This time. Love. I'm too young to know its true meanings, and too inexperienced to have any justification in even corrolating it with the words I or me. I'm always looking for ""love"" for companionship without even really knowing what to look for. It can't just be the person that gives you that indescribable burning feeling within. Too many times has that happened. I say to myself, you know what love is. You loved Tonia, because all you ever did was argue, yet you could stand it. She broke your heart, lied to you, worked behind your back, carried you up and dropped you, and yet you still thought of her. Hell, you still think of her. You've been talking to her as a friend and the feeling has never left you. Isn't that enough to be love? It's as close as I've gotten, I'm sure, but what about prom. To have danced with someone I've never known before, to talk, and to, after so long, have fun. When I held her in my arms, and her hair brushed my face as the slow songs played through, what was that feeling. Was it a feeling of completeness, of safety that as long as with her that nothing can go wrong? What was that? I go through sleepless nights thinking of Christie sometimes, someone who I never gave a second thought to until that moment I told her goodbye. The moment in which the swelling in my throat caught even me by surprise. But am I looking for love or just someone. I don't want to end up like my uncle, having married a woman only because she threatened to commit suicide. Is he happy? Am I happy now? no, I'm not. ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_974896.txt,"I am a bit in wonderous as to what is supposed to be accomplished by this writing assignment and what it is supposed to prove. I hope this isn't some wierd psychoanalysis of who I am or something like that. Not that I am an X-files junkie and I think this is one big conspiracy or anything though. That is not one of the best shows about conspiracies anyway. I really enjoyed ""Conspiracy Theory"" with mel Gibson and Julia Roberts though. Right now I am thinking that I could be doing other homework that is a little bit more consequential for my classes tomorrow and just start typing random letters with little regard to this assignment, but I am an honest and will continue to do this assignment as if someone were really going to read it. I am really excited about the Astros victory tonight over the Phillies, because it put us 3 games ahead of the reds who split their double header today. If the Astros end up in the playoffs I plan on making at least one trip to Houston to watch them play in the Astrodome. Especially since that will probably be the last time I will khave a chance to see a game played in the Astrodome. After this season they will be p;laying in their new stadium by the convention center. I think the convention center is a bit of a waste since Houston doesn't seem to land many consequential national level events there. But that's Houston for you'. They never seem to get the kind of national coverage that New York or la gets. I guess that is because it is considerably smaller, but still. I think it has to do with Houston being a bit excluded from the rest of the country. And with the lack of national events and tourism people will continue to think Texas is all about cowboys and cattle wtith a few oil ranchers thrown in th e mix. ",n,n,n,n,y

1999\_975769.txt,"I am sitting thinking about how I have a headache, and how I am not hungry but I have a desire to eat because it is lunchtime. I am keeping an eye out for the evil ants that rule our dorm room. I think my roomate is sexy. I am havig a hard time relaxing and just writing I stop and pause to think of what I am thinking. my long nails make it hard to type my hair is falling out in droves. tompetty is in a week and a half I love tom petty. vh1 is on and is starting to get annoying I am going to turn it off, that's better. I have a tough time managing my time correctly I need to make changes I feel heavy I feel hungry, I would rather be surfing the web or checking my email than writing this but it's required I think there is something wrong with my computer it is acting weird I think it is juno's fault. my glands hurt my instant messenger is broken. I have nothing to write I feel the ants crawling on me but it's only my imagination but they're everywhere. I only have to write for ten more minutes. nothing to say or write but I must john mellencamp is talented I think I will listen to enrique -- hold on I just sneezed all over my screen I wiped it off with a dry erase eraser I am listening to echo instead I got a room at the top of the world tonight I got a room at the top of the world tonite & I ain't coming down & I ain't coming down I got some one who loves me tonite maybe not I don't have a significant other I think I need to changhe the soong but I am afraid I am starting to bve depressed again sometimes I think miriam lies but I guess not I saw her bruises but I think she might lie about other things. I miss granny & papa I think that I have written enough 4 more minutes maybe this song sounds nice tom petty is so talented. 3 more minutres I don't understand how this is helping me understand my thinking process this is weird I think that Dr. pennebaker is an oddball I am not hungry or full now, but I am thirsty I want to sleep I am so tired I am always tired I can't sign up for any of these dumb experiments I need to because they are always full 1 more minute and I am done la la la l alallalalalalalal fuck this I want to go this is making me upset I still have one more to do I wiill do it later Adios stupid writing assass assignment ",n,y,n,n,y

1999\_976054.txt,"man, I feel really weird right now. I don't know what exactly is going on . I had a fun time at this reggae show last nite. that was a cool band. it made me feel happy. I havent really been feeling happy all that much recently. its pretty much because I broke up with my girlfriend. well, I ddint really break up with her, we just sort of broke up, even though we were never officailly together in the first place. now that was a strange relationship. how come I'm not hungary. I feel like I should be its been a while since I had that pizza on 6th st. last nite. I don't have anything to say right now. what a wierd thing for me, usually I'm just filled with thoughts about whats in my head. I let you down, oh, forgiveme. that s a lyric to a dave matthews song he's like my favorite musicain in the world. oh its you. that was the next lyric. don't walk away. that song makes me think of my girlfrie,d. actually, just about every song makes me tink of her. I wan to right a song. I want to be in a band. me and pete went to this punk show on thrus. nite and it was so cool whenever I go to shows like that, I always get inspired. the phone just rang and my mom called. I got off with her as soon as I could, but I hope that doesn't interfere with this experiment. but this band thing sounds like so much fun. I just want to learn how to play guitar, and just srite one incredible song that can speak to just one kid who is like me. that would be my dream to express myself perfectly to just one perosn. right now, the song would probably be about ashley. oh, its you. I want to be soo happy in life. bt I don't even know what I want to do. I major in rtf, but I actually really liek this psych class. oh I don't know. forgive me. last nite those reaggae guys were probably really high. they smoke mad weed, ibet. if it all ended today, thigns would be left unsaid I think . I don't lkie it when that happens. I like to hear it striat. I have to do laundry this weekend. that sucks. I hate hassles like that. I 'm ssoo freaking lazy. someitmes I want to be a go-getter. oh well, not that badly I guess. my roomate is doning a movie shoot this morning. I would like to do that someday, or at least , I used to think that I wanted to do that. now I'm not sure. I like radio more that film these days. thats what I think I want to get into. jack keroack's on the road, someone once told me is stream of consciousness writning. he's better at it than I am. I wish I could finish that book. it seems like I always get about 150 pages into it and then stop for no reason. sorry, jack, I like it so far, but I just can't finish it. this summer I will. I wonder whta that will be like. going home for the summer after college. I hope its fun, but everyone tells me it will be wierd. I don't watn it to be weird. I want it to be happy. oh, deep breathe. I like hanging out with pete. I met him at orientation. I don't know if his roomate had fun last nite or not. oh well. I watn my band to have acool name if we ever get started. like the sneaker pimps, thats a cool name, but some other band already has it, so I can't use it. take me down, six underground. thats their song. ben collins asked me about it once durnign can't hardly wait. I hope he gets his back healthy so he can play some hoop for san jose st. he's the next wally szerbiak. haha. theyre I s a humming in my rroom. its a combo of the computer and the fridge. but the fidge just stopped, so now its just the computer. if I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the mornig, but its now the after noon, so I can take a break. woohoo. like homer sometimes says when he's ahppy. instead of the upset ""doe"" that is like the funnyest show on tv. I can't ",n,n,y,n,y

1999\_977072.txt,"I can't believe I'm doing this assignment should be asleep right now I wish that my roommate would quit playing his music. My other roommate is a dork he's always talking about god and crap and telling me that I shouldn't drink and this and that fuck him he's no better than me he's just as bad in other ways I really hate it when all his friends come over here it's like fucking chinatown that's what my whole dorm is like just a bunch of asians and arabs except for the 22nd floor all the people on that floor seem to be white and that's where all the hot girls are I need to get on that floor I should have just lived in towers that would have been better. speaking of hot girls I wonder what stephanie is doing right now. I really should call her and try and hook up with her I can't tell if she is putting me off or if shit really keeps coming up that she has to do instead of going out with me but oh well that girl susan is really nice and she seems genuinely interested but it's hard to tell but she does have really nice tits why did I just write that whoever is grading this is going to think that I am just a perverted moron but that's not true I don't know why people think that about me but it really pisses me off in fact nothing pisses me off more than when people think I am stupid, especially when I am smarter than that person that really sucks that vinny testaverde is out for the season the jets are going to suck this year and I can't believe that the cowboys won today that was just unbelievable. I wonder if my pledge brothers were watching the game I really hate my pledge brother Nayel that guy seems so shady if he's not acting like a greedy little son of a bitch he's acting like a fucking tool that should be Nayel's new nickname, tool. oh well its been 20 minutes and I am tired of doing this so no more words goodbye. ",n,n,n,n,y

1999\_977136.txt,"well, write now I guess there are a lot of things going through my head, but it's hard for me to put them into words I guess. well I had fun last nite. i went to a party witha bunvh of friends. a lot of people were drinking, but iwas one of the few that wasn't drinking. it seemed like everyonw who was drinking had fun, but I had fun, even though I didnt drink. i had fun just dancing an d meeting people. i met a lot of guys, which wus good. since I usually am kinda shy bout meeting peopple. anywyas. i'm really tired right now, because we only went to sleep around 6, even though we came home around 430, and I had to get up at 11 because a friend from out of town styed over, so I had to help them pack and get ready to leave and stuff. gosh, I lkie so many guys right now, but I think that my other friends like the sme guys that I like, or at least they think he's cute too, but I don't know what to do aobut it. oh well, I guess I'll jus have to figure somthing out. man, I have a lot of homework to do today. actually I need ot catch up on my reading. i have a lot of reading to do in this class, then I have chem homework and calculus homework. i'm so lost in my chem class. well, not lost, but I wish I knew someone else in that class, so I could at leasst have someone to do homework with or jus to call if I had any questions, buti guess I should just start meeting people in there, or someting, because I really need to find a study buddy in there. I think that's my only class that I don't know anyone in. i have friends in my language class, and in my calculus class and in my psych class. i just don't kno anyone in my chem class. but hopefully that will change soon. oh today either my roomate's dad or my dad called today, but this guy that was in our room picked up the phone, and our partents are really strict about guys, so I hope I don't get in trouble. the guy who picked up the phone covered it up pretty well, but then we expected our parntets to call again, but no one ever called, so I kinda got worried, that they would think that we have guys in our room. oh well, I think I may be getting worried over nothinh. because they probably wont even say anyting, or even know. oh well. oh, I have a minute left in my writing assigment, so I guess that's it ",n,y,n,y,n

1999\_977955.txt,"right now it is 7:30 and I am suppose to write for twenty minutes. this shouldn't be hard, so ill just write exactly what comes to my mind. I'm sitting in one of the guys on my halls room. so I may make some references to what he is saying. Today was a very tiring day. i went to bed at nine last night and couldnt get up. i think I just over slept. I was excited to see my best friend for dinner tonight. he can always make me laugh and put a smile on my face. i need to get my hair cut when I go home this weekend. and I need to go shopping for my brother before I get home. its his birthday on sat. i am not sure what I need to get him. hes so easy to shop for but I want to get him something he will really like. My dad and my brother came in this weekend and I was so happy to see them. i only wish I knew if he were saved. i gave him a card last week in the mail asking him if he was because I wanted to know if he would be with me in heaven when all is said and done. and he still hasn't responded to the card. i hope I didnt scare him or make him feel uncomfortable. i just wish he would understand how awesome God is. he has done so much for me. and I just wish my dad would let God bless him as well. all I know is that without God. i would not make it through every day. I'm really blessed that the people I hang out with are strong Christians. i just hope that I am a strong influence on those who don't know Christ. I'm really glad I get to see my mom and sister this weekend . i miss them so much. I need to start managing my time better soon. or I am going to be far behind in my classes. i also need to start running again. its been about four days since I last ran. not good. I have no idea what to write next. but give me a minute and something will come to mind. i hope I'm thinking but what I'm writing is all I am thinking about. ok this past weekend some of my friends came up and it was good to see them. except one girl used two towels while she was here. i could of shot her. she doesn't understand that I am in college and as stupid as it sounds I don't have towels coming out my ears. and I have to wash them. and it cost money to wash living in the dorm. which I love there is always something to do here. its so much fun. there is never a dull moment. i only get annoyed when some girls down the hall yell and scream like they are haveing the time of their life all the time. it really starts to bug. i don't know I'm listing to this guy whose room I'm in talk on the phone so that is what is in my mind now. i can't wait tomorrow I start impulse. a freshman bible study on campus. i hope to meet some more life long friends there. iv really enjoyed this class so far. its fun and interesting. i have two minutes left to write. this really wasnt a hard assignment. it was easier than I thought. and kind of neat. i guess its almost time for me to start the next one. just a few more seconds and I'm done. ok anytime now. a minute seems a lot longer when you think it should be over. ok its over. ",y,n,y,y,n

1999\_978044.txt,"my thoughts, feelings, and sensations? right now? my eyes feel vacant, my heart feels heavy. at the moment? now, in my dorm, in the silence of others and the sound only of ani's enlightening lyrics via stereo, I cannot hide behind the facade of a smile. there is no need to. unless I should be concerned with impressing a professor of some sort with a great stream of consiousness piece of writing. this is my consiousness, and I suppose it really isn't so interesting. I am worried, that is one sensation ripping through my veins. I am worried I will fail french, (how can you teach someone a new language in that language?) I don't understand. I am worried about things that cannot be voiced anywhere. I am worried about things you are not supposed to talk about. not to strangers. not to family. not to friends, unless they don't mind the burden. ""god help you if you are an ugly girl, course too pretty is also your doom"" as ani says. I know what she means; I have felt both ways, too often. I will choose the ugly girl, though. she has the better deal. she doesn't have to be afraid. I never fully understood the truth to this until I came here, to austin, to college. I didnt realize what a risk it is to be a ""pretty girl. "" this is taking a strange turn, sorry, I havent quite figured out how to regulate my stream of consiousness. but this is what I think about. does he think I'm pretty? god, I hope not. oh, please let someone else get in the elevator with us, don't leave me alone with him. how fast can I run if he approaches me. these are now everyday thoughts for me. I never used to be like this. I am ashamed of the girl I have become in the last week. I have discovered several things about myself since last tuesday. I am not, in any sense, the righteous babe (an ani term) I thought I was. I am a scared little girl. I cannot stand up to those who hurt me; I have proven that this week. in lieu of retaliation and justice, I cower in the shadows, I cling to my boyfriend, I cry myself to sleep. my mind is full of thoughts, so many I can't sort them all. so only the prominant ones come through to the screen. I apologize that they can't be the happy ones, the ones that say how much I love college, life, and my psychology class. I am not worthy of so many things, I think maybe my hypothalamus doesn't secrete enough of that happy stuff. my feelings are not so great at the moment; perhaps I should have chosen to write this some other time. I am so naive and stupid. those are my thoughts. that I allowed this horror to happen to me, to my boyfriend; that I am doing nothing about it. that I am writing about it here for someone I have never spoken to to read it. I miss my little brother. my baby four year old brother. he is my favorite person in the entire world. I am looking at a picture of him now, holding a wooden sword, pretending to be either david crockett or obi wan kenobi. welp, my twenty minutes are up. thank you, doctor. ",n,y,y,n,y

1999\_990785.txt,"I am thinking right now, at this momest what Cullen is thinking. does he like me?? I wonder. I wonder if I am too short. I wonder if I am too fat. I wonder if my mom is Ok. she is always worrying about me and she thinks so highly of me. I don't want to let her down. My dad works so hard for the entire family. I sometimes think he looks so sad. I hope he isn't sad because o love him more than anything. I wonder if I will find true love? Someone just like my father. A strong, hardwroking, Loving man who would do anything for his wife and kids. I am very annoyed right now at the sound of the vaccum. I feel sorry for the woman who is vaccuming. I hope she can not read this as she is standing behind me. I am very excited about the party tonight. I hope I can balance work play. I think I will be able to. I have never had a problem before. All the girls here are very nice. I was really scared to come here because I thought all girls that went here were snobs. But they are nice. I have matured greatly since I have been here. I can't believe I have a cclass at 3:30. That is such a nightmare. I would rather just get them all over with at once. I hope I picked the right sorority. I am glad I am not in Kappa with Katie. but then I wonder if I should be a Kappa. I think I just look more like a kappa then a theta. Oh well. I will be happy. Our pledge class is awesome. I am so excited about this scrapbbok we have to make. It is so fun. I love being like a martha stewart. Is it bad that I just want to go to school to find a husband and j\have my 5 kids???? I hope I really don't have to work. It scares me. Everything was perfect before I left. now everything scares me because I am facing reality. I am living with a person I don't even know - to go to school here. I hope the future brings awesome things for me. I am worried because everyone says that there is a time in your life that will be grief. I have had the best life so far. I am scared that one day it will just hit m - poof - and I will just want to die. I hope my mom or my dad or my brothers don't die soon. I love them too much. I never show them that I do though. I probably have the worst relationship with my motehr, ever. we barely speak. I just go to her if I want money. I think that that is because she sees me as the most perfect creation, ever. so she never has yelled at me, or scolded me. but she yells at my brothers all the time. That is so unfair to them. I should not be treated better. My brothers are all dyslexic, including me, but that is not my e\excuse. It is my brothers excuse for everthing. My mom is always doing Luke's papers or assignments for him. That is so wrong. I work hard and study more because I am dyslexic. I deal with it. My brothers see it as a means to get out of doing work. The assume they are dumb, so they don't even try. they are satisfied with being dumb. That should not be the case. I really miss Bridget. she is my very best friend. I also miss Katey. my two best friends at tech. I think it is great how I did not follow them. I am a very dependent person, yet independent. I depend on my friends, yet I love to be alone to ponder and be by myself. Katey and Bridget are like my securities. Evn if I did notr have one friend here, I knew they, at leats bridget, will alwyas be there for me. I hope tonigth is fun. I feel really sorry for my suitemate. She tries so hard to meet boys but they just don't like her. She has had sex a lot. I am very pround of my virginity. I think it says a lot abput who I am and how important God and my morals are. I love the fact that I can just talk to God anytime - anywhere by myself. He knows all about me - and I know all about Him yet I have never seen him nor spoken to him. A true person is found in the dark. If you were to turn off all the lights everyone would probably like a totally different person they who they think they should like. It wouldn't matter is you were tall, small, fat, ugly, black or white, if the light were off. Only the insides of people would matter. Appearances say a lot aboiut people, but yet they don't. If a person was ugly, you probably wouldn't really care what they thought. Because we are all attrcated to people. Our frieds are people we think are attractive and so we only like people in which we think there is something pretty about them. well, my twenty minutes are up so I guess I have nothing more to say. ",y,y,y,y,y

1999\_994744.txt,"How strange is it to be sitting in a room, a strange room, in the dark without lights and two sleeping zombies around you. The only sounds I hear are the clicking noises coming from the keyboard, the humming sound of the computer, the air conditioning that sounds like running water from a nearby restroom and an occasional door slam now and then. I hope I am not making too much noise. I don't want to disturb the steady sleepers around me as they let me use their computer. I can't wait till my roomate's computer gets fixed or until my brother finally puts mine together. I wonder if my friend has arrived at Dobie and is coming up to find me in this room at this very minute. HOw much time has passed. Oh I still have four more minutes. I wonder what my boyfriend is doing this very minute? I think he is working. Should I go out with my friends tonight? No I'm going to stay home and read tonight. I miss my parents, the homecooked meals, and my boyfriend. I wonder if my friends miss me as much as I miss them? Life in Austin is pretty great, yet something seems to be missing in my life here. I think I'm still getting adjusted with this new style of life---no sleep, total independence, and the new surroundings and friendships, which are not the norms that I have been accustomed to all my years living in Houston. I had a routine in Houston, which can not exist here. ",y,n,y,y,y

1999\_995708.txt,there are many things going through my mind at the moment I wonder how everyone is back home my mom I miss her very much I wonder if my quiz tomorrow is going to be hard tomorrow man I miss melissa too my girlfriend for two years already man I hope it works out for us I love it here at ut but I feel bad because I miss everyone I wonder if that will pass or not I wonder how I am going home this weekend I hope its by bus mom wants me to rent a car to go home I'm not sure about that I might get lost man I miss them I wonder if my roomate likes me and the way I act sometimes I feel weird and other times we connect really well I wonder if I'm doing this right I don't want to miss up I didnt use any punctuation whatsoever man I hope I do well here that is my main concern man my fingers hurt a little just on my right hand though man I eat a lot today at dinner I think I'm gaining a lot of wieght I hope I can control it I feel like working out but I feel guilty leaving all my unfinished work here it just dosent feel right doing that but I feel so heavy and not so attractive right know I miss my pet kittens they were just born before I left I hope I do well here at ut I would feel bad if I didnt do well here its so intimitating here at a big school from a 2a school to a university of about 50000 or maybe more I don't exactly know for sure I wonder how long its been man I keep scrolling to the top to see if I'm doing this right I hope I am damn I love it here its just so peaceful here I think it is a lot of people but really nice I am glad I'm here I wonder what other homework I have man I want to do so well I just hope I do I need to its imparitive I do I just don't know what I would do I need to balance my schedule too man I have a lot to do tonight man wheres my girlfriend she was supposed to call me man I hope shes alright with me here and everything I know she loves me very much yeah I know she can't wait to see me this weekend I miss her a lot I can't wait to leave either I want to see everyone at home man I miss everyone I wonder who else is going to read this man these are my thoughts right know man I wonder its going to be on my mind all night I hope I can study man I want to go home so bad but I want to stay I don't know ,y,n,y,y,y

1999\_997807.txt,"I can't ever seem to remember my passwords. And this lack of remembrance has really started to effect my disposition. Everytime I try to log on to a computer, I can't remember one password from the other and it has gotten to the point where I just want to kick myself in the head. Most of the time I just want to lie down and go to sleep. People keep on staying over in my apartment and I just can't get any sleep in the night. I can't survive with this for much longer. Sometimes, I wish I was going to a faraway place where no one knows me and I can remain anonymous forever. I don't have to wash dishes for my roommates friends or clean up after anyone. I also wish that my parents would trust me everyonce in a while. I know my limits. I care enough about myself and my future to not screw it up. Before, I didn't care about much anything but lately I've come to realize this lack of compassion, even for a moment, has adverse effects. I've come to realize that every second matters and every second can be utilized and it is only when you are satisfied that you were ahead in some way this second than the last is the only way to truly be content. Humans, especially the ones here, are really ignorant of some basic kindness. They seem to forget that they are not the only ones with feelings. And they also think that they know nothing of what they are doing to you when they know perfectly clear. Butterfly in the sky. I think most birds can fly twice as high. I was sitting in the chem auditorium in welch and it just hit me the magnitude of this university. It's freaking huge. there are more people in that auditorium then in my graduating class. I'm pretty sure I'm going to get carpel tunnel syndrome. All this typing since the last 5 years constantly plus all the ones in the next 50 years will have some sort of negative effect. I want to dye my hair brown. but then I'll be just like every other Indian. there are more indians here than in all of the rest of america combined. After caucasians, indians seem most prevalent. dell and gates signed a deal for a huge merger. it was one of those things which I don't really care about. everyone makes fun of gates but I don't see why. the man is worth billions. he could have people killed. at the moment, there's no one I'd like to injure severely, I think I just might want to kick a few of them in the head. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_017203.txt,"I was writing a previous paragraph when this computer accident submitted my paper. I was not finished as you probably might have seen. I will continue from here on. As I sit here and try to do this assignment, many things come to my mind. One is all my homework assignments that are due for my other classes. I have spent all day doing chapter readings for other classes and now, though still behind in some classes, feel a little better that I actually made myself read for those classes. At this particular moment I feel very hungry for I have only eaten once today and it was at 2:00pm. It is currently 9:30pm. I do not know how long this paper has to be but when asked to write my thoughts down as soon as they come into my head, my mind goes blank and remains blank for a while. My mind is still held up on the homework assignments that are due for tomorrow. It's been 10 minutes into this assignment so I'm glad I only have to do this for 10 more minutes. Yesterday's lecture just came into mind. I love neurology so I thought it was the best lecture I have heard in a while. There's something about the brain that makes me want to make that field my career. It is a mysterious organ that we are just starting to unravel. I thinks its the challenge that we face in trying to fully understand it that makes me want to become a neurologist. Well surprisingly its been 20 minutes already and I have lots more work to do. ",n,y,y,n,n

2000\_018694.txt,"I am feeling very confused at this point in my life. I am thinking about my future and my career. I am also very nervous about my classes and how much effort each class will require of me. I miss having the reassurance of my friends and family. People say that things get better but at this point I don't see that happening. I am glad that I came to this school because if my parents had made me go to a smaller, local university then I would have always wondered what it would be like to come here. Now that I am here I am sure that I was better off at a smaller school. But I think I will really enjoy what I learn about other people while I am here. At the present moment I am having to learn time management. I have load of work to do in each class and I feel that if I am not doing my work continuously that I will fail. On top of that, I feel that although I am spending most all my time doing work I am still not understanding everything. I guess I wonder why people want to give us so much work. Now I just heard that on girl that I went to school with just died. What is going on with this world. I feel that more and more people are just dying. How are we suppose to concentrate on work when all this other stuff is going on. Now I am talking to a friend and she just told me about what happened. Anyway, I have lots of work to do and I have or I feel that I have no time to do my work. I wish I was back home resting instead of here having to work my hardest. Anyway, I hope that this year will get better for me so that way I won't be as unhappy. So I guess I should have a positive outlook on life. Wouldn't it be nice if everything went the way people wanted it too. No complications what so ever! I hope that God, family and friend will get me through all my tough times. I should me thankful for what I have because some people are not as fortunate. ",y,y,y,n,n

2000\_025613.txt,"I am an architecture major. Therefore I do not sleep. Last night I was able to sleep simple because I couldn't go any longer without closing my eyes. I wish that I had the choice to fall asleep and wake up at will. That time would simply stop when my head hit the pillow (or drafting table) so that I wouldn't lose any work time. If this were so, life would be much easier. Without taking time out of my life to shower, eat or sleep I could get everything done. What is the true purpose of bathing anyway? I mean, I do it for the simple fact that I'm told by society that it's necessary for me to be accepted by the general populous. But, in all reality, if we didn't shower none of us would know the difference. I think that's my main complaint about the world in which we live. There is too much US. Why can't it just be I, sometimes? Rather than worry constantly about what Sarah might wear or what Jessica might do with her hair, why can't we just live and experience and BE without the everpresent pressure of impression and attitude. When, I'm inclined to wonder, did everyone begin to care so much about TRYING so damn hard to lose their own individuality. What's the most disgusting, I believe, is that there are those out there who try so hard to find their own that, eventually, even THAT catches on, and then, once again, they become part of a click or group. Here in lies my love and passion for architecture. But, it will also be my crutch, and possibly my ultimate failure. With it I can create and design and people will experience what I'm feeling and they won't be able to say, ""Wow, that's cool, why don't I do that,"" without enlisting my services. (In a perfect world) They will, however, be able to say ""Wow, that's cool (or awful as the case may be) I want to be in this space. "" On the opposite note, however, the only way I'll be able to express myself through my work will be to appeal to the masses or at least a mass large enough to want to pay me to build my building. So, in order for me to survive and be able to be different and interesting, I will have to find a group of people that are on the same wavelength as I am, which is essentially what I'm trying to avoid. It's a Catch22 and there's no way around it. I suppose I could step to the side and be a Howard Roark of the world and live day by day surviving off the few people who may honor my integrity and desire for design, but, just like everyone else, I crave human contact and acceptance. I am too afraid of myself to be myself. I am too afraid to find out that I don't know what I am or to realize that everything I thought was, I'm really the opposite of and have only been playing a game my entire life, just trying to make an impression. I am so scared that I really am a failure, but somehow I've been lucky. Somehow, I pulled off those SAT's and I pulled off those straight A's, but as soon as I find out who I really am, I'll fall off of this full speed train toward success and end up in a field somewhere surrounded by no one. I don't even want to be successful anymore. I don't even want to be anymore. I just want to experience. I just want to know and think without the pressure of success or failure. I'm not sure what we're all trying for, but I do know that whatever it is, can wait until we've died. ",y,y,n,y,y

2000\_036354.txt,"I have been asked to do this psychology assignment of writing down my train of thoughts and feelings for twenty minutes with out stopping. So far that was my first train of thought I know it's a boring intro sentence, but yet I'm not allowed to stop and think of how to write more eloquently. I guess that leads me to my next thought school. This is my first semester at college and there is so much going on. When you asked to write down our stress factor on a scale of 17, I believe I might have marked an 8. There are so many things that are going on, and I want to be able to organize everything in time slots. The only thing is that they keep giving me stuff to do. I suppose you would define ""they"" as professors with homework and S. I meetings, which I really want to attend. Then I had my first sorority meeting last night, and they have so much in store for us this semester. I suppose I should tell you that I love going home not to see my family (will, sort of that too you got to love mom and dad!), but I have boyfriend back at Houston. I was planning on going home all these weekends, but it turns out that I have something I have to do that is mandatory on almost every weekend. This boyfriend of mine is totally worth the trouble and stress of going home. I have had the most amazing summer with him just hanging out and doing fun activities. He makes me feel ten times happier when I'm around him and it's just really hard not having him here to help me adjust into this new life style. I do however, talk to him everyday and write him letters. The first week I arrived in Austin, I can honestly say that it sucked because rush drained a lot out of me and then we had to start school with no breaks from rush week. I thought I would be able to adjust better in this big place, because I consider myself an easy going friendly person. There is just so much that is consuming my life right now that I hardly have time to stop and think about what I need to do. I love exercising and used to do it everyday, and now I haven't had time to do any of that this past week because of school. I just hate this time in my life right now when everything is so jumbled up in my brain. I can't wait for the day when I have everything organized and I don't feel too constrained to one aspect of my life. I also hate this time because you don't really know anybody. True, I've met people and they are all really nice, but I haven't gotten to that stage when you can say anything to them and not look stupid. I am really glad that I did join the sorority just so I can meet people, but there are 60 people that I can meet and that's just too much for me to build strong friendships all at once. I do have some friends from back home, but I hardly have time to visit with them because I'm so consumed with everything else. I just need to sit down and relax. I did go home for Labor Day to visit my boyfriend, and that was exactly what I needed just to hang out with someone who knows you so well. We did basically nothing and it was great not having to worry about anything. That weekend I think was somewhat a turning point in my attitude of college. It just made me realize that it is harder than I thought (adjusting wise) but everything turns out okay in the end. Plus I was happy to know that I do have somebody who loves me just as much as I love him; and that when I'm missing him, he's thinking about me too. I guess it just made me feel not so lost in college knowing that I have a great person back home supporting me every step of the way. Okay, twenty minutes are up. ",n,y,y,y,n

2000\_037152.txt,"Sometimes I think of what other people are thinking. I watch the way people stare or the way they look at the ground when they walk. They must be thinking about things that they have to do or even things that they have just finished doing. I don't understand how we can have thoughts that are so evident in your mind, but completely shut out from anyone else's knowledge. I feel strange in the fact that I am putting my thoughts into words. Though I am concentrating on writing, I am also able to let my mind wander while I write. The way I think and the way I process my thoughts has changed since I've been in college. Leaving home so early forced me to grow up, which I desperately needed, and it also made me understand all the things that I have at home. My life in Austin is good, but it is missing all those people that I made such a major part of my life. I wonder if those people will ever be there again. My family, of course, will always be there, but the others might not. My friends and my boyfriend are the ones that I spent ever spare moment with. Now that I am in a completely different city, my spare moments are spent thinking of them. I always travel back in time, in my head, to the days I spent with them. Every weekend, after school, and on vacations are the times I had with them. Maybe they are thinking the same way. I can't help but remember those days that we just did nothing productive. Those were the easiest and funnest times of my life. My mother always told me that college is the funnest time, but I have yet to see what she is talking about. My mother is great. Now I realize all the things she has done for me. She was always there for me, and even now that I am hundreds of miles away, she still there. I was distracted by the distant voices behind me. They seem to be discussing a project. Some kind of stress has been put on this group. I am assuming that they have procrastinated their work and are now hurrying to finish it. Stress is one thing that I cannot deal with. When I stress I start to think a lot. When I think, I get really nostalgic, and eventually get very sad that I no longer can do the things I used to do in the past. Some people beside me are also using the computer. Their minds seem to be captured by their work, and they seem so occupied that they would never even notice that I am writing about them. If I were to turn my head and watch them for a second, they wouldn't notice that either. I can always feel someone looking at me. Even if it was only a slight glance, through the corner of my eyes I can see someone look. Even when I don't see them, the weight of their stare causes my awareness of it. After this writing assignment is finished, I have to drive through Austin's traffic to get home. That is the only thing I can't stand about going home. What should only take five minutes, ends up being a half an hour drive. Things like that frustrate me. The light rail system is supposed to fix that traffic problem. I have a feeling that Austin is going to be just like Houston, and now matter what type of construction is done, the traffic is never going to be fixed. It is difficult to try to find a quick, easy and inexpensive way to ease the congestion in the city. Pretty soon, people are going to be so sick of it that they will move out into the country. After that, the county will start to get overpopulated and the cycle will start again. ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_043320.txt,"I am really tired and bored right now. I am a really bad typist. I am so unhappy with myself, the way I look sometimes. I hate my body. I am in love with this guy and he says that I am beautiful, and goodlooking, but I don't believe him. I need to hear compliments though. Sometimes I wake up and I look at myself, and I like what I see, then I go outside, and I see all the other girls, how thin and tan they are, and I suddenly hate my body again. This boy doesn't even know that I am in love with him, and I haven't seen him in a few months, because he went to summer school here while I stayed at home and worked. every time I see him I fall for him all over again. But with distance, I slowly get over him, and think about him less. But he is always in the back of my mind. I feel so comfortable with him, like I can say or do anything and it doesn't matter. I think that he is perfect in that I recognize and accept his faults, and only want him to become more secure with himself. I think that he is a beautiful person. There are things I don't like, but I love him as a whole person, for who he is. And I hope I will see him again soon. I have thought about him since we said goodbye last May. I tried to get in touch, but it didn't work. And now he has a girlfriend and I think it is too late for us. It will always be the wrong time. But I can't stop loving him. Has it been twenty minutes yet, I don't think so. Oh well. I want to find someone that I can feel a friendship for that I could learn to love that would love me in return for who I am. That is why I love this Boy so much. We are such good friends, and he knows so much about me. He is a liar. I'm a liar. we are perfect for each other. Except that know he is in love with someone else, and has been with her. I want to be friends with her, but looking at her, I just don't like her, there is just something wrong with her. hopefully they will break up and he will realize he has no future with her. she is still in high school! wont graduate for two more years! she is a little girl. I think that time must be almost up now. Goodbye. ",y,y,n,n,n

2000\_046320.txt,"This is my first actual assignment of college so far. I've gotten all the homework assignments and practice problems, but this is the first one that really counts. At least it is the first assignment that I know of that really counts. Of course, I'm not exactly sure what the professor is looking for, but I'm doing my best. I'm just hoping I'll get a good grade for this. So far, I'm having a lot of fun here in the lovely University of Texas at Austin. It's a lot of work, but then again, I know it will pay off in the long run. And despite the small forest I've killed so far making flash cards for Spanish and Medical Terminology, its actually kind of fun. I like being busy, and I like doing things that lead to something bigger. In this case, it will hopefully lead to medical school. But that's enough about school, after all, I only live on campus, I'm surrounded by it! I'm in a great mood today and I have no idea why. I'm really hyper, and I didn't really do anything that unusual. I didn't eat an entire bag of Pixy Stix or anything. I did go swimming today, not nearly as much as I used to, but apparently it was enough to actually get some endorphins (if that's right) pumping. Now all I need to do is keep up that routine. I'm wide awake, and ready to go, even it is eight o'clock in the evening, and I have about a dozen other things I should really get around to doing. At least I'm organized though. I didn't really think that would pay off that much in school at least not right away, but it is. I can't wait until my birthday; I'll finally be eighteen! Its kind of funny how much a birthday can mean. Even though it's not that big of a deal, it's still exciting. Although the only thing I can do is go to clubs and join the military, and neither of those are exactly my kind of thing. It'll be nice to have people stopping and being completely amazed that a seventeen year old is actually in college. Will wonders never cease? Oh well, its all fun and games and it means presents! Shallow, but its nice to get things. Especially when you're one of those people who usually manages to remember everyone's birthday, even if it is a few days or weeks late. What matters is that I remember! I just like doing things like that, it makes everyone feel special, as pathetic as that sounds. I feel like this is the most incoherent thing I've ever written. I'm just rambling all over the place, but I hope this is what the professor is looking for. If this is stream of consciousness, I'm amazed anyone can actually read this kind of thing. It would drive me crazy to have to read all this rambling. As completely crazy and illogical as what I have written is, its nice to just be able to switch subjects like mad. It's a nice change from the whole introduction, body, and conclusion type of paper. Still, this style of writing is very refreshing and it's a lot more challenging than I thought. I've never really sat down and tried to follow my thoughts for twenty minutes. I guess I just don't have that much to think about, judging from what I have written. And it's sad because I've actually written a fair amount of absolutely nothing. Who would have guessed I could spend twenty whole minutes just writing this kind of thing? ",y,n,n,y,n

2000\_053427.txt,"Alright, well right now I have no idea what to write. I don't know what my professor is expecting this to say and I do not know what all of the other students are writing about. I don't really want to get too personal just in case I get to be the lucky one who's homework is spotchecked. I am worrying that school is not being focused on as much as it should be. I sometimes think that I am going to be able to get by as easily as I did in high school when at the same time I know that that is not the case at all. I know that I am going to have to study so much more than I ever have and it freaks me out. Especially since I am not so sure that I know exactly how to study. I don't want to go into an exam thinking that I know all the information and then have no clue what the test is saying to me. I want to do so well this semester and in a way I have to if I want to transfer into the school of communications next semester. And the fact that I heard the other day that Professor Pennebaker is the hardest psychology teacher here did not help much. I didn't think he seemed that hard but apparently he is. And I also am freaking out about the whole sorority thing. I am having so much fun with it but it is taking up a lot of my time and so are all of the parties that go with it. I have to decide whether or not I want to go home on Saturday for the night. I want to see my parents and my friends but I don't know if it is worth it. And also I don't want to get really sad when I am there. I am worried that I am not going to really want to come back. That is not saying that I am not having such a fun time here but I think that me not wanting to come back after a night at home is a possibility. I am having so much fun here but it is a lot of stuff to deal with sometimes. And it is like I am never capable of being alone. And when I am alone, its when I don't really want to be alone. There are always things going on and people around when I just want to relax and sit down. But that is never possible. And there is so much to do all the time that studying is so hard to fit into my schedule. But I do have to admit that I am studying because I know I am more than some of my friends. Friends is another thing that kind of scares me. I hope that my best friends from home and I don't lose touch just because there are so many new faces here and everyone is wanting to meet new people. I just kind of wish that I knew who my group of friends is going to be so that I can start hanging out with them and making memories that are going to count. Okay, well I hope that this is what you expected from my 20 minutes of writing because I had no idea what else to write. Now maybe you can look at the way my brain works and help me deal with my problems. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_055956.txt,"well I guess I begin. anyway, I don't really have a clue as to what I'm thinking or feeling at the moment actually. I'm hoping that the psychology computer gets this even though I'm not saving it in word processor but whatever. I had a good day today well I guess. I went to mason's funeral. things just. well. I can't really place how I feel about that. well I'm upset, but can't place exactly why. but I don't feel like talking about this. I'm interested in the weirdness and indecisiveness of my mind. my husband just walked over here to check out what I'm writing. he only had to read the first few sentences to figure out exactly or should I say how inexactly my mind works. now, why does it work like that? your guess is as good as mine. but whatever. I wish I had a game of some sort. maybe just a pet to play with. I love my husband very very much anyway my friend reggie used to write sort of like this in a metaphorical way. anyway. I feel like I'm throwing off the experiment by writing stupid shit. perhaps in another place another time will unfold to a utopia that sings the praise of wrath in a time where pain is nonexistent but perhaps that makes no sense. but anyway I guess I'll keep on typing what pops into this head of mine or theirs or his or hers. from laura's box or my box. I hope lisa gets my time card I'm pretty sure I turned it in but I can never really be sure of anything. now can I? so I'll continue about the unicorns of relentlessness and the dwarfs of forgetfulness while I sing. la. la. la. but to be exact well my mind seems to be shutting down. I don't have thoughts all the time like most people. the only person I've met who doesn't either is my mom wait but maybe I have thoughts that are just on hold or don't ever quite make it to where my interpreters can interpret my interpretations of the world around me. but anyway I believe in god I believe in nothing also. but how can that be. it's a ""metaphysical can of worms"" that we've just opened up now isn't it no I'm not. it hasn't been twenty minutes yet yep that's right. sorry to burst your bubble but that's what I want to do anyway I happen to be learning quite a bit about myself at this point. in fact this is rather therapeutic. what would he write if he had to write for twenty minutes I think that these should be anonymously posted so that I can feel better knowing that someone is just as nutty as I am. or even that I'm not ridiculous. anyway I doesn't. blah blah so ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_056817.txt,"I miss my guitar. I wish that I had brought one of them with me. I have to be sure to bring my amp and at least one guitar, maybe two of them back from home this weekend. That kind of sucks though, that I let mom borrow the one I really want to bring with me. I am glad though that she taking lessons. Maybe I could teach her some Metallica. I hope she helps Erin pay for that car she wants. But Erin also wants to get it repainted, because she just doesn't like the color. Oh well, I'm glad Erin is getting that car, BMW's are real safe. I should know, I've totaled enough of them. That scares me though, because kids have wrecks, and I've already lost a cousin, I don't know what I would do if I lost my sister. At least they're safe cars. I hope I can get a car for Christmas. I know I totaled a bunch of cars, but I was also an addict when I was in all of those wrecks, and I'm better now, it could be a reward. My doctor is really proud of me. When I told him that I had been clean for 101 days, he was very proud and said that ""a lot of times adults can't even do that, so you must be an adult. "" I was happy about that. I just wish that my dad was as proud, and understanding of how hard this is, and what a real accomplishment this is. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_068873.txt,"Ok, 20 minutes. To start off, I should probably write a little longer than 20 minutes. If I only write for 20 minutes, you're not going to get very much. That's because my typing skills are way below even pitiful, much less below average. The reason for that is that I'm twice as old as most of the rest of the students in this class, and consequently did not grow up using a computer as they did. As a matter of fact, there weren't any computers at all in my high school. The only computers that the entire school district had were the ones that counted holes in punch cards. I took all my first standardized tests by punching holes in cards. Those were probably the only computers in the entire city. Wait, that's not true; some of the most advanced computers in the entire world were probably there. I grew up in Amarillo, which is where the Pantex plant is located. Pantex(although they'll never admit it, it's common knowledge) is the final assembly point for all the nuclear weapons for the United States. Just a wild guess, but they probably had some pretty cool computers out there. What else? oh, I hope I can just write this here and hit submit, because being technostupid, I don't have a clue as to how to do any of that cutandpaste black magic. As a precautionary measure, I'm going to print it up. If it doesn't go through, I'll have to paper your office with printed copies and bother you with emails. OK, how long has it been? 14 minutes. My guess is that after 14 minutes, most of those folks will have come up with with 20 times what I have here. I hear them over in the computer center at the UGL with their flying fingers. Damned showoffs. But enough about me. Tell me about yourself. Never mind. Bad joke The next thing that pops up sort of relates to that first stuff. What in the hell is an old fart like me doing in a university in the first place? Well, I really, really screwed it up the first time. I couldn't be bothered to go to class back then; I had dope to deal. Well, it was the early 70s, there was a lot of that going on. So when I got fed up and pissed off in the job I had, I decided to look for a new job. Being tired of the whole restaurant business, I looked through the entire classified section, only to find that everyone wanted you to have a degree. It didn't have to have anything to do with what they did, they just wanted you to have one. The ad that tore it for me was for some retail place in the mall, I can't even remember which one, listed only 2 qualifications: a college degree, and the ability to lift 25 pounds. @#%$&&^%! So here I am. Now it's 23 minutes. See what I mean? I just did a quick division since that last timecheck and using the number of lines, it comes to about 1820 words a minute. I'm surprised the keyboard's not smoking. I'll go on for a couple of minutes more here. You probably haven't had nearly enough boring stuff to read today. Now I'm stretching to find things to say. Was that the point of this deal? To prove that more than 20 minutes of sustained thought was too much to sustain? If so I've more than proved the point here. Even 20(well, getting close to 30 now) has proved to be a stretch. Enough. I'm sending this thing. I hope you get it. ",n,n,n,y,y

2000\_070391.txt,"Ok, twenty minutes has started. Well, I feel like I'm trying to keep up with everything, hoping I don't forget some meeting or instruction session I was supposed to go to. I'm thinking I really like UT so far and I feel I'm where I need to be. I miss my puppy, he's the cutest Dalmatian in the worldI named him Tex. He's my little childI taught him how to give me five! I wish I could go see some of my brother and sister's games, I'm sure they are kicking some butt. I've been thinking about the long distance relationship I'm in, and wondering if maybe I would like to date other people. I mean, he's already been to college, and had his fun, so I think I would like to just date people, but how do you say that to someone? Oh well, he's in Hawaii for two weeks, so whatever happens while he's outside of the continental U. S. doesn't count, right? Just kidding. I'm glad that I came to Austin, I get to see my grandmother a lot, and we've always been close, so that's good. I'm surprised that my roommate and I are getting along so well. We've known each other for a long time, and I had anticipated some problems, but so far we are just peachy. I have a feeling or two to share I hate Linguistics! I was worried about taking my Spanish class because it's upper division, and it has been awhile since I was as sharp with it as when I took the AP test, but I'm loving it. Glad I've been working out lately I love that feeling. This is the first year I will not be playing competitive volleyball, and I am definitely suffering from withdrawals. Kind of makes me wish I had gone somewhere small to play. When I look at it though, I think I made the right decision. Even though my parents thought my room was disgustingly little, I am really liking dorm life. This is cool. I want an apartment next year so I can bring lil Tex down with me. Speaking of feelings, I hate the phrase ""Is it hot enough for ya?"" If someone says that to me one more time Whoops, I guess this isn't a pet peeve writing assignment. The sensations that I have been feeling lately are sensations of extreme heat whenever I step outside! I loved this country place we went to the other night, even though it was far from country. Twostepping reminds me of my ex who is still calling. I plan to work out at least 4 times a week now, I'm just so sick of being the group fatty. My friend and I were talking about how we don't have any ugly friends, which I guess is good and bad. Good because, I guess being cute always is, and bad, because that means lots of competition! :) I just don't want to be the biggest one anymore. That whole last tangent makes no sense to me, so I'm sure if you choose to read this line, it will make none to you either. Well, my 20's up! Hope it was good reading! ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_071231.txt,"Here I am in college. It's pretty weird and scary all at the same time. Justin is in Kansas, he says that he is in love with me now that he is away from me. I on the other hand have pulled away. He was so controlling and bad to me in high school that it is hard for me to turn away now that he is so nice and perfect. I love him very much, but I've met another guy who is so perfect in everyway. He is so nice and understanding, some much more than I've ever experienced. Mom is coming today. Yesterday was my birthday so she is coming today to take me to eat and bring me some presents. I am so tired, I was up until 6 this morning, she is going to think I'm sick. I don't know how I made it to my morning classes. On Fridays I am done by 11 am! That is so nice. I kind of miss my friends back home. It's hard to having friends that don't understand you completely yet. I love texas! ",y,n,y,n,y

2000\_071590.txt,"Just got home in Houston. It's a 2 and a half hour drive. Thought everything is just going to be fine when suddenly a lady who pulled her car behind me bumped into the back bumper of my car. I pulled to the side and got out of the car. She got out too and I looked at my bumper just a few scratches. I let her go. I am in a hurry! I have a doctors appointment at 4pm and there is no time to waste not to mention this writing assignment is due at 5pm. there goes my afternoon! This is been a busy week and a depressing one. I knew I was going to see Jenn at the CSA meeting but somehow I knew even though I didn't want to see her. I still ended up saying hi to her. What is wrong with me!?!?! I should have just skipped it. I should have also not forced Rona to go into the CSA meeting room. I think she got a little mad at me. I didn't really care. She said she saw Henry and she doesn't want to go in there and let him see her. She is afraid that he would say something to Shawn or Eugene or those dumb losers. Even though they were my high school friends, I still think Shawn has changed. Well people change. What can I say? I changed for the worst. Does anyone change for the best???? Sometimes I wish I would have made some choices that are good and the outcome would be better. But I end up making the bad ones that I am regretting. Oh well. my friend Chris is messaging me again on I'M maybe it's time to go. Mom is coughing I hope she is ok. She said she is sick because of the car accident. I wonder how bad it was. It was my fault. I shouldn't have left so early that afternoon so they had to take my brother back to Austin. You see another bad choice of mine. What can I say!?!?!. I am speechless really want to change radically. Stop smoking stop procrastinating daydreaming live for the present??? ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_072770.txt,"My feet are killing me. Why am I doing this. My feet sting, I think I'm going to put something on them. Those sandals are horrible. I'm never wearing those again. We have to walk all the way back to class in 30 minutes. This song on my computer kicks ass. I can't wait to go to Elements tonight and pick up some tail. That would be nice. I miss her though. But I wonder if she feels the same way about things right now. I have no idea. I always think about this. I don't know what to do. I love her. I want to go clubbing. I want to get really drunk tonight. I can't cheat on her, but is she saying the same thing. We love each other, I know it. I need to get my mind off of that situation right now. I got to start studying more. She studies all the time. Fuck I did it again. Shift your thoughts to something else. Do it. Okay I need to study when we get back from Psychology class. I got to read Chapter 4 in Economics, and read some Art History. After that I need to call Blake, then get ready and go get drunk. I need to wake up early tomorrow to get a job. God I'm so lazy. I can't believe I slept until one today. This writing what's on my mind stuff is pretty weird, its starting to get kind of boring. I wonder if he's even going to read what's on my mind. Well, it doesn't really matter this paper is pretty stupid. I would get kind off scared if I had to read 540 of these papers. I think I'm going to quit writing this assignment now just cause I don't feel like doing it, and I want to test how long it will take for someone to read this. When whoever who's reading this gets to this point, count how many days it has been since September 15,2000. I would like to know how long it has been so please email me at solomon35@mail. utexas. edu. If you would like I got five more minutes to get back to what I'm thinking right now. Right now I'm thinking that I want to get a drink of water, have a snuff, walk to class, sit next to some hot girl, get her number, and take her out tonight. Wow, I think I just answered my question that I was thinking at the beginning of the page, or did I? I'm tired of writing this, it's just making my girlfriend problem worse. I quit. ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_073377.txt,"Hmmm. don't know what to write. Maybe Erin will call back soon. Glad Leah is not coming home tonight, place all to myself. Fabulous. Wonder where Melissa is and if she wants to do something tonight. I do, but I am tired and I have stuff to do, but bored with stuff. The room is dark and lonely, but good that Leah isn't here. Hopefully Erin will call soon. Haven't been able to have a good conversation with her since she went to California. Miss her a lot, wish she were in Leah's place. But, she'll be here in four days for Dave. Dave is coming up soon, I can't wait. Wish Melissa would go with us, so it'll be less like couples, but Preston and Carlo will be there, we'll have to see them. They are Justin's friends and he probably wants to see them too, probably not as much as he wants to see Erin, but its cool, it would be cool to hang out with those two guys. That way I could get Preston's number and I could network with what he's doing. It's all about the networking. Dave is going to be so much fun, I can't wait, but it would be better if Leah and Mike weren't going. But what could you do? Hopefully Justin will take his car and us true Dave fans can get there early and not wait for the non Dave fans. I'm so tired. Definitely bored too. Those neighbors are so random, they are always making noise, but they are such dorks. They better contain themselves or we will have a definite problem. And what is Kelly's deal? She has totally distanced herself. Is it because she thinks Melissa and my friendship has become too much or does she just not like me or is it because her friend was in town? I definitely feel neglected. I mean I try to be cool and nice to her. I try to be nice to everyone, I'm nonconfrontational, that's probably why people like me. I don't know. I wish Leah didn't take that stupid poster that I wanted. Every time I look at it, it pisses me off. God. She is definitely annoying, I swear what a poser of everything, hey maybe you could get an identity of your own and stop stealing everyone else's. Fabulous. Dave is so awesome, I can't wait. Could I love you, could you love me? I definitely need a guy, I am so sick of all these couples, it's so annoying. I mean I deserve a guy, right? It has been a while. I'm just too damn picky, but I am about everything. It's good right? Quality over quantity? I hope so. But, more people are more fun and you can always find something to do. I need to find or run into those two girls from the other night, they seemed cool, maybe people I could get along with. Mainly that Izzy girl, the other reminded me of Jakki Barsalou and she had some tongue thing, which both could be bad. That stupid bear. God! Oh my neck hurts, it's so stiff. I definitely need a good massage. Another thing boyfriends are good for. Good seeing mom today, definitely miss all that. But, I'm being strong. Definitely almost started crying about all of Kim's problems today. Which is weird, because I hardly know her anymore, but I guess we have some sort of childhood bond. Maybe, it is because I feel like I can sort of relate. It was weird, maybe I just need to cry or something, get it out of the system. ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_073482.txt,"MMMMM I wonder what's for dinner tonight??? I have so much crap to do before I leave to go home. Why is this print so small? Oh well, I have no idea what to get Kate for her birthday. Man I'm really having a hard time typing today. I wonder who's on im. I hope Kyle is I can't wait to see him on Saturday, and I really can't wait for the Mexican food. I need to spend time with my mom and dad and go shopping so I have clothes to wear down here. I don't want to go on that retreat. This sucks. Okay well I have another 15 minutes and my head is so jumbled up. I bet they think I'm a moron. My back hurts and I really need a nap. I don't want to write my English paper! I need to find a job here so I can have some spending money. I can't believe my math book cast me $90 that really put a damper on the day. I can't type for the life of me today. I wonder why they put a sticker of a bee on this computer. That's so random. I want to check my hotmail I wonder if anyone exciting wrote me. I haven't heard from my mom I wonder if everything's okay. I really need a nap. This whole go out every night and wake up at 9 thing is killing me. Oh crap I have to do my math homework. I wonder if it will matter if I go tomorrow. I'm going to be so exhausted. I should go grocery shopping so I can have some snack to munch on. The food here really isn't that bad. I should work out again today because I only worked out for 15 minutes and ate a huge lunch, I can't gain that freshman 15. I hope someone calls me I'm bored. That's neat that this computer capitalizes your Is for you. Only 10 more minutes. I hope Cat can get her cd burner working I really want that song it was so sweet. Man am I glad we don't have mandatory study hours, talk about adding to my stress. My eyes keep closing. I wonder if I'll see Barrett tonight. I'm stressing out about TX OU weekend. I want to be able to see my family and Kyle. I can't believe its $150 to make a cooler what do they think this is homecoming? I'm glad my face cleared up last time I go get my eyebrows waxed. I wish I were going home tomorrow. I don't want to go on this retreat. I wonder when we're getting our tshirts in, hopefully soon. Man my wrists hurt. I really need to get one of those pad things. I wonder how I'm supposed to paste this into that other site??? Yes, only two more minutes left. Wow that went by pretty fast. I can't believe how bad I'm typing today. I wonder when I can get my student ID back. I hope we actually get tickets. TIMES UP! ",y,y,y,n,y

2000\_075257.txt,"I'm so excited that my computer is doing what it is supposed to be doing today. Its really cool that I can watch movies through this sucker. Are you just supposed to write about whatever? This is pretty cool. I wanted to roller blade and some piece of crap girl told me I couldn't because some cop told her she'd get a $50 ticket, and plus it was raining, so that sucks. I am so ready to go out. I'm getting tired of sitting in my room all the time. I wonder what Jason thinks about me. Does he still want to get back together with his exgirlfriend that sucks. If he does then he's stupid because I'm probably way cooler than her, and she's only a junior in high school. That's ridiculous. Boy's are so stupid sometimes. I can't believe the things they do. I want to play hockey. I miss playing hockey with my neighbors. Maybe I'll find somewhere to roller blade, and I'll be able to play hockey. That'd be good. Shannon wanted me to teach her how to play anyway so that would work out well since she's an RA. She'd probably know of a place around here that is good to skate on. Man, I wish my hair would grow out. It looks so dumb since its too short to get into a good pony tail and I don't feel like fixing it most of the time. I want to get purple streaks put in it. That would be pretty interesting. What if I got my eyebrow or my lip pierced? I bet that'd be weird. Just to look at yourself in the mirror with that would be different, plus my mom wouldn't freak out or anything. I hope radio shack gets that 6foot cord in soon, so I can get this TV thing working better and get some of these stupid cords out of my way. I'm glad Jason traded cable connectors with me, so I could move the TV across the room. He wasn't using the length of it anyway. I really wish my mom hadn't sold my Nintendo, Mario 3 sure would be fun right about now. I wish I was funnier. I can't ever say anything funny. I only laugh at other people or at myself when I do something stupid or klutzy. That was so funny when Bobby ran into that pole. I still can't get over that. He's a weird guy, but he sure is cute. At least Chris is finally being half nice to me. That's different. I still can't believe he sat by me in sociology today. That's so weird. Matt is my friend and he never sits by me. Butt hole. I need to read for that class. I'm glad I only have one 1 o'clock class on Fridays, so I can sleep late. I hate getting up early. It sucks bad. Ultimate Frisbee would be so fun on Saturday. Nicole is lucky to get to be in rowing. I want to join something. I halfway miss track, but not quite. It really sucks with Coach McCoy yelling at you all the time. I don't know what the crap this thing is. Stupid cat. Radio Shack always tries to rip you off. That was weird when I got in that fight with the lady at the hotel in Cancun. She was so bitchy. I can't believe she thought we would steal the nasty bedspread from their skanky hotel. I want Lindsey and Jason to come visit me. I miss them. Dorks still in high school. Oh, well. I hope Lindsey is liking cheerleading more than she did her freshman year. I don't want her to go to Baylor next year. She needs to come her. That would be cool, but then I wouldn't be able to have any fun because I'd be afraid that she would get mad at me. I know I shouldn't care what Jason thinks since we only met like three weeks ago, but that boy is driving me crazy. He's so hard to read. I need to get in touch with Rachel and see what is up with her new baby brother or sister and find out what Taylor's address in Iowa is. For someone who liked me so much, he should have told me when he was leaving or something. What a spaz monkey! I wish I could get in touch with Tony. Eww. I need to call Preston. He's a weirdo. I need to see what concerts are coming up. He always knows all that crazy crap. That guy matt is pretty cool. I should email him or something. I need to go visit Roy. He's in a fraternity. Frats are so weird. They only seem to talk about their brothers and crap. Nicole is getting on my nerves somewhat. I know I shouldn't let the little stuff bother me, but when I'm with her all the time, its insane. Why can't she breathe with her mouth shut when she's sleeping. She needs to blow her nose or something. Anyway. This is a good song. I want to hear that Incubus song. That's awesome. ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_076876.txt,"I am not only extremely exhausted but I am beyond frustrated. I wrote this once before and my computer crashed it is no longer working and I was bout to pick it up and throw it out the window. This means that I really need a laptop or any new computer. I really want a laptop. Actually I would be content with a computer that will not shut down, freeze up and otherwise suck every 10 minutes. I am happy to be at ut this year. I am glad that I get to be near my girlfriend, we lived 4 hours apart last year, and its nice to see her everyday. I am on her computer right now, and it's too early to be doing this. I can't function. The past 2 days I was working my ass off to get this paper written for my freshman seminar and I got like 6 hours of sleep in those 2 days. That would have been fine if I got 3 each day, but I got one hour the first night, and five the next. Five isn't enough to overcome 1, and then last night after my extreme frustration with my computer not cooperating I went to sleep around 1:30 and then woke up at 9. That's still not enough. I need to get like 12 hours of sleep tonight; I would feel so much better. Well I am getting really bored doing this but I am keeping to the instructions, which for some unknown reason, were repeated over 13 times on the website. I mean I get the idea, I write what I think. You do not need to tell it to me, changing the order of the subject/object 13 times. Believe it or not saying the same thing, using the same words, but in a different order is not the same thing as explaining squat. I'm no expert, nor am I writer really. Actually my writing stinks. But I guess I expected more. College is a lot different from high school, but it certainly has its similarities. For example, my professor in my calc class is a really nice guy, but speaks very little English and has a heavy accent. Kids try and run over him, and it pisses me off. There enough problems with understanding him without him having to deal with people who refuse to listen to him. He knows his math and all. But still Anyway I am bored doing assignment, especially because I have don't it once before. OK I'm about to pass out. Someone needs to wake me up or something. Why can't I stay awake? Oh well im. I am a very slow typist. I wish I could type faster. But I am now finished with the minimum of 20 minutes and I will proceed to turn this in. I guess I'm allowed to stop writing what I'm thinking but I can't do it. Bye. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_087939.txt,"Today I thought mostly about school and how hard it might actually be compared to what I thought it would be. Precalculus seems to be getting harder and I think although I don't know that I will do fine. I absolutely love my intro to family relations class because it has to do with so much of what I love that is families and children. Children are my passion my goal is to help children and maybe someday have a few of my own. Families are important also I love mine and to me that is one of the most important things anyone can treasure. Everyone should have a family whether it be just a grandmother or even a dog. My family was very unstable for awhile but not one point in my life would I trade my somewhat dysfunctional family for one that may or may not be slightly more perfect. I do realize however that not every family is as nice as others I feel for the abused children spouses and animals in the world but I also feel that if you do come from a family like that there is always someone out there that was meant to help or become a new pseudo family for you. That is what is so cool about the world no matter how many weirdos there are out there, there are an equal amount of nice people ready to help those in need. to me this may seem way cheesy but its true. well I also wonder about my other classes such as history that class I had today and although it is very interesting I think that I got myself into much deeper water than I thought. That's funny how we use phrases like ""deep water"" to describe events in our lives. Think about those that spend years trying to learn the English language and finally come to America to use it and we use all these nonsense phrases to replace easier words that would make just as much sense. How difficult for those that must take even more years to learn those stupid phrases we use so often. I can't imagine learning a language and traveling over to the land all excited and getting there to learn that the language you really need to know will take another year to learn. I am not completely sure that that is a high concern for our world but I am sure the computer industries are perplexed by this everyday. My mom works with computer engineers and she tells me that all the Americans say jokes and the ones that are from across the ocean are secluded just because of our ridiculous humor (which I happen to love. It also amazes me how random my mind works just by writing for twenty minutes. maybe that's the point of this assignment or maybe I am the only one that seems to be so random and thinks about a million different things at one time. I thought it was interesting that we were joking about how bad it would be for someone to make a cry for help about suicide in this writing assignment and that that really would be stupid because the odds of you reading one out of what 600 or so people in the class is pretty slim and well I guess that is all I was thinking about that. My dog is really cute and I don't exactly know what I would do without him. Any time I go home to visit I find one of the hardest things to leave is my dog. I find it so fascinating that in a world of chaos and poverty and violence that almost and I do mean almost everyone could have an extreme attachment to some animal if they were given the opportunity. I also find it ironic and yet understandable that so many homeless people that do not have money or food have dogs yet they cannot support themselves and then I think about if I was poor and all alone that I would do what I could to have a dog to keep me company. This world is so complex I don't know why I try to understand it. My brother had his fifteenth birthday yesterday and was talking to girls and is going to drive soon all at the same time. It seems that all of a sudden the boy that I beat up on numerous occasions is starting to fight back and actually coming close and I mean close to beating me up. I always new the day would come because he is getting bigger but it all seems to happen as soon as I leave to house funny huh? My older brother on the other hand grew up in 5 seconds and was out of the house before you could say bye. ",n,y,y,n,n

2000\_089261.txt,"What am I thinking? Well, I'm sitting in my dorm room alone right now. It's quite relaxing actually. My roommate has been rushing all week and finally decided what sorority she will join yesterday. She joined Alpha Xi Delta. When I returned to my humble abode last night I found our room decorated by her sorority sisters. The room looked really nice except for the balloons that made it cumbersome to walk. My roommate is nice. I didn't know her before we came here. It has been a good experience getting to know her and living with someone. I have never lived with anyone in such close quarters before. I think it's good for a person. It makes you realize just how many things you do that you don't even think about. I have to be so conscious of all the things I do so as not to disturb my roommate. That's enough talk about my roommate. I am thoroughly enjoying my freshman year at college so far. I am taking 12 hours and my classes actually seem to be interesting. I think it's amazing how much you grow up and change without even realizing it. Looking back over my life I have seem myself change. I think for the better. I have always been a lifeguard during the summer to get some extra cash. Last summer I managed a pool at a country club. I never thought I would be able to have anyone respect my authority and me. My lifeguards did what I told them too and the summer turned out great. I saw how I had to mature to be the leader where I had always been the follower previously. I just think it's amazing how you go through experiences and change because of them. That is what I am hoping to get out of college; an experience that will forever change me. I am dating a sophomore here at the university. We have been dating for a little over a year. I was extremely excited about coming to college this year because of the time we will share. Last year we had to do the whole longdistance relationship thing. It was really hard and expensive between trips and phone cards. His parents also do not allow him to date in college because of academic reasons. He is not a bad student, but they want him to have zero distractions. I don't know how they can honestly think that he will have zero distractions at college, but who am I to argue? All last year that left us with the task of hiding our relationship. We both really, really like what we have together and are nowhere near wanting to give it up. We made the commitment to work through this. It is much easier now that we are at the university because his parents can't watch over him all the time. He just left my room. We were watching my roommate's television. He is a baseball freak so we were watching baseball highlights. It was relaxing at the least. Over all I had a good first day at college. The only thing that didn't go smoothly was finding my first class. It was in building LLB, the hardest building to find on campus. I did eventually find it after asking about 15 different people. Our class was locked outside for about ten minutes though. The teacher didn't have a key. We did get in to our room after a few short minutes. I am quite amazed that I could write this much in just barely 20 minutes. I would maybe be inclined to write more, but I am extremely tired and I have to get up for my next set of classes tomorrow. I know this sounds like kissing up, but I am truly interested in this class. I hope I learn many interesting things. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_092791.txt,"I'm writing here at the computer lab in Kinsolving. The reason I came here is completely and utterly foolish. My roommate tells me that this guy from a get together we went to last week is at the computer lab, and what do I do? I go downstairs, away from my wonderful studying environment and sit next to this not so wonderfully goodlooking guy, just because I think he has a nice smile. Good smiles are a must for me. I can't believe I'm writing this. This is my first college class, and I am told to write a paper about my thoughts, but I cannot help to be embarrassed by my ramblings on about some dude that I met at a party who has a nice smile. I never considered myself the type to concentrate on such superficial things. I never considered myself shallow. Maybe I am. Smiles are not shallow, though. Not to me, anyway. A great smile from someone just lifts me up so high. I cannot compare the feeling it gives me. hmm, lets see. It makes me feel like everyone around me has disappeared, as though I am the sole person on this earth, and that I am being blessed by this little piece of heaven, by this ray of positive energy. I feel motivated. I feel replenished. So, now I guess I know why smiles are so important to me. It's all about my selfishness. It's all about the feeling it give me when someone gives me a little piece of their soul. The funny thing is that this guy will probably never know what a wonderful impact he had on me. Does this make me a romantic person? I think not. I think this makes me a selfish person always trying to find some way of making myself feel better about who I am. I don't think I'm that wonderful of a person. I'm quite selfconscious actually. No matter what situation I'm in, there is always this sense of uncomfortable inhibition. I can never be myself, but then again, how can I be myself when I don't know myself? It's funny. I thought college would be this complete transformation. I thought that I would have millions and millions of opportunities to meet cool people, maybe get into a relationship, and find myself. So far, though, all it has been is complete and utter confusion. I am confronted with so many opportunities that I don't know where to begin; I am living in a world of constant ambiguity. If I didn't have my two best friends come with me to UT, I constantly be homesick. Well, now that I think about it, I don't think I would be homesick. My god, it scares me how NOT homesick I've been these past two weeks. I love my family a lot. I love my sisters a lot, but my parents are completely unstable people. On the way to Austin, for instance, they will not stop bickering back and forth in the car. They're divorced. They shouldn't stand the sight of each other, but for some odd reason, they continue to communicate. For a moment I thought maybe they did this for me. Maybe they though that by communicating, I would be happier, that I would somehow revert back to memories of good times and think that I had a normal family, but the fact is totally different. The fact is that I would rather them not talk or communicate for the rest of my life. I can sometimes hear the clashing of their personalities every time they're together; it's so strong. I used to think I was like my mother, but the last four years of my life, I lived with my dad alone, and realized that I am exactly like him. I even compared our palms once, and it was uncanny how similar it was. I never respected him. Maybe it was because my mother made me feel that way about him while I was growing up. I thought he was a weak man, that he didn't have the strength, just because he hardly talked. He was never charismatic or charming, he was never into ""manly"" things like sports and politics. He was just always there, in the background, resting his head in his palms, sitting with a pensive look that nobody could penetrate. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_094896.txt,"I haven't had a very good afternoon. I've been trying to get my Ethernet hookup to work for 2 days, without success. I'm pretty ignorant when it comes to computers, so I had my friend come and hook it up for me. But to my unpleasant surprise, we couldn't get it to work! Today, all afternoon, I tried and tried to figure it out. I screamed, cried, and almost threw my computer out of the window. Then, just when I was about to give up, I figured it out! But, with my neverending good luck, I found out that the entire Internet server was down for all of my apartment complex. So, I had to drive all the way to west campus (I live on East Riverside) to use my friend's computer tonight. In other words, I'm in a pretty pissed off mood. Anyway, I'm drinking one of those Jack Daniel's Country Cocktails to calm myself down. I hope it works. Man, my back hurts. About 2 months ago, I fell off of a roof while sunbathing (topless, of course) and besides knocking myself unconscious, and embarrassing the hell out of myself, I fractured 2 vertebrae in my back. It was probably the most intelligent thing I've ever done. So, now that I'm slowly weaning myself off of the Vicadin the doctor proscribed, I seem to be in more pain than ever. It doesn't help that I have to carry a back pack around campus everyday, either. But, what can I do? The fractures weren't big enough to require surgery, so all I can do is wait until I heal. But, according to my wonderful doctor, I wasn't supposed to be feeling any pain by now. Wrong! I think I'm going to have to go back and get some more Xrays. Something isn't quite right. So my friend Laura is getting ready for sixth street and I'm stuck here doing crappy homework. This assignment isn't so bad, but I have French homework to do after this and that's what's going to suck. I love French, but my teacher this semester bites the big one. She makes going to class a real drag for me. That's never happened before, so I'm pretty ticked off about it. Gee, I hope my Art History Professor from last semester writes me back soon. He was supposed to change my grade from a C to a B because of some mistake in grading, and I recently checked my grade report only to find out that the grade was never changed. I want to know what the hell happened. Well, my twenty minutes are up. I'm a pretty slow typist, so I hope this is enough. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_095846.txt,"so many things to do. must read in rhetoric today. two whole chapters. I wonder if I should drop that class. she seems nice but only gives 3 or 4 A's. I could be one of those A's. but what if I'm one of those C's that she says are ""solid writers""?? wish I was a good writer. after I read must read chemistry and psychology if I don't start soon I'll never start. and lord knows if I get behind in any of my classes, I'll never catch up again. I'm glad that I bought the notes today for chemistry. now I know what to study. but it was expensive our professor must be making a fortune! can't wait until 7:30pm I can take a break from life and focus on me! me me me me. I'll finally be able to go to the gym and work out. I've gained so much weight already. I wonder if my boyfriend notices and just doesn't say anything. I bet he notices. he never complements me anymore. I'm a little disappointed in myself for letting my self go. I should've been more cautious about my eating habits. sometimes I just eat because there's nothing to do not because I'm hungry. I know that's wrong. to make matters worse my boyfriend is such a hard core work out freak. although I'm skinny, I'm slowly losing my girlish figure that attracted him to me. I know for a fact he can do better than me, but why is he with me? he says I'm everything anyone could ever want but I have so many flaws. for instance, I have the quickest temper and stubbornness in the whole wide world. my hair is still damp from taking a shower. that shower was good. it washed away the whole afternoon. all the stress. I hate being late. that's probably why I'm always half an hour early for all my classes. everyone thinks I'm a nerd but I just consider myself punctual. quite an overachiever. I like being an overachiever. it's the most commonly used word to describe me with. I always try to get ahead. that's why I'm always so stressed out. sometimes I wish I was not such a worry wart. I want to be laid back, really I do, but my happiness comes with having everything done and done on time and done well. the feeling of finishing and completing everything thoroughly and fully is the best feeling in the whole world. and that's what makes me an overachiever. this project isn't even done now. it's supposed to be done in a couple of weeks. I tried to do this project the day after proof. pennebaker assigned it but for some odd reason the site was down. I guess it just wasn't meant to be. hmmm. what should I eat for dinner. it's $0. 30 chicken wing night at pluckers. I live right above pluckers so it'd be easy to get to but I still have left overs in the fridge so I'll save myself the 3 or 5 dollars and eat in AGAIN. I wish I was rich. I wouldn't have to worry about how much dinner cost. I remember the day when it used to be like that. but I'm glad I ran away. I'm with jeff now and he's better than having all the money in the world. I kind of regret not going to boston college though. that was my dream. that was my huge sigh of relief after high school. that was the product of 12 years of overachieving. UT isn't bad. it's not great either. some people say it's like an Ivy League school but I highly doubt that. I would pick an east coast school over hicktown UT anytime. but since I'm here I have to make the best of this situation and endure the poor weather and large campus. six more minutes of writing. that means I can start thinking about what to do next. I think I'll read psychology since that's what I'm doing now. just the first chapter tonight then the first chapter in chemistry. that should do me for now then rhetoric I have to read chapters two through three. I think I've got it together now. 4 more minutes. wow, it's already been twenty minutes! this assignment relieved me of a lot of stress already! now I just have to read and take really good notes. no more online junk to take care of anymore. I have using the computer. don't people know that handwriting things is the best way to learn and memorize? well, I guess for me others love it. yes one more minute. I think I'll snack and study. it keeps me motivated. I guess that's it. I enjoyed this project! ",y,y,n,y,n

2000\_103398.txt,"My feet really hurt. I wish I would have made that dance team. if that stupid bitch lina had made it, I wouldn't feel so bad. I have always hated her. She is a stupid fat whore who I hope does not succeed in life and ends up as fat as her mother. Having an abortion and then denying it, what a lying sack. I hate people like that. I want my computer to work all the time. I am so sick of it being messed up all the time. Tracy dropped psychology. Damn. I was hoping we could get to know each other by studying together and going to class together. That would be really nice. I need to meet more people here. I like hanging out with all my old friends, but I need to meet some more. Those dance girls were all airheads though. Maybe it is a good thing that I didn't make it. I would have to around all hose goof ball people all the time. That would kind of suck. Man, I wish I could loose some weight. I am not going to if I keep eating all this shitty dorm food. With as much as I work out, I should be loosing weight. Why not. Mark wants to loose weight just as much as I do, but I guess it is just as hard for guys to loose weight as it is for girls. Whatever. I am already tired of this assignment. I guess it is better that having some tight ass paper to write. My rhetoric response paper sucked. I hope I get a good grade on it though. I have to make good grades this year. I will die if I don't. I want to, and my parents will kill me if I don't. not enough time for sex though. I guess when you first start having sex you want to do it all the time. Too bad mark doesn't want to. I wish he was just a little bit more of a horn ball. What a weird thing to say. I girl wanting a guy to be a little bit more horny. Isn't it supposed to be the other way around? Whatever. I really want to have sex now. Look what I d id to myself. That girl on the south mall was really weird. There are no hot guys in any of my classes. Well at least that I can see. I can't see anyone in my huge ass classes 200540 people. What bullshit! This is such a huge school. It's ridiculous. My hands hurt because I am typing so fast and so much. Whatever. Need to pop my knuckles. There. I can't believe that Ken Reynolds died that is crazy 42 years old. That really scares me. If matt calls in the middle of the night one more time, I think I am going to throw the computer at the wall. I love this song ""falling from grace"" It is awesome. It makes me think of a movie. I'm not sure which one though. Maybe some drug movie or something. All that reading I have to do. College is way harder than I am wanting right now. I need more time for friends, sex, fun all that stuff. I think tomorrow after Mark comes over we will sleep for a while and then maybe we will mess around. I don't know. We always do if we are alone in bed for any period of time. I am so excited about the football game. I get to sit with who. let's see. Lindsey, Mark, and Ian, is that it? I can't even remember. Oh yeah wes did not have a sports package, and david did not give them his id. Man my neck hurts. I need another massage. That felt so good. I can't believe that Lindsey has Natalie in her Rhetoric class. I hope I get a good grade on my rhetoric response paper. I need to start off with good grades and then try to keep them up rather than start off with bad grades and then try to get them up. This is really not that bad of an assignment. I can handle it pretty well. I wonder who is on the phone. It must be Ian. What a weird kid. He is cool though. I am glad to have him as a friend. I wish Wes would be a little more open when I try to talk to him. He is nice and I think he likes me fine, but he just always acts strange around me like he is uncomfortable. except when we are drunk. Then we are like old friends. Who knows about that boy. He has a complex mind. It was nice of him to say that he would be my assistant editor any time. I'd be his for sure. He was drunk when he said that though. I hope he meant. Most people say that you say the truth when you are drunk, but some people think that you make stuff up when you are drunk. I don't, but I know some people do. I just want to have some new friends. I think I am going to friends with tracy she is nice and every time I see her, we talk for a while. Today, she said they were having a gijoe barbie party tomorrow night. All the girls come as barbie and all the guys come as gijoe. That sounds like fun. I kind of wish I was in a sorority, but I guess I will live. Oh well. There's twenty minutes. ",n,y,y,y,n

2000\_106715.txt,"Okay, here we go. I am going to type continuously for 20 minutes. I don't know how I can do this considering that I type pretty fast and also I am in the UGL and the keys are making quite a loud clicky noise with each letter that I type. Oh well, no one seems to be listening. I am really tired right now and all I can think about is sleeping soundly in my comfortable bed. drifting into a relaxing deep sleep. IT'S ONLY BEEN ONE MINUTE! I can't do this for that long. I have nothing interesting on my mind. hmmmmm I had a fun time last night. I got in at 6 in the morning. IF only my mother could see me now. that's the latest I've ever gotten in. am I typing loud? I don't want to do this anymore. I am very nervous about people looking over my shoulder right now at this very instant reading at the ridiculous things that I am typing. bored bored bored bored. I miss my friend jennifer a lot. we talked earlier this week and she said she would call me back. but she never did. today in Barnes and noble I was by myself looking at books and saw one that reminded me of jennifer and I really felt like bursting out in tears right there in the middle of that bookstore. somehow I held it back. hell right now I want to cry. I really miss all of my Dallas friends like so much. we've been through everything together and it's like we're drifting apart. I guess it's inevitable, though. I mean I've seen it a thousand times in films: the classic high school seniors move away to college scenario. but I never thought that it really would be this hard. I'm living on my own. I am my own mother now. That's pretty damn scary! I think I'm responsible though. I've always been able to manage my time wisely. Even my mom agrees with that. IT'S ONLY BEEN 3 MINUTES. or 4 maybe. I really like this guy I met. like really. it's just something about him. and it's so disenchanting that he's playing hard to get with me. I'm a very sensitive person with not a lot of dating experience, so games are not my idea of fun. I hope he's not looking over my shoulder right now. I'm really paranoid right now. I don't want him to see that I'm writing about him for this. god, if he saw this he would freak out. he probably thinks I'm stalking him anyway. I'm really not. I think I am inventing things in my head. I do that a lot. I can't believe I'm writing all this out for this assignment. oh well, this is probably not even going to be read by anyone. Well, hopefully not. I mean this is pretty boring stuff, teenager's brains. YIKES! so okay it's given that this will not be read. at least I am assuming that it is. So, with that in mind I really am open to write whatever the hell I want to write. This is for my benefit, in essence. Like a diary entry that you turn in for a grade. Not typical, but hey it happens. oh god! I really like that guy. I hope he shares something like that about me. he said he'll call me tomorrow. maybe. he did say maybe. then he said maybe Tuesday. Hell, I'm sick of waiting around for this guy. I always do this. I cling on so fast to people I'm interested in even after just meeting them. It's like I have a onetrack mind and it's all I can think about. That's pretty scary, huh? Wow I just scrolled up and I've written a lot. A lot of really boring stuff too. He probably won't call tomorrow. Who am I kidding? I can't keep doing this to myself. It's really unhealthy. I just want to cry after realizing this. It's such a horrible thing. I am putting this guy up on a pedestal is that how you spell it? and like if he messes up just a little bit, then I think that he hates me and I'm just this horrible person. God I say the stupidest things around him sometimes. I'm so concerned with trying to impress him that I just end up saying stupid things. that he won't even remember, but I am again blowing it out of proportion. Who am I kidding, I need to get my mind off this guy. but grrrrr! everyone now compared to him just doesn't seem to measure up. Like everyone I meet, I hold off on just for that rare chance that I might get to date this guy. I am a weird person. I am still paranoid about people looking over my shoulder. It feels like the whole world is scrutinizing me. Whoa that's scary. I love embellishing in my selfpity. it's so encouraging. NOT REALLY. wow the whole lab is completely silent except for my really loud typing. I feel like each letter I type is a clap of thunder booming and echoing into the distance. time is like momentarily slowed down and every thunder clasp is loudly emphasized. Wow, my 20 minutes are almost up. How did that go so fast? What did I write about? I can't even remember. I really don't want to look back at what I wrote either because I'm sure it's just the same thing over and over again. but I'm sure I will look back at it in just a second. well, if anyone is reading this, I envy your patience. until next time. That is all. ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_108295.txt,"Life as a college student is not quite like how I had expected. When I was a senior in high school, I thought I was going to be a studious student having a lot fun. But two weeks into college and I'm already slacking off. Most freshman who start off college don't really know what's going on, but I guess you can say that I had an early start. This was because my older sister, Lisa, also attends UT. With this factor, I quickly started to hang out with my sisters friends and began slacking off. So what I am saying is that, if I didn't have someone that knew what was up, than I would probably be having an easier time staying on track. Maybe its just me, but that is how I feel. But I am having a lot of fun, I guess you can say. I met a few people from orientation. They are the people that I am usually with. But I am having a hard time making friends in my classes. It might be because I'm always late to class and I never get a chance to settle down before class starts, probably. Well, I'm hoping to make some really good friends here. Isn't there a saying that a person makes most of their ""life long"" friends in college? I don't know. I don't even know why I am talking about my personal life for a homework assignment. I don't know if I am even doing it correctly. I guess that I will find out when I get my grade for it. Its been fourteen minutes and I am already running out of things to say. Okay, I'm going to return to what I was talking about in the beginning, SCHOOL life. I really feel that I need to get myself prioritized. I need to catch up with all my work and get ready for my up coming tests. I really don't know what else to write and I think this is about 20 minutes, so that it. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_113623.txt,"I'm not really sure exactly what to write. It seems very hard to me to just think naturally and turn those thoughts over to a piece of paper (or computer). What to write, what to write. I hope I don't get interrupted while I'm writing this paper. The computer makes a slightly weird humming noise. There are so many papers surrounding my computer. I wonder where the dark spots on the wall came from? It's hard to think of things to write, but I guess the purpose of this exercise is NOT to think what to write but to write what you think. That sounds very profound. I'm kind of proud of myself for thinking that last thought. Ouch. I wonder if this is going to feel like it took a long time. I need to work out, and I have to work tonight. I'm glad I'm quitting that job, and I hope the business starts to make money soon or I'm going to be broke. I don't really have many bills to pay, but I need to pay off my car. I wonder what Justin is going to get me. I don't think it will be jewelry. I hope he likes his present. I never get him as good of gifts as he gives me except for the VCR and Nintendo 64, but those still don't make up for everything he has bought. I guess it shouldn't matter because that's not a measure of our love, but it's nice to give and receive nice things. I wish my cold would go away. It would be nice to go to bed without having to take Nyquil first. I'm tired of being stuffed up, and I'd like to get back into working out since I'm feeling a little better. I'm just afraid that I won't feel better if I go work out while I'm sick. I haven't even done pushups in a week! I feel very fat, but it hasn't been that long since I've worked out. My muscle atrophies rather quickly. That's probably because I didn't row last year. I wish I could've done that, but the new coaches just sucked. I'm definitely going to get my own skull when I get older. I hope I will be very successful. I know I will be successful, but I want to make a lot of money! My wrist is beginning to hurt. I shouldn't be resting my wrists on the table in front of me. I learned that my freshmen year in high school in keyboarding class, but it's just easier. I guess I'm just being lazy. I feel like I'm forgetting something that I'm supposed to do tonight or tomorrow. I like this whole college thing. I don't have to worry so much because I have more time to do things. I just hope it's not going to be too hard. I don't know why I doubt myself. I've just heard so many times that the people who do well in high school struggle in college because they're used to high school, and high school is so much easier. I don't know! I like to fidget. I remember Mrs. Merkord telling us that people who fidget tend to lose weight more easily. I think that's possibly true. It's just hard for me to lose my legs because I inherited their shape and size from my mom. I wish they could just be thin. They aren't really fat, but they're muscular/big. That's just the way I feel because all of these Texas women have thin legs. They also have thick middles though, and I don't. That's horrible! I shouldn't be bad mouthing people even in my head. Not all Texas women are like that. It just seems to be a majority. My back hurts a little from walking around so much yesterday on campus with my purse and my book bag on my right shoulder. I'd switch, but it just feels awkward. I feel like I'm not thinking any specific thoughts right now. I'm just concentrating on writing. What was I just thinking? This exercise is kind of fun when you get going. I really was getting the hang of typing and thinking together just a little while ago. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_116293.txt,"I don't ever know what to talk about in these damned things, although I know that the point is just to write whatever comes to mind. Nothing ever seems worth committing to anything besides a fleeting second of short term memory. My eye itches. I wish Keith would stop singing that opera crap so I could concentrate on what I am doing. Oh, wait, this is what I am supposed to be doing. My head itches. What am I going to do about Elizabeth? On one hand, I want to be free to enjoy college life, having my own apartment, and the like, but at the same time, I wonder if pushing her away will be the biggest mistake I ever make in my life. Sometimes I kind of wish that someone else were making decisions for me, or at least the tough ones. My stomach hurts a lot, thinking about this all the time. I hope I don't get a ulcer. That really would suck. My head itches again. I wonder what Jeff is doing tonight; I should call him and see if he knows of any parties going on. I should probably take this keg shell back and get my deposit. Is Charlie here? He needs to call his mom. Oh crap, I was supposed to call my mom back. It will have to wait though. Damn homework. I wonder if I have anything else to do tonight besides this. Economics. no, Chemistry. no, Philosophy. no, cool no other homework. I wish I could type as fast as I think, that would be nice. I hope my mom isn't too mad that I'm not coming home this weekend. she'll get over it. I hope she understands though; I wouldn't want to hurt her feelings. She really is good to me; so is Dad though. I wonder if Dad is back from his trip yet; he sure is out of town a lot. Maybe he will retire soon, and live off mutual funds. He'll probably wait for Katie to move out though. I wonder if Dean will ever move out; maybe he's finally got his act together I hope he does, anyway. I wish I could do something to help him out if nothing else but to see where he could be, where his potential lies. I think even if I could find the words, he would not take the time to listen, or be willing to listen, one or the other. Is time up yet? No. Hmmm. what am I thinking now? All these question marks. makes me feel like the Riddler or something. I wonder if that means anything, that my ""stream of consciousness assignment is flooded with question marks. Apparently, there are still many questions in my life. Will they ever be answered? More question marks great. So many questions, and not enough resources to answer them by. Not to mention the fact that no one can help because no one else is in the situation. I wish there were some way to link with someone make them feel what you feel and know what you know maybe get some reliable advice for a change. ",n,n,n,y,y

2000\_125276.txt,"I feel good about hanging out with different people throughout the day. I find that it gets so monotonous when I see the same person day in and day out. I don't like feeling trapped in a relationship, so I guess I am very wary of commitment, although I wouldn't mind starting a relationship with someone. I miss the physical contact of a relationship. Maybe I haven't been getting enough hugs lately. I haven't had one for about a week now. It does make a difference. You have to fend for yourself here at UT. No one is going to be your babysitter, and sometimes that's hard for me to accept. I have to take care of my own health, academic career, make my own friends and spend time with them, and also join organizations that I deem worthwhile. It seems like a lot of responsibility, but I am gradually learning how to handle it. I have never realized before how incredibly independent I am. I am in fact, lonely a lot more than I thought I was. At home I didn't feel it as much because I lived with four other people. But now, I notice that I get timid when I am alone. I didn't have a roommate for 2 weeks, and I thought I would like it because I would get privacy and free reign over the room. But I didn't realize how anxious being alone made me. I started eating a lot to fill the void. I never could figure out why I binged so much before, especially during high school. But now I think that I felt alone, and I was ashamed to ask someone to be my company. So I would eat to fill the lonely space and cover the shame. That's weird how I wanted to be even more alone when I felt isolated. Now I want to get involved with people as much as possible since I have recognized the problem. Liz and I will try to hang out more now, at least once a week. I want to have my meals with at least one other person. It sucks to be alone, but at least I know that now. I have ten minutes to write. Working out sure refreshes you and makes you feel more alive, but it sure does make you tired. It's also my blood sugarit's a tad low now and I will be eating something for lunch soon. I don't want to eat alone! Maybe Brooke will eat w/me. I wonder what Jason's up to now. He had an 8:00 class this morningI think? We spent some time with each other this weekend, which was a lot of fun. I like being around him because he is so patient and has some good things to say. He's also very open about himself, which is a new thing for me. I don't know if I would want to start something with him. It would be a fun thing and add some ""extra"" to the relationship, but sometimes it makes things weird and I would not want to lose his friendship. I will just keep on doing my thing, and improving myself and if it happens, it happens. I just want to be able to spend some time with him! I know I will though. There is that Navigator lake house bash this weekend that he told me about, and I think I should go. I don't want to know what I look like in my bathing suit right now. hard workouts this week should help. Will I feel pressured a lot about GodI just don't know if I'm on the right track. I read that the best way to get closer to God is to Spend time with Him. I so don't do that. I think about God about once or twice a day. I've also heard that the good things we do are reflections of God working in us, or something. I try to remember to do those little things: hold the door for people, smile, encourage people, be honest, but also don't try to be fake friendly, because it's not in anyone's good interest. I just want to be me. God I know that you know the best way for me, don't let me be so selfabsorbed. If I just let go a little, I can go a long way with YOU. But my gosh it's hard to let go. Let me see the ways I can let go. I'm going to go get something to eat for lunch. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_125323.txt,"I can't believe he just showed up like that and expected me to let him in of course I let him in anyway. What is this control he has over me? I can't make thoughts work clearly when he looks at me. All I see are blue eyes and red hair. Deep, deep blueness. There I get lost into submission. Is it me? Is it all just something I do to myself? Where are the lines I should be drawing. Why isn't easier to know what the right thing to do is? I wonder if he's sleeping right now? I know he's home. Maybe I should knock on his window until he wakes up and lets me sleep next to him? His room is so close just right down stairs. I know he look up at me every night through his window. He's sees everybody I let in. I'll have to remember in the future the consequences of sleeping with neighbors; but what if they have crazy red hair and perfect hands? It will be an interesting year. I wonder if he'll end up hating me? or me him? no. we can at least be friends. Although, it's hard sometimes. Especially with the angel downstairs. Ha! no pun intended. I just don't understand where all the anger inside him comes from. We're so different. I'm so full of love and he's so scared of love. Maybe he just fearful and that's why he becomes so overwhelmed with anger; or maybe he's just passionate. I think that might be part of it. I read his palms and his heart line was off the chart! He asked me when I met him if I thought we'd be dangerous together and I said, ""I'm not dangerous with anybody,"" but I'm begging to change my mind. I wish I could see inside him. Usually I can read strait through boys, but he is an enigma. I guess I'll just start looking harder. If I go down there right now I know he'll wake up and be happy to see me. I'm sure he thought about me all night after the afternoon we had together. Why is it that you can see someone who fits every requirement you have for the perfect mate, but if there's no chemistry there's no relationship at least romantically. Then you might met someone who isn't your type at all, maybe you don't even really like the same music or have the same lifestyle, but if there's chemistry you can't resist each other. Who casts the spells on us? Who laughs at our bumbling confusion? Is it all a matter of having the ideal children? Are the people we have 'chemistry' with the people who have the perfect complementary set of genes to our own? If so, how does my body know? Do my electrons match up perfectly with the spin cycles of theirs? ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_126788.txt,"Well, I don't know where to begin. I guess it started when she came over for lunch. I never would have know what great thing was going to happen that strange windy day. She swooped in and plopped herself on my new Pappason chair. She was so gracious to bring me a freshly baked apple pie. As she poured all of her energy into describing a new dress she had found in the Hit or Miss store I noticed it. How her eyes had a strange twinkle about them. I mean, don't get me wrong Randy is the best friend I have ever had, and her eyes always shone, but for some reason today, they almost glowed. As she began to finish her story a serene silence filled my small living room. It was barely noticeable that my over grown Lab Dixie had trampled into the room wearing half of the back yard. Then the words just fell out of her mouth. ""He's come to rescue me, and I'm going to go. "" I have never felt such a mixture of relief, happiness, utter joy and somehow an utter ripping in my soul. I was loosing the best thing that had ever happened to me. My best friend was on her way to her life long dream. All I could do was cry and hug her. Then she started crying and we were just an absolute mess. There was no other sensible thing to do besides get that apple pie and slap some vanilla ice cream on it and CELEBRATE! Wow. She's gone. What is left of me? I sat around my quaint little home, breathed the clear air and wept all my emptiness out. I mourned the loss of my closest and dearest friend for. I don't know how long. It seems like a whole season passed. Then one day, I got tired of crying. I knew that deep inside there was something in me that drew that wonderful friendship and I'd be darned if I was going to let it rot inside of me. So, I did what any normal person would do to seek selffulfillment. I joined a club. I went to every dang meeting any time those doors were open. But you know what, I didn't find it. So, I began to search books in the library on sewing, butterflies, architecture toadstools, anything and everything that seemed of some minute interest to me. I left the library with so many books, my arms almost fell off. But, no that was not my answer. sigh you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to meet myself a man. I will find out what love is all about, and I mean real love. So, take that! Thus, my Man Hunt began. I browsed the Video Dating services, the internet (big mistake, HUGE), I scoped men at the grocery store, I bought some roller blades and tried out Hike and Bike trails, but nope, nothing'. Oh, I met men all right, but the kind of guys I met made me want to swear off of them forever. Yet, something was in me that just kept popping up over and over and over again. He's out there, my Prince is going to come rescue me, I just have to have faith in real love. After some serious time had passed, I stepped out of my life and looked at what I had, and noticed that my Many Hunt had taken over every part of me, and nothing that was left was desirable, even to me. So I just plum gave up. I was not going to let this hole in my heart rule my life. And that was it. So, I dropped all of my memberships and subscriptions and just began to spend time alone, and then I began to pray. It helps so many other people, why not me? you know what happened when I shut myself alone in my room with nothing but some soft music and candle light? My heart was completely and totally overflowed with peace. How in the world can the words I choose let you know about my sweet experiences with the Lord? He is the absolute perfect gentleman. I began to talk with Him every day. I began to listen for His voice and I began to find Him everywhere I went. I realized, I was never alone. I was being filled with love that brought me over and through every little thing that would try to bring me down. The lord God in Heaven loves me, and I love Him. And you know what else, after I gave my heart to Jesus, I met Mark. Would you believe that he was walking by my house with his 2 Great Danes and was stopped to tie his shoe as Dixie bolted out my front door. We met, just that simply. He has arrived at my front door now, so I better go. We are on our way to Jamaica oh how I love to be rescued! ",n,n,y,n,y

2000\_127329.txt,"I guess I have no started my 20 minutes of writing for the psychology class. As I'm writing I keep on looking at the clock to see what time it is to see when I'm supposed to finish typing. I think about what I was thinking in class when you talked to us about this HW and how I wanted to talk about certain things while I was doing. But actually I start thinking about what happened tonight. We all hung out with the fraternity and just bonded by going to dinner and then going to just talk and catch up on everything we did over the summer and afterwards we played capture the flag. I wish my roommate would listen to better music. After capture the flag we all decided to go swimming instead of capture the flag because we had all gotten tired. We put it to the vote and that's what we ended up doing. Afterwards our President asked us to make this a dry event. I support him 100% because one I don't drink, two I don't think that it is necessary to drink to have a good time, and three I think that all the points that he made were very strong. My roommates had a problem with it because we are all part of the executive board and we thought that before saying that he should have asked us all instead of doing it by himself. I think that they are wrong anyhow because as President I think that Ted did the right thing in telling us not to drink and I don't think that there was a need for him to consult us. It was an executive decision. I'm debating whether I should go outside to the pool with everyone else when I'm done with that. I was supposed to get together with a friend of mine tonight but we have been playing phone tag so it's not going to happen but I will see her on Monday so I'm still happy. This weekend I have lots of things to do. I'm running through my schedule for the weekend. Tomorrow I have to meet for lunch with a friend and afterwards we are going to the lake to just hang out. I keep on thinking about what else I'm going to write and how interesting this paper really is. I have never really sat down and typed everything I'm thinking but at the same time many of my teachers have always told me that I type just like I think; this causes my grades in grammar to be much lower. My leg really hurt because me and one of my roommates were messing around and we both deadlegged each other. But after the pain that we have both caused we have promised each other that we will never do that again. We'll see if we actually will keep it but I think we will. I'm the only one in the apartment right now cause everyone else is outside. I think about everything else I could have done tonight but in all honesty the last thing I really wanted to do was to go out and actually do something. I am very happy with the way that the evening turned out even though I would still have liked to see my friend tonight. I kind of like this girl but I'm not sure. She's cute and everything but we haven't really gotten to know each other well enough to where I can say that I like her but I do think that she's kind of interested. I also think about my friend who is coming up from Southwest next week to come see and how she's going to spend the night. We have been friends for a long time and we get along great. But the thing is that we both have really flirty personalities so I'm kind of wondering if anything is going to happen. I know that it can't be too much because I have a lot of selfcontrol but at the same time I don't want thing to get weird or to have a girlfriend right now. If anything happens it will just be maybe a little cuddling here and there or maybe a kiss. We will most likely end up sleeping in the same bed but we'll see. I have the full intention of not having sex. I never have and never will until the day I get married. I have thought about being a priest for a long time so I'm just waiting for God to give me my call and I will follow His will. I really hope that he hurries up though cause I don't have a lot of patience. I think that I have a lot of qualities but patience is not one of them. I can be patient for certain things but I just hate waiting for people to give me an answer. I know that God doesn't count in that but I try to hurry Him up. One of my friends told me this summer that if you ever wanted to make God laugh all you had to do was to tell Him your plans. I'm wondering whether this will mean anything to you guys. I guess that it all depends on whether you are Christian or Catholic or simply don't believe in God or have another religion. I realize that there are a lot of people here at UT that simply doesn't believe in God and I think that that is really sad because they are missing out on a great part of life. I keep on looking at the clock and seeing how much time is left. I wish that everyone would be able to believe in God and receive the Eucharist everyday. It is the most amazing gift that God gave us. It's sad how some people just ignore God or sometimeseven laugh in His face. This was what I originally wanted to talk about when I was thinking about what I was going to write in this paper. I thought that it would be great thing to think about because there is so much that I can write on but then I realized that I couldn't do that because it would have been planned. So I decided to kind of clear my mind and just speak my mind. For the most part I think that it worked because as I think back of all the things that I have written for the past 20 minutes I have gone through various different topics. Ranging from drinking, to girls, to God. I think this was a really cool experiment and that other people should do it because it is a great way to realize what is going on in your head but also to help you put what goes through your mind in words. I realize that the time is up and that I no longer need to be writing but I'm also going to stop because my hands are really hurting. I notice that I almost finished a complete page of writing. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_129388.txt,"I am just not feeling too well today. I know I should not have gone out last night. I did anyway. I told myself that I could easily say ""no"" when asked to go out, but who was I kidding? I knew I would give in at some point. Anyway, I knew I would get sick because everyone else in my dorm has gotten sick. I knew my turn would have to come. I am very distressed right now. I have met so many people in the past ten days, and I cannot remember everyone's names. People tend to remember my name, though. It is easy to remember. Brewer. I would remember that too. That's my name, Brewer. Brewer Baker. Wow, I guess I do kind of like my name! I never can really decide if it's a good name or not, but I think it is ok. ""Ok,"" that's a very complex word; I just learned in my philosophy class about the term ""ok. "" I love my philosophy class; it's really interesting. I am about to go to my freshman seminar, which is entitled, ""Success With Less Stress. "" It's very interesting. I started reading the text yesterday, and it's awesome. It's seemed quite redundant at points, yet interesting overall. I love to write. I have been told that I am a very creative writer. I like that. I like being creative. I think it's interesting to be creative instead of always being precise and conservative. I forgot what I was about to say. I'm glad I can still type with a moderate speed. I would be screwed right now if I were a horrible typist. I am not all that great, but I am fairly quick. I love choosing words to write. I write differently than I speak, though. Sometimes I wish I were able to speak as creatively as I write. I have to admit, though, I do come up with some fun words. Fantabulous. I love that word. Absofuckinglutely. I love that one too. I only say that one on occasion, though. It sounds quite harsh coming from a girl. I try not to cuss a whole lot, but I can't help it sometimes. Like, when I'm around my girlfriends, I tend to cuss a whole lot more than when I'm around guys. I think girls sound trashy when they cuss constantly. I had NEVER said a cuss word in my whole life until I was about fourteen years old! Now, I've gotten a little too comfortable saying them. I even cuss when I'm around my mom, which doesn't make her too happy. She cusses on occasion around me too, though. Wow, I don't know what I'm doing. I met this guy named Cas, and, I think he's a real cutie, but I've also met so many other people in the past weeks, and I like some of them, too. It's weird, thoughI was out last night at this Figi Pledge Line bullshit, and I met some real hotties, but I still thought about Cas; and, I even called him from the party. Weird, huh. I don't think he is the hottest guy, but he has the most awesome personality. I can't stand to talk to a guy, no matter how hot he is, if he doesn't know what to say to me. Cas is right on. He makes me smile and laugh all of the time. I like that. And, he likes me too. That's weird. I mean, not to be braggy, but I do get hit on quite a lot, but some guys obviously just don't like me once they get to know me, which is standard in most cases, but, Cas knows me. I am completely myself around him, and he still likes me. He told me he likes me. I told him that I am mad at myself for liking him it was funny. I am straight forward with him. It's nice to be that way sometimesyou know, not hide anything. Some things I believe we, as humans with feelings and emotions, should not say there are things we should keep to ourselves. I believe that we, as humans with feelings and emotions, should share most things. I just clearly contradicted myself, yet it makes since. I know most people think the same way. I am getting tired of typing. I feel drowsy, and my fucking head and throat hurt. I am going to work out anyway, though. I am addicted to working out. I love it and hate it at the same time. I usually dread actually getting up and going, yet I love sweating and the high I get from actually doing it. Ok, I have been writing the standard amount of time now, and I have another class in ten minutes. Bye. ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_129591.txt,"Right now I'm thinking about the situation I am going through with my two roommates. School has just started and it looks like we will soon be at each others' throats. I really hope we can find a way to not get on each others' nerves because we are such good friends. I'm also thinking about my life and the new frontiers I am beginning to encounter. I can't stop thinking about how the next four years of my life are going to turn out. I hope everything is as great as everyone says it is and has been. I also miss my mom very much. Even though I don't talk to her everyday on the phone, I can hear speaking to me with her heart. The same thing goes for me too. My classes and keeping a responsible daily routine are at the top of my priority list right now. I don't want anything to interfere with me doing an exceptional job in all of my courses. It really is a big change for me being here at a university. Back home school was a breeze. Now I can actually feel that I'm going to have to study, which will be a first for me. The good side to that is that I like challenges. One of my friends from back home, who is really close to me, is planning to move to Florida. There isn't anything wrong with that because he's ""in love"". I hope that he's making the right decision with the move and with her. I really care about him and I wouldn't want him to get hurt in any way. Although, I have a strange feeling that she might be the one for him. Either way he always has a lucky star just waiting to fall on him so that somewhat takes away a bit of my worriness. My other friends who are very close to me are still in my hometown going to school over there. I miss them all the time but I know that me being here is the best thing for me. For some reason I can't stop thinking about a girlfriend of mine who lives in San Antonio because she is attending St. Mary's University. There has always been an unspoken romance between us but we have never actually been together because we have never brought it up, but we know that something is there. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_136760.txt,"Going off to college for me was the chance for a new beginning, a fresh start. A makeover. All the things I disliked about myself could be fixed. Or so I hoped. Unfortunately, the thing about myself that I hate the most and has plagued me for so many years has managed to follow me here as well despite my efforts to escape it and start over. GERD. It hurts my relationships with others as well as myself physically. I thought that the gross puking that occurs after I eat too much would magically disappear when I became a healthy college student. But it hasn't and now my roommates are on to me. But I'm not supposed to know. Instead I just get to imagine what awful things they are thinking of me and know that every time I put food in my mouth they think I'll throw it up. And they don't even know because they haven't even asked me about it. They just speculate and have apparently come to the conclusion that I'm bulimic. Which I'm not. Yes, I have a problem that I need to take control of. But I don't appreciate the way they're going about the whole thing. My roommate, who has known me for the past three years and is aware of my condition, could actually believe them. And she didn't even ask me. Instead, she picks up the phone and calls my boyfriend. I'm going to see him tomorrow and I was so excited but now I have to deal with this. She has to go worrying him like this. But he won't worry. My loving, caring boyfriend will instead contemplate breaking up with me. He won't have anything to do with a bulimic girl and I'm not one. I really care about him. He's my best friend. I miss him so much. I just always fear that my problems will drive him away. I wish I were more confidant and more everything. But I can't help the way I feel or the way I am. And I really need him. He makes me so much happier and healthier. But I'm not as dependent as I sound. I really had no idea how much he meant to me until I left him. And I'm always afraid that he won't feel the same. I know that we'll break up eventually, but I hope he's right about us always being friends. That is so important to me. And maybe one day we'll find out that we're meant for each other. I do believe that there is one special person that I'm supposed to marry. God has a plan for my life. But I am totally clueless as to what it is. And you know I'll never know if I don't invest any time in Him. I need to get my life in order the way I planned to the day I moved off to college. ",y,y,y,n,y

2000\_137009.txt,"There is drilling in the hall way which I find just irritating so much, I also find that I hate computers and I shouldn't have been born in this time period, but yet again all the technology I have now I can't live without. But I do find that man and woman both are getting lazier and lazier, we are all looking for a short cut to everything, I saw on a commercial that you don't have to scrub your toilet anymore because they invented some cool thing you can spray right into your toilet and poof all the yucky grime that forms around the toilet disappears. Also they got that fresh shower thing so you don't have to clean your shower anymore at all. So if you don't want to go out and drive to the grocery store you can go on line and order your groceries. I remember once this Randall's Peapod truck fill with some lazy person's grocery came by our house looking for directions to someone's house. I found how funny it was that people are willing to pay people to grocery shop for them. Grocery shopping to me is one of the most easiest things in the world and I rather enjoy it. Lazy people! See this was why Amazon. com was going up 15 points a day two years ago. Thanks to lazy people, amazon. com stockholders were rich, but now amazon died down a bit. Ok I did shop at amazon. com once, I'm not a big fan of sending out my credit card number across cyber space, I just don't feel safe, it's that insecurity paranoia I have. But I guess shopping online is sort of fun. But I feel that things are getting much more easier and I'm getting much lazier. I come to UT and everything is like technologized if that is such a word, but I mean I can pay may bills online! and register my classes online, and heck you got a website to make my life easier. I'm for extra help, but to mean all the stuff to make my life easier is bumming me out, I wonder if I am as smart without the technology because it's like the other people living way before or going to school at UT before all the new tech stuff was offered to them. I mean every student almost has to have an email account, I still don't know how to get to mine at all. I'm so computer illiterate and I want to be a MIS major, isn't that an oxymoron. One day I know that I will have to eventually have to buckle down and start learning how to work a computer and not ask people to help me with it. I told my teacher once that if my computer ever breaks or my phone doesn't work I'll just hire someone to fix it, then he said to me, why don't you be the one that fixes things, some people make a living doing things that other people just rather hire people to do and they are making a fortune out of doing that. I didn't under stand that at the time it took me I think five years to figure out what he meant by it, then again I forgot what he said and then miraculously I remember what he said about some months ago and it made sense. It's weird that I have very few scattered memories about my childhood. I remember bits but never complete parts. It's more like images than anything mixed with sounds almost like a dream, damn drilling! sometimes I wonder if my early memories are actually dreams I had and I couldn't distinguish the two. Sometimes I have these dreams that feel so real and sometimes I have these dreams where I know that it's really a dream it's so weird. I wonder is coma people dream about when they are in a coma, do they dream at all, I know that this could be answered if I were to research it but I'm lazy, and I'm sure that if I do some exploring on the internet I could find a website that is dedicated to answering this question. ",n,y,y,n,y

2000\_142386.txt,"My mind is fried from the test that I just took. Did I do well? Did I screw up?. Did I get tickets to the football game. Jeff was supposed to have a friend draw. I hope our seats are good, because today has been a rough day. I hope Jeff likes me. This writing assignment makes me feel really funny because of all my sporadic thoughts. I wonder if this is one of the papers you decide to read, or if it is just going to end up in some data bank somewhere. I hope psychology is going to be a semi easy course because college at this point is a little overwhelming. My roommate just walked in, so I guess I should mention her. Allison or Ally, whatever I feel like calling her at the time. She fun, makes me laugh, I could use that right now. The test was easy but what if I just screwed up on it because it was my first test. I guess I will know by today what the event will be. The pressure to make good grades is getting to me. I want to have fun and do a little bit of everything, but I don't know how to fit it all in. I want to party with my friends, but I also want to do well. How far will that get me in life. What if I bust my butt and nothing happens. I'm beginning to notice a pattern in my thoughts; they are all questions. Does that mean I'm missing the answers, or does that mean I worry too much. Here I go with the questioning again. I'm trying not to be clich�d and do the average, I wonder if so and so likes me, but it is ending up like that. All of my life is in a state of not knowing. For everything that I have learned, it seems like there is much more because everything that I know doesn't answer all of my questions. That's where I get my nosiness, I guess. I classify myself as an ambulance chaser. The time is flying a lot faster than I thought. Scooby Doo is on tv, that is Kaitlyn's favorite show. She's at home in Dallas. I miss her so much and that reminds me that Zach's surgery is going to be tomorrow. He's so little, will he be ok. More questions. They are driving me nuts (feel sorry for the reader). Here's the issue of time again. I'm running out of it, literally and figuratively. I guess its nap time, I don't even know if I want to do that for sure. ",y,y,n,y,n

2000\_147469.txt,"Well today I feel really stressed since there are so many things to be done for my classes. Like today I had to do this writing assignment to get it out of the way and do my math homework. By the way, I have no idea how to do my math homework which adds on more stress to my life. Anyways this weekend was pretty fun since I went to a retreat for freshman and transfer students. I am a transfer student and I really miss Austin Community College (the college I went to last year). At ACC you get more individual attention and school work is a lot easier than here at the University of Texas. Today I have a class that is three hours long, and since this is the first Monday out of the semester it will be first time going to this class since it only meets on Mondays. Next week will be my first week to start work so I am really looking forward to it but also worried about how much rest I am going to get with school and work. It is my first job so I don't know how I am going to deal with it. Well this psychology class seems kind of scary because half of the time I don't know what the professor means by what he says and personally I am not a real psychology fan. I mean it isn't my favorite subject in the world and it is my first time taking a course dealing with how the mind works and why things are the way they are. I believe that God does everything for a reason so why question what God has done he knows everything. Don't get me wrong it is good to question things, but one is not going to understand everything in this world anyways. For example, if someone is brought up raising chickens in a farm and then goes to a city, that person is going to feel uncomfortable or out of place since he or she has been brought up in a farm. Well they are going to look at everything in a different point of view as if someone who has been living in a city all of their life. Also, people who lived in different countries with different customs and traditions, everyone is different in their own way so what good will it do to question everything since there are different answers for all of us. Another example is that I still don't know what correlation is we talked about it in the Discussion session and think it is some kind of relationship between two things and that is all I know. There are other terms that I am not to familiar with also and I hope I understand them better soon before the test. I really want to get good grades this semester so I don't have to be catching up in future semesters at the University Of Texas. I really don't know that many people here, but I have met a lot of new friends at my church and that has helped me to get used to University life and the moral aspect of what not to do and what is good for me. Well I think that is about all I have to say today, hopefully I will understand the psychology class better as the semester progresses. ",y,y,y,y,n

2000\_149433.txt,"4. 57 checking in don't know where to start. I do this a lot though kind of relieves stress like candles and music and flowers haha really girly, huh? oh well, I guess that's me more like a girl on the inside. outside is just comfortable. god, my hair is annoying. it's hot as hell, too thick curly hair doesn't go well with the texas heat I'm writing and all I'm thinking is that if you really do read this, how exactly am I being judged man, this could be an essay about me and my identity and how I interpret myself but that wouldn't let you decide for yourself. and I'm way into that. I want to decide. it can be good, bad, whatever haha it's funny when it's a bad decision, but always an experience my Japan far east competition in volleyball bad time to get caught volleyball captain, a lot of responsibilities damn, I miss volleyball but I don't know if I could survive it definitely something fun to do, but no. rotc takes way too much time hahaha only 24 hours. I remember Korea shoot I didn't even know what it was to sleep unless I was riding in a bus getting somewhere awww away trips those rocked memories. friends. love. trust. heartache. god, I miss Korea. I can't believe I talked to Keith and marry I miss them a lot this college thing is really cool, but dang, nothing compares to serious friendship. I miss my baby damn the fact that he's way younger. it doesn't' matter. I'm tired of everyone's ""idea"" of what is right for me. I loved him for that I can always be myself. whatever that is we'll see. I wonder if I'm going to ""find myself"" here haha this is the place for it, right? ~~bisexuality~~ I mean it's college and all I'm supposed to understand life and myself and who I am and what I'm like this seems more like an email I would send to phillip we were always like this like reading each other's diary in an email. I wonder what he's up to there are a lot of people like that some that I wouldn't mind forgetting about but why? they all touched me in some way haha that sounds sexual I can't believe I admitted to mars before tat or seo or anyone I didn't think I could talk to her like that it takes a lot of guts on both sides for us to have what we have I love her for that I know she feels guilty. we'll see hopefully this will be a lifelong friendship I'm so lucky for that and I thank god for it not like most people: only talk to him when they need something it's funny how religion works it's only prominent in people's lives when they are in need of something then again, I guess that's how a lot of things work I am learning, though not the innocent, little, trusting girl I used to be or at least, not as much haha Korea taught me that I owe my life to that place more the people than the actual place, I guess. more seo than anything I love him I should feel guilty I should actually be censoring my thoughts right about now but, I guess that wouldn't be the assignment. I love ben. I love seo and I would die if I didn't have both of them in my life selfish? I don't know isn't everybody in some way? I think as long as all the people involved accept and are comfortable and happy. happiness is so important. it's funny when people are happy. I don't have to be happy but I couldn't live with myself otherwise so many things play on happiness love. trust. comfort dang, I think I said that before this is something I would send to Mr. clausen I hope his father is okay I would know how hard it would be for him if he wasn't damn. CSM I hope you're watching over me and I know I do some pretty messed up things stuff you wouldn't expect from me but, it's the truth I guess that's a good thing knowing me for who I am maybe it's not all good ben would die if he knew the entire truth can I live with myself knowing I cheated him???? I don't know air force honor code ""I will not lie, steal or cheat or tolerate among us anyone who does"". do I absolutely have to live with that? isn't it, after all, my decision who will know, right? but, no. I couldn't do that the only thing is ben right now my only source of guilt then again, also my soul source of happiness and love and passion and pleasure I hope all that won't turn into regret and pain. god, after rod, I don't know if I can handle that I don't know I would become another American girl I am so not that or at least, I would argue that I'm not whatever. I don't even remember when I started I don't think I'm supposed to be thinking about that maybe this is all wrong. maybe I'm supposed to be doing this word association thing cloud. picnic. ben. love. good thing. sex. passion. seo. lifelong friend, lover, everything I want and need. kind of like my mom except not I don't know should it be words or sentences I think that I think in phrases it's actually harder writing one word at a time whatever. damn, I need a cigarette shit, but I promised 7 today I think I passed that a few hours ago damn smoker's alley. haha is that what it's called. hahaha I feel so unamerican. mars told me I would be hahaha. it's all good: the allAmerican blond ass Keith feels isolated. I'm still okay. it's a good thing. I don't know for how long I'm scared shitless that I'm going to get cancer or something not because I'm going to die shoot, I could care less. I'm happy. I can dies happy. I will die happy. it's just because my mom would die I remember telling her. you know she cried I've never seen her cry only when it somehow deals with me. damn, she loves me god, that is the greatest thing of all knowing that your heart is in the teeth of your creation wow sounds like a JEWEL song I should listen to her very inspiring kind of like talking to people who are passionate about what they do. damn, I love that maybe that's why I'm big into guys who sing and write poetry it's funny, because ben doesn't do either one, and I am so in love with this guy. shit, I don't even want kids, and I would have them for him he knows that I hope it'll last. I figure this is the hardest part. me in college him still in hS I really don't want to deny him a high school social life he's sweet about it I don't know I don't want him to think in years from now ""what if"". you know??? god, I hope not. but I make him happy and he makes me happy and we complete each other hahaa same thing with seo god, this is weird. james doesn't think it'll last. a triangle with me as the main point I don't know shoot, I'm special enough, right? who says I can't have it all that sounds conceited. but I'm not. not if you really got to know me anyway confident? I don't know. more uncertain and scared. reminds me of my identity poem: TYPICAL ECCENTRICITY. whoa it's 5. 20 ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_164084.txt,"As I sit here at my desk typing, all I can think about is how hot I am and how come our room is so unbelievably hot. I am under a lot of stress right now because I have so many pages to read and it takes me so long to read them since I have trouble focusing on them. By body is starting to sweat, maybe I should tell my RA to turn down the AC. I am really stressing over having to read biology, because, no matter how much I read it, I just can't comprehend what the book is saying. I'm sure I will struggle in biology this year. At first, I couldn't understand why you are making us do this, but now that I am doing this I understand the purpose behind it. This is really helping me to gather my thoughts and it is actually nice to express your feelings. My stomach feels extremely full because I just came from the Dobie cafeteria. I really wish I hadn't eaten so much junk food, I need to eat healthier. I am really regretting eating that ice cream, I have got to stop doing that. I also need to work out more. It all of a sudden just occurred to me that the reason I am so hot is because I am sunburned. When you're sunburned does your body just start letting of hot air or something? It is obviously clear that I am unfamiliar with the way my body works. I am dreading class tomorrow because I am so behind on my reading. I probably should be doing reading instead of doing this. Its funny how you find yourself doing anything just for the sake of avoiding the things you don't want to do. I only have to write for a few more minutes. I wonder what my test is going to be like in biology. If I take great notes and read, even if I don't comprehend it very well, will I still be able to do well on the tests? My elbow has just started throbbing because I scraped it water skiing earlier today. I really wish I wouldn't have fallen because it starts throbbing every time I extend my elbow. Oh great! Time's up. Talk to you later. katie ",y,n,y,n,n

2000\_165339.txt,"My mind is clustered with the nonstop clicking of my roommate's mouse on her computer. It just keeps going and going and going. Then comes the sound of my keyboard keys clicking away. and the sound of my next door neighbor's toilet flushing. I have the sudden urge to tell all the noises to just shut up. I hear the sound of my roommate coughing, and it reminds me of my grandfather, who passed away a few years ago. He died of pneumonia while in a coughing fit. Now I'm thinking about lunch. which I was supposed to have an hour ago. Yet, it is very upsetting because I have no food in the dorm in which I want to eat and the food at the dorms are not quite edible or appetizing. I'm thinking about my boyfriend, and how he'll come visit Austin from Houston this Friday. He'll be coming here to have dinner with me and my roommates at a fancy restaurant. That will be quite exciting considering that I haven't had any great food in a long time. I'm really excited to see him because he lives back at home, where I moved from. This weekend I'll be going to see my parents. When I think of my parents, I get a guilty feeling because I know I haven't been very truthful to them. But, there are just things that I can't tell them because of the generation gap and everything else that occurs between parents and their kids. It makes me feel even guiltier that they miss me and want me to come home, but yet, I don't really miss them yet because I feel restricted in their presence. The sound of water running is making me want to take a shower because it just reminds me of showers. Maybe because I just took a shower. My body feels warm and clean. I love that feeling. The sound of food is calling. but I need to type for another 15 minutes. For some reason. the little eraser shavings on my desk made me think of little insects and bugs. The thought isn't very pleasing considering the fact that I have an extreme hatred for insects. The thought of them makes me itch. Now my eyelids feel heavier and heavier. Writing continuously makes me tired. Speaking of sleepiness, I think of the experiment we did on Monday with the correlation between sleepiness and stress. I was one of the control group people who just sat there. Sitting there listening to all the number counting was like a lullaby. I fell asleep soon after that. Then I woke up to the sound of laughter, and realized that I left a big wet spot on my shirt sleeve because I had fell asleep with my wet hair on my sleeve. It wasn't a great picture because the people walking by might have thought that I drooled all over myself. Not a good image. Speaking of image, I went to rush for a business fraternity yesterday. It felt weird approaching everyone and trying to meet everyone. Usually I am a more inward person and not likely to just go up to people and ""mingle,"" but yesterday I needed to because it was a ""rush"" event. I am thinking that both this fraternity might make me feel more comfortable with meeting people and approaching them, but at the same time. it might not be something I really want to do because I'm not the extremely social type. However, as for now, I will keep on rushing to see how things go. It makes me nervous about joining this fraternity because I know my boyfriend back home will feel somewhat against me hanging around a group of people he doesn't know. It already makes him nervous enough to know that I'm up here at the populated University of Austin, and he's down there back home, in a known environment. So, there are many things to consider about joining these organizations. But like everyone's advice to me: Don't get held down by some longdistance relationship when you get to college. Maybe this is why they gave me the advice. Because every time I go to some party or meet new people, I feel guilty that my boyfriend is not part of it with me. I suppose I get this feeling because he has always been there with me to meet everyone back home. Now that we're in different environments, that is not possible anymore. However, I am still determined to make this relationship work. Now I am really in the mood to go home, and really in the mood to walk up to my refrigerator for some food. One more minute to go. I see Einstein on my computer screen. He makes me want to do well in school. I hope I will do well this year. I feel kind of nervous because there are so many more distractions here, but I suppose I'll learn to handle it. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_169838.txt,"day long hot muggy water drips slowly out of the ground. non sequiter my mother peaks out from beneath the trees and laughs leaves shaking from her hair. a ground develops where there was just empty space before I need sunglasses not to be blinded. chocolate bars scream nothing and jenny craig addicts eat them yummy yummy. day is so hot and muggy the sky is falling. chicken little must have been surprised she must have screamed wailed a thousands songs. the fox picked them up when they bounced of my throat and stuck to the corners of the world. stickier sticker than any glue any oatmeal face prepubescent girls use to give themselves a facial. thought thoughts hard to track when they come so fast or not in any order whirling monsters in my head searching for some shape searching for the perimeters exit. monsters under my bed no matter how big the rat trap was it never caught they never took my bait. instead they curled up beside me until I was no longer afraid afraid until morning scared me more than night and night felt beautiful empty. when you can't see something anything is possible it is easier to dream. the daylight defines things in ugly fluorescent light, not even with a decent amount of shade. in daylight you discover your mother is old and your grandmothers hands made of paper. and once you realize you will become only dust and are not afraid then you know the comfort of end. and you look forward to papery skin because it means the end will soon come of being so fucking tired and you can rest. and then you become scared to think about heaven eternity who really wants to live forever, endlessly. I'd scratch my eyes out with boredom. then you become scared of your name because it fixates your identity and you are some how attached to it. it you repeat your name enough it is dissolved into eternity and then you can't get out of bed in the morning. morning bring day day defines defines disceiting pea pods in father orgasms as the little miniature gypsies walk by laughing and singing troll songs charging me ten dollars to come under their bridge. frogs frogs never turn into princess and if they do they immediately shoot themselves in the head. there just is no going back ever ever. when alice looked into the looking glass she just feel and feel and fell and landed on the mad hatter kettle it was her unbirthday. happy unbirthday to you. red lines flick across my head my tongue is not long enough to catch them no honey for bait. I observe quietly this is how the universe was created. splat spat humpty dumpty's egg whites hit my head and Jill came stumbling after. on one leg. the jolly green giant has her other one locked in a glass jar on his table his children hump it before they go to be, their daily confessions to their father. father I'm sorry I have sinned please watch me do it repeatedly wierhoden Sie Bitte. I was out of the room Wierholden Sie Bitte. Danke Shon. my bonnie lies over the ocean inside the ocean nothing crawls out on legs legs develop into fins connect the dots lalala surrealism is incited by a kid with a kite flying upside down dali looks at a patty melt sandwich and discovers a movement someone looks at the wrapper and defines ecology Kermit the fog pukes and pukes and pukes. miss piggy makes him eat it up with a spoon a black rusty one saying O kermy or kermy mashed potatoes on the computer but not gravy cafeteria kind looking like an ice cream splat my friend used to always eat them with her finger while snot ran down her nose I was embarrassed for her and ashamed of my snobbery. pee girl gets the belt. outside the black ground decapitated head grew on trees a skull inside inside the most delicious porridge anyone had ever eaten stood bubbling bubbling. no one ate except the very very very bad girl. th3e girl who said nothing rocked herself under the tree growing silent roots. if I say nothing no one will ever be offended. it never occurred to her that her silence was offended like in the same way she discovered later as the smell of her cunt. her own body was offensive, defensive but she loved it once she learned how and all the kings horses couldn't break her again. and all the kings horse never even tried she grew wings but tore them off over and over and over. the white wall is turning blue the more I stare at it the closer it becomes I'm suspended by it women walk behind it wailing I can't reach them I'm to tired to scream to tired to move. my hands are creatures of their own highly adaptive spiders crawling over letter letter letter form words word are symbols of meaning but if you repeat the word mom over and over and over it makes as much sense as an animal sound. mom mom quack quack mom mom quack quack. absently no difference past a certain point. the little girl told the grizzly bear she was lonely and scared the grizzly bear said so am I. if that had been a brother grimm's talk the grizzly bear would have taken of her head. click click click or ticktock the mouse runs up the clock no matter what the nose. pink walls and Pocahontas braids swirl in the trash spider are becoming tired and tired and my hand are empty again thank god. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_182860.txt,Going home next weekend car parents wreck money in trouble take the car away can't get home to see Matt love sad tears cry lonely missing dogs sweet puppies faces walks hot heat stroke news program canine fatality mom call long distance phone bill money static on phone buy new phone white cordless money gym membership classes time homework professors workload reading retention problem novels textbooks boring learning professional applications journalism writing career salary relationships working paper Austin money internships this summer away from Matt and Aaron lonely love blue eyes blond hair big smiles arms friendships not many new people lots of kids here so far from home thought it'd be fun dorm room Lilian terry spending the night intrusions novel red hair abstractions pictures smiles on the cover enticing not all that interesting husband beach walking love separations Will sad confused masks emotional problems help girlfriends many people can't let go me told me I was the first person he let in scared upset angry cheating two guys wrong questions Matt wonderful perfect what would he say upset hurt never know sometimes it's better not to know hard as humans to understand that we always want to know I want to know if he's okay it's hard to ask him questions too many to discover what's going on how he feels bottled up feelings love rejection hate Liz hypocrisy fraudulent not truthful truth what is that how to decide about the truth music freedom dancing dizzy concert this weekend freshman seminar write up professor twitches stutters good person studies humanity quote you know you're in the wrong profession if you can't explain what you do to a small child help people everybody wants to so many ways to help people look kind when they're not blue eyes quiet lips smile blond streaks bike math class walking by rack Mondays slow lazy not quite right homework sleep bed miss home waterbed spoiled selfishness what is that selflessness love relationships translations cousin only child pregnant baby mom email birth control pills University Health Services call money what none of us have Jester dorms private Castillian Ryan and Mark view city not worth the money sorority valley girls buying friends cheerleaders high school football team thin and blonde tiny throw in the air Mom prom queens sappy crying proud of me band saxophones Stricklin juvenile child incapable fraud Matt brownnoser driving truck for the stupid old man Gary Ryan sad no one to live with old house compound like him friendly joking racist sexist Matthew Gary smartass kiss up payoff is not much working can't stop him I love him want him to know high school college at UT difficult to get accepted hopeful what's right for him Iowa me and Aaron Mom's wishes conclusions Dad where I was going all along presumptuous annoying parents always right though most annoying part of it all conservative controlling let loose party go away nothing will come of it all sad family screwed up pregnancy drugs bad drugs cocaine meth sleeping around southern families northerners think they're better because of this kind of thing maybe some of them are Mom thinks she's better Dad's right but she's still a good person most of the time can't read novels short attention span not stupid but not as smart as she thinks me important reading writing descriptions visual green book journal drawings nothing in her word document computer fixed Todd $300 too much USB computer help desk does nothing red tape big university Trinity rejected. ,n,y,n,n,y

2000\_192088.txt,"I am feeling anxious about my philosophy class that I have in 40 minutes. the class in which I have not attended yet due to a schedule change. I hope they haven't been assigned a large amount of work yet so that I won't have too much catching up to do. I hope that there isn't going to be an exam on one of the days I'm going to be out of town. I've already had to email professor pennebaker about missing an exam because I will be out of town for my sister's wedding. I wonder what it will be like for my sister after she is married. I hope everything works out for her. I wonder if the person I marry I already know, or if I have yet to meet them. I need to figure out where and how to pay for the classes I added/dropped, I need to do this soon. I hope that when I have to connect flights in st. louis it all goes well and is easy, since I've never had to connect before. it will be worth it though because I'll get to see my sister who I haven't seen in a very long time. I need to go to the rowing meeting tonight, but I'm afraid if I commit to it I won't have enough time to study. also, I'm going to miss 5 days of tryouts because I'll be out of town. it sure seems like going out of town is causing me to miss a lot of things, but my sister is important to me and being a part of her wedding will be very special. I need to go do some reading for my rhetoric class before I have to leave for philosophy. I hope I like this class, or else I switched out of sociology for nothing. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_193715.txt,"This is supposed to be a free writing assignment where I just write for 20 minuets about stuff that just pops into my head. The question here is what pops into my head. I don't think I really have that much going on up there. I mean I guess I could talk about J. She lives in S. C. and is a voice performance major. From the moment I saw here I could see we were going to have many greats times together and just be full of laughs. This girl T has started stalking me and I don't know what to do about it. She keeps writing me Emails asking if I have a girlfriend and weather she can stay in my apartment when she comes up for the airport rave. I'm going to the Union tonight because they are going to have free bowling. I wonder if Harsh still works there or not. Speaking if harsh I haven't talked to him in a while. I should probably give him a call or something like that. I have so much stuff I have to do. Like for my CC class I have to read a whole book this weekend, which is going to be hard for me because I have such a slow reading rate. I'm not so worried about my comprehension because I can usually remember most of the stuff I read. Like the quiz I took in my CC class. I thought it was going to be really hard because there was so much information I had to go over, so I ended up just skimming most of the assigned reading. It turned out that I remember almost all the relevant stuff and did pretty well on the quiz. I want to go see a movie this weekend. Something like cell. The person who did the costumes for Bram Stoker's Dracula did the costumes for cell so they should be really interesting. I still haven't picked up Basil's pictures yet. He called and asked for them like two days ago. He said he is having a blast in Washington DC. He has made a couple of friends, which is more than I have done. I can't seem to make any new friends. Its just so hard. I mean when I think about it all I have to do is talk to people and follow up on them. I think I'm a nice guy and easy to get along with, I just do like to put forth any effort when I comes to basically anything. I want to go down to the Valley this weekend because Jordan said that there is going to be some good surf. That lucky bastard. He is getting into Kite sailing which seems to me like it would be so much fun. I mean I love flying kites in the first place and I love to windsurf so putting the 2 together is just an awesome idea. I really miss J. She really has a way of bringing out the good parts of me. ,. I am always more talkative. Well not always I mean like when I saw her a couple of weeks ago it took me a while before I was ready to talk. I don't now why I don't talk a lot. I mean I guess I don't really have that much to say. Either that or I just think that it wont be interesting to people to have them listen to me. I am always the quiet one in large groups of people. Except for a couple of times. Lie when I went over to Mike and paulino's house the other day I was in total control of the situation. But. I lost my train,. someone interrupted me. , He asked if I had a printer and I said yes. Its not hooked up thought. I need to find a power transformer for it. I guess I can find one at circuit city or office max or something. I just don't want to take the time to go out and find one. Plus that would involve me getting out the specifications of my printer to find. I really miss my high school even though it has gone to shit in the past couple of years. Like they took away all the funding for the year book. Which sucked in the first place because we didn't get our senior year books until the next year. How lame is that? Anyway the year books this year are going to be real small and all in black and white. Sucks to be CHad's gfriend since he still goes there and she is a senior and this is the first year that they have done this. I hear the new principal is changing a lot besides just funding I hear he is a great guy and all but I think he is just adding to the down fall of the school. I predicted when I graduated that the school wouldn't keep its high standings that it had for the past 8 years for very much longer. I guess my powers of foresight Prometheus or whatever that Cyclops' name is. I've learned a lot in all my classes already. I've also read a lo more than I usually do. Those bastards at the UTLC are going to make me take 10 hours of. Yves saw me today. We are going to the union tonight. He was the one I was talking to about cell. I wanted to go ice skating but I didn't say anything. I need to realize that people can read my mind. well at least not all of them. Have I written enough yet? It seems like I have been typing for an eternity. Oh well I guess ill stop. ",n,n,y,n,n

2000\_195422.txt,"I am very excited right now, because in a couple of hours I will be on a plane to Washington DC to visit my boyfriend, but I am also a little anxious because lately we have been fighting more than usual, so I am not sure what will happen this weekend. I just hope everything goes well. I just talked to my friends that live there; I am very excited to see them as well. They are planning a lot of things to do with me this weekend; it's going to be fun. I am also a little worried because I am going to miss my lasses tomorrow, but I am a good student so I hope to catch up soon. I missed classes the day before yesterday too, and I bout some gifts for my little sisters. I miss them a lot. I have five siblings, one brother who is the eldest, and 5 sisters, one older than myself, the other three younger. My older sister and I both study at UT, my brother studies law in Panama, where my family lives. This is my third semester here. The first that semester I was here, I was very sad and depressed. I missed all my family very much, and felt so alone, because my sister had her own friends and I knew no body in this city, but then I got used to it, and now I love Austin, I couldn't wait to get back from my summer vacation, even though I had a wonderful time in Panama. I worked this summer in the finance department of the Panama Canal, and it was great. I also took a correspondence course from UT and did very well on it. But the best part of the summer was definitely going out with my friends. I went out almost every night, it was the best. I am not really sure what I was supposed to do with this paper, or if it's going to be right, I am just righting everything that I can think of. I really like this class. I have so much fun in it; the professor makes the class interesting and fun, something very hard to do with such a large class. I usually try to avoid large classes as much as possible, but I am glad that I got a chance to be in this one. Well, time is about up. I am a really slow typist, because I only type with one finger, so this might seem shorter than the other. I really have to start typing like a normal person with two hands, but what can I do, right? Well, I'm going to return to my packing, I've got to get up early tomorrow. See you next class. ",n,y,y,n,y

2000\_201466.txt,"I have class at 3:30 today; I had better make it on time. After this I am going to go for lunch, I am feeling so hungry. Don't know how I will be able to keep writing for 20 minutes, seems like a long time. Parents are coming on Thursday night, have to go and finish off the work on Friday, better remember to finish calling about the computers today. There are so many people using the labs. I can't wait to get my computer back. We had better finish buying all the things we need this weekend. The TV people will be coming on Saturday; I think we need to buy a video as well. I should call Nimay and Maallika and see how they are doing. I forgot to email Cody again. Better call him. I mean mail him. Oh god, I am so tired, need to sleep some more. Good, there's a long weekend coming up. I am so happy I do not have class on Fridays. Oh, now I do, Sitar class. but then that is hardly class, it's more of fun than class. I hope he teaches something in the advance class that I can learn from. That Monday class was ridiculous, doing all the basics all over again! Just 7 minutes up. 13 more to keep writing. That guy looks familiar. Better finish off on all my work 2day and go study for that accounting quiz. It looks like it's going to be easy, if he does the kind of stuff he did in class yesterday, then it's going to B really easy. I hope I do well this semester, make the 4. 0 that I want to. Statistics and Psychology look like they are going to be hard; I hope I do well in both these classes. Winter break should be fun, am really looking forward to going back home. Going home is always nice; it's good that mom and Pop are coming this weekend. We should have a good time. We'll take all these people out to dinner; they'll like that to. Deepti's parents will be here as well. We should all go out together. We should go to that place we went to last time, it was really nice. I think we'll go to San Antonio as well this weekend, will be fun. I hope the weather is nice. I wonder which car we'll be renting?? I hope we rent a nice car. we'll need a big car. I need to work out how I'm going to get to the airport. probably take a cab, the bus won't be running so late. I should check up the bus schedule as well, probably have to buy it. Better buy the book for that India class, and the course packet as well. I'll ask Kristin and Twisha to buy it. they live at Dobie. I'll probably go to Dobie now, maybe buy it right away. Buy lunch there, probably go to their room and relax, I hope they are in their room. Otherwise I'll go to Malika or Nimay's room and chill there for a while. Jeez there are so man people living at Dobie. So many Indians, and so many freshmen. I think Dobie is a good place for freshman to live. An apartment is better, but then not that great an idea for freshman. I think Senior year I might live at Dobie, only because it so close and convenient. Otherwise it isn't a really great place to live. Lets see what happens. all that is so far away. ",n,y,y,n,y

2000\_201617.txt,"Wow. what an assignment. I think this has got to be one of the easiest grades I have ever made. I am feeling a bit like Doogie Howser (at the end of each episode, it is night and he normally sits at his computer and types his journals out and reflects upon the events that happened throughout the day). I am typing this in Microsoft word, because it was recommended by your little site and was repeated about 4 times. Although I have Physics tomorrow, which I have no clue what is going on in because my teacher is a bit confused himself. I am feeling relieved because I had this HUGE paper due in my freshman seminar class today and I worked my ass off for it and I feel good about it. I am not all that great of a writer but I think I will get a decent grade on it. Plus it was only a first draft, and we will have to go back and revise them and whatnot. By the time I am completely finished with the paper I am going to despise it but hey, that is how it goes, I suppose. I think it is good for a person to just sit and write or type every once and a while. I have a friend, Olga, who has gone through like 12 journals in the past 3 years. She tries to find time for it everyday. it is her relaxation and when she is really upset or depressed, once she gets everything out. she feels better. Which reminds me, I need to give her a call. I miss her. She goes to Southwest Texas. I am actually sitting on the phone with my boyfriend who is also in the class (Michael Linford). We are both typing this writing assignment at the same time. Well. I thought it was a bit humorous. I am actually in a really good mood, because my boyfriend and I actually live in the same city now. It is a really good feeling. We met last year, here in Austin at debate camp. He is from Colleyville (DallasFort Worth), so we spent just under a year living 4 hours apart from each other. All of my classes are going pretty good, although I still don't really have a clue what I want to major in just yet. I am in the college of Liberal Arts (woo hoo!) and I was thinking about a double major in psychology and government. I also want to go to law school. I seriously doubt I will get into UT's law school. It is way too competitive. \* Sigh \* who knows, I sure don't. I am living at Dobie right now, and let me tell youI am getting ripped off. It is $7000 a year and I have a little room and have to walked up stairs all the time because I live on the 2nd floor (the ""intensive study floor""), which I never signed up to be in. I guess it isn't all that bad though; at least I'm not at Jester. I don't have a car here because my parents are irrational. I have a car sitting in the garage at home but they didn't want me to bring it with me because they thought it would be some sort of a ""growing experience"" for me. Although I only live around an hour or so away from here (Schertz, TX. near San Antonio) I haven't been home since I have been here. I have no real desire to go home. I hated high school, well I hated it my senior year. All my friends graduated and my classes were a waste of time. I guess that is one of the reasons why I feel I can't compete with some of the people here at UT, my high school didn't have much to offer. I have a good friend of mine (Shala) that came and saw me the weekend before last. She is at UNT and she hates it there. Although I miss her, I think she misses me a whole hell of a lot more. She has resorted to hanging out with people from our high school that didn't give her the time of day for the last 6 years of her life. Jocks and whatnot. Supposedly there is this annoying kid (who I started to resent in high schoolScott Hall) that talks to her nonstop about me. Scott and I were buds back in 8th grade and once we got to high school, I no longer existed. That happened with a lot of my jr. high friends. Back to Shala, well she told me yesterday that she has ""found God. "" If only you knew Shala, you would know that is a load of shit. If she is happy, then hey I am all for it, but I don't think it is something she'll stick with. I am not an atheist or anything but I just don't know and don't care to find out. I am not saying I won't be open to opinions and respectful of one's commitment and dedication but it is something that annoys me. I guess that is because of my parents. They use to force me to go to church, and my dad wouldn't let me go out or do anything on Sundays unless I went (even though he would sit at home, watching football or somethinghypocrite!) Alright. I have far surpassed the 20minute limit and I'm out. ",y,n,n,y,n

2000\_202633.txt,"Well, I'm at UT now, and boy, is it a different life. Everything is different now; no more mom's home cooked meals and I have to do my laundry now. I'm going to go back every two weeks and take my laundry home. I will only need two weeks' worth of clothes and then I can take it all home and get them washed. One main thing I like about UT are women! Wow, there are some sexy women here. Then again, there are also the ugly girls. They will always be around, but at UT, the ratio of hot to ugly girls is much better than what I have seen before; at least that's what it seems like. I guess women are the motivation to stay here in school. I could never go to an allboys school. I would go crazy! There would be nothing to look forward to. Talking about women, I went back home last weekend and I met my very good friend, Stephanie. We have been friends for years, but only recently have we gotten really good friends. For example, she took me out for dinner and a movie before I had to leave for college, and she has been telling me how much she will miss me. I think ever since I broke up with my old girlfriend, Stephanie has gotten closer to me. I am definitely happy about it. She is the sweetest girl I know, and she looks great too. I've been emailing her quite often and I plan to visit her every time I go home. College relationships can be hard when the person you like lives far away. The main reason my relationship with my last girlfriend ended was because of college. She mainly did not want to go through a longdistance relationship, and I agree with her. However, I have known Stephanie for way too long, and there is no way that I can simply ignore her. Well, I'm not sure what to talk about now. I'm in my room and I really do not want to do this psychology assignment. My friend just called me and he asked me to play a computer game with him. I really want to play, but I still have to type what is on my mind. I am going to talk some more about Stephanie. I guess, she is the main thing that is on my mind. I cannot stop thinking about her. Her high school homecoming is coming up this October, and I think I will tell her that she can go with me if she has no one else in mind. After all, we went together last year. I am pretty sure that she knows that I have a crush on her. Especially since I gave her a kiss on the cheek two nights ago. I was surprised when she asked me to come over and watch a movie with her. She looked terrific that night; I'm pretty sure she wanted to look good for me. Either way, we had a good time and I made her laugh several times. I think it is really important to keep a girl happy in order to have a healthy relationship. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_202646.txt,"I am the egg man whoo I am the egg man whoo i am the walrus coo coo cachoopp? and that girl with the intriguing eyes looked through my spectacles and I could sense her ability to discern my anxiety. she knew she was pretty, and my sudden glance away from her, told her exactly what I was thinking. just from one moment, a bug's seconds glance, I was ashamed. as if I had stumbled upon a lady, naked or something horrible that would define my clumsiness of timing. but its all the same if you don't mind dear reader. I'm just a bit antsy, anxious, looking for colors undiscovered of nature yet. I am positive God has a predestined pastel palette that he has not yet utilized. I mean who knows? with all the toxins in the air, it makes one wonder who is the greater painter of a sky or landscape, man or God? so my friend and I are walking in a park and I said, ""wow what pink skies, I am so amazed at the beauty that surrounds me at this moment, I mean its all celestial, you know all of it """"hey, want me to burst your bubble,?"" she says. ""I know I'm going to regret this, but yeah tell me why!,"" I said. ""its because of pollution. the gases in the air. "" and then everything drowned in the void of her gibberish, hogwash, drivel, and my subconscious began to speak for her almost. I wanted to believe that it was something supernatural. something that was not polluted or tainted by the industry of man's ambition and stuff. ""no"" I said. ""that's not true,"" I rebutted. ""because if you look at the painters of 18th century romanticism, you notice the Delacroix pinks and blues of paint in the skies. or Turner's exaggerated oranges and stuff ""she didn't know what I meant, and I don't think I was talking much sense either. but those faded or bleached greens never leave do they? the trees, like that of an oil painting. its all too much it seems for some, I guess even me. they, those greens, speak of nature's affinity with the species it serves, and the congruence of it all. I think that if she, my friend, would have told Vincent van Gogh that same monstrous factoid she had told me, I could probably imagine him in a self portrait without any ears at all. coo coo cachoop? that damn Beatles tune. ",n,y,n,y,y

2000\_209131.txt,"It is the first time that I have done this and I don't think it is at easy as it sounds. For though there are no mathematical equations to solve I do think it is pretty hard to keep on writing without stopping for such a great amount of time (20 minutes is a lot of time) I don't really know what to keep on writing, since right now I am just worried about the fact that this are going to be the longest 20 minutes of my life. I have just received and email of my cousin and I'm so glad because she is now working and it makes me think how great it would be for me to get a job, since today I went again, to speak to the person in charge in the cactus caf� and no one was there, and the girl told be that there were no open jobs and specially not at the time that I need. I really want to work because I don't want to spend more money given to me by my parents since I'm fully aware that they need it for things far more important that what I am using the money for (clothes, food, personal expenses in general. When the eternal 20 minutes go by I shall reply to my cousins email and express to her the great gratitude I feel towards her email since at the present time she has been one of the only people in my family, which have supported us in this time of nee. This is really hard for me because I feel like I'm writing like a two year old since this isn't my native language. It would be so much more comfortable if I could write in my language, since when my mind is working it is usually processing information in English. Right now the phone is ringing and I guess this is Jorge since he said he was going to call. I really hope its not anyone from home for I would be really disappointed and sad if they called and me being here did not pick up the phone just because I am doing this stupid homework which at the time seems pretty irrelevant, to what I am feeling at the present time. I am just repeating myself and a set of common American expressions that come to my mind, this is pretty stressing because I want to look at the monitor and check out how much have I written and specially I want to check out the timer. for I have taken a cooking timer to control my minutes typing so that I wouldn't have to stop to watch the clock. While typing other thoughts go past my mind but they are probably in Spanish and I am probably just ignoring them so that I don't make typos, this makes me think of my stupid physics teacher, I'm so glad I don't have to take any more physics in my whole life. I don't really know what I want to study, each time I go to the introduction to psychology class my mind plays tricks on me and I start visualizing myself in various occupations and I'm not quite sure of which one truly fits me. I couldn't resist so I took a look at the timer and I just realized that only ten minutes have passed and they have passed so slowly, its like when you are up at night not being able to sleep and scared of the dark and listening to the clicking of the clock and time just passes so slowly. Well I would just like to get it over with since I am basically trashing 20 minutes in front of this computer not doing any real thinking or insight process but just mechanically typing and typing and typing and when I make a mistake I just press the backspace and keep on going. Well since I don't know what else to say I'll keep on exploring my thoughts related to my future and my career. I think a really important issue is due to me, going to this jerk astronomer who separated my life into two: before and after I went. I am really worried of what he said dealing with marriage and divorce, it has always been a fear I have had and that day he just said it to me as if nothing was the matter. And of course something is the matter because once they tell you something like that you won't be able to forget it ever. Also what he said about me having problems with my baby like miscarriages or stuff well I think he shouldn't have said that either. I wish I could have entered the business school since I would be having a respectable title of a carrier but since I didn't then I just en up having all these classes, which I really enjoy but which are making me feel more confused. I really like the university and the classes and the teachers, but I haven't made many friends and although I know it has nothing to do with my self worth I do feel a little upset because I have been hirer for over three weeks and still I don't feel like I have a lot of friends. I just took a look at the watch and I think this is finally it! ",n,y,y,y,y

2000\_220258.txt,"Today was very interesting. So much to do, though, with so little time. Study, work, and just living has become harder than expected. I miss the comfort zone I enjoyed while living at home. Oh, home, what a distant thought that now seems to be. I miss my parents, but I don't really miss my sisters. Yes, I miss my Mom's cooking. More importantly, however, I miss her reassurance and soothing smile every day. The daily smile is a luxury I no longer enjoy. My roommate hardly every smiles and when he does it's far from comforting. I guess a big part of me is homesick. This is such a large school with so many people, I feel overwhelmed. It is especially hard living off campus and not having the ability to be in an environment where you meet new people on a daily basis. Here at the apartment, everyone keeps to themselves. They've already made friends with people during the freshman year or live with their best friends. I, however, am not that lucky. I don't really know too many people and I didn't even know my roommate before I moved here. But, I have this thought that some beautiful, charming young lady will soon save me from this pit of despair. I think I'm at a point in my life where love needs to prosper. I've never been one for steady, or healthy, relationships but the loneliness I'm currently enduring makes a girlfriend seem very tempting. Love is, after all, what makes the world go around or is it? I've been so independent and so bottled up for so long, I don't know whether this cold heart can be warmed up for love and I surely don't want to break anyone's heart. I've done enough of that and learned my lesson a long time ago. There's just so much beauty in this world. I find myself drifting off almost hourly with the vision of some really hot girl. I lived in a town that might have had ten goodlooking girls, so you can imagine how surprised I've been walking the UT campus. Nothing could have possibly prepared me for the beauty littered around the campus and Austin as well. There are so many girls and so few guys; it hardly seems fair. But I'm in no way complaining. It's like I'm the guy in American Beauty whose heart aches because it sees so much beauty around it. That's me in a nutshell. I see all these gorgeous girls walking around and I freeze. I don't know what to do because I've never been in a situation quite like this. Tomorrow is a new day and the future is bright. I find myself waiting for some girl to fall helplessly into my lap, but I need to wake up and face reality. If I want to find a great girl I need to initiate conversation and go from there. Wish me luck! ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_228423.txt,"This is the first writing assignment I have had in college. I'm a little nervous. I don't know why I should be worried about this because at least this writing assignment is an interesting one. I've never written in a stream of consciousness. I just lost my train of thought. I tend to do that. Actually, I constantly go off on these tangents as I hold any conversation. It's quite annoying. But hey, it's me. It's about to rain outside. I was just telling a friend about how hilarious it was that everyone noticed that it was raining when one student left early during class yesterday. And Professor Pennebaker was totally right when he said noone was paying attention anymore to what he was saying because we were all thinking, ""How the hell am I going to get home now?"". I laughed for a long time after that, but I was still thinking about the rain. After I ran out of class I noticed a lot of people were prepared, and had their umbrellas with them. I also noticed that the people with these umbrellas who were walking with someone else without an umbrella, did not share their umbrella with the other person. Not one of them. I thought that was extremely odd. I have never used the word umbrella so many times in one sentence. I'm very sleepy now. The rain tends to have that effect on me. I love the rain, not just for that reason but it's also soothing. But I do hate when it rains right before, or when I am about to go out. It's a hassle that I haven't had to deal with for a long time. I'm thinking we are in the middle of a drought. I can't wait until winter either. That time of year makes me happy. I don't know why I keep referring to weather. I'm not one of those, ""It's lovely weather we are having today"", kind of person. ",y,y,n,y,y

2000\_243888.txt,"Man I wish I could go home, I really miss Lee I know he is right down stairs but I wish he would come over. I can't wait until my sister comes today, we will have so much fun, oh I need to do my homework for math, and I can't forget to go to that meeting at 1:15. That reminds me of what I have to find out about it the subject I want to do. I wish Sarah would wake up I can't believe she was out until 3:00 last night, that is really late, but I guess since she didn't have any classes it is not that big of a deal. I want to eat lunch, I'm really hungry, I need to pack to, I can't believe I have to pack to go down the street, that is so stupid, I need to call my mom and tell her to get nicci to bring that shoulder bag. For next weekend. I'm tired. I wish I were asleep like Sarah. I wonder what our homework for linguistics is? I guess I need to look. This is a really weird thing to do, I wonder if I am doing it right, and what they will find out about me. I wonder if I am crazy, I don't think so though. I miss my mommy! I wish I was going home instead of staying here, but I guess that is ok. Blaire is so stupid sometimes. I need to not forget my stuff in the dryer. I wish blaire and Russ didn't fight all the time, I mean I love them both, but they are so annoying when they argue. Oh yeah, I need to figure out where Benihana's is so we don't get lost, I guess I can look on the Internet. I love Family Feud, and playing it online, but it is hard, cause I always am talking to people and when I am trying to play that stinks. I'm glad Kim and Arianna are my friends, and I'm glad I'm in the fig, it was such a good idea. But I wish I didn't have to take English over again. I wish I could just be in the fig and have just Math and Psychology. I am so tired, I can't believe I had to get up for one class today, I should have just slept in, it is all cloudy and everything any way, why should I get up when it is so dreary outside. Math is so easy; I don't have to go there to understand it. I could just get the homework assignment and I wouldn't need to listen to her talk. Man this is really hard to think of things to write I feel like my mind isn't thinking. I wonder how much longer my stuff in the dryer has. I don't like having to write everything I think, oh yeah I need to call and see how many minutes my phone has on it, so I don't go over. That is a lot of money if I go over my time. I need to look up the phone number to find out how many I have. I wonder whom I call, the place I bought the phone or Nokia, I don't know. I am thinking about thinking, I can't think any more. This is so weird. I wonder what lee is doing. I wonder if I am disturbing Sarah's sleep, oh well she disturbs mine when I am trying to sleep all the time. Man, I really am hungry now; I wish my 20 minutes would hurry up and get over with. I guess I am thinking about doing something else besides this. I am tired of typing. 20 minutes feels like along time when you type continuously. I wish I could think about something else. I can think about sleep, it is good. My bed is too hard though. I need to talk to my mom about that mattress store. I wonder if what Russell said was true? I mean that is crazy if that really happened. I need to go to the store. I need to order nicci's bday cake. Man I'm cold. That fan is really powerful. I wish lee would hurry up and pack so that we could go eat, I'm hungry, but I don't know what to eat, the cafeteria always stinks and the place down stairs is so stinking expensive. I wish that the deli thing would open it will be so good. I wonder what kind of bread they will have. My contacts are drying out from this fan, but luckily I don't have much time left to write. Thank goodness. I hate typing all my thoughts for so long the time seems forever away. I wonder if I am using to many dining dollars, I need to go look and see. I need to pay my thing too. My face itches. Ok it's better. I guess my time is almost up! YEAH! I'm hungry I think I'm almost finished. I need to hurry up and eat though, because I have to get my clothes out of the dryer, so no one steals them. Ok, I'm finished. I need to spell check it now. Bye ",n,y,y,n,n

2000\_249703.txt,"I have to my homework. I have to study for my chemistry and history. I have to go to Houston this Thursday, so I wont attend class. I have so much shit to do. my mind is going blank right now. oh yeah. I have to go home and clean the dishes, wash my clothes, wake up at 9:00am, get ready and because of my homework I will not be able to go to sleep until 12:00. Tomorrow first thing in the morning, I have to pay my tuition bill of 4 dollars, go to the bookstore and buy my precal book and psy. book. right after I type this I have to go to HEB and do some grocery shopping. since I have no food at home I will buy milk, cereal, junk food, chips, pizza, juice, Gatorade, water, bathroom, paper, tilex mildew stain remover. this is hurting my neck. it really hurts. I need to go home and go to sleep I will be so happy after I get this assignment done; I will be done with at least one of my homework for school. I feel so tired right now; I just want to go home and go to sleep. I cannot stand being here [library] any longer than I have to. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_263307.txt,Right now I am wondering how can I fit into college. I am wondering what is it that makes people think different than other people. Why is it that some people can do their homework right when they get it and other people procrastinate until the very last minute. Now my mind is totally blank. I am wondering why I cannot connect my thoughts to reach a conclusion. I am I going to be judged by how I write this. Does this accurately reflect my intelligence level. Again I am stopped by the nothingness that I am thinking. Its as if at one moment I am this intelligent individual and the next I am this ignorant fool that cannot manage to continuously write for twenty minutes. As I sit in my dorm writing this I am wondering whether or not I could be doing something else more fun. It is quite lonely in this room. For the most part I think what would solve a lot of my problems is a girlfriend. Someone to talk to that will fill this uncertainty of who I am. For the most part I have never been in love with a girl. What I want is exactly the opposite. I am ready for a relationship. Now instead of going on about this I am reflecting on what I just said. I am thinking is there something wrong with me because all the things seem so negative. But there are also very good things also. I think about how lucky I am to get such a great education from this university. I realize that not many people have this chance. I hope to really discover who I am in the next four years. I think that maybe the reason I have been writing all these negative things is because I am sick. I have a really bad cold and maybe it is effecting the way I think. Ok on to a different topic. I was just watching the road rules on MTV and they were talking about how your childhood effects you later in life. I think this is the perfect case with me. In my family we never really showed any emotions. Not once have I ever told my mom that I love her. Maybe that is the reason it is so hard for me to get into a good relationship. I feel that my relationship with my parents is exactly like my relationship with anybody else that I have been close to. I don't really open my self up to anybody. All my emotions are behind a wall of shyness. My mom always said that I was shy. Maybe she negatively reinforced why I am so shy. But enough about that. I was just thinking about an amazing experience that I had with my dad last week. I was in my parent's room playing guitar. My dad comes in and starts playing along with me. My dad and I don't really do many things together so this was one of the most emotional experiences in my life. I was happier than ever before. My dad took the time to show me some new tricks on the guitar as I played along with him. It was such an amazing experience. Well I think that I have run out of time. ,n,n,y,y,n

2000\_265656.txt,there is so much to do in my life. I am really really stress out about school. family. friends and boys I don't know why. but the past two guys that I've dated just suddenly doesn't like me anymore I really really wonder every time I think about it. maybe my personality. or maybe my physical attraction and all the want is one thing. and that is what I wouldn't give up well. there is so much to do in school. I have so much homework everyday and I don't know I hate precal. and I have homework in that class all the time and now I have to worry about the precal test on Monday. and dietary analysis do on Friday. and nutrition and psychology test on Monday after that oh my gosh I guess the professors just like to torture us by having due dates and test all in the same day and I have a tennis tryout on Monday. that means I have to skip my psychology class and my tasp thing. gosh. and I don't know why. but I just can't pass tasp I know that English is my second language but I've written so many paper. and I do ok on them but I just don't understand why I can't pass writing part on the tasp this is crazy. and since this is the first semester in ut I haven't got an apartment and so my parents is making me living with our family friends and I really really don't enjoy being with them so. I really really don't want to stay there either. I don't even mind to drive everyday back and forth so why do they care. if the gas money is what they are worry about. I'll go work and earn my gas money and I really really need to study. but you know you have to study in a place to you like but. I guess they just don't understand and also my dad always say. why do you come home anyway. because you are never home. but I am always home you know he is always at work. so he can't say anything but if he just ask my sister than everything is different oh well. my life is going downhill right now. but I guess I can handle it I just wish that I can be a little bit more smarter because. I study but I just don't know why sometimes I still can't get it but oh well and I just got a new car but I just don't want to drive back and forth because that would be too much miles I don't know why I worry so much about my miles either gosh. I really really hate staying in Austin I want to come home but I don't know why they won't let me is not like they have to drive me back and forth I am the one who have to drive oh well life sucks right now but it's all good I can handle this situation but. hmm. school is kicking my butt and I don't have any friends there yet. am I just a loser I really didn't think like that before but I guess I am. am I really not likable because I thought I was before but everything changed when I decide to come to ut. and ut is so big. I thought that I would make friends really really easily. but I guess not. I really really hope that I would do good in school. and hope to find a nice guy and hope that everything will go where they need to go I really really hate my life right now and I am so tired all the time but I guess is because I am not getting enough to sleep. and now. I have to work out really hard because I don't play tennis anymore so I feel so fat all the time but oh well I guess I just have to work harder now ,y,y,y,n,n

2000\_326314.txt,"My mind has been racing in circles about what to do about my boyfriend. He's coming out here next semester from California. It's going to make everything a lot harder. My parents said that they would stop supporting me when I move in with him. I will have to go to work full time as well as being a full time student. I am willing to work really hard to be with Lamon but I just can't see that this would be the best thing for my future. Or maybe it is. Who really knows. It's hard for me to live without him and I don't want money (or lack of) to ever get in the way of love in my life. That would feel really wrong. I can do it. Ok this is what I believe. I need to take a chance on love, no matter what my parents or anyone says. The responsibility is all left on me though. My interpersonal communications class is really teaching me a lot about our relationship. I love that class. It really intrigues me. This is such a weird stage in my life. I have no idea what comes next. So much change is all happening at once and I don't know where it will all lead to. My life could take so many different paths and it should be interesting to see what happens. I miss my family so much. Especially my little sister. I have this strange fear of loosing my sister. She is so important to me. But this is normal. So why should I even be thinking about loosing her? I think it stems from the fact that my dad lost his sister (also his only sibling) at the age of 21. He hasn't really discussed it with me but I think that the experience of loosing Marsha had such a profound effect on his life. He has always had depression problems but I have never known why. But I have always thought of my dad of not liking his life. And maybe I am afraid of falling into those same things I think of his life. When I think about it realistically, I don't see any particular reason that I would loose Vannie but that's just it. My father didn't see it coming either. Marsh was alone in the house and she started a fire with an iron and she burnt in the fire. So I guess that's what I'm afraid of; that without any warning or sign or anythingshe could just be gone. I love you Vanessa! ",y,n,y,n,y

2000\_344399.txt,"My thoughts and feelings at the moment reflect several important aspects of my life. Perhaps, one of the most recurring thoughts has been my progress with my academic success. I am worried and concerned with maintaining an above average status as a student. One other concern of mine relates to my commitment toward studying and learning. I fear that I will not be able to put enough effort into accomplishing my tasks in school and at home. Thus, most of the time I reflect on future and find myself greatly concerned and worried. I feel in great anguish and perhaps, turmoil. I am also very concerned about the financial needs and requirements of college. Often, I feel that college has placed a great burden both financially and emotionally on my parents. This, in turn, causes much sadness for me. Although the social aspect of my life, at the moment, is not a significant matter, I still find myself looking back at the days in high school and at the friends that I left behind. I comprehend the fact that any transition in life accompanies great distress and agitation. However, I find myself more weary and temperamental than distressed or melancholy. At times, I feel as though I have not slept for days. I feel constantly fatigued. I have always realized that I worry to a great degree; and at times that my lifestyle has dramatically changed, this aspect of my personality has in turn worsened. I see myself literally concerned about every trivial matter in life. I worry a lot about my weight issues. Lately, I have noticed a dramatic change in my eating habits. Through the past year, I was able to lose a great amount of weight and maintain it. I was also able to control what I ate in addition to exercising a great deal. However, lately I have deviated from this habitual behavior. I have gained about 10 pounds. I feel greatly out of control. I do not even have the motivation to exercise. Often, I wake up in the morning and find myself critically loathing every aspect of my appearance. At school, I often compare myself with other females and feel greatly embarrassed. My parents and my acquaintances have at times mentioned that I look better now that I am not so underweight. However, I do not perceive or comprehend their point of view. As a result, I promise myself almost every day to lose all the unnecessary weight that I have gained. I even plan a strict diet for the next weeks. However, I never follow through the plan. Although this recurring thought is truly trivial in comparison with matters concerning my education, I still cannot rid myself of the compulsive need to restrict my diet and control my eating habit. I believe that there is great tension in my life at the moment. Perhaps, this is true for a lot of students that have began their first year of college experience. Regardless of my emotional well being at the time, I still seek hope and remedy in studying and experiencing all the knowledge that college has to offer. I am sure that if I put enough effort into my academic advancement I will easily succeed in future. Nevertheless, I truly wish that I could annihilate the worries that accompany me day and night. ",n,y,y,y,n

2000\_355626.txt,"I hate driving in Austin. There is never any parking and there are scratches on cars everywhere. People are so impolite when it comes to cars. Jay just kept running in to this car just because he didn't care about his own, someone hit my brand new car. And now I have no paint there, if my parents find out they are going kill me. My mom didn't want me to take it with me. I hope the body shop does a good job. That is my main concern. I had a headache this morning. I think from thinking too much and from drinking last night at the frat house. My roommate was being nice to me this morning. Jerry told me she talks about me and that we both know we annoy each other. my dad said we wouldn't get a long from the beginning. And boys are so much trouble. Why does Sak always have to do this to me? I think I will finally answer his question truthfully now. I thought I had been, but he was right, I'm still hiding something. I don't understand what he means when he keeps asking me what I want. And then he says not to want anything. Why must he always try to be the good guy? I don't know if he is telling me the truth. If he says he could have fallen for me then why does he tell me not to want anything? This boy is driving me nuts. I don't understand why he keeps doing this. Deep down, I think I know the answer. But I guess I hide from things a lot. People always say I hide myself. Sak says I hide myself in questions. I do. I never answer personal questions. I answer them with questions. I don't know why. Maybe I do need a psychiatrist. I think too much. I think I scare Sak. Because he just got out of a long relationship and he fell in love with the girl and she broke his heart. I don't like her. She doesn't like me either. I've never spoken to her face to face but she does not exactly give you those warm fuzzy vibes. She looks at me funny. I think she's stringing him along. That's why he does this to me. But then he told me I was wrong. He said he doesn't want the past and that he can't. I think it scares him to let himself go. For some reason I think he's the person who can help me figure myself out. He saw through me hiding behind questions. But I think it's because I don't doubt him. I trust his opinions and his thoughts. That's something I don't do with most people. I trust him. Which surprised me. It usually takes me a long time to get close to someone. Maybe because I am always hiding. For some reason I think he has the key to unlock whatever it is I am hiding. And I think he knows exactly how to open what ever it is that I can't open myself. That's what I want, I guess. I want to tell him the truth but I can't. Because like him. I am hiding. We're both hiding. Only he does a better job at it. Probably because he is a guy. Why do I trust him? I don't understand that. But sometimes I think he says things just so he is not the bad guy. Why do I trust him so much? I think because sometimes he reminds me of myself. I remember when I first met him; I was not attracted to him. He looked cunning to me. Like he had the wits to take advantage of people because he was so smart. But then I think he also has the heart not to. That's why I think I started to like him. He has a good heart. And I think that's one quality that is hard to find. Oh my gosh! I guess this answers his question of what I think about him. I think I will give him a copy of this one day? I will tell him the truth. The entire truth of what I thought when I first met him until now. But I also want him to tell me too. Because I don't want to be the only one who opens up. But I don't think that will ever happen. I think my twenty minutes is about to be up. And I have such a bad memory; I don't remember anyone's name. I feel so bad. Why can't I remember? That's unfair to me because people know who I am but I have no idea who they are. I need to work on my memory. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_361463.txt,"Well this is the first writing assignment of the semester. You had said in our first meeting that we could write out a rough draft before we submitted this copy to you. I figured that since this is a stream of consciousness writing that it would be best if this were written straight to you without proofreading or rewriting. Well today I got back from visiting home for the Labor Day weekend, I'm feeling really homesick right about now, I think it's even worse than when I first left home for the first time to move to UT. But I'm sure as the week goes on, I'll adjust again. I think that as the year progresses and I visit more often, the coming back to school when the weekend is over will get a lot easier, because it will become I routine type of thing. Have you noticed that I've started all the paragraphs, with the exception of this one, with the word ""well""? I think that's a word I use to start off thoughts that I don't know how to start off. I don't know if that's good or bad, but who really cares, right? This isn't Rhetoric. The first football game is this coming weekend, my first Longhorn football game ever. Of course I've seen games on TV, but being at the game is always better and more exciting. Just the like the San Antonio Spurs, I always watch them on TV, but being at the game is so much fun. I just learned this weekend that someone from my graduating class is in my psychology class. This isn't a person that I ever talked to, in fact, I never even knew who he was until a good friend of mine started dating him. I'm guessing he saw me in the class when we first met last Thursday, I didn't see him though, as you know, there are 540 people in that class. Last night as I was falling asleep, I started thinking about the homework that I need to get done. Then I started thinking about this writing assignment. I couldn't fall asleep because I couldn't remember when this assignment was due. In my head I continuously thought, ""Is it due the 15th or the 5th?"" Of course, I've always been this way, I always seem to contradict myself. In elementary school, I would lay awake at night trying to remember if I had finished all the work that was assigned to me. I would literally get up every night to check my backpack to make sure it was all finished and that I had put it all into my bag for the next day. I have a feeling I'm going to be this way in college, my biggest fear is FAILING. I know that if I work hard, I won't, but I can't help feel this way. Wow, has it been 20 minutes already, yes it has. I got a class in 20 minutes. This was fun, got to go. ",y,n,n,n,n

2000\_366096.txt,"I am so stressed out right now with all these school stuff. Today I was so frustrated with my course schedule because I needed a fine arts credit. At the beginning, I signed up for art history, but I just found out that the class didn't work out for me. I didn't want something that hard to deal with since I am not even majoring in art. Therefore, I decided to try the music department. I called in, and the lady who worked at the office told me that the music appreciation class was still opened. She told me to go all the way to the building MRH just to fill out the green card in order to add the class. So, I decided to drop my art history class right away. In the afternoon, I rushed over there. By the time when I got there, one of the lady told me that I needed to talk to the professor first before I could fill out the green card. Plus, the time of the class she offered me interfered with my original schedule. I was so upset about this when I left the building because I really needed one more class in order to be fill up my hours. When I got back to my dorm, I immediately called my college of education for help. The guy told me to go to see the advisors in the next morning. He also told me not to worry too much today about it. I knew I shouldn't drop my art history class that quickly. I should have waited to see if I could be added to another class. Right now, I consider to take piano as my fine arts credit during the next semester because I have a little knowledge with piano but I am required to sign up on the waiting list first. The class can only fill up 15 students. Instead of taking the fine art class in this semester, I decided to take chinese instead. Besides, I need a foreign language credit. Tomorrow I will need to see that professor to see if I am allowed to be in that class. Hopefully, I can. I have been worried about this over the whole day. I wish everything can work out fine tomorrow. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_383598.txt,"Right now I am feeling good because today is Friday. So far I have really enjoyed my first week of school. I like all my classes so far, and I am embracing the whole college experience. I am also happy because I am going home to Houston today. It has only been a week since I left but I already miss my house and especially my parents. Right actually I do not have anything on my mind. I am pretty tired because I slept late last night and had a fairly early class. In fact, right now sleep would be really good. Well my stomach is also talking to me so I am also hungry. I have not eaten yet today. I am actually eating less in college since I seem to be always busy and always on the run. I like it though because maybe then I can lose some weight. Another thing in my mind is how complicated computers are. I never was really into computers in high school and now in college I have to constantly use it. I wish I was better with computers because I really think it is useful and is part of everybody's daily lives. I think the reason why I do not care for the computer much is because due to my impatience. I cannot really tolerate having to go in circles to find what I really want. For example this assignment would already have been done last night but for some reason I could not get into the website. However, I am glad I am finally able to finish my work after several tries late last night. I think it is quite interesting how a lot can be said about a person through their writing because right now it seems that I am rambling and to be honest I do not think that there's anything logical in my head right now. I am not really thinking about anything but what to write for this assignment, if that made any sense. My brain is just telling me to think of something to write. Actually I am also anticipating for the time to be up. Twenty minutes can be long when you do not have much to say. Speaking of waiting for the time to pass by, it has been twenty minutes. I am finally done. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_392315.txt,"Hi I'm Ben. I've been looking forward to this assignment since I heard of it. How often do I get a chance to get credit for babbling on a blank sheet of computer. I apologize. I can't spell to save my life and the point of this is to write not to write well. so anyway. I'm listening to emenem right now. I don't want to give the reader the impression that I'm into the popular mtv crap music that is so prevalent now, its just that it has a good beat and I can type fast to it. man I pity whoever has to read this. Let me ask you a question: have you ever considered that there isn't one universal reality but actually a different reality for every person on this planet. I was at a party this weekend and this thought was on my mind (no I wasn't high). I mean think about it. I'd go into this more but I'd have to stop typing and try to organize my thoughts more and that would just slow me down. I really like UT. that was on my mind. ok here comes the random babbling. I like Austin. people here are like no other on the planet. if ever a situation existed for an all out consciousness revolution it would be in Austin. so anyway, have you ever read any james joyce. he sucks. I can't stand him. I brought that up because he has the same weird ass choppy writing style that I'm using right now. I usually don't like to write like this. my papers usually make much more sense and my thoughts are much more clear. I suppose I could try to flub this and actually write instead of babble but I promised my roommates this would only take 20 minutes, they want to start a movie and they are waiting on me. wow that first 9 minutes really flew by. I'm a Japanese major. Now if you were wondering "" wow I wonder what this dorky lower classman's major is? "" you know. I feel bad that you have to read all this mental defecation. ok what am I thinking about now. I guess I'm thinking about the way I think, and I guess that's the point of this assignment. congratulations. I usually think in words. unless I'm inebriated then I think in pictures. I don't like thinking in pictures because things are so hard to communicate. hmm this is starting to get old, not to imply that I have a short attention span but I somehow pictured this differently. I thought about mapping all my thoughts about the previous thoughts on reality in general. now I've decided that is just to strange to submit to some stranger (no offense) in the psych department. Whoever reading this should read the principia discordia and the illuminatus trilogy. While I'm telling you what to do, you should vote for Gore. Aww here's something I can write about: politics. I hate and fear George bush. the fact that his slimy presence has to disgrace the great city of Austin is quite the insult. his Christian pro life beliefs coupled with his yen for the death penalty confuse and aggravate me. I rue the day the Christian right gain presidential power. I also am happy I worked ""rue"" into that last sentence. aww yeah. Well it looks like my writing time is coming to an end. I also played with the idea of getting hellasiously wasted before doing the stream of consciousness assignment. I'm glad I didn't this paper is crazy and disjointed enough already. ok well farewell random psych guy who read this. I will always hold a special place in my heart to you. well not really and that should relieve you. I promise you I'm not crazy. Well no more than anyone else. keep it real brother man. ",y,n,n,n,n

2000\_395177.txt,"Well, I'm not really sure what to write here, but here goes. So, I'm in a new state, in a new place, with no one here that I knew before I arrived. Sounds kind of scary, but I'm dealing. I came to texas from Nashville, TN. And it really seems that I am one of the few that are from out of state. Everyone is from Houston, Dallas, San Antonio, or Austin. And it has been rough, because most people came here with all of their best friends and here I am, this outsider who knows no one. But I was excited anyway, because I loved the school and all the school spirit. I came here early, because I was going to go through rush. Unfortunately about a month before I left for school, I was diagnosed with mono. I had been feeling okay, but started feeling bad right before I left for school. I had to skip the open house round of rush because I felt so bad. I participated in the rest and actually pledged the one that I wanted, but it was one of the hardest experiences. I had to be perky and cute when it was 100 degrees outside and when I felt horrible. I got through it and now I feel much better, but I will always remember that! Now that I am in the sororityI definitely like it but it is still hard. All the girls live in a different dorm than I do, and 26 out of 60 of them are all from the same high school in Houston! It's crazy. They are all really nice, but it is hard to make friends with people who already have all of their best friends here. I, so far, like the older girls better than my pledge class. We have our retreat next weekend, so hopefully I will get to know them better after the retreat. Classes are going well, but I'm struggling with the huge ones, because they are bigger than my entire high school! I only graduated with 80 people, so it is very different here. It is hard to know everything that goes on on campus, because everyone else already knows what and where everything is and I have no idea! Anyway, all this sounds like I am not having fun and that is absolutely not true! I LOVE school, but it has been so hard to force myself to stay home to get rid of the mono when all I want to do is go out, meet new people, and have fun! I do miss home a lot. I have always been very close to my family, especially my little sister and my mom (and my little dog Missy) So I miss them all a whole lot, but I am dealing. I have made some great friends in my dorm and I like all my professors and the people in my classes. I am looking forward to going home for Thanksgiving to see all my friends, but I am also looking forward to a lot of fun before then. Okay, I think it has been about 20 minutes, so I am going to leave now. So long, professor, even though you aren't reading this! :) Bye ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_399465.txt,"Well another night of staying up late. I don't know why I don't really want to go to bed. I guess I just don't feel like it or I feel like I have to do something before I go to bed, but then something else pops up. I think I got used to not sleeping during my time in the Army. Kind of fun back then. The Army usually pops in my head late at night when I'm on the computer because that's what I did in the Army. I can tune everything out and just have the humming of the computer and only the light from the screen providing light for the room. Reminds me of sitting in the track at 3 or 4am shooting missions. I wonder where I would be if I would have stayed in. I bet I would have gone to Korea for a year then back to Fort Sill. I wish I would have gone to Korea as soon as I got out of AIT. Those guys came back better trained than the guys who stayed in the States. I probably could have used that year being away from everybody. I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow. Man I hate the rain. I remember in Virginia I missed all the rainy days at school. I guess I got lucky it only seemed to rain on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I miss Virginia. The leaves, the snow, the mountains and the lake right behind the apartment. Man, everyday there was football weather. I can't believe they lost to BYU last week. Man I hate BYU. ",n,n,n,y,n

2000\_426306.txt,"You know I always wonder if I'm ever doing the right thing in life by coming to this university and not going somewhere else. I had opportunities to go to other universities but I chose to stay close to home. My parents always want it there way! They basically chose my major for me and when I wanted to change it, they became upset and really didn't want to see my face which made me upset. I want to do what my parents tell me to do but if it does not interest me and I know I'm going to stress over it, why should I bother to listen and I went with what I felt was best for me and I made the change. I always wonder how some people are so intelligent and others try so much but can't reach the level of that intelligent person based on academics. I see people trying so hard to make that A in that one class where the intelligent person doesn't take one ounce of effort to even study and this person would make a higher grade on the exam then the person who tried so hard to learn the material and study so hard on the exam. One thing which confuses me is how girls think. They're like in their own world sometimes. You try to be so nice to them sometimes and they look at you like you're the biggest IDIOT! I wish they would open up more around guys and not just talk with their girlfriends all the time. They should be able to tell their guy friends anything they tell their girlfriends. Why do the Astros suck so bad this year? They had a perfect baseball team and they're playing like a bunch of high school boys. They were recognized as favorites this season and they're ranked last in the division. They're is no excuse for being so mad especially a team so talented like the Astros. I mean if you had Bagwell, Biggio, Alou, Caminitti and other stars, wouldn't you expect your team to be good?? The rockets need to do better next year also. I can't believe they didn't pick up any free agents this summer. They could have really improved this year with all the talented free agents and they made the mistake of not picking up anyone. If they want to be really good again, they're going to have to pick up some talented free agents or they're not going anywhere and even in danger of not making the playoffs. I don't know why some teachers just don't tell us what will be on the exam. It would be so much easier to study the material but NO, they make us study everything even the non important information which really pisses of students, especially me. One thing I really love in the University are the girls. They are so damn hot! Only if I could have one of them would I show them what kind of man I really am! Its ok, one day, I will find the right one. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_434142.txt,"I don't really want to go to my BA101 class today. Sleep sounds so good right now. I don't think I have enough energy to sit through another hour and half class, since this morning I sat through three of them in a row. Oh yeah I better remember to call Sheetal so we can go study at the PCL or FAC. I don't know if I want to study with a whole group of people but maybe I'll give it a try. This is so cool. Getting graded on a writing assignment that is of our thoughts and feelings. Reminds me of my summer English 1301 class that I took where we had to write journals everyday and as long as we did them and turned them in it was ok. It is sooo freaking hot outside. And I am so tired, mainly because of the heat. Hmmm. I wonder if Nancy has called. I feel so bad for her. Anyways, that is kind of depressing just thinking about it. I feel so stressed out. These first three weeks at UT has been busy. Not with work and stuff but with things like getting everything together and making sure that I have insurance, my checking account is correct and other important things. I miss the home food so much! But I'll live, it's not too bad over here. I haven't seen any guys here. Hahah! Well I have but I don't think I will end up dating any right now. My hands are getting so tired right now. I really feel like sleeping. I think after BA101 I will go to eat at Kinsolving and then head to the library or something. These labs and libraries on campus are so good. They have everything and you can use them whenever. Stephanie should be coming next Thursday to that Career Day thing so hopefully I'll see her. I am so confused on what to go into, like majors and stuff. I'm thinking about MIS but marketing sounds so good right now. Like I'm more interested in that kind of stuff and things that I really would enjoy doing. I know it doesn't have a lot of money or anything, but that is not what is important really to me. I mean yeah I want to earn a good living but that's not my main goal in life to be rich more like be happy. So I don't know. Just a confused freshman I guess!. Maybe I'll find out pretty soon. Man this time is going by so slowly. I've only been writing for ten minutes. Just realized how many thoughts flow through my mind in such small amount of time. Man I hope I get a chance to do a project because I do not want to write a paper. That sounds too boring. Being a part of an experiment sounds so cool, never really done that before. Ok I wish I had my headphones, too like the girl next to me. I need to listen to some music. I wonder if we are all going to go out this Thursday night to sixth street. I kind of want to. I feel so bad for Sarika, cause of her roommate. She is kind of mean, actually she is very rude and catches an attitude with every little thing. Even if she does not know you, she'll be so rude. Dang girl. Hahah. Ok well I need to find where my BA101 class is so I will be going now. So much for this writing assignment! I think my twenty minutes are up. Well actually they are almost up. But it said at least. Oh well I guess I'll go anyway. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_438850.txt,"I feel so tired. I was so awake until I walk into calculus in which the voice of the professor just made me want to close my eyes and fall asleep. Then my mind kept wandering. The year has just begun and I'm realizing that work is just going to get worse. I have to write a rough draft for RHE 306 that will be due next Monday. I have to start working on that. Then I have to remember that after Rhetoric and Composition that I have to cross the South Mall and go to the Mezes building so I can sign up for some experiments for Psych class. I would rather do experiments instead of writing a 5page research paper. Then my mind always wanders to this weekend. It will be a special weekend because it will be the onemonth anniversary of my boyfriend and me. I don't know what to get him. I have to remember to ask my best friend for suggestions. He's my first boyfriend ever and he has done so much for me. I don't know what I would do without him. I am so happy that my first boyfriend is someone special because I've heard of first boyfriends that don't mean much other than they're their first boyfriends. Then again, most girls have had their first boyfriends when they were as young as in grade school. I'm in college now. It's a little different I would think. Now, what do I get for him? It's such a hard question to answer and I'm low on cash. Well, I'm not low on cash, it's just that I'm given a $20 allowance for each week and I've already used up 3 weeks worth of allowances in less than a week. I need to be able to budget my money more. Then I've been using up my dining dollars faster than I should be. I'm about $40 under than where I should be. I'm really not good with keeping track of my money. Then I have so much reading to do in all my classes. The only class that doesn't require much of my time is calculus. Unbelievable! I'm so thankful that I took calculus in high school or I would be so lost because it's hard to understand everything the professor is saying. If I go back to visit high school, I'm going to go thank Ms. Hall for being a great calculus teacher. I went looking through my psychology book and there are so many interesting things in there. There are some funny quotes and cartoons in there. I always found psychology interesting thanks to my psych teacher in high school. That reminds me, I'll have to thank Ms. LeClair too for being a great psych teacher. Oh, looks like time is up! ",n,y,y,n,n

2000\_438892.txt,"I really want to sleep right now. I am so overwhelmed with everything that I just want to sleep. I just need a little bit more rest but a little bit more time. Time, there just ever isn't enough time. Not enough time to read, to sleep, or to study. Time flies. Time is precious. I think that people spend too much time wasting time. I didn't realize that until lately. You think that everyone will always just be there but they aren't. Time is so valuable. The time you spend with people is so precious and important. And I think that sometimes it takes losing some one through a death or some one moving away for you to realize that. I didn't. I would give anything right this second to talk to my grandma. Anything. Or to be able to have my best friend who is that the Naval Academy just give me a hug. But no I wasted a lot of time. But busy busy busy bee. Maybe if I wasn't so busy and didn't get so involved I would have time. But it is so hard to say no. It is hard to not get involved. Especially in college. Everybody needs you! They all want you to join their organization! There are just too many and not enough time! But you know I guess if you didn't do anything and then you would have excess time you would complain about being bored and wish that you had more stuff to do during that time. So is there ever a happy medium. I thought that when I got to college I would have more time. I didn't have to be in class all day and I don't have as much going on but I was wrong. Time is still the same here. So now when I am out of school I will have more time? Right? Why do I have the feeling that once again I will be let down and time will still be as short then? I will have more stuff to keep me busy. A job and maybe a family and then they will take up a huge amount of my time. I just need a break. I need a cruise. A trip to the Greek Isles. Now that would never be a waste of time. That would be a great way to spend my time. I could just lie there and enjoy the scenery and just take it all in. Or got to Hawaii I have always wanted to go to all the different islands there. I think that would just be a blast! There are lots of things that I have always wanted to do. I have always wanted to take belly dancing lessons, be in the Olympics, be able to sing like the women in the theaters, speak several other languages, sky dive, and much more. I wonder if anyone ever gets to do all the stuff that the have ""always wanted to do"" I wonder if there is enough time in a lifetime to do all of that?? I think that if you really wanted it you could. But I think that if you really want anything that you could. I don't like when people say they can't. I think that is just not a good word. Maybe I am just stubborn and always like I think I can I think I can! But isn't it much better going through life being like I think I can then I can't. How would that be a way to live life? What kind of fun would you have? Always thinking that it couldn't be done. I think that being optimistic is a much better way to live. That is so happy! I love it. I would much rather look on the bright side of life then be like this sucks, I hate this, I am miserable, I hate this, everyone feel sorry for me, and just be Blaaaaahhhh. That just doesn't sound like a good way to live life in my opinion. But I guess that I have just always seen the sun through the clouds. Just be happy and nice and care. That is all that I have ever wanted to do. I love to help. I think that is the greatest thing that you can ever do. Just care about someone. Does it hurt you? NO Does it take a lot of energy? NO So I guess that I just don't understand why more people don't care, and why some many people don't care. What is the point of that? You wouldn't want anyone to not care about you, so you should care for someone else. IT just makes sense to treat someone how you want to be treated. You know the Golden Rule. Well but anyways maybe people will change maybe it will just take time. Everything takes time though. But I have felt relaxed writing this. Maybe I should just write out what I am thinking more often. I kind of like this. I have no idea what I just typed but my mind is clearing. Maybe if my mind weren't so busy I would have more time?? That could be a good idea. I gave my self a great idea! Wahoo I am excited! But this does feel nice to just get all those thoughts out. I miss having my best friends to get those thoughts out to. Maybe just because my thoughts don't ever make sense to me but they could some how always just tell me what I was thinking. I mean not that they were like this is what you are thinking but more that they were like, well I can relate to that by this experience and that is when you are like YES! That is what I am talking about. That is a great feeling. When someone can help you figure out what you are thinking! Wonderful! We should do more of that helping people figure out what is on their mind. Maybe it just makes sense to them. Kind of like the whole thing how do I know that they color blue that I see is that same color blue that you see. I mean we know that we both see blue but do I see maybe your green or vise versa. Who knows? But that would be cool to know. Yeah that would. ",y,y,y,n,y

2000\_444531.txt,"I am thinking about the video game I just tried to order over the phone. It angers me that it is sold out. I am now thinking about this assignment. It comes to me that I would very much like to make a superb grade in all my classes. I think that perhaps I shall if I apply myself. I am glad to think that I can do well in school. My thoughts now focus around a girl in my philosophy class who has the cutest face I think I've ever seen. I am trying to figure out a way to talk to her. I think it will have to be classrelated. There are two other girls in that class that I think are attractive. The class itself is very fun as well. I have a lot of work to do this weekend. I suppose I should get straight to it when I get home from class today. Damn, I have to work out. I used to dislike working out because of the physical discomfort, but now it's merely an issue of time. Time is the one commodity I am exceedingly greedy with. I am now thinking about how to best manage my time this weekend. I am more or less caught up in this psychology class; I now have more time to work on the others. I think I will get caught up on reading in English, and then turn in my paper. I paused for a moment there in my writing. I was thinking about what it was I was going to do today in the gym. I realized it was leg day. Leg day is excruciating, but short. Oh well, I will live. My thoughts wander back to women. I would very much like to get better acquainted with all kinds of women on a casual level. I need to expand my pool of female friends. Even as we speak, a plan of action comes to mind. School makes it easy to meet new people. I simply have to turn off my shyness. I paused AGAIN in my writing. I was thinking about the study section in computer science I was about to go to today. The TA in that study section speaks very poor English. I will go because I understand the code he puts on the board enough that I am well ahead of his thinking during that hour. The other students are not so fortunate. I figure that they'll survive. The class is a breeze. It is not very challenging, unfortunately, but I am learning a bit. ""Easy Learning I call it. "" Ack, the image of a naked female just popped into my head out of nowhere. Why did that happen? Sometimes chaotic thoughts pop out of nowhere for me. At any rate, I am now thinking about what I should eat before class. Cereal. When in doubt, you cannot go wrong with cereal. Hmm, still struggling to get that nude image out of my head. I don't need distractions right now. I need a clear, controlled mind. I am thinking of how much I have in my bank account and how I will manage my finances this month. I am somewhat poor. This will change when I graduate, but for the meantime. poverty. I'd like to think that I can be rich one day. I can see myself driving nice cars, living in a nice place, and wearing nice clothes. I can see myself managing my own time, and I can see myself being satisfied as far as that goes. Money isn't so important to me, but freedom of time is, and the only way I can see myself having free time is being wealthy. Oh well. C'est la Vie. It seems my time is about up, but my closing thoughts dwell on responsibility and what it is I plan to do in school. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_445053.txt,"Steam and Consciousness. I am a new coming freshman; I like to be a UT student. To be in a gigantic school like UT, it is exciting but come with some fear. Fear that I might do badly on my school works or could not fit into the environment. After a week past, my point of view began to shift. Now I am comfortable with hundred of students walking on the street and the long waiting line in cafeteria. Sometime, in the back of my mind I could still remember the good times I had with my family. To me, family is the most important thing I can ever have. Through their supports and love now I can understand how important is for me to do well in college and have a descent future. Now, I am in my dorm room thinking about them, and thinking about how much I miss them. When I was little I always wanted to be an adult and take care things on my own. Family at the time never came in my mind, and moreover I sometimes childishly ignore them for video games or other sports. I really regret for what I had missed, a wonderful loving family. Beside to new environment that full with experiences the thing that come to me often is my family back in Taiwan. I wish they could someday see my success and share my proud ness in the field that I love to do or work. ",y,n,y,n,n

2000\_449662.txt,"This is probably the weirdest writing assignment I have ever had to do. Usually we are always told almost exactly what to write, but I like the idea of doing this a lot more. I'm not too sure what you guys actually do with this things, but that's fine with me, because I'd much rather me doing this than writing some boring long paper. Today is a Friday, the second best day of the week. Thursday is the best, because my classes end at 12:30 and I only have one class on Fridays, so my weekend pretty much starts on Thursdays. College life is so much better than high school life. I love having all the freedom. The only part I would change is having someone making sure I get up in the morning for all my classes, I seem to be having problems with that, but I don't think it will happen anymore. I joined a fraternity, so I think that is helping making college more fun. Usually when most people think fraternity, they imagine the typical fraternity and everything that goes along with it, mainly the hazing. I joined Lambda Chi Alpha, and it is a national policy of theirs not to haze, so I have nothing to worry about. I've heard stories about other fraternities hazing already, and I don't understand what the point of it is. Completely stupid! Why would you want to put people through the different kinds of suffering if you're going to live with them for the next 4 years? Yes, I understand that it can build strong bonds between each pledge class, but it just means you are always going to hate the class above you that hazed you. Being in Lambda Chi is incredibly awesome, I can't imagine me ever having any regrets. By joining my freshman year, it makes me feel more comfortable at UT than I think I would have been if I had not joined. I no longer think of myself as just another random person, or number, at UT, because I know belong to something. I'm just kind of rambling on here, not really being able to think of much to say. I'm wondering if these are going to be used as examples of things in class, or if they have some other purpose we are unaware of. I think I'll talk more about me, because I'm such a great topic(hint of sarcasm there). I feel incredibly comfortable with my life. I think I am extremely at ease in most situations, and I think I have a good grip on life. I've moved around a lot, so I think that has helped me. I was born in Scotland and lived there for two years, then I lived in England for seven years, then California for three years, then New Jersey for a year, then I moved back to the same city in California and lived there for almost five years, then three days before the start of my junior year in high school I moved to Texas, where I graduated, but my family now lives in California again. Being moved around a lot and thrown into new situations has probably made the transition from living at home to being at college a lot easier for me than for other people. When I moved before the start of my junior year, I absolutely hated my parents for taking me away from my friends, and my life, but now I think it has made me a better person because I seem to just go with the flow now and except everything as it happens. Alright, well time is up, so I'm going to go. ",y,n,y,n,n

2000\_457131.txt,"streaming thoughts. hard with aol open, closed. music playing. wonder if this impacts writing. of course it does. cold hands. why is this room so cold. wonder what its like outside. hopefully not as hot as before, it would feel good though. I like this keyboard. track change. dig this mix. reverb. bass. beat. dark room, but I hate fluorescent lights. horrible. this is hard to do. thoughts come and go before I can trace them. highway. like cars going by on a highway, fleeting. synthesizer, chord, nice. voice, repeating. strange. I wonder why economics was canceled today. no professor? sick? I need to read. fifteen minutes to go? I've hardly written anything. don't tell me my mind is this empty. email arrives. pointless, I'm sure. 303s are cool, who made them. want to hear the first song using a 303. wish I could get this working. where's the beat, key change. okay. what are these things sitting here. fists outstretched with a spiral on the stomach? someone was high when they designed these. individually wrapped. single serving. film club meeting tonight. ahh free food, hopefully not pizza. need to see a movie. yes. so much money to be spent. 10 minutes it looks like, well at least I'm consistent. underworld. neat notes. this would be hard in silence. easier to work with music for some reason. cymbals. going home Friday. hot weather. how cold will it get. were humans meant to live in texas. air conditioning changed the world. funny. sweaty fat guys with tool belts make most of the world livable. irony. age of empires. a time with anarchy before 18 years of predetermined schooling. talent squashed with mindless work before it has a chance to develop. what are we doing. who can fix it, everyone takes it for granted. why am I arguing this. I'd like to argue this someday. humans haven't been around forever. feet are cold now, I really need to get out. pop quizzes, I hope not. no projects, thank god. need to read though. club element tonight? fifteen bucks. might be cool. what type of crowd is it though. bassline bassline. is this trance? I like ltj bukem though. there's the beat, how cool. who is this. I'd like to make a track like this. dust. damn this room gets dusty. need to wipe the fixtures. I love black lights. mix it. put that away. hunger, lots of walking. lots of sleep. too much. can't wake up at one every day. why didn't the highpoint controllers work. its almost time. watch the computer crash. who reads this? white room. ",n,n,n,y,y

2000\_471124.txt,"Start 12:10 I should be eating right now, the hypo campus must be acting up. But this is due manana so better keep it going, a lot of thoughts flash through my mind, but only a few really become selected and sorted out, odd, what tells the brain which are important Music is cool, it's my life I live for it, random yeah maybe it's not so much a stream as it is jumping around, could you fail if your thoughts don't follow a pattern, that be kind of funny. I'm in the computer lab in Welch and I wonder if the clackity clack of the keyboard is starting to get on people's nerves. Why did I pick the keyboard with the loudest keys, oh well can't stop now, There are layers of thought purple dragons just popped into my head when I tried to clear my mind and let the next new fresh thought come in why there are purple dragons lurking in my sub consciousness? I'm not sure maybe it has something to do with the little dragon on my amp, I named him puff, he sits up their and guards the amp, this is sad just looked up and realized how little I've typed, even though it's been constant typing, I had a thought when I was typing that but it got lost when I was typing it, no just remembered, it's that thought are so heavily influenced by environment. and yet they aren't, so many times your thought return to a constant theme that is prominent in your life, for me mainly my music, some other more personal things too, but they are usually shorter term. so many people walk in and out of this lab, probably not the best place to write this but who cares yay, Creed concert in Alamo dome October 5th, Thursday, hmm let's see today is also Thursday I get off at 3:00, it starts at 7:30, sweet, won't have to skip class to go, good thing to cause the class I'd have to skip would be a fish seminar with like 15 people in it and attendance is mandatory. Got to get more people for the geology study group, I just told that girl I was starting one so I could meet her, so I better get one together quick, probably shouldn't tell you that but hey, it's one of the blessings of confidentiality right, ok started at 12:10 it's now lets see (glances at watch) 12:24, six more minutes hmm goes pretty quickly I should do this more, actually I do this just in a different form, Writing lyrics so that they tell a story and yet still rhyme but aren't in a meter but are musical is cool, think third eye blind the last tracks on the first cd, I can actually just get pages and pages of lyrical content that's singable by writing shorthand and tracking emotions pretty nifty stuff, I haven't slipped into that mode in this twenty minutes yet, usually it's when I feeling something or am just pondering something like why something is what it is, mmm want food ok 3 more minutes, whoa the person next to me is a really friggin fast typist the real way to do this would be just to write for 20 minutes down on paper shorthand, you can actually record the thoughts better, how boring can it be to read all of these, actually I wouldn't mind reading a couple, just see what people think and stuff, but I wouldn't want to do 540 of them, yucky. ulp, my time is up, wonder what the next writing assignment is, oh well got to go eat. 12:30 ",y,n,n,n,y

2000\_473088.txt,"Well hello there, I just decided to start my writing assignment. I'm bored since my roommate, Travis, for class so I decided to do this assignment today. I hope it isn't boring. It seems like an easy assignment, and since I'm not the best writer I'm grateful. I'm not the best typist either. It's a lot different typing something to hand in compared to typing to your friends online. My nose hurts and I'm tired. My throat tastes bad too. Hmmm what else. This is kind of a weird assignment. I have too many thoughts to write them all down, and I can't type fast enough. I'm struggling here as it is. For every thought I write down, a couple more are being wasted because of my bad typing skills. I keep having to go back and fix all of my typos. I have to call my friend today. I'll do it after I'm done with this. I saw a funny download about some coffee bean that was like the matrix. I liked it a lot, but I can't find the site where he got it, so I guess I have to call him. Also I didn't call him back last night either. I'm using the idea where you type it in notepad first then you paste it to the web, but I'm not sure if it's coming out the right way. I don't want to do this again, so I hope it works. I have to go turn down the air cause it's freezing in here, I can barely feel my fingers. There, it feels better already. I wonder what George is doing now too. He went out with me last night. I don't have anymore classes today, and I want to do something cool. I do have to do laundry. I'm not sure if that is how you spell it though. The bag is getting big and smelly. I have to clean before my old girlfriend visits. She is very nice and beautiful. I'm mad because we broke up. Long distance relationships don't work, but we still liked each other a lot. So far I haven't seen any girls here that I want to go out with. I'm not sure if it's because I really like Laura still or because my standards are a lot higher now. This is kind of fun just telling you everything, I'm doing my best now not to remember something really embarrassing that I would have to type to you. I think this is what a diary or journal would be like if I decided to keep one. I always wanted to do that, but I don't have the time. In second grade our class had to do one and draw pictures of our day too. I liked doing it and I tried to keep doing it but it just wasn't the same. I just lost the motivation to do it. It's always fun to read my old second grade one though. I was such a dork back then though. Not that I'm Mr. Popular now though. It sucks here because at high school I knew everyone and had lots of friends. Now I still have some of my friends but it will take sometime before I know what's happening on the weekends. I still really want to meet a girl here, but I just haven't seen any that I really like. I just don't want to go up to random girls and ask for their number either. Personally I think I'm selling our if I do that. I'm not sure why but I feel stupid, like I'm trying to be somebody that I'm not. I just glanced at the clock and I have about a minute left so I'm going to stop now. I'm pretty impressed with my work here. I hope you like it, if you read it. ",y,n,n,n,y

2000\_474953.txt,"College isn't exactly as I had always pictured it. Of course I've always had and imaginative mind and nothing ever turns out the way I picture it. I think I'm slowly beginning to adjust, however. At the beginning I was miserable. I felt like I didn't have any friends and would never make new ones. Now I seem to have connected better with the people here from my hometown and even have a few acquaintances but it's not everything I want. I had hoped to find new friends immediately which I knew deep down wouldn't happen. It takes time, but still. A bunch of my friends including my boyfriend are coming to Austin this weekend for a visit. I don't really know how I feel about that. In a way I'm relieved because now I don't have to worry about sitting at my dorm all night, but these were also people I had wanted to get away from. They're all great people and I love them but I feel like when they're here they hold me back from making a new life here. I lose time I should have spent getting to know people who live here with me. That way when my friends leave I won't be left completely alone here. The comfort of having them here completely takes away my incentive to go out and grow. I wonder if I'll ever feel like I completely fit in here? One thing I definitely need to do is get on some kind of exercise program. I feel so lazy. I've always been a procrastinator, especially when it comes to doing schoolwork. That's another thing that scares me. I am so lazy! I slacked off all through high school and graduated tenth in my class. High school was easy for me. I know I can't expect to do the same thing in college and still manage to do great, but I can't seem to make myself study. I know I'm just lazy and will have eventually have a very rude awakening, but what can I do? It's not even like I spend the time I should be studying on something constructive. I watch tv or listen to music. I go out every chance I get because it seems my social life is far more important to me than school. I'm hoping once I settle in and feel more comfortable I'll settle on some routine but when will that be? Whenever it is I'm going to start exercising soon and eating better. I always say that though and never do it. This time I will though. Hmmm I say that a lot to. I wish I was just a more motivated person. I also wish I had a much higher selfesteem. I see girls walking all over campus so sure of themselves. They're not afraid to walk up and talk to anybody. I have my moments like that but only if the opportunity is just perfect for it. The girl next to me is typing really fast and now I'm distracted because I'm trying to see how fast I can type. I think I'll check my mail after this is over. I don't think I should have any since the last time I checked it but you never know. Maybe something from my friend at Harvard. I haven't heard from him yet. I had my second set of Thursday quizzes today. I thought they seemed pretty easy. I don't know if the work I showed on the first calculus problem was correct but I know the answer was, so I'll just hope for the best. That class worries me a lot. It's not hard yet but I have a feeling that won't last. Math has always been my best subject and if I can't do well in that, how can I expect to do well in any of my other classes? I wish I could make some good friends in there because I know as the class gets harder I'll need people to study with. Twenty minutes is up. Bye ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_476720.txt,"I am writing an assignment for psychology. Stream of consciousness. What am I thinking right now? What am I thinking for the next twenty minutes? Chris is watching the television. Wresting. WWF. Idiots in spandex. T. V. is slowly killing us off. The announcer's scream. Loud, emotional, fake. Why do people watch it? Reality is more fun when it's fake. Big brother. Survivor. The real world. I hate the real world. True strangers, picked to live in a house, and devour each other alive. Devour. I want some ice cream, but I'm not hungry. They had Mexican food for supper tonight. There was a band playing. A Mexican band. I didn't like it. Music. Radiohead's new cd comes out October 3. Hell yeah! Kid A is the name of it. If I could be in any band it would be Radiohead. The television is distracting me. Wrestlers coming to the ring from the future. Futuristic wrestlers, live on television. And some people still believe it. Chris just changed the channel. MTV now. Carson Daly, and his Total Request Live. I'm ashamed of my generation. I feel sorry for Britney Spears, N'Sync, and all the other pop groups that greedy business men package to be sold. In five years where will they be? The kids who love them now will laugh at them, and call them queers, has beens. Telephone is ringing. Chris answered it. It's for him. He rarely gets a phone call. I get all the calls. The end of my twenty minutes is coming up. Fifteen seconds, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one. ",n,n,y,n,y

2000\_479895.txt,"I'm sitting all stressed out. For the first time since if got to UT I've had to study and do homework for a large period of time. I guess for the first time since I've gotten here I'm starting to realize how much work its going to take. The fraternity stage is getting old. They don't tell you that you are going to be busy about everyday of the week doing sometimes pointless stuff. I'm new to the fraternity scene and already I'm feeling somewhat burned out. And paying a lot of money to clean the frat bathrooms isn't my idea of fun anyway. Even drinking is getting old. Its almost to the point that you can expect to get messed up every night and that takes the fun out of the whole thing. I don't like admitting this to myself but it would be nice to see someone from the family right now. I'm not homesick just kind of feel like I'm missing out on everything that's going on in my brothers and parents life. It's hard to deal with the fact that the family life is never going to be the same again which is somewhat of a relief but also a little scary. At least I am enjoying living with my roommates. They were my friends before I came here but I am a bit surprised to how good we are getting along. With my friend dying last week I found myself today thinking I saw him in other people. The reality of death has hardly set in on me. His picture of him alive is hanging right in front of me, but its hard to comprehend there is no more life in him. I almost feel like all my experiences with him were pointless because he is dead. Even seeing him in an open casket I failed to connect him laying there to his death. I attribute this to the fact that this is the first person in my life that I was close to that has died. It's weird but it will help me in the future to deal with the harshness of death. More than ever I think along the lines of life after death. I'm firm in my beliefs regarding the subject but I somewhat question what its really like. I guess you never take death seriously until it effects you on the personal level. I hear of people dying everyday but it has never registered to me how important everyone's life his to someone else out there. And above all I guess the possibility of death seems more likely. I feel less likely to put myself in situations where my life is on the line. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_488372.txt,"Ah, this is frustrating. Seems like I have lost the touch. After all, college is nothing like high school. I'm a mess; I can't pick the beat. Somehow, I've fallen behind in my life. Pretty much I got to do everything on my own, whereas it used to be people telling me what to do and when to do anything. There was always someone, could be the teacher or mom, constantly laying out the path I should take. Now, it's all up to me now. No one can really help. It's my life. Is this how adulthood feels like? Perhaps, that's just simply a childish question, silly. I can't see what's in front of me, just a big blur, a bit gray. Once again, I want to stay as a kid. Couple of years ago, our English teacher asked us to write a little journal, ""What age would you stay at, if you get to choose?"" Back then, I thought, ""Hey, I am going to go through every phase. That's the experience of life; that's the fun. "" Now, it doesn't feel so fun. Aw, sitting alone in a class of 500 people doesn't seem fun to me. It's funny that I don't have much people to talk to in real life, but there are people online wanting to chat with me, all those high school friends. Somehow they managed to stay 24 hours and 7 days online without much difficulty. I talked to one of them last night, just to keep me awake while I tried to figure my calculus homework. He is quite sociable; I suppose. That reminds me my close friend once called me an antisocialist. Not that I don't want to interact with people. It's just that they weren't the exact right people I want to share my inner self with. And again, I've only found one person I share almost all my thoughts with. I remember in elementary school, I used to walk home with my best friend. We wouldn't feel awkward or funny even if we didn't talk or make some noise on the way home. It felt secured. But ever since we moved to US, everything changed. No one here holds the same principle I do; I couldn't outpour what I think inside to those people who think my thinking is so odd, and supposedly weird. I still talked to everyone who wanted to chat with me; I just tell them what I really think inside. I made general comments about whatever they said. This close friend who called me an antisocialist actually talked to me on the phone for almost every night for a couple of years. Even he called me that. I suppose he never reached inside of me; my best friend thinks I talk too much. Funny how both talk to me the equal amount, but they hold the opposite views of me. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_489004.txt,"It's been almost a week since I have moved to Austin to study. There have been times when I miss home, as well as times when I call my dorm room home. I don't understand why exactly I am here. None of this makes any sense. I've grown up, studying at a small school, small church, small community type settings, and I've thrown myself into the largest university in the nation, surrounded by many diverse students of all kinds. My friends have made the transition easier, as well as comforting. However, there's still a little void inside of me. Where did it come from though? I see that naturally, God has some sort of plan for me here. But as of now, I have not a clue. No reason, no rhyme. And here I am writing my psychology assignment on the day it was assigned. This never happens. I am the one who's lazy and always procrastinates to the last possible second before even lifting a finger towards any assignment handed my way. Yet, I feel like a change is about to occur. A transformation possibly, from a cocoon to a butterfly so to say. Leaving behind the old, and embracing the new as it comes my way. I look around my desk, seeing my personal belongs as it reflects my own personality, my soul, my spirit. And I realize, that I'm lacking. I have my mere clothing, and books for my classes, my computer. The only thing that resembles anything about myself is my Jars of Clay poster, given to me by a friend. This poster is the only tangible object, image to represent myself. Do I lack a soul, or have I yet to express it in a more productive manner? Why am I even writing about this anyway? Why did I begin writing this so early? Regardless of it all, I know that He has a plan for my life. Everything I do has a purpose for the sake of His glory. Whether people acknowledge His existence or not, He is still there and is all powerful. Two plus two is four, never five. God is here, and always will. People can choose to ignore Him, but His existence still remains. I miss my Youth Pastor, Gary, who taught me to seek God with everything I have. He was the kind of man who'd parents would approve of as a personal mentor. His wisdom and knowledge of every concept in the world baffles me, and kept me curios. But it's his compassion that I miss the most. The tears he shed, when he heard of a young boy committing suicide because his peers perpetual teasing. The affectionate, unconditional love he expresses towards his wife and children. These things, I miss the most. But the one true divine aspect about Gary, is that he's a man of God. A man who sought after God without ever holding back. He dove in. Not caring where or how, when or why, he dove in. Will mankind ever see a man like him again? I look at the clock, and my twenty minutes is almost over, only a minute left for my required writing time. Did I do the correct assignment? Did I do this the way my professor wanted me to? Oh well. Blah. ",n,n,n,n,n

2000\_491338.txt,"I get sick to my stomach during your class and not because I dislike you. I think there are too many people in one room for my personal tastesI start to feel claustrophobic. However, it's fun to people watch with such a large ""sample. "" There is a 3D icon on my computer and it reminds me that I like graphic design. I feel like a fool writing this. I've started a majority of the sentences with ""I""a bad habit. I also don't know whether I'm not even supposed to write in complete sentences. This is what I'm thinking right now, though. Is this because I'm typing at a computer or because I think in sentences? Maybe I think in sentences, but it seems like it would be a waste of time. Surely it's easier to label things as I would see them and without pronouns, verbs, etc. There are green and red squiggly lines correcting my grammar and spelling at the top of this paper. Think I should correct that? I'm not expecting a response by the way. I realize that any answer you may have I would receive far too late to correct any errors I might have. My first class of everyday is Latin. I only thought of this because I don't like/am not very good at foreign language and have a lot of homework to complete by tomorrow morning. Another squiggly green line. Damn. Oops, another. Perhaps you're wondering about the origins of my surname. Well, I'll tell you. My great grandparents (on my Dad's side) came here from Russia. Our name was Wachovsky. At Ellis Island they chopped it down to Wachs. My great, great, grandfather was a Lithuanian Rabbi who killed himself by trying to lift a cow over a fence. I get a laugh out of that. I never met my mom's dad. Actually, not even my dad met him. He died in his forties from cancer. Pancreatic I believe. My other grandpa died when I was 2 and a half. Interestingly enough, he ""retired from life. "" A week before he passed he took my father aside, his other son he was much closer to, and told my dad that he was ready to go. My dad got mad, ""What are you saying? You have two new grandkids, there's lots to see. "" Etc. , etc. He insisted he was ready and my dad was pissed off at him. Didn't speak to him the next week. His brother, my uncle, was in Las Vegas when he died. As much as it makes me angry, that's one of my favorite stories. My grandpa has always had a mythical aura around him and that tidbit only lends validity to it. I just found out a few months ago that he had another daughter with someone other than my grandma. My grandma knew, but didn't mindit was before they got married. My grandma also is dead and my dad and uncle knew very few details about it. When I got back from Las Vegaswhere I was told of the newsI looked through my Grandpa's old wallet, something that apparently everyone else forgot to do. There were only a few pictures in there. My grandma, my uncle, my dad, and this little girl with a blue dress. My grandma told my dad that Grandpa gave a blue dress to her on her 5th birthday. Speaking of favorite stories, I got a job back home at a video store. I worked there because I was enamored with the manager; she's only a few years older. But she's great, hilarious, beautiful, everything and there's no one who doesn't like her. Before she opened the store one day she was in the local Fry's supermarket and this older lady came up to her and said, ""You are beautiful. "" Meredith, the manager, said, ""thank you"" and went on her way. Then she realized the lady didn't have to do that and that was a very nice thing to do. So she went over to the florist, bought a bunch of flowers, found the lady, and gave them to her. The lady thought it was so nice that she invited her to dinner that night. I think that's a beautiful story. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_491597.txt,"Where do I start? It's funny how when you are actually telling yourself that you need to think of something that things like pink bunny rabbits come to mind. Why? Right now, I'm trying to reorganize my mp3 collection. I thought that if I added a few new categories like 80s, 90s, country, comedy, etc. , that it would be easier to find what I'm looking for when there is something particular I want to hear. I'm usually in an upbeat mood, especially when I have something to do (like school), so I like to listen to upbeat music. But there are times when only slow music like U2's ""Achtung Baby"" album, or other slower music from the 80s. When I like to listen to these slow songs, it's not like I'm in a depressed mood or anything, it's just that I'm thinking about something intensely personal, I guess. I know that when I was breaking up with my last girlfriend, I listened to this music a great deal. It also helps me to be creative. I have a tendency to write things like poems or short stories when I'm in that mood. So, question. Do I have to have a thoughtful demeanor in order to listen to the slow songs, or does listening to that particular kind of music put my mind into a creative thinking mode? Grin and Bear It. I'm a little intimidated by the amount of students I've come into contact with at this university. 50,000 people crammed into a fairly confined land space can make one feel claustrophobic. I like it, though, because everyone here is my age. There is an endless supply of new friends, new faces, new experiences, new situations. I could say that it's advantage of being so big is also a disadvantage. I've been to my Psychology and English classes a couple of times and have yet to see the same face twice in each. I don't know anyone in this city, so it makes adjustment a little hard. My family has moved around quite a bit, so it's not that I'm not used to being new to something, I just wished I had my best friend here to share it with. Andy. Big guy. Sings. Just like me. Likes the same music. Likes the same movies. Likes the same people I do, except when it comes to women. He disapproves of a great deal of my girlfriends. The few that he does like, I seem to like more, too. Strange, though, how those are the ones that move away or want to see other people. I'm hot. My air conditioner hasn't been working these past few days and the apartment people say that they're ""on it. "" Whatever. Some tenants left a note on the manager's office door (the manager has conveniently not been in, either), saying some pretty mean stuff. I think it's funny, but at the same time I try to put myself in the shoes of the manager. She has many things to think about, I'm sure, but still. 110 on the thermometer is no laughing matter, especially for someone who's not from around here. Not used to the heat. My bike needs to be adjusted. It doesn't shift gears the way it should. Up shifting seems to work fine, but when I down shift, the chain doesn't move crisply. I need to find a new seat, too. Maybe one with a little more padding. I hope the interview with Compaq goes well. Not only is it a big company that would give me lots of opportunities, but George Lucas. I want to work for George Lucas. ",n,y,n,y,y

2000\_493241.txt,"Last Saturday, my parents sold the house that I have lived in my entire life. Even though it has been on the market for over a year, I was very upset. It seems to me as though my family is falling apart. I have three siblings, and we are all located in different cities and have our own homes in these cities. And since the place that my parents are moving to doesn't have rooms for us, where I am right now is my home now. Where my brothers and sister live is their home now, and it doesn't feel like we are a family anymore. Because the definition of a family is someone who lives together basically. Even if we wanted to stay in the same place in my hometown, Amarillo, we couldn't. There are six of us in my family, and my parents only have one extra bedroom. My sister only has one extra bedroom, so half of us are going to have to stay at her house and half at my parent's when we are in Amarillo. It's so weird. I don't even know what I'm going to do when I drive past the house. I'll probably pull into the driveway not thinking. I do things like that all the time. Without thinking, one day, I drove to my best friend's house because I was thinking of her, and she wasn't even in town. I just have to look on the positive side of this move and remember that it is what my parents want. They are so excited about simplifying their lives, but it is just hard to know that we will never be that family again under one roof. My family is the most important thing in my life, and I don't want that to change. I guess my biggest fear is having the relationships that my parents have with their siblings. They were close friends with their siblings, and now they barely talk to each other. Now that my siblings and I are beginning to make families of our own, I don't want to lose any part of the relationship that we have now. I've gone through life making friends and growing apart, and it has been really hard on me, but my family has always been there. Without that solid relationship, I don't know how life is going to be. ",n,y,y,y,y

2000\_493416.txt,"I am supposed to write for twenty minutes while I track my thoughts. I am looking down at my watch right now to check the current time. It is 3:30, and unfortunately I have to miss my calculus discussion class at 4:30 due to a chemistry review for a test I have on Thursday, the 14th. Apocolyptica, a string quartet who plays music written by the rock group Metallica, is actually playing on my computer while I write this. I am also ripping one of my compact discs via my computer so I can listen to it while not actually having the CD in the ROM drive. Sometimes I like to think about how technology has changed in the last few years. It is absolutely incredible. In junior high school, I had no idea what the Internet was, nevertheless how to use it. Now, I sit at my computer and I will turn in this paper simply by pasting it into a box and clicking a small button. How does the information get to the desired location? I suppose the words are somehow converted into 0s and 1s using the binary number system. Still, the entire concept is simply amazing. What is in store for technology in the future? Hover cars? Now there is a concept. I come from Houston, which is not only the most polluted city in the United States but also has a mighty big traffic problem. I think I will switch my music to Beethoven. There we go. Anyway, with the help of cars that ""float"" above other vehicles, pileups would be significantly less common. However, there would probably be more accidents, for the concept of cars above a driver adds a completely new depth to driving. Now instead of just having to watch in front, back, and adjacent, one would now have to be careful of who was above him. This would definitely cause some major problems. Maybe hover cars are not such a good idea. The song has now switched to Holst's Mars. My friend Cody has the score to this piece at his dorm at the University of Houston because he is a music major. A bunch of my friends and I are going to see the Dave Matthews concert in Houston in a couple of days. I have seen the DMB perform two previous times at the Woodlands Pavilion, and they were incredible. However, the band has not come out with an album containing new songs in quite a while. They will be coming out with a new album very soon, so I assume they will play many songs from this album in this concert coming up. Well, twenty minutes has just expired, so I will sign off now. ",n,n,n,n,n

2000\_495087.txt,"Start. the question is how can I make a good grade in this class? most people are smarter than me so I have to try harder to make a better grade. I know nothing, that is all I know. I don't know what to say when I see a stranger so I do not speak. frustrated. confused. tired. lucky. healthy. homesick. lonely. but its all good ill be alright tomorrow right? fuck you big country you bitch. there are so many new people here its overwhelming. I am mute. I want to make friends but I do nothing. stupid. harmless. harmful. nice. relaxed. worked out. bored. nothing really to say to mom and dad just what I did today. can't talk about some of the other things because there is no need for them to be burdened by my troubles. but they would like to hear it anyways. maybe I will try talking to them. am I crazy? I hope so. its so much more fun to be crazy. like in catch22, which I just finished reading. its really interesting to mess with people the way yosarrian did. I miss paris. I love it and hate it but love it more than hate. everyone is connected to everything else. especially in paris. I don't know anything right? because I am from paris? I'm so sick and tired of people from Houston, Dallas, Austin, san Antonio trying to make me feel inferior and they know everything so much better than I do. but I come from a small town and know I know nothing. who is smarter now? I love the country. there is nothing like it. big city people are pop people. they are so one way and not another. all the cheerleaders dress like brittney, all the guys dress like Backstreet boys or some rapper from the east coast they wish they could be like. in the country its all different. anything goes believe it or not. everyone listens to everything. everyone can dress however the hell they want to on any day and no one think differently. that's another thing that confuses me. I'm from the country and I listen to all kinds of music. everyone I meet is pretty much into one thing and thinks the other stuff is lesser quality until I put some stuff on and they say oh I like that now. but they know more than me. jester is like Westgate. drugs are everywhere and easily obtained. you just got to know who to ask. I'm glad I ain't into that. I stick with some beer myself. its funny how beer is harder to get than drugs here and everywhere I've been. the government has their focus on the wrong areas. I don't know much about government because it was so boring to me in high school. I may not even vote in this election because I don't see a real point in it. someone else has narrowed down my options so evidently they got that far they can do the rest. I miss brother sid. it hurt me when I found out he had passed on but I didn't cry. I really liked listening to him speak in church. he had a real way with words and was very emotional. our new preacher is a lot different as was to be accepted but its still not the same. he tries to make things to complicated and show his intelligence when everyone knows you are suppose to preach on a 3rd grade level. but why is that? that's like saying hey you wont get very far in your spiritual education if you never get higher that the third grade. third grade was when I broke my ankle outside running and some black girls started laughing at me. I stayed in school the rest of the day and was tough you know, trying to act tough. I didn't cry the next year either when I really messed it up jumping on a trampoline. I cried when I couldn't play baseball though. that was when I was good at baseball. before I wanted to quit so bad and cried while I was playing. of course I had a lot of shit going on in my life then. adolescence can be a bitch. but I was lucky enough to make it through it and once I got out of my depression I haven't really been in one since. I get sad a lot and have notorious mood swings but nothing major. rosanne is a huge influence in my life. i've never heard anyone else say that. she's has a totally different approach to life. laugh at yourself in the mirror every morning. make fun of yourself before others do so they know it doesn't really bother you and they wont make fun of you for whatever. water. drink. wet. still thirsty after every drink. don't know why that is. can't get the taste of chips out of my mouth right now. taste always makes me hungry. but i've already ate so there is no need to now that I am full and don't need to eat. I wonder what lindsey is doing right now? I think I have figured her out. she likes to tell people what she thinks will sound good and never lives up to anything she tells me. but she's my friend still. my friends in paris have all moved away. I wonder what andrew is doing in Arkansas right now. he just moved the other day I think cause of crazy ass aliece. she gets weirder and weirder everyday. like stevens roommate russell. that boy is strange. he thinks he is Mr. badass and knows everything. I wonder if he knows he's a spaz. he said my car system sounded like shit. he's listened to good systems and mine is shit. first time anyone has ever told me that before. maybe its true but still I don't even know they guy that well and he's only heard one time but he knows. I'm stupid. my arms hurt. they need to be stretched. I wonder how long i've written for. my roommate likes to play videogames and turn the sound up loud. have some respect man. I don't do stuff like that to him. I'm glad everyone isn't like me. then id feel different. have you ever thought of life as a cartoon or wished you could do stuff in cartoons? it makes it much more interesting. it also makes me more creative I think. or crazier. but I like doing it anyways. I haven't had a square in 4 days now. haven't had a beer since i've been here. maybe I will but I don't really miss it. they were wrong when they said I couldn't have fun without beer. what were they thinking? what was I thinking. I wish I would meet a girl that meshed with me. but if only get my treated badly again. oh well I'm not going to change cause I know one day it'll get me the girl i've been looking for. FINISH ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_496987.txt,"Well, hello Mr. Paper. I am so happy to be here writing about what is on my mind. Where should I start. ""Start"", isn't that a funny word. About as funny as the guy next door because he is singing to some girly song. Well, this might be pretty long because I type pretty fast. My eyes are so tired. Sometimes I think my mind purposely pushes my eyelids down, hinting at me that I need to keep them shut for more than a few hours. Sometimes when I take deep breathes it hurts. ""Why?"" you ask. Well it is a long story. It doesn't hurt, but it puts a sharp pain in my left shoulder due to my car accident ( I won't get into it). So, I am a college student now. What does that exactly mean? I think it means I can finally be myself. I don't have to worry about what my parents will think. There is only one restriction still holding my true self down. My girlfriend that I still have, even though she doesn't even go to school here. She lives all the way over in Galveston, and I can't stand the way things are. I say that I am in love with her, but is that true when I am so happy to be away from her? Anyways, I say ""restriction"" because that is what she is right now. I literally have to check in with her, and she has to know everything I do. So I guess in a way I didn't get away from my parents. She took their place. So, I figure that as long as she is in Galveston, and completely attached to me, I have to have my fun here and then lie to her. I know it sounds bad, but if I were to tell her what I actually do here, I would have to spend endless amounts of hours on the phone with her because she would be so upset. OK, I am sick of talking about this. The women at this University are the most amazing I have ever seen. And I guess that is why I am having such a hard time with my girlfriend. I have never seen so many good looking women. I feel like I am in a candy store. And it helps that I am a good looking guy, because I get their attention. That sounds conceited, but I am an honest man. I know that some women are attracted to me, and I am attracted to many women. Also, I am highly flirtatious, so my girlfriend gets real scared with me being here. I just tell here all the girls are ugly. I brought a camera to school. I have some incriminating photos on that thing. I need to get those developed and locked away. Nothing too bad, but bad enough to get me in trouble with my girlfriend. You see, why does everything come back to her. I hate it. I don't want to have to worry about a relationship right now! But what do I do? I respect and love her too much to hurt her. So, I spend a lot of time trying to figure out what to do. Yet another thing I should be having to do. I just want to be here at college, go to class, study, meet people, have fun, and NOT worry about a relationship. Seriously, I have to get off this. Let's change the subject. I want to talk about cheese. Cheese is really weird. It comes from a cow, but how does it get to be cheese. I know there is an answer, but it is still a mystery in my mind. And then where do the holes come from? Are they bubbles of air, or did they just appear there, or did some kind of bug eat the cheese away? Swiss is my favorite. American is horrible. It just shouldn't be allowed. to be made. Cheddar is enjoyable. There are no other cheeses as far as I am concerned. They go great on hamburgers. With lettuce and mayo and ketchup, I can have myself a meal. Well, it is late and those little demons keep pushing my eye lids down, so I will end it here. It was wonderful to type on this lovely screen! ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_502904.txt,"The past two weeks have been extremely stressful. There has been so much going on, it has been hard for me to keep up with school work. I have not found much time for me to go out and relax. Although, I believe that the stress I have encountered is being relieved. As the school year progresses I think I will be able to juggle school, work and my friends. I have been getting a lot sleep. Even though I get plenty of sleep I still wake up in the mornings feeling tired and worn out. I don't know why, but I think I might be because I have been getting too much sleep! I think that is one of the main reasons I haven't been keeping up with my school work. This might also be the reason why I am stressed out. I have been so busy trying to catch up with the reading in philosophy. I went through provisional so I did not really get a summer vacation. So I want to slack off, but I know I cant. I do believe as time progresses I will be less stressed. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_506851.txt,"How's it going to be when you don't know me anymore, Janice is the person Phillipines dancing dia de los muertos the Doritos chip girl rain umbrella closet I want to be the creator I want to be the beginning the middle and the end there's so many ways to go about this gateway I remember that heaven's gate thing where everybody killed themselves committing suicide is not good the ut clock tower was closed not because of the shooting but all the people who jumped off got to go skydiving maybe I'll be accepted to that freefall program through rotc who knows will I be able to juggle all of these components of my life, will my paradigm be changed, my paradigm is my way of thinking has this already changed without me knowing over the past few days no because I have a journal to record all of my memories in all of my thoughts usually what I think is funny what is funny standup and make people laugh what a joy to entertain others my toe hurts I shouldn't have been trying to impress my roommates hopefully it will heal soon toes always heal fast think that way jeff and it will happen you can do it adam sandler is so funny do you have any chewing gum the alphabet stares me in the eyes as does the poo lying on my bedspread waiting to annoy me as I wake from my deep slumber it's not easy fitted briefs rule if I didn't have them life would be much harder but I feel like I am some sort of baby when I was a baby my first word was juice I miss Christine so much it all comes down to that it's the bottom line I need her to be completely happy or do I just need someone ideally her but I could settle for another it's so hard to forget her sure she's so far away but there's a great chance we could be together in the end all it takes is time dedicated to staying in touch pushing the right buttons keeping her interested without pushing it and smothering her I can do this so many girls at ut so many everywhere what's going on in their heads today I eave dropped on someone's conversation it wasn't real it was like the extras in my life holding a conversation for the sake of ambience just for background noise the convo had no substance no validity it was fake and I know that my life is some sort of show being played somewhere maybe everyone else is real in their own context but I am the center I'm sure that was a theory I learned in Siskovics senior year came and went like water under a bridge red Volvo I want to have a nice big truck like Travis Herzog and cruise around without a care in the world no stress I had to ride my bike to campus today what a drag went to the drag today didn't see the beggars what lovely incisors someone said but they weren't really there what o'clock is it what direction where am I going the world is spinning my neck hurts my toe hurts that is not the only hurt my body carries like a vessel of insanity I lurk about trying to find my ideal tag team wrestling partner what would he look like is there anyone out there that looks exactly like me I'm sure it is possible I mean James Wollums and I look so much alike and this was just San Antonio I want to hear her voice laughing and calling my name I want to see her smile glistening and feeling the same just feeling is an experience why do we all take our senses for granted it's not like you're the champ champ I can be a mean champ tom green just runs through my cells like a fox jumping over the cow who in turn is jumping over the moon what axiom said we no no but an epiphany turns me moves me out of insanity and I'm back on squishy Astroturf hearing smelling biscuits does a blonde tell jokes about brunettes the eyes are the window to the soul what is a soul I've never touched one or maybe I have and I just don't know it we can only comprehend so much and who is to say that we only use 11% of our brain how can they come to this judgment I could qualify anything and throw it into a book and it would be the authority, no? Of course not that is crazy horses running laps doing layups shooting baskets I miss it all if I could go back there just to smell the gym to feel the sweat on m jersey to hear the crowd as it cheers for my 2 free throws red hair bobby are you my butler no no fresh prince come again albertson's it's your store you see my thoughts have no grammar so screw you screw it where did this word come from who made it what phonetical background does it have I don't care exclamation point dear journal name your kids journal so that the whole world writes to them it's be fair game for them to open up any journal and say it's theirs to read why not snot allergies ah allegra my mind is so boggled by this I am infiltrated with media if I could get out if you only knew. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_511532.txt,"As I start my third semester at UT, I feel both excited and a little overwhelmed at once. First of all, I'm excited because this is probably the first semester that I feel truly comfortable with my life here. I am living with my sister which is so good for me. We get along really well and I really enjoy spending as much time with her as I can. Also, my exboyfriend is at UT with me now. He is now one of my best friends and it means so much to me that we are able to spend so much time together now. But fortunately the time that we did not spend together last year (because he was still in high school) was good for me as well. It enabled me to find out who I was before and become a more independent person before he came to join me here at UT. Because of our time apart, I made lots of new friends and was able to have a lot of fun even without him. So, this year, I not only have him with me, but I also have all the friends that I made last year so that I don't depend only on him. My best friend, unfortunately is not in such a good situation. Her boyfriend came to UT this year as well, but because he was away from her last year, she spent very little time at UT meeting new people and getting to know the campus and the city. She spent most of her time in Houston visiting him. As a result, this year, she spends all of her time with her boyfriend and associates with very few other people. Although, I know that she's really happy right now that her boyfriend is here with her, I realize that if something happens to her relationship with him, she will be left with very few friends to turn to. Since she made such little effort last semester to develop such friendships, I fear that she will feel really isolated if she is left without him. She barely even talks to me much anymore because she is so involved with him. But I try to hold this against her because I know that she is not trying to ignore me, but she just really enjoys spending time with her boyfriend. But other than that, I'm really happy with my social situation right now. It is a really good thing that I have this support of all my friends at this time, because I realize that this is probably going to be one of the hardest semesters of my college career. I am taking 4 architecture classes in addition to this psychology class. Three of these classes involves building models, drawing orthographics, and designing. Two of them involve large amounts of reading and writing papers. In the first week, I already am swamped. Although I know myself well enough to know that I will definitely finish all my projects, somehow I still stress out about them a bit, just thinking of all the work that they will involve and worrying about how many latenighters I will have to pull (especially when I think of the fact that I have 8:00 classes every day of the week!). And I would love to work this semester to earn some money to pay for all the projects that I will have to build because I know how expensive they get. But, I realize that with the huge load I have so far, working is almost impossible for me. If I could have my way though, I would work at a restaurant in town. I worked at Pappasito's over the summer and I really loved waiting tables. I met so many great friends and it was fun meeting new guests and serving them. I think the reason I loved it so much was definitely because of all the people I met. There were mostly guys that I worked with and they were all so friendly to me. We would always talk during the shifts and then go out for drinks after work. I got to know lots of them very well and even dated one for sure. It was really great meeting people that in many ways were very different than me. It gave me new perspectives and taught me new things about myself. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_515950.txt,"Entering college is a whole new experience that is new to me. One that is unique in its own right. An experience that begins a new transition from the home to a life of individuality and freedom. Being only three hours away from home, it didn't seem like I was breaking away on my own, but in actuality this is only the start of creating a new life for myself. After high school, everyone left there own way in seeking out a future for themselves. One friend would move to New York and another would move to California. The once click of friends that you grew up is now a long distance relationship creating friends coast to coast. Although UT is a new change for me, it is one that is welcoming because it begins a new chapter in your life and basically gives you a clean slate to work on. From this day forward, I am able to become whatever my heart desires and whatever happened in the past I can put behind as memories. The challenge is a great one however with its competitive nature. Back in high school, I would hear stories of friends failing out of UT due to its luring temptation of the atmosphere of clubs and alcohol. Everyone seemed to be lured into the trap and go deranged when they got on their own. I would hear stories of friends messing up in school and having to return home. These stories although depressing helped me however in establishing the goal that I would not be like the rest, but an individual. That's what UT is basically is, just a group of individuals all with the same goal, a goal of succeeding which is sad that some take it lightly and begin to ruin their lives. Its like its own community at UT. All students relatively the same age trying to create a future for themselves. I sometimes wonder if I have what it takes to succeed at UT. My mind is still in doubt seeing the enormous campus each day as I walk to class. But all I can ask for is for my best and that is good enough for me. Even though UT is a different city than my home town Dallas, I still feel like I haven't left Dallas in a way. With all my friends attending this University it just seems like Dallas all over again which is one of the reasons I was considering going out of State. It seems great to have a large number of your friends close to you, but in a way I have a desire to start totally fresh. Throughout campus, I would see students from my school walking up and down the street and sometimes wish that a whole new atmosphere was around me so that I can begin a life that is not attached to my old one. The University of Texas does however let you become any kind of person you desire with a new start even though it is kind of mixed in with the old. As for home, I sometimes wonder if my parents are doing well without me. With their constant calls and visits, it seems like they lost a part of themselves when they had to let go of me. So along with the stress that comes along with being a student at a UT, my stress also comes with the worry of how things are back home. Seeing my mom cry, tore my heart apart with the goodbye that completed my transition to UT. I notice how people don't show how lucky they are that they have an opportunity like going to UT but instead take it lightly as if its nothing when in fact thousands of dollars are being invested in you in hopes that you create a successful future for yourself. College is a whole new experience that allows you tremendous independence. It is my job that I spend my time wisely and take advantage of the situation in creating something out of myself. I see some of my friends just wasting their lives away on drugs and partying. I would like to do something for them, but their destiny is their own fate of what they and make out of it. All I can offer them is my support. Although fear did strike me before I entered UT, it now has turned into an excitement of a whole new world. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_518815.txt,"3:34 twenty minutes to write what I am thinking Well, I am writing this at a time when I should be in class, but at least I am doing my homework. Between reading the book and doing the writing assignments, I think I have this class covered. I must admit I hate missing class because there are so many hotties in the class. When ever I get bored listening to the discussion that is merely a repetition of info in the book, I can stare around at the hundreds of fine chicks in the class. Don't get me wrong the class is interesting, but that's my thought. The guy that is sitting next to me smells bad. I know him, and has just said hello, The only reason I know him is because he is in many of my music classes, and his girlfriend is Hot. Holy shit, she just came in here to talk to him. This is really fucked up. I am trying to evesdrop as I write this. He is telling her what to do. oh wait they are noticing me, she left. Why does she date hIM? He's so nasty. I'm hungry, I ate not to long ago, maybe I want a cigarette. Busy busy busy, have a trombone lesson at five, still have to get my instrument from the instrument NAZI. He was on the sick out we all hate him. Some dude I don't know came up to the guy next to me and pretended to be him girlfriend by rubbing his shoulders, It was funny, I am really starting to get tired of this, but hey anything for a good grade. I am thinking to much abbot what to write. what to think. I am hungry, I wonder what happened in class today I'll just read the next chapter of the book, I like the book it is interesting. Lots of people in the lab today, feel kind of weird writing, can't wait tell Friday, actually every day is good when I am not in class and don't have anything to do. The dude next to me started talking to me, I hate him, I don't even know what he said. Hey 3:54 see you bye ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_522291.txt,"Right at this very moment I am feeling very anxious and very stirred up. I am thinking about everything that is due this week and I am very nervous. Not the good kind of nervous that keeps you on your toes, but the kind that makes you want to vomit. I am sitting here typing this paper and not really knowing what I am going to write next. I am kind of stuck right now on what to type, but the assignment calls for us to write exactly what pops into my head while typing, and I guess this is it. I am thinking that I should be someplace right now I think that I may have missed something important all of a sudden. That is really scary. I hate that feeling. I am really tired right now and could really use a nap. I tossed and turned all last night and couldn't fall asleep. I woke up about every hour wondering where I was and if I had overslept and missed my class. Man I need some sleep. I really want to go home now, I am tired of this school already and I haven't even been here a week. I keep telling myself it will get better, it just has to, but I am really not sure of anything at this time. My life has been turned upside down, I have left the comforts of my house to come down here, and apparently I am supposed to be educated. I really don't think that I am going to be too much more educated than I already am. I think that college is just more of a matter of survival than skill. And I am paying plenty of my hard earned money to go here and be tortured like this. Man I wish my parents had enormous amounts of money so I could just come down here like some people and just play and have a good old time, but no I am here and I can't flunk out, because I am not able to drop any courses, or else I will not be considered a full time student. If that isn't stress I don't know what is. Anyways that seems to be my thoughts about the grand University of Texas right now. I have a feeling it might change within the next couple of weeks. It had better, or else I may not make it here. I considered just up and walking out and never coming back. It kind of seems like a bad idea. I am thinking also that I should not be having to write this paper if nobody is going to be grading it. I think it is a waste of my time. But apparently it isn't if it will help my grade. It seems really pointless to me that I have to write this paper for nobody. These walls are really green and who puts green and white carpet to cover walls. Walls are not supposed to be carpeted. I am the only person that is writing a paper right now and I think that I am being really loud. Nobody is saying anything but I know that they are looking over here watching and looking to see what I am doing making all that click click of the keys on the keyboard. Spanish is really going to kick my butt! I do not really comprehend anything and how I don't want to go to that class after I write this paper. I have about four minutes of writing left. What joy it brings me knowing that I am almost done with this assignment. What if I have done the assignment wrong? What if this is one of the papers the graders actually read and they think that it is bad and they give me a big fat F for my grade. ARGGGG! I think I am going to give myself an ulcer by the end of this semester! It seem like all I have on the brain is School school, school. I get to go to the Football game this weekend. Matt is going to come home and I get to see him. I guess that will be some fun. I am glad that I don't live in Stephenville. I need to call him either tonight or tomorrow and see where I am supposed to pick him up at on Friday. There is a picture of a paper clip with a light bulb over its head and it is winking at me. That is really irritating. They really need to take that off of the computer program. Who ever comes up with some of this stuff? I wish I could just sit in an office all day and come up with ideas about different things. I think that would be fun. I really need to spell check this document now. The weekend is almost here. What fun. The paper clip is asking me what I want to do now. A talking paperclip, who would have ever thought. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_532944.txt,"Okay, I'm not quite sure what to write. I'm sitting in the undergraduate library right now because I can't get my computer at home to get internet access. It is a pain to have to have to come all the way down here to use the computer, but on the other hand it's good because while I'm here I'm going to study some other class materials. Maybe coming to the library will motivate me to keep up with my studies. It's ten minutes until 9pm on Sunday and I can't wait to go to bed! I just got done working out and I am already a little sore. I had a good day today, I did a little shopping this afternoon, and then I got to see my parents. They were driving through Austin on their way home, San Antonio, from Fort Worth. We went to dinner and got to visit for a little while. I was happy to see them, but a little sad because the reason they went to Fort Worth was to see my grandmother, my mom's mom. She has breast cancer and isn't doing as well as we'd like. She's especially nervous today because she starts radiation all over again tomorrow. It's kind of tough to think about this because my mind starts to wander and start asking thousands of ""what if"" questions. What if she passes away? What is my grandfather going to do? How will my family survive? Luckily enough, my family is very close, so I know that everyone will find the support they need, but there is still no way to prepare yourself for these things. My mom says that she's more worried about how my two sisters and I are going to be when my grandfather on my dad's side passes. He's only 69 years old, but he has diabetes and doesn't take care of himself like he should. My body is weak right now, mainly from working out, but I can't help but notice that I feel like my body is ""sunken"" since I started talking about death. You'd think that I would talk about something cheerful, especially since I am a pretty cheerful person. I guess I just need to talk about my fears for a while. Well, the rest of my life is going well. I transferred here from Texas Tech and I am adjusting to UT and Austin pretty well. I definitely miss my friends from Tech, but I can always visit them. I'm in an incredible relationship with my best friend. Mark and I have been together for close to two years now. It's an amazing thing to find true love. It's kind of scary to think that this is probably going to be the guy I spend the rest of my life with, but without a doubt I cannot wait to spend the rest of my life with him. I feel like just yesterday I was starting high school, and here I am in my second year of college. God has given me some incredible attributes. I think I look up to my parents a great deal. They have been married for over twentyfive years and are going strong. It's an amazing thing to grow up in such a loving and supportive household. I think the most amazing part, is that the love and support does not end with my immediate family, it travels throughout my entire family: aunts, uncles, grandparents, cousins. If you can't tell already, family is definitely number one in my book, and it will continue to be that way. Well, I have rambled on and on for the past twenty minutes so it is time to go study and read. ",y,y,y,n,n

2000\_535579.txt,"why am I being forced to submit my consciousness to the ut psychology department? the entire situation is abhorrent. it is wrong that there is no reward for completing this assignment it is not part of the grade, it is only taken away from the grade if one does not do it. the current state of the field called psychology frightens and disgusts me of course, if my writing assignment is one the few that actually gets selected or enough words pop up on the screening, then this will probably unfavorably affect my standing. insulting one's life work is no good, but this is how I feel and know it to be. because I have a dangerous weapon called reason and psychologists can try to convince me that I am mistaken, but I do not doubt myself. the problem with natural selection is that has been warped, mutated almost like a cell becomes cancerous if it is tinkered with enough. we have tinkered with natural selection, tried to control it, and now it is selecting out the strong and protecting the weak. this I know. what to do about it? I don't. these negative things come to mind whenever I am faced with dealing with this psychology class and its insidiousness. it is a perfect example of hundreds of kids who should not be in college, do not want to be in college for the sake of learning having all of these dangerous misconceptions being dumped into their limp, willing brains. I have noticed how even a gap of two years can make all the difference. maybe it's not even a timerelation thing. again, it is that weak and deathloving portion of society that is being protected from this new, malignant form of ""natural"" selection. if this sounds disturbing, well it is. I don't appreciated being forced to submit and I emphasize that word, my consciousness to be at the disposal of the ut psychology department. this has nothing to do with my benefit. I could and do this often on my own time. but I am submitting this to them under the threat of punishment, and for what? I don't exactly know, and that makes it worse. I have few things of value in this world, but I do have my mind and my intellectual property. I do not appreciate being forced against my will to give it up to any random person who obtains a PhD. but that should further go to exemplify the way this newly dominant breed works. does this sound radical? very well, it sounds radical. it is radical. just as a ""serious"" presidential candidate playing with subliminal messages in advertising is radical and frightening, so is this. and the ridiculous thing about all that is bush jr or the experts he has hired to think for him are trying to subliminally affect a group of people that don't even have the power to elect him. a more productive way to sleaze into the white house would be to simply bribe the electoral college. how did we come to this state of affairs? by people refusing to think, I suppose. not being willing to think because of the discomfort involved. these are the people who should be selected out, yet are not. how did this come to be? I don't know. maybe television is performing some sort of mind control we don't even know about, as conspiracy theorist as that sounds. track my thoughts and feelings as they occur. what if I don't think in language? what if I think in images, sounds, smells, etc? how are you to know how I think? stream of consciousness is not writing. it is babbling onward and forward as a three year old would do. if animals could talk or write, stream of consciousness is what they would do. thank god, my time is almost up. I suppose I should say that I've never met a psych major that I liked or respected, since that is what just popped into my head. in submitting this, I suppose I am allowing whoever is analyzing this to do whatever they please, plagiarize, or otherwise. it is no longer my property, I have been forced to give up a part of my mind. so it can be categorized and used as someone's research and study. I will fit into the category of bitter, paranoid lesbian female from small town outside of texas, nonfreshman, English major. I have seen my life summed up by such words before, also by such people as yourselves. I suppose I should save this as the computer and website seems to be messing up right now. no way in hell I want to do this all over again. oh look time is up. I guess you won't be privy to my thoughts any longer. ",n,y,n,y,y

2000\_535643.txt,"Yesterday in class we talked about what different parts of the brain are in control with. One interesting part to me is the Occipital Lobe. Three years ago I was in a car accident, which I have fully recovered from, expect I have blurred vision in my right eye. Within a few months after the accident I went to many doctors to see what the problem was. One doctor concluded that my optic nerve had been jarred which can cause loss of eyesight. He said that after a year if my nerve turned white then that meant that this is what happened. He also said that I would never regain my eyesight in that eye. Now that it's three years later, there is still no sign that my optic nerve was injured and my eyesight has gradually come back but it is a very slow process. Another doctor could not reach a conclusion but he figured that it might have something to do with my brain. He told me that you could never tell if the brain can overcome such a catastrophe but the brain can do miraculous things. Sometimes during the semester I may come in a see what you think it could be because no one else seems to come to a conclusion matching another professional's opinion. I do not know if such a thing could happen to the occipital lobe so I would like to come in and see if just part of your eyesight can be affected if this lobe has damage done to it. ",n,n,n,y,n

2000\_536125.txt,"How should I start this? Writing about my thoughts and feelings is kind of difficult when asked to put them down into words. I mean, I think about things all the time especially when I am walking to class or trying to go to sleep. Right now I am at my friend Desiree's house and I am doing this assignment because I have not done any homework tonight, and I feel like I need to do something before I go to sleep. Desiree is so great! She is my best friend up here in Austin. When I think about how we met(we met in Chicago at a Youth Leadership Forum the summer after our Junior year of High School) and that we both came to U. T. , it astonishes me how fate works. I am a firm believer in fate. My mom always worries about me getting killed in a car accident or getting attacked or something, but I always tell her that a meteor could come through my ceiling at ten o'clock at night and kill me if God wants me dead. There is no stopping fate. But then again, maybe I put too much trust into fate. I always think that things happen for a reason and that if something is meant to be, it will happen. I think that is a good thing to believe. It gives you a positive outlook on life. When something bad happens, I always remind myself that it happened for a reason. This sort of thinking really helps me get over stuff. I bet that everyone who does this assignment ends up talking about love. I think that love and relationships are always on people's minds. I know that I think about it often. Wondering what my future husband is doing right now at this very minute or thinking about some guy that I like. I don't have a boyfriend in Austin right now, but in some ways I'm glad that I don't. I find that when I like a guy I end up thinking about him in class instead of paying attention to the class. That can really get me into trouble. Who knows? I really need to do well this semester. I am shooting for a 4. 0! I think that getting a 4. 0 would be awesome, and I am going to do it! I want to do it at least once before I graduate from college. That is one of my goals. That may sound kind of sad, but I really want to just to show everyone that I am here and I got a 4. 0. Even if it is only once, I want to do it. Well, my twenty minutes is up and I really need to get some sleep so I can work on getting that 4. 0 GPA. It was nice talking to ya whoever you are. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_538230.txt,"For the past couple of weeks, I have been wondering about one question: Why am I here? As I go from class to class I look around at all the other students just like me standing around like they are waiting for something. What are they waiting for? Should I be waiting for something? A lot of changes have happened to me in the past 3 weeks. As these changes take place, I wonder, ""I guess this is what everyone is supposed to do. Everyone gets caught up in doing what is expected from everyone else. If I were to ask someone as I walk by, ""Why are you here at UT?"" an overwhelming majority would probably reply by saying, ""I don't know"" or ""That's a good question. "" So with that said, I ask myself, ""Why am I here?"" I guess the reason for everyone to go to college is to make a higher salary than someone who doesn't go. If that is true then why is it that some of the richest people in the world did not go to college? Michael Dell is a prime example. He is not your everyday college dropout. He is making more money than probably 97 percent of college graduates. So is college a way of evening everyone out? Someone could have had big dreams of starting their own business and carrying out the American Dream; whereas someone else could be forced to go to college by their parents, end up graduating in the middle of the class, but still hold the same kind of job as the person who wanted the American Dream, but got it spoiled by being ""brainwashed"" in college. So what exactly does ""brainwashed"" mean? Everywhere I have been in college, there are professors talking about, ""When you graduate, you can get a job at a big important firm and then you'll be set for life. "" NONSENSE. I don't want to work for someone. Nevertheless, everyone starts to agree with these statements and go to a business, get an ok paying job, settle with where they are, and never look back to see where they took the wrong turn. I don't want to have to ""use"" my degree when I ""get a job. "" I want to hire other people to use their degree. On second thought, I'm glad professors tell college students to find a job with a big company when they graduate. That big company is going to be me. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_538992.txt,"""Stream of consciousness"" my brain is thinking. I am asked to write a short page analysis of this theme, a stream of consciousness. At least I am choosing to analyze this theme and expound upon it. To begin, I first want to break down what a ""stream of consciousness"" literally means. The first word stream could be defined as something(water, words, life) flowing in a forward motion. The word consciousness is the state of being conscious rather than unconscious, which is what you are when you sleep. When we go to class, drive our cars, and talk to friends we are of a conscious mind at least we hope so. Our conscious mind is active. We are aware and responsible for our actions. The opposite of the conscious mind is the unconscious mind. People use their unconscious mind when they are in a deep sleep or are in a coma, also termed as unconscious. A good example of being in an unconscious state of mind and not knowing or meaning your physical actions is sleep walking. While being in an unconscious state of mind people mysteriously jump out of bed, sprint outside, and run into oncoming traffic. The next day they have no recollection of the whole incident. So a stream of consciousness could describe your life when you are awake. We are in a constant, flowing forward stream of consciousness. We cannot reverse the hands of time and swim against the current. Our actions and words while we are awake shape our stream, our stream of consciousness. Our stream is filled with rocks, sharp turns, and one day we will fall off the waterfall at the end of our stream. ",y,y,n,n,n

2000\_550042.txt,"So, I'm sitting here staring at the computer screen. I wonder what I'm supposed to write about. Thousands of ideas enter my mind, but one completely stands out. My roommate is again in a fight with her boyfriend. How can one person have so much anger trapped up inside of them? How can one person be so hurt and so hurtful to or from another. I know that I sometimes get in fights with my boyfriend. But they are nothing like this. I just don't really understand her sometimes. She complains that they don't talk enough, but when they are on the phone they have absolutely nothing to talk about. What else is new, all she does is sit around in the room waiting for him to call all of the time. I go to class, come back, and there she sits still. I just can't do that. I mean, I'm dedicated and love my boyfriend, but not to the point of putting my own happiness and life on the line for one person. I don't think that I'm selfish, I feel like I have my priorities straighter. Except I happen to be the one without the degree plan that everyone else already has set up. I don't know what I want to do with the rest of my life. There are so many opportunities out there, how do you know deadon what you would like to be? My interests change daytoday. One day I want to do this, then the next day it's this other thing. The only sure thing and deadmindset thing that I'm involved with is my boyfriend. We've been together for a long time, and I've never felt as strong about anyone as I feel about him. We make all these plans for our future together that I hope come true. But they are only things that I want right now. I would love to marry this guy, I've been settled down for over a year now, and I'm happy this way. We both adjusted our lives for each other. I just wish the time was here. But I can't help to think of that continuous thought in the back of my head, of what if. I am extremely superstitious. I believe that there is a reason why we met each other, and every event that has happened since, has. But maybe I don't always get what I want because I'm supposed to meet someone else while he is not around. I have never been happier in my life, and I am always afraid of change. This move down here to college shuck me up enough. Now things are finally getting settled and I'm meeting tons of people, but I don't know whether or not I should dedicate my time to what I am giving it to. I make time for everyone, but not always for everyone. I keep a lot of time to myself. I hate having to turn people down, but it seems as if I am always doing that. Tomorrow my friend invited me over for dinner, and that should be a lot of fun. We have kind of lost touch, and it should be good for us to get back into the swing of things. Well, I think that has been twenty minutes. I hope you enjoyed my ""interesting"" train of thought. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_551546.txt,"I don't really know what to think about really anything. I mean some things are so clearcut and others just float off like there is no answer or any point in thinking about them. Why do I cry so much. Why do I need to talk so much why do I need so much. I don't know all the answers and I don' t know all the emotions either, but I do know that sometimes I feel different and like things aren't right. And how do you know when things are right. Is Brian right just because my head is telling my heart that he is cute and cool and what I maybe have been looking for? But then other things I just know are right when Lilly and are goof off and are being silly we have so much fun. But then how will they all think of me when they know the truth and is it really that big of a deal or is it because I make it a big deal. Oh my gosh it has only been three and a half minutes. What is wrong w/ me? My arms will fall off before I finish this writing assignment. But really who will know if I don't tell them but I want to tell people and have them love me and speaking of people I know and love I wonder how Kelsey is I hope she has made some more friends who are girls. I know that I can't be there but I hope that she does make some because she needs to realize she is more than just a body and a set of boobs to them. Or at least I want her to know that and maybe I should just say things like that. Wow my arms hurt. But I have been typing for a while already and the blinking light from AOL instant messenger is going to piss me off so I have to turn it off now. Ah. so much better. Now I can concentrate and not really concentrate wow I love paradoxes. I wonder if you should or rather could say paradox like with the funky ways of making plurals like alumnae and alumna and stuff like that. And is swang really a word when not used as a term for dancing or in the more rural and uneducated parts of the world. And in America how many places are really uneducated and how do we know that we are uneducated. I mean after all who are we to judge. I don't think that there is any person who can judge either other people or themselves. But we all do it and anyone who says that they are not judgmental are flat out lying. I mean really. I am going to try and move my keyboard to a new position to better accommodate my wrists and arms and fingers. I hope that I get a ticket to ou weekend. And better yet I hope I get a date. I would like to go there w/ Brian, but I don't know if he likes me or is just pressured by other people, like my friends, into thinking that I am some kind of cool. I wish I could just know but that is not my place. I don't get to know things. I think he feels obligated and just like the she daisy song I do not want to be anyone's obligation. I have too much pride and maybe I have so much it will hurt me, but I don't want to be anyone's' obligation until they decide themselves that they want to care for me. I don't want a person colossal who feels obligated to me because of what I have done or what people say about me or whatever I want some one who will want me. Why doesn't anyone want me or do I not let them see me and if I do let them see me am I risking everything I work for everyday to make sure that I have a pretty face to show the world but I seem so unfriendly sometimes like at meetings. I don't try and meet the girls especially the one who looks like Mel's sister because it makes me think bad things. But oh I am a horrible person. Why would anyone want me especially with all this bad karma and not that I believe in karma I just believe in the modern translation that it relates to the soul and goodness and badness and evilness, but I am evil and I have all these negative thoughts and I am not bitter though, at least I pray to God that I am not bitter because bitterness really does breed filth and hatred and unhappiness. I want to be happy and praise God with all of my song and being but all these things get in the way and other stuff and I am so unhappy about stuff sometimes. I just need to cry and I want a big comfy shoulder to cry upon and someone special to hold me tight and say that everything will be all right. that is from some song but that is what I want. I want the security of a guys arms wrapped around me but I know that is not really security that all that is is a cheap imitation of what God can give to me through Jesus. But I just right now would love to be wrapped up in a great big hugpreferably with Brian around me, but I don't know. I hope I don't get obsessive about him like I did with Tony and with Jonathan and so many other people. I just think that things are good and that I feel really comfortable around him but at the same time he reminds me of all the boys I hung out with that were Bass's friends. And that is cool because they were cool but I don't know if I am deep down cool enough for Brian and all of his friends or if I want to try. But I do, but only if it is the right thing and if it is then God will bring it together but I know that I have to do my part and pray and think of what God can do and not worry about other things but it all works out in the end. God keeps us safe. It all works out. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_551702.txt,"When I first thought about the stream of consciousness writing assignment, I figured my natural stream of consciousness would deliver my views on life and the issues that apply to the everyday. However, all I've been able to think about in the past twenty minutes is a girl. Her name is Kaylee. We became close towards the end of the summer before I came back to Austin. She lives in Dallas so its hard to get to see her very often. One date was all it took. I mean I've known the girl for years, but it became different after this one night. Kind of going from childhood friends to, I don't know, maybe something romantic. If I had known anything was there, I would've stomped on this opportunity a long time ago kind of like if I had known that there were 5 very essential vitamins in California Style Sunny Delight, I would've drunk that my whole life instead of orange juice. When did they come out with Sunny Delight anyways? I don't think it's been around for my entire life but probably pretty close. Possibly when I was five or six years old. At any rate, I always think to myself could this girl be the one? She's beautiful to start with, and besides that, she's just amazing. I can't spend enough time with that girl. Just going to the playground and swinging with her makes me happy. I got a call from her the other day saying she was going to come see me next weekend. This could possibly be why I haven't been able to get her out of my mind. I really can't wait to see her. Possibly more excited than going to Chile next summer. I'm just packing up my bags and heading down there to see if I can land a job at a local ski resort. I've always wanted to ski bum for a season, so I figured this would be a good chance. And being that the summer in our hemisphere is winter in their hemisphere, it works out having all summer off. I was actually stressing about this all day being that it has to be in by 5 o clock. I'm leaving for College Station sometime today and I have got so much to do. A police officer gave me a speeding ticket two nights ago on Riverside. Now I have to take defensive driving and get my car inspected to get out of this ticket. And this, piled onto everything else that is going on. I'd say my stress level has recently risen to a 7! Nonetheless, I'm getting out of town this weekend and probably the next too. The swells are getting up to 6 feet on the Texas gulf coast this weekend which is unheard of around here, so I want to get out and catch some waves before they recede. Surfing just makes me relax puts me in a zone where there are no worries. Soccer doesn't do that for me. I played all my life and it was very fun but also came with a lot of pressure. There were many reasons I guess, but I just played to play, not to win a state championship or anything. Well I guess my twenty minutes are up, time to take a shower! ",y,n,y,n,n

2000\_552630.txt,"Wow, that psychology chapter is really long. I am so mad at myself for letting myself get so far behind already. Hello, it's only my third week of school and I am already more behind than I ever want to be. I wonder if typing on my computer bothers Gina as much as it bothers me when she does it. Do I have enough selfdiscipline to make myself catch up on all this stuff or am I just going to keep procrastinating until I absolutely have to get it done, like the night before a test. I really hope I can make myself catch up because then I can go out and have fun and not have to worry about what I have to do when I get home. I don't know why I let that bother me so much. Last night, I wasn't really having any fun at all and they all said it was the funnest party of the year. I wonder if it's because I didn't get completely wasted or if it's because I don't like their idea of fun, or if I was just in a bad mood. And why would they think there's something going on between me and Gerardo. EWW! I mean he's nice, but come on. I thought this wasn't going to be like high school. Shouldn't I be able to be friends with a guy without everyone thinking there's something going on between us? Eww! Oh, well. I hope I have more fun with them soon. I would hate to have just joined this organization that they all seen to be totally into and me just not like it at all. I want to be able to gush about how much I love it to all of my friends and family back home and the ones here. What if it turns out I hate Longhorn Singers? That would really be a shame. What if I can't find any organizations I can really get into here? Like the whole dance thing. I looked at UT Dance Team and they looked like a drill team trying to dance with really bad choreography. And the Roustabouts just seems a little too provocative for me even though I think jazz is so fun. Why does it have to be all about sex (as Bryanne says) I really want to take some kind of jazz class because I need to expand my horizons so I can move to New York or Los Angeles and be a dancer on Broadway or a backup dancer for some music artist or in someone's music video. Would it be great if I could just dance and sing and get paid enough money for it that I could live comfortably? If that was guaranteed, I'd be there in a heartbeat. I wonder if this is what I'm really passionate about. All the advisors and professors here keep telling us to find something that we really love to do. I mean I have so much fun when I dance and perform in front of people and to just learn new dances and watch myself in the mirror all day would be paradise to me. It would just be fun a job of pure fun. But, come on, who really gets to do what they really want to do. Who really wants to be a lawyer or a garbage man? People do what they do to make money and I think that's so sad, but I'm one of those people, too. Money is important to me. It doesn't rule my life but it is definitely a factor. I don't want to work my butt off at something and not get paid what I deserve or what I've earned for it. And our society is just completely out of whack. Why do basketball players get paid millions of dollars and still miss free throws? Why are teachers so underpaid? They should be some of the highest paid people in the world, I think. Because of them, we are able to learn. We would be nowhere without our teachers. That's such a shame. It pitiful that our society is that out of touch with reality. Just look at Hollywood. What a mixed up place that is, yet it looks like so much fin to me. I would love to be famous. To have everyone in the world or at least in the country know who you are and idolize you and you be a role model to them. That would be a blast. All you would do is socialize all day and make the occasional movie here and there or pose for a few magazines. Go to awards shows, and travel. I want to travel so bad and learn all different foreign languages. But I don't want to learn them part way. I want to be fluent in the way that I don't use words in the wrong context so that people in that country think I'm stupid like we do when someone can't speak our language correctly. I wonder what that would be like to change cultures. No one would know anything about you or your past. Like Ludwig. You could be a total loser/reject in our society and be a heartthrob/most popular kid in school in another country. And you're kind of mysterious because no one knows any thing about you. ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_553353.txt,"I had to wait until today to do this assignment because every time I wanted to do it or remembered to do it, my boyfriend Michael was in the room. I didn't feel like I could do a true stream of consciousness assignment if I knew that he was going to look over my shoulder at any second. I guess I knew that my mind was on other things besides him at the time; stuff that I didn't want him to know about. He would kill me. Not in the literal sense of course but in any case, he would be destroyed. If I told him what I was thinking it would be the end. I don't want it to be the end. I'm not saying I don't want it to (I've got mail, and I really want to check it, but I'm going to keep typing) go on forever, but I love him enormously and if I told him that while he was gone for an evening I slept in another guy's bed and we ended up fooling around. that would obviously not be exactly great for my relationship with Michael. I've always been big on honesty, but why can't I bring myself to tell him the truth about what happened between Damian and I? Maybe because he'd ask why and I'd say that I'm not even really sure why. That's a big problem with our conversations. If he asks me why or what's wrong (he says ""what?"" a LOT) I can't ever give him a straight answer because if there is something wrong then I usually can't pinpoint it enough to describe it and if I attempt to describe it, then it usually comes out sounding wrong and then he'll bring it up later because he's like an elephant. he never forgets. So I'm still trying to figure out why? Maybe I needed something exciting. I've known Michael for years and we've been dating for over 8 months. I was never really physically attracted to him, but only later I was because I loved him. The first time I met Damian I almost stopped in my tracks. I don't know why. maybe it was because the first time I saw him was when I walked into a friend of a friend's apartment (he's my friend's friend's roommate) he had his shirt off and was working on his laptop. After that night I couldn't stop thinking about him and I heard (dang it, why didn't I put an away message for my instant messenger. That friend of mine that I was just talking about IMed me but I told her I had 10 minutes left so I'll talk to her later. probably about this assignment and because we've been discussing this Damian issue) through the grapevine that he was attracted to me too. The next time I went over there I didn't really talk to him much. but the third time I was sitting on a couch watching movies with them and he sat next to me and we could tell that the chemistry was definitely there. After that we started emailing each (okay taking the towel off of my head. or maybe not, my hair's not quite dry yet. I'll just unwrap it) other. Then the night two weeks ago that Michael went to a concert, I went to Damian's apartment with my friend and we all hung out. Nothing too spectacular. I didn't intend on staying over but I developed a paralyzing headache and by the end of the night I was so sick that I couldn't move, much less drive. The guys offered to let me stay at the apartment so I wouldn't have to drive home and the rest is history. I felt so guilty lying in bed with him though. He had asked me if he could get in bed with me and I said yes. I said yes. I didn't move away when he put his arm around me or when he started rubbing my back. I didn't look at him when he started pulling me closer to him but I didn't pull away either. I was very still when he kissed my forehead, but I didn't tell him to stop there. Why didn't I? Because I wanted it. But I have a loyal, devoted, loving, honest, wonderful boyfriend already. Why did I want this, or think I needed it? It was thrilling. Even though Damian was a bad kisser. It was like kissing a large mouth bass. Eventually I gave in and snuggled next to him with our bodies nicely intertwined. It wasn't really sexual. For the most part. This is making me sound horrible. I probably am horrible. Yeah, I am. This was cheating. And by not telling him and by still communicating with Damian via phone now and still email, I continue to be deceptive. Damian doesn't even want an attachment because he travels a lot for his job and may even be moving to London at the end of the year. And I don't love him. I don't really know him. I've hardly been around him except for three or four times. We've had two meaningful conversations. The whole concept of a relationship with him is silly. Yet I haven't been able to stop thinking about him since I met him and wondering about him, etc, etc. I just had to fix my towels because they were falling off of me (just got out of the shower before I started this). My palms are kind of damp, not good for a laptop probably. Okay, it's been more than 20 minutes so I'll stop now. I wonder why I wrote a confession of sorts. And I wonder if anyone will actually stop to read this. I'd better not save this, just in case Michael finds it. I'm terrible. ",n,y,n,y,y

2000\_553656.txt,"Boy Bands They suck big time. I'm listening to the radio right now and one of the 50 is on. I do not see the huge interest in them. They all seem fake since New Kids on the Block. They were the original hotties! I can't tell if it's my allergies or if I'm getting sick, but my nose has been running ever since this past weekend. I got to go see my niece and nephew this weekend. I really enjoyed that. For once I got to go out of town on Labor day. My parents always said next year, or later this year. I'm amazed we got out of Texas this year. We were supposed to go to Italy this summer, but that fell through. Then we were supposed to go to New York, and that didn't feel right. Then we all finally decided on Orlando. My brother was going to bring his girlfriend and we were all going to have a great weekend break from the routine. That didn't work either. We ended up cutting that one to. Finally we decided that it was our turn to go to California to see my nieces and nephews. It was fun, but they sure are weird. I have an older half brother, an older half sister, and an older halfhalf sister. We really aren't related, but we are still pretty close. We have a lot of fun together. I don't talk to my half sister anymore. She's a bit. Sorry. She's mean and selfish. She told me that I stole her dad from her. She has some serious problems. She has to be the center of attention, and she's always trying to be better than everyone else. If something good is happening between two people she has to stir things up. She's a complete brat. She's too used to getting everything her way. I hope my roommate can't see up my shorts. I don't know if this is something that happens with time, but I really don't like underwear anymore. I don't understand how some people can wear the granny kind of underwear. Sorry if I am offending you. But hey, this is my stream of consciousness. I'm really looking forward to this class. My mom had a lot of fun teaching it. I've always wanted to be like her in some way or another. I've always looked up to her. Somehow she is always right. There are the few occasions, but for the most part she's always right. Sometimes it makes me sick. I'm running out of things to talk about. Hmmm. I miss my friends from Wimberley. I'm a freshman. So many of my friends went to different schools or are still in high school. I was the oldest in my group of friends. My parents keep telling me how some of the girls are looking up to me, and want to be like me when they get to college. I love to hear that kind of stuff. It really keeps me in check. Yeah! One of the songs I always sing with a girl I hung out with all summer is on. It's weird, but it seems like juniors and freshmen always hook up. I don't mean like going out, but also in just hanging out. It seems like there's always two years in between close friends. I have a friend who just turned 16 and she is so pumped. I feel really bad, because her mom and step dad are getting divorced right now. She just moved from her last home. I'm pissed at her step dad. He said that he wanted a divorce because he felt he wasn't providing enough for his child, which is crap!. He gave her everything she ever asked for, plus some. So now he has put my friend, her mom, and her brother out in the cold. He's a jerk. I'm not going to go any more into this subject. I'd get too heated. This time has really passed pretty fast. I'm surprised! I don't get why people drink alcohol. I just don't get it. I have plenty of fun sober. Sometimes more fun than my friends have, and they have hang overs the next day. It makes no sense to me. Being sober's the way for me! Well, this was fun. I'll chat with you later! ",y,n,n,n,y

2000\_554253.txt,"As I write my first writing assignment, I can't help but notice the time: 5:55pm. As usual, my radio is on. It only takes away the silence in my apartment. Blank. My head is blank. Empty. With nothing to say or write about. This has never been a problem before. In high school, there was never silence. Maybe I was always too busy to hear the silence. Now, it's a part of my life. At certain times last year, I could hear it. Weird, seeing how it was my freshman year in college. This year is my second year and I seem to hear nothing but silence. I am still involved in the same activities as last year. Perhaps, it's a sign that I'm finally growing up. Another weird concept. I am thinking that I like silence. Deep down, I do believe that I am a loner. In high school, who would have thought? A loner should be lonely, right? But I am not lonely nor am I ever bored. I like to do things by myself. I think that's it. I don't need anyone. I don't need companionship nor do I need to be felt needed. Awww. to much of the word, ""need"". No more. I am happy. I am content. I am selfassured. I told my mom once that I was a loner, but I can't remember what she said. I don't think she even responded to me. Funny thing though. I know I want to be married someday. Now, how would a loner accomplish something like that? I socialize very little these days. My mind is always on school and my studies. I just want that medical acceptance letter in my hands. That is all that counts. Well, not all. My family counts too. They mean more to me than anything. My little brother is here at UT. (he's no longer little anymore) I'm hoping he enjoys his first year. I know I did. So many memories to reminisce. Time: 6:11pm. My goal this semester is: 4. 0 GPA. I really need to bring up my GPA from first year. And my goal next semester is: 4. 0 GPA. My uncle always says, hard work will always be paid off in the end. Consistency + Confidence = Success. 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0, 4. 0. I hope I can do it. I hope I can do it. I hope I can do it. I know I can do it. I hope I won't be behind in my classes. Especially in that chem. Class. It seems like a really hard class. I can feel those late nighters already. Time: 6:15pm. ",n,n,n,y,y

2000\_554818.txt,"I am so mad right now. I have tried so many times to go to the Internet site for this class, and it says error. The URL. I am upset. This thing is due Friday. So now I'm in word, waiting for the stupid site to be fixed. I just got off the phone and the conversation made no sense. There was a party in the town I am from, and some guy got stabbed and died. He was 35 and from San Antonio. The weird thing is that no one knows who stabbed him. Now to me this makes no sense. They were at a PARTY. There are usually people everywhere. Oh well. I have a lot of stuff to do. Me and Allison are going apartment hunting tomorrow. It's weird, I've only known her since I moved here in August, and already we are good friends and plan on living together next year. We want to live at Orange Tree because it's cute. I looked on the Internet for some info on it, and there is none. I think it is stupid that we have to go apartment shopping in September for a place we won't move into for almost a year. Oh well, we are doing it now so we don't get screwed. I was just talking to Corey, my cute boyfriend, and I was telling him about the pleasure center in mice and how different it was from humans. I always tell him what I've learned in class because it helps me remember it. I feel sorry for him, I wouldn't want to hear it if I were him. He's so nice like that. I ordered cookies last night from Tiffany's Treats, they deliver freshly cooked cookies to your door. Anyway, I was in a friend's room at Hardin Housewhich I hate and we were talking about boyfriends and stuff. I told them I want to get married on November 19, 2005 to Corey. They laughed and asked why, so I told them. We've actually talked about marriage, and we both love each other that much, so it's cool. We want to live together in a couple of years. Actually he is going to live near us at Orange Tree if at all possible. He has a brother who is a year younger, Codey, who is a pothead. He has a girlfriend Amy, who I don't like. She's only a freshman in high school, but she doesn't belong with him. Corey and Codey are total opposites. I have a lot of work to do. Tonight I have to do calculus, read for my freshman seminar, and do my Italian work. I got a quiz back today from that class, and I got a 75. I was so upset. I'm used to A's. Italian is not a required course for my major, so I was wondering if I could take it pass/fail. That would be good, then it couldn't bring down my GPA. I need to ask some one about that. I hate my roommate and suitemate. They are so damn loud. Caroline, the suitemate has people over now who are very loud. I like it quite, but that doesn't happen here at Hardin House. I went through rush this year and got a bid from A Chi O, but I decided not to pledge. I am glad I didn't because they are out all of the time, and I'm taking 16 hours this and every other semester. I want to finish in three years, so I have to take 16 hours every semester, and 6 in each summer session. That's cool with me though, since I don't feel really comfortable here. My dad is an accountant for the Floresville ISD, in Floresville, TX. We don't have the major bucks, which is totally opposite from the girls that live here. We aren't poor by any means. I have a 2000 Eclipse which my dad got me for my birthday last year. My brother is premed here at UT. Actually, he's supposed to graduate in December. He took an extra semester to take some business courses. He's really smart, but he likes to party. He was a Fiji, and that is just a synonym for partier. I don't like to party much at all. If I didn't have Corey, I'd probably party, but I'm just not compelled to get drunk on Friday and Saturday and spend Sunday recuperating. That is not my idea of a good time. It used to be though. My sophomore year, I was the party queen. I have never done drugs in my life. No pot, coke, or anything. I did drink a lot, but I don't anymore. The last time I got drunk was a ""Roundup"" in April. I threw up on my own shoe. Needless to say, I don't do that anymore. Corey has never been drunk before. He's so innocent to meet, but only I know the ""real"" him. I think that's cool. I just got an email from my exboyfriend. We dated for almost a year and a half, but I had to break up with him because I liked Corey more. Me and Corey will have been together for 10 months on 092000. He's so wonderful. I'm obsessed with him, which is okay by me. I'd do anything for him. My birthday is the day of the Houston game. My family is coming down and so is Corey (he's only a senior). We are planning on going to Hudson's on the Bend, which is one of my absolute favorite places ever. We ate at the Oasis on Friday. We got lost, but it was still fun. I was so scared when we got to my brother's house. He lives on the east side of 35 which is really scary. We were trying to unlock the door, and a car parked across the street and watched up get in. ",n,n,n,y,n

2000\_555436.txt,"From what I gather, I'm supposed to sit here and track what I think as I think it. At this moment, all I can seem to think about is how I missed BA101 earlier today. I went to Calculus, which ended at 2:00 pm, and I was supposed to go to BA101 at 5:00pm. In between this three hour period, I went to sit with a friend while he ate lunch, followed by going up to his room to get a copy of a virus scanner and a game. In doing so, I completely forgot that I even had another class. I ended up watching and playing a video game. I came back, feeling just fine, when my roommate asked, ""Did you go to class?"" I actually had to stop and think, ""Did I have a class to go to?"" Of course, as I've said, the answer was ""yes. "" Now, I can't escape this panicked, empty feeling in my chest. If there's one thing I generally take pride in, it's my academic ""excellence. "" Part of our grade in the class is based (Of course, I had to miss one of my whopping two classes that actually take attendance!) on participation in discussions, etc. One can easily infer that you might actually need to be there in order to take any part. I already participated one event for the five we can have for extra credit, but I don't know if that will cover the points I'm sure to have lost for not going to class today. Incidentally, the way we are awarded points in that particular class seems asinine. Some of the time, we're in small discussion groups, and other times we're in a large auditorium for lectures. Anyway, while we're in our discussion groups, we're awarded ""x"" amount of points per period based on whether or not the TA feels, at that moment in time, that you've contributed something useful to the group. This is silly because sometimes people just plain don't have either an opinion or much of any knowledge on the topics they may present. Also, if there is something that can be said, it may be declared by someone else before the opportunity to speak presents itself. The grading for our larger project seems to lack sense as well, but we haven't actually started it, so I don't know all that it entails. Now that I've gotten that out, I feel a little bit more relaxes about my predicament because I seem to recall that the amount of points one can receive per class is minute in comparison to the project that is yet to begin. Plus, there is that extra credit. I'll have to be sure to get all the extra credit I can. From what I've been told by those who've actually taken the class, it's supposed to be an easy ""A. "" Even still, I'm not starting off on the right foot. This was only our third class day. It's a onehour course that meets, for me at least, only on Thursdays. That's a good thing and a bad thing. It's good because there's plenty of time in between class days to get all the goals accomplished (if you make it to class and actually know what those goals are. ). It's bad because now I have a whole week to think about today's ""event. "" I must stop now. I set an alarm, and my twenty minutes are up. ",n,y,y,y,y

2000\_555854.txt,"Sitting here in front of my large window, I notice the rays of sun filtering into my dorm room. Everything feels fresh and clean, except for that pile of clothes laying next to my bed. I love warmth any form of it actually. Sometimes I wonder why my hands and feet get so cold. Does my heart not pump hard or fast enough? My old special boyfriend used to tell me, ""cold hands, warm heart. "" That was something his mother used to say. I guess she had cold hands too. Right now, I am wondering about my present faith and how that should impact or change my actions and choices. I am no way questioning my faith in God, but instead, how such faith should be transforming me throughout this transition period that I am experiencing. For instance, ever since going through rush and pledging, I have been put into many situations that I am not normally used to. Basically, my biggest concern is partying and or drinking. For me personally, I feel that alcohol is something that I really don't need to have fun. Then, why did I go against my believe and have a drink anyway? After confronting myself in front of my god of such temptation and hypocrisy, I have done much better. Going to the parties, I merely say, ""No thanks, I'm fine"" when offered the drink. I am so blessed to have the friendship of Jeff. It's funny how close or connected you can feel to somebody when you've only known them for a couple of months. Some of my friendships that have lasted for years are not nearly as close as the companionship that I am experiencing with Jeff right now. The only problem is that I feel myself really starting to like him. Actually, in reality, deep down I have what they call a ""crush"" for him ever since we met at the Christian camp that we worked at together. I'm not sure what he thinks he is so incredibly complimentary to me, so I have the suspicion that he may reciprocate some of my feelings. All of our discussions circle around God and Jesus. I have never known anybody so passionate for their believes. Overall, it makes me feel like I should be moving in a different direction, a higher one with my relationship with Christ. This takes me back to the partying scene What I see there is not glorifying God or His name. Yet, if I can, in some way, glorify His name while I am there, then my actions will coincide with my believes, right? In a way, the only thing I can count on is prayer and patience. It makes me think of Moses and his life in Egypt. By faith and trust in God, Moses and his people passed through the Red Sea. I have faith in my Lord that He will provide me with direction and strength, like he promised to Moses in the Bible. This leads me to think about my education. Sometimes I wonder what my future will be like What am I going to major in? How many years of college will I attend? Will I have a good job? Will I be married? Will I have children? the questions are endless and sometimes it can even be entertaining to imagine how things will be. I've noticed that when I think about things like this, I always see the fairy tale side of the story. I see myself with a wonderful education, a highpaying and fun job, an incredible husband, and three cute and perfect kids. This fairytale imagination of mine can lead to bad things or to a lost in the grasp of reality. I remember going into high school coming from a small, private middle school and thinking that I would be playing varsity everything, would have tons of new friends, and I even thought that I would be dating a cuter, older guy. Well, this was not the case. Things happened very differently. I ended up, by the end of my high school career having all of these things, but in a different way. I had six very close girl friends (not tons), I had a special guy in my life (actually a month younger than myself), and I made varsity softball (after two years of working really hard). Yet, looking back, I am so incredibly pleased as to how my life has traveled so far. So, looking ahead, I really must understand that as much as I want to pave the way for myself, that sometimes things happen differently than planned. Yet, there is a reason and there is a plan. Even when negative things occur, there is some kind of positive outcome, whether it's realized the next day or ten years down the road. Bad things are going to happen it's inevitable, but it's essential to try to look at things in a different light, a ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_556086.txt,"I have never considered myself a good student. I never studied in high school, and did not expect anything to change once I got to college. Now I find myself in my dorm doing my homework in advance. I wonder to myself, why? I am not the type of person to do things in advance, but now I am. I think the overwhelming challenge of college has presented itself to me. I used to be the person that would drop anything to go party, but now I'm in Austin, were there are many parties, but I am in my room typing a paper that isn't due until Friday, and it's only Sunday. I think that college has changed my way of thinking and acting, and I want to know why? I find myself wanting to learn, instead of having to learn. The thought that all of this studying will make me a smarter person, instead of just help me pass the test is actually a refreshing one. I still wonder to myself, why is this change happening now? Is it the transition from high school to college what is driving me to be a smarter person? I think that the challenge of studying and making good grades is actually helping me to become a better person. Or am I becoming a better person? Because of so much studying, and the quest for knowledge, I have less time for the people that I love. So is this good for me, or bad for me? Why do I study better when I am back home in Temple, TX? Is it because there are less distractions? In one hand there is Austin, where there is so many distractions, like Sixth Street and parties. In the other hand there is Temple, where all my friends are and all of the hometown parties. I have no idea why I study better when I am at home. I hope these are questions that I can answer after taking this course. I have never wanted any thing as bad as I want a 4. 0 this semester and I don't know why. This is good for me, but why the sudden change. For some weird reason I can not quit asking the question, why do I want to study so much? The key word is want. I do not feel that I have to study, but instead I feel that I want to study. This is such a leap from where I was only a few months ago. Have I done myself harm by changing so rapidly? Will this wear off after I get accustomed to being in college? I hope that it does not, because I like the fact that I want to study and do well in school. Why did I not find this way of thinking in high school? If I had would it have made a difference? I am not sure what made me such a different person in high school, but I would love to know, what was the catalyst behind this tremendous change in my attitude. Is there anyway that I could have caused this change if I had wanted to? I do not think so. The jump from high school to college is what has caused me to be a better student. Why do we as humans look back at things that we have done in the past and wish we could change them? After all it was us that did them. How can we now look back at a situation and make a different decision? I tend to look back and wish to change things, but then I think to myself, that I was the one that made the decision in the first place. I don't know what causes me to look back so often, but I think that I reflect more often then others. Is it because I was happier at the time that I am reflecting? I feel the same know as I always have, but I am a more serious person. I am a happy and easygoing person, by nature, but when I am going to school, I feel more uptight than usual now. I used to look at school as a time to hang out with friends and goof off, but know there is none of that, I am only here for one reason, to do a good job. Hopefully this will carry over to when I get a job and am supporting a family. I think that this attitude will help me to be a very hard worker. I find it relieving to write as I just have for 20 minutes. Actually I went over the time because it was so interesting that I was thinking in this way. I did not know that I had so many questions about myself, until I sat down and wrote about them. I found it easy to ask myself questions without giving answers. Maybe after taking the Psychology class I will be able to answer some of my own questions. ",y,n,n,y,n

2000\_556251.txt,"I'm thinking this is a different assignment and that it is going to be hard to just let thoughts come in naturally, since I am used to having a specific reason for writing. I always shake my leg. Yes, I do it all the time, like it is a nervous reaction. I think I am tense to often, always worrying about what I need to be doing or what I should be doing. I am trying to relax right now so that I am not tense. Stress keeps being the topic of discussions in my classes, Health Promotions, (eeh. my leg is shaking again!) Nutrition and Psychology. These classes seem to be overlapping each other a lot during subject matter. I don't know why I kept avoiding this assignment. I have been putting it off. I think I feel incompetent when it comes to writing. It's not something I would consider myself skilled at. Yes, writing intimidates me. I shouldn't think that I am so inferior. I bet ya'll don't even read these. hmm I wonder if you will read that sentence. Maybe, maybe not. Should I be using proper grammar and punctuation because I really like to go like this yeah I do it all the time when I am conversing over the Internet. The Internet. I'm suspicious of the Internet. It can't be all that good. I spend way too much time online. Just another distraction in this world that leads people away from the important things in life. I cannot possibly write all that I am thinking about, because random thoughts float in and out of my head and I can't type them all. And I forget them by the time I finished what I was typing. Ok. six minutes. I'm suppose to be natural. I don't think I am. I wonder if I should stay on subjects longer, because I really want to. I don't like all this jumping around. I think the main thing is that it has to be continuous. Well, that is easy. I'm always thinking. I think too much sometimes, if that's possible. You know what's been on my mind? I just got back from this scholarship dinner. I have no idea how I got that scholarship. I think they mixed up my name with someone else. I just seemed way under qualified compared to all the other recipients. WOW! There are some amazing people here. Some incredible smart and talented people, and I need to stop feeling inferior to them, because I have my good points also, and I am a very happy person. I'm content with my life. I wonder how many people really are struggling here. Everyone seems like they are just fine and dandy, but you know some people are really sad. People can hide their emotions easily. I doubt thought that a third of the people in my psychology class are depressed. If that is true, than that is very sad. I will admit it; I am cynical of depression. Yeah, sure everything is biological and you can trace it back to that and call it a disease, but really, your mind. that's where you control it. I keep hearing how our mind can heal us and how we think has an enormous impact. Do we not have control over our mind? That should be the one thing we do have control over, and that is where the power is. Is it really incorrect to say that depression is all in your mind? I think not. I guess that I'm not being fair to the depressed people because my life is good. close enough to perfect for me. I am lucky to not have to deal with all the garbage many people have to deal with. I had a good child hood, good parents. No worries really. But, it is not like I've never been depressed. I spent most of my freshman year in high school depressed, but now I look back and understand why I felt that way and how silly it was, and I don't plan on doing that again. I guess, you just have to live and learn. I mean it's ok to do what's wrong just as long as you eventually figure out it's wrong and fix it. Ok. what was that all about? I ramble so much. It's hard for me to have conversations with people because my mind always feels like it's in 10 places at once. I'm tired. I really am. I always feel a little tired. I had a terrible encounter with mono my freshman year in high school. It was horrible, and ever since then I get tired easily. Maybe it's all in my head and I can convince myself that I'm not tired. I should try this. It could be very beneficial. I am already starting to procrastinate. Why? Why is procrastination and epidemic among youth? Hey, I think time is up. I could go on for hours, but I really should get to my other homework. or not. ",n,n,n,y,n

2000\_556380.txt,"Ok well this seems like an informal assignment, so I'm going to treat it that way. And presently I have a bone to pick with women. I'm going to let you know about a little situation I have undergone recently, and see if I can figure out why women are so weird. Ok so first off, I had this girl, we'll call her Jessica, that I have been in love with since 8th grade but never got a chance to pursue. As a background on her, she is a player; meaning that she likes to lead guys on, then break their hearts. But she still had me swooning over her for some reason. She has been my best friend for almost 2 years and so I this summer I decided to give it a shot and ask her out, after all I had nothing to lose. So I asked her out, and she said no because: ""the timing is wrong, college is coming up and I don't want to start anything because I like you so much that I think it would actually be a relationship and not just a game for me"". So this gets me mad and so I just decided to play along with her and hope she would eventually give in to let me have just 1 date with her. Throughout the summer I continued to pursue her with minimal success. She then left off to school and I never got my chance. Then 2 weeks ago she came and stayed with me and we ended up making out all night long for no apparent reason at all. It was very out of the ordinary, but I wasn't going to complain because I liked her so much. So she started acting really weird after that day, and just ignored me. When I confronted her last night, she told me "" I just don't know what to think, I just thought of you as my best friend, and then that all happened and I don't know why and I enjoyed it but I feel strange now. "" So of course she is just saying this because she wants to maintain control over my feelings and keep me here in case she can't get a date in school up where she goes. I don't like this idea though, so I conjured up a plan that would stop this. She just loves to play mind games so I started playing mind games back, by leading her on and then just not talking and some various other tactics. Eventually I won and she stopped being weird, but last night when I confessed that I was doing the mind game thing to get back at her, she went haywire and got all mad because ""I took control of her feelings with no care whatsoever"". So my dilemma and all I can think about now is why women are so weird. Not only is she a strange girl, but my ex girlfriend is also adding to my confusion. She is also attending UT and we broke up before we came here, and now she is mad because I am moving on with my life and not just out chasing her around like I used to. This makes her mad so she spends all her time trying to make me mad in various ways that don't work and it is just weird, I do not understand it at all. My friend's dad told me he would write me a check for 1 million dollars if I could figure out women, and with my recent situation, it seems like it is never going to happen. Aside from all this chaos going through my mind while I'm conscious, I have dreams about these two girls in my sleep, and they don't make sense either. So alas I am just sitting here confused pondering why women are so difficult and why they think they have such control over guys' feelings. I don't think I will ever understand but I can't stop thinking about it. And since we were only supposed to type for 20 minutes, and being the slow typist I am finished now, so that's all that is on my mind. I must say though, this assignment could be good because I feel better just venting like this. ",n,n,n,n,n

2000\_556394.txt,"Okay, I am starting to write for this assignment. I don't really know what I'm supposed to write, but I guess it's sort of like a journal and I'm supposed to write whatever I am thinking. I am kind of overwhelmed by school right now. It is so big here, and it's kind scary. I'm used to knowing everyone around, but here I don't know anyone. Friends is on right now. It's pretty funny. I miss being in Houston where everything is normal. I'm not used to the times shows come on here. This sounds really stupid, like I am just rambling on about nothing. Friends is funny. Am I doing this right? I don't know if this is what y'all are asking me to do. I miss John, the guy I am dating from Houston. I don't really want anything serious with him, but I like him a lot so I am kind of confused on what I should do. Should I have my fun and not date someone I really like a lot, or should I date him and maybe miss out on opportunities to have fun at school. I don't know I am not sure. And then there is my exboyfriend Ricky. I don't want to be with him, but sometimes I miss him. I think it is only when I think back on high school I think about the good times we had and I miss that. I also don't like it that maybe I made the wrong choice in not wanting him and moving on. What if I totally regret it in the future, and I want him back, but he doesn't want me. That would be horrible. I don't know. I'm just pretty confused right now. I don't know what I want about anything. It's hard getting used to everything around here. I miss the show 90210. I was just thinking about it for some weird reason. That used to be my favorite show, but it got cancelled. I'm supposed to go to a frat party tonight but I don't know if I'm going to go or not. My roommate doesn't want to go cause she needs to do work. She's the same major as me. She's a pretty good influence on me. She gets me to go to meetings and stuff that I probably wouldn't go to if it weren't for her dragging me to them. I am filming the volley ball game on Saturday for a live broadcast. I'm glad I am getting involved somehow. I tried to get tickets to the OU game, but I couldn't they were already sold out when I was supposed to get them. I'm pretty bored right now. I probably have lots of grammar mistakes in here, but since I'm free writing, I don't think it really matters. At least I hope it doesn't matter. I'm a little scared about grades. I hope tests and stuff are not too hard. I'm not really thinking about anything right now, so I have nothing to right except that I have nothing in my head. This is a little hard; to right only what you are thinking and not thinking of something to write. I'm glad it rained today, it was nice. I love the rain. Ever since I was a life guard I have loved the rain, cause we got to close the pool and sit around getting paid for doing nothing a miss those days, back in the summer of my freshmen year. Everything was so easy back then, it kind of makes me sad thinking about it, but oh well, I guess I'll make new memories, and have a different kind if fun. Okay, well my time is up. ",y,y,y,y,n

2000\_557603.txt,"Right now, my dad just left and I am feeling homesick and sad. Even though by the time I left home I was so ready to leave, but now seeing him makes me feel really sad. It's not just that I feel sad but I feel guilty to. My dad is so awesome and when I lived at home I never really appreciated him. Sometimes I can be so incredibly selfish and self absorbed. I guess experiences like leaving home are good for us because they help open our eyes and let us see things that we wouldn't ordinarily. At home I was in my own little world which revolved around my school, friends, and family. Now being in Austin with out any of these comforts, I feel much more vulnerable and also naive. Living on the drag can open your eyes more than anything. My dad told me that just yesterday the bank underneath my building got robbed. That kind of stuff freaks me out because I go to that bank constantly and I just never expect anything like that to happen. I really don't understand why people do things like robbing a bank. I guess it's just hard for me to understand how people could feel like they have no other options than to just rob a bank. Although it's probably naive of me to say this, there are so many organizations and programs out there for people which just go so unutilized. I really enjoy working a places like those. I am still consider pledging the APO frat. The only problem is that if I do it's still going to cost me money, even though it's not as much as normal frats. I'm really not sure I can afford that. I spend money so fast up here. I probably need to get a job, but I really don't want to. I think it would be so overwhelming if I was to get a job. It would be a fun way to meet people though. And my managers said that they would be more than willing to get me a job at any of the Austin Macaroni Grill's if I wanted one. I really miss all of my friends from my job. next time I go home I am going to go up there and visit everybody. I am going to visit all of my friends also. I miss them all so much. Last night I called Mandy. It was so good to talk to her again. She is honestly the only person who really understands me. She understands all of this crap that I am going through with Charles. I can not believe that I have been here for 2 weeks and he hasn't called me once. I have no idea what the deal is with him, but if he doesn't want to se me any more then he needs to let me know. Well, time's up. ",n,n,n,n,n

2000\_557731.txt,"Right now I feel like there must be something more important that I could be doing. That's not to say that what I'm doing right now is unimportant, but I feel that there is something more imperative looming. I feel like I need to clean my room because all of my clutter is getting annoying to look at. I feel like I brought to many things with me to college in order to ensure my comfort, but all these things are only making me more uncomfortable by their presence. Tomorrow I have a test in chemistry that I think is going to be really easy. Hopefully it turns out as easy as I think it will. I don't really need any surprises right now. I wonder if the medication I'm taking for my earache is giving me all these rashes or if it's just the less than par level of cleanliness in the mighty Jester East. I heard that it's dirtier than Jester West but I'm beyond caring. Rat dander and roach feces don't bother me until I see them. The only thing that really nags me about my dorm room is the bed. Who knows what nasty things that old mattress harbors? If I was really anal retentive I wouldn't be able to sleep on it because of the thought of all the stuff that it has probably accumulated over the years, but instead I succumb to fatigue, grimace in disgust, and lay my head down once again. Speaking of which, my head itches. Rat dander, I tell you. In addition to my concern over the probable existence of rat dander is my concern over the obvious existence of dust. I have never seen quite so much dust. They told us that the air conditioning system wasn't working properly and that they were working on it. It appears to work just fine in regards to spewing dust all over my precious things that annoy me so much. I guess I'll just have to buy some eye drops to go along with the calamine lotion for all these rashes I've been getting. I got the last bottle at Jester store. It was sitting there sort of lonely like it didn't belong at all so I just grabbed it up. I scoff at the poor soul who doesn't develop rashes until a few days from now for he will be forced to go elsewhere for calamine. I think my leg rash might be flaring up again. That sucks. I wish I had absolutely nothing that I needed to do right now because then I could just sit in front of the tv watching a movie and scratching my leg. Now that's the life. Too bad I'm bogged down with college and all of this success waiting to happen to sit around and do nothing. And so ends my stream of consciousness as I am much too absorbed in my itchy leg to think any longer. Plus my 20 minutes is up. ",y,n,n,y,n

2000\_558628.txt,"I am thinking about the fact that since I have gone to college I have absolutely no free time. I am so extremely tired, and I know that I can't go to sleep because I have so much homework to do. It is 12:40 in the morning and I just got home, from things that I had to do today. I am scared that everyone is mad that they never get to see me. My girlfriend probably thinks that I am trying to avoid her, but really I have no free time at all. The whole fraternity thing is fun, but I never have any time to do anything. I have met so many awesome people, and I am excited that I have only been here for 3 weeks and I have met people that I will be friends with for the rest of my life. My school work is also quite time consuming. What I do know is that I hope that I make my grades this semester. Tonight was a rough night, I think that I have done more work than I ever have in my whole life. My dorm room seems secondary to other places that I have to be during the day. The only time I am ever here, is when I am sleeping. My life has changed drastically, but I know it will all turn out great. I am sad for some of my friends from high school. Most of my best friends came to school down here, and the ones who did not seem scared. I still talk to my best friend, who I dated last year. Her birthday is this weekend, and she is not even going to spend it with her best friends. If I could be there for her I would, but I am extremely busy this weekend. I bought tickets to the Dave Matthews concert in Dallas this weekend, but I am not going to be able to go. My whole plan was to surprise my best friend with tickets, and myself in Dallas but of course it fell through. There are so many things that I want to do, but I feel swamped. I wonder what it is like for my parents, they are empty nesters this year for the first time in 30 years. 30 years they have had a child in the house, and suddenly nobody. I did not receive a good wrist band for the Texas OU draw, and I couldn't get tickets to the game. That makes me mad that I sat in line for three hours to get tickets, but I received none. Well I guess that is just another one of life's great blunders, standing in line. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_559995.txt,"I feel really good today because it is my birthday. I'm looking forward to being with my friends later on today. I'm thinking about tonight because my fraternity is having a match with the ZETAs. I'm pretty excited about it because they are the hottest girls I've seen so far. I kind of would like to go home though and see some of my friends back home. A lot of them are making trips back home this weekend to see some concert. I also would like to see my family on my birthday but I am sure I will see them soon. I don't really know what else I should write about except my birthday because it's all I have been thinking about this week. I plan to go pre party after I finish this writing assignment. So far I am loving it here in Austin and am really glad I chose to come school up here. The size of my classes is quite a surprise and something I just have to get used to. I really enjoy having all the freedom here compared to back home in Houston. I wish I had more time to just hang out but I stay really busy lately. Being a pledge in a fraternity really can be time consuming but it is worth it. I've met so many people these last three weeks and I'm sure it will be the same for the rest of the semester. Now I'm beginning to draw blank and can't think of much to write. Oh well, it's not like anyone will actually read this passage. I've got five minutes left on my time. I am so glad to be out of high school. College is much better though there is a lot of work to be done. My date better look good tonight in her eighties outfit for the party. The theme is an eighties prom but I just went got some clothes that look like their from the eighties. I can't wait to see what other people are going to be wearing. Well time is up. ",n,n,n,n,n

2000\_570524.txt,"Ok, so I'm not really sure what I should write for twenty minutes because usually when I'm writing something or doing something I'm totally focused on it. So, I don't know if I can be focused on just straight writing for twenty minutes, but I'll give it a try. Right now, I also have the tv on, I like to do two things at once which sometimes is a fault of mine, because I can't fully concentrate on one thing. I don't like this show, I think I'll change the station. Well, it's been three minutes and I'm kind of of at a stopping point. ""You're a god and I'm a god. cause you're a god and I am god and I just thought I'd let you go"". I don't actually believe that, but right now that music video is on the radio. When I don't have anything else to think about I tend to sing to myself. I really enjoy singing, but I know it's something in which I'm not that talented at. I'm better than average, but I'll never have my own record. I don't know how people just sit and write what ever is going on in their heads, I mean I tend to think a lot, but I find that I don't think about serious deep stuff. I just think about like what I'm going to have for lunch. I hate this song, stupid Nine days and Story of a Girl. I think it's stupid that Christina Augielar is coming out with Spanish language Cd. She doesn't even speak Spanish. Just Hispanic because Latino music is really popular she thinks that she can put out a Spanish CD. But I guess the same thing could be said about NSYNC, They aren't even Hispanic. But it's ok, because ""This I Promise You"" is a really good song. Ummm. just 10 more minutes to go. I want some skittles. I don't like those man's sunglasses. I wonder if this has to grammatically correct and spelling correct. I'm such a bad speller. Is it possible to really not be thinking. Like I was just staring at the tv, but I don't' think I was really thinking. I wasn't concentrating on the tv, but I wasn't thinking of anything else I'm hungry. I wish Lindsey didn't have a 121 class. I don't care for eating real late, I'd prefer to eat early, but it's ok, because she's my friend. I like the new Eminem song, but he makes me mad. I can understand that he doesn't want to be bothered by people, but that is the price for fame. I feel sad for his daughter, because her dad has some much repressed anger and the life he lives is probably hard on her. I mean having her mother go insane and then having her parents divorce at such a young age, she only looks 3 or 4, will be real hard on her. This is a really long song. I wonder what it's like to just be falling, to not be sure if you're going to be alive after the fall. Does it fell free or is this impending fear of life being over. Does your life really flash before your eyes? And what does it feel like when you finally do fall? I think I'm watching too much tv. As of now, I'm listening to another song, but I don't think that I can type the words as fast as I sing them. But the song is Kryptonite bye 3 doors down. Well, I guess that's it. It's been 20 minutes and I think I've run out of things to say/ think. ",n,y,y,n,n

2000\_571000.txt,"I am very tired. Actually I am not sure if I am tired or if I am just wanting to be tired. It almost seems strange but being tired is almost like a way out, or my ticket away from always having to be around people. I ma usually considered the very social one, whether it is with my friends or my family, but I have always been the one that should be so happy. I love country music. I remember that I used to listen to it all of the time when I was a freshman in high school. I think that I might have listened to it then because all of my new friends did and I wanted to be exactly like them. I also remember that Barron used to listen to it. I guess it made me feel cooler when I could sing along to the songs in the car with everyone else. College is so weird and I miss my Mom and Dad so much. I got to see Mom today and it was so great, and now I really want to cry. I wanted to cry when she left, and now that she is gone I want to cry even more. I am not going to cry though because if someone walked in here then it would take forever and they would never leave because they think that they have to, and that they can somehow make me feel better and stop missing my parents. Lizzie looked so cute today. She is getting older way too fast. Kind of reminds me of myself. She has a really bad temper though and I think that she got it from my mom. She is so damn smart though. I miss having that kid say weird things all of the time. Making me laugh. I have had really weird dreams lately. I think that Travis must be really tired I wonder if he really only does like me that much when he is drunk. I have words sometimes. Sometimes I just really hate everything. I miss Jenna being able to tell me to go to sleep and everything would be better the next day in high school. Jenna has a new best friend now. Seems like everyone always has a very best, closest friend and I never really have just one. I am usually best friends with the guys. I guess that Jenna and I used to be inseparable very best friends, but being in San Antonio will really tear two people apart. I really don't want to read my psychology. I want to read Harry Potter. I think that I almost make myself want to read because my mom loves it so much. I love my mom, and I miss going to camp. I need to stop missing things and take some of my advice to heart. I know what is right and wrong and I know the harsh facts of things coming and going in life. I wonder if the sophomore girls had fun this weekend while they were in Austin. I think that that is pretty silly that they came up here for a whole weekend as a birthday party when they can't even go out, except to maybe like a movie. I wonder if Austin is really crazy about Kyle and I wonder if Brad has ever thought about getting with or dating Rachel Perry. I miss high school. I miss my megaphone and my big blue bronco and being able to want to go to college. Last night I had really good margaritas. They would have been so much better if the were frozen. I want to meet Vince Gill. I hope that someday King sings to me. I want to date King. Not just get with him but date him. I always like one boy and try to date him and end up dating his best friend, but still wishing that I could date the other one. I wonder if King's girlfriend is really cute. Julie is here. She is so much fun, she reminds me of Jill Clower but I seriously think that she is so much nicer than Jill Clower could have ever been. I really don't want to do this stupid assignment. I don't want to do this anymore. I could totally stop and come back and no one would ever know, but I am sure that there is some kind of point or something and I wonder if anyone is really going to ever read this I wonder how George Magel is doing. That boy never really changed since 6th grade. There are two ways to write 6th on this computer. I had so much fun walking on sixth street the other night with Tim. It would be really cool if he would call me. I really was looking forward to coming to college and making a best friend that would be in my wedding and move to New York with me for no reason, and do fun things like shop for fruit and flowers and watch old movies. I don't think that I have found my real best friend yet. I wonder if people really think that you only have one mate out there waiting for you. I wonder if that is true. No one could ever prove that. The only person who knows things like that is God. My Dad is really close to God. I really do think that the closer you are to God the better your life is. You may not be famous, or always have the cutest clothes, but you will know what and who you love and what is important to you, and those few, simple things that are important will work out perfectly, they way God wants. Trust in the Lord with all your heart and things will never go wrong. I wish that I could sing. That would be so cool. I love to dance also, and I can't wait to try out for pom squad. I love being in front of everyone. I wonder how Lizzie learned to work computers. That is a weird kid. I am really bad at computers, you can ask Mrs. Allen about that one. Mrs. Allen would love Lizzie. She is so computer and gets everything done, and understand computers. What she doesn't understand she can figure out also. Jennifer Welch is really nice but I hate the fact that she is so pretty. I miss Sarah. I wish that I could decorate a room and rationalize as well as her. Lately I have not really been so tired. I have been running on about 3 to 5 hours of sleep a night, but it has been okay. I really think that I could look a lot better if I had been running and sleeping more. I think that in a while I am going to go jogging outside, but I better do it before it gets dark Inbox users: Get your email on your mobile phone Powered by InterMail from Software. comNew! Help Add URL Advertise on Excite Jobs@Excite Press Releases Copyright (c) 2000 At Home Corporation. All rights reserved. Excite, @Home, the Excite logo and the @Home logo are service marksor registered service marks ofAt Home Corporation in the United States and other countries. Disclaimer and Privacy Statement ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_571136.txt,"Well I type kind of slow so I might not get as much in this box as everyone else. Anyway, right now I'm thinking that I have way to many classes and am worried that I might not be able to handle all of them in the same semester. I would have been ok but now I have an SI section for each class and it has filled all my free spaces. On top of that I still have to come back here and study for my lectures every night. I don't have very much free time to do other things. I'm not getting the time I hoped to have when I came to have a good time while I got an education. I don't have any free time to join any organizations or even go out and have a good time. I'm a long way from home so I don't get to see any of my friends or my family very often but I'm trying to make the best of things. I think that I will eventually be ok when I get use to this drastic change in my life. I just kind of wish that I didn't have to start over at this point in my life because I liked the way everything was going for the past few years. Well my twenty minutes are up so I guess that's it. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_571191.txt,today is good I do not have many classes I just have to get up to be in class by 930 and that really sucks I want to be with tiffany but I don't know if I can trust her I think about her all the time and although I am half to blame I don't know if the break up is all because of me I triggered it but I don't know if she wanted to break up or me break up more my Andrew is working out okay he is in class it was good that he only a friend no anything greater I mean like a best friend I can only imagine living with a best friend wanting to chop his head we would just argue about stupid stuff tiffany is so wrong I don't understand anything when it comes to her I know nothing was fair yet I wanted to believe it was what is wrong with me it is funny how things that are so important matter to no one else and although someone can have empathy they still don't understand everything is different I want to know what to do I know that is not possible it bothers me I need to do good in school I want to be someone who be comfortable I guess relying on money is what I have for now I just feel that I would be proud to support a family the way I want them to be supported but will that affect the way they are going to be brought up I want to be a good father I want to do so much but I would do nothing if I could just have some answers if I could be certain for once man I miss the old days but at the same time I do look towards the future I do think about how things will be different how I don't know what the future holds and who knows it could be good or bad I learn either way I feel I am learning a lot and changing that is what I love I want to change to a better person I guess better can only be what I hold as better not society so I guess what I am saying is that I want to be secure of myself I want to be sure I know I can figure something out I know nothing is going to be easy about it and I don't expect immediate results I just want to make something of myself but I want to have answers and I want to have love all these things confuse me and make me feel alone I have to work on them it seems everything else is so trivial so pointless I don't know though I have yet to figure out what I want my future foundations to be I am trying to be picky because it is me I think society has some things wrong of course I mean it is democracy majority wins I don't think the majority is always right although they do count for some things this topic just blows me away I mean why do people do drugs and alcohol people have many different reasons I think if everyone can be responsible and do it to enjoy themselves if it possible I think it is okay I don't know though I don't really know anyone who can but I haven't thought much of the subject I mean I particularly think that alcohol is worse then marijuana I know both are not good for your body I wonder if it therapeutic in any way though how they allow that temporary escape I know you should deal with your problems and not run and it is harmful to be trapped by hiding in substance abuse but sometimes you things take time and maybe substance abuse can be used as therapeutic I don't know maybe I am full of it sometimes I feel I know what I can handle I know there are limits to be set and I feel I can exceed some I feel everyone has there own limits and I feel those people who cannot respect there limits are the reason for the universal set of limits makes me kind of mad but that is okay of course it would happen but I wish the limits I wish I could push sometimes could be understandable although I know they can't I know what they are and if I don't that is how I find out so maybe it isn't so bad to push the limit you find out where you go overboard and you can build from that and help others then again sometimes you are only one chance and sometimes it is only luck keeping you from screwing everything up when test limits I mean everyone test limits I just feel more respect for people who know there limits I would listen to someone more I feel so clueless the universe is too much for me ,n,n,y,y,n

2000\_572078.txt,ok I am starting writhing. I really don't know hat to right about but I will give it my best shot. I am going home today pretty excited about that. but in some ways I am not because I don't want to put up with my family. I am feeling a little bit guilty now for saying that because they are only trying to help me out. I like the way the sun shines through my window in my room. I am really happy to be here at university of texas. it is hard to write for a long period of time about nothing. I feel like I am writing in a journal or something. it is really quite today on my floor usually it would be extra loud because it is Friday. I am really excited to be in the longhorn band. it has been a really good experience so far and I hope it continues. I have meet some really great people and I hope that this friendship will continue for a lifetime. I saw one of my best friends sisters today and I was really surprised. for one I wouldn't think that she would talk to me but she did. I hope to see her again soon. I really need to get packed up to go home. I need to go get fitted for my uniform in band too. I took the pretesting this morning I never would have thought it would have taken so long. and it repeated the same questions over and over. it was really annoying ,y,n,y,y,y

2000\_572190.txt,"It's way too cold in this room to be doing anything that requires the use of my fingers alone. It's like an icebox, but that's good since I'm so hot natured. I bet that the people who type faster write more in twenty minutes than do those who are slow typists. That's almost not fair. We don't get as much of what their mind is thinking simply because their fingers can't go as quickly as their minds. Mine don't either though. I can type pretty fast, but that's because I do it so much. I'm going to get carpel tunnel syndrome some day. I've played the piano for almost 11 years now, play the flute, and type constantly. Yikes. But, back to the original point: this isn't exactly fair since it's, well, not the same. That's obvious. I guess nothing in science can be exactly precise. Exactly precise? That's wrong. I wonder if we're supposed to fix grammatical errors AND spelling errors when we're done. I should have set a timer. It's too much trouble for me to keep checking on the little clock at in the system tray. Oh well. We're too lazy these days anyway. Everything's being sacrificed for our own comfort and peace of mind. For example, I have a feeling that technology is a HUGE part of the growing number of cancer patients. A woman I know died last night. She had three children, the oldest a freshman in high school. What a tragedy. It makes you wonder if it's all worth it. Is better living, happier living? Is it even better in the first place? I think it's going to rain. It needs to. Someone said the other day that we're in our fourth year of drought now. I wonder if the drought is due to global warming, due to the depletion of the ozone layer, due to all these ""advances. "" There it is again. We think we're making improvements when in fact we're slowly killing ourselves, or our grandchildren. My Spanish teacher told us that the icebergs are melting, and someone next to me said that they are in fact melting at a rate of one foot per 15 hours (or 15 days?). That's very frightening. I don't know how thick icebergs are, but they won't be around much longer at that rate. My hands hurt now. I complain too much. I whine. :) It's a personality trait. And are these traits inherited biologically or learned? Heh. All this psychology is definitely getting to me. Mr. Pennebaker (or Dr. ?) said that we'd begin to see things from different perspectives; I didn't think it would be quite so soon. I do like the class though. I like the book. Mr. Myers isn't such a boring guy. He put excellent philosophic quotes and questions in with the technical aspects of what we're learning, or, rather, what he's trying to get across. I find it sad that so many people don't care about learning anything. For some, it's all about the grades. We joke in our dorm (that we so lovingly have nicknamed the Virgin Vault since boys aren't allowed on our FLOOR except on weekends) that we're just here for, not our PhD's, but our MRS's. I don't know who came up with that, but it's pretty cute. It's always scared me quite a bit the idea of living my life for someone else. That's a bit of a clash with my lifestyle though, considering I was the president of our church youth group for two years, but I just couldn't do it for a man here on earth. I don't mean to say that getting married is giving up yourself, but the way some girls talk (about getting their MRS's), that's all they want to do with their life. That IS, to me, giving it up. What about their dreams and goals? Do they have any? Do I? Darn phone. I can hear everything around here. It's getting on my nerves. I lived in Hickville, USA (ok Canton, TX, but it's no different), where there were no people. I lived in the country, where there was no noise. It got so dark, and so quiet, in my room at night, that I could hear the bugs and the dog walk by, that my eyes never adjusted and were able to see. I haven' adjusted to things here yet. I wake up at 3 in the morning for no reason at all, doze back off, and wake up again at four. It's starting to become rather annoying. Normally I have no trouble sleeping. My mom and I are like that. She can sleep through anything, except her kids coming in. I thought it was neat how our class related that to our reticular formation and how it ""learns and remembers"" certain things. I don't think my reticular formation has anything to do with my waking up at odd hours. Well obviously is does since it's function is to control arousal, but it doesn't ""remember"" anything that happens at the wee hours of the morning. Hopefully. If so, it needs to get a touch of amnesia. Just a touch. That's my time limit! ttfn ",n,y,y,y,y

2000\_572513.txt,"My mind is pretty tired right now, but I can't get it off of having a good dark cup of coffee. I have gotten all of my work for this week done already so I'm at ease about that. Whenever I type I have to look at the keyboard so it kind of pisses me off. Now I'll let my mind wonder, I sometimes think of home and all of my trashed out friends there. Have you ever wished you could help a person you care about a lot, and they just won't listen to you? Well my friends back home have been doing drugs heavily for a while and I cannot do anything about it. In a time where controversy and sex sell the theme, it's hard to decide which is the winning team. There are just some things in life we can't understand, like why in the hell we can fight over land. I think we all need a helping hand, so we can rise together and make a stand. At a time perfectly linked to your transition can you even tell me your position? No because 90% of us don't even listen and make the right choice for our provisions. I see a new generation with many faces. Bringing together people from many different places. I think discrimination is in our past, but I do not know how long that thought will last. It is a society we ourselves cast, and sometimes it seems like a supernatural blast. To think of all our generations drugs, hell I myself have been associated with thugs. But still we have a consensual love, and I don't even think it comes from above. My thoughts and feelings always rhyme so prepare yourself because it's my time. Fuck all of the bullshit and fabrication, for we are the ones who'll shape this great nation. So I do have a proclamation What do we do without an education and occupation? In a time when money and power mean everything, how in the hell do the bells of freedom ring? Sometimes I wonder about our future in store, and if we'll still neglect the poor. We have so many people locked in cells, it's almost as if we're under a spell. Cast by our so called forefathers, and I seem to be the only one it bothers. For evolution will always take its toll, look back at how we burned the totem pole. Who will burn us and how will we know? Until we're allowed to run our own show. Everyone is so quick to judge, and even quicker to hold a grudge. Just because we all have different views, doesn't mean we cannot find a use. So even though this shit won't sell, when will we wake up and demolish this hell? Our constitution is all of our rights, but it is changed everyday in the supreme court lights. Who are they to decide the meaning? I think we all see to which side it's leaning. Leaning towards more control over us, I think about it sometimes so much I want to bust. So when I say this I will not blush, Why are we in such a big fucking rush? ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_573032.txt,"Well, I'm sitting here at my computer right now doing my assignment for psychology I guess I'm really thinking about a lot of things right now, primarily what my plans for the weekend are going to be even though its only Tuesday I am already worried about something that's going to happen several days from now sometimes I get ahead of myself I guess I really like this assignment because I like typing I feel it is one of my strong points but I haven't got to practice much since my high school typing course I was best in the class back then no one was as good a typist as I was there was a really good looking girl that sat next to me in that class her name was Mary she is dating someone older than I am right now his name is Vincent I don't know what his problem is he is too old for her and she is not even in college I bet he isn't faithful to her at all that is the problem with these frat guys they don't respect anyone but themselves I wish they would take some time off from their drinking sometime and think about who they are really hurting its not fair to the other kids Mary's age not to get a chance to get to know her because she is so caught up with this college guy that isn't even loyal to her what a jerk oh well its not really my problem anyway I'm in college too high school is behind me even though I had a really good time in high school I miss all of my friends we really had some crazy times it seems so long ago that I was sitting in my senior English class staring out the window thinking about life at UT who would have guesses that when I got to UT I would spend time thinking about what I thought about in high school my friend is in the room right now he is a friend of mine from elementary school he went to the provisional program but didn't make his grades he goes to ACC now and I think he is happy there the classes aren't too difficult, I hear I wish my classes weren't so hard I feel too stressed if I don't make good grades, my parents are going to kill me one thing I just noticed is that I noticed that I am randomly using punctuation I don't know why maybe I punctuate the things that I think are more important to me I guess that's why I'm in psychology maybe I will understand these things one of these days I think I will learn a lot in psych. as well as all my other classes they are all very interesting to me they are all liberal arts classes that will help my degree actually I don't even know my degree yet it will probably be in either government or history because I want to go to law school and my academic advisor said that those majors would be most conducive to my acceptance to a prestigious law school but the thing they said that matters most was my grade point average he said that anyone with a high GPA can get into law school regardless of their major so that was good to hear it took a lot of pressure off of me to make a decision I do not really want to make for a little while anyway both of my parents are lawyers I wonder how much that affected my decision to pursue a career in law I guess I will discover that as well sometime during this course I am very excited to be enrolled in this course I think I will discover a lot about myself well, my twenty minutes is about up I think I am going to order a pizza now I still have not eaten lunch and I am starving. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_573694.txt,Is Christina still on the phone? At 9:00 I can finish this and go to the grocery store. It's on. I wish I could have napster on Ethernet. I am really hungry. I wish I could have worked out more today. I should write what I'm talking about. I wish I could type with the right fingers. Why didn't I learn to do that? It was an important step I missed. I think the grocery store is on red river. I wish the door were shut. I wish somebody had emailed me today. Hopefully zac can help me with calculus. I can't remember anything. The teacher didn't even go over it with us. I'm really nervous about the quiz. Five hundred twenty five thousand six hundred minutes. Wow this really sucks. I have so much to do. It seems like I do nothing during the day. Maybe I should have stayed at the dance thing. Now I'm getting in the flow of typing. This split keyboard sucks for pecking. I wish I knew what to do about track. The phone is ringing. I miss my sister. I am glad I went to the grocery store last night. I hope dad doesn't get mad about the money I'm spending. I can kind of hear Saturday night live. I don't know how Christina concentrates in front of the TV. I had an itch in my nose. I can't wait until after my quiz. The hamburgers will be good at the KA house. I hope I have time to work out today. I think I will never be the size I want to be. Why do I have a rash on my ass? Its good I took a shower last night. I like my tri delt shirt. It seems like the time is passing very slowly. Only seven more minutes. Should I take a nap after this or study math or eat lunch? Ill ask Christina. Maybe she'll eat with me. I like the cafeteria food. I wish everybody treated the help better. Word perfect sucks. I hate the little green and red squigglies. There are worse things I could do. Somebody's knocking at the door. It's probably Elaine. No it's Bita. Is she talking to Greg? Is Christina going to be hungry? Man I hate those squiggly lines! I wonder if I should call the ticket office. I wonder if I'll need to study hard for this class. So far I've only done the pretesting and the writing. It's not even sunny still! That's awesome. I hate the heat. I can't wait until its fall. I love wearing jeans and sweat pants. I can run outside. Maybe then I'll get skinny. Mariah Carrey has a good voice? Where is she? Jessica Simpson sucks. She's ugly too. Her boyfriend is gay. Their relationship seems fake. My relationship is good. Jorde is great. I'm glad he's doing a frat. I hope they don't be hard on him. That is so gay that they do that to guys. I don't get it. Only two more minutes. It doesn't seem like I've written all that much. How are they going to know anyway? I doubt they'll even read that much of it. Bita talks a lot. She always has. That reminds me of Miss A. She never calls me. Why do I have to call everyone? Nobody ever calls me. Juliana emails a lot. I should e mail everyone. I'm much too busy for that. I need to call Dad. I want him to call me right now. At least that guy fixed the Internet. I need to learn to type. Okay I think I can stop now. I still feel like I should write more. Am I a perfectionist? I wonder if we'll learn that in psychology. ,y,y,n,n,y

2000\_574185.txt,"I remember when asked to do this assignment, I was wondering if someone would actually really want to know my thoughts. I find it kind of hard to just type out all of my thoughts, considering that there are hundreds of random thoughts every minute(or it seems). Phones ringing. cell phones. yuck. Interruptions. I knew that would happen. I don't think I'm capable of having twenty minutes of silence to type something. All I know is that I am really really hot which will probably affect my thinking. I'm naturally a ""hot natured"" person, and my sister's room is really hot. So hot I'm sitting here sweating and I'm barely moving my body. My room is just as hot though. I'm just hot all the time. I wonder what affects it really does have on me. I know it makes me grumpy sometimes. Especially if I'm hungry at the same time. That's just a bad position to be in hot, sweaty, and hungry. No matter how low I turn are air conditioner, I'm still burning hot. Not to mention our electricity bill that makes me just as hot! But I guess I don't have any room to complain. I couldn't ask for anything more in my life. I have everything I've ever wanted and more! I accidentally meet my boyfriend and he just makes everything even better than it was. He makes me see things that I would have never seen before. He really has made a difference in my life. Thank you, thank you, thank you God. I wonder how my mom is feeling? Her surgery was last week, so I'm sure she doesn't feel as bad as she did. Since she was at work a couple days later, I guess she must not have felt too bad. But she is a strong woman the strongest woman I've ever known. I'm proud to say that. Very proud. I guess you kind of' start missing your parents when you leave for college and you're far from home. But I am lucky to have an older sister(who I live with) and I've always gotten to follow behind her, making her do everything first. That's made my life a heck of a lot easier. I do miss my bed and my dogs. Not to mention my home. But I'll be going home soon, so I'm ready to go. I'm ready to introduce my boyfriend to my parents and grandmother too. That should be fun! I know it will go well though. I also wonder if my sister's car will be out of the shop, because I wanted to leave earlier than my sister. She won't get out of class until 4pm and I was wanting to leave around noon. It just takes so long to get there. Grant wanted to ride with my dad when he goes on duty too. I guess I'll leave around noon anyway and not go into work. Ohwell. I'm broke as it is. Why not add to that?!? A couple hours of missed work won't hurt to badly. I do need the money though. I'm going to be eating well that weekend anyway. I'll have 2 meals a day! That's more than I can say now and the food I'll get there is a million times better then what I would have here. You really start to miss the little things about life sometimes it just takes leaving your home for a couple months to do that to you. Years. it's going to' be hard to be away for that long. But I guess it kind of grows on you after a while and you just don't realize or notice it. Hmm I wonder how long I've been typing. I have a lot to read. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_574384.txt,"its hard to think what comes in your head naturally when you're told to do it. I wonder what my pledge brothers are doing now. I was having fun. I should've gone to these classes more so I would know this was coming up. I guess skipping class for the band makes it worth it though. when is Chris going to move up here? I hope they don't make me depledge for the band, that's just dumb. its all michael's fault anyway. he's just pissed that he didn't pledge and now he's left out of everything. well that's not my fault. I hope catherine doesn't think I'm weird. I just figured I could ask her to the party cause most girls want dates. maybe she did want to go but who knows now? ill ask cat pat. whatever. i've fallen in love like 30 times a day since I moved in here anyway. I want to play my guitar. college is cool except classes get in the way. if I could just play my guitar all day, id be a happy man. besides, the only way we can consider ourselves growing in intelligence and intellect is when we realize more and more how ignorant we are. animals may not speak to each other in words, but they also don't kill each other for reasons other than food and defense. we do. that's a good thought. I need to put that into a song. we only get smarter when we realize how ignorant we truly are. maybe this paper will be worth a damn. ah well, I wonder if people are going to know I write all the lyrics to our songs? I bet they wont since Michael sings them all. its like the motley crue deal where no one knew that six wrote the words and Vince just sang em. he sucks at singing anyway. I hope he doesn't read this one, I should watch my language. whatever. man is bekker going to call or what? she gets all pissy that I haven't talked to her and now the first chance I get i've called and she hasn't called back. that's probably what she wants though, me to start thinking about her. oh well, she's hot. I which there was a way to write out these blank spots in my train of thought where I don't even know what I'm thinking about. I bet I do but the memory isn't there so I don't know by the time I'm about to type it. I guess I just put those blank spots into words though. good job matt. wow, only half way done. I wonder how my high school football team is doing. I can't believe I made it through that. adolf as my coach for three years?! that's amazing. I'm proud of myself, no one expected someone like me to stick with it. now all the older frat guys respect me cause I played against half of em and I never stayed down. hell, one of them walked on at UT. I wonder if I'm going to be spending the rest of my life challenging myself or if ill one day be secure in how I am. I wonder if I need to be using punctuation and capital letters. I bet his computer thingy is going to mark my paper as something to check cause it wont make sense with the punctuation and capital letters missing. whatever, hell read it and think I think I'm cool since I rambled on for 10 minutes about high school football. I enjoyed that class last time, I need to start going to class every day. damn matt, you're going to screw up college and you're smart as hell. this is why you're stuck home tonight with a twenty minute paper and an astronomy test both tomorrow. I bet I have something in Spanish but forgot. I've been to that class every time though. if every class took roll, I don't think id survive. weird that I never once skipped a class in high school. no detentions, aep, nothing. I was good as hell. I guess my mom working there influenced me at first and then it was just a habit once I realized I owned my mom so I never had any desire to skip. I guess now that the band has a chance to do something good cause were not stuck in Houston anymore I can skip. I see it more like this band is like another person having an internship at a law firm. they want to be a lawyer but their parents made them major in cooking or something. would they skip the internship for cooking? hell no, neither would I. I'm going to skip cooking. or class in general. I'm going to be happy dammit and I'm not happy unless I'm playing in the band. just hope my parents don't find out. maybe if I do well this semester then they wont watch as much next so I can put even more focus on music. who buys a ball of rubber bands? why is this ball here? why am I not on my own computer? why can't they just make it and ship it? this sucks man, johns going to start getting annoyed that I'm on so much. oh well, at least he's not here now. I can't believe he knocked my guitar over this morning. I can't believe I slept through my alarm this morning. I want to sleep. whatever I'm done with this. I'm going to study astronomy now. yet another class that's been avoided. ",n,y,n,y,y

2000\_575013.txt,"I have no idea how to start this, so I'm just going to start typing and discover what happens!. I just got off the phone with my boyfriend, Keil. I miss him a lot, a whole lot. We've just been going out for 8 months last Saturday, but it feels like we've been together forever. I can't imagine my life right now without him. He still lives at home, near Houston, and I don't get to see him as often as I would like, but if it's meant to be it will be. It will be hard, definitely, but it should be worth it. He tells me all the time how he loves me, and how he will marry me. He even asked me last week, well not officially, but he did ask me what I would say if he asked me to marry him right then. I had no clue what to say I was really confused. I'm so unsure of what to do. I miss him so much it's unbelievable. Sometimes I wish I had stayed home to go to college because it's going to be so hard for the next 4 years, maybe 5. All of my friends love him and his friends love me, it's almost too perfect, if that is possible. His parents are my parents and his brother and I have become very close and get along great. I can imagine having them as inlaws. I was always brought up knowing that you never get along with your inlaws, but I don't see how that could happen. This weekend my roommate and I are going home. We've grown up together. I've known her since the second grade and we've been close friends since seventh. I'm glad that I know her. I don't see how people can come to a place like this and get a roommate they've never met before. That would have added a lot of stress to my life. Not like I don't already have enough stress. Actually, college hasn't been as stressful as I imagined it to be. However, I'm sure that will all change as soon as we start having exams and finals. ugh. I'm not looking forward to that! I've always been the kind of person to put more stress in my life than is needed. A couple of my friends pick on me saying I ""freak out too easily"". But it doesn't feel like it to me. I don't know, maybe they're right! I was raised an only child, until recently. My mother and biological father divorced when I was four and my mom remarried the man I call dad when I was six. My stepfather has 2 sons and one daughter (who is my age). But, they never lived with us they would spend the occasional weekend at our house but not very often was it longer than a weekend. My entire life changed about 2 months ago when my stepbrother Trey moved in. He took over my life. It was crazy. Suddenly he had all of the attention. I know I sound like a jealous brat, but really he did. Not even just from my parents, suddenly he was my boyfriend's best friend. I could not get away from him. I have worked for my dad's company for 3 years, and then all of a sudden he started working there too. My entire life changed in the past 2 months. I gained a brother, left home for college, lost some friends by leaving, gained some friends by coming, and I am now living a totally different lifestyle. ",n,y,y,n,n

2000\_575736.txt,"I wonder if anything is going to come to mind as I am supposed to do this assignment. It is really hard for me to do something when I am put on the spot, such as this assignment asks me to do. What can I possibly write about the 20 minutes I have that will be enough to satisfy the professor. I wonder why there are Braille letters on drivethrough ATM machines. It was a coincidence that I mentioned that to my friend and then in Family Relationships the professor mentioned it. What do I have to do today? I have a crapload of Math that I have been putting off that is due Wednesday. I still have half of it to finish and I swear to myself that I will finish it today, but I know that I will keep on putting it off until I have to stay up most of the night to finish it the day before. I never stay up to late though, unless it is a project that I am really into and I will spend the little time that I have to really do my best on it. On other stuff like Math or something I am less passionate about I won't care what grade I will get, I won't stay up past 1:00am on a project I am not interested in. Ah, a procrastinators life. But well, I am not sure if it will work for me in college. In high school I did just fine, but I am not sure about college. I guess I will have to wait until my first tests to decide if I should change my ways, but looking at it realistically, I probably will not. I always tell myself to do this or change that, and I do for that week but I always know I will go back to being the same thing I try so many countless time to change. I really want to be like my roommate. She studies all the time, but like my friend Cindy said yesterday, she is one of those people who really has to try hard to get good grades. She doesn't think I am one of those people, She isn't. But honestly I would not want a doctor that never cracked a book open until the day before a test and made all As to be my doctor. If she ever decides that is what she wants to be. She is always changing her major, but she is going to med school, at least that is what she says. I don't know what I want to be. I am confused. I tell her I want to be a vet, and then she reminds me of the day I almost vomited when Coda, my dog, took a crap in my room. If I can't stand dog crap, how am I going to be a vet. I just realized that I have to pee, but I still have 4 more minutes to write and then check my spelling, I think I am just going to submit it like this, he said so himself that it will be graded if I have done the assignment, not my spelling. I just realized that I have changed the subject. I always to that. Somebody could be talking about homework and I will bust out saying ""Look a my new sandals. "" I think aloud too much. Oh, yeah. ok. I also said I wanted to be a marine biologist and she reminded me how afraid I am of sharks. I don't know what she is trying to do to me. ",n,n,n,n,n

2000\_576170.txt,"I just got back from your class, so I decided that I should start to type this paper. I am very happy with my classes, even though I feel like they are going to be rather difficult this year, especially my Calculus class. I have a hard time understanding what my professor is saying. I end up have to go home and teach myself most of the information. Well that's enough about school. I just thought about my exgirlfriend. I have very strong emotions about her. I know that she was my first love. But I also am so mad at sometimes. We had talked about me going off to college and we knew that it probably would work about, so we decided that we would date other people. From my experience this really does work out. The first girl that I dated after her was a girl from my waiting job in New Braunfels. I decided that I should tell my exgirlfriend, whose name is Genie, about the girl. This was a very big mistake. Genie came to the restaurant where I worked and caused a big scene. But this isn't the only thing that makes me mad. Things are totally different now that we decided to see other people. We don't get along and we can't talk to each other. I think women need to just make up their mind. They all act like want this perfect gentlemen that does everything for them, but when the actually get that they don't know how to treat it. Usually the go to far and try to take advantage of it and then the guy starts to despise the girl. I don't really wish that things were back the way they were, I just wish that we could still get along. I really miss talking to her. She was a person that I could tell everything to and still feel comfortable about doing so. I am lucky though, because I have a sister that I am very close to. She also goes to UT and she has been a very big help with getting me settled in here in Austin. She only lives a couple of blocks away from me and she is there for me whenever I need anything, as I am for her. This is my freshman year and I am already dreaming that college would be over. It isn't that I don't enjoy Austin or College, it is just that I am tired of school. I wish that there could be a step in your life that you could just skip, but that is impossible. I would love to just be able to be settled in to a good paying job, but since that will never happen I am prepared to work now to enjoy the benefits later. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_576206.txt,"Today I had my third day of classes at UT. It is still scary to walk around with so many faces that I have never seen before. I see all the older students and they are so confident in what they do and I keep thinking that one day, I will know lots of people on campus and not feel as intimidated as I still do. My parents still intimidate me even though I don't live under the same roof as them anymore. I have all these responsibilities and they are still checking up on me all the time and I feel like I must make them proud of me. I guess I will always feel that way. My mom once told me that she still feels like she has to do what her mother thinks is right, but she has learned to not feel guilty for a decision she feels is the best one. My boyfriend thinks I try to please to many people and I need to start doing what I want. I guess he doesn't know that I try to please him the most. He thinks he is not one of the people that makes me unhappy. He is older and he thinks he knows more than I do, but went to A&M so there is no way that is true. Most of my friends stayed in Austin, but some of by best friends went to far away places and I already miss them a lot. I live with three of my best friends from high school. My room roommate and I get along great and have been friends since we were five, and the other two I have known since we were eleven. So far everything is going well in our new apartment, but one girl has decided it is not her job to clean anything, and we are going to have to talk to her about that. Three people can take care of an apartment, but we would all rather not. She is just taking advantage of the rest of us doing it. She doesn't even offer to do dishes or cook, or go to the store, but she complains when she doesn't like what we have to eat around the house. She is eighteen years old and she is getting married in ten months and really feels like she is ready to make that kind of commitment. I know things worked out for my parents, but it seems like people were different back then. She is really spoiled and I think we need to put her in her place. She is a sweetheart, but I can't figure out why she won't wait until after college to get married. That is just going to be an extra load, and more obstacles. They won't have enough money for all the things they want and will fight because they aren't happy. When we try to tell her these things of course she doesn't listen. She is sure what she is doing is right. Maybe for her it is, what am I to say. I could never get married at this age right now. My boyfriend and I have been together for three years and have mentioned the possibility of it way down the line, but there is definitely not a seven thousanddollar ring on my hand. I also don't think I want to get married because I want to make sure that this is really the guy for me. My roommate has never even dated another guy and the first relationship she gets into she thinks she wants to marry the guy. I think one of my roommates feels left out because she is the only one of us without a boyfriend. She is the sweetest girl, but not all guys like her. She never complains about it, but I think maybe she is bothered a little. I know she will find someone at this school, though, it is very big and there are lots of fish in the sea. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_576262.txt,". STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS. Right now I feel disappointment for skipping my weight training class this morning. I feel sick. Maybe its my sinuses or something. I need to go get my course packet for NTR 311. This weekend I should do homework, but I won't. I'm always behind, I hate that about myself. I can't seem to make myself do right, my roommate encourages me a little, but not enough. She skipped class yesterday too. We have a lot in common, but I wonder how close we really are. I like her, she is cool. My boyfriend thinks she is a bad influence. I love him. He's worried that I might cheat on him while I'm in school, but I won't. I love him so much. My roommate and I listen to music a lot. We enjoy watching videos. It keeps us going. I'm really depressed about my weight. I have been working out, but I still eat too much taco bell and Jester Pizza. I want to be thinner, but not too thin. I torture myself by watching pretty girls on TV. I feel bad about the things I eat. My roommate doesn't help. My boyfriend is satisfied with the way I look. I miss him. I'm going home this weekend. I want to look better for him. I used to be cute. This past summer I gained a lot of weight. I really just wish my stomach were flatter. I never had a stomach before. I watch BET all the time. They play lots of videos. I'm going shopping this weekend, but I'm not as excited as I should be. Its depressing. I need to pray more. I'm going to church on Sunday. I miss church. I should read my Bible more. I should read more. I like rap, it makes me dance. I enjoy dancing. I'm a pretty good dancer. My boyfriend won't let me dance for him. I try to all the time. He's so cute. We have known each other since we were. ten. He was cute then too. His mom likes methat's a good thing. My grandmother hates him, but we have an understanding. She has her reasons. I should do my homework today. I procrastinate too much. I hate myself for that. I haven't eaten today. I need to get a sandwichno pizza. My favorite singer right now is Mya. I think she is pretty. I wish I had a body like hers. She's skinny. My boyfriend doesn't like skinny girls. My roommate is really confident. She seems to be content with herself. I wish I were. I want to grow my hair out. I'm not going to cut it anymore. My boyfriend will be happy. My grandmother will be thrilled. I miss them. I can't wait to go back to Dallas. Times up. ",y,y,n,n,n

2000\_576785.txt,"A writing assignment that lasts twenty minutes doesn't seem like a difficult task, but as I sit here I can remember all the papers that I have written. I usually sit and stare at my computer or take breaks to read what I have written before I continue. I can imagine that this paper will ramble and go into amazingly different subjects. Right now I'm thinking about where I need to go to get on the bus to go to my boyfriend's apartment. I wanted him to come pick me up, but he didn't want to. I looked up the campus loop bus schedule and the metro bus schedule and my mind is just going over and over the maps, trying to figure the best routes to take. Today is in fact my second day of school at the University of Texas. I was initially excited to begin classes and leave home and not be in high school. Now, I'm more worried that I won't be able to succeed like I did in high school. Maybe I'm not so worried that I won't do well; I'm worried that it will be very hard and that I won't be able to pass the finals, which appear to be the biggest part of most grades. Today my chemistry professor said that any chemistry majors should not be in the class. Well, I'm not a chemistry major, but I am a biochemistry major, so now I'm worried that I'm in the wrong class. I've consulted the course schedule several times already to make sure I'm eligible for the class, and it appears that I am. Maybe I just shouldn't worry. I also worry that my professors will yell at me or tell me to leave the room. I'm basically a good student, and I usually don't disrupt the class. Sometimes, though, its hard to sit still and be quiet when you are sitting miles away from a professor and you are surrounded by other people that you are friends with. I guess its not really a big deal, but I don't like getting in trouble. I'm one of those people who likes to do things I'm not allowed to do, like drink, but once I suspect that someone might find out, I'll try to get everyone else to stop. I know it is kind of hypocritical, but I just don't like to get in trouble. The words I dreaded most growing up were ""Lisa, we need to talk. "" Whenever my mother said that to me, I just knew I had to be in trouble. I would spend my time raking my brain, trying to figure out what I did that she found out about that she doesn't approve of. Usually, it turned out to be nothing. I guess sometimes I worry about things that once left alone will turn out all right. About a month before going to college, I spent a day stressed and crying because all these things needed to be done. I guess I wasn't getting enough sleep and that made me more anxious or nervous, but I was crying about everything. It even made me upset that I didn't have my computer yet, and I wasn't leaving for college for another month. I just wanted to get my computer and make sure that everything worked and looked how I wanted it to. Plus I had a lot of things to do in August, and I didn't want to run out of time. It did work out, but I still became upset about it. I moved from worrying about my computer, which works fine, to worrying about my career. For the past couple of years, I've told everyone that I want to be a doctor. Now I'm thinking about how much school, and how much money that will cost. I can't even begin to imagine the debt that I will incur by trying to become a doctor. That made me want to look into other careers, but I don't like a lot of other things. Maybe I can wait until I graduate to worry about that, but that wouldn't suit my personality very well. I like to worry about everything. What I really like to do though, is to make lists. I love buying planners because I always write down my assignments. And I write what I have to do on Thursday and if I don't finish that day, I write it again on Friday to make sure I do it. I'm not that concerned if I don't complete my tasks, but I just want to make a list. My roommate just walked in and was mentioning how we haven't seen much of each other. I have been spending a lot of time at my boyfriend's apartment, but don't most people enjoy some time to their selves? Plus, my roommate likes to have complete silence when she studies, and I want to have music playing. It wouldn't be so bad, but she studies all the time. I understand about being a good student, but this course is so familiar to her she could have placed out. I guess I'm just used to studying if I need to in order to do well. I just can't understand people that have or want to study all the time. ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_576862.txt,"It is 9:35 and I am beginning my stream of consciousness writing assignment. I have been at The University of Texas for exactly one week today. The first night I got here was probably the most alone I have ever felt. My roommate is my best friend from the town where I came from, Pearland. My other best friend was visiting us also. I'm not sure why I felt that way, I was surrounded by two of the people I feel most comfortable around. I'm sure it had to do with being in a different town, sleeping in a different bed, etc. I'm sure I'll learn all about that in this class. I didn't realize I would miss my parents as much as I miss them. I'm an only child and I never really considered myself that close to them. Actually, I am very close to my mom about certain things. As I've gotten older sometimes she just feels like one of my friends. At any rate I really miss them. They didn't call that whole weekend, and I realize it was because my mom didn't want to bother me, but it kind of hurt my feelings. So, I called them. This is really going to help out my typing I can tell it's getting faster. It's 9:46 now. I think when I get through with this I'm going to go to my other friends from Pearland's room and watch a movie or something. It's so easy to not mean new people when you already have friends. There's about 25 people from my home town here. I've met new people in my classes and everything, but these are the people I spend all of my time with. We'll see what happens in the future. Before I left Pearland I had been dating a guy who's going to Sam Houston. We weren't that serious, but now I miss him a lot. We were talking about what we were going to do and I had just assumed we would break up because we would be far away but he didn't see it like that. He had like a list of reasons we should or shouldn't stay together. At any rate, I told him I had to experience new things in college, blah, blah, blah, and we basically decided to break up. It's 9:54 but I'll keep writing a little more. I liked this guy on and off for like a year. Well, now I really kind of regret not staying together because I miss him. He came down to Pearland the Wednesday before I left and we hung out. I called him a couple days ago and he didn't sound very happy to hear from me. Okay, well now I'm rambling, I guess now I'm going to have to move on. Oh well we'll see what happens. It's 10:00. This was kind of fun. ",y,n,y,n,y

2000\_577273.txt,"Well I am sitting here in my dorm room wondering what I am doing here. I am eighteen years old, and well in four days will actually be nineteen. I cannot believe that I am in college. The past three weeks of classes have been very overwhelming. I did not really know what to expect, and well I still don't know. After the first two days of classes I called home crying because I did not now how exactly to study for classes even if I did not have homework or a test the following day. I am kind of getting into the swing of things. Last night my ex boyfriend called which really surprised I me. He wasn't really my boyfriend but we were for sure dating. About a week and a half ago I found out that he was dating another girl at the same time that he was dating me. I was really upset when I found out but for some reason I never cried. I usually cry over the littlest things but this time I didn't. It's not that I wasn't upset but I think that I was trying to be a stronger person. Anyways, back to the point, I can't believe that he called. I am really excited because on Sunday I am going to meet my parents in New Braunfels to go to dinner for my birthday. My mom keeps asking me what I want for my birthday, but I don't really know. My friend Katie just walked into my room. I told her to leave because I don't want to lose my train of thought. That is the problem with living in the dorm. People just walk in and out of my room and it is really hard to get things done. My roommate and I usually lock our door so no one can disturb us. Oh, about two and a half months ago I got a speeding ticket and I have to take defensive driving. I rented the defensive driving video from Blockbuster today. The video was so boring. I really miss my sister. She is so great to me. Last night I was thinking how weird, well it isn't really weird, but almost every time we get off the phone we say, ""I love you. "" It is not weird to me but I don't think that most brothers and sisters say I love you every time they get off of the phone. I don't know I guess I just think it is cool that we have such a close relationship between one another. I sometimes think what I would do if I lost her or didn't have a sister as great as her. Sometime she can be really rude to me but for the most part she is such a great sister. Speaking of great people, I love my parents so much. I have never really realized how much they really care about me and worry about me until I went off to college. The day that I called them crying they were so worried about me. I called them again that night and they were so relieved that I was feeling better. Also, yesterday I felt really sick and my told me that she wished that she could be here to take care of me. My family is probably the greatest thing that I have in my life. What I really wish for right now is to make at least a 3. 0 this first semester. I am going to try really hard. I know I can do it I just have to keep up with my studies and work really hard. So far I think I am doing good in studying. I am really trying to balance out study time and play time. I can't believe how much my mind switches from subject to subject. This is awesome. I have just typed so much in just twenty minutes. ",y,y,y,n,n

2000\_578422.txt,"I like this writing assignment. It seems easy. I know I'm doing this pretty early, but it's okay. I don't want to go to class tomorrow. My roommate is playing his music pretty loudly but I don't care because I do the same thing. I wonder if I set my alarm clock. 8:30 is way too early for me. I sure do type slowly. I can still hear my roommate's music. I need to pee, but I can't. I have to wait 20 minutes. This is getting boring. I'm not very thoughtful today. Maybe it's because I am tired. I may go to sleep early today, but I know I won't. I am so glad that I only have two classes tomorrow. My roommate is talking on the phone again. I'm very delighted that I got a cool roommate. Man, only seven minutes passed. I'm getting so tired and bored. My roommate just left. He sure does go out a lot. I hope he doesn't wake me up tomorrow morning. Home. I miss my house, my turtles, my mom, my dad, and my friends. I sure do have lots of electronics in my dorm. I wonder why dogs howl at the moon. Man that was sure random. My keyboard is pretty cool. I still need to pee. Gosh only ten more minutes to go. I am halfway there. My shoulder is starting to hurt. I wonder how many words I can type a minute. Gosh, I'm glad that I am using Word. I cannot spell today. I still need to get my course packet. I'll probably go tomorrow. This is weird. I feel like I am talking to myself, but it is kind of cool. I wonder how people just came up with computers. I am sure glad that I am living in a society with AC. I would so be sweating everyday. It's so hot here, but not as humid as Houston, that is a plus. I wonder if I am supposed to be writing sentences or not. Oh well, I only have five more minutes to go. I don't watch television as much as I used to. I need to start watching the news. I never know what's going on in the world. I don't even know the names of the presidential candidates' running mates. Gosh, I wonder how many words I have typed so far. This page is filling up. There are only three more minutes to go. Then I get to send this in. I wonder if you are going to read this. I need to stop my online slang for writing. My chair sounds like a fart when I move it. Oh oh, two more minutes, and then I'm done. That pretesting sure took a long time to fill out. One more minute left. Man, I lost my thought. I wonder how many seconds are left. My stomach is starting to make noises. There sure are a lot of underlinings in this paper. Woohoo, all done. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_579092.txt,"My thoughts I have never tried to write about my thoughts before, so here goes: I'm sitting in my dorm room just where it is quite hot for some reason even though the air conditioning is set for the coldest setting, oh well, I guess Dobie isn't perfect. My suitemate sure isn't any good. I hadn't seen him for the last two weeks, but as soon as I put a TV in the living room, he shows up. Lousy moocher. Now I have to listen to my headphones because he is watching some stupid movie. These things make my head hurt, and I don't like the music I'm listening to, stupid Backstreet Boys. My girlfriend loves them, I sure do miss her. She lives in Houston and goes to HBU, she is so nice. She isn't anything like the other girls I know, she never complains, and always does whatever I want to. I'm lucky to have her. I'm afraid that this long distance relationship thing won't work out. That would suck, I don't know what I would do. My head just hurts thinking about it, or is it just these tight headphones. They aren't even mine, they are my roommate's. He is a great guy, one of my best friends from Houston. He just got back from his girlfriend's dorm room. She lives upstairs, and that isn't fair. He gets to see her all the time, I only get to see my girlfriend every two weeks or so. I guess that could be good too since I need to study a lot. I have some big shoes to fill, both my brother and sister went to UT and they were both in the business school, which I couldn't get into. Sometimes I feel stupid compared to the two of them. My parents really want me to do well, and I hope I can make them happy. If I try really hard, and get a little lucky, I might be able to transfer into the business school. That would be cool. I feel sorry for my mom, and I am scared. She needs a liver transplant, and it isn't fair for her. She wasn't a drinker or anything, she lived a very good life. She just happened to have a bad liver. That's why I hate Mickey Mantle. One day a friend of mine was talking about how we should give free health care to everybody, but I totally disagreed. I told him that we shouldn't help the drunks and druggies, and he thought I was crazy. That's when I get really pissed and started yelling about how stupid celebrities like Mickey Mantle get to skip people on the transplant list, get a new liver and then drink through it. After that they get to take another one, then he died anyway, that is the only thing that made me happy. They could have given that liver to my mom, rather than some stupid lush who just killed it. Someone told me that he had a disease that he couldn't stop drinking, I say BS. He could have paid someone to walk around with him to make sure he didn't drink any alcohol, but my mom can't do that. She just has bad blood, if we could pay someone a hundred thousand dollars a month to follow her around and keep her healthy, we would do it in a heartbeat. We don't have that option. Well that's twenty minutes, I don't know if that was exactly what you were looking for, but that is pretty much what I was thinking, and that was pretty fun! ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_579113.txt,"I am really tired right now. Yesterday, Nick (my roommate) and I went at 10:30 at night to Gregory Gym to lift. I really have to use the restroom right now, so I will be right back. Sorry, I feel much better. My legs are so sore. I wonder what happens in a person's brain to tell his/her body that he/she needs to use the restroom. This TV next to me is really big, and I would like to turn it on right now, but I have more important things to do, namely writing this assignment. It would preoccupy me. I am really stressed out right now because I have so much going on. It gives me a headache. What causes headaches? Psychology is going to be a really fun course. I type really slowly, and I am trying not to look at the keys, but I am not doing a good job. My teachers are all great, and I lucked out with my math professor. He actually talks English. I wonder who ever thought of pencils and how they work. It is an amazing thing. Girls are wonderful they make so happy. I have to maintain at least a 3. 5 to stay in the Business Honors Program, but I can do that if I really set my mind to it. Joining a fraternity would be so fun, but they are so expensive. My bed looks really comfortable. I always wonder if what we dream happens in reality later in life. Deja vu is a feeling that I cannot explain. I have always wondered what happens inside the brain when this feeling occurs. I think that I have a slight obsessivecompulsive disorder because I want everything to be so neat and clean. I wonder if other people have this same feeling. I am always scared to talk about it in front of other people because I don't want them to think that I am weird. Who would have ever come up with the idea of the computer out of nowhere? They must have been brilliant. I feel a little lightheaded right now because I put a dip of Skoal Wintergreen Long Cut in my lip. I hope that I can quit soon because I have been dipping since my freshman year in high school. My back is a little sore. I wish that I could go to sleep now, but I have to read some MIS 310 stuff. Psychology is a huge class. It has 540 people in it, and that is 50 more people than in my graduating class at Spring High School last May. Well, it has been 30 minutes. Bye! ",y,y,y,y,n

2000\_579209.txt,"I am feeling a little nervous right now. I just tried to find my class but it was not in the same spot as usual. Normally I wouldn't really care, but today this class was my excuse for not being somewhere else. I walked around for thirty minutes to three different buildings trying to find the whereabouts of this class. I never found it. Hopefully the fact that I was not in class will go unnoticed. I had a very busy day, and every little thing I do every day I have to think about twice. I can not react on impulse here in college, because if I do I could get into trouble with people I would rather not be in trouble with. If I do get in trouble it is not that big of a deal. I got my OU wristband today. I had to get up very early in order to do this. I was tired out from last night as well. I have to get up early again on Thursday in order to get my actual ticket. The OU tickets are thirty five dollars. This is pretty expensive. From what I hear it is worth it though. A lot of people have told me that this is the best weekend of the entire year. We're going to take buses to Dallas and probably stay the night at some of my new friends houses. It sounds like a blast. One of my friends from high school moved to Dallas to go to SMU for college. It will be good to see him. One of my other friends went to West Point for college. I respect the guy with all my heart. I don't know how he does what he does. I got to see on Labor Day for the first time in like three months. That was really nice. He does not think that West Point is that great, but he is the only one of my friends with enough self control to live through all that stuff. The beginning of college has been fun so far. I've had some great times, and some nerve racking ones. I enjoy living on my own. I live with three other guys from Corpus Christi. They are all really cool. I enjoy private times sometimes too. It is kind of neat when they all go to their fraternity deals, and I get the whole place to myself. It's a lot more quiet, and that is really nice sometimes. They spend pretty much every hour of every day with each other. It would be fun but every one needs a little privacy sometimes. I just got my internet connected today, so this is a nice new feature. Well it has been about twenty five minutes now so I am going to check spelling and submit my work. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_588595.txt,"Oh. I don't even have a clue about the purpose of this assignment. Will Professor Pennebaker use this writing assignment as some kind of test? Interesting approach! Oh. wow. I have Psychology this Monday. I wonder what we're going to cover. I still have to read chapter two. Too much homework and so little time! I wonder when mom's going to get home. Is she going to the grocery store again? I have to ask Monica about this. I really want some gum. I really wish that mom would get me some. Oh. this cricket is really annoying. Stop making that sound please! Is it already the cricket season again? Last year, I've seen about a hundred crickets, some dead and some alive, in front of Eckerd. Now, we have crickets outside of my bedroom window. Great! Wow. Monica has been watching the TV for a long time now. I'll give her fifteen more minutes and then I'm going to go turn off the TV. She should read more. Oh. I have to read my Biology too. I don't exactly want to read it. It's not going to be fun. I really want to go do something exciting so I can kind of clear my head up a little bit. I can probably ask dad to take me to the lake tomorrow. We can probably bring some food and have a picnic there. I really hope dad doesn't already have a plan. I have to ask dad, right away, when he gets home. Anyway, I have to start thinking about my schoolwork. I wonder how people can make perfect 4. 0 gpas. The must be really smart. I should study harder. I need to have better study skills. Oh. this Monday I need to go meet my Biology teacher. She's a really good teacher. I need to tell her that. This woman can really explain stuff. I should go look for the red folder and check for her office hours. I wish her office hour were somewhere from twelve o'clock to two o'clock. Ah. the crickets. the noise. this is really annoying. If this keeps on going, how am I supposed to sleep tonight? I really need lots of sleep. I'm really tired today. Wow. I can't believe I actually vacuumed the whole house today. I never thought I could have done this for just one morning. Amazing! I really want mom to get home soon. I wonder what we're going to have for dinner tonight. I really want chicken noodle soup. I also want some salads. Please get home soon. I'm hungry. Oh. thirty more seconds then I'm done with this writing assignment. If Professor Pennebaker read this he'll probably think that I don't have a stable mind. Ah. time's up. ",n,y,y,y,n

2000\_590024.txt,"College life is so much different than anything that I have ever experienced in my life. It is so neat how you come here knowing so few people, and by the third week you are best friends with a group of guys from some place you have never heard of. I would never have guessed that I would get a roommate that is engaged and is never here, or break up with my girlfriend, or even meet so many different people. What is so neat about it is that you meet somebody new every day. You meet those people, then you meet their friends, and then their friends, and before you know it you have this huge network of people that you thought you would never meet. The other thing about college that was different was the incredible urge within me to surround myself with people that I previously did not know. That is why I broke up with my girlfriend. I was being stubborn and was thinking to myself that there are so many women here and I will find somebody else. Sure there are plenty of other people here, but not one has been as cool as Monica was. Now I can't decide if I want to get back with her or if I want to stick it out and find someone different. When thinking about this decision, the saying, ""don't fix it if it ain't broke"" always comes into my head. We were happy together and we had fun, so why should I not stay with her. Then again we did have our bad times and there are so many other people here at UT. I don't know what to do so I'll move to another topic. This semester I am taking 17 hours of course work. I have six different classes and everybody thought life was going to be so hard for me, but it really has not been to bad. You have so much time to get everything done in college. Where in high school I was playing 3 different sports and taking hard classes, now I am just taking those hard classes. It is nice to be able to do whatever I want when want. I am used to having my parents around nagging me about homework and studying, but they can only call and do that here. Just because I am not feeling to swamped with 17 hours doesn't mean that I want to continue taking that many hours from here on out though. After this semester I only have to take like 13 hours a semester, which will be even better. That is unless I decide to study abroad. By writing about exactly what I have been thinking about, I can now see what has been wearing on me since I have been here. I mean I knew what the basis was for all I was thinking about, but until now I hadn't really thought about how all this stuff has such an effect on me. I have always and always will worry about my schoolwork and about girl problems, so that doesn't really come as much of a surprise to me. However it does surprise me that taking 17 hours doesn't really bother as much as I was thinking it was. ",n,n,n,n,n

2000\_590052.txt,"Just sitting down and actually listening to your thoughts has become a rare event for most adolescents. I think it would be wise if I put myself on a quiet place and just thought about things such as my life, beliefs, and future. Today I went to a meeting for KVR News and received tons of information about the station and what I needed to do if I wanted to be apart of it. The meeting was extremely informative, almost too informative. My head was spinning by the time I left the station. I learned so much and that was only the tip of the iceberg. I feel as though I am behind in life right now. I'm definitely already behind in my schoolwork, but in other things too. I still feel as though as I am at camp not in my new home. My other friends already feel comfortable here. It also seems like there are numerous assignments and activities that I can't fit into a twenty four hours! I miss my best friend named Dana. She went to Tulane. She is doing well which makes me happy. Speaking of happiness, certain things in my life these days are causing me to experience extreme happiness. This is impressive because a year ago I was debating whether or not anyone could obtain true happiness. Now I am a firm believer. You see, about three months ago I met a beautiful guy by the name of John. He is intelligent, funny, artistic, and the best boyfriend a girl could ask for. This has been the longest not to mention the only serious relationship I have ever been in. John makes me feel pretty. He looks out for me and he loves me. When I am with him I am completely happy. Another strong catalyst to my blissfulness is food and the Jester Cafeteria has been coming through. Of course, I have to focus in quantity not quality! Whenever I eat there I get lost in the selections. So much to eat so little space! Though I reach these peaking moments of happiness, every once in a while they disappear. When I was filling out my pretesting questionnaire I started to feel depressed. All the questions were bringing up topics and ideas that made me think about how I handled issues. I'm not good at issues. I tend to bottle things up. I'm not good at verbalizing my emotions. This combination is dangerous. Sometimes I wonder if I have made wise choices. I wonder if my parents miss me. I wonder if my friends long to see me too. My selfconfidence is like one crazy roller coaster. One minute I am a gorgeous intellectual woman who knows what she wants and the next I am an ugly confused little girl who can't figure anything out. It is a good thing for me to acknowledge these things and occurrences in my life. I am very thankful for what God has given me. ",y,y,n,y,y

2000\_591006.txt,"I have so much on my mind right now. It seems as if my world is changing in every way from every aspect. I have been told by someone close to me (my ex girlfriend) that I have changed. She will not tell me what she means or in what way I have changed. It bothers me more and more all the time. I can't see how I have changed. I have looked at every aspect of my life and personality and have yet to find any feeling different than that which I felt three months ago. I don't want her to be upset with me. I just wish she would tell me why. I feel like I am continuously trying to make everyone around me happy. I spend so much time being the listener of other people's problems. I just sit there and listen to them and when they want feedback I provide it to the best of my ability. The only problem is that sometimes I want to talk to someone. But people do not usually seem to have the same time for me. I usually find my own way of dealing with things such as bowling. Bowling is great stress relief. You challenge yourself only and get to throw heavy objects at other heavy objects to improve your score. I am not a violent person at all. but I do feel better after a few games of bowling. I enjoy talking to people about things and helping them with their problems. It just seems like there are a lot of problems out there for which I have no advice to give. It's as if I am letting them down. I am somewhat worried right now. Mainly about what will happen when I finish this thought process. I have to go to my fraternity house and help work on one of our pledge class's projects. I am tired and feel overwhelmed by what I have to do. I have schoolwork, friends, and fraternity. Any one of these could easily take all of my time. Yet here I am trying to budget all of it in. I realize that schoolwork comes first, but I do not want to give up my fun time. I enjoy fraternity but it is a lot of work and takes a lot of time. Right now if I had one wish it would be for me to never need sleep again. That would give me another 8 hours to get my daily tasks done. I guess maybe I should think of some good things too. Life can't be all bad. I have met so many new people since arriving at UT. I have made friends with people whom I can already tell have the potential to be lifelong friends. College has been like starting over. I have friends who also came to UT. But I rarely see them. And those who I did not get along with, I have yet to see thanks to the incredibly large campus. This is probably one of the most interesting assignments I have ever one. It has been a very long time since I simply sat down and wrote my feelings. In fact, this is the first time since I arrived at UT that I have had the opportunity to think about how I really feel. I actually feel better knowing where I stand on some of the most important aspects of my life. I will definitely make sure to read this again. maybe in a day or so. I might even do this assignment over again on my own in a week or so to see if and how my feelings have changed. I need new shoes. I stepped in a deep water puddle the other day and soaked them inside and out. It is time for a new pair of shoes anyway. I actually saw a student walking to class without shoes the other day. I can't imagine walking down the streets of campus without shoes. Why am I thinking about shoes? What time is it? Only one minute left. I have really enjoyed this assignment. I hope the upcoming writing assignments are as interesting as this one has been. Time is up. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_592197.txt,"Now I've really come to see that life would be much better once you're gone. This is a good song. Only girls like it though. Bye Bye Bye. Fool for you. I don't feel this way about Jason at all. I am really in love with him. I can't let my parents know. I don't like hiding the way I feel from them but they would never like Jason if they knew I loved him so much. I am looking at our picture right now. That is the picture that I looked at the whole time I was in Europe. He looks so good but it seemed like I almost forgot what he looked like after a month. Just looking at that picture wasn't enough. I'll never be able to tell him what happened. I love him too much. If I really love him that much, would I have done it? I think it was something I had to do to get that nasty feeling to go away. I don't regret anything. I still can't get adjusted to this new college life. I guess it will take more time. I know I'll love it soon. I always want Jason to be here when he's not and when he's here I feel like he's tying me down. He is really understanding about my adjustment though. I jut hate it when he gives me a guilt trip. He also thinks he superior to me too much. Whether it be with sex or life experience. He has experienced more than me but there are a lot of things that I know better than him. He doesn't think that. That is all the complaints I have about him. God, I am totally in love with him. What did he do that captured me? His looks defiantly were the reason at first. He feel in love me much sooner than I fell in love with him. I'm still catching up and now I am put in the setting where I have a lot of other options. I still choose him over anyone. There isn't another guy that has all his qualities. I have defiantly not seen anyone as hot as him. He's gorgeous to me. I miss my parents. I wish I didn't have to so secretive with Jason around them. They know how I feel, just they don't know how much. It bothers them already and they don't even really know. How am I supposed to tell them? I want them to get along with him. I think someday they will once they realize how I feel they'll support anything I decide. Looking at Jason and me compared to Erich and Lisa is weird. I can't see how Lisa loves Erich judging by the way they fight. They'd never make it. Jay and I never fight unless it's over something really dumb and then we forget about it two seconds later. Maybe its cause we don't see each other as much. That is going to change because we're so much closer. Lisa and Erich fight more now that they're apart. It sucks for her and me for that matter because I hate the way she's always upset. It will end soon and she'll get over it. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_593590.txt,"Well I figured since I want to go to bed at midnight I would write for 20 minutes now so I don't forget. I always tend to think at night. Stuff runs through my mind because I let it wander. I don't know if this is a bad thing or a good thing, but I do it anyway. I just finished studying for a chemistry test tomorrow. It is my first college test so I am a little nervous. I know that I have to do well in all my classes in order to get into medical school. I think I will do fine though. I have done all that stuff before in high school. So far the largest difference I have noticed between high school and college is that the professor expects you to know what he or she is talking about. They don't explain things as thoroughly as they do in high school. Oh well I guess I will become accustomed to it. I don't mind the reading I have to do so that isn't too bad. I have met a lot of new people here and I like the college a lot. One thing I do want though is a girlfriend. I like this one girl but she has a boyfriend back home so it is kind of hard. I seem to be able to pick out the ones that have boyfriends all ready. I was in the same situation almost with one of my good friends that just left for the Navy. I say almost because she liked me also, but had been going on with her boyfriend for a long time. We were friends back in seventh grade but then she moved and we kind of kept in touch through the years and then on day she called and I hadn't heard from her in over a year. I told her that we had to get together and do something. So I went over to her house for spring break and we spent the next two weeks together. I had so much fun. I felt as though we were meant for each other. It is kind of hard to explain the feeling I had when I was around her. Well I told her and she said that she liked me too but couldn't break up with her boyfriend and then go out with me. I asked her why not and she said that she couldn't be with me and then have to leave for the Navy. I talked to some of my friends and they said that it was because she knew that I would not let her leave and her current boyfriend would. I don't know if that is it or not, but regardless we went out a whole lot and spent a bunch of time together. I always had a wonderful time with her. Then I left and then she left. I came here and she is in Chicago for boot camp. I miss her a lot. Then I met this one girl from my high school, which I knew but not that well. In the last few weeks we have become real good friends. She reminds me of my friend in the Navy, and I can't figure out if that is one of the reasons that I like her or not. I think it might play a bit of a role in it, but I am not sure. Well she has a boyfriend also so I am in the same position as before only I am not sure how she feels towards me. I received a post card from my friend in the navy today. It felt good to hear from her. I have to write her back tomorrow. Well it is midnight so I think I am going to head to bed. I know that I will continue to think through the night. That is just what I do. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_594909.txt,"I met this guy Mark Thursday and today we had breakfast together. I really like him, but I don't know how to express myself around him. I get a selfconscience feeling, but he seems excited when we talk. I have a nervous tick in my stomach when I think of him, like now. I feel like calling or emailing him, but I can't find the guts to. At breakfast, it took my five minutes before I could stop shaking. No one noticed but I could feel my knees quiver. School is not exactly what I thought it would be. There is so much reading, and I don't know if I'm absorbing it all into my brain. So many fun things to do, I make myself sit and read. I try so hard to focus on the page and words, but my mind wanders. I try to read ahead to be prepared for the next class, but I suffer as much failure as I do success. I have a club meeting tonight and tomorrow night and I'm lucky if I get the times and meeting places correct. I guess that's why I bought a cool UT planner which I carry with me everywhere! My mom was the same way I am. She procrastinated more in college than I am and did very well. I don't want to fail. I think about failing and it makes my stomach hurt and I zone out, pushing the thoughts of failure to the back of my mind, but they always pop out again. I miss the familiar faces and places of Port Lavaca. I miss driving my the bay in the evening and the sounds of the cottonwood trees in the front yard. Tears come to my eyes. I haven't cried in a very long time, not even when I came back from the long Labor Day weekend. When I talk on the phone with my parents I swallow the lump in my throat and hold back the tears. I want to succeed here and I'm am doing a good job of breaking the university into a smaller, less overwhelming place. As a little girl, I came to many UT football games. My dream was to be a student here. Considering I was in the top ten percent of my graduating class the task was not a hard one. I love the university and I'm glad I choose UT over Southwest Texas. Southwest does have the best Speech Pathology program in the state, but I can not see myself anywhere, but here. When I think of that the sadness goes away, but I'm still left with an incredible amount of work that I am trying to accomplish. My dad works very hard. He only went to college for two years, and then to work for the family company. I can't tell if he likes work. He almost hates his sister's husband. I don't like him either. A total jerk and I feel sorry for my cousins, one of whom only calls home when my aunt is there. I think my dad is happy. He always coached mine and my brother's basketball league games. He loved it. He was an average student in high school, most likely had ADD or ADHD. We've always been close, but sometimes I feel like he disregards my feelings. We're both athletic, but I got the heavier build of my mother and my dad is slender, but muscular. Sometimes my dad gets mad at my brother and I, but our mother tells us that he always feels bad afterwards. I hope he knows I love him very much. ",y,y,y,y,n

2000\_595506.txt,"This is my writing I always feel like everything should have a title. Somebody told me I was anal last night. I don't think so though. I've always thought myself to be rather easygoing. Church always made us be nice to people. That's another thing, people always tell me that I'm ""like the nicest person I've ever met!"". I don't see it. I may be easygoing but I do not consider myself nice. I think I'm just not mean so people think I'm nice. I'm not. You should see how I treat the men in my life. The poor boys don't have a clue. Marques hopefully will never find out because I actually do love him a lot but I just can't seem to settle down for anything. That's got to be some kind of mental deficiency don't you think. Oh well, around this campus I think I am one of the only sane people around here. I'm saying that like I think I'm sane. I don't think I am. I like William a lot too. He's so strong and ""Mr. Cool"" like. I'm always attracted to the strong cute ones. I guess it's some kind of complex about my tiny stature that I always go after big men. I can't believe Marques got up to almost 300 pounds this summer. He is really making me mad though because he is not helping my constant state of confusion that I have been dealing with lately. I hate typing. I don't have anything to say anymore. I wish I had a twinkie and a juice box. I do need to go to the grocery store. Eckerds is just up the street though so I'll go up there if I can ever get caught up on all my work. I am going to try to make it to the Delta party tonight. I think everybody's going to be there. I hope William is there. He's such a cutie and he likes me a whole lot. He gave me these two massive hickies on the sides of my neck. They look really bad and they kind of hurt too. Oh well, at least I've found somebody that I like. I wish Marques was here so that I could take my mind off of all these cute men. My nursing class is cool. Are you sure that you wanted us to just type whatever comes to our minds. Well, I don't think you want to get inside my mind. There's a whole lot of stuff that should not be open to the public right now. I guess everybody thinks like this though. I can't call myself different because sometimes I know that I am different. I don't think like everybody else I know. I think I'm a little bit on the crazier side than they like to think I am. Okay, I have been typing for 12 minutes now. I told you that I don't have anything to say. It's not like I don't write in my journal every night. I know how my mind works and I don't particularly like it. I happen to think I'm a little nuts, but who isn't. This isn't all about me though. I'm not the teacher so I guess I just have to sit here and type until your hearts content. That's what I'm here for. My mom tries to make people happy too much. She had to go to a craziness doctor a few years ago because she almost had a nervous breakdown. I thought it was funny though so maybe that's mean of me but if you knew my mother you would think it was funny too. She's not a very nice lady and she bothers me way too much. I wish she would stop calling and acting like that good little mother that she always want to be. She's not. I love my daddy. He called while William was still in the bed this morning. Not good. He kept tickling me and my dad was kind of getting suspicious but William plays too much anyway. I need to go take a nap and it's been more that twenty minutes so I'll talk to you later. ",y,n,n,y,n

2000\_595927.txt,"this assignment should be interesting but at the same time inhibited my slow typing. I do not like to use computers especially the internet. I had such problems on the internet when I was applying to ut that I almost did not get in because of them. but I am here now and happy. the one thing I am surprised about at ut is that there aren't more blacks or persons of color. I guess that is just the way things go. there are a lot of other ethnicities represented here though. my high school graduating class of 100 had 6 minorities in it. ut is a bit of a change. but for the better I am sure. my high school on Houston was private and some would venture to say snobby. I agree but a lot of times it was nice being in a homogeneous world. it reminds me of our country club in Houston. 1000 memberonly wasp. it is really not all that bad, though from a member's perspective. I like being one in a big heard of the same type of people. that is why I joined a fraternity up here at ut. it is fun and a good way to meet girls and guysmostly whom are white. I totally understand, value, and enjoy the perspectives of minorities though. last year in a history discussion class there was a Hispanic girl and she brought so many unique and amazing perspectives to the table although most of them had to do with religious based ideas. Speaking of religion I need to get some while I am up here in college. nobody has enough time for religions up here it seems but wouldn't that be so much better if they did. I find religion to be the best thing on the face of the earth although I do not get or have enough. the problem is it is difficult to do so and the results are not as immediate as a good grade on a test or anything else you work hard for. I miss my home church but I will probably end up going back there. I probably will end up moving back to Houston when all of my schooling is done. just like my dad and his dad's dad. I am a 7th generation Harris county resident and that makes me happy. I wonder how many times I have used the word 'I' in this writing. how many minutes have I written for only five to go. I might be a slow typist. never could type to well. not good hand eye coordination. my brother has good hI coordination. my wisdom teeth hurt and I need to get them removed or just take some more Advil. speaking of Advil and the thing that I thought I would be using them the most for, hangovers, I don't even drink half as much up here at school as I did back in high school. maybe that is a good thing. 2 more minutes. my hands are a bit sore. what to write or think about. today was a good day I hope that that girl I met at dinner tonight has an interest in me and not my friend Michael. she said she liked Michael. He has a girl friend though who is coming to town soon. I bet she is good looking ",y,n,n,n,y

2000\_597336.txt,"I am so glad that I got some emails today. I love when people write me, and tell me what is going on in their life. It also makes me feel good when they ask me to do things with them. I really have a lot to do today. My bulletin board is just so plain. I have to get some color back up there, to make the room appear pretty. I love Texas football, I need to put my poster back up of the football team and schedule. I love the picture my friend sent me in the mail, now I can look at it everyday on my magnetic board. I wonder if my roommate will come back after her class, so we can go eat lunch. I am really hungry. I wonder what they are having for lunch. I need to go check my mail, to see if I got a letter from the company I applied for work. I really hope I get that job, it would be so fun, and I would have some extra spending money. All of these wires on my desk are driving me up the wall. I need to see if I can hide them some way. I need to hook my printer up before I hide all of the wires. People come in and out of this dorm all day long. It is funny all the different schedules people have. I wonder if that screeching noise outside ended up in a wreck. Austin traffic really scares me. People just don't care when they are driving. I have to be the observant one, when I drive tonight. These pigeons outside my window are really getting on my nerves. I hate that purring noise they make. How do they even make that noise? They are such big and ugly birds. Somebody must be taking a shower, because the water is running in the bathroom. What could be making that squeaky noise I hear, it is about every minute. Dorms have all kind of noises. I really like my dorm now, I just need to finish decorating it, since I had to take it down for the sprinkler installation. I worked so hard getting my bulletin board perfect, then I had to rip it down. Now I have the task of putting it all back up, like I had it. I can't wait until I have it back like I had it because the room was just so bright and vibrant, with posters and fabric. I wonder if my theatre teacher will discuss that play we went to see last night. I can't believe he went to the same one. I think it was a little too different for me. I am not really into plays that much, so can I grasp the plot of this one, in order to write a critique? I bet he will say something about it today in class. I can not wait to hear what he has to say. I love that class, it is so much fun. He is so energetic, I look forward to it each day I get to go. I wonder if I will see Shelly today. I hope I get to talk to her, she is a nice person. I am getting kind of worried about my roommate, she is not back yet. I really want to go to lunch. I wish the sprinkler installation would be over, because I can't take much more of this drilling. I don't understand why it sounds so close, I thought they were finished with the rooms around us. Maybe these walls are just really thin. I like wearing a hat, I think I will do it more often. I didn't have to fix my hair, it was great. The bells are chiming, I love that sound. Look it is over time to stop. I wonder if I am supposed to end this in a specific way. Oh well, I don't know what to do. This was interesting. ",y,y,n,y,n

2000\_597791.txt,"The first thought that enters into my mind is my parents, whom I have been thinking about since I left Houston for college. It's so different here, but not necessarily bad. I have always been under the protection of my parents. But here, I don't have anyone telling me when to get up and when to go to bed, and what to do. I literally make all my choices, which I have to admit, I don't always make the best decisions. I don't study when I know I should. Sometimes having a boyfriend means spending less time doing the things that I know I should, and doing things like going out and having fun. I feel like I should be studying instead of procrastinating until the last minute. But back to my parents, I feel that the college experience is just as tough for them as for me, because I am the last kid to leave home. My mom has been crying constantly and I know that she is lonely because she doesn't have me bumming around the house and eating her food. Sometimes I even feel sad because I now realize all the things my parents have done for me. Even though I thought they were always against me. When I think about the things they have sacrificed for me, I get teary. Especially when I think about the car that my dad just bought me a day before I left for Austin. I got an Acura Integra, nothing I had ever expected. I was so ecstatic and I had never gotten such a great present in my whole life. I know that my Dad had to sacrifice by paying more money for it than I had expected. And now I'm trying not to abuse any things they had given to me and before that I had taken for granted. I really miss my parents and sometimes I have trouble dealing with it. It's tremendously difficult to do things all on my own. My values are seriously getting tested because I don't have them to give me advice anymore. All I keep thinking is how much I love them and how I can possibly show my gratitude for them. College is a tough thing. Even though I went to an enormous high school, it can't compare to college. My classes are huge, and sometimes very monotonous and boring. Surprisingly, the class I had thought was going to be tough and boring, became one of my favorites, economy. Mainly because my professor, Hamermesh, is a great teacher. He is lively and so humorous. The other classes, I really don't care for much. One thing I do hate about college life is the roommates. I live off campus on Enfield, in a really nice apartment/condo. My dad bought it with the intention that I have a nice place to live. It is two stories, and I have been trying to decorate it the best that I can. But the problem is that I have to have roommates. One is this white girl, Karmin, who I never met. My dad posted a bulletin in a church up here in Austin, looking for a roommate and she applied. The other is a Chinese girl, Laura, I have known since I was a child. I share a room with Laura, so Karmin has her own room, and she pays a little more. However, I still end up paying more because it's not fair to split a 1200 rent 3 ways. So Karmin pays 350 for her own room, which I consider a good deal. Laura is really messy, which bothers the heck out of me. But lately, I have been dealing with it pretty well. Karmin is the most annoying and a constant pain on my mind. She is older and she thinks that she is the ruler over the household. But she is messy, especially in public areas and I am the one who has to clean up after her. And the thing that bothers me the most is that she is very stingy. She has a big tv in her own room, and vcr and then on the other hand, comes and watches tv that Laura and I own. So we are not allowed to use it. I borrowed her vcr the other day, and she asked me, ""When are you going to buy your own vcr?"" Still, she isn't willing to share but doesn't mind using our things. Same with the food. I really feel the need to tell her off, because she sure is getting a good deal living over here, and she can't have the right to treat this place as her own, she needs to respect us. Not only that, she hammered nails all up in her room, knowing that she is only living her for a year and it's not fair to the other person who lives in that room next. That's my biggest problem and whenever I talk about it, I feel really agitated and stressed. Well, all I feel now is relief though, because my 20 minutes are up! ",y,y,n,y,n

2000\_598240.txt,"Some of this Indian music my roommate listens to is O. K. The American songs she listens to are cheesy ones from the 80s, except the U2 song she likes. I could see Mike Patton covering this song. It is good for a pop song and he could make it sound really good with his voice. But I guess he is discerning in choosing which songs to cover. Kind of like a music snob. Who knows. I wish there was someone here who would have went with me to see Richard Buckner tonight. I would have gone alone but I am kind of afraid I would be the youngest person there, and I wouldn't have fun and it would be a waste of $10. And a waste of time because I have to study more. I spent too much time studying for Speech and not enough for some of my other classes, although over the weekend I will have LOTS of time to catch up on studying. Unless my friends keep coming over. I wish next year my friends will move to Austin and we could share a place or something. They have a lot more freedom than me, it is unfair. It was decided I would go to college before I was born. For some of them they knew they were never going to go. I think expanding your mind in college is good though, there is practically nothing else I could do at this age besides get a minimum wage job or try to become a manager at a grocery store or something. My managers at the grocery store were pretty young, I suspect some of them are saving to go to college or something because they are taking classes at the junior college. I guess I am very privileged to not have to worry about money for college. I still feel guilty spending any money that I haven't earned at a job. Some of my friends who are not well off and are not going to college do not feel bad about asking their parents for money and not even have a job! This song is horrible. I wish I could be ruder and tell my roommate to stop talking and not play cheesy music. I hope she doesn't see this. I don't think I am well suited to be in the Business School. I am taking a class which involves marketing yourself which for some reason is very depressing. Do you really need to take a class on eye contact? I more admire people who have made their way in the businesses world accidentally. Not like pumped out of a school. Like David Geffen. He almost failed high school I think. But somehow he is good at running music companies. Kind of depressing like a Kurt Vonnegut book. Marketing yourself is a very depressing concept to me. The teacher in that class is sickeningly sweet. Kind of crazy but I think I can tell that I am not suited to be a business person because I think my class where I have to learn how long to hold a gaze is creepy. I don't want to be taught how to suck up to corporate business people! I do not care about money very much, just as long as I don't have debts. I would live very simply in order to just not have debts. I would feel very bad if I did not pay my parents back by raising me. I don't want to buy a BMW. I wish I had more guts to find something else to do. Why haven't I made any friends from my dorm? It is hard to find the kind of people I like to hang out with, laid back, good taste in art, and what else? It took me a long time to find some good friends in Kingwood. I really should make friends instead of waiting for them to make me. Story of my life. PLEASE PLEASE STOP SAYING YOUR HOMEWORK OUT LOUD I'M GOING CRAZY. You better go home this weekend, roommate. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_598326.txt,"It is 1:39pm and I have decided to use my break between classes to tackle this writing assignment. I am not even in my dorm because my we ordered my computer and it hasn't come in yet. I am typing this from my friend's computer. She lives two doors down from me at the Dobie Center. Life is a really funny thing because it is so unpredictable. For example, three weeks before school started I was in a really bad car wreck. In the accident I broke my patella from the impact of my knee crashing against the dash. I have been in a brace to immobilize my knee and crutches ever since. So now I have to crutch around campus. it's terrible. I am having a really hard time writing this paper because there are no rules or criteria. I absolutely hate having no outline, it drives me crazy. I am the kind of person that needs very specific and detailed guidelines. Otherwise I panic because I not sure if I am doing is exactly what is expected. My classes so far seem really fun. All of my professors are really interesting and down to earth. My one concern is on Monday because I have two classes back to back that are on opposite sides of campus. I can't believe that I am on my own. My parents have been such a major part of my life because of snow skiing injury. My freshman year of high school I hit a tree while skiing and broke my femur. The brake went through my growth plate so I had major complications. I was completely dependent on my parents for everything. I couldn't walk, carry things, or even sleep through the nights. I've had 8 surgeries on my leg and I have been homebound from school for half of a semester. When I was homebound I had so much time to think about anything and everything. The main thing that I concentrated on when I was home was learning how to roll with the punches. I am an extreme perfectionist, which makes me very uptight about every little detail. Most people would assume that it is a good quality to be a perfectionist, but I beg to differ. A perfectionist gets so overwhelmed by the tiny mistakes that he forgets to look at the big picture. As a perfectionist your job is never finished because there is always something that could be improved. It's a terrible quality, it really is. My roommate is not really a perfectionist, but she is a neat freak so that is good. I am so lucky that I got paired up with such an awesome roommate. Her name is Lorie, and I love her to death. Its almost like we are the same person. We hit it off right from the start. What I like about college is that you aren't penalized for being yourself. In high school I was often accused of being fake. Sorry that I am a really friendly girl and I try to get along with everybody. College is such a big step in life, I feel like I am starting a new life almost. My three fiends from home are going to school here and they have an apartment at Melrose. I feel like they are my family now. They are three really great guys that I graduated with. I make sure their house stays clean and their schoolwork is taken care of. In return they make sure I am taking care of my knee and that I don't get too stressed out. It is such a warm feeling to know that someone cares about you. I think it is so important to show someone that you love them everyday, and to know that you are loved everyday. I was raised in a very affectionate family so that is what I am used to and what I need to get me through each day. Well the timer just went off, twenty minutes is up. I look forward to a great semester with you. ",y,y,n,y,y

2000\_603647.txt,"I've never felt empty ever before, its amazing how complete your life feels for a certain time and then just because of this one person everything just falls apart and you have to start all over again I know it happens to everybody at some point of their lives but whoever it must be happening to they must be going through hell. I believe in god and I know that whatever he's doing its for my betterment but I wonder why he did this in the first place if he wasn't going to make it work. Right now there are so many questions in my mind but there is no one to answer them at all I'm feeling so disgusted with everything I feel angry and its all because on this one person who before a year didn't even mean anything to me and now rules over all my thoughts and feelings. I wish I could foresee the future or go back into time and fix up everything before it falls apart. I'm sitting in a lab full of people and my friends come every now and then and say hi to me and treat me sweetly and every other second my thoughts keep going back to this evil person who just messed up everything I do. I must be sounding like any girl who's fallen out of a relationship but I don't care I'm very hurt, and in my case I know he doesn't care at all whether I'm sad or depressed because he has someone else waiting for him at home who's going to make it alright for him and make him forget me forever and ever. and me? I m going to cry and keep thinking of him for a long time because I know I'm true and I loved him even if he didn't. So if I cry I know its because of the love I feel for him, and he doesn't care because he never really loved me at all, and I was stupid all the way to believe that he did. I promise never to be that stupid again I'm going to immerse myself in my work and other people and get on with my life whether my heart likes it or not because all this while I've been doing whatever my heart wanted me to do and didn't do whatever my brain wanted me to but now I'm going to think practically because I know that in this cruel world people who care for others get run over and only the cold hearted survive. So I am going to be cold hearted. and I'm going to be mean. sweet from the outside and mean from the inside just how he is. the whole world loves him because he's sweet from the outside but no one knows about how dark he is from the inside as bitter as an evil man who's never any good for anyone in his life. Where are people when you really need them, my parents so so far away who don't even have a clue about what's happening in my life. I'm so angry I could fight with the person and cry in front of him and take him in front of God and ask him to do justice for me if anybody in third world can't do it but I know I can't ask for anything like that ill just have to study move on and do great things with my life and make my parents really happy because they love me more than any guy in this world can ever do. As I write I'm waiting for these 20 minutes to get over so I can get out of this frame of mind and hide my thoughts in something else or just go stand outside in the warm sun and away from this computer where I feel I'm going to get an email from him at any minute. I hate being a slave to my thoughts and feelings I hate being an emotional slave to a guy who doesn't give a damn about me. I want everything to be right again. As it was before I want him to hug me when I'm tired and tell me that he cares for me oooh why does life have to be so difficult and challenging why can't it be stable is love too expensive to ask for or has it just become very rare in this world where people just care for themselves and nobody else. I can't write very quickly because I'm not that good at typing otherwise I can go on and on about this but then again I don't want to because I don t want to feel sorry for myself at all I'm beautiful, intelligent and there is someone out there who deserves me more then this selfish freak. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_603794.txt,"Well right now it's 10:50 and I am thinking I'll be out of here in about twenty minutes and then I'll get something to eat, I feel very hungry it is probably because I didn't eat much last night or this morning, anyway I just remembered I have to cut the grass today what a pain. by the time I get home I am going to be so tired that I would just want to go to bed but no I have to cut the grass I guess I should forget about going to the gym today even though I promised myself I will go to the gym every Tuesday and Thursday. but o well at least I don't have to work today thinking about work I remembered there is that boat party next weekend that should be a lot of fun I haven't been to the lake for couple of months now, we used to go every week. it seems like a long time but it has only been about 6 minutes that I have been writing. I wander if I should return my study guide for calculus. I don't know if I need it or not. I am sure it will come in handy when doing homework but it is not required to have and it costs. I don't know maybe 40 dollars. It makes the job easier but at the same time I have to learn and try instead of just copying off the study guide. that was pretty nice of that guy giving me his psychology book for free I don't even know him. I was willing to pay half how much he paid for it but o well I probably should give him a gift card of some sort. Maybe I'll get one from work like a 30 dollar gift certificate. I feel kind of dizzy. I went to sleep late and then I had to wake up at seven to catch the bus and get here for my 8:30 discussion class to find out that they just covered the problem that I had questions about. and now I have been here at the lab for couple of hours string at screen doing my assignments for my computer science class. My eyes are getting pretty tired and the screen is becoming harder to focus on. I don't think this is good on my eyes definitely not. Well so far sitting here doing this has been the most fun I have had so far today, but still I just can't wait to get out of here. But hey where am I going to go? go to the bookstore and return the book? Or go to library and study for my macroeconomics class? maybe go to the gym ? no I am hungry I probably should get something to eat I don't know if I should call Vivian see if she wants to go get something to eat but she is probably sleep. I could call Lisa, I have to call somebody because I hate eating by myself. ",y,n,n,y,n

2000\_609764.txt,"What is love of an emotional basis? How do you know you are in love? Is there a boundary to love? Are there limits? Many people ask these questions, including myself, but cannot find an answer to these questions. I believe that this can only be found out by experience, where you test these limits and grow by it. I have noticed in my personal life that I grow emotionally and mentally each time I find a new partner. Love must be a learning experience right? It seems to be that way. I was first involved in a relationship in my sophomore year of high school, were I felt as if I was in love with this girl. We took it to the extreme where we contemplated about getting married and planning the number of kids we would have. But this form of love seemed to build so quickly. As I looked back at the letters we wrote each other, it seems we fell in love in a matter of a month or two. How cold that be? Does love come at once, or does it grow on you? Nine months later, we ended our relationship. It seemed to be the most painful event I had experienced. I next felt like I loved a girl I barely knew. We dated, but nothing came of this, however the crummy feeling you feel after a relationship is over lasted almost a half year. How could someone I just dated for a span of a month create such an effect on me? By my senior year, sometime in January, I became interested in another girl. By this time I had felt that I had grew and I would be able to make this girl happy, and would not make he same mistakes I did with the last girls. As time passed my love grew for this girl, something I had not felt in so long and so strongly. Eventually (1 year and 1 month) things deteriorated. How could I have let this love slip? I thought I had mastered the relationship sector of my life. During the Summer I met a new girl, whom I am currently with. I don't want to make the same mistake I have before but is it inevitable. Will this relationship be like the others, or will I love her stronger than the other girl? ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_611855.txt,"Okay. So I need to write what's on my mind. Right now all I can think of is that chemistry test I just took at 9:30am this morning. It was my first test in college I was scared as hell before I took it because I was scared I would run into problems I didn't know how to workout and I would not pass the test. Now I'm sitting in anxiety for the results. I keep going to the site to see if the results are posted yet. I have butterflies in my stomach. I'm trying almost anything I can think of to get the test off my mind, one of my choices being going ahead and doing this assignment, but it only makes me more anxious. Goodness I feel so behind in my classes and I don't know why I mean I have work to do, but they aren't due for a while and I got time to relax, but can't. Again that stupid test is on my mind. Why does it torture me so? I'm sitting here praying I will get an 'A' on it because I gave it the best shot I could have even if I had studied continuously the whole week, I wouldn't have been able to do better. I guess partially out of regret for waiting to study until the night before, but there wasn't much material to learn and there was nothing new on it for me. The entire thing was a review for me from chemistry II my junior year. My stomach is in huge knots and I feel scared for some odd reason now it's like some sort of intuition or warning signs are going off inside of me bad warning signs and I don't like it. Those warning signs usually mean I'm in trouble for something, but I don't know why yet why I could be in trouble. I hate not knowing things. It makes me feel so vulnerable and I hate being put on a spot like that. My gosh I hope I didn't fail the test, otherwise I'll be in so much trouble it's not even funny. I just relaxed my shoulders and they hurt now from being so tense. I wish I could relax right now. Maybe I'll go work out to release some of my stress as soon as I'm through typing this assignment I still have 9 more minutes according to the clock. Man, I really hope I run into Siddharth today again that boy is really cute! But one thing puzzles me does Alvin like me? He always notices me and waves, but last night, he was like with me for a long time and kept saying how everyone is going to think there is something going on between us BULL CRAP THEY WILL! I think he wants me to think that they already do and might as well go with the flow the way he was hinting it. Man! that test, but it's not that anymore I feel like I'm in trouble and I don't know why is everything okay at home? I sure do hope so. Why do I concern my self so much everything will be okay no? Hey! need to write my cousins I really don't feel like writing Sonu now, I'll write him over the weekend when I go home. Man I've gained so much weight it's not even funny. but anyways my 20 minutes are over I hope this assignment is long enough I don't want to get in trouble for quantity this assignment is so weird and it scares me you just write what's on your mind I've never done that I've always had to think what I write and it's terrifying because any minute I feel someone is going to jump and say its wrong and I'll get a zero. ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_612220.txt,"Right now I have a serious feeling of relief. It is the night after my first day of college, and it feels nice to be home. My legs are tired. I miss my dog and my boyfriend. I wonder what he is doing right now. I hope I am doing this right. I guess there is no right or wrong when it comes to my thought process. I guess it just happens the way it wants to. I hope that I can get back into the whole school ""flow"" again. I hope that I can get into it enough that I can get into the business school. I can feel you laughing at me already. Everyone seems to think that I can't do it. I know I can. I will. My mind is blank. I am so worn out. I haven't walked so much in one day than I did this afternoon. I hope I am not sore tomorrow. I need to find out where I need to go in the morning. What time do I have to wake up? My class is at nine thirty. Great! Why hasn't my boyfriend called me? He was supposed to an hour ago. Wonderful! Oh, I have to call my mom. I wrote a check today that I have to tell her about. How much was that thing? That reminds me. I have to set up Telesys tomorrow. Just one more thing to add stress to my day. I should work on my typing. What is that noise? I need to take a shower. Maybe I will wait until morning. I should call all my friends back home to give them my new house number. I wonder how college life is going for them. UT started late this year. Thank God! I don't feel rested, still. What time is it? Five minutes to go. I feel like my mind is blank. Whenever I try to ""hear"" what I am thinking, the only thing I end up thinking about is trying to think. That made absolutely no sense. I'm hungry. I really need to be more open. I've gone all day without meeting anyone new. I need to work on that. Oh, time's up. ",y,y,n,y,n

2000\_613264.txt,"Right now I'm sitting here at the computer wondering what I'm going to type for the next 20 minutes. There is someone outside in the apartment complex fumbling with their keys, perhaps trying to open their door. My computer is making some noise, and the apartment is really quiet so it seems very loud. I keep on making typing errors which is getting very annoying! There is a lot of stuff on my desk, I need to clear it off. I also need to clean up the kitchen cause there are lots of dishes that were left there last night when a couple of my friends came over last night. I forgot to get batteries for my walkman at the store yesterday too. I need to study for chemistry because I have a quiz in there at 12:30. I tried to last night, but I kept on getting distracted. I don't feel like doing this right now. I want to go to sleep. I just got back from calculus, which was an 8:00 class, and all I want to do is sleep. By the time I get the chance to, it will be time to leave again. I can't think of anything to type. I want to light a candle. I have a lot of time left and I still need to write. I'm not sure what about though. This weekend I'm not sure what I'm going to do, but I guess I'll have fun. I did last weekend. I need to do some reading for my classes, and I can't wait until this day is over because my weekend can begin due to the fact that I don't have any classes on Friday. Right now I am thinking about different things we can plan for my best friend's surprise birthday in Houston. We plan to have a party here for her too, but the one in Houston will be a surprise because she has no idea that me and Dag are planning it. Next weekend I am going to the UT Houston game and then right after that I plan on going home because the 24th is my Dad's birthday and the 21st is my brother's birthday. That will be a busy weekend. The following one is my friend's birthday. My computer is still making some annoying noise. I can't think of anything to type. I have 10 minutes left of typing. Hopefully I can come up with something for these remaining 10 minutes. I'm glad my apartment is on the 2nd floor because I noticed that yesterday when it rained that one of the apartments on the floor below had a puddle of water right in front of the door. That would be very annoying to deal with, if I lived there! So I'm glad I don't. Yesterday there was a lot of traffic. Today I get out of school at 3:30 and I have a trig review class at 5:30. I wish I didn't have to go, but I get extra credit for my calculus class, which I figure I will need. I need to balance my checkbook. I think I'll do that when I finish typing this. I'm going to listen to some CD's when I finish this too. I don't feel like studying, and I guess I'll have to figure out what to have for lunch. I wonder if the water filter we got makes the water taste different, I'll have to check that out in a minute. My desk is really cluttered, I need to get some envelopes and stamps, and mail those thank you letters that I keep on forgetting about. Well, I have a lot more stuff to do than I thought! It's driving me crazy that I keep on making so many typos, I never have this problem. Wow, I've finally written enough to start scrolling on the page! That's kind a cool. I thought that a I would have written more in 20 minutes though. I guess not. Surprisingly the time went by very quickly, I didn't think that it would. I guess in a minute I will log on so that I can get on to the psychology website and send this in. ",n,y,y,y,n

2000\_617458.txt,"I guess I have a life now, which is great for me. I always wanted one. Well, I did have a life before. I grew up in San Antonio and I have 4 brothers and sister and along with Nadia, are all my best friends. Of course, there are things that I will not tell my brothers like when I have sex or whatever, but I will tell them that I kissed a guy. I tell Nadia everything. She is one of the closest people in my life. It is hard to be in Austin and away from most of them. In San Antonio I never worried about meeting other people because I had everything I needed in Nadia and my family. Now that I am in Austin, it is hard to find friends. I am, though, and actually like the people I hang out with, even though I do not see them all of the time. I like going to live shows and now I have gone so much that I know people in bands and people that always go to see bands and it really is great. I do not really see them outside of this, but I am satisfied for now. There was this guy that I liked named Ben who is the lead singer for a band. He is good looking and really is not my type at all. I did need a change. I needed to like someone who would make me feel ok and have fun and he was the perfect person to meet. I went to Europe this summer. It was an experience and I went by myself which was great for me. I used to sometimes get lonely and hated to do things alone, but not anymore. I finally have proved to myself that I can take care of myself and that it is ok to be alone. Also, I learned that being alone and lonely are two separate things. I go to live shows by myself because I am pretty sure that I will see someone I know there. Would I still go if I knew that I would not know anyone? I do not know. I have not been put into that situation. Anyway, so when I came back to Austin I discovered that Ben had a girlfriend and at first I did not want to like her. But, I started talking to her and she is really nice and now I could not be happier for Ben. I figure that if something is supposed to happen then it will happen and if it is not, then there is no need worrying about it. I think that Ben and I had a little window of opportunity to get together before I left the country and it never happened and we missed our chance. I think fate can only do so much and that she gives us the opportunities and if we take it then great and if we do not then it was not meant to be. These windows of opportunities may come again, but they may not. There is no reason to wait for them to come because there are no certainties in life. I am happy that Ben has such a great girlfriend. That is all I can do and just stay friends with him. Ben does have this cute friend named Kevin who is also in a band. He is not the greatest band member, but BOY! Is he a looker. The first time I met kevin I had drank a lot and he was totally hitting on me. I did not take his advances because a)Nadia would not have wanted me to since I did not really know that guy b) nadia was coming home with me, and c) at the time I liked Ben and wanted Ben and not him. I saw him later on (after Europe) and let me tell you, I kicked myself for not at least kissing him. He is SO GOOD LOOKING! Every girl that sees him on stage all say the same thing whether they have a boyfriend or not. About 1 week ago, we went to this party and he was going to give me a ride home so we got dropped off at his house and just made out. Man, I wanted that guy. We did not have sex, though, I cannot figure out why. I do not really know him and thought that since he was so good looking that he would be a little slut. I mean, I am sure that he was nice, but I was also sure that he was pretty experienced. So, when he was taking me home he talked to me and seemed pretty nice and I was shocked. It was a good shock, though. I saw him later on and I wanted to finished what we started and he took a rain check because it was late and he had to work extremely early the next day. One of his good friends told me great things about him and now I am interested. I do not want to start thinking that something serious is going to happen, but I cannot dismiss that it MAY. I just want to get to know him better and see if now is our window of opportunity. If it is not, then maybe I could get a good friend out of it. Either way, it is a win win situation. as long as he does not ignore me in the future. I do not think he is like that, but I guess I always think the best of people. We will see. ",y,y,y,n,y

2000\_618192.txt,"I would guess the only thoughts in my head right now are on weather or not I doing the things I should be. Is the sorority right for me? I really don't like my pledge class that much but I like most of the other girls in Alpha Phi. I don't know I'm just so afraid that I've totally missed God's plan for my life. It worries me. What if Pharmacy isn't where I'm supposed to be. I love listening to people's problems and just being there to help them but I don't know what to do with that. Where are my thoughts headed I'm not exactly sure I let my though wonder lots of times and they just kind of go in every direction. Sometimes the end up to will I ever find the guy I'm supposed to marry? I really do wonder that sometimes. He has to be out there somewhere but where? I don't know. I hate watching Emily and Justin. Its really kind of stupid but its not that its stupid its that I want that too. That guy has to be out there somewhere and I just haven't found him yet but I always want a boyfriends it just seems like lots of time I have bad luck finding one. And it seems that everyone here has one all the freaking time. Its annoying I want to find that Christian perfect guy out there for me. Maybe it is Chris but I doubt it. We're just way to different. I don't know. Its crazy being here at college things are so different. I don't know exactly where I'm supposed to be. Hopefully I'll find it soon. I like the things I'm doing but something's wrong. I have doubts anytime I'm not doing them if that what I'm supposed to be doing but then I'm with those people and I have a great time. It's really confusing. I just need to find that close best friends that I haven't quit found yet. And I really can't wait for next summer its going to be a blast. I think God is putting me there for a purpose but what it is I'm not sure. I just can't wait. I just hope by that time I'll know what it is I'm supposed to be doing here and be totally happy. Its like I feel sometimes I'm putting on a show. It's weird. I hate that I'm kind of in a group who went to high school together. It makes it really hard to fit in. I just need to find my group but hopefully I have now with joining Hyde Park. It'll be all good. Its weird I think that with all the moving I've done it changes things here because I'm used to being on my own and finding new people but it seems so far everyone does stuff with people they already knew or stuff. It's weird. I can't wait though to see some of my old friends. It'll be great fun I miss them lots but then I don't either. I just need to find my new group its what I've been waiting for for a while now and I know that group includes a boyfriend. I guess I'm more ready to find that guy than I wanted to admit. Its not like I'm ready to get married just to find him and start getting to know him better. I just want to find my best friend and that best friend will be the man of my dreams who I will marry and I guess I'm just being impatient to meet him. Very quickly. Because it'll be so neat to find him. I can't wait for tonight because I""LL BE going back to church and that's always fun its my favorite thing to do. It's a good thing. And I don't want to go home this weekend but I know I need to so I'm not to happy about that. Its really weird as I am wiring this I'm seeing more into me of feelings that I've tried to hide but I guess are there more than expected. Its funny I don't know what I'm looking for but I need to find it. I have God and I really want to deepen my relationship with him tremendously. I think I'm on the right path for that. I'll get there soon. I just don't know when. I'm so glad though that I found my church home that makes me feel lots better. Really it does. I just know I have a home now. And my Impulse group is great. I know that will be tons of fun. I just can't wait until Wed when we have it again. I think that will be something I'll look forward to each week because its so much fun. And I think I will get along with my group very well. I really miss my grandma lots. She was like my best friend last semester and I could tell her anything. It was nice and I still can except she doesn't write me long email back. I wish she would it would make it better. But that's ok she's still getting the hang of the Internet. Some day she'll learn how to use it and become a pro. I know she will. I hope there isn't anything really wrong with her leg. That wouldn't be good. I'm sure there's not but you never know and she loves to hide it form everybody which is bad because what if there is something really wrong. IT doesn't do any good to hide it from everybody. She didn't let my grandpa do it so why should we let her do it? Not fair and it won't happen. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_618252.txt,"I am extremely tired having recently returned from classes. The bus ride wasn't as cramped as usual but just as long because of the heat, and because I had nothing to look at or it'd seem very much like I was staring at someone. Not that it really matters though, but either way, I prefer looking at the 'view. ' Anyways, I'm not much in the writing mood right now. I'm so used to just rambling on like in my journal entries only I tend to forget almost that I'm turning this in. Well, actually, I haven't forgotten that because I am not getting personal with this. Which reminds me, I haven't written anything in a while. I mean, anything all together, not just journal entries and such. Did I ever tell you how I started writing in a journal? First, let me note that I call it a journal, not a diary because it sounds much too feminine and prissy. A silly thought, I know, but that just shows how immature I was when I first started. That also reflects another aspect of the way my family is, but I won't go there. It's too complicated and no one will ever be able to figure it out. Really, my family and I are all about each other. People who know any or all of us may find that odd especially if they aren't so content with their family or at least at the moment. But, like I said, completely different, controversial, complex topic. I'll just end up talking myself in circles again. But like I was saying, my first journal was from Mrs. Stevens, my seventh grade English teacher who I used to help sometimes in the mornings when we actually got to school early enough for me to have time to assist her. I was her teacher aide, which was something that junior honor society students got to do. It (the honor society and everything else involved with junior high) really is petty, among other generally negative things. Well, let me type faster so that I can finish this lame, boring story. Well, at the end of the year, as is customary, we exchanged presents once again. I of course was broke as usual so I think I ended up giving her some flowers that I got from my aunt's wedding the weekend before. Hey, I think I did that with my secret teacher too. Yup. Anyways, she (Mrs. Stevens) gave me a journal because of the one almost actual conversation that we had (I wasn't very good at being social then, if you can't tell). We had talked about writing and I mentioned how I thought that it would be awesome to actually write a book someday, something great that I can sit back and just stare at knowing that I put all those words together, I wrote all of that. I don't know, I like to see good effects of hard labor. You know, the finished product. I guess that's why I enjoy writing, drawing, coloring, making things, and putting things together. Oh, and reading too of course. Anyways, back to my story again. Well, I also mentioned how I thought it was neat how one of my friends, Vicky Walsh, who had just moved to this school from the northeast, had written a sort of book that told you how to draw horses. The plan was that she would write and draw the pictures and another girl whom she later became better friends with in high school, Lindsey Day, would type it and get paid for that. Well, Mrs. Stevens gave me the journal at our last morning together and told me that this could be my start. In fact, she wrote inside something cliche like, ""just think, one of these days when you write your book, I can say that you used to be my student. "" Except, it didn't sound so cliche as that when I read the inscription. She also said how she had always regretted not keeping a journal especially now. Then, I was just happy that I received a present, a pretty yellow one with stripes on it. Yes, I was a very selfish and greedy person. Needless to say, I did start writing in that journal. In fact, my journal collection has grown to about four or five maybe. I'm really not sure. I stopped writing for a long time then I started again. I've been too busy and lazy to write lately, which always makes me feel guilty for some reason. I guess I am really grateful to her for that first journal though. I wonder if either of us realizes what kind of a difference that has made for me, especially during the hard times I guess. Time is up now. I'll write more later. Bye bye. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_624145.txt,"Sometimes I wonder what everything is worth in the big scheme of things. Growing up, making friends, going to school, learning amazing things, falling in love, and well, I guess living in general. What is our purpose here. to consume as much food as possible on a daily basis, to desire nothing but to be rich, spoiled, to care not for our neighbors, but for what kinds of cars we drive. I wonder if that was His plan when this all started or if we've really messed up. In a sense, we've grown as far from following in his steps as possible and it's really scary to me. As a follower of the times, my faith in Him has also declined as the years have gone on. Well, on to another aspect of worthiness. friendships. Although necessary for life, and powerful while they last, why do all friendships seem to come to an end. Whether it is due to personal reasons or unplanned ones, each and every friendship must reach an end at some time. As I entered high school, I was very afraid of my future, of the immensity of my school, and the immensity of my life. But I realized that life is only as big as you make it. If you choose, you can have a closeknit group of friends or a large selection of various types of friends. its up to you. But back to my point. I made many friends in high school, but only a handful that will continue to have my friendship as I've moved to the next step in my life. My five best friends, my girlfriend, and a few others are only a hundredth of the people that I knew in my high school days, but now they are most likely out of my life forever, not by choice, but by nature. Don't get me wrong, I am very excited to be in college and out of high school, but I don't think that I realized what I was losing. My best friend with whom I spent countless days after school shooting hoops, watching movies, ordering pizza, and just hanging out decided to go to another school than me. I didn't realize how much I would miss him until he left. When I see him for the first time, it's going to be a relief, but when will that time come, and it's only going to last for short period of time. My girlfriend also chose another school, but hers was four states away. I knew leaving her would be most difficult, but I underestimated the pain. I miss seeing her every day and hearing about the intricate details of her life. what she had for breakfast, how her math test was, what she wore to school, when she got off work, how her family was, and many other little things that are often ignored when someone is around all the time. I feel like I don't know her as well as I used to and I wonder if I ever will. The leaving cut our relationship short, which also makes me wonder if our ever after will ever have a chance to grow. I guess the point of this is that sometimes we don't realize what we have until it's gone. and maybe realizing is worse, or maybe it's better, I don't know. Anyhow, I wonder why we're here, and maybe being away from everyone will help me figure it all out. But for now, I guess my hopes and dreams will drive me to care not what everything is worth, but to be happy that we get a chance to be here, happy we get a chance to grow up, make friends, go to school, learn amazing things, fall in love, and, of course, be alive! ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_625276.txt,"I woke up this morning and my words from last night at 1am, ""Can I have a 6 piece chicken tender and small fries to go"" echoed in my ears. I felt guilty. Within five minutes of ordering I had scarfed down the whole thing. Although my body wasn't hungry, I was thinking about food and I started to have major cravings for something filling. I sent myself on a mission to quench my thoughts, not my stomach. Is it normal to eat when you think about food and your body isn't hungry? Does thinking about food imply that you really are hungry even though your stomach isn't growling? This also brings up the issue of will power. I usually have strong will power, but with food it is another story. My body feels weighted down by guilt today. I went to Tops the other day to look at pictures and I looked fat in all the pictures I saw of myself. I'm sure every freshman promises themselves that they won't gain the dreaded ""freshman fifteen. "" I refuse to believe that it is an inevitable event in my life right now. I know how to avoid gaining the weight; exercise, eat healthy food, and above all, don't have late night snacks. My will power crumbles late at night when I see food or if my belly doesn't have that full feeling. Getting out of bed I could feel the unused calories building up in my body. I didn't eat breakfast and went to the gym where I worked out for almost two hours today in hopes of burning off last night's calorie fest and hopefully today's too. When I returned to my room I was in a bad mood, felt very lonely and as I told my mom, ""I'm not feeling like myself. "" I was depressed. I only felt good about myself today when I was exercising. I wanted to go eat lunch, but I felt guilty about even thinking about eating. I love to eat. It brings me satisfaction, comfort, and pleasure. However, my body image tampers with my enjoyment. I am not over weight but I feel like it. As strong, smart, and confident as I am about myself and who I am, I have been sucked into the belief that I ought to be skinny. It is amazing how easily my mood depends on my eating habits. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_626823.txt,"hello, here I am trying to figure out what to write for this 'assignment'. Well, let's see, I believe I have a CS quiz in a couple of hours, I should get studying for that. Yeah, that what I'm thinking. I need some print outs for that though. Boy, I wish I could study at my job, this way I wouldn't have had to wake up early in order to study over the quiz material. Oh well, what can one do. My jobs pretty good by the way, its new and the stuff is either easy, or once where I learn. Hence, I have fun. I haven't chatted on MIRC for a long while. Maybe I'll do that at work, it should be fun. Hmmm, I'm just thinking like random thoughts, about nothing specific. My gyming is going fine, hope I get a good looking chest/body over the next month or so, not that I need to show it off or something, just because this way the clothes i wear will I guess look better on me. Anyway, so how much time is up, I think about 15'ish minutes, I need to drink something dude, maybe milk. But nothing is OPEN! well it is like 9am too. I guess people don't have quizzes that have to prepare for. I think I'm going to go to my job kind of early and print out some slides for the CS class quiz it should be easy. and about this whole Coop thing I think I should go check out the companies but not really apply apply I don't want to as yet I think I can make my GPA higher and then apply what do you say well I can't there's no one really who might be able to help me out I just have to think about myself. but CoOp fairs are a great time you get to get all dressed up at stuff but in this HEAT!? hmmmmmmmmm I don't think that would be a good idea. anyway I believe my 20 minutes should be over by now so I'm going to take off. ",y,n,y,n,n

2000\_627458.txt,"Well, today is my second day as a freshmen at UT. My fist class was at 9:30 in the morning and it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. I thought I wouldn't be able to understand the professor at all, but surprisingly I understood him very well and I understood what he was talking about. It was a review over stuff we were suppose to have learned already, and it was all so familiar to me. I guess I really did learn something last year in Calculus. I did have a really good teacher and I did well on the Calc AP exam. I have to remember to write a thank you note to my high school professor. He was the coolest. He was so passionate about what he was teaching and he really got me into what he was discussing. I understood it very well and actually enjoyed it too. I wish I had teachers like him in other subjects I took in HS. M economics teacher was not to good. It was an AP course too and I really felt that I didn't learn much. Now I'm going to take an economics class in college. I hope I get the same relaxed feeling as in my business Calculus class. The professor seems pretty cool. And maybe others in the class had not so good teachers too, so they are at the same disadvantage as me. Either way I'm going to study hard and stay on top of things in my class, so I can eventually do well. If there's one thing I learned in High School, it's to stick with it. Starting out in high school, all I wanted was the easy way out, because the experience was so overwhelming to me and it was too scary. But at the end I started to see the big picture that in the end it is all worth it. In the end I will get a good grade trough all the hard work I put forth and then I can have that satisfied feeling that I did good and all my work paid off, so I must continue it. So I got in the habit of working my hardest and hoping to see the good result that are so satisfying to see. I usually get to see those results I so desperately work for but if not I work even harder the next time so I can finally see the results I was looking for. My High School was extremely competitive and I managed to keep up and just make it in the top ten percent. I'm very proud of myself, and where I am today. Many hispanic females such as myself with the same background are not as fortunate as me. In fact, most of my girl friends are working or going to a community college where I just don't see as much as opportunity as that which will be revealed to me at the UT Business School. Already I've been hearing in some of my classes that students tried out for the business school but didn't get in. That makes me feel so proud and honored for the position I am in. Other students have told me how hard they are trying to get into the business school. Again, I realize how lucky I am. I can't see myself majoring in anything else besides Business, maybe psychology, but that would be it. Psychology was my second choice for a major. I was that close to being a psychology major. So, now I know it was meant to be. I've had an accounting internship already, and I 'v e been to numerous business programs, which I have enjoyed very much. It brings me so much joy to say that I just may have found my niche because I know that this major includes all things that I enjoy. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_630184.txt,"Today has been a pretty good day, I guess. It's Thurs. , so it's closer to the weekend, which always makes life feel better, for one reason or another. I've had a lot of homework, and I know that the fun is only just beginning. I hope that somehow I will be able to keep a healthy balance between social life and school life. So far, I honestly think I've been spending more time studying and reading for class than doing anything else. My dorm floor seems kind of rowdy at times. I just wonder how all these people can just go out and hang around and do all this stuff all the time. Don't they have homework, too? I wish that I was just really really really smart so that I wouldn't have to work so hard to understand things, especially things that seem relatively simple to many other people. I went to the SI group for Psychology today, and I really liked it, although we didn't cover much class material, considering it was our first SI meeting. However, I like the small atmosphere, and I like Anna. I think that if I have any questions, it will be easy to have them answered then. I'm starting to worry about not making new friends and stuff. I guess it will all work out in time and I'm just feeling insecure for no reason. I would like to have someone to go to the game with Sat. (today is Thurs. , Sept. 7), but my closest friend here has to work, and I haven't met anyone that I feel comfortable enough with to go together. Oh well, that will all work out, too, I suppose. I kind of like this writing thing, because it's like writing in a journal, and I think it's healthy to write about feelings and such. Sometimes I wonder what I'm supposed to be doing with my life in general. I'm undeclared in school, and I have no real idea of what I should do with my life in the future. Certainly one day I will recognize that I have a specific purpose to serve. I would like to figure that out, soon, though. Tonight I'm going to Starbucks with my roommate. We grew up together. I really like mocha and caramel frappacinos. It's really interesting to me how popular coffee drinks are now. We had a discussion about this in my sociology class. It's such a trend right now. I'm starting to get tired of writing, now. I have that irritable feeling where it's just almost miserable to sit here and do this. Well, it's really not that bad, actually, I just want to get this over with. check it off my list of things to do. My family misses me! They're very proud that I'm here, though. I hope that I can continue to make them proud. I guess that all depends on the tests. I don't even know what to expect. I just pray that I won't do that terribly bad. I'm definitely going to do my best. Okay, six more minutes. Do you know how long six minutes is when you're sleeping and about to get up? I cherish those last few minutes in bed, really I do. My mom called me this morning about forty minutes before my alarm went off. That was annoying, but luckily, I had no problem falling asleep again. I can't believe some people that have worked at the University get paid only $20,000 a year in some cases. That's incredible. I'm not sure a strike is appropriate, because students are paying money to be taught, but still I was shocked to hear that from Prof Pennebaker. Girls keep screaming down the hall and I feel like I'm nine years old at summer camp. That's weird. I've been thinking about the advantages and disadvantages of living on campus. I'm thinking that it would be easier to study if I lived off campus, but easier to get involved by living on. Maybe next year I'll try getting an apartment and see how that goes. Well, my time is almost up. Bye. ",n,y,y,y,n

2000\_630441.txt,"My life is an out of control freight train. I know not where I am going or how I am going to get there. Throw a match upon me and I could combust or possibly extinguish the flame, which you so eagerly tried to ignite. But for what reason do you do this? I hold the answer to so little, so it is to you that I pass the question. Why am I all of the sudden asking myself why? I know where I came from but does this mean I cannot know where I am going? On I travel into the world unknown, uncontrolled by arms of mythic proportions. This gyroscope of time has hurled many an uncertain soul into its path with unrelenting mercy. This is why I am grateful that I do not have to face the world alone. My life is full of love and hope. My hopes of myself are to touch some person the way I have been inspired by many a magnificent soul. This ring of stupidity, which we call life, is taking place in a common fashion and I can see through your blurry sight. And I can see through you! Your rules mean nothing to me and mine. I live a life of loyalty, true to myself and my own. I draw so much upon my music that I sometimes misinterpret fiction for fact. My life is one long song, sung by the most gifted beings. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_631445.txt,"Well, I just got out of class this morning. It was pretty boring. One whole hour of lecturing. Normally, I wouldn't mind learning things from professors or teachers. But this course seems a little too easy right now. I still remember all this stuff from high school. And on top of that, this guy has such a monotonous voice. I feel like I'm going to fall asleep every time I'm in his class. I don't mean to be rude, but I can't help it. Fortunately, this morning, I was able to keep myself awake considering the amount of sleep I got. Wow, only about 4 hours of sleep last night. I think it's my own fault though. I stay up late and don't really do anything productive when I know I should be sleeping. I think I need to force myself to go to sleep earlier before school REALLY kicks in. From what I've heard, electrical engineering is a really tough major. Seems like no one has a social life at all anymore. And the ones that do try to keep a social life alive seem to be struggling with school a little bit. I wonder which I will be? I see myself stuck in my room or the library cramming knowledge into my head. Probably not because I want to do well in school but because everyone else is doing his or her own thing. Haha. Well, deep inside, I really do want to do well in school. Mainly for the reason of my mom. So many things have happened within the past couple years. Major life affecting changes have occurred recently, and now my life is so not where I saw it several years back. I'm not sure what happened. I don't think I'm being punished for anything, but it seems like bad things keep happening to me. I don't want to sound pessimistic, but it really seems true. I mean, I know I have a good life. I appreciate all that I have. I know I am a lot better off than a lot of people. But it's sometimes you feel at least SOME things should go your way. For instance, I have never really had good luck with girls. Not because I don't know what to do mind you, but because I have always had bad timing. It was always not the right time or something was going on at the moment. I finally decided to give up until college. And now that I'm here, things still don't really seem to go my way. Maybe I'm speaking to early because college has only just started. I'll wait and see if anything good happens before I jump to any conclusions. College is still another 4 years ahead of me. Even now, I'm still just getting hit by the fact that I'm in college. Seems like just yesterday I was entering high school. Those were the days. Barely any homework, had time to watch TV, just do a lot of things you want. I never thought it could get any better. Then college hit. So many things to do here and to experience. There are so many people here. Such a wide variety. I've already made several new friends. I'm doing a lot better with my social life here than I did in high school. There, everyone was just a ""sellout. "" I think it was where I grew up. Going to Clements, a rich school where a lot of rich people went. I'm not saying I'm filthy rich, but I'm not poor or anything either. Anyway, when I look back, it seems like there were a lot of snobby people back there in Sugar Land. I'm so glad that I met the friends that I have now. They are a lot more like me personalitywise than the people in Clements. ",n,n,y,n,y

2000\_632019.txt,"That is what I feel I should do first, is give you my social security number to make sure I get the grade for this assignment. Good thing this assignment is based on completion because at the rate I type I do not type much in the time span of twenty minutes. I guess since just in my class alone there is on estimate 550 students in there all of which will be turning this assignment in this week sometime, it makes it practically impossible for you to read through everyone's writing even with the help of your teacher's assistance. You never really think about how many thinks and thoughts run through your mind in just the coarse of a few minutes. Your class schedule for that day, what assignments you need to get done, people you want to hangout with, and even the decision of if you want to do any of these things will cross your mind on a normal day of class with out you really even notice yourself thinking about these things. Baseball has been on my mind for the last few days especially. I have been trying to decide if I wish to play of the Longhorn Club Baseball teams. While on this Thursday I have a tryout for the University of Texas Baseball Team. I guess I figure that I will see how the tryouts go for me on Thursday and make my decision. I really want to play for the UT baseball team but if that does not workout then the Longhorn Club team will be the next best thing. I honestly have a good feeling about my talent and the way the coach sounded on having a good opportunity on making the team as a walkon. Right now just thinking about it gives me a adrenaline rush. Just think if I made it how exciting every game would be. It is a trill just watching a football game just think about it if all those people are in the stands and your apart of the team! Well my time is up so have a nice day. Travis Johnson ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_632418.txt,"Today has been a pretty uneventful and boring day. I've been to two of my three classes today. I was starting to fall asleep in my stats class. It's my most boring class of the day. I still have to go to my Rhetoric class. It's pretty boring too. I'm not a very good writer at all. I don't much enjoy going to class. I don't apply myself to school near as much as I should. I say I'm going to study but then I put it off until the last second. I guess there are a lot of people that do too. I'm pretty bad though. I don't study hardly at all and make B's and C's. I don't fell stupid for making sub par grades but I do feel stupid for not studying and trying. Then I could get all A's and B's. I'm a pretty laid back guy. Things don't bother me very easily. but when they do, I can't get them off my mind until their resolved. I live with three other guys. They can be idiots sometimes, but for the most part they're pretty cool. I have a girlfriend that I've been with for a year and a half. We don't fight very much. She gets mad at me a lot more than I get mad at her. She never use to get mad at me. But then a few weeks before I moved down to Austin she started. I think it's because she had stay home and finish school and I got to come down to Austin and experience new things. I feel that I don't love her as much as I use to. My twenty minutes is up so I'm going to go to English. This wasn't as bad as I had thought it would be. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_633128.txt,"I guess I'm just supposed to write what I'm thinking right now. I love listening to music. I guess it releases some kind of hormone or something that can just totally change my mood. If I'm sad about something, which would most likely have to do with my boyfriend or my parents, I can listen to a song and it will totally relax me and make me feel so much better. It should a kind of therapy I think that they have already made that up musical therapy. One of my friends from high school that is going to University of North Texas is majoring in that I think. I really miss Michael. He's my best friend and my boyfriend all in one. I can't wait to talk to him today I've already done all of my homework for today and I don't have any more classes today. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays are my hard days. I had a rhetoric class that I was taking but I'm not anymore because the professor gave a really sour first impression she didn't seem happy at all to be teaching. I think that that's sad when someone doesn't like their job. I want to be happy when I'm older I want to be a child psychiatrist. But as of right now, the psych department isn't accepting any more psych majors so I'm going to have to wait on that one. I want to continue to medical school, but I don't know where I want to apply for that. I have a couple of years to think about it though more than a couple. Oh My favorite song is on one of those songs that you just want to turn up really loud. Okay I have ten more minutes. Okay, my shoes are too small! Have you ever had a pair of tennis shoes that are too small? It really is painful I hope my feet aren't still growing because they are already a size 8 and a half and a 9 would make me look like I have clown feet. If you have size 9 feet I'm sure you don't look like you have clown feet so don't take it the wrong way. I'm just talking about me. I hate the people who walk around college like they are cooler than everyone else you know they probably thought that they were so cool in high school. Maybe the star quarterback or the head cheerleader. But who even cares about that stuff now. Not me! But that's okay. I took an AP Psych course last year in high school and I loved it. It's what got me interested in Psychology in the first place. I was going to be a photojournalist. But after taking the psych class I decided that I really enjoyed that a lot more than photography. Photography is great as a hobby though, but not to make a living. I also was watching a show on TLC on a family vacation to Canada (dad's idea) and it was an ER show and I really thought that was interesting. I can be easily inspired. Okay my time is up. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_634121.txt,"Ok, so I don't understand how people can get into relationships that are so suffocating. My friend was just telling me how his girlfriend was mad at just because he didn't call her right at 12am. He also told me that he couldn't tell his girlfriend that he was out with me at HEB because then that would make her jealous. What kind of relationship is that when there is no trust, even though they say they love each other. Blah, blah, blah. They've been going out for less than 3 months and they are talking about love and marriage. I can't imagine falling in love so quickly. Maybe that is because I've never been in that situation before. My friends always ask why I don't date. I've been trying to figure out that myself. I usually use the ""copout"" answer that I don't have the time which is indeed true. I also think that I don't date because I haven't found the person who I click with. There are some friends I feel totally comfortable around, but they are too good of friends and that would be way too awkward. Supposedly, as others say, I could get any guy I want, but I totally doubt that. I guess I just have a low selfesteem, but I don't know. That's kind of an extreme statement to make. I think also I've been so independent all my life because of mommy and daddy always being at the restaurant that I basically raised myself. There could have been so many opportunities for me to turn bad, but I didn't. Yet, things my parents never think anything is good enough. I feel like they always see the bad in me. If I do something good, they praise that, but automatically follow with a negative quality about me. How do you think that makes me feel? What's the point of trying if nothing if ever good enough. I always do things to please others. I am doing pharmacy because my parents want me to and I don't want to disappoint them because I see how hard they work and what they have gone through with my brother. I sometimes get so depressed when I realize that they are putting all their hopes on me and they make me feel guilty when I don't do what they want me to do. Sometimes I feel it is too much pressure on me and I just want to cry and give up everything. Don't they understand that that is too much pressure for me and that I might crack one day and go crazy. Sometimes I always ask why me and why my family. like why are we going through these tough financial situations when we are such good people. But then I realize how lucky we are. We have a home, food, and all the people in my immediate family are healthy and living. I hear horror stories of what other people have to suffer through and I make it a point to not take anything for granted because EVERYTHING could completely change in a blink of an eye. I also ask why are all the girls so much prettier than me and why I'm not as smart as others. Then I hear kids that are born with mental retardation and makes me realize how lucky I am to be healthy and normal. It so hard sometimes to see of all the good things you have when you envy what others have. That's a serious problem I have. I should just be content with what I have and not worry about what others have. I like to be nice to others but when I see my friends giving more attention and things to my other friend who is always mean and whiney, what's the use of being nice and submissive. Why do all the good ""guys"" lose? I guess that is just how the world works and that is so pathetic. I guess that is how human nature is. I went to the UT Dance Clinic tonight and I wish I was good enough to make it. I just don't pick up combinations up as quickly as the other girls. I wish I could because I really want to make it. I love to dance. I wish I could do that for the rest of my life but I am not good enough to make it my profession. It is so relaxing and I truly love doing it. I don't think pharmacy is what I want to do for the rest of my life. It seems to boring. But I have absolutely no idea what I want to do. I guess I haven't found my niche in the world. I wish I just knew what I wanted to do and go with it. Why do I change my mind so often? Life would be so much easier if I could just figure out what exactly I wanted to do with my life. I just hope my future is all I hope it to be. happy, prosperous, healthy, and with someone I truly love. ",n,n,y,n,n

2000\_634868.txt,"What should I write for this assignment. If I write what I'm thinking at this moment a lot of people's feelings could be hurt and I really don't care to share these thoughts with a faculty that I know nothing about. My mother is approaching me, maybe she wants to talk with me. No, she stopped short at her purse. No, wait, she's coming over here. She asks me a question about my homework, something trivial. I don't think she can read my handwriting even though she's sitting right next to me and that's good because I wouldn't want here to read this piece of writing. Wait, she is reading it! I quickly lift up the pages to take them out of her line of sight. It's cold in this room, but it's only cold on one side. O course, it feels that way because I'm sitting beside a vent. It's so weird to sleep on the sofa, people can be replaced so easily! I've watched two people accomplish the task with much agility. Funny, I wish I could type fast enough to keep up with my thoughts, but they fly by too quickly. I wish this person in the room with me would ask me where I live, I think the answer would surprise her. What's the time, 10:40? I've gone over my time limit. How should I end this entry, would goodbye be appropriate? ",n,n,n,y,y

2000\_635111.txt,"ok its 1018. here I go I feel like I'm the bum in waiting for godot. just write continuously, ha I keep messing up I can't keep up wait her I go there are my typing skills or not I wonder how I should take over the world I keep building up my bases on alpha centauri but the drones keep rioting its always on the bases that were conquered why don't the other leaders realize that drones aren't as efficient as people. if any of the other leaders attacks me I'm going to have more trouble this time because my military is outdated, but hopefully it wont be to them my tech is still ahead but I don't know how far ahead. I guess Emily's leaving about now, she's naive sometimes what's it like at this mixer its where a bunch of frat guys hit on you what a match its when whichever one hit on you successfully tries to get you drunk and take advantage of you I can't believe there's a theme, I thought we grew out of it in high school. I don't like the idea of some of the things she wants to do I don't know if she's naive or if she's pretending I don't think it would be as big a deal if had pledged this semester in some ways I like it but in a lot of others I really don't it surprising to hear blake pledged, I don't know if he wants to be friends,,. ,. friends. I wish had some. I'm getting to know more people like in my study group but everyone here seems to have their own agenda. its harder making friends than I thought I thought more people would be looking to make friends. the guys next door are in a fight I bet its about that time when pot luck people decide if they're going to get along, I don't like my roommate, but at least I already found someone to switch with he's always on my computer when I get home, he jumps up like I wont know that just implies guilt or hell try and explain, its just annoying he's supposed to get one man. I'm not a very fast typist I better get better if I want that secretarial job. I wonder what everybody's doing tonight I wish I had more friends like me. I need to remember to get my shots tomorrow. I'm running out of things to think about all this thinking is making me tired, well there's the answer to your survey, thinking makes you tired and since stressed people get less sleep they're more tired so I must be more stressed right, wrong that's getting an explanation from correlation, you can't do that, see I get this stuff I don't want to have to relearn the brain, I already did that in bio in high school, o wait I ran over the time, I'm done ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_635183.txt,"I feel a little behind in everything I am doing for school. I have a hard time reading for long periods of time. My eyes cannot stay focused for very long and words become blurry. It's a constant struggle to understand each sentence. I'm not sure if I have always had this problem. I can read novels fairly easy. I really hate being in class with a lot of people. I don't like to interact with them. They seem to be very clueless over the important parts of the material covered in each session. I'm tired of stupid Internet questions that waste class time. If I had a computer question, I wouldn't stop class to ask it and make myself look stupid like most computer illiterate students. Students in psychology seem to pretend that they are interested in what is taught, but they really are not fully in to the subject. There are so many students who claim they are psychology majors, when in fact, after they take Psy301, they'll change their minds to something over and over until they slide into the working class. I cannot understand many of my peers. Their conversations are pointless and insignificant to their life as a whole. They spend so much time conversing over issues that they usually don't care about. I dislike the general public in the college atmosphere. I thoroughly enjoy the professors, but I can't get any intelligent feedback from my peers. I realize I'm not perfect, by any means, but at least I attempt to improve my intellectual state, somewhat. There are way too many sheltered students. I assume that professors have a hard time, especially with freshman, in trying to relate cultural differences. It must be extremely difficult to maintain the patience required to teach any level of pupils. Students forget that they are the ones paying for the class and the professor. Even in college, they still act as thought they're being forced to attend each session and assigned a certain professor. Most of the time, students fail to research their professors before they sign up for their class. I suppose it takes all kinds to make a world. ",n,y,n,y,y

2000\_635601.txt,"All I can really think about is how incredibly tired I am. My sleeping schedule has been severely altered. I stay up until 1:00 or 2:00 every night studying, then to get up at 7:00 or so to go to class. Surprisingly going back to the discussion in class, I am not especially stressed although I never seem to be. The only thing I ever stress about in Jason, Mandi, and some of my other troubled friends. Jason really is the source of all my stress right now (little as it is). I worry about him all the time. Not that I don't think he can take care of himself, because he is incredibly independent. I just think that maybe if I worry about it, it will do some good. There's my logic as usual it's very skewed. I am so incredibly tired. I can't help but think that if anyone reads this, they must be thinking that I lead the most unproductive life at UT. This really isn't the case. I just tend to sleep during the day, leaving all my studying to be done at night, and then stay up late doing that it's a vicious cycle of, well, laziness I suppose not necessarily unproductive. People can be lazy and still manage to be productive; there is a difference. This difference is vaguely present in my mind, and in my state of complete exhaustion, I am not capable of articulating it. I can't even make a coherent sentence describing my inability to articulate. I have Biology in an hourI don't want to go, but I know I will. I haven't developed that skill that comes to every college student. The one where you can miss class, and not panic, or feel remotely guilty for wasting your parents' money. I suppose this is a good thing though. I am staring at the foam brain resting on my computer speaker. There is something strangely humorous about it again; I can't even begin to articulate what it is. Just a foamy brain, portables, small, and somehow humorous. My sense of humor is rather odd. I have gathered this from several sources: the fact that Monty Python is the greatest series ever made, the fact that foam brains are hilarious, and the fact that I can laugh at anything without having any real reason. Random laughter. It's good in some ways. This doesn't look like twenty minutes of writing, but I suppose that if I have been typing for twenty minutes, then this is twenty minutes worth of writing. I am so smart I amaze others and myself. ",y,n,y,n,y

2000\_636338.txt,"Well, I've never really done a stream of consciousness writing, so hopefully this will be a good experience for me. Right now, I'm thinking about thinking about writing this, its kind of weird to just record everything that crosses your mind because you get weird recursive loops like that. Recursion is the idea that a certain function calls itself, or in layman's terms, an idea that is selfreferencing. I think Stephen was the one who taught me about the idea of a selfreferencing mathematical idea. I just found out today that the classes I plan on taking over the next 3 and a half years will earn me a BS in Computer science, and a BS in Mathematics. At first I just wanted to take a minor in mathematics, but when I was talking to Dr. Turner today he told me that I should check to see how much of the major I would be completing. I hope a double major will help me get into grad school. Right now I really want to go to Carnegie Mellon to do my grad work. They have a really great CS program there. That's assuming of course that I remain a CS major over the next few years. But I don't see my interests changing or anything. I really wonder how well shy people can perform stream of consciousness. We're really not good at expressing our thoughts, especially to other people. Luckily this is typed and not spoken. Well, that's both good and bad, typing runs much more slowly than speaking, but its easier to express my self through text than through words. I misspelled consciousness earlier, and it got underlined red. Its really bugging me, so I think I'll go fix it right now. I know that if I look around my room I'll see something that I want to talk about. Usually that subject will be computer related. Its really sad. (Sad but true dear reader) Why does that make me think of high school. Weird flashback I guess. Never really popular or anything, although the last two years were awesome because I had a great group of friends and together we were really outgoing and audacious. All extremely intelligent. I wish I could meet more intelligent people here. Most of the people I know are either average, or just plain dumb. I did meet some cool people in my CS 307 class. But its too early to tell if they're truly intelligent, or just book smart. That reminds me of the math problem I solved today. Professor Freed always gives out a few homemade math problems on his assignments. He encourages us to attempt them, but he says its ok if we don't actually finish them or anything. Well, so far I'm the only one I know who came up with a solution to his problem. The last part was awesome because it required the use of a computer. I wrote a dinky little program in C to compute all the data, and then I pasted it all into Excel to plot it. Right now I have another program like that running. Its been running for about 140 hours right now. Something like that. Its growing neural networks to survive in a certain situation. These aren't any old artificial neural networks though, they're growth modeled. (my idea). So I hope this new batch of data continues to support my hypothesis. The rhythmic clicking of the keys is kind of distracting. It reminds me of our last psych class, when the girl I sat by thought that if you could type faster than you could write, it was pretty fast. I really disagree. Writing free hand is an extremely slow process, typing goes much faster because the letters are formed instantly when you hit the key. You can't program as fast as you can type so it really doesn't matter for me except in word processing like this, where I need to be able to type as fast as I can or I can't remember what I was thinking. I wonder how long I've been typing. Probably at least 15 minutes. I really haven't been keeping time. Oh well, once this hits a page on size 12 times new roman, that's going to be a lot of text in a fixed point font (like its going to be when I paste it on the web). My DVD player comes in pretty soon. I've been waiting for at least a month because the first one I got didn't work, and then the company ran out of them. I need to buy some DVDs for it. Probably will get the Utena DVDs even though they don't cover the really good episodes at the end. I like anime. ",n,y,y,y,y

2000\_637256.txt,"I am so overwhelmed that I don't even know what to do anymore. If it isn't one subject then it is another. I finally think that I am ahead in at least once subject and then I look at the syllabus and it says that I am, in actuality, 3 chapters behind. I really don't understand how this all happens. I thought that when I came to college it would be different. I thought that I would get to have a fresh start at things. I thought I would be able to make myself study and get ahead; however, my predictions are proving to be wrong. I am getting further and further behind with every passing day. I have psychology chapters to read, interpersonal communications chapters to read, contemporary moral problems readings, psychology writing assignments, MIS homework and readings. Even if I had all my time to study I still wouldn't be able to get it all done. But that isn't even the issue. Not only do I have all of these things to do, but there are also people asking me every five seconds to go out and enjoy Austin. I don't have time to enjoy Austin. I don't have time to go out, go to sorority meeting, read, write, and keep my sanity all in one day. There just is not enough time. I try and try to manage my time, but it just is not working. I think my only solution is to lock myself in my room and not come out until all of my work for the rest of the semester is done. That is my only solution to my ongoing problem. ",y,y,n,n,n

2000\_638334.txt,"I wonder if I can make it to the SZB building in 20 minutes. Also, do I need to look at the map again? Probably so. I can't remember what room it is in. I think I'll have time for a nap this afternoon. It is definitely much needed; I just hope I can squeeze it in. It's a good thing I only have one class today. I hope the TA doesn't ask as many questions as he did last week. I think all of our brains are a bit numb. Wow. It's only been 2 minutes. This is going to be a long paper. I'm pleased that my parents are being more considerate of the apartment situation. They have to stop procrastinating and realize that this is the best thing to do in this situation. The cost of living in Austin is absurd and so is the demand for living. Gosh. I just moved into SRD and I already have to look for next year. I just hope I don't flunk out or else there goes half of the money! Maybe Michelle's dad talked to her and settled whatever worries she and my dad had. If he was worried about me handling the details with the realtor, he could have talked to him, but he refused. Ugh, like life couldn't be more difficult. Who needs their parents telling them what to do once they have gotten to college. It's my time now and they need to respect that. It's just too hard, I guess. All they ask about is school, grades, sometimes health, and sleep. They have to realize college isn't easy in any aspect, including the financial one. Oh, well, I guess they'll learn. I'm wondering when my dad is going to decide to send my computer here. Oops, that's right. I shouldn't expect it anytime soon since he procrastinates on everything. I feel so bad for having to use Michelle's computer all the time. I wonder what's for lunch today. I bet it's good. It's always good. I love SRD food and the waiters. I'm so happy to be living with Michelle and Stephanie next year. I don't know Julianne too well, though. She seems nice, but I'm just saying that to be nice. I guess she's ok. She isn't the sort of person I would typically hang around with. She's also a neat freak and doesn't like cats. That's two hits against her. The funny thing is, the rest of us are messy, so I don't know who is going to share the room with her. I'm also very excited about the hamster. It will be so much fun to have a little apartment pet. I wonder what we'll name it. I hope my sister learns a lot at the convention this weekend. We all know she needs all the leadership skills she can handle! I wonder if Michelle is coming straight home from school. If so, she should be here pretty soon. I am so excited about Jeff's birthday present. I hope everything works out and Stephanie and I can go to Colleyville and use her RF something equipment. I love being creative and doing fun, meaningful things like that! Oh, my gosh, the 80's prom tonight is going to be so much fun! It'll be awesome to see everyone dressed up. That's a hard theme for guys to follow, though. I wouldn't know what to do if I was one of them. I hope Clay turns out to be cute. I heard he's really sweet. People usually say that if someone isn't that good looking. Oh, well, if I survived a night with Petro, I can definitely survive an 80's prom with Clay. I wonder which ATO knows me. Or, like Jeff said, he could've just been saying that. Either way it was very nice. I wonder what possessed Stephanie to set me up with this guy. I've never been on a blind date before and the suspense is wonderful. I hope all this nasty drainage stuff is just allergies. I think it is. Everyone's allergies seem to be killing them right now. Ha. That was so funny that we saw Brian Grigsby at Jack in the Box last night. It's deja vu. Wow that was neat how those little things popped up over the deja vu words. Wow, it did it again. I hope it is warm enough to go floating down the river this weekend. My mom said a cool front was supposed to move in. I hope not. Can't it wait another day? It'll be fun camping in tents. I've never really roughed it before. I better take my umbrella to school with me. It looks like it is about to rain. Oh, I also need to catch up on emails this afternoon. So much to do, so little time. Wahoo, my time is up. ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_639729.txt,"Today has been one of the longest days of my life. I have had only one class today so I am constantly looking for some way to spend my time. It seems that everyone I know here on campus is in class or at work, therefore I am left alone with nothing to do. When I sit there with nothing to do I become very homesick. If it were not for my Friday classes I would be long gone. It excites me however, that tomorrow I get to go home. I can't wait to be in my own house without a roommate or doors slamming through the night. One thing that I can't wait to see is my cousins. They are adorable. The oldest, Sydney, is like the sister I never had despite the fact that she is only nine years old. I enjoy being around her and it makes me proud when she comes to me to ask personal questions. I have three other cousins too. Leizl, who is five, is so cute and has such a wild imagination. It excites me to watch her imagination at work. She is one of the very few children left in this world that can entertain herself for hours with a paper towel roll. Next is Will, the little man. He is only two and is constantly making me laugh. He is in love with Blues Clues and Power Puff girls. He knows every word to the songs and has his own little dance for each of them too. The youngest, and I have to say my favorite, is little Miss Annie Makenna. She turned one on August 30. The reason that I think I like her the most or think about her the most is the fact that we almost lost her. She was born with the strep virus in her lungs and spent the first month of her life in the ICU on a lung machine. She is now a healthy little girl. She is now walking but it seems so weird to see her walk because she is only the size of a 6 month old. She is so tiny. I can't wait to see them. They are the world to me and I love them and miss them everyday. Just as I do my parents and my brother. That is on thing that gets me down about college. I don't like being away from my family. I love them dearly. They mean everything to me. Writing this paper has depressed me but I know that tomorrow I will get to see them all and spend the entire weekend with them. Yeah! My brother is cool. I am one of the very few girls in this world that got blessed with an awesome older brother. He is three years older than me and he has always been there for me, much like my two loving parents. I thank God everyday for the family that he has given me and the support he has surrounded me with. ",n,y,y,n,n

2000\_650927.txt,"About two weeks before I came to Austin I was already feeling the affect of college changing my life. Many of my friends left before I did and I said goodbye to all of them. I knew that it would be awhile before I saw any of them again. It feels really strange now that all the people that I have grown up with all my life are all going to new places. Many of the people from my high school I may never see again. Even though my high school was very large the faces I saw were familiar to me. Now that I am at the University of Texas many faces I have never come across before and that is a strange feeling. I kind of like having so many different people around. It just makes me feel better to know that I'm involved in such a large University. Everyone that I do meet is very nice and I am making many new friends. My roommate and I are getting along very well and I am glad that I have him as a roommate. I have seen many people from my high school, but many of the upperclassmen I knew from my school live off campus so I might only run into them every once in awhile. It is strange that I don't have a ""bestfriend"" anymore because all of them are some other place. The people I hang with aren't as close to me as my old friends were. I guess that it has only been a couple of weeks so far and that is just how it will be until I live around here longer. I don't really wish that I had gone somewhere else, but I just get that home sick feeling a little. Home sick doesn't mean that I miss my parents so much, but just that all the people I was familiar with are gone. I don't really miss my parents that much yet, but I'm sure that I will soon when I finally realize that I'm not living there anymore and the UT is my home now. I wish that I had a car so that I could go places around here. I'm stuck on campus pretty much all the time. Almost everything that I need is here though so that is a good thing. I wish that I could have brought my turntables up to UT, but my parents didn't want me to yet. I hope that I can DJ at some clubs when I get a little more experience. My older friend was kind of my mentor to becoming a DJ and I'm hoping that he can give me the hook ups that I need to play at places. I don't like being alone in my room especially with the door shut it makes me feel closed off. If I'm here alone I will usually keep the door open so I can converse with the people outside. They have really good study rooms in the basement of my dorm and its really good to go down there and read or do homework. College so far has been pretty much what I expected it to be there hasn't been any real shockers yet. I only choose to come to UT my senior year. My parents both went to Arkansas so I didn't really have a bias to any college. I visited A&M and UT as well as OU and some other colleges last year and that is when I made my decision to come here. I like the urban atmosphere that UT has as opposed to all the other colleges I visited. Since the time is up I better go down to the basement to study or else I won't make it into the Computer Science major. ",n,n,y,n,y

2000\_651614.txt,"I just started college last week. It's hard to believe I am finally here. I have been coming to Austin for football games as long as I can remember, but I always go home when they are over. This time I am staying and my family is going home. It's so hard for me to think I will be spending the next four years here. It's so big and full of so many people. The first day of class I didn't know what to think. I was so overwhelmed by it all. I decided to go through rush here at UT, and that was an experience all on it's own. It was a week full of stress, and aching feet. You are surrounded by a bunch of girls that are trying to out do the next and you can't really tell if people are being fake or themselves. I just hoped for the best and tried to have fun. Now that it is all over and I made my bid. I was relieved a little, but not enough. The day after rush ended classes begin. I had no time to relax or get things together. I was stressing out more than I had ever before. I didn't know where my classes were, I missed my friends and family, my roommate and I have been a little off, it seemed like nothing was going right. I really wanted to cry. It's so hard for me to think that I am not happy here because I can vividly recall not too long ago saying that I couldn't wait to get out of high school and get to college. I was so excited about moving to Austin. I didn't think I would miss my family too much because they would be coming down for all the home football games. Boy, was I wrong. I told everyone that I wouldn't think of going home my first weekend of college, but as I sat in my dorm room last Friday thinking about all my friends going home for the holiday I don't think I could have packed up my stuff any quicker. I was so excited about going home. I couldn't wait to get there. Even though I did homework and laid around most of the weekend it was very nice to just relax and not have to worry about anything. There are so many things to do in Austin and even when you say your not going out, someone is always trying to talk you into going somewhere. My past week of college has been fun, but scary. I am not use to being so unorganized. I need a schedule and a daily routine, so I won't feel so strung out and frazzled. So many things have been going through my head, about college and how I feel about it and I can't exactly put it all into words. When people ask me about school I don't know what to tell them. I wish I could say I love it and I am having a blast, but I would be lying. I have had fun, but I am kind of scared and homesick and I feel like I am in a maze and I can't find my way out. I don't think I am making any sense. My feelings are just all jumbled up and I can't seem to sort through them. I need direction. I am hoping every week will get better and I will gradually find my way and start to feel at home here. ",y,y,y,y,n

2000\_654054.txt,"I am curious on why we need to do this assignment. Is it some sort of test? Or experiment? Well I guess I have to do it any way, so. I'm think that it is late and that damn pretesting takes to much time to just answer the same questions reworded ten times each. I hope my show in San Antonio goes well Wednesday I hope those assheads advertised this time but if not we still get paid. But that's still bad business. I really like the Common Sense album I think I'll burn a copy from sterling. I wonder what my roommates are up to? Probably just sleeping since they all have early class in the morning. My earliest class is Spanish and I dread going to that class. Man it takes up most of my schedule and if I don't do well it will bring my grade down big time, but crap like that happens. At least I can still be a frigging rockstar ha if all else fails. Which isn't looking so bad or hard by today's standards. One hit song will get you paid for life and all I hit songs needs is radio play. NO heart felt lyrics; no emotion, no good beat, and no moveable beat at all even just radio play. If you make it on TRL your set damn we played with Papa Roach and there were probably 700 people at the show the next week they were on TRL and now they could probably sell out a 10,000seat venue easy. I'm not putting them down they are a good band but that just goes to show you how the industry works. One of these days I'll be on top though no doubt. My band plays with a new band or a go to see a new band play ever week and half of them have no stage presence of any show what so ever. And if the crowd is not interested you can sell your total package to them. You can be a band that gets lots of radio play, but if you can get the crowd moving on tour your going to just sparkle and fade. My only fear is I'll be a 30yearold man with kids and still be hunting for this illusive dream and I really don't want to be in that boat. I assume I'll know when the ship has sailed and I'll just except it and move on not swim after it just to sink deeper. Only time will tell though, if nothing else I had my days in the spot light but if my 15 minutes of fame are already up I'm going to be one upset greedy bastard trying to get my hand on just a little more. I guess I've talked about my dream of being a musician enough so I'll move on to my goals at school, which as you can tell are of lesser importance right now. Not to say they are not important it just my dreams cloud my reality and sometimes it hard to see what I need to do rather what I want to do. SO my time is up and I'll see you in class Thursday. ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_654531.txt,"I am not sure if I am studying properly. Doing this makes me very nervous. I wish she would call me but I know it is hard. Sometimes it really sucks being in love. especially with someone my parents don't approve of. I wish I could escape sometimesto a place where no one judges anyone and everyone gets along and dad's don't drink. Where one can hear the sun rise and set; where stress is nonexistent and there's never any need to cry. I love to write, but not today. I want to sit in a tree and observe. Nobody would know I was there. Why are people so oblivious? We're really quite stupid. We hurt people and they hurt us. Nobody really wants to be hurt. My arms hurt. I really want to make this rowing team. I have to be part of something. I have been for 10 years. Why doesn't she come visit me. She is my backbonemy strengthI need her. I want to run away TO MAINE. That would be so great. Maine is beautiful, peaceful and usually stays out of the limelight. Privacy. That would be so nice. She and I get along really well but it would be nice if I could have a little privacy every now and then. Well, a couple of days would be nice. I'm overwhelmed. I don't know what to do. about anything. I don't know who to talk to. I feel tired and unkempta lot. I wonder why. I love college though. I hated high school because I felt as if it were not to my level. Here there is a challenge. Flag football Wed. 20th. Today ultimate Frisbee. TomorrowApril. Test 20th speech. That mouse pad is black. Why am I dizzy sometimes. I need to write. Seriously write. Like I used to. It always made me feel so much better. and my teachers loved it. What on earth is this chick next to me doing? I really HATE it when people look at my monitor when I am trying to do this. PET PEAVE. Or when there are like 500 computers open and she has to come sit right next to ME. I like lightning. It's so beautiful. I like rain. I want to go play in it. I don't ever want to grow up. I hope this phone doesn't get me in trouble. I really need to get my computer fixed. It's so dead. So am I. But not too bad. Not as bad as I have been. I really have a lot of questions about God. I really need to get them answered because all of it is driving me absolutely out of my mind. Maybe I'll hang around after church on Sunday. ask the pastor. Maybe not. I hope my mother is happy with him. She deserves to be happy after everything she's been through. I'm glad they found each other again. I need to workout. It keeps me strong and in shape. April needs to be happy. She tries so hard to make me happy but I don't want her to. She needs to make herself happy. Kristin needs to lay off. I need to go home. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_654664.txt,"This computer lab, Jester East, is rather warm. It's stuffy in here. That isn't however a bad thing, considering how sick I am. Actually, I'm feeling a whole lot better now, as opposed to this morning. I wonder if I missed out on anything important in Linguistics. I doubt I missed out on much. Oh well. I'm relieved about the calculator issue regarding chemistry. I'm glad I know someone who has a car (means of transportation other than the bus). If I keep shopping I may soon find myself in need of help from my parents, financially. Then again, I am buying necessities: food, soap, water, DayQuill, NightQuill, etc. My nose is cleared up. That's something to be happy about. Ah. I can't help but smile at the fact that he came over and simply spent time with me today. He basically just watched me sleep, sniffle, and cough. He's so sweet. I kind of don't want to go home this weekend because of him. He's gone out of town the last two weekends, and now I'm going out of town. Hmm. I don't leave until Friday night. I guess I should try to get a hold of my parents. They may be interested in my visit. Shoot! Only twelve minutes have passed. I feel like I've been typing for a much longer time period. Uhoh, my nose is causing me to sniffle. Ugh. it's so annoying. Good thing I brought Kleenex with me. My mouth is dry. And my tongue hurts from chewing gum. I'm not use to chewing gum, at least not as much as I have been lately. I'm self conscious about my breath, since I have a sore throat. As a result I'm constantly chewing on cinnamon flavored gum. In a way, this isn't exactly my train of thought, at least not the uninterrupted form. I find myself with the need to explain, or give a bit of background info to the reader, if there even is indeed a reader. Ah well. Just three more minutes to go. I can't wait to get back up to my cold room, pop open a can of ginger ale and chug. I've successfully made mouth feel even more dry. My throat is starting to hurt again, but only when I swallow. One more minute left. Perhaps I'll just type my abc's while I wait for that one minute to pass. Ooh. well aren't I little miss creative. Okay time's officially up!. ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_654954.txt,"I'm pretty out of it right now, still pretty sleepy. But I know I've got to do this since it's due in 3 hours. I can feel the onset of a headache, I don't know why. I think I've gotten enough sleep. Maybe it's because I haven't eaten enough. As soon as I 'm done, I'm going to pig. I'm kind of worried about my classes. I've already missed more than I should. I haven't missed any psychology but that's only because it's only twice a week and, more importantly, it doesn't start 'til 3:30. It's my latest class; all my rest are earlier in the morning. I've had a lot of trouble getting up. However, I think I can manage to catch up. I don't think I've missed anything terribly important. My lip is feeling a little funky right now. I got it pierced a few days ago. I really can't say why I did it. Maybe to set myself apart from others, maybe because I'd never done anything like it, maybe because I'm a teenager and I'm ""rebelling. "" I think I deserve to, too, since I don't drink, smoke, or do anything like that. I don't know how my parents are going to feel about it. Obviously, they're not going to be happy. But I don't think they can get too upset. Like I said, I stay away from all the alcohol and stuff like that that is rampant in college, so hopefully they'll allow me this one thing. I think I've been a pretty decent kid. I've also been taking care of my lip so it doesn't get infected so they shouldn't have to worry about it. Plus, my brother got a tattoo his first semester up here and I think that's more dangerous, especially since he got it on his spine. One thing that has me really nervous was caused by my own stupidity. I was over at my friend's house last night and he'd bought a doityourself haircut kit. Me, wanting to save a few bucks, gave it a shot on myself. Well, to trim my sideburns, I took off the clipper thing and just left the razor which is about a ""0. "" Anyway, I go to the other room to ask my friend how it's looking. He says it's all right but needs a little work. So I go back to the sink, pick up the clipper and proceed to run it up the back of my head. Immediately, from the sound, I could tell that I'd forgotten to put the #2 clipper on; it was still on ""0. "" Now, I've got a bald spot on the back of my head. I really started freaking out. People would think I was a freak. I wasn't going to shave my head, but I had my friend fix it up as beast he could but it's still pretty obvious. Now, I've got to wear a hat backwards for at least a week so no one will notice. I'm pretty selfconscious. If I thing there's something wrong with my looks, it becomes pretty hard for me to talk to people I don't know. Which sucks since I'm already pretty shy and since I'm still trying to meet new people. It looks like the twenty minutes are up now. I hope I did this assignment right. ",n,n,y,n,n

2000\_655876.txt,"its 12:42 and I'm listening to an old episode of Saturday Night Live in my friends' room. I need a computer. I don't know why I didn't bring mine. I'm hungry. I can't eat because I have to type this assignment. Sharon has a lot of pictures. This is a pretty funny snl sketch. I have nothing to say. MY back feels a little sore. I'm slightly offended that there aren't any pictures with me in them. I don't want to do this anymore. I want to watch tv, instead of just listening to it. I really don't have anything important going through my head. It was nice of Sharon to let me stay in here and do this. Her and her roommate left, so I'm not even sure I'm supposed to be here. This song isn't that bad. I have never heard of the musical guest on this episode of SNL but the song really isn't bad. I really should have eaten before I started this. I'm about to pass out. Only 12 more minutes. I should call home later. I'm quite upset that I couldn't do the pretesting survey thing for the experiments. Maybe I'll try again in a little while. I want to change the channel. Some station has to be showing the U. S. Open. They just have to. I think someone keeps trying to I. M. Sharon, but I can't tell them it isn't her, because I'm doing this. I'm interested how this assignment will tell how my mind works. It should be good to know. I hope someone explains it, preferably Professor What's his name. I would check to see what his name is, but again, I Can't. Just looking around the room now. This is kind of boring (no offense). Only 8 more minutes. Cool. The only bad part is I have to stay here until Sharon and Rebecca get back because I can't lock up. There are just a lot of pictures in here. There are many of Sharon's boyfriend Jorge. Interesting that she's dating someone with the same name as me, isn't it. Snl is over and only 6 minutes until I'm done. That is a stupid picture Sharon has next to her printer. I like the opening music on this show (The Kids In the Hall). only 4 minutes left. That's good because I am still very hungry. This is very boring. I thought about using a lot of big words, but I realized that that isn't how I think so I should just stick with my sixth grade vocabulary. This isn't a very funny sketch. Phone's ringing, can't answer it. They told me not to. It's Rebecca. she knows I'm here but I still can't answer the phone. she isn't going to like this. I'm done. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_656111.txt,"I've never done this before, but hey, whatever. College is all about new stuff, and this is a lot better than some of the other assignments I've had to do so far for classes. I don't really know what to say. I just got done emailing my sister who teaches at a college in San Antonio. I miss her. And borrowing her clothes. I miss my little sister, too. It's funny because I didn't think I'd really miss my family and most of the time I don't, but the other night I just got this sporadic mental picture of my Dad. It was like he was standing in front of me, and it made me want to cry. It sucks that he won't ever really be able to help me with physics or chemistry or any of my hard classes again. Such is growing up. So, no one's going to read this. That's pretty good because I'm just writing crap right now and it's all very random and nonsensical. I love that word. I try and use it whenever I can. Ha! This is crazy. Actually, Pennebaker's class is one of the best I have this semester, but that's mostly because he's so funny. I only took it because this girl I know said she knew Pennebaker's daughter and that she'd been to dinner at his house or something and he was really funny. And he is. And he speaks on topics that are at least interesting, but then again, most psych stories are interesting. I mean, some of my professors are crazy. I have this one professor who barely speaks English, which is cool and all, but really, how can I learn from someone I can't understand? And the really bizarre part is that at the end of every sentence, he says, ""In Asia. "" At least, that's what it sounds like he's saying to me, and I've discussed this with several other people in my class and they all think he says something like that, too. I don't get it. Does he mean that only certain bacteria grows in Asia? Because that's what we're studying right now. Bacteria. And it's not even interesting. I mean, who really cares about ERs and lipids and lysosomes? Well, I guess that's a pretty dumb question. Of course, botanists and biology people and premed students care. I personally want to cry every time said professor goes on a schpiel about protein in the cells. Really, guy. But I have to take the class, whether I want to or not. I only need a few more hours of science, anyway, and so next semester, I'll probably be taking rocks for jocks. Ah, geology. My eyelids are getting heavy just thinking about it. After this, I have some serious catching up to do. And it's not because I miss my classes or anything. I mean, I don't even drink. Except for wine, and that's really only when I eat out, which I do less and less these days. These dayswhat am I talking about?! I've been here for less than a month. It feels like I've always been here, though. Which is weird. I love Austin, except for all the drag rats, who are stinky and mean. Seriously, they're nasty. And what's with the way they all act like they're homeless? They're not, most of them anyway. My neck hurts. That professor I was talking about earlier, the one who speaks English very poorly? He sings in class. Right in the middle of class, he'll just bust out with a song. And it's not like he's singing to himself. I mean, he's wearing a mike. We can all hear him loud and clear. And the only song he knows how to sing is ""Oh, What a Beautiful Morning. "" Except that he garbles all the words up and it's so charming. He's like a little boy, except that he's kind of old, and not as cute as a little kid singing. Anyway, if it weren't for him singing that song all wrong, I would never go to class. That's pretty weird of me, right? ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_657578.txt,"I wondering about what I should write here but I know that I'm just supposed to write what comes to mind. I just ate a chocolate cookie and now I'm craving some milk. My nose itches. I can see my shadow on the wall in front of me because of the light behind me. This chair is really uncomfortable. I need to buy a pillow to fit in it. Now I'm drawing a blank. Now I'm thinking about studying chemistry after I finish typing. But I don't understand the work, so I guess I should just wait and do the homework after I go to the discussion session tomorrow. My chemistry professor was ""sick"" today, but the sickout is not supposed to start until tomorrow. Maybe she really is sick. My arm hurts because the edge of the desk is sharp. Now my back itches. It's this darn chair that's making me so uncomfortable. Now I'm wondering if it matters if I type contractions or not. I know that in a proper English paper, I am not supposed to say ""isn't"" or ""I'm"" or anything like that. But this is a stream of consciousness so I guess there aren't any rules. I wonder when my roommate is going to get in tonight. I hope she doesn't walk in while I'm still typing this, then it will distract me. But then again, I'm not doing a very good job at focusing on my thoughts right now, anyway. Hmmm. my thoughts. I wish I had not just eaten that cookie. That's unnecessary calories and now I'm thirsty. I wish I could talk to this guy that I like, J. J. He's on a sixmonth float for the navy and I won't get to see him until spring break. But we care a lot about each other and email everyday. I wish I had some music on right now, but I don't know if I should listen to music right now, anyway, because that might mess up my thoughts, also. I hope I like this psychology class. I'm thinking about being a child psychologist. I love children. I want to have two kids. I think I want to have kids before I'm oh, 26. I don't want to die before my kids graduate. Larry King is 74 and his wife is pregnant. That's ridiculous. That's traumatic on the child, I think. I just popped my knuckles. My mom would always slap my hands when I did that in front of her. My nose really itches. Sitting here makes me notice all my aches and pains. My ankle hurts and my arms are hurting because of this desk. I need to repaint my toenails, but I'm so lazy. I want to go smoke a cigarette outside really quickly. But I only have 15 more minutes to type. Wow, only one fourth of the time has passed so far. I just popped my neck. That's probably not too good for me. I'm going to have arthritis everywhere by the time I'm 30. Now I'm trying to get more comfortable so I'm sitting indian style in this little bitty chair. My closet light is on and it's kind of bothering me. I hope I do well in all of my classes this semester. My easiest class is German but the rest I know I will have to put forth a lot of effort to do well in them. But I really think I'm going to enjoy this class. The first day I walked into psychology class last Wednesday, out of all the people in the auditorium, I happened to sit right next to someone I had met the night before. It really is a small world, even thought this is the biggest college in the nation right now. My roommate is a raver. She has all of these rave flyers all over the wall. I've never been to a rave, but I think I might go to one this Saturday. I'm not too pumped up about it, but I think I should at least give it a chance. I just hope I don't get drugged accidentally or something. And also, ravers wear really funny clothing. I'd look funny if I wore ""normal"" going out clothes to the rave, so I'm going to have to borrow my roommate's clothes. Okay, time is up. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_657883.txt,"I am sitting at my roommate's desk typing on a computer which does not belong to me in a room that I am still getting used to. ""Black Magic Woman"" is playing on the radio. I like this song. It reminds me of my mom because she has the record from when she was a Santana fan. The artwork on the cover of the album is really beautiful. There is a red winged creature on the cover and a lot of complex looking designs and a million different colors and stars and growing things. It looks like the night. Today in class I was about to fall asleep. I looked over at Aisha and she was practically dead. I don't think it was because the class wasn't interesting but because it was just the time of day when I feel really tired and I can't really think of anything. When I walk around I feel really relaxed, not at all anxious, and it's kind of pleasant. It reminds me of this boy that works nights, and he would hardly ever sleep and it was kind of nice to be around him because there wasn't a whole lot going on. we would just sit around listening to music or watching things. When he's not tired he talks a lot, and it kind of drives me crazy sometimes. He just talks about cars a lot and how things work and scientific stuff, and he's very passionate about those kind of things. I saw him on Monday and he told me he loved me, and it was so weird. I don't know where that is going. I've known him forever, and I think of him as a person that I can really trust and talk to things about. He reminds me of my father in some ways because my dad always talked a lot sometimes about things that didn't interest me very much but I liked him anyway. I liked how fat he was. It makes me laugh. He was a rather large man and he had really hairy arms like a bear. For some reason I think it's kind of funny to look back on this but maybe it's because I'm kind of tired although I shouldn't be because I've been getting plenty of sleep lately. I wake up in the mornings, and I have this feeling like I just can't wait to get out of the room and walk around, get some fresh air and get out of this little room which I have to share with another person and deal with all her stuff and everything. She's really nice though. I think I might have offended her yesterday because we were talking about Genesis, which we both have to read for our literature class, and I have a lot of questions about what it means and why it's so sacred and important and why God does all the weird stuff that he does in the book. I can't understand why he forbids people to eat the fruit or why he tells people to name their children certain things or why he appears and fights with Jacob. It's pretty messed up if you ask me. How am I supposed to believe in that stuff? It's nuts. I just want to be a good person like my mom. She always helps other people and thinks about others. When my dad was dying, she held everyone together and probably saved me along with everyone else. I don't think I would still be alive without my mom. She's really religious and perfect in most ways. I wish Nathanael were here. He makes me feel better about things most of the time even though he weird me out at times. I wish I could go driving out in the country or even for a walk. I grew up on a farm, and I love open fields and fish and cows and crap like that. It's unfortunate because I can't imagine living anywhere else but in the country even though it is lonely at times. It is so peaceful and beautiful at night. One night Nathanael and I stayed up all night and watched the sun rise. We were sitting on his truck. That was the night before I went to Germany for 3 weeks to visit my best friend who lives there now. I love her so much. She was one of the few people that I ever thought was really like me. She was an incredible artist, and she inspired me to take up drawing and painting. My dad was an artist too. I have one drawing of his on my room at home. He liked to do cartoons and make corny jokes. He was so wonderful with people, and everyone loved him. Sometimes I imagine what it would be like if he just walked into the room right now and how I would feel about seeing him after all this time. For I second I feel so excited, but then I realize that it could never happen. It is the most horrible feeling to know that you will never again see someone that you love so much, especially someone that you admired and tried to make yourself like them. ",n,y,y,y,y

2000\_658123.txt,"I am sitting here wondering as to why I chose to do this assignment at this particular time. As I search my the thoughts the number one reason I can find is BOREDOM. I am so bored right now, as I have throughout my entire UT experience. I miss my friends, my family, my surroundings, my house, and most of all, my king size water bed. I have nothing against my roommate, my dorm, or this college, but I feel that they cannot replace the friends, accommodations, and schools that I have become accustomed to over the past 18 years. I'm pretty sure that I just used a runon sentence. Five minutes down, fifteen to go. Notice that I spelled out the words ""FIVE"" and ""FIFTEEN"" in order to waste. I am wasting this time because I don't feel any need to be introspective. I feel that I know myself pretty well, both strengths and weaknesses, I that I have no need to further analyze my thoughts. I am very surprised how painless that has bee thus far. I'm sure that my high school English teachers would die when if they saw how many sentences I started with ""I"". Although you can not see this, thanks to the wonders of modern technology, it just took me about eight tries to correctly spell the word ""saw"". Did you notice that I also spelled out the word EIGHT. It has now been twelve minutes and it is time for a short bathroom break. I hope that this writing is still here when I come back. I'm back. That took about a minute. Sorry. I meant to right ONE minute. I wonder what other people are writing for this assignment. I wonder how many people will try to suck up by complementing the professor, or how many will tell of their dislike for this class? I wonder how many will try to be introspective and artistic, and end up writing free verse poetry? I feel that such people, who think themselves to be deep and philosophical, are the exact opposite, fake and shallow. I feel that my fingers are not fast enough to keep up with my thoughts. As this assignment comes to an end I wonder what I was supposed to have learned, for I feel that I am none the wiser. TWENTY minutes have now passed. The END. ",y,y,n,n,n

2000\_658182.txt,"Moving here to Austin has had me thinking about all sorts of things, about my life in general. These past few weeks, I have been analyzing about every aspect of my life. I am constantly running countless memories of my life by home through my mind. As excited as I am to be here, and I much as I dislike the city I moved from, I cannot help but miss my friends and family and all that I left behind. I am not the most outgoing of people and I find it difficult to strike up conversations with random people, therefore prolonging any new friendships. I love this city, though and I am trying to come out of my shell and be the fun loving, loud girl I was back home. My friends and family back home reassure me it will only be a matter of time before I begin to feel right at home and have a whole new hoard of friends, but until then, I feel very lonely. My roommates on the other hand are worse off than me. The three of them are all friends of mine from back home. They all have boyfriends with who they are in constant contact with. They are eternally homesick and pretty much no fun whatsoever. I am a person who finds it difficult to hang around the house all day, but they on the other hand do not even want to go out to explore the city. So they are a big drag in my social life. Hopefully by the end of the year, I will have gotten them to enjoy party life at least half as much as I do, that is if I can tear them away from their cell phones for more than five minutes. All this time at home has allowed me to build up a nice collection of songs from the internet, and enjoy all the benefits the internet has to offer. I have been able to chat with friends near and far in length without any phone charges, which is always nice. Yes I am very happy to be here in Austin, but I just want this transitional phase to fly by so I can feel right at home. I am not even so much homesick as I am just lonely. With my circle of friends limited I do not have much to do except things on my own. Perhaps that is not such a bad thing, seeing as how I am doing some definite soul searching on my long lonely walks and my hours spent at bookstores, and libraries. ",n,y,y,n,y

2000\_658353.txt,"As I sit here, I wonder what I got myself into. I came from a school of 300 people. I graduated with a senior class of 76. The University is such a huge place, I wonder if I'm going to fit in, or should I say, make my self conscious of my surroundings. It's not that I don't like my classes that I have now, or that they are already becoming a problem, but I wonder what the future holds. My birthday is today, and I am finally 18. It seems like it took forever for me to get to this point. But now that I finally made it, it's no different. My mom called this morning to wish me a Happy Birthday, and she sounded kind of sad. Her little baby girl is now 18. She asked my why it went by so quickly, but looking back, it took forever. My grandparents also called this morning. They live across the street from my old house, and I was continuously over there visiting them. She told me that she still thinks that I'm going to come through that door and ask her what's for dinner. She says it's like I'm gone for the weekend, but I'll return soon. And my grandpa, well, he's my favorite. Every time I look at him, I see all of his hard work and strength that he has put into his life. Raising 8 kids is no easy job. The day after their 50th wedding anniversary, everybody attended mass, almost all 27 grandchildren, 16 sons and daughters, and a couple of greatgrandchildren. I was going to read for the mass. I went up to the podium and I looked out there at all of my family and then looked at my grandpa. I was so proud to be a part of that. I was thankful that God allowed me to be there and have that feeling. And now when I talk to him on the phone, I get that feeling all over again. I miss him dearly. Sometimes I think more than I miss my mom or my brother. Now, my step dad, I don't miss him at all. Sometimes I look back, and I don't know how I put up with him so long. He is so evil and cruel, at least he was or is to me. He married my mom when I was 6 years old. I didn't know him that well; my mom always made me go outside and play when he came over. He was just a total control freak. Nobody in my mom's family likes him because of all the pain he's caused me over the years. From getting in my face and just yelling at me for no apparent reason, to slapping me across the face because my mom and I had gotten into a name calling fight. He's a dick, that's all there is to it. I never brought friends over to spend the night; I never wanted any guys to come over to see me. My escape place was at my grandparent's house. I would tell my dad about all the shit he was putting me through, but there was nothing he could do about it. All he would tell me was that I could come up there and live with him any time I wanted to. On weekends I was hardly home, I was usually spending the night at Holly's house, she is my best friend. Now that I'm at college, I don't have to put up with him anymore. I don't plan on coming home anytime soon. My mom and brother can come up here if they want to see me. Talking about what comes to mind is difficult. I feel that I have burdened you with all of my family problems. Don't feel sorry for me, I don't. Life is just a difficult thing to deal with sometimes. ",y,y,y,y,n

2000\_669620.txt,"The cell phone just rang. It was my roommate's phone so I didn't pick it up. I had a great weekend. All I can think about is my exboyfriend. How stupid am I to be writing about something like my exboyfriend. He makes me feel so weak. He is my Achilles heal. He makes me feel like no other can. He manipulates me like no other. In a good way. He is all I can think about sometimes. I'm listening to Dave Matthews. I am wondering by the time I am done with this assignment whether or not I will selfdiagnose myself with ADD because I know I will jump from one thought to another. I will stop at 3:33PM. Right now it is 3:17. I ate breadsticks today with my good friend Ngozi. We have been friends for 7 years. Tomorrow I get to see Jets to Brazil at Emo's. I am extremely excited. Sometimes I draw blanks on what to type. Interesting. The blinking of the computer is bugging me. I am listening to Dave Matthews right now. He can be a little too jazzy for me. I am not a big fan of the saxophone. I don't like Kenny G. Even though he doesn't play the sax. I just called my best friend at OSU. She hates it there. The thing is, writing for a good twenty minutes is hard. I got all my thoughts out just a minute ago because I wrote in my journal. I have my own website where I have journal entries and pictures and various other interesting things. After this I will do the pretesting. I hear it is pretty long. That's never fun. I hate the food at Andrews. It tastes like a bunch of nothing. I also feel like keeling over after I eat the food, too. I am not using Microsoft Word for this. This is straight typing into the submit form. You think in a room of 540 kids there would be some boy to catch my eye. guess what? Not one. I still love my exboyfriend. Why do I jump back to him? I went to a frat party last Friday. It was fun, but I don't think I could date a frat guy. They are not really my type. I wish I could get over my exboyfriend. But would that be a good thing or bad? Who says I need to get over him? He was my first, possibly my last. I think he has very strong feelings about me too. I wonder though. Boys can be very ambiguous at times. Why can't we all be blunt? My Kirby Lane experience has been forever tainted. My food was cold and I saw a girl toss her cookies in the parking lot. People can be so irresponsible sometimes. They need to know their limit, or just take care of their business in the privacy of their own place not in front of Kirby Lane. My hands are crampy from all this typing. This is an interesting project. Anyway, I am going home this weekend. Back to Grand Prairie. I miss my niece. Her name is Ashley Rene Johnson. She is adorable. She just turned two and I wonder if she remembers me. I hope she is talking more. She is beginning to worry me. she barely talks. A homeless man hit on me today! In front of Bevo's! I was startled, but was I guess flattered. He had sunglasses on, so maybe he saw a distorted version of me. He called me beautiful. Hardly. It is getting cold. I am anxious to reread this writing assignment. It is 3:33. Thank you. ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_670361.txt,"I wonder if Jeff will like the game. It is a shooter type game and does have a fun factor that is pretty high but will it last us until Playstation 2. Maggie. I want to see her again. Hopefully a couple of weeks from now. I am starting at 4:23 so 4:43 is when I will be finished. This wristband is the most stupid idea and it sucks that I can't take it off. I have to get up really early on Thursday to get my tickets to the game. Jeff and I will go to Target well maybe not. We will look at the magazine for a while or on the internet and see if we can find some games. Why the hell did I turn the fan on it is so cold. I don't know what to do for dinner maybe I will read before hand so that we can watch Highlander. I should ask Grace if she wants to eat with us. Damn only 4 minutes have gone by. That whistling noise needs to be fixed but I guess I'm already used to it. Mike I must call Mike about the DBZ movies. Maybe when I have some money duh. Why the hell did I bring that statuette. I could easily fit it in with my stuff. I want to be laying next to Maggie and want her to be with me all the time. This cell phone thing is going to be expensive. Good the light is still flashing. Man its really hard mapping your own thoughts. Once I find a thought to write about my mind concentrates upon writing it down instead of just free thinking. Carpet is nice. It would suck not to have it the room would be colder than it already is. I probably need to wash my clothes soon I am running out in my drawers. Why is my keyboard making this strange thumping sound when I hit the space bar. It never did that before. Maybe because I am alone and there is no other. What's up Amar. Amar just came in. Someone standing behind you is really annoying. Ha ha. Jeff will be back at five. We need a new game. Sleeping with my girlfriend was great. Damn my morals! Windows sucks my ass. Sit down and play some games. 4:38 sweet! Yes my air vent is really annoying. Pool would be cool. Yah I played pool in a while. Not really that good. You have your own stick bastard. I didn't know you have to have your own here that sucks. Come back soon. Oh well at least he is nice. I so badly want to have sex with Maggie but my religion and morals, life tells me not too. It would ruin both our lives. We could do it protected but there is too much risk. The amount of pleasure is not as great as the amount of possible pain, suffering, and problems we could incur. Yes its 4:43 I am done. Out. ",y,n,n,n,y

2000\_670567.txt,"Ever since this assignment was introduced in class, I've been trying to think about what to write (which totally defeats the purpose of the assignment). It's just that when I sit down at the computer to type something, I usually have a plan or goal in mind, whether it is to write a report about something or type an email to a friend. Never have I just had to sit at a computer and type whatever comes to my mind. I guess that makes me a bit boring in a way because I find it so hard to express myself at times. The other day when you were talking about obsessivecompulsive people, my roommate turned to me and said, ""That's you!"" I guess I had never really thought about that label applying to me. But once you started listing examples, I had an epiphany. I guess I am obsessivecompulsive in some ways. I like everything neat, clean, and orderly. I can't stand having a dirty living space. I mean, how can you sleep and use the bathroom in a dirty environment? For me, it's just not possible. Plus, I think it's important to be neat and clean because that's the first thing people see when they walk into your room, and how you maintain your room really tells a lot about your personality. I like to make good first impressions and the way I maintain my room is a way of achieving that. I think I get a lot of this from my mother because she's really picky about the way she likes to do things. I remember one time I started doing the dinner dishes for her while she was outside in the backyard and when she came in, she pretty much kicked me out of the kitchen because I wasn't washing the dishes ""the right way. "" Of course I can't really complain because I do a lot of that too. I understand that everyone has their own way of doing things, but I just like to do things my way because I see the logic in it. A lot of my friends think I'm a freak for being so neat, clean, and organized, but if I wasn't, I can't even imagine what my life would be like. Being clean and organized is what brings stability into my life. It is something that will never change. I guess I shouldn't say that because every time I say I will never do something, I end up doing it later on. For example, when I was younger, I told my older sister I would never wear lipstick or any other makeup and now if you look in my purse, you will see powder, two shades of lipstick, and lipliner. So I guess that's why I should never say never. I have so much to do today. I probably should have done it yesterday instead of sleeping and watching television all day. Of course I had fun doing crossword puzzles and playing Jeopardy online with my boyfriend. I've always loved playing intellectual games. It makes me feel great when I can answer a question or figure out a word on a puzzle because people are really smarter than they think. Sometimes you think you don't remember anything from a class you took sophomore or junior year in high school, but then it pops up in a Jeopardy question and you know the answer to it. It amazes me the things I remember from some of my classes in high school. And sometimes, that information came from classes that I thought were totally useless at that time. Now, I realize that there's no such thing as useless information (except for maybe Calculus when you're studying to be a Communications major). ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_672399.txt,"I just woke up and I'm a little confused as I try to figure out what subject I should be studying and which assignments I should be working on. This is all new to me. High school was nothing like this, never had to study. Now I really know what stress is supposed to feel like. Not that the classes are tough yet. I guess I'm used to being lazy. The food here is getting old and I'm scared of gaining that ""freshman 15. "" Tonight family is coming in, can't wait, a nice paid for meal. Lately I've been feeling sad. I parted from my 2 best friends a month ago to be here and now I can see how much I really depended on them. My life is so different. I have to try and fit into the friendships that were already made here this summer during provisionals. It's not fun. They're all in the sorority and I'm sick of going out every night. I talked to my best friends Amy and Christa everyday either on the phone or Internet. I don't know what I'd do without AIM. I miss them so much. I'm going home this weekend I need to see some familiar faces. I'm not one to be homesick I just feel I have no sort of comfort zone here even though I should. I mean my brother lives here but has his own life with his job and girlfriend. So I barely get to see him ever. I've been really sad the past 2 weeks. It's just been really hard. My boyfriend of 8 months is in the Marines and lives in 29 Palms, California. He doesn't get much time off with his new duties that he was promoted to so he had 96 hours off during Labor Day weekend and drove 1600miles to see me. I can't even believe it still, that 21hour drive had to be horrible. That's what keeps me going everyday. How much I can see by the way he's shown me, how much he cares and loves me that he would come all the way here. He finally bought a cell phone so we could talk easier instead of him waiting in the 2hour phone lines they have at the payphones everyday. He's also getting a job for his days off at a western wear store. He wants more money, he's so responsible, as if being in the marines isn't hard enough work already. Its really expensive with all the gas to drive here all they time and the flights are just crazy. I'm going to try and fly there for his birthday. I know my parents would absolutely kill me. I love him so much and we're of different religions so almost for a year now I've had to deal with my parents. I can't stand it, its drives me crazy inside sometimes how disapproving they are of someone they won't even get to know. It's not fair to me. They should be happy as long as he makes me happy. I would never not be with someone because of a religion that they were born into. Not to mention, the fact that we're both not deeply committed to our religions or were brought up that way. I can feel the tension and hurt coming up in the future. When he gets out we will be very close. He'll go to Southwest and we'll be together everyday, hopefully for the rest of our lives. I don't know, its just one more thing added on to my stress factors. Sometimes it's just easier to cry it all out but when I let that happen sometimes it lasts for almost 24 hours straight and I make myself sick. I've been sick all week and I hate it. I should be studying and I can't focus or keep myself to concentrate. I have to learn. I have to stick with it. I've decided I'm not going to go out at night unless it's a big function that I care about. It's not worth it. The party scene is old. I've been coming up to Austin the past 4 years for the big parties, pat O's, Atlantic city, and they just don't do anything for me anymore. I guess that would probably be because I don't drink and I don't' care to ""hook up"" with anyone so basically since those are the 2 main reasons that those fraternities have parties, they really just don't interest me. I'm personally fine with going to dinner with a couple of my girlfriends and renting a sappy movie and eating a lot of junk food. But that's just me. Something I do love here though is that I don't shower to go to class, don't get dressed up nor have I touched my make up bag since I left home. How fun is that? I love it. I just really don't care. Basically my plan is to try and focus on my studies, I won't have any boys here to distract me cause the only one I love isn't here. I'll do well in school and in the end we'll be able to be together. He has about 1 year and 10months left, but I figure I can make it. I mean he's already been in there for 2yrs and 2months and I've stood by his side the entire time, even before he joined. He means the world to me. I just can't even imagine my life without him and that's why I plan on staying with him. I know people think I'm dumb, that I'm wasting my college years staying committed to a long distance relationship, but I don't know why it would be dumb. As long as I'm happy why should I care right? I don't know, this whole college thing is really going to take some getting used to. I mean, me, doing my own laundry? That's just funny. ",y,y,n,n,n

2000\_672860.txt,"Right now I am thinking about this writing assignment. I am assessing the amount of physical and metal effort I will have to put into it. It appears to be low effort on both fronts. I have two conflicting thoughts now. On one side the easies gives me more time to relax. It is night now and I am not really in the relaxing mood. I want to go out and do something but somehow I am more dependent on other people to be able to do something than I was living with my parents. My expectations of independence have not been meet yet. I am now thinking that other people would get angered or distraught about this fact but my reaction is unlike that. I tend to just formulate new expectations and throw the other ones out. Speaking of throwing things out, the trash is damn full. This assignment is already starting to bore me and I just started it. I wish I didn't have separate classes instead just one big project that consisted of elements taught in my classes that I could dedicate my time to. I find these big projects to be more worthwhile and challenging. When things aren't challenging, I must event a challenging task or at least a large one. Physical fitness a first was one of these challenges but it has changed. Now I workout for relaxation and for selfimage. Naturally I am shy. This bothers me because being shy involves things that don't make sense to me. I really have nothing to lose by going out on a limb to talk to someone or present an idea but if I don't remind myself of these things talking to someone isn't a natural reaction. I am pronature in many respects. I am against the taking of medicine to the point won't take aspirin. I am even against vitamins because nothing can replace natural foods. I am surprised I haven't mentioned any of my feelings but the thing I am more surprised at is that I have had none. And now that I think about it I haven't had any for a long time. I used to get yelled at and grounded a lot as a kid and at some point it didn't matter any more. I got tired of being mad at my parents or vengeful toward them or feeling depressed. I was like 6 when this happened and though my parents have changed I haven't. I don't let anything affect me anymore. I have been away from my mom, dad, brother, sister, and dog and I don't really miss them. Talking about the past too long also bores me. I like looking towards the future because it gives me a slight sense of excitement. It gives me excitement because I look forward to bigger and better things. Right now I can't define things. Things used to be money, wife, good friends, and children. I dream more often now and my dreams have made things unclear. Bigger and better things like heaven sometimes come to mind. I have had a spiritual awakening. I not religious, in the sense I don't go to church. But I try to communicate with God in more subtle ways. I have a firm belief in that by believing that something good will happen, something good will happen. I never have doubt in this because you must wholeheartedly believe. The first night I was here I left my cellphone at a restaurant and 2 hours later when I came back it had been found and returned to me. I left a book for one of my classes in the seat beside me. When I came back for it, it was gone. I emailed my teacher and he said a student had given it to him and I was lucky because he could of sold it to the coop for fifty dollars. Luck is one of those things I don't have. I would never rely on chance more than I had too. It was not luck my book was returned. I am glad I am at UT or for that case away from home. My Mom is very pessimistic and impatient. These thing irritate me to the point where I like avoiding her. A categorize her in the group of who claim to be religious or believe in God but they don't truly. They are not honest with themselves so it is impossible for them to always be honest to me. I have a friend who is always lying. I think he does it to make people envy him. But I don't think he realizes I don't envy people I just respect them and try to get to their level not to be them. My mind is at a blank now. I am only thinking about the humming of the computer. Time is up. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_673542.txt,I'm writing my first college paper I guess you could call it a paper no offense off course it is a relief from some of the reports I wrote in high school I'm already missing high school a little bit but I wouldn't give up the fun I'm having now for anything especially my home town Bastrop anyways its 6:17 and guess ill quit writing about 6:37 the music I'm listening to is way too loud but for some reason it helps my feelings just flow onto the paper better if I keep going at this pace this paper could be very long its 6:18 now whoa I've all ready thought of a lot of things right now I'm at study hours for my frat phi kappa sci baby yeah woo hoo that has been an experience I've never met some any people so fast in my life it makes college life like twice as fun and I would recommend a frat to any guy its not just the drinking either which is what everybody seems to think speaking of drinking my court appointment has even been made for my contributing but I can't get into that because my mom said so I actually talk to my parents a lot more than I thought I would my mom is still doing my laundry that is a sweet deal I'm not going to mess up my dad is pissed because he doesn't think I'm taking enough responsibility or something like that the little paper clip dude with eyes is kind of freaking me out right about now he keeps giving me these weird looks there are a bunch of weird people here at UT it doesn't seem fair for me to be so quick to judge but I can't help it the other day I saw a guy and a girl walking and holding hands and as I crossed the street I saw that it was actually two chicks I know that being prejudice or something but it took me by surprise my roommates mom just called me and I'm talking to her now and my mind is wandering and I'm done talking to her now and I'm supposed to give my roommate a message but I've forgot already because I was to busy typing anyways its 6:28 and this is a little harder than I thought it would be I don't think I usually think about things for 20 min strait hey there's a first time for everything I just looked around my dorm room for something to think about so I could let my feelings flow on to the page but I'm drawing a blank I think that phone call messed up my train of thought anyways I can't believe how early I have to get up tomorrow I have to get up at 5:30 an tonight I'm supposed to stay out late and there's a pretty good chance that I will come home stumbling and laughing uncontrollably is that a word it probably is but I misspelled it or something five min left and I've got my first grade in psy301 sweet deal thong thong thong whoa sorry got into the music for a second its still to lo. whoa my next door neighbor just banged on the wall how freaky is that I should turn it down now. actually I'm going to turn it up hahaha sweet I'm so freaking mean anyways 3 min left and these last min are taking a lifetime whoa the paperclip just winked at me and I think he's smiling I'm really hungry but I don't know what to eat peanut butter sandwich ramen fishes crack. whoa my roommate just turned on limp as loud as he possible can sweet losing my sight losing my mind wish somebody. all right 6:36 uno minuto mas I was Spanish for tres years in Spanish and you've already heard like 75 percent of my Spanish vocabulary the clock just hit 6:37 ,n,n,n,n,n

2000\_674316.txt,"I really don't now exactly what to write. my mind is just blank. I met this really hot guy at my dorm and I want to keep talking to him. he doesn't remind me of Rain Meada at all but what can I say. my vision is blurred today probably because of the ozone warnings. I can't believe that it was 112 degrees the other day. I wish that I would have made the dance team, but I guess I knew that I wouldn't. I really want to change my major. I hate ballet with a passion and today I felt sick to my stomach in class because I hate it so much. brandon makes me so mad because he acts gay all the time. what is up with him and jennifer, why don't they just date or something. I wonder if jen really likes jansen or what. I really want a boyfriend. I dreamed about kevin last night and it was so weird because he was actually being nice. I was sick and in the hospital or something and he was taking care of me. I want to meet justin timberlake so bad. I just want to have sex with him. I miss my brother and I can't believe that my father hasn't called me in over 3 months. And he didn't even come to my graduation. ugh. I really don't like my classes and I already have trouble getting myself to class. I am such a bad student. I wonder where sammy is today? I really want him back but that will never happen. I pretend that there is a chance but I am kidding myself now that he is with mrs. perfect. jen lovey. I don't know that pisses me off so much I want to scream. I think it was the same guy in class today that said mating choices that asked who was single the first day. I will have to go and meet him. I'm hungry and I feel extremely fat. I was thinking today about why people swing their arms when they walk. that reminds me of seinfeld and when Elaine makes fun of the woman who doesn't swing her arms. I think I like patobut I'm not really attracted to him. I wonder if you can actually like someone as in love if you aren't attracted to them. maybe I am and I just don't want to admit it. the mind is so weird. It psychs you out to think one thing but then you get all confused because you don't know if that is what you really think. that was complicated. I feel bad that I have not made time for God in my life and I want to but then I find fun things to do and forget. I need to pray about that. I can't wait to meet the man that I'm going to marry. I'm looking at this picture of my best friend from high school and not one thought comes to my head. sometimes I think that it was good we went our own ways because we were getting tired of each other. I feel bad for casey and I really need to call daniel. patrick is the rudest boy in the world. I don't think he has ever been nice to me. Oh well his loss. I am so broke right now. I need to get a loan but the stupid texas thing is gay and won't work. I wonder if my finger is broken or not. I can't decide if I want to try out for the ut dance team or not. what is up with all my homework. I never have a life anymore. I think I'm really going to hate school. maybe I will drop out and go back home and work at heb. my life is going nowhere. its not like I'm actually going to dance on broadway so what's the point of even trying for it. I hate writing journals for dumb modern class. That's a bunch of crap. this school is so messed up with all its procedures and freaking lines that are always miles long. my feet are killing me. I need to go to the chiropractor. where is melissa. what is she doing? I'm thinking that this is the easiest writing assignment I've ever done. my English teacher mrs. dillard ran away with another teacher and got married and I never saw her again. that was strange. and my dad did that too. he told me in a mexican food restaurant and I wanted to kill him. oh and the orange drink that we used to drink and the wasp that was trapped in the house and I started crying. my dog died when I was little. I miss my cat at home but I don't want to go home and see my mom. she will drive me crazy. brittney spears is such a hoe. if she slept with justin that is gross. I want to meet him and ask him. I think I will. Birmingham is going to be tight. the drive sucks but to meet him I would do anything. man I just want to know what it would be like to kiss him. ohhhh, dang I can't wait. I want to talk to zal. I wonder if he is back from paris yet? I think I'm don't know so yeah. ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_676072.txt,"Okay for 20 minutes hopefully it will go by relatively fast. I have so much to do today studying, and going to workout will probably consume the rest of my day. But I am finally settling into a routine, it's taken a couple of weeks but I am getting the hang of college life. Most of my friends are going home for the weekend but it's too soon for me. I want to stay, besides I went to Dallas last weekend for Labor Day for my sister's birthday. I got to see my best friend Zach who is now in Colorado trying to wrestle. But I am not anxious to go home just yet, especially since I will there the first weekend of October for TXOU and the Santana concert. Then later that month my mom and my sisters will be coming to see me here at school. My oldest sister Maggie is bringing her new fiance. I haven't met him yet, but he must be a good guy if she has chosen to marry him she of all people would not stand to be burnt twice. They both have to go get annulments from their previous marriages so they can be wed in a Catholic church. Catholicism is kind of funny that way I come from a very strong Catholic family and my father would rather have preferred me to attend the University of Dallas which is Catholic and not Liberal UT. However, my parents strategically placed my in Dobie, next to the university Catholic center. Smart people. Little do they know the last time I went to church was when I was in Dallas. My dad also really pushes me to become a doctor which is what I have wanted to do for the majority of my life. But last spring, architecture was really introduced to me and now I am in Dean Speck's architecture class which is fascinating I love it. Who knows when I'll figure out what I want to do, I do have the feeling that no matter what I decide to do that I'll probably endure some sort of midlife crisis and completely change my career. But that's okay with me, there are a lot of people who do that. My sister Jennifer, for example, is 29 and is about to take her LSAT and apply to law school. She is even applying to UT Law that would be cool if she was down here too. I like being on my own though and not really having the responsibility of worrying about her. It's not that she places that responsibility on me but I am the closest to her out of my family so I am usually the one in the middle trying the best way to help her alcoholism and depression. Yeah, she's applying to law school. At least she has some sort of direction. It's hard for her to hear the truth. But I slammed it down her throat this summer and I think it hit her. I wonder when Kim is getting home. I think she said 5:00. I like having the whole suite to myself though I can actually get some stuff done. We have to go later to the house and put in some study hours with Reese. Reese is probably lonely without Jessica around to bug her. I hope I get her as my Diamond Sister, that would be really cool. Kim is going home this weekend along with the rest of the world to see Dave Matthews Band one of my favorites. I have seen them in concert before and tickets are expensive so I don't think I am going to go. Unless my boyfriend can find some relatively good priced lawn tickets not likely. I'd like to see everyone then again it's too soon to come home. I miss my dog. It took me 17 years to get a dog and I finally get the most perfectly adorable black lab and I leave for school. I'll probably breed labs when I'm older I love Labs and I don't see why I'd ever have any other kind of dog. My suitemates are really organized I am typing on Amy's computer and I'm noticing how clean her desk isooh, I'm done! ",y,y,n,y,y

2000\_676612.txt,"Well, this is interesting, writing for 20 minutes straight, I don't know if I've ever written for that long continuously before, this should be a welcome challenge. My roommate is bustling around the room, packing for retreat, and he forgot to do this assignment, he's running around the room packing and trying to do this assignment, haha, it's kind of funny. sucks for him that he forgot about this, he's going on a campus crusade trip this weekend, so I have the entire room to myself, wonder what things I can do with that luxury, hmmmm, time to ponder what interesting things can happen this weekend. Cosby show is on, I'm waiting to watch my favorite cartoon at 4 o'clock, dragon ball z. Japanese animation at it's best. I think I just have a thing for fighting and energy balls flying through the air and planets being blown up. I guess I'm just like a stereotypical guy. I'M football starts this weekend. I'm pretty excited. I signed up through CBS. known as chinese bible study. should be fun since I get to meet some new people considering I came from a pretty strong contingent of people I already knew from the Dallas area, mainly centered around plano. Austin is a really cool place. more things to do then in plano. but. not having a car kind of sucks. can't just go wherever. unless I feel like walking. which doesn't happen very often. only thing that is troubling is the weather. so freaking hot and humid and. just. nasty. can't wait until fall and winter when it's nice and cool outside with some rain and some mist. that'd be nice. none of this 110 degree weather. for a few months at least. Just got done with classes today. chemistry. right now it's pretty much a review of chemistry I I took in high school. so. not too troublesome yet. but the teacher is pretty good. she's really into the chemistry and lectures well even though most of the people already know how to do everything from high school. but it's nice to see the drive she has to teach and get the information through to us. my roommate just stocked up on food. he made a pilgrimage to the HEB because he's lucky and didn't have a class today. no class at all. what a punk. well. I shouldn't complain. I have one class on Tuesday and Thursday. that's pretty nice. it's just calculus discussion too. so. I can get away with like. dozing off in that class. I'm going to lake travis this weekend with some friends. that should be pretty fun. get away from the city for a bit. and. get nice a dark. hope I don't get burned. and. don't want to turn the color of burnt toast either. I will no longer look chine se. hmmm. should I get a hair cut this weekend? I'm thinking about changing my hair. want to cut it shorter. because. it's nice and hot around here in Austin. shorter hair would be nice. considering I do walk everywhere for now. hmmm. provocative. maybe I'll ask some people what they think. then I can trek down to the drag and find a place to get my hair chopped. or. ear's lowered. whatever is the lingo nowadays. I have a lot of reading to do this weekend. what a bummer. I have to read the 4 books out of the odyssey for Greek. and I have a quiz on Monday. I have to read chemistry and start the hw. I have some calc hw I should do. and. need to read for psych. what a weekend. tons and tons of reading. but. football on Sunday. get to watch some NFL and get to see how well my fantasy players do. hopefully I'll win in fantasy football this week. lost last week. kind of made me mad. my team didn't produce. but it happens. hmmm. hope I get to play basketball this weekend too. haven't played in a few days. and didn't play as much as usual this week. wonder if my skills have deteriorated. guess it'd be a good time to find out. just play some pick up game against some friends. hopefully I'll get to dominate. but. in all likeliness. I'll be toasted. nicely toasted. oh well. it happens. I'm really tired right now. I should have slept earlier. I don't know though. I slept around 12:30. I should be okay. that's 8 hours. maybe it was because my roommate was snoring so I couldn't get any sleep. kept waking up in the middle of the night to that hideous sound. that'll keep you awake. but once I hit him. he shut up. should keep that in mind more often. hehehe. hmmm. I'm trying to submit this. because I've written for more then 20 minutes. but I can't. hopefully I'll be able to turn this in on time. I only have an hour and a half to turn this in. well. hopefully all will work out for the good. ",n,n,n,y,n

2000\_677716.txt,"Okay I guess I should begin this by mentioning a little bit about me I guess that's one thing we can I mean I can talk about. I was wondering when I was going to put a period in. That's one thing I'm bad at, I forget to put periods. I hate computers especially when they act up I mean I don't hate them it's just there so sensitive almost like people. People are sensitive to things like for instance today this guy I was talking to. I brought up why I had only seen him say hi to hispanics. Because I feel that you should be as friendly with every sort of people. However I know he's not a racist but I just wanted to bring that issue up to him to hear his response. This question was what my other friend said had made him mad. But hey I'm just frank like that I can't help it. I think now that I'm getting into the mode of things I'm starting to realize how my old self is coming out of me but I told myself that I was going to be me. Not to stop or halt to my small voices in my head. Actually its just one I don't want to give you all the idea that I'm schizo or anything. However I wanted what drugs can do to one. Is there any positive effects from psychedelic drugs? But I'm too afraid to find out that answer. That is something that I've noticed here in campus. It seems to be the main issue at hand but I also think that I just may surround or interact with people with a drug background. Like the book said you group yourself with people like yourself. That's so great about college, no matter who you are you'll find someone like you or for you. Right now I'm working on the female part of that companionship. I read somewhere that right now at this age one is in an endless tireless search for love even to the extreme of promiscuity. But I guess its pretty lame talking about my love life on this assignment but ""hey"" no one said I was confined to a set of topic. In fact, as I understood it. it's pretty much what we want to write about it. Is that not true, I think so. Notice how I'm burning time writing about nonsense. Or B. S. as some might call it. I'm really glad that I didn't procrastinate this to the last second. The scary thing is that I'm doing this assignment at about twelve thirty or so. In that vicinity. I guess. I guess my time is up. ",y,n,n,n,y

2000\_678534.txt,"Right now I have a flood of emotions coming down on me. Maybe I'm just to sensitive. I feel that I close myself up when I'm around my friends. Why I do, I do not know. There are some friends of mine that I can just relax and worry about what they think of me. My other friends, I just do not know. It's not just that, but when I am around a group of certain people, I can not open myself to them. The reason why, is that in the past, when I have opened myself to people, they turn on me or talk bad about me. I am very sensitive to things of that matter. I do not want people to think of me as being snobbish or stuck up when I do not talk to them. I act kind of quiet around boys because in the past, boys have now always been nice to me. Things have changed since junior high and high school, but still I have to watch my back. Who knows what they say or think about me. I need to stop being so selfconscious about myself and be more confident about myself. I think I am a nice person and I am openminded about certain things. I feel that if someone wants to talk to me, then I will be there to listen. Whatever they tell me will be held in confidence and not told to anyone if they ask me not too. I still would not tell anyone what they told me even if they did not say so. The reason why is that I do not think it is anybody's business. Well, I do feel that there are good qualities about me and some bad ones too. We are not perfect. Humans have their little flaws here and there. I will admit to my flaws. There are some that I am embarrassed to admit which means I need to work on them. Speaking about working, I need to work out. I worked out only once this week, and I need to work out more. Over the summer, I worked out almost everyday. Well not exactly, but each day was a potential day to work out. It was either school, work, or other emergencies that came up that prevented me from keeping up with my workout schedule. Even so, I still got my three to six times a week that I wanted to get. My clothes are fitting better now, which proves that working out this summer did contribute to my slimming down. Still, I have some more work to go. It's not just having a great figure, it is about being in good health, which we all need to be. I have noticed that after working out, my asthmas is not as bad, and I have not been as sick as I was in the past. Exercise and a good diet works. It can work miracles, and myself and thousands of people out there are living proofs. I can not afford to get sick right now, especially since school has started. If I was to become sick right now, I would be behind in all of my classes and that would not be fun. That would be bad. Let's hope that I do not go down that road. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_678824.txt,"I came back to my home town for Labor Day. I didn't really want to, but my friend talked me into coming with her. I've only been gone a week and I'm already back. Why? I'm not home sick. I guess I just didn't want to stay in Austin when everyone I knew was leaving. I hope Ajay made it to the airport. I'm really worried about him right now. I pray for his mom to get better but I just don't know. I want to promise him everything is going to be alright but I just can't. I wish he would stop drinking to make the pain go away but I guess if it makes him feel better right now. Who am I to tell him what to do anyway? I wonder what time Michael's game is tomorrow. My mom told me but I forgot. Maybe I should have gone to Dallas this weekend. I don't know? I think anything's better that being in Odessa. Football is such a big thing here. Of course the first thing we do is go to Jeesong's football game as soon as we got here. I'm glad Ajay doesn't do anything as dangerous as that I already worry about him enough. I really think we are maturing in our relationship, learning to work through problems that most couples don't ever have in their entire lives. I don't know what he's going to do if he loses her too. I know she wants to be with his dad but isn't it selfish to leave your children. Catherine just came in here to ask me what time I was going to get up. I said 10 but that wasn't early enough so we decided on 9:30. I am very happy with my schedule because I don't have a class before 9:30 and I like all of them. One thing about school I hate is that I'm always so tired. Why can't I check my stupid email from my house? You would think a major computer system at a major university would have some way you could check it without having to download this and that. You should be able to enter your IF or UTEID and open a link site, but no. Nothing is that easy. I hate computers and if I never had to use one I wouldn't mind a bit, but if I didn't know how I couldn't pass any of my classes. That is another thing. Why is everything I need for a class on the internet? I feel sorry for people who have no clue how to use it. I thought Kris was never going to hook up her computer but she finally discovered she had no choice. Computers are our lives these days. What would the human race do without them? It's scary you know, our whole life is on this thing and if they know what their doing, anyone could find some thing you don't want them to have. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_679010.txt,"I hope that I am doing this assignment correctly. I don't want to do badly in this class or in anything this semester. I wonder what my friends are doing right now. I don't want to wake up early tomorrow. Maybe I won't be tired. I probably will. I wish Seth would hurry up and call me. I get tired of waiting. I need to do homework for math, but I don't really know how. I also don't want to go to Spanish tomorrow. I want my mom to buy me a new cell phone. I'm very glad this week is almost over. I'm excited about this weekend. I'll be very busy, but I'll have a lot of fun. I really hope that the guy I called today about buying his puppy doesn't sell it before I can have enough money to buy it. I'm so full. I shouldn't have eaten so much dinner. I hope my friend Heather isn't mad at me for not calling her back for two weeks. I really don't want to go to school anymore. I wish I was married to a professional athlete or something. I'm very tired today even though I got plenty of sleep last night. My mom is so nice, but she gets so annoying sometimes. I feel really bad for being rude to her sometimes, but she treats me like I am in junior high sometimes. Probably because I'm the baby and she misses all her kids. I wish she would get a job or something so that she'd have something to do since my dad's never there for her. Maybe Seth is home and he's calling me but he can't get hold of me because I am on the computer. Twenty minutes is a lot longer than you'd think. I don't think I have ever typed for twenty minutes straight before. The computer even thinks so. Now I'm going to have to resign online for the tenth time. Very annoying. I really just want to crawl into my bed right now. I would much rather sleep than do my homework but I guess I had better do my homework so I don't ruin my GPA. Even though I'm sure it won't be as high this semester as last year. Oh well, it's not really my fault. I really don't think all that much in my head I don't believe because I am running out of things to type. I wish that I was in the Caymans with all of my friends right now. That would be so much fun. Maybe over Christmas or something. I think that not everyone could afford it though. I am so glad that I am still on my parents' payroll. I would be nowhere without it. I can't believe some people have to pay for their tuition and things like that. I couldn't imagine, but then again most of them are married or have babies or both. I definitely could not imagine that either. I wish I could stay this age or younger forever. Preferably a freshman in college. I really didn't realize how much fun I was having until I had to grow up a year. I hope that I am doing this assignment correctly. I don't want to do badly in this class or in anything this semester. I wonder what my friends are doing right now. I don't want to wake up early tomorrow. Maybe I won't be tired. I probably will. 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2000\_681563.txt,"I really don't know what to say. I am just doing some assignment for the Psychology class. It is an interesting class, yes, and I am happy to be in it. I am now looking at my pencil. This pencil has been with me for about a year and I still have not lost it. I usually loose these pens and pencils within 3 or 4 weeks. My roommate just picked up the phone and started talking to a friend of mine. It seems that Texas just won the football game. I am happy to hear that. Again I am thinking what am I going to write for this assignment. Yes, I can type pretty fast but to write for 20 minutes, I really don't know what I will be saying?! I am a junior by hours at UT but I am actually a sophomore in electrical engineering. I work as a grader for EE316 class and I really like doing the job. Only thing is, I hate failing students but what can I do? If I don't, they will fail the other chapters to come. My roommate is laughing right now and distracting my thoughts from this assignment! Oh, well! I hope my friend who is studying in the library does not call me right now while I am doing this work. My friend and I are supposed to go and eat at Dobie soon. I really hope he does not interrupt me. I am feeling hungry now and I am getting tired for typing for a long time even though only about 10 minutes have passed. I wish the food was better for me to eat at the cafeteria. Unfortunately, the food is not great. My friend just called me but I am continuing writing. I told him to call me back in 15 minutes. Hopefully, I will be finished with this assignment. I can hear the conversation between my roommate and one of my friends over the phone. They are talking about going to 6th street. I probably would like to go but I think I need to call my brother and sister today. Anyway, that is life and I need to do all this work. I am really tired and now, my thoughts just don't flow anymore. I hear the bathroom toilet flush in the community bathroom. The room is suddenly cold and I wish I wasn't wearing shorts. Oh well. now what. I wish work was just bla bla bla and a whole lot of rubbish. However, it is not that easy. I want to get this assignment done with. Why wasn't it 10 minutes instead of 20 minutes? I wonder what the results of this experiment are going to be? What are they going to help with? I am really hungry and the only thing that is stopping me is this work. Please finish, please finish. a door just slammed because someone closed it hard. I wonder why. anyway, I am tired now. I don't want to write a research report for Psychology but I also don't want the experimentation in psychology to take a lot of time for me. I think I will stick with the experiments. I love being a grader in EE316. People look up to me but I have to remember to be humble to them because they are also human beings who are just as intelligent as me and they are all good people. I wish I could see my parents, my brother and sister right now. Unfortunately, I can't since I am an international student. I wonder how my friends from high school are doing. I hope they are doing well. Oh well, I have to go. Is it time, yet? Let me check. phone rings. Greg called my roommate. a cool guy. I have to do something right now. it seems both my roommate and Greg went to the same party yesterday and had good fun. Come on finish up. yes it is done. Thank you. my hands are really tired. Bye and thank you ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_681975.txt,"okay. here's the thing. I'm not writing this on my word processor but I do want it to be a stream of consciousness so I'm not going to worry about punctuation, spelling, or capitalization. so here goes. I'm not even exactly sure what to write about but I'll just go with something. Ummm last night I went out and had a kind of interesting night I went over to my old friend carlo's house where he was having a party although me and my friend laura prefer to think of it as lar's house because carlo has been hating us for some while. actually not for some while, ever since he went to England. so I went last night because I really wanted to tell him not to hate me anymore and we talked for awhile about what was wrong, basically he says he feels like he has tried so hard with me and I always put him on the bottom of my list and now I'm off in boyfriend land and don't even care to make time for him. which sucks because I seem to get that from a lot of people and I think that I really make excuses about it to myself because it seems to me that everyone has just assumed that boyfriend land whatever that is is where I want to be so they just kind of cut me off without even asking me what I really want or feel. so then I kind of go off to boyfriend land because I feel like he's the only one who ever wants to hang out with me anymore even though it sucks when he is the only one I am hanging out with anymore because too much time with any one person really sucks. it also sucks when I go to a party and people are always asking me, ""where's your boyfriend?"" like I'm not allowed to go out without my boyfriend or we are weird because we don't always want to go to parties together but I'm glad that eric wasn't there last night because I don't think that carlo would've talked to me about all the stuff that he did. also eric says that he doesn't even like going to parties with me anymore because I'm such a damn flirt. which I guess I am but I don't really think that I am whenever he's around. if that makes it any better. I wonder where jamie is right now. that is one of those things she probably told me so I probably should know. I feel like I'm writing in a diary right now and that is very weird for me since I haven't written in a diary since oh maybe middle school and even then it was just retarded writing saying things like oh my god! I danced with dj at a the dance! or more often someone in my group of friends is fighting because it seems that is all we ever did. I wonder if that was the group that I hung out with back then or if it was just our age and immaturity. oh well. anyway back to jamie. where is she? I don't know but I sure wish that I was working with her tonight the night goes by so much faster whenever she is there I swear. maybe it is because I'm antisocial I don't know. what sucks is that we got tickets to go see kenny chesney (the hottest country singer ever! as long as he keeps his hat on though he's kind of bald and if he wears his little black shirt because that is always a plus too) anyway we got tickets to see kenny chesney and now because of her stupid sorority that she doesn't even like or want to be in but has to stay in because she lives in the damn house she can't go. which pisses me off. I don't even want to go if she's not going annoying but I really do because it is after all kenny chesney I just don't really want to go with the people that we bought tickets with because I don't really know them even though we work with them. I don't really know oh well my time is up and I've got to go call laura anyway. you know I thought that I would be able to type a whole lot more than this in twenty minutes. oh well. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_681979.txt,"Ever since I came to the University of Texas I have been thinking about playing soccer. I turned down a few soccer scholarships to come here. I wanted to come here because I know the business school is one of the greatest in the nation. After going to the football game I could picture myself playing soccer in front of all 80,000 people. I can picture myself right now dribbling 5 players and scoring a magnificent goal. Every one around me would be cheering like crazy and I would be the big man on campus. Right now, I am wondering if I have made the right decision whether or not I should have come here. Not only did I do very well in soccer, but I also got very good grades in high school. So, I made the decision to go with my mental power instead of playing soccer. As of now I am glad with the decision I have made. I am having a blast over here. Especially your class. It is the best. My class consists of about 540 people. That is a huge number. That was the size of my high school class in Jersey Village. In my Psychology class right now I have been sitting next to this very pretty girl whom I like. I am thinking about her right now and how it would feel if I kissed her. I am also thinking about my mom and dad at home. I know they must be very lonely. I just hope that their health remains in very good condition. I already told them that they have to live to be at least 80 years old. In high school towards the end I started to slack off. I told my parents that I would get very good grades so I have to study a lot this year. I am hoping that your tests will not be very hard. My sister is going to Texas A&M and is majoring in psychology. If I ever need help or anything I can always call her. She is a junior right now. Ever since I got here, I have been missing my cat very much. I have a picture of him next to my bed so I can see him every now and then. I can't wait to go home for the weekend. THANKS! ",y,y,y,n,y

2000\_686023.txt,"I have so much reading to do. It seems in all of my classes the professors are overwhelming us with material. But I guess that is to be expected in college, or at least that's what they told us. But I will persevere. I did have above a 100 GPA in high school. So this shouldn't be too hard. But I have to maintain a 4. 0 to please myself. That's attainable too, though. I know myself good enough to know that I will put everything else aside if my grades start to slip. Like last night, I really didn't want to stay in, but I had to catch up on a lot of things. Yep, I'll definitely maintain. No problem. Bye, bye, bye. Man, I hate that song. I wish stupid songs wouldn't get stuck in my head. I've always wondered about the stars. I think it would be the ultimate thing to impress a girl if you took her on a picnic and could lay and look at the stars and point out all the constellations. Hey, then maybe I should take Astrology for my science. After all, I do need two semesters of a science to graduate Business Honors. But I heard that that class was semidifficult, and I need an easy A in my science class. It can't be that bad though. I mean, after all, how hard can looking at the stars be. But in all sciences, they find ways to talk about stuff that I wouldn't have ever imagined could be taught about. Dang, I hate science. All sciences. Well, I guess social sciences aren't that bad. But those aren't really sciences. Just the basic ones bio, chem. , physics, yeah, can't stand those. All right, only ten minutes left. I would have guessed that in ten minutes I would have thought about more stuff. Guess not. What is time? I mean, it is time to us, but why should the universe revolve around humans. I'm sure there are other beings somewhere out there, but we don't have proof. There were those circles in the wheat fields somewhere, but that's not proof. Just some stupid Iowan rednecks trying to get publicity. Just like that kid who is now charging Bobby Knight with abuse. That's so stupid. Just a publicity stunt. It is so apparent to everyone that he didn't do anything wrong. He may have been a little stern in the manner he addressed the kid, but that is nothing that should be brought to the forefront like this. Stupid. I can't wait until college basketball starts, that is the best time of year. Although I go to UT now, I will always be a Duke basketball fan. I have been since I can remember. That's not bad is it? Nah. I enjoy college football, but it just isn't the same to me. I guess it's because college basketball has more action, and because the kids actually care. Not like the NBA. All of them are lazy and just worried about the money, whereas the NCAA the kids play for the name on the front of the jersey, not the back. But I guess there are some players who don't do that. Oh well, I don't care. Bye, bye, bye. Dang, stop it. I need to hook up with a girl tonight. I've been here too long not to have yet. It really gets me how people can have random sex. I'm quite proud to be a virgin, and I will be until I get married. And I know that God will keep me strong. Like my roommate. I just don't understand. Bye, bye, bye. All right. This thing is finally over. One less thing I have to worry about. ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_686663.txt,"Coming to this first year in a totally different new atmosphere for school, I knew there were many challenges. I think of the freedom of the lifestyle I'll be in as well as the work that I have to put into in getting the grades like how I did in high school. Wow, what a difference in lifestyle. I can come back to my dorm and go back to sleep after one class instead of having to go through a whole day like in high school and then finally going home and sleeping. But, its not like I don't sleep during class anyways. The ethernet connection here as had me in awe. After many years using my mediocre 33. 6 modem, the ethernet connection has been a blast. This is the first time I actually had to do an assignment online and send it online. so that's quite a change as well. I'll find that I might do less writing now, now that there are computers to do the writing for us. Living in the a dorm and around your peers usually lets u see any internal problems closeup when it happens. I've seen this already. It's not like everyday school life when you go home and ponder about the issue and go back to school the next day to see it again, or have to go on the phone and talk about it. Here, you meet the issues face to face usually, depending on where your peers live. You and your peers will get used to how each other lives, the way they eat, sleep, or drink. I'll see how I will get through this year ",n,y,y,n,n

2000\_691241.txt,"I hate you. I hate how you have the power to hurt me. I hate how I called you wanting to merely tell you about ""our"" song being on tv and I got shot down. I hate how you called me some other girl's name thinking it was her that called. I hate how you can call some other girl and start to like her so soon after we broke up. You said that you had feelings for me merely 4 days ago and how can you forget about me so quickly? Was I just not that special to you that you could forget about me so soon? I hate you for not wanting to have a long distance relationship with me even though you're only like 2 hours away. I hate you for making me hurt so badly inside. I hate you for making me feel that horrible feeling you get in your chest when someone just breaks up with you. I hate you for having the power to invoke such emotion within me. I thought that you were different. I thought that you of all people wouldn't hurt me. You always told me to give you the benefit of the doubt and I finally learned to do that. You always said how you never wanted to hurt me and you never did until last night. Nothing you ever did was as painful as that. I just felt like someone had stabbed me and run over me a few times. I care so much about you still and I just don't understand you. You told me that you didn't want to have a girlfriend this first year at school, but then why in the hell are you calling a girl to get something started with her? How could you lie to me when I asked you who she was? You of all people never lied to me and never hurt me, but last night you ruined everything that I had made you out to be. I had you on a pedestal from all the other guys that I've been with and you proved me wrong. I wish you could feel all the hurt that I feel right now. I wish you could hurt so much that you don't know what to do about it. I wish you could take this hurt away from me because I don't deserve to feel this way. All I ever did was care about you and be good to you. I'm not sorry I still have feelings for you because you were just that special to me that it will take me awhile to get over you. I could never call some other guy and start talking to him so soon. It's so early and not fair to the other person. It took you forever to ask me out because you wanted to make sure you were over Michelle but what about Tara? How can you talk to her so soon if I know you still have feelings for me? Am I just that easy to get over? I thought I was so much more than that. I'm not stupid, Travis. I know you all too well. I know when you lie to me, but I guess I didn't know you too well because I never thought you could hurt me. I never thought you could be with another girl so soon after me. You told me not to start something with another guy to fill that void of you. Is that what you're doing because that's not fair. I just can't believe you. I wish there was something you could do to make me feel better, but I don't think there is. I don't even know how we can be friends anymore. I can't trust you even as a friend. I now know that you can lie to me. I wish it wasn't like this between you and me. I wish we could be together because things were so great with you that I didn't want to let it go. You were the best boyfriend I ever had but I don't know about that anymore. You ruined that whole perfect picture for me. I hate you for making me feel such sadness. How can you do that? ",n,y,y,y,n

2000\_691500.txt,"I am tired now. I don't know what I should talk about. I like this assignment. Wonder when it's due? Kristi Urey is the most beautiful person I know. I love you. I mean I love her with all of my heart, mind, body, and soul. I like psychology in high school. It was very interesting and personal. That draws people in or so I think. Psychology is the food of the sea. My roommate's a weirdo. He wears a hat to watch Conan O'Brien. My other roommate got his computer from Dell today. I like Kristi. I may not be a smart man, but I know what love is. Someone's going to be sorry, like all you witches and all you slime and all you whitewigged pinheads who make screwing a big crime. You twistedup my life and spit on all my dreams and made me hate myself. Now come on shoot me set me free. I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts standing in a row. I don't like boy bands. I love food. I love my computer. I love the Internet. I have had a computer for four years+. I view myself as an expert in computer engineering. I don't think I can think anymore. My brain's broken. I'm bleeding internally. I'm a nervous wreck. I deserve respect. I'm walking a tight rope without a circus net. I was invited to my first frat party tonight, which I didn't attend. I don't think my girlfriend/fiancee would have liked me to go to that so I didn't go. Cased closed. Time's up! ",y,n,y,n,y

2000\_692520.txt,"I'm hungry. I want some ice cream but I don't want to walk downstairs to go get it. A massage sounds nice, doesn't it? Ryan said he'd give me a better one next time I drove to College Station to stay there again. But I don't know if I'll stay at Joey's again or not, it's just awkward with the whole Stephanie situation. I don't know what to do about her. She just ruins everything. Joey deserves so much better than her. But oh well, I have Thomas now. He seems like a really sweet guy. I was at first intimidated by him being so old, well I guess he's not really that old, just 21. But he will turn 22 in October. It still is kind of intimidating, but it's not that bad. I wonder if he'll call me back tonight. He called me earlier and I returned his call but he wasn't home. I wonder if he'll ask me to OU or if it will be assumed or what. Who knows. And I wonder if he goes for that whole cooler and painting and stuff. It was fun last year decorating Erin's OU stuff. I'm going to go broke so soon. That's why I might go home this weekend, I wouldn't have to pay for anything, lol. Hmm. I don't know. I'll probably go home, I haven't said anything to my parents yet, but I know my mom will most likely be jumping for joy. It doesn't seem like a month and a week since I've been up at school. It doesn't seem that long at all. I need to go check my laundry. Hmm. I bet it's done. Well never mind, I guess I won't be bringing Erin to A&M this weekend. I wonder when she was planning on telling me. Oh well, not my problem I guess. I was kind of hoping to see Brian, though. I already told him I might be coming down, oh well. I doubt he'll remember or really even care that much. That boy needs to get his butt up here to see me! I'm sure he will sometime. I wonder if Thomas will dress up for our KD confidential. What rock star would I be? I was kind of thinking the whole Madonna theme, with the cone bra and everything but I was totally kidding! I don't think I'd have the courage to waltz into Park Avenue with a cone bra on. I don't know what kind of rock star I'd be, though. I guess I have lots of choices. Cher. nah, I don't think I'd want to be her. I'm tired. I haven't been able to sleep much lately. I actually went to bed early last night but I kept waking up, which sucks because the whole point of going to bed early is get some sleep, but noooooooo that would've been too easy. Oh well. I don't think I like Kelli. It's like she's trying to take over my life, it's very annoying. Why does Nicole always seem to come in here when I'm trying to study? Ugh. Oh well. Baskin Robbins sounds good right about now. I have a car this year which is a lot nicer. I want to go tubing still. It seems like I can just never get there. Either everyone's gone or no one wants to go or we don't have the money. but I want to go, dammit! I need a tan, I haven't laid out in so long, but if I go home this weekend, I'll definitely be swimming and I'll get a tan then. I also want to go home to see my dog, I haven't even seen him yet! He weighs 5 pounds now! Doobie doobie doo. my car needs to be washed so badly! I drove around forever today looking for a car wash. There are so many gas stations here but do they have car washes, noooooo that would be too easy! Life just seems like it's out to get me sometimes. Anything I want to happen, the exact opposite always seems to happen. Will life ever seem to go my way? Even Thomas is going back to Houston in the spring for some job or something but it's only for 2 and a half months, but I'm totally getting ahead of myself about that situation. I don't know what to do about guys, they're so damn complicated. They're so stupid. Erin is so happy, I'm so jealous of her and Pat. He totally adores her. I want someone to adore me, but noooooo that would make life too easy, too. Chris could adore me, but I know it's bad, but he's Hispanic and I think that would make life so hard. Some people can be so cruel and I don't want to be ridiculed or stared at or something. But Chris is so totally sweet, he would be just wonderful, I know he would. But I totally don't know how my mother would react to me dating a Hispanic guy. And my grandparents would have a shit fit, but he's so wonderful and I know he would treat me totally right. Maybe I will someday, but he's not even here, he's at a&m and god knows I've dated 4 aggies! 4! It's just ridiculous. Food food food food food food food food food food food food, I'm hungry. I'm going so broke, I don't know how I'll make it through the year, I might have to work in the spring but I think that would make life so hard with the sorority and school and I totally don't want to use up my weekends. Dude, I just don't understand why Joey broke up with me. I know he and Stephanie are together. She's so psycho. I hate her. I only hate 2 people in my life and she's one of them. Life is so unfair, I would treat him so much better than her. I just don't get it! Aggghhhhhh! Ah well, something better is in store for me, right? I hope so anyways. I want an apt. I get so sick of Amy running up and down the hall every night screaming, I swear, does she just get drunk every night??? I'm getting so tired of it. Yuck. Someone's teacher is in jail, no never mind, I'm listening to erin's conversation. I really hope our friendship doesn't fall apart because we're roommates. I think she gets tired of me sometimes and it really hurts me. She gets in these moods like Angela does and I really don't want us to end up like me and Angela. I thought our friendship would be different. But Kelli's also getting on my nerves, she's totally taking away Erin from me. Ugh, I just can't stand her now. I want to take a hot bath. I want to cook something. I want to curl up in a small blanket and watch sad country love songs on CMT. 2 more minutes. This is taking forever. I think I'll go get some ice cream after this, no I really need to check my laundry. Someone's probably already taken my clothes out of the wash and they're just sitting on top of the dirty washing machine now. Great. I don't understand some people. Whoops, I need to call Brian, too. I will whenever I get done with this. One more minute. Our room smells so good, Erin's burning some candles. Does Nicole ever study? I don't think so. She's kind of getting on my nerves, too, taking away Erin. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_692644.txt,"Today was a pretty good day. I had only one class and then I had the chance to take a nap. I was so tired. And I am not sure why. I mean I know why, I am up until late on the phone every night with Danny but I should be getting used to that right? I think that after over a year of talking on the phone that late I would be used to it. I miss him so much. I wish he were here with me. It seems like everything that I do or see or hear reminds me of him. Sometimes I have a hard time concentrating in class because I am thinking about him. That is not a good thing; I mean I need to concentrate on my work and my studies. Sometimes I feel guilty because I feel like I miss him more than I miss my family. Is that bad? I mean I feel like it shouldn't be that way. But I love him so much. I constantly wonder if we will end up being together forever. I really think this could be the one. I am really nervous though about even telling my parents about how serious we are. I mean they must suspect something but I know they would never guess exactly how serious we are. I always wished I could tell my parents more than what I do but I never have felt like we have any kind of connection in that respect. It seems like all my good friends have that and I am defiantly jealous about that. I mean Laura, my roommate, has that with her mom. She can tell her mom anything. Why is it that I never felt like I could talk to my mom? I will never do that with my kids, I mean when I have kids I am going to keep that line of communication open. I mean I don't think they want me to be their best friend or anything and that doesn't faze me but I would like to be able to talk to them about the daily gossip at school or the party they went to last weekend or their boy/girl problems. I think that if Danny and I do stay together, he would make a great father. I mean he has the same opinions as me about raising kids and all that. I mean that is a lot of the reason we are so good together. We think alike and we know what the other one is thinking. Something I just thought about is our friends. I like his friends, and they like me. But it seems that some of my good friends just don't think highly of Danny. I mean it is upsetting. Liv makes me mad because she thinks she knows what is going on and she thinks that I could do better, I constantly tell her that she couldn't know. She doesn't know Danny like I do and she doesn't know the type of relationship that Danny and I have. Jill usually is pretty positive about things with Danny and I and so is Laura. Matt it seems never is. But Matt is a whole other story. I don't talk to Matt all the time anymore being that he still is back in San Antonio. One thing I can't stand about Matt is his constant mood changes. It is just so hard for me to deal with that sometimes. And it seems like no matter what happens he always knows what is going on between Danny and me and if he doesn't he asks me and expects that I am just going to tell him. What does he think I am stupid? He can't keep a secret and that bugs me. I mean if I tell a good friend of mine something that I think is personal, I would expect them not to say anything. The problem is that I don't always tell them not to say anything but I would hope being that they are my best friend they would be able to figure that out on their own. I think that is not too much to ask. Just the other day Matt asked what Danny and I did the other night. That is none of his business and I tell him that and he still pries. What is his problem? Sometimes I wonder how Matt and I have stayed friends for so long, and good friends at that. ",y,n,n,y,n

2000\_693765.txt,"Trying to decide what to eat for dinner is complicated, especially when people don't answer the question. When you ask someone ""What do you want to eat?"" most likely they will say, ""I don't know what do you want?"" Well, if I did know what I wanted to eat, I wouldn't have asked you. It is a simple question with a simple answer. Right now I just asked my boyfriend what he wanted for dinner and his response was, ""I don't know whatever you want"". Well, that's why I asked you, I don't know what I want to eat, that's why I asked you. I guess that I wanted him to make the decision for me. I honestly don't know what I want to eat. It's a simple question and it's up to my stomach and brain to make that decision, but I'm asking someone to make this important decision for me. Does this mean that I'm lazy because I want someone else to make a decision that I can only make for myself. Maybe I'm not lazy; maybe it's just I want someone to help me make that decision. That seems logical, a person can't be lazy simply because he or she doesn't want to make a decision for themselves. ",y,y,n,y,n

2000\_695124.txt,"After my first week at the University of Texas, my mind is filled with a mixture of thoughts and emotions. On one hand, I am excited about starting at a new school and the opportunities that await me. However, I also worry whether I'll be able to balance the social aspect of my life with the challenges of school. First and foremost in my mind presently is pledgeship, which is drawing constantly nearer. What am I going to have to do? How am I going to be able to stay at the house all night and do others' chores and keep a good GPA? It will surely be difficult, but I am fairly confident I can do it. I have always been successful at overcoming challenges in my life. The hardships of pledgeship combined with the rigors of being in the business honors program should make for a busy semester, to say the least. I feel a great amount of pressure to perform. I have to make at least a 3. 5 to stay in the BHP, and 3. 25 to keep my scholarship money. This is the root of the nervous feelings within me. There is also a great deal to be excited about this semester also. I am excited about the experiences I will have, the people I will meet, and the friends I will make. This semester will be unlike any other I've had in my life. Thinking of the times I've had in the past 9 days since I arrived here makes me certain I chose a great school to attend. The BHP will offer me incredible future opportunities, and the friendships I forge with my pledge brothers will last a lifetime. I still can't believe that I'm already in college and moved away from home. I will face a great number of challenges this semester, but I am excited about them and overcoming these challenges will make this semester all the more rewarding. ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_695156.txt,"At first when I came to UT I was really scared that I was not going to make any friends. Right away I met many people and made many acquaintances. I am not sure I have made any really good friends. I feel lonely many of the times even though I am constantly around different people. For me to feel good is to be loved and that is not happening. First of all, I have no family near me which removes that area of love. My best friend, Milan, is one who I can turn to. or so I thought. He seemed to have become distant from me than usual and I did not appreciate it. Actually it made me jealous because I need attention. So then I began to think that I might like him more than a friend. One of my good friends ended up telling him that I like him. It made things worse than before. But now he likes me and still wants to date other people. I think I really like him so this bugs me. I don't know what I should tell him. I think that he does not like me the way I like him. He told me he was going to come over today but he did not. He did not even bother to call and let me know that he was not going to come. He is probably out, clubbing or something. It was rude of him to not even give me a call. Situations such as these make we wonder if anyone really does care about me. I feel like some how I am always betrayed. Why is that? I wish I could be happy in my life. That is all that I ask for and wish for in my life. I feel like nothing really makes me happy. I am not saying I am always sad and my life sucks because this is not the case. I am just saying that sometimes I am sad and maybe sometimes I am content with my life. Content is not good enough for me. I want true happiness and not by myself but with another person. I am trying to find that happiness but it is way out of my reach. Why is that? Why me? I ask myself these questions all the time and ponder to myself. I think that in life I will never really be successful or anything because I get lonely really easily. I can't even go to the store by myself or to the grocery store. I need someone to go with me. Is that a bad thing? I think that it is because I am not very independent. I want to have someone with me all the time because I like the company. My best friend also tells me that I crave attention. I don't know about all that. Maybe I do though, who knows? School is stressful for me. There is so much studying to do and I feel like I have no time to do it. There is time though but I don't like to be alone. And to study you need to be alone to really get things done right. I guess I just need to figure out my stuff and then everything will be ok. Hopefully all will work out best. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_695312.txt,"Ok, so I guess I am just going to start writing about anything. Today has been a busy day, I got a lot of things done that I needed to so that is kind of a relief. I am really stressed out right now so I am trying to organize what I need to get done in my head. I finally get to move into my new home tomorrow after class. I have been homeless for the past month. The past few weeks I've been staying with friends but it really sucks not having a place of your own. I feel really disorganized right now and I hate to start the school year out that way. The next few days are going to be busy moving in. I got UT vs. OU tickets today. That's one thing I don't have to worry about anymore. But now I need to get that trip organized. Casey, Karoly, Austin, and C. J. have all committed. I need at least one more person to commit so the hotel room won't be too expensive. That shouldn't be hard though so I am not going to think about that now. I really want to go running right now but it's the middle of the day and really hot. I think I might go anyways. Then I'll come back and shower, pick up Casey from class at 5:40, and start getting ready to go out. The band we're going to see starts at 8. That is going to start the night out early. But, I guess that is a good thing because then it will end early, which means more sleep before class in the morning. I am listening to some music right now that makes me want to dance! What sucks is that I can't dance though. I wonder why God gives some people rhythm and some not. I hate not having rhythm because I love music. People say that everyone can dance, just do it, but I am proof that that is not true. Oh well. I need to get over that. My neck hurts, I guess I slept on it wrong. I hate it when I have a crick in my neck. I really feel like running today. I wonder why. Running dancing where is all this energy coming from? I haven't gotten much sleep in the past couple days. I think my body does better when I don't get as much sleep. When I sleep late I feel depressed that I wasted part of the day and I am still tired. Today I woke up early and I feel productive. Let's see what all I did. I went early and tried to draw football tickets. They told me to come back later so I went back to my friend's place and called my mom. I made a dentist appointment which is long overdue, drove to my storage place and paid a bill, found out I could move in tomorrow at 3:00, bought a few CDs I've been wanting, went out to eat for lunch, and then went and got the football tickets. Now I am doing some homework. Next I am going to run, hopefully not die of a heat stroke, then tonight I have a ticket to see a band play I have been wanting to see. That will be fun. I thought about taking a nap but it doesn't look like that is going to happen. I guess I'll just have a couple cups of coffee before I start drinking some beers. Well, it looks like my time is up. This assignment reminds me of my emails to my friends. I just sit down and type whatever comes out and they end up being really long, boring, and pointless. Kind of nice I get to do it for a grade and not annoy my friends. Peace out. ",y,y,n,y,y

2000\_695512.txt,"Well, this is my second writing assignment to try to submit. I tried Monday and Wednesday, Monday it wouldn't even let me on the site, and Wednesday it teased meit let me type the entire stream, and then erased it when I tried to submit it. So, hopefully this one works, because I can't find Microsoft Word on this PC. I wish I could go to sleep because I am so tired. Last night I went to 6th Street and I had blisters on my feet. This morning, I had to get up and go to work. AND MY FEET HURT. I am never going to 6th again, it is hell! I want to go to sleep, but I am here, writing this. At 2:55 I have to go get my Hep shot, yuck. Then I get ready to work the Matchbox 20 concert. I promise that I am going to go to sleep as SOON as I get home and I am not going to get up until I have to go to work on Sunday. Old Navy did not schedule me at all for next week, normally I would be happy, but I am trying to save up for a down payment on a new car!. My boyfriend, of 8 months got a new truck last weekend, and now I am on a kick too I want a Ford Focus. All I do is get on the Internet and look at cars when I should be studying, because my parents said they would only help me with the car if I did well in school. Therefore, I need to concentrate on SCHOOL. I am such a busybee, I need to do a load of laundry before the weekend rush begins. I am sure sometime you lived in a dorm too it is hell trying to do laundry. Bat5hing might b nice, I am sure that when I was on the bus earlier that I STUNK badly. Oh well, the people on the bus didn't smell to hot either. I have a test next week in my Geography class and I need to study for that too. AHHHHHH, college is all about managing your time and not getting behind. (which I am). I should have listened during all of those sessions about how to succeed in school, because I doubt that I am doing very well right now. I really wish that I could go home next weekend because my mom is going to be in the hospital, she has to have a hysterectomy??? I have no clue if I spelled that right. I think that it would be so sweet if I showed up in Houston and brought her flowers and all of that good stuff. I love her so much and if it wasn't for her I don't know what I would have done. I guess this weekend I will go buy her a card and prepare to go home this weekend. I know that I might not get an hours next week, but that is OK, because I really don't need any money anyway, like I said, I am trying to save up for a new car. Right now I don't have anything going through my mind other than. SLEEP, and food. And a shower, all of the necessities of life. Well my twenty minutes is almost up, only four minutes to go. I am such a slow typist. I hope this concert is worth all of the work, because I am dead tired. I probably should be going to sleep instead of going to the concert but, oh well. It is a great opportunity to see the show for a little work. I am sure that makes sense to anyone, right? My room is such a mess, my roommate and I really need to clean it. Unfortunately, my twenty minutes are up, and I am going to go to BED! ",y,y,n,y,n

2000\_696080.txt,"I don't really know how to start a ""stream of consciousness"" writing, but I guess I will write about how I feel about college right now. It is my first year and it is really scary but fun at the same time. I guess I haven't really had enough time to sit down and think about all that I have done since I have been here. It is exhausting to think how much I have actually been doing. I'm not a morning person so my days start around 11:00. From that point on I do not stop until about 23am, when I pass out. My days are filled completely with going to class, studying, meetings, and then of course going out. I have met so many people since I have been here. I barely remember anyone's name. I feel so bad when someone comes up to me and calls me by my name and I can't even remember ever meeting them. I'm sure that has happened to everyone before, but it seems to happen to me at least once a day. Oh well, life goes on. At least I remember my roommate's name. She is cool! We both went potluck and got extremely lucky. We get along like sisters, and people even think we look alike. It's crazy. This writing seems like a bunch of gibber gabber but I guess I am following the guidelines by writing what is on my mind. I think this is a cool exercise because it is actually giving me the time to sit down and think about what's on my mind. One thing that is always on my mind is how I miss home. I am used to my mom always taking care of almost everything for me. That makes me sound like a baby, but I am an independent person. I took care of my mom for two years while she was in bed sick. That was the point in my life when I grew up really fast. I had to go to work and school, cook dinner, go to the cleaners, and everything that I could do to help out around the house. When she got better, I guess is when I became lazy and wanted her to help me do a lot of things. She is awesome and I really miss her. My dad is an entire different story. He lives in Connecticut and does not do one thing for anybody except himself. He didn't raise us so he doesn't really know how to act like a father. My step dad is the man who acts as my father. He takes care of me the way my father is supposed to. I really miss him as well. If it weren't for him I would not be typing this essay on this computer, or going to the University of Texas as well. I am very thankful for everything he has done for me. I am bad at showing it sometimes, but I think he knows in my heart how appreciative I am. Another thing that I miss is my sister. She goes to Boston College. I tell her everything because she is my best friend. I don't know what I would do without the telephone. She makes me feel better whenever I have a problem or am upset. I guess this entire essay is about how much I miss my family. I am thinking that maybe I should go home soon and visit. Actually that could be bad, I need to grow up someday. I have two more minutes that I have to write. I feel better about being away from home now that I have expressed what I miss on paper. I have always heard when you write things down it makes you feel better, and this just proved that to me. I hope this makes some since. Goodbye have a good day! ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_697879.txt,"wow! I'm not much on typing for 20 minutes, but I love to write emails to my friends. so I guess that that counts. I miss them so much, they are my friends from camp. I get to see them this weekend, and I cannot wait. my roommate likes to listen to music while she studies and that is the only conflict that we ever have, I guess that I just need to say something to her, cause I'm sure that she doesn't care. well, actually, I know that she doesn't. I hope that I can fit everything into my schedule that I need to, cause I have a lot on my ""to do list"". haha, I'll try! that's all I can do. this whole new responsibility thing is something that I thought would be less than it is. I mean, I thought that I was pretty responsible, but I'm guessing that now I'm not. you learn new things about yourself everyday. but, I'm glad that my parents raised me that way that they did. I miss them. but that's ok, cause I have so many new friends down here that I don't know what to think. I've had some dates, but nothing GREAT and way exciting so far. I guess that I'm picky but that's a good thing. maybe God will just bless me w/ some amazing guy while I'm hear at school well, it doesn't have to be this year cause I have too much going on right now. haha, ok. my phone rings way to much. and people are always stopping by, like about 5 people just walked in my door. I need to catch up on my quiet times. yep, I do. I wish that I could control how much I eat, well, I guess that if I keep on telling myself that, then I need to take some action. well, self, listen. I hope that my interest grows stronger in my nursing major cause its kind of vivid right now. anyway, all this nutrition talk makes me think about eating right and working out and stuff. I need to shave me legs. ok, all this homework is quite an overload. I really like my room, I think that it reflects my personality. I change my thoughts a lot. I expected that when I would write this, that I might just write about one thing, but I keep thinking about a lot of things. I guess that I didn't think about it too much, cause I get distracted very easily. they are in there talking about brittney spears. most people don't like her but I like her. haha, weird for a girl, but I love to dance and sing. I think that she's talented. I hope that I don't have to go back and capitalize all the beginnings of my sentences cause I haven't done it this whole time. now my roommates are joking about their dates. I love to talk to people, they make me happy. well, yea, I really like to talk to people and get to know them. its so much fun. I feel that I'm rambling about absolutely nothing. I wish that I could see the stars here in Austin. but I love when I get to get away cause that's one of my favorite things to do. maybe I'll get a chance to this weekend when I go to a&m. I love how people tell me that they are praying for me. cause I know that pray works. GOD IS THE DEAL! yea pray makes me happy too. being happy can keep anyone going in life. different things make different people happy. I like to find that out about people. God fills me w/ my joy! I really like typing this cause it makes me think about what I am really about. I feel guilty when I make some smart remarks and then I cussed today. which, I never do. that just makes me feel like a piece of junk. ok, I have to go, byebye. :) ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_697936.txt,"At the moment, the only thing that is going through my mind is how I will make it through college if I remain a procrastinator. Thus, I am completing this assignment because I feel that I need to make changes in my study habits. Moreover, I need to succeed at UT because I cannot afford to let my parents down. My parents have worked exceptionally hard to obtain their current status; it would be a total waste of their time and my time and of course, a total waste of money if I fail in college. Thus, failing is not possible. Occasionally, I ponder whether or not my parents see me as a failure. At times, I feel, as though, I am a failure because I am constantly being compared to my older brother. Everything that I do is not good enough and that I should be more like my brother; I guess one could say that I am always in my brother's shadow. Moreover, it is not only my parents that make the comparisons, but my aunts and uncles also make similar comparisons to other family children. Because they do this, I constantly feel depressed for short periods of time. In order to cope with this, I am apt to finding companionship and understanding through several short love relationships. Each of these ""flings"" can be sought as a substitute for happiness. However, I am now more knowledgeable about stuff like that because I know that these relationships are fun and all, but this relationships only make things worse. Not to mention that they only help you obtain temporary happiness. There is one thing good that has come of these experiences; I believe that I have found happiness with another. She makes me happy in all aspects of life and she actually seems to care about me for who I am and not someone else. When I am around her, she encourages me spiritually whether or not she does it intentionally. Surprisingly enough, she actually understands me without having me to explain anything; I guess you can say she's my soul mate, but there is one thing I am sure of, I love her with all my heart. In fact, she has been the only girl I have actually told that I love her and actually meant it. Just thinking about it at the moment makes me smile. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_699624.txt,"It's hard to believe that my first year of college has begun. It's almost like I am at summer camp for a week, and I will be returning home in a week. However, that is just a false reality in my head. It's hard for me to grasp everything. It seemed to happen so fast. I left behind my family, my friends, my cheerleading squad, my town. Everything that is familiar has been traded in for a world of experience and confusion. What time is my next class? Where IS my next class? Where is everyone going tonight? It's mass confusion in my head. I want to be successful at college: academically, spiritually, emotionally and physically. I have already begun a steady workout and eating habits that make me feel good about my self, and so far I have enjoyed all of my classes. However, there's still that little thought in the back of my head that I am not getting everything done. I feel like there's this list of things to do ALL THE TIME and no matter what I do, I will never get them done. I have to admit, my first week of college was completely awful. I hated every moment of it. I cried everyday, called my mom, acted like a real baby. It was as if there was this strike against me that made sure NOTHING went my way. But as I have gotten used to the schedule and made a few new friends things seem to be looking up. I still feel like I don't fit in. This miniature ""society"" at the University of Texas is like a town within itself, and all of the citizens in this ""town"" seem so superficial. I don't feel like I have met anyone with one natural thought in his or her head. I can't believe how strange it is. It's as if the whole campus is full of sorority girls and fraternity guys. (No offense, it's just not me) I want to feel like a part of things but for the life of me I can't get in ""the loop. "" I make a few friends here and there, but as far as personalities, I feel like I am too real for everyone I have met. I am hoping that by next semester I will begin to make this dorm room my home and the people around me my family. It's not so much that I am homesick as it that I just miss fitting in. Back in High School there were no worries. Everything was laid out for you; only a few minor decisions to be made. I fit in so well. I knew my way around, I knew what was going on at all times; it was like a utopia in my little town of Sugar Land, TX. The only problem with the whole ""high school thing"" is that I was definitely a stereotype. (Another superficial moment in my life) I was a cheerleader all through High School. People at my school assumed I was a snobby, selfish girl who only thought the world of myself as well as my other cheerleader friends. They never even got the chance to know me. I can say right off- I am far from snobby. I love everyone and everything in this world. I am out to harm no one, except my self emotionally every once in a while! Why do teenagers feel the need to be so judgmental of each other? Why is it that I can't drive my Mustang Convertible in my cheerleading uniform without feeling like I am straight out of a ""Saved By The Bell"" episode? I am thinking that over time, an image has been created in everyone's mind on how things should be, and how people should look. Who is to say who and what we are? Why do I feel like I am always answering to someone? I can't make a decision without someone LOVING IT and someone else HATING IT. I hate the fact that the media has pounded into our brains what and who we should be. This is real life people. When you are doled out your genes-physical and personality-you don't get a choice. Some people honestly can't help the way they are. So why do we take the time to stop and make them feel even worse about their insecurities? I think the answer is within our OWN insecurities. It's sick that people feel better about themselves after putting someone else down. If a girl thinks she has ugly hair, she may announce that ""that girl over there"" has a horrible sense of fashion. Does that take away from the fact that she has ugly hair? I don't think so! So why has it become so necessary to step on whomever it takes to make you look better? My mind is full of these questions. I just know that as long as I am here, I plan to stay the real, down to earth girl that I am, as to not become a victim of my own insecurities. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_705533.txt,"I feel tired. a lot of school work. too many distractions yet no love, the one distraction I want to find. yet sometimes I don't want to find it. sometimes I just like to have fun and not get tied down by a relationship. but most of the time, when not with friends, when not with family, when all alone, I feel like I want to find the right chick. I feel hungry. won't eat though until I finish this writing assignment. started at 9:34. it is now 9:36. I have 18 minutes left. that took a while to think up because I hate math. I am not taking any math in college because I don't need it for predental. but I have a lot of chemistry. again, I have a lot of school work. never really worried about it until now because I procrastinated. the next two nights are going to suck. 9:37. damn. only a minute has gone by. really hungry now so I'll take a bite real quick. but I'm still typing with my right hand. I'm also really annoyed right now. I can't stand my roommate. he's a total loser. I can't wait to move out of here and get my own place next year. there is no way in hell that I'll share a room again for the rest of my life. I hope married life isn't going to be like this. like I said earlier, I really want to find ""the one,"" and I feel like I need to in the next couple of years because that's when most people do, but the whole sharing a room experience has got me wondering. if marriage life is going to be as annoying as this, I'm going to be pretty disappointed. I mean, I never get as annoyed by chicks when I'm in a relationship, so maybe there's hope. roommate just came back. made a lot of noise so I lost my train of thought. it is 9:42. I started at 9:34 so 8 minutes have gone by. I'm amazed at how much I can write when I just write what is on my mind. roommate still in here making even more noise. roommate sighing and shuffling feet hoping to get attention from me because he sees I am doing homework. now he is ruffling potato chip bags and being louder hoping to annoy me even more. I'm still ignoring him, but now he has gone over to his computer and is blaring out music. again, he leaves to the sink and makes more noise over there. I'm still ignoring, but I'm getting more and more pissed off. now he is talking to himself aloud and coughing and typing extra loudly to again draw attention to himself. how childish. now he is tapping loudly. like a little kid trying to get attention. he is really pissing the hell out of me. I swear, there is no way in hell that I will ever room with someone in the same room for the rest of my life. damn, I just got a phone call. I'll have to call him back. man, I haven't talked to him in a while. he wants me join a frat. I wonder if that's what is call is about. okay, 9:47. I got 7 more minutes. well, my mind is pretty blank right now. I'm just thinking about what went on today. I went to lacrosse practice. and I bought some beer. my roommate thinks I'm an alcoholic because he doesn't drink so he doesn't know what an alcoholic is. at least all my real friends don't think I'm one. I miss my best friend hilary. she's at a&m right now. I've always had a crush on her. I remember daydreaming about getting married back in elementary school. she was the first girl I saw when I moved down here to TX. she never knew who I was until high school. then we became best buds. even though we're best friends, I think, actually, I'll be honest, I know that I still have a crush on her. pretty middleschoolish, but who knows, maybe one day, she may be ""the one"". at least I wish she was. I can't wait to see her again. I never clean my room, but she's coming down in October so I'll be sure to clean it by then. girls are my weakness. I love chicks. thank god there's so many here at UT. its funny that I feel lonely sometime, even though I've met so many girls here that want to hook up with me. its just that the chicks that want to hook up with me are so plain. I dated beauty queens in high school and maybe its immaturity, but I can't date anybody who doesn't fit that beauty queen mold here at UT. although I am wanted by some chicks, I'm still lonely sometime because they're not the chicks I had in mind. I guess I'm too choosey. Plus, I guess I like feeling sorry for myself every now and then. I used to like to cry at night when I'm alone, but now, knowing that I'm wanted, that's a thing of the past. well, time's up. ",y,n,y,n,y

2000\_708496.txt,"Right now, as I am writing this paper, I am thinking that I have a lot reading to do this coming up weekend for the following week's classes. I have a pounding headache, which I believe I got while walking to and from my Spanish class because I forgot my sunglasses in my dorm room. Otherwise, I am looking forward to this weekend. Tonight my boyfriend and I are probably going to sixth street for a little while and tomorrow we are going to the Texas vs. Louisiana football game, the first game of the season. I'm really excited about the football game, but I hope it's not too hot (although I'm sure it will be). My boyfriend's parents are also coming in for the game and they are taking us out to eat for dinner. I'll be glad to have a break from the repetitive dorm cafeteria food. On Sunday, I'm meeting my friends who goes to Southwest and we are going to Schlitterbahn water park. I'm having a hard time writing this because my head really hurts. I took two Aleves, but I suppose they have not kicked in yet. While I do my homework I always have to have some kind of noise, whether it be music, television, or a fan, to be able to concentrate on what I am doing. When it is completely silent my mind seems to wander from what I am writing or reading and I end up thinking about something completely different, then looking back at the paragraph I just read and asking myself ""what did I just read?"" I hate when I do that because I feel like I just wasted 10 minutes of my time and I don't even know what I was doing while wasting. I don't know. That probably didn't make much sense at all. At the moment, my fan is on, my radio is playing, and my roommate is talking to her mom on the telephone, so there is plenty, almost too much, noise going on around me. I really am enjoying this assignment because it just puts everything that you think about for 20 minutes onto a piece of paper. When I look at it I think that I must be a slow typist because I thought I think about a lot more things in 20 minutes than this. It has now been 20 minutes so I am ending my paper and trying to think of a good way to end it but it is not coming to me at the moment. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_708835.txt,"Just sitting here and I decided that this would be a good time to write my stream of consciousness. I'm usually tired and don't feel like doing anything, but tonight I have this extra kick of energy (maybe it's the Lone Star). I've got MTV in the background. I swear all I've been hearing about is the Video Music Awards. Well. they'll finally be coming to TV tomorrow night. We had a hall meeting tonight to talk about the Fire Sprinkler Installation, but we didn't go. We decided to go to the one Thursday night, because my roommate was talking to her boyfriend. I always just sit there and listen to her talk. I wish I could talk to my boyfriend! I haven't talked to him for so long. let's see. since Friday night! I swear our relationship is so strange. We hardly ever get the chance to talk or see each other. I get mad at him during this time because I feel like he's not trying to put anything into the relationship, but the minute I start talking to him I forget about all those feelings. I'm just so happy to hear his voice that I don't care about anything else. He's supposed to be coming to Austin this weekend. I bought him a ticket to the 101 XFest. I haven't even bee able to tell him that he has one because he's never home so that I can call him. Oh well! I'm so excited that I get to see him soon. All of a sudden my thinking process stopped. I don't know what to write. This is how I usually feel when I get a writing assignment. My brain just freezes up. I put it off until l the very last minute. I absolutely dread having to take English next semester. I wish that I had tried a little harder on the AP English exam I took my junior year. I scored a 2 the minimum score you can get is a three to test out of it. I remember sitting in the biology lab room, it stunk like formaldehyde frogs. I have no idea why that's where we took our test. It took so long! On the last essay I wrote one sentence and then gave up. I wasn't thinking that scoring a good grade on this test would save from having to take English in college. Blah! Blah! Blah! I can't stop yawning. My eyes are starting to hurt from this bright computer screen. Ok it's 9:12. I can stop now. ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_710105.txt,"It is 11:30 in the morning. I had a nine o'clock class and I should still be asleep. Naureen should be home soon, I have to remember to tell her that the bank called. I don't think anyone should call before noon. I need to find something to wear tonight I wander if Naureen has anything I could borrow. I can't believe I'm still hungry I have been eating so much. I guess this is how people get their freshman fifteen. I wonder why housekeeping is here on Monday. I think that it would be better if they came on Monday every week. I don't really like getting up on the days I have a late class. I wish I knew what was wrong with my computer. I also wish I could fix it by myself. I wonder if Marty is going to call. I hope he had a good Birthday. Twentytwo sounds so far away but it seems like yesterday he was eighteen. I need to do other homework so bad and I need to make my bed and clean up the closet. I'm so glad I got a clean room mate. I don't think I could have lived with another slob. I wonder how Meagan is doing I should call her and ask if she misses having her own personal maid. 11:40 ten minutes to go. I'm so tired today. If Sten and Tavis come over tonight I'm never going to sleep. I guess sleep isn't that important. I need to talk to mom I wonder if she is still going to San Antonio? I want to see grandma an Aunt Sylvia but I don't know if I can handle a weekend with mom. I guess I can try to get along with her. I hope we go shopping I really need some winter clothes or I going to shiver my butt off all winter. It is cold in here right now but there is nothing I can do about it. The thing is already turned up as far as it will go I don't think it works. I think they only put the thermostat in each room so you think you have control because it is always cold. If the phone rings one more time I'm going to freak. My phone I so loud you can hear it all the way down the hall. It scares me every time it rings. Halloween will be here soon That and New years are the best holidays. I'm going to have to find a costume. Ok its been twenty minutes I'm going to sleep this was interesting and I don't feel like I wrote enough but these were my thoughts. ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_710150.txt,"What's on my mind? Right now I am in my friends room, one who I met this year. Her names is Si Nae Kim. The thoughts on my mind as I type are, ""mmm. this chocolate is so tasty"". I love chocolate and I choose to eat it as much as I want to until I come to the realization of how fat I am and how much fatter I am going to get if I continue to eat chocolate the way that I do. There's this thing that my friends and I call a train thought and this is when one thought leads to another. The thought about chocolate making me fat leads me to think about my eating habits in college. My mother warned me not to eat unhealthy foods, not to eat late at night, and not to snack during the day. That statement replays in my mind over and over again, every time I pick up something to eat. Yikes! Well, now I'm just thinking about how I can lose all this weight. Should I go work out, jog, do aerobics, or should I just read my books. I am just so lazy that I can't ever seem to go workout. On Tuesdays and Thursdays I only have one class from 3:30 to 5pm. I spend the rest of the day either sleeping or attempting to do my homework. These activities don't take up my entire day and I do have time to workout. However, I am just too lazy. Now the thought of how tired I am has just hit me. All day I have been reading, trying to catch up on my assignments that I have fallen behind on. My eyes are puffy and I can feel them starting to close on me. My body is giving out on me too. Trying to right this paper, which I almost forgot about, is taking a lot of energy from me at this point. It's interesting to see exactly what's coming out of my mind so freely. I can't wait to read this after I'm completely done. Hmm. I wonder if this paper is actually going to be graded in any academic point of view. I wonder how hard the test is going to be. I wonder if I really have to read all the chapters or if I can just rely on Mr. Pennebaker's lectures. I hope I don't fail psychology class. I hope that I pass with an A. Wow, I feel like I'm just babbling now. Will this paper get too long? My mind seems so boring up there. The things that are coming out on paper right now are so boring and useless, but this is what I was told to do. I'm trying really hard to type without stopping but it's hard. Well, I have about five minutes left. What else is on my mind? Should I go to my biology discussion class tomorrow? We didn't really do much the last time and it isn't mandatory. Oh well. I wonder how my family is doing in Houston. I wonder if my sister misses me. Actually, I know that she misses me because she told me so. I wonder if I'm going to meet any one cute anytime soon. I wish I had a boyfriend, but then again, it is kind of fun being single. Then I don't have to worry about being held down. This is college, a whole new world of opportunities to meet new people, to discover myself. Wow, I'm so overwhelmed at the thought. I don't know if I am completely used to the whole college idea yet. Oh my goodness, I met my exboyfriend today. What a small world. I thought that I would never see him again. Oh, you probably don't want to hear about that stuff though. I wonder how my best friends are doing back at home. I miss them a lot. I feel like I left everything behind. I feel like I'm away at camp or a long retreat. I feel like that life almost never existed, that the whole thing was just a fantasy. I feel like I've been living here, in Austin, for a really long time. Wow, my thoughts are really random and still boring. What a boring life I lead. argh! I kind of want to go partying, but I'm afraid that I'll get addicted and then I'll eventually fail out of college. What a bright future. yeah right! I love dancing, I really regret not taking it in high school, but hopefully I won't make that same mistake again in college. College, where the doors open up to new adventures. This is the real deal, this is pretty much when everything counts. It's going to lead me to my future. Well, my time is up now so ta ta! ",y,y,y,n,n

2000\_710213.txt,"What does the drug ecstasy do to the brain? I have been very curious about this for some time now. Maybe you could tell us what studies have concluded about this drug. The reason why I am so curious is because many of my friends have recently discovered and become enchanted with it. In fact, in about the middle of the second semester of my senior year in high school, it became almost like an ecstasy epidemic! Several of my friends have done it up to 11 or 12 times already! I haven't tried it since I refuse to do drugs but I'm really interested to find out what its long term effects are and why it produces the reaction that it does. Apparently, when on ecstasy, it feels as if nothing can go wrong and everything is perfect. Music is everything and once listening, someone who is rolling (the term used to define the feeling one gets after taking X) can't pull away. Also, they say they feel as if they have ""lungs of steel"" in that they are constantly smoking cigarettes and feel as if they can't stop. Oh, and the mouth chewing. Why does that happen? Their mouths jitter while they're rolling and after the drug wears off, their mouths hurt or feel sore. That's why you can tell when someone is rolling at a party. Well, first of all they're sweating profusely and also they're chewing lots and lots of gum! Its crazy actually. I went to a rave with my friends last Saturday. It was at Austin Music Hall. At least 70% of the people attending the rave was rolling on X. Well, essentially, that's what rave's are for. Its a closed space with djs who spin techno and trance music for a huge group of people, the majority of whom is Xing like crazy! Anyway, my friends had a blast there. of course they were rolling. I had fun too, but not nearly as much I imagine! In fact, it was 3:30 in the morning, we had been dancing for at least 4 hours straight, and one of my friends refused to leave because he was rolling so hard and not remotely tired. Doesn't this sound crazy? What does the drug do to people? Have any severe, longlasting consequences been discovered for sure. I've been told several theories, some of which include the brain bleeding, there being permanent damage on the spine, memory loss, and brain cells being killed. Sounds like some dangerous stuff these people are playing around with. If it weren't an illegal drug, I'd definitely try it (provided it didn't totally screw me up in the future!) considering how wonderful everyone tells me it is. And not just word of mouth. I've seen people on it countless times. They look as if they could die happy right then and there! I don't know if you're planning on discussing anything like this in class but I'm really interested in finding out more about X. Just out of curiosity! Well, I think I'd like to talk about something remotely related. One of the guys whom I'm talking about, in fact, he's in this class with me, is named J. I went to high school with him but we were never friends. We hung out at the same parties with the same group of people generally, but we barely even talked to each other. Well he and his friend are living at Towers together and since we're all down here together we've been hanging out a lot. A whole lot, in fact. And I wasn't really planning on anything happening between us but the night of the rave, a lot of people stayed the night at their place, including me, and we kind of ""hooked up. "" Now, ever since then, we've kind of been messing around well, nothing much. The thing is, we haven't mentioned it to each other at all. We keep doing it but don't discuss it. So I'm not sure what the deal is. I think I like him. well, actually, yes I do like him. The problem is. does he like me? I can't tell either way. I mean, he's a guy so just the fact that he keeps fooling around with me doesn't mean much. He could hate my guts for all I know and still be doing what he's doing just to get some! That would really suck. And I don't want to ask him because, well for one, I wouldn't know what to say. And for two, I'm scared of the answer. That would just be awful if I spill my guts and he totally cops out. And what's worse is if that happens, not only are we in this class together, but we have to go to the same school for the next four years! What should I do? I don't know. I hope something happens soon that'll figure this out for me well, something GOOD that is! I've written a lot more than twenty minutes so I should probably go now. I guess this wasn't as hard as I thought it would be. Whew! ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_711029.txt,"College is a lot different that I thought it would be. Things are not as simple as they use not be. Individuals on campus tend to be greatly deceiving in appearance and motives. Walking down jester I see about five people at once trying to get me to join their particular club or organization. Man I don't know if I want to join a sorority or not, and if I do i'm not sure which one to join. there are so many different ones with unique styles. Not to mention that I would feel bad if I don't at least go to the meetings. mainly because my sister co founded the delta in houston. but the one in austin is not the same in activities and purpose. The ones at Ut are mainly all about parties. I need to find out what we are all doing tonight. if we go clubbing I need to find out who all is driving and how I am getting everywhere. I hate this about Austin no one really has a car and it is so inconvenient to go out. Of course unless you find a guy with a car. but I doubt that will happen any time soon more importantly I don't even want to find a guy right now. I need to deal with getting use to college life and then I need to just have fun I guess. I have so much more freedom here, there is no one to enforce strict curfew, or make you do anything. Everyone at UT is on their own and self reliant and self dependent. although it might sound scary at first it is a rush to have so much space to grow. Not only that but you meet people and they can impact your life in ways you would of never imagined, and that is what I love the most about this experience. I would contend that college life is definitely a once in a lifetime opportunity, and I am grateful to have the chance. I can't wait until college really starts and I get the hang of it all. When things are new it takes a while to get use to it but soon enough I hope I get the hang of it all. The atmosphere here unlike any other I have ever been in and I believe that is a good thing. Change brings about bigger and better opportunities. Not to mention that my parents are not here. The main reason that I even decided to go to the University of Texas is to be away from home. I need to me away from the usual drama of living at home. The only thing here is that the penalty can be a lot more serious for things you get in trouble for. I hope we don't in too much trouble for being at the wrong place at the wrong time, on Tuesday. Man if they call my parents I will be in so much trouble it is not even funny. They are going to kill me and then make me go back to the University of Houston which I swore I would never do. ",y,n,n,n,n

2000\_711990.txt,"As I begin to write this essay, I am thinking of what my mind is doing in preparation for writing. I began going through ideas that have come to me earlier this day, trying to find one that I might be able to write about for 20 minutes. I can hear the TV on in the background. It's Monday Night Football, so my mind continues to convince my eyes to look over to my left and look at the teams that are playing. However, I know that I need to write this essay, so I have made a pact with myself not to look over until I'm done. I am occasionally checking my watch to see how long I have been writing. I started at 8:03pm, so I will be done at 8:23. Dennis Miller's voice is somewhat distracting since he doesn't sound like the normal, professional voice of a sports announcer, and I laugh at his jokes only because they are not that funny. Now I'm trying to think of something else, only because I know this essay was meant to show what my mind thinks of on it's own, and not my personal opinion of the football game on TV. I temporarily blanked out, and there was nothing I could think of to write, so I stopped and stretched my hands and neck. Even though I am concentrating on the computer screen in front of me, my ears have nothing better to do than listen to the ads. I don't think it's a good thing that I am able to tell there was a car ad on just because of the music playing in the background. However, I suppose that is why advertisers pick certain kinds of music. They're hoping that it will stick in the minds of the viewers and they'll buy that certain product. I do not know the specific car that was just advertised based on the music, but I am sure that it was some sort of truck that was being advertised as a tough, strong vehicle. The idea of advertising reminds me that I want to go into the college of communications. I know I am a creative and artistic person, so I want a career that will utilize my abilities and something that I can personally enjoy. I would love to be involved with an advertising team coming up with ideas for companies, or a sports photographer. In high school, I was the Photography Editor for the school newspaper. I took many photos for the sports section, and I truly enjoyed standing on the sidelines at the football games and taking pictures. By being so close to the players, I got to understand their true size and feel the emotions going on during the game. Now that I've seen what that's like, I know that when one watches a game from the stands, they are missing out on some of the action and emotion. However, after going to the UT game this past weekend, I realized that the crowd has its own vibe that is also fun to be a part of. As that streak of thought came to an end, I glanced down at my watch and noticed the time was merely 30 seconds away from 8:23, so by now my time is done. ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_713951.txt,"I feel strange because I'm in a world of completely new things. I tell myself that is all the same from any other people or situation, and it is in a way because if I always look at myself from an aerial view I will only see myself as one of the others, that we are all masses of tissue. But this is difficult because I know that I am myself, in a sense, and that really, everything will happen to me and the only way I can interpret the stimuli is by the way it comes to me, pertains to me. I don't want to be selfish, in the other respect of that word, but by thinking about myself I know that I therefore am selfish. I was depressed for a few days because I did not want to let go of another person. It was so much bullshit that I just finally sat on the roof and sorted everything out, looking at the stars. I came to the conclusion that I didn't need that right now, and that I was only cheating myself by believing this. It is strange because I have such problems with that. I realized recently that I have not reached the belonging. stage of life. Or maybe I reached it by not even trying, when I was very small, but I think ever since school started in kindergarten, as far as I can remember school wise, so maybe I have recessed back under that level of substantial importance. I'm having trouble being myself because I know that I don't even know myself. I do in a sense, but I sometimes think that it is just what I want to tell myself I'm like, and that I try to make myself the person that I think other people will like to see. Then I think that has everything to do with the belonging. factor. I am ultimately working towards self actualization. But I'm trying to be realistic in thinking that it won't be until I'm older like in my thirties. But it doesn't have to be that way. I don't want to feel like I can't do something, but I think how young I am and I think that I'm still just a little kid, and that I will have to work on this a lot more. I don't want to accept myself so I don't let others accept me. Its so hard, and winding. but now I know what I have to do, I have to find what it is that will make me chill out and respect myself and others. This is the key to passing the belonging stage of the cycle towards self actualization. I just need to stop worrying about shit like this and just be happy. And now I know what I have to do. ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_715549.txt,"Well, I'm supposed to write down any and everything I am feeling or thinking right now. The truth is I am totally stressed out today and can't wait to finish this assignment so I can go home and relax and enjoy my wonderful weekend ahead. I have many things to be stressed out about right now. First of school, I'm trying to get my gpa up so I'm having to do just perfect in anything I do for my classes to get into the nursing school. This is my 4th year at UT and you would think I would have my life together by now. Although it's getting there, slowly but surely. To add to my stressful life is my exboyfriend of 2 years who just moved to California so that he can ""find himself"". Whatever. But it's weird because I feel so much happier now that I am no longer with him. It's kind of like I'm a totally different person. I don't hang out with our usual crowd. It seems that I have changed for the better. Also adding some stress into my life is all my expensive bills I have to pay. Phone, electricity, rent, gas, food, beer, etc. One thing I am so grateful for is my wonderful family. I'm proud to say that my parents did a hell of a job raising my 14 year old sister, my 12 year old brother, and of course me the rookie 21 year old. I am so proud of them and their accomplishments. The reason I say this is because they had me, the first born, at a really young age (high school) and to see how well they are doing, unlike many others who start off on a bad foot. And then of course I have my wonderful grandparents who would do anything for any of their three grandchildren. Especially me since I was the firstborn hahaha! Well, I'm trying to think of what else I can tell you about myself in the remaining 10 minutes of this assignment. I will say that I do enjoy this class very much and want to acknowledge Prof. Pennebaker's excellent teaching skills. He makes the class so interesting you never want to miss his lectures. As a matter of fact, my exboyfriend to this class and he recommended I take it. Well, I have 6 minutes and I'm trying to think of what else I can inform you on about my wonderful life. Well, I'm from Victoria, TX. (pop. 66,000) My family still resides there. It's funny to see my little brother going to the same junior high I did with all the same teachers. And I can't believe my sister is a freshman also. I remember those days. I wish I could go back to when life was so simple. But no, now it's time to grow up and see what God has planned for me. I can't wait. I pray that each day he's by my side and helping me in any and every way possible. Guiding me to tomorrow. Well, I guess my time is up. I think in the past 20 minutes you guys at the psychology dept. can figure out a little about me by what I just wrote. Hopefully the data will be interesting. Thank you once again for your time. Hopefully I have written some interesting thoughts for you and I can't wait to see how my results turn out. Or do I even get to???? ",y,y,n,y,n

2000\_715921.txt,"So, I am supposed to write about what thoughts are going through my head now, all right. I am wondering about this class, I have only heard good things about it except for the fact that it is hard to get an 'A' in it. I really hope that I can because I am trying to make a 4. 0 this semester, to start off college on the right foot. I feel like a dork because at my dorm everyone goes out every night and I stay home and read well last night I just goofed off most of the night because I couldn't concentrate. Since I don't know what to expect on our first college tests I am going to make sure that keep up to date with my school work. I had a lot of fun at the Delt Pledge party this weekend though, I was a time that I went out and it was worth it. I just saw that my clock on my bedside table is 5 minutes faster than my computer; I will need to fix that in a minute because I know the computer is right. It felt better outside this morning there was a breeze and it wasn't too hot. The football game is going to be horribly hot but I can't wait! I really need to get back into typing. I mean that I have been making a lot of typos I hope that I am catching them. I am listening to Simon and Garfunkle I love them, one of my best friends, Hilary and I used to always sing to ""Cecilia"". Hilary goes to Tech; I haven't talked to her in a while. I need to make some phone calls to my high school friends but I am sort of overwhelmed right now with school. It will be better tomorrow because I only have 2 classes tomorrow and 1 on Friday. Monday I have 4 classes, that is going to be killer! It's been nice since we haven't had a Monday class yet, though. I went to aerobics today and didn't get a very hard work out so I tried to go to Gregory but I forgot that it isn't opened until after 12:05 on weekdays because they have class in the weight room. I went to the CoOp to return 2 books but the worker told me that I needed to bring another receipt so I'll have to back tomorrow. I have been trying to stay on campus on days that I have classes with breaks that are 1� hours or less between classes. That makes me read and eat lunch outside and so I don't waste time walking home and back to class. It is a good plan but by the end of the day I am very tired. I like this writing assignment. It make me aware of what I think about randomly I guess that is the point of the project. I want to see the movie ""Bring it On"" it's a cheerleader movie. I heard it was corny but that I would like it I cheered in high school and so I guess it's a given that I would enjoy anything of this sort. I can't wait to watch the cheerleaders, dancers, and band at the football game I love football too. It's weird to me that the transition from high school to college hasn't been a bigger deal to me. It sort of feels like I am at camp. I like it here. Oh, it's been 22 minutes! Bye ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_716913.txt,"My week is catching up with me so my mind is somewhat numb from all of the information being presented to me. The fun and freedom that as a freshman are all too new to me are affecting my energy level and I am fighting the urge to sleep right now. Although my body is so tired my desire to have fun and go out outweigh the lack of energy. As an extrovert my energy seems to come from other people no matter how tired I think I am. I love the newness of everything and hope that it lingers as long as possible. Sometimes, though I long for the familiarity I have left behind. I almost avoid my photo album of my friends, boyfriend, and family. I miss the love which comes so naturally from them. Its that level which takes so long to reach. Everyone here I know at a shallow level. I constantly wonder who will be my best friends at the end of this year. Who will be the ones I will reach that next level of friendship with? There are so many uncertainties about the future. With my boyfriend and I dating other people, I wonder if the miles between us are going to be a stronger force than our love. Was backing off on the seriousness of our relationship a bad idea? I am having fun but he isn't and I really don't want to lose him. It was his choice, though, to go to the Naval Academy instead of coming to UT so it's his own fault he doesn't like it. My heart just aches for him though because I hate the thought that he isn't happy. I think that is what love is. It's when you hurt just as much as when the person you care about is hurting. It's when you'd do anything in your power to take away that hurt, putting there feelings in front of your own. Love is so much more complex than that, but I believe this at least part of it. I think that when you know everything about a person, when all of their deep dark secrets are told, and you still are head over heels for the person, that is love. Someone once told me we like because, we love although. I think what I have with Mike is love, so these miles will either make us or break us for good. Either way I just hope we will always be best friends. He knows me better than anybody and I guess that is a big part of the familiarity I miss. ",y,y,y,n,y

2000\_718172.txt,"i am now writing my stream of consciousness I don't think one needs punctuation or me for that matter. so hmmm I did this for english last year for literature we have a very big psychology class kind of silly if you ask me my friend is going to school in iowa with only 1300 people his classes have around 13 people awww to go in debt for education my parents moved with the money they saved by me staying in state. oh well it's safe here its home I don't really think about garland too much. online all of the time new phenomenon are incredible what would I have done 5 years ago. watched tv? is the internet as bad as tv? at least its interactive, you know? wow 20 minutes is a lot of writing I love music I'm going to learn so much music at the radio station this year I hope I like it there hmm I wonder how hard my classes will be I found a passion in economics (oxymoron, I know) hmm people are not always too responsible but I guess I'm not either, as the years have rolled on, I little backwards, I know. hablas espanol, ojala que hable espanol bien en enero that worries me you know? I don't want to lose the knowledge I don't know its like I think the same boring things class schedules and stuff over and over again and I don't really want to write about them I can't believe I'm doing this early I guess we all have that crazy initiative at the BEGINNING of the school year, I really do want to do well, though I've tried so hard thus far so why stop now, or maybe I should because I tried so hard before this college thing has worked out oddly like its not really that much of a life change I guess I knew it was coming or something I'm not homesick its like ""ok, well now I'm here and not there anymore"" why don't I miss my family? because I really don't maybe I will later but it has been a week. weird sometimes I don't feel that m, no things don't make me feel anything, I chose to react to them like that (says mom the rogerian counselor) why am I taking psychology again I already took the ib test and I did pretty well only you don't know what that is I bet yeah ib is bad down with ib oh well liberal arts education will help you know I need to get my confidence back up, I'm smart I've had a great education, better than most ok I know I'm just practical so there typing is nice and fast my handwriting is not too marvelous ha ha that sounds like something out of catcher and the rye or something I love holden so true yet so extreme. I need to read more I need to be more well read typing typing typing I didn't do this in word uhh maybe I should ask you if it's ok not to do it in word, don't answer that I want to live dangerously interesting huh you think instructions to a vacuum cleaner is interesting reading? I would hate to see your library, to each his own (for the sake of politeness) I like typing a lot I bet my roommate thinks I'm all crazy at work or probably writing an im. huh I don't know don't want to talk about the boring things that go through my head everyday. college the university de tejas. cliches I'm becoming a cliche I think most college kids are last night some people were acting like they were drunk or ""buzzing"" but you could tell they probably just had a beer and were playing it up that's pretty annoying hey let's order pizza because we're in college, where does this hostility come from to each his own my a\*\* hmmm ok um um um I like to sleep I don't like high school and now I am gone, what will I fill my days with? probably, hopefully, not much. class just wont be that hard all of the excess time has been squeezed out like water form a sponge that is efficient like like efficiency and efficient market dang I like economics where is art history going? good thing I'm a business major what a relief that I like it yeah never mind so where are you from? what's your major? really my friend's doing that water fruit I'm not getting fat its peaceful, typing I wish I was a more accurate typist, I think that about sums me up sloppy BUT fast as a mug ha ha how funny haste makes waste you know! \*tsk tsk\* yep wow time flies when you typing about yourself, yeah I understand I wouldn't want to read these either. imagine it being your job to read a bunch of pretentious, half ass papers from a class of 540 I'm sorry you have to do that ms. ta. hmmm ta huh I almost went to berkeley I glad I didn't it would have been too hard I'm tired of too hard, see above I'm sure it is there, its always there time to let go ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_718183.txt,"As I begin writing this I am a little annoyed because I'm doing it on my friends computer mine is broken. I wish I could just get my computer to work and be dependable. Also as I'm typing I'm thinking ahead as of what to say I guess I shouldn't do that or maybe that's just the way I think. The phone just started ringing but I'm not even going to answer it. I've been laying around all night watching a movie with a girl I used to like a lot. She's a beautiful girl and part of me still likes her but oh well. Things are different now and I don't really mind that. Also I've recently decided that I didn't want to be in a fraternity. I always thought I would, but really it just wasn't my thing. Right now I'm kind of kicking myself because I'm missing out on partying, but at the same time I hated the amount of time I spent doing stuff at the house. I felt like every one was here to party and study on the side. I wish I could do that but I can't, I need to do well in school. This weekend is Dave Matthews and I'm very excited. The concert is two nights and I'm going to both. Dave is my favorite musician and I've been looking forward to it for a long time. Also it is very hot in this room where I'm typing I wish that I could just some how make it like fifty degrees in here. I really like the cold weather and am looking forward to a break from the heat in the upcoming months. I think I like the cold because I'm hot natured, but also because I have good memories of winters. I love to reflect on the Christmas with my grandparents. As I glance down at my watch I see that my time is almost up so I guess I'll try to muster something great up. I don't know I'm a blank. I do however miss my family a little. I really miss my brother. It's odd because we always used to annoy each other but now I'd really get a kick out of seeing him. ",n,n,n,y,y

2000\_720844.txt,"Right now I am sitting in my dorm room and I just got off the Internet with my old boyfriend, Matt. He is still in Plano and I feel as if part of me is still there with him. The worst of it all is that he has a new life now and he is finding new people and new things to do. Since he is doing this he has found every way to make it very clear that I am not to be a part of this new life he is enjoying so much. Although there is no room for me in this life there is plenty of room for tons of other girls that understand what he is going through. I don't really think that it is fair for him to expect me to just sit here and let him make a new life for himself that I am not in, but he does not seem to understand that because the only circumstance he sees is that I am in college in Austin and that my life must be better than his so there is no need for me to be a part of his boring life in Plano. I pretty much do not think that Austin is that great and I would trade being in college to be with him in a heartbeat. I do not think that he is being fair, sympathetic or a good friend to me at all. He doesn't seem to understand that college is a scary thing and that it really helps to know that there is someone there for you that is a steady constant in your life during a time of constant change, such as this one. He just doesn't understand, and he just doesn't really care. All that he really cares about is that he is having a good time, which obviously cannot involve me. The only thing that he can ever see is that I am in college and that there is going to be so much distance between the two of us. The only thing that he seems to able to do about this is to put even more distance between the two of us. This really bothers me. And the worst of it is that I have been gone for a total of seven days and he has already found a way to replace the void I have left in his life. It makes me feel very wanted to know that I can be replaced in seven days. And the worst of it is that I totally want to be with him every moment of every day and he just doesn't want to be. I feel that if I were to come home for a weekend that he wouldn't even have the time to see me because he would be so busy with some other person. He doesn't even have the time to talk to me for five minutes yet he has time to go to bible study for three hours. He doesn't understand how unwelcoming that college is and how much I would like to have someone right now that really wants me to be there and that really cares about me. This whole situation is very difficult because we are so far apart and there is no way to see each other and there is no way to make him see how much I care about him or how much I really want to be a part of his life. And on top of all of my turmoil with him, I also had to go through rush this week and not get into a sorority. This all makes me feel very wanted and liked by others. So basically my first week of college has been pretty good. I am sick, I have all eight o'clock classes and I am not a morning person, I have been replaced in the life of one of the few people I have ever truly cared for, I have been cut by sororities even though all of the girls in my town have joined the houses of their choice, I live in a really tiny old dorm with a bunch of weird people, and I have broken the brand new portable telephone in my bedroom. Oh well, it can only get better form here, right? ",n,n,n,y,n

2000\_722078.txt,"keep an open mind. ""If you can't change your mind, how do you know you still have one?"". Anonymous. I read this quote today morning and started thinking about it. Do I really have my own mind or am I controlled by thoughts and opinions that other people have? Maybe everything I do and believe in is based on what somebody else does. Obviously there are a lot of things that I believe in because my family/friends believe in them too. My faith in god may have been initially because of my parents faith in God and because of the stories that they told me about the god and his greatness. Why do I say his greatness. I think about that a lot of times. Why do we always say he?. why do all laws and sayings start with man is, he is. why don't we say. woman is ?I remember once my brother and me had this big fight about this and he being the MCP that he is says that women spend most of their time criticizing men. while on the other hand men do more constructive things. He says that most of the time it's the men who research and find laws and then later women complain about how the theorems or laws are sexually discriminating because they say he and not she, but I know that things are actually a lot different. I come from India and there a lot of women are oppressed. Female infanticide still takes place. I come from a girl's school and a lot of our topics for discussion in school were about these things. whether women should be allowed to join the armed forces. which brings me back to the same thing. why am I a feminist? is it because most people around me were like that or is it because I believe in equality myself. but what do I believe in. hopefully I will be more clear about this after my psychology classes. but will I change my mind about something that I believe in very firmly now, will I change my opinion about something if somebody shows me some evidence that proves my belief wrong. I don't think so, but then that means that I blindly believe in something for no apparent reasons. that's pretty ridiculous. but I know that the mind is very fragile and I think that it's the situations that actually control the mind. like do I make friends because I want to or is it because I have to. sometimes I wonder about the way I choose my friends. is there something common about all of them. maybe there is a certain characteristic that I look for. I also know that I am very judgmental. I will not approach somebody that is dressed in a certain way. so what does that say about me. I look around and see so many people who look so different from me. I feel pretty intimidated by them. since I'm new to this country and this lifestyle. sometimes I feel so stupid and ignorant. But I also think about how every new change that I make in life changes me and makes me somewhat a different person. so maybe I do change some of my opinions over time. I wouldn't know. does anybody know how the mind works I guess nobody does. ",n,y,y,n,n

2000\_725071.txt,"I am really quite flustered right now, because I already wrote this assignment earlier, and the philosophy systems were probably down, and now I cannot retrieve the file from where I saved it. Anyways, hardly makes a difference though. I can't help wondering about the purpose of this assignment. I mean, the teacher hardly even knows me, and probably cannot even relate to what I am thinking about. I guess this must be a way of doing research, and we'll eventually learn about it. I wish all assignments were just as simple. But its difficult to suddenly get used to this American system of education. This does get strange and intimidating sometimes, with large classrooms and lack of onetoone interaction. But it is nice, and I will definitely get used to it. Today is Monday, and a whole new week lies ahead. I quite dread Monday mornings. not because I have to go to class, but because I have a slight fear of the unknown. what if I have forgotten to do an assignment, what if I annoy a teacher! I am really hungry. I had a small lunch last night. Cafeterias were closed so I made some sandwiches at home. I wish I had a car. Then I could go out anywhere and eat at anytime. I could even go to Sixth Street. I want to buy a sports car. I will buy an Italian sports car once I earn my own million dollars! But that's a long way to go. I want to eat at Kinsolving dining hall today. I am quite tired with the food at Jester. But its pretty far from Jester, and I hate to walk. I guess I'll eat in Jester itself. I wonder what my friends back home must be doing, especially Tanaya. I hope they miss me as much as I miss them. I can't wait to go back to India, but I don't think I'll get to go before summer. I bump into them online almost everyday, so I do feel quite close. But personal meetings are totally different things. My room is such a mess. I will have to clean it up. will do it on Thursday. Thursdays are wonderful. I have only one class, so I do all other work on Thursdays. But this is not a good habit. I eventually end up putting off all my important work to Thursdays, and then run out of time on Thursdays even! I wish the weekend were longer. I need my own computer. I'll get one soon. I hope I get a good deal though. Then I wont have to go to the lab each time I have to do an assignment. My uncle is Dallas said he could get me one for a decent price. I will probably go meet him next week if it fits in my schedule. Great, my 20 minutes are almost up. This assignment was fun. I hope that all the others are as much fun to do. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_725207.txt,"Well here we are, at last writing the writing assignment. Been putting it off for too many days now, got to take that class on procrastination from the learning center, might be useful. Only five seconds up, got 19 minutes+ more to go. wonder if hell read all this stuff. Hope not, or I'm definitely getting into one of his crazy guy experiments. Wonder if they have experiments to test if a guy is crazy or not. Who knows? I might even get paid for being a lunatic. God! Got so much to do in so little time, haven't touched my books, and already I have a quiz tomorrow. Hope I do well in it. Ahhh. two minutes up. maybe this thing wont last as long as I thought after all. Got to call up my friend to see if she'll have dinner with me. I hate eating alone. though most of the time I do eat alone. on second thoughts, I sort of don't mind eating alone at all. Its just that halfway through the meal when I see all the people talking to their friends and all that I find myself with no one to talk to. Oh well, who cares anyways. once I get settled here I'll definitely have someone to eat with everyday. so I better enjoy the solitude while it lasts. Hmmm. what do I wear for today's meeting. Hope she's there, man!, I got to shave too. One more thing I keep putting off. Only six minutes up, shit!, I better type a lil slower. Wanted to complete at least part of my assignment today but looks like its not going to happen, though I can still try to do it. have to come back from the meeting and do it. I miss my friends, used to have so much fun together. Three times a week to the computer course, that was fun. Miss those days, and miss those times. wonder if ill ever be able to be so happy again. Well, being sad about it doesn't help anyone, so forget it. Don't know where I got this sudden optimism from, but its doing wonders to my life. Not to mention making me more popular, and that had definitely helped my lonely little self to be more sociable. But more is still needed. Why I like to be alone I have no idea, but it just happens, and I don't mind it. My friends sense my depression my loneliness, but they don't know how to cure it, which as a matter of fact, neither do I. Yeah baby! We should definitely have more assignments like this. helps the workload by a lot, though if my finger keeps hurting like this I'm a goner. damn! That hurts! Maybe if I type a little slower. or not type at all. ouch! Got to give It some rest, but I cannot, because I have to do this assignment. If any person ever reads this thingy I apologize for my abbreviations, but I'm a regular chatter so I have to keep the words down. otherwise my finger gets the way it is rite now. Only a few more minutes left now and I'm free. Wonder how they grade people on this? Who gets an A and who doesn't?? Should I curse more to make it look real or should I just write what comes into my head. Well, what comes into my head would be better since this thingy is about. Who cares anyways, he wanted me to write what comes into my head, I did, so there. ",n,n,n,n,y

2000\_727952.txt,"It's only been a day since this is Monday and I already miss him. Got back from my trip last night and still had to call him I know that I'm not crazy but I wonder if it is bad to need someone in your life. What happens when they leave for some reason? I mean, school seems hard, and I need to think about studying and stuff, but all I want to do is talk to him and spend time with him. He told me once that he needed me. I think that was the best thing I ever heard him say or at least one of the best things he's ever said to me. I just know that this summer was even better than the last something I didn't think could happen. It sucks now though, even though I'm in a whole new place, and even though I should be excited about starting college, all I think about at night when I go to sleep is all the time we spent together this summer, and all the fun we had. Now, even though we are only an hour away from each other I still miss him. I worry about what will come of this semester. Will we stay strong? Or just fall apart because of the separation? We did okay last year and we were five hours away I thought that was hard, but ironically enough being closer to him is harder. That just means that on the weekends, I can tease myself with his presence and make the drive to San Antonio to see him, or vice versa. But I can't describe the way it feels to make the drive and feel the wind blasting through the car as my favorite songs ring through my ears, and then the excitement I feel as soon as I reach the point. The point that's what I call the restaurant that I pass on the way to San Antonio I believe it's a Marie Callenders but anyways it means that within the next couple of minutes I will be with him. What does it mean to have a soul mate? I mean, I have heard explanations. but what do you do? How do you know that it's him? It's almost been twenty minutes, and I think I'll just keep typing, until I can leave the computer and study, finally. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_732617.txt,"I am sad. I just started thinking about the dog I left behind in Katy, Texas. That isn't exactly why I am sad though. It seems weird to me that I am really missing my dog and hardly ever thinking about my mom and dad. It isn't that I don't love my mom or dad but something must have gone wrong considering this is my first time away from them and I am hardly talking to them at all. If my mom sends me an email is usually says something like: nothing new here, Mickey's now. Mickey is my dog. I really feel like my dog is more important to my mom then I am. At least she has always spent more time with him. I am getting teary eyed which is weird because I haven't cried in years and I don't think I have anything to cry about now. My roommate's mom calls him every single night. I have talked to her more then I have talked to my mom since I have been here. I haven't heard a word from my dad at all. Oddly enough I don't really miss my friends back home. We have been very close since sixth grade and I just left them. For some odd reason this really doesn't bother me. I can't stop thinking about how much your class stresses me out. It seems so easy. I know it won't be easy though, and that makes we question how much time I should be spending on it now. I almost had a panic attack when I saw that the website was down but it is now back up and that makes me feel okay. I am really hungry which is weird because I just ate a piece of ham, a piece of turkey, sweet potatoes, a piece of pecan pie, broccoli and cheese, and a Neapolitan ice cream sandwich. Isn't that nuts. Hopkins 24/7 is now on. That is an awesome show. It really hits hard without showing gruesome ER scenes (it is a documentary series). I lost my train of thought and I am now writing about nothing. Well, my twenty minutes are up. Bye. ",n,y,n,y,y

2000\_732735.txt,Good thing my friend reminded me about this I almost forgot I've been so busy my throat hurts I love my music my feet are really cold right now I wish my lava lamp still worked I can't tell what the guy is saying in the music I wonder when brionne is going to get here my throat hurts a lot I like these kinds of assignments I wish I had the time in the day to do everything I want to I spent too much money on pictures today its getting late my toes are still cold my throat hurts my lightning lamp is so cool my sandal fell off I heard the door down the hall open maybe its brionne her cell phone is off and I wish I could call her and find out what the deal is ouch my throat hurts when I swallow I'm tired I like my clock on the wall that I made I want my car back there's nothing wrong with it I wish I had a newer car though tailgaters towel I don't want any more alcohol I'm tired of partying I spend too much money my face is smooth I just shaved for brionne I forgot to use lotion though black lights are cool it makes my bottles of cologne in front of it glow I had to fix my lightning lamp the girls like it I spent too much money on it too this room is dusty maybe that's why I'm sick my hat is crumpled now its better I still can't tell what he's saying but I like it I've never had two gold dollar coins before damn I spend too much money there's nothing advanced about the vapor action on these cough drops what a rip off they don't even work they just taste good brionne is here she's looking at the pictures from the party we had a good time she's so sweet she's mumbling to me oh well she's so nice she's doing her homework my fingers are cold I type fast I think my feet are cold I have sandals on but I'm too lazy to put on shoes toes cold my throat hurts still I think I have mono but there's no way I can miss class I'm going to the doctor tomorrow anyways music is good I love this band I can tell what he's saying now he has a good voice brionne is digging in her backpack but I don't know toes are cold very cold like ice so are my fingers it hurts to swallow I think I'm sick I know I'm sick but I can't do anything about it my hat is going to give me hat hair I'm tired but not as tired as yesterday I felt really bad yesterday throat hurts wondering thinking music is so good I love music I wish I could play guitar she's reading a book now she's so sweet the computer is thinking and making noise its done now I don't know what id do without music music is my drug my throat hurts I want to get drunk again I love that feeling I don't have to worry about anything I'm cold my fingers are cold lighter fluid I need flints my computer kicks ass I wish I had a tv I'm so tired I want to sleep I hate the dumb paper clip animations in this program its for dumb people I can't stand dumb people they make me mad they should not be here the music stopped my fingers are cold more music slow quiet music toes paperclip animated guy is dumb damn my throat hurts when I swallow I can't stand it dumb cough drops don't do anything my fingers are cold my contacts are brand new I got email ill check it in a minute my toes are cold aol is dumb good thing I got rid of it I love mp3s music good I feel exhausted I think I'm sick toes are cold again sandals make me have cold feet yay I'm done ,n,y,n,y,y

2000\_733409.txt,"I am so glad I didn't go to work today, this gives me ample time to do this writing assignment Sleeping in is not always good but today it worked out perfectly I am so damn tired from working out yesterday I think my arms are going to fall to the floor today I wonder if that girl in the red sports bra knew I was checking her out I can't wait until this weekend I'm going out and someone is going to have to carry me in the dorm room I really miss my exgirlfriend back home I think I just need to find me a temporary just to have a little fun so I won't miss her so much Last night I got some really good sleep but not enough homework got done I really need to go to church this weekend I feel a sense of being lost when I don't I think it keeps me holy as well Mom is going to be real disappointed in me if I don't keep up the daily routine on Sundays I really wish God would have blessed me with the skill of being able to type faster so that I could jot down more thoughts in twenty minutes Damn it is 12:10 and I am so hungry Some Christians on Campus just stopped by and they have just made me put a ten minute gap in my thoughts because I had to sit and talk to them Maybe I'll got to one of their little functions sounds like a lot of fun to do Jester food has been real heavy on my stomach lately I hope it doesn't make me sick The other night I had a weird dream I dreamt that I pierced my own tongue I grabbed a long needle and stuck it through my tongue and stuck a barbell piercing through it It was so real that when I woke up I thought I really had my tongue pierced But I wasn't scared or worried that I had I was actually a little excited Which makes me wonder if maybe I should get my tongue pierced It's not really my style but I think the ladies might like it I am really mad that I haven't gotten a paycheck yet I am too broke to have any fun you just can't go to college without any money. The only thing that is keeping me afloat is the loan money I got for the semester. It's a lot of money but I want to save little What the hell am I supposed to do when I need to go to WalMart to get some Hotpockets or some bottled water The water here in Austin is so nasty. That is definitely one thing that I miss about home is the good well water we had I was so good Twenty minutes has to be coming up soon. oh look, hey there all done, (a rush of happiness) and now I am thinking all of these unholy thoughts that I don't have to type Goodbye ",y,n,y,n,y

2000\_735261.txt,"How revealing am I supposed to be in this assignment? I can never track my thoughts. They always flit around. I am trying to think of something brilliant to write so I won't appear to be a complete imbecile. I just checked the time and just realized how difficult third is going to be. What am I thinking. I think I need to do well in college. Is my studying enough? I mean really. I am not studying as much as you hear is recommended but I feel as if I have a reasonable grasp on what I am learning. How much of an expert am I supposed to leave each class. Chemistry is going to kick my ass. I need to try harder. Why can't I get it. My sat scores are so high but I can't imagine why. I'm supposed to be smarter. Smarter than I am. Smarter than your average Joe. When I talk I am impressive. People applaud me and remark about me as if I'm brilliant. I'm not. I'm just good at bullshit. I think I want to marry my boyfriend. He doesn't treat me well. But I am a bitch sometimes and not a very good person. Does that justify the way he treats me? I cannot afford to think about him all the time. He will cause me to fail. Or so my mom says. The minute I think of her saying not to think about him I do. How can I not. I didn't do this on my word processor first. I mean, what is the point of writing this so freshly and giving you all this insight if I just decide to edit it later and erase my imperfections. My typos are me. I make mistakes. I misspell. Rarely of course. I am thinking nothing right now. I wonder if other people do that. Think of nothing. I think of a blank canvas. Is that nothing? I guess not but I believe you can understand what I am trying to say. you know, every single night that we have been here my boyfriend and I have spent together? My bed is too small. I want to sleep next to him more than anything but it is just so uncomfortable. You can't have your cake and eat it too. Hmmmm. I am so deliciously tired right now. You know the kind of tired where you are cold and you know that nothing on the planet would feel as good as your comforter. Will is annoying me. He has this dumb ass book he will not put down. I hate competing for his attention. Asshole. Oh yeah Will is my boyfriend. I forgot to mention my honey's name. Back to my tired. I just want to stretch out lazily in my bed. It is not really body fatigue. I just want to to go into my cocoon. Something nonacademic. Something cozy. It is mental and social fatigue which I suffer from. Six more minutes. I need to study more and remember how to do empirical stoichiometry. Oh yeah. You can bet I checked the spelling on that one. Today I was called the ""s"" word by another black person. Sellout. Will is white. Black people hate that. DO you know that in my entire life I have never had a true black friend. The black girls seem to hate me. They think that I am a snob. The black guys listen to the black girls. And I listen to my heart. I love Will. I worry about him. Being with a black girl makes him lack in the eyes of many. It makes him black and he does not get that yet. When he loses his first opportunity, or does not get that promotion he will. Then he will leave me. It's all a matter of time. Why would someone like him want someone like me. Why would someone like me want someone like him. He does not realize that failure in life is not an option with me. Guess what its' been? 20 minutes. ",y,n,n,n,y

2000\_738686.txt,"Wow. I have a lot of books. Ok, it's about 10:04. I tried to start this thing a while ago, around 8, but my girlfriend is over, and I'm helping her learn German. I've had a lot of German classes. Anyway, I'm going to marry her. Sometimes I'm afraid of the commitment, and the choice, but every time I'm with her, she makes me feel confident. When we go play tennis, study (as we are doing right now), or just about anything really. Hmm. Hsinju got the job at the NOC. I don't know if Bobby is just putting on a kind facade or what. SO many guys are like that. Maybe females, but I never really know. But guys are. They are great and pleasant until they're in the company of other men. Wasn't that a movie? In the Company of Men. Yes. Had a yellow and red cover to it, I think. Speaking of which, I need to watch those videos from Vulcan. What a great place. Cheap too. No quite as cheap as my dad's though. I wonder what RPM is going to be like when the evil giant faceless megacorporation finally gets its butt in gear. It seems like I've spent my entire life fighting against corporate america. Fuck Blockbuster, fuck Starbucks. But now that they have bought out RPM Records. well, I'm glad my dad can retire in ease with all that dough. But I feel like I've betrayed myself. How can I be so gleeful about it? Sure, RPM fought the system, and won. we never went out of business. Several times, the megacorporations had to buy us out, not boot us out. But it's kind of like becoming a traitor for some quick cash. Like Judas. That was one hell of a Judas Kiss. $250,000. Wow. Anyway, I really hope my semester pans out well. I'm really liking the idea of the English Teacher class I'm taking. THe teacher seems friendly. Reminds me a lot of Mrs. Hagar. And what luck, a german in there too! Woher aus Deutschland kommst du, mein neue Freund? I think it will be exciting to get to practice my german. THat reminds me, I need to go drop that GER 218 class I'm taking. I don't think I'll really like it. And I can get enough practice helping Stacey anyway. I wonder what I should add. So much is riding on these up coming semesters. Did I mention I love my baby? I'm going to propose to her sometime in October. On a hot air balloon, with a large banner on the ground that says, ""Will You Marry Me?"" I think it will be great. So romantic. Except for the balloon operator. Stacey has low self esteem though, at least when it comes to academia. She's so smart, but she just needs to practice. At whatever. SHe's goofy too. So much fun. I'm actually getting a bit tired. I've been writing for about ten minutes now. I think I want another drink. That crangrape juice was good. Hmm. Sleep would be good. Tennis would too. I think I'm too tired for tennis tonight. I may fall asleep during the movie. Studying and writing is tiring. I don't miss home. Garland, that is. Austin is great. So much better than that rotten place. Everyone there, my age at least, had one single goal: undermine everyone else. Ugh. It's been 20 minutes. Bye. ",n,n,n,y,y

2000\_738753.txt,". It's amazing how much my mood differs by my surroundings or situations. Currently I'm ecstatic because I just found out that my soccer team may be going to Clemson College and that is where my best friend, Kristen McKinney is going to school. I miss her SO much! When I think of her I never have any bitterness or resentment in my heart, but rather gratitude that God brought her into my life. With my constantly shifting moods and feelings, she was always a pillar of strength and stability, the most loyal friend I have ever had. I had so much trust in her, that many times I found myself dependent on her when I needed a listening ear or a shoulder to cry on. I remember a time when I was at my other best friends house and we had a discouraging talk about how I felt her boyfriend was consuming her life. Immediately after I left I drove two blocks to Kristen's house and there she was ready to listen and pray with me. People say that the deep friendships are formed in college, but I know that the friendship Kristen and I have can't get much more intimate than ours. Through out high school we ran cross country and had classes together, therefore we knew every event happening in each other's lives. That's why it's so hard not having her here with me to share the experience of college with. Although I miss her dearly, self pity will not consume me because I am confident that God has prosperous plans for me at UT and Kristen at Clemson. Also this will each me to become completely dependent on Christ and His promises and not on fleeting things of this world. I really hope that I will not become hardened by the sin that is in me and surrounds me daily. Already I find myself not making time to be in the Word, which is the armor I need to remain strong against the enemy. I can relate with Paul who can't understand why he does the very things he despises. But glory be to God who makes me free of guilt through Jesus. Why He chose me, I have no idea. My mind can only take so much of seriousness, then it wanders back to funny Chris Farly lines or petty worries of the day. Already I am thinking of other assignments I need to complete after this and of how I need to get in touch with certain people. Yet we are suppose to live our lives a prayer to God, and I have such trouble letting Christ shine out of me when I am running errands, or standing in lines, or in class. Lord, please make me a bondservant to serve You daily on this campus or where ever I am and who ever I run into. ",y,n,n,y,n

2000\_739608.txt,"I just set my alarm on the cell phone because I didn't want to over write or something. I'm listening to Fiona Apple's song. It's called Across the Universe, I think. I don't know if I was supposed to put quotations around the title of the song. Yes, I'm sure that's what I was supposed to do. This writing assignment is kind of weird cause I don't know what I'm supposed to be writing about and sometimes this freedom makes me kind of weird on the subject. Too much freedom isn't always comfortable, I guess. I can't stop thinking about how bad I feel that I didn't go to my philosophy class on Tuesday. It's not because the professor sucks. Or at least I don't think it is cause I know he does kind of not get the point across. He's too vague. too much vagueness and too much freedom. Both are not good especially if you want structure. I need structure in my life. I do because sometimes I think that I know what I'm doing and what I want to do but it just doesn't work out that way and I think it's because I just want things to be scheduled or I can't get them done. I don't' know how to structure my life, though. This song makes me so depressed even though I like it a lot. I don't know what to write about. I don't know if I'm supposed to continuously type, without stopping, or if I can stop to think about what I want to write about but not get away from the computer. I feel like my writing isn't quality writing here, but I guess that's the point of writing this. I've been writing for four minutes. I know. I stopped to look at the clock. I want to talk to my boyfriend. We got into a fight today because he was upset that I didn't call him and went over to a friend's dorm room. I know that's not what he's upset about though. I know it's because this friend of mine is a guy. I hate that he's so jealous like that. I mean, I don't mind if he wants to show me that he cares, but getting upset with me and hanging up with me like that, I just don't like. Especially embarrassing me in front of my friend. I've known my friend, Jonathan, longer than I have been with my boyfriend. I don't' know. I guess my boyfriend is just paranoid. I love him a lot though. I just wish we had what we had in the beginning of our relationship: blind love and trust. I don't know. I guess that once you go out with someone for so long, things just fly away and you're left with what you always thought you weren't going to do and be and say and feel. I understand why some women cry about their husbands beating them but yet they don't leave. It's called love with a condition. She loves him because she's been with him for so long. I'm thinking that maybe if I didn't type so fast, I wouldn't end up with too much for this writing assignment. First of all, I think this is the coolest writing assignment. Not only because we have this freedom, which I think can get a little demanding. I think it's neat because we can write what we think. It isn't an essay on the revolution of blah blah. It's what I feel and think and want to say, which is always nice, especially in writing. I'm used to doing this though I guess cause I write in my journal often. I never type though, so I guess I'm getting more said. And believe it or not, I always worry about space on my journal. Like, I worry that I'll ""waste"" too many spaces on only one entry. I think I'm so weird. I guess I do kind of like to keep things in order and not waste too much. I am like that in many ways I guess. But I'm also guessing it's a better trait to have than not. I don't know. My computer is making funny noises. I hate my computer cause I paid close to two thousand dollars for it and it doesn't even shut down properly. Plus, stupid Dell won't help me any. I write them and tell them of my technical problem and they just reply to my emails with dumb strategies that don't even work. I've already tried a million times. It makes me want to not fix it at all and just shut it down with the power surge adaptor under my desk. I miss home. I wish I could go home and be with my mom and not worry about money or food or weight. I'm gaining so much weight. I lost about ten pounds my senior year and everybody was complaining that I looked anorexic. Now that I'm in Austin, I've already gained those ten back and I'm scared that now I'll turn into too big of a girl, that ill be that girl, the bigger one than all the other girls. I was only maybe 110 pounds but because all of my friends weighed 90, I looked bigger. Maybe that's why they never wanted to go out with me. I don't know. Maybe it's cause I'm Korean, I don't look like most of the people where I'm from. The Rio Grande valley: either you're Mexican or some type of Mexican. Even the general white population was considered a minority there. Anyway but yeah I used to be cheerleader/student council president and all other kinds of stuff in junior high and I got to high school and cheerleading sucked because I was a freshman and everything else sucked. All my friends turned into druggies. About half of them went to rehab. I feel bad for them. But then again. I don't know. They're here at UT with me. Well, most of them. Does that mean I'm almost equivalent to a druggie? I've never done any drug besides drinking and smoking cigarettes and even that I don't do often. I wish I could find answers to some stupid questions that are so insignificant. Whatever. All I know is that I want my future to bright and successful. I actually want to write. I want to sit and write my poems and my thoughts and write a book, but I know that won't ever be possible. I wouldn't' be able to do it as my job, my career. I know I need food to eat and money to pay bills with and writing books, especially when you're barely starting off, won't get you too much on the table and in your pockets. I don't know. I wish I had the patience to go through medical school but I don't think I could, and besides, I suck at sciences. I would never be able to go through all those damn chemistry and biology classes. I would die. I really would. Why would I want to shoot so high for a career that will only bog me down with way too many hours? Actually, the guy I was talking about before, Jonathan, he has an uncle who is a doctor and he's so rich and makes his own hours, basically. He's working in the ER right now because he likes to travel, and ER doctors can usually go work at whatever hospital. I'm so tired. My shoulders hurt. My boyfriend is coming tomorrow to see me. I'm so excited. We've been going out for two years. It's like we're both from the valley and it's like I'm going to be able to see a part of the old me, at home. I haven't seen him for two weeks, which is nothing compared to the long separation periods when I was a senior in high school and he was a freshman up at A&M. yup, he's an aggie. Funny how I got to be a longhorn. I don't even have all that pride in being one. I didn't even look into buying a sports packet to go watch the game. I wish I was back to being my peppy self like I was in junior high. Did I kill myself? Or did I let other people kill me? Did I let other people tell me I wasn't good enough? I don't know. I want it to be 9:24 so I can stop writing. My shoulders hurt and my neck hurts. I feel too pressured doing this. But yet, I like this writing assignment. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_739643.txt,"Sometimes I think that maybe I need to make some changes to my life. Almost everyone I meet in my life think I'm too shy or too quiet. Personally I think I just don't like to talk. I tend to stand aside and listen or observe what is being discussed. Sometimes those who don't know me well get the wrong idea that I don't like talking to them. A lot of my good friends from high school think that I've changed since I came to college. They say I've learned to open up more to people. I think I'm still the same person though. I guess when a person moves into a college environment it's kind of hard not to talk to people. I mean we're always meeting so many people everyday. I guess another thing I feel like I need to change is my stress level. I tend to stress out very easily. Anything from school problems to things happening at home could make me nervous. I always feel so tense. It's as if everything is going by so fast and I don't have enough time to complete everything I need to do at once. When I'm around my family I usually try not to show them how stressed I am. However when I'm with my friends it's pretty obvious if I'm stressed out. I become moody easily and don't have an appetite. The last two years of college were stressful for me. I didn't know what I wanted to do in my life. I felt that everyone around me had a plan or goal they were working towards. For me, I couldn't find what I really liked. I tried talking to different people but it never really helped. Actually the main problem was myself. I'm always so indecisive. If someone was to ask me to choose between two things, I wouldn't know which one to choose from because I felt both were equally good or bad. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_739722.txt,"So here I go. I'm writing. Don't know what though cause I think this is hard. Tapping fingers. click, click, click I wish it was Friday This is very artificial. Rereading my words I don't like it. I thought I would have more to say, but so far not much is coming up. I'm a very bad typist? whatever. Let's go on. I like my rings. I have only four on my fingers, I think I need more. All silver. There was a pause there. So much for writing for a full 20 minutes, including ALL thoughts. :)I like that. Look(!),I bet I don't even get a scrolly bar thing. Yes, my one page stream, more like trickle, of consciousness. So anyways I guess I'll be like everyone else and tell you about my dog. He's a cutie. A mutt but I love him the more for it. I think he's his own breed or dog or whatever. Yup, he's a shortie. We're always tripping over him, poor thing. (Pause) Tap, tap, tap. I wish I could type faster, like the girl next to me. Damn her. oohooh, my time's almost up. Did I mention I like my nails too. I painted them real pretty. I'll have to show them to Chela. I can't wait until Friday. It's been forever since we've all gone out. Time's up. ",n,n,y,n,n

2000\_740979.txt,"Is U. T. for me? Should I have stayed with my friends in Houston? I thought I was going to meet to meet a lot of new people here. I don't know what to do? Why am I here? I don't even know what I want to be. Is college even for me? I hate that song. I think I could be happy with a low paying job. I don't know. People here are different; maybe it's just me. College is supposed to be the best time. I over think everything. I should just go with the flow. Everyone tells me you will love it here once I meet a few people, but it seems unlikely. I have met a lot of new cool people, but I can't see them being as close as my friends back home. Even the girls here act differently. I have meet a lot of new girls, but it wasn't what I expected. It seems like I'm the only one who feels this way. I know I over think everything. Maybe I'm not giving U. T. a chance. I think I'm trying, but I feel awkward here. I worry way too much. I don't know why I always think about this. That music is loud. I hate complaining like this, its useless, but it's all I think about. Who knows maybe I'll meet new people when I go to I. S. A. tonight. But I know it's going to be like everything else, you might meet new people but you will never see them again or get to know them. I'm so glad I am going home this weekend. What will I do? ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_741743.txt,"I'm somewhat in question with the purpose of this assignment. I'm in a hurry, with places to go and things to do; once again I leave things to the last moment. My 20 minutes will be up and then I will find myself fleeing out the door to make my next objective of the day. Duty from 13, and then the notsoceremonious, colors ceremony. I wonder who codes the script for these pages. Is it Dr. Pennebaker himself who makes the web pages for his own classes; I doubt that all the professors are even somewhat proficient in HTML, needless the mention all the complicated CGI scripts that must be involved with all these online forms. So long as you have a working understanding of how CGI/Java/html works, with an updated WYSIWYG web page creator, it is not all too difficult to create and publish your own web page. My topic flows from one to another as quickly as the minutes roll by while typing this assignment. The lectures of this class are interesting, even entertaining (imagine that), though I'm worried on the difficulty of the test. We have covered a great deal of material from the book, most of which was only very vaguely covered in class. Most of the concepts so far are somewhat familiar to me. I took psych my junior year in High School with a very good teacher. He used every moment that was allocated in his classes to make sure we absorbed as much knowledge as possible. He was dedicated to his work, and would compel us to be dedicated to ours. This is of course Friday, and while I was supposed to be free after noon today, I find that my ROTC obligation will keep me occupied at least until 1700. I'm beginning to realize just how much time this is taking up from me; it will be a struggle to maintain any academic performance that I have begun in my classes. I have taken either tests or exams in all but this class. The computers are down so I don't know what my grade is yet, and I don't have enough time to check with the correction sheet on the website to calculate my grade myself. Well, my twenty minutes is almost up, just a few more to go. I haven't really written much, nor has my writing kept any cohesive thought or substance to it, but I suppose that's what's to be expected from something like this. I don't know what this is supposed to convey about me or my personality, but whatever it is, I probably wouldn't want to know anyway. And now I'm off to finish the rest of my day. ",n,n,y,n,y

2000\_744485.txt,"As I begin this assignment, I'm not sure what to say. I really never write my thoughts down. Maybe I should. I want to play halflife, but I can't. It seems I don't have enough hours in the day to do everything I want to. Maybe I should be better in my time management. But I think I'm pretty good as it is. I always try to plan out my day, making sure I have enough time for everything. Shoot, I can't believe I misplaced my bracelet, Laine gave it to me. She's so sweet. There's a speck of dust on my calendar. I better pick it up and throw it away. I've made a pact with myself to learn how to type correctly on a keyboard. No cheating whatsoever. It is really weird. But I think I'll grasp it eventually. I was just thinking about my trumpet. I', not in any band here, but I still like playing my horn. I just wish I had the time for it. That really pisses me off. Hopefully, after I firmly get adjusted, I can figure something out. I was just thinking about Saurin, when I went to his place a couple of nights ago. He's such a funny son of a bitch. I had a good time. I wish his place had better lighting, though. its too dark. But I like the living room action. This dorm is very restrictive; I can't wait until I get an apartment. I'm sick of walking to a dining hall for food. And I really want to eat meals with meat in them. I got to finish my math work. Maybe I'll invite Matt over again, Darren's coming over after 6:30. I just have a couple of problems to work out, but then there is the new section. I probably should do most of that tonight so I can ask the TA some questions. That one guy got number 30. But he'll be there tomorrow, so that's cool. Man what's that other guy's name yellow hat boy Starts with a G, Garge or something. I checked my answers with him this morning. Most of them were right, thank God. I just hope I can pull something good in this class. I'm determined to work hard. God willing, I won't end up like some of my friends. Man I'm tired. I always seem tired. I don't know why. Four more minutes. this backspace key next to the spacebar is so convenient. I don't have to pick my hand up whenever I make a mistake. That just goes to show how lazy I am. Mofo action lazy. I got a reply from Russell today, I was so glad, I miss him, I miss a lot of people. I guess it's going to take me a while to find people like those I left behind in high school. They were so good in so many ways. There's music playing. oh well, time's up. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_750679.txt,"I just got back from math class, and surprisingly, I feel good despite my lack of sleep for the past 2 weeks. Or I should probably say my irregular sleep patterns. But anyway, I'm not looking forward to my economics class, but my psychology class is a different story. I like my professor, he actually keeps the class interesting, as well as entertaining/comical, unlike my economics class. I dread that class every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and I would not be surprised if I fell asleep in that class today. But there is one advantage to going to economics Salina, or should I say Natalie. I got to stop calling her Salina. I wonder if she gets offended. I hope she knows that I mean well, and besides, she's so cool. Not to mention, fine as all hell. I wonder what I'm going to do tonight, I hope I see Amy. Woooooohh deeee! She is the most gorgeous, absolute prettiest, hottest girl I have ever seen in my entire life, hands down, bar none. And yes, I am keeping Annie in mind. Annie would be a close second. I wonder how Annie is doing, I miss her. I should probably respond to her email, considering she did email me 2 WEEKS AGO! That's alright, I can just come up with another excuse, like always. That could be the problem with me. I just put things off and blame it on laziness. But I don't want to go into that right now, because I would need 20 different 20 min writing sessions. That sucks that I was just interrupted by my roommate's phone, because I was about to be on fire. I wonder how many words per minute I've been typing. Pretty good, I'm sure. It's surprising that I haven't mentioned Jared, or Dom I don't give an F about those guys anymore, and I wouldn't be one bit discouraged if I never saw them again. You better believe that. I could have hit those bastards, for the sake of keeping this writing assignment somewhat clean. Anyways, I believe that it will catch up to them someday, and I'm going to let Nature take it's course. I know for a fact that Miles doesn't have anything going for him, I mean he got fired from my friend's dad's restaurant, and then got fired from Subway! Not to knock Subway, but I would expect more out of him, or maybe not. Dom will somehow make an important person feel special, he'll win his or her respect and make a living out of it, but he'll never earn respect from anyone. Jared, I hate to admit, is smart, for now. But oh yeah, it'll catch up. All those drugs are going to bake his head, I can already see it happening. Sure, he's textbook smart, but that won't last for long. Usually, I would wish for their wellbeing, but I have been through far too much. Right now, I seem malicious towards them, but in 2 weeks, I'm sure I just won't care. Has it been 20 minutes, because it feels like about 2 hours. I'm going to check the time, I know, I know, that's cheating, but I HAVE TO! Here I go. I'm back, I've got 4 minutes left. So, there's this kid I used to know from middle school, his name is Iraj. He's Iranian, and to my surprise, he's so cool. I'm sorry, that's sounds mean, but this is middle school feelings mixed with high school feelings. He's got PINK hair for crying out loud! And I think he's the only kid that I have ever met able to pull a stunt off like that. I think it suits him, and suits him well. I'm very impressed with how he matured, not to mention his full beard. He actually told me that I used to look more Iranian in middle school, which I think is just crazy. I would say it's the other way around. Basically, he's really cool, and I wish him well. I just hope that he outgrows the not caring much about academics. It's either he doesn't care, or the alarm just went off. Alarm? Oh yeah! I guess I didn't have to check half way through. I don't think I can stop typing, it's like I'm permanently in this stream of consciousness mode, and I really like it. It's like I can express, or spill all of my feelings out, without having to hear feedback. However, feedback would be so beneficial. I'm going to force myself to stop right now. ",n,y,y,n,y

2000\_750971.txt,"Dear Sir or Madam: I am writing to inform you of my recent achievements, thoughts, feelings, and general relevancy of life. I have been under some stress for the last few months due to recurring repercussions of the recent divorce of my parents. I am and have always been one who stands and is ready to be strong for others, but some time it takes more strength to cry. I am glad that my involvement in dancing had led me to this time so near my departure for the Olympics. This had helped to separate me from the hectic antics of family. Although it has given to great an amount of time to reflect upon my inefficiencies. Again as I type I am thinking I am wondering as if this incoherent gibberish will be or can plausibly be translated into recognizable human thought and used in my aid. This in itself has become a major threshold of relief for me. Confrontation of my fears has always been a struggle. Fears a plague of man for centuries, we can find cures to anything but be most tormented by nothing more than our own conscious being. See, as I continue I have diverged farther and continued in my pursuit of happiness and my race against fear. I fear that I am losing control. Not of myself but of family. They stray farther and farther from the objective, but seem to relentlessly ignore the many warnings and offers of aid from their peers. Is it true that we are not safe from torment even without villain, or can it be that the most prevalent villain be he who lives within us. Tearing at each muscle and heartstring, pulling our every emotion straight from the gates of happiness to the pits of despair. I've dug myself into this hole and finally confessed, but the only my own strength can bring me out. Ironic isn't it. I am not nearly psycho or even remotely suicidal, but life can bring one down. A carefree person is at the greatest risk, because it is with that lack of care that you neglect to watch for the advance of the ranks of despair. I have yet to find the reason or meaning behind any so feelings. Let alone answer any thoughts or feelings of my own, but simple writing forms a haven, safe place, or a virtual escape from the locks of my own mind. Only as I overcome the fallacies that I have founded my realities upon, may I escape the shackles of my own torment. I really have no problems, other than an overly kind heart and mind that troubles me more than worth. How can I escape my own shackles when it is by the same power that I am confined that I am held captive. My thoughts are low and stamina lost but open freely now are the gates of hope. Once again proving that the pen is far mightier than the sword. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_751883.txt,"""Today is the first day of the rest of your life"" is what I remember my parents saying to me at graduation two years ago. Back then, I was having some serious problems and nobody, including myself, knew what to do. But now, after that wild madness of that first semester in 1999 all has seemed to calm down. I don't know what it was that did it. Perhaps it was that one acid trip that I took at last year's Phish concert. Man, its annoying when that red line pops up under misspelled or misrecognizied words. Makes you feel selfcritical. I don't know how I feel now. Ever since this year began, I've been a little more tired than usual. But, I've been a little stressed out, too. Not about classes; naw, they all seem to be just fine. Enjoyable, too. Having sex with that girl Sue was a bad move, though. First of all, she's kind of nuts. I know she's lonely, too. Must be tough coming all the way from California here, but at least her family's from Texas. She's fucked up, though, because she's searching for something outside of herself that's impossible to find: security and peace of mind. It's impossible to really, really find those two things in this world I think. I mean, security's a joke; there are so many factors that we never think about in our daily lives that kind of jab at our illusions. All those things like high paying jobs, retirement funds, etc. are all about security. Personally, I think it's all a bunch of bullshit, but, then again, I'm not an old man nor do I have a family to support. I hope this girl doesn't get racked up. I'm pissed because she told me that she was on birth control, but that was a lie. And, I know that if I'd gotten some loving in the last three years I wouldn't have done it. I used her and I feel rotten for it. But, her desire for something to hold on to and peace of mind are making her irrational, I fear. Somehow, she identifies these two things with me. Don't really know why, because I never really thought of myself in those two ways realistically, but I never said there was anything rational to her thoughts. Man, I hate complaining, but I got to say that I've had some bad luck with women these last few times. First there was Lexi. I'm not really sure what was going on between the two of us, but I'm sure I loved her in some way. Can't speak from her end of the line, though. The problem was just that towards the end of last year when we were on the rocks, I was starting to go mad, and it's hard to handle a distant woman and insanity at the same time. That's kind of a lame excuse, but what else can I say? I haven't really gotten that far yet, though Lord knows I've tried. I was thinking the other day about whether or not I fear women overall. Well, I sure like to talk and think about them a lot. My mom was always such a hard ass on me growing up. I know she loved me a lot, although I hate to admit it, and I guess that's why she was. Or, maybe it was because of her upbringing. Anyway, nonetheless, I've been afraid of her forever and I'm ashamed because I think it fucks up my deal with other women and I really have a hard time deciding if I love her or not. I know it's my ""duty"" or whatever that means, but do I really? Of course I do on some level, but, man, I always get all tearyeyed when I even start thinking about it. That's another thing: I haven't been able to cry in a good, long while. Oh well, c'est la vie. My friend Elizabeth comes to mind now. I wonder how she's doing up there in NY. We have a really weird relationship, and it really hurt when I learned that she liked Matt for a long time. Guess I always had a little something for her. That was a great time up at the Doubletree last Christmas, though, I will say. Mr. A footing the entire bill, too. I guess Townes Van Zandt does have it right when he said, ""We all got holes to fill, and them holes are all that's real. "" Last night, I learned about some of Manny's holes concerning his father. He sure has been acting differently lately, though. It must be tough, but I don't know how to handle it. Maybe it's just best to let him be for a while. I kind of liked that Emily girl I met last night as well. I guess that statistic that says that men think about sex/women every 30 sec or so is right; the majority of this writing's about them. Or, maybe I just have some complex or something. Probably a combo of the two. I don't know what to think about God these days. I sure have been praying a lot to Him lately, though, over this Sue pregnancy thing. God, I hope that works out for me. I know it's selfish, but, man, You've got to understand. I truly am sorry, and I'll never have sex with another girl again on a onenighter. Lord, hear my prayer. Amen. Our society's kind of funny these days. If there is a man upstairs, I hope he's having a good time. It's amazing how fucked up stuff can get down here, though. After high school, I mean. Sometimes it's hard to be a man, and a woman I'm sure. I wonder who's got it worse. ""Sucede que me canso de ser hombre. "" It just so happens I'm tired of being a man, says Octavio Paz. I guess we all feel like that sometimes. Well, I guess my 20 minutes is up, but I do like this. Maybe we'll talk again sometime. See you, man. Take care and good luck. ",n,y,n,y,y

2000\_752178.txt,"I completely forgot that I had a discussion group for Philosophy today at 12, so I went out last night with the intentions of being able to sleep in all day today, but no. Luckily my roommate is in the same class and reminded me, so now I am awake. Since I have been here I have never spent the night completely alone in our room. However, this weekend I have to stay in town for some dumb sorority match and retreat, while one of my roommates goes home to Houston, one to Dallas, and the other is always at her boyfriends. So this weekend I will be sleeping here all alone, which kind of sucks. I used to always stay home alone, for weeks at a time. But it will be weird to stay here alone, since I have been here all of three weeks. Right now I am on the phone with the Health Center people, because I woke up with a swollen eye, which doesn't feel to great, so I am about to go take care of that. It is really annoying, it isn't painful, just a constant pain. Another thought on my mind lately has been one of my friends; he is also my date to the OU game in a couple of weeks. About a week ago he depledged from his fraternity cause it wasn't for him, he isn't the normal frat guy. However, the other morning when he came to pick up my ID he was wearing the outfit that they have to wear for their pledgeship. When he depledged I had a lot of respect for him because he never does things on his own, and while all his friends were pledges he wasn't. When he said he was back in it worried me. I think it is just because he is bored because none of his friends are ever there, so he is all alone. But we will see how that goes. ",y,n,n,y,n

2000\_752353.txt,"Right now I am realizing how tired I am after such a long day of work. I worked all day today and I think I have sneezed at least 100 times. I wonder if I have allergies. My kitten is crawling across the keyboard. Man, do I type really slow or what. I probably won't be able to type very much in 20 minutes. I am really frustrated with by boyfriend right now. I think that must be a ""woman thing. "" I don't know. Maybe I am a little hard on him. I don't know. I just really wish he could be more open with me a communicate with me better. I really wish he would tell me how he truly feels about me and about us. I am so frustrated with it all. I be psychologists get a lot of complaints about men from us women. I am really sure of that. I am really realizing that men don't communicate very well about relationships. Unless you are talking about football or cars, you might as well forget. it. I really don't know how to take his comment this weekend that he likes cars better than he likes women. I really take offense to that comment. I really think that that is personally directed to me. I don't know. I know he is not sure about us and I pray all the time that he will know how he feels about things and us, but so far that prayer is sill out there. I really don't know what to do now. I am not trying to make him choose me or hit the road, but I just don't want this to drag on for five years of my life and then end. I just don't want to waste any more time in my life. I know if I would have stayed with my high school boyfriend, we would probably be married by now and maybe even be happy, but things never felt complete with him and I am so glad that I realized that back then. With Stephen, things feel so much more real and I really think that is why things have seemed so much harder. We have been through a lot this past year together. With my whole surgery and illness, he sure was great. A lot of men that might have to deal with a sick girlfriend going through surgery and IV treatments would run and never look back. Not him. Thankfully God gave him the patience to put up with me and stick things out with me and help me get through such a trying time. This past year really has been a trying one. I was in the hospital numerous times, had about 8 inches of my small and large intestines removed, went through a four month new IV treatment and all at the same time tried to find a medication that would help keep my body in remission. I am thankful that I am now in the remission that I have longed for and I think my doctor has found a successful dosage and mixture of medications that are helping keep me stable. God has answered so may prayers and is continuing to watch over me. Being sick has really opened my eyes to a lot and helped me grow so much as a person. I really have had to grow up dealing with such a horrible illness. Its really hard being 21 dealing with a chronic illness that you know there is no cure for and having to deal with it daily, either by pain or medications or doctors. I think I am down to taking about 17 pills a day now. I was taking about 25. Stephen said I would jiggle when I walked. I think I still do. My doctor is continuing to decrease my medications thankfully. Looking at the clock my time is up. Hope this doesn't bore you too much. Take care! ",y,y,n,y,n

2000\_758465.txt,"For some reason today I feel more home sick than I have yet. When I first arrived to my dorm room three weeks ago, it didn't feel very real to me. Of course I cried when my parents left, but it wasn't because I was feeling all the things that I thought I would. At the time I think it was more knowing that I would soon feel that way once the excitement wore off. Now, dorm life is very real and I no longer feel like I am at summer camp. The first two weeks were nothing but meeting new people and going new places and now I feel the overwhelming feeling of college work and homesickness. It is rather silly I guess for me to say ""homesick"" because I am only thirty miles away from home, but I have discovered that it doesn't really matter what your distance from home is. Distance would make it harder, but for all of us it is the fact that we are no longer living with our families; we will never be living under our parents permanently. In a way I guess I am supposed to be really excited about that and I think I am, but I also really miss being a bigger part of their lives. So much happens on a daily basis and I feel like I am missing something. I also wonder if it is really weird for me to feel this way. So many of the other students seem to be having the time of their lives, but I wonder if they have ever felt the same way. I went to eat with my mom and sisters last night because my older sister was in town from College Station. After we ate I couldn't fight the tears that were welling up in my eyes. I miss old times like that and I miss the way we could just laugh together and have fun. I know that soon I will be adjusted to my new life and I can look back on this and think what a dork I was. It is just that time of adjustment and waiting until this place feels like home. I want so badly for it to feel like home and I want to be happy here. I really have no doubt that it soon will be a place where I feel comfortable, I just hope that soon comes really soon! My mom keeps sending emails telling me to have fun. It isn't that easy to just make friends and go have fun. I never thought that it would be so hard to meet people, but with such a huge population it can't be easy. I think that I am probably complaining too much because I really am not unhappy by any means but I just expected something different. High expectations are dangerous because nothing can ever be as good as you dream it to be. Oh well, hook 'em horns! ",n,y,y,n,n

2000\_758531.txt,"What is going through my head. hmmm. That's a good question. Well. I feel really skeptical about this whole college thing. I mean its all cool and all but I get a little intimidated by the whole process. I mean all these people in my classes kind of freak me out. I am used to dealing with large amounts of people but WOW. I sit there and wonder how the professors do it all. I mean yes, they have teacher's aides, but I am sure that the work is tremendous. All the schoolwork is a little new to me. I am used to a lot of busy work and worksheet. Don't get me wrong. I was in advanced classes, but I am not that used to every class having mandatory readings all the time. I am also a little scared of going out. I was always a social person in high school but the whole going out and meeting new people is a little scary. I mean, the people seem really friendly and nice, but a lot of them seem really snobby and a little unapproachable. so it makes a person hesitate. I am really an outgoing girl but I hesitate for some reason here. In other environments, I usually don't. It is strange though. It like I am afraid of making new friends. How silly is that??? Also, I am afraid of the whole freshman 15 thing. I mean, how could people gain weight? You walk around all day and go to class. And when you're not doing that you are reading or going out? Well, I know the food isn't that great, but 15 pounds! Wow! Also, this whole party scene is a bit intimidating for me. I want to go, but I am so scared because of all the storied I've heard. Funny what you realize when you just sit here and let your mind go. I need to learn to type faster so I can go as fast as I am thinking. Oh well. that's what you get for not taking keyboarding in junior high. Well. I am thinking my 20 minutes of typing is up. So I will check all my spelling and turn this in. ",y,y,n,y,y

2000\_759523.txt,"Well, I hope I'm doing this assignment correctly. I think it might be too easy and that's why I'm having a problem with it! Well my eyelids are very heavy. I'm very sleepy. It's cold in here but I don't feel like getting up and getting a blanket. I really need to do my Chemistry homework also. I'm trying not to procrastinate too much. I'm really bad about that. So I'm attempting to get off on the right foot. I'm bored. I'm looking around the room at my beautiful orange pipe that they installed last week. Just the thought of it makes me angry. I hate typing sometimes because I always hit the wrong keys. Next week is going to be busy. I have to pick E and Ken up form the airport at 2:00 and I get out of my last class at 2:00. As soon as I get back to campus I have to go to a meeting. I hope I'm not late. I don't want to walk in late! I really hate typing! My feet are very cold, I need to get some socks, but I'm not sure if we are supposed to stop. My fingers are cold too. It would probably help if I dried my hair. At least that's what my mom always says. I really need to fix my computer wires. They are a mess! They should put a hole in the back of the desk so the wires can be in the back, but NO that would make too much sense. It has to be difficult! Well I've almost been writing for 10 minutes. Yeah, tem more left! My neck itches. My eyes are getting droopy. That dream I had last night was really good. I don't remember what it was about, but it was good! I wonder why I can never remember my dreams? Maybe I'm just weird. Who knows?. My feet are very cold. I have to get up and get some socks. Ok I'm back. I'm really excited about going to the Matchbox Twenty concert next week. That's another reason I wanted to get this assignment over with. Ooh, I've got six minutes left, I've got six minutes left! Yippee. I guess that's how you spell that. Well my spell checker didn't catch it. So I guess I'm right. I'm not a very good speller, but that's OK. I really want to take a nap this afternoon. I think I'm going to. I'm glad Jennifer's not here. I have the room to myself! That put a smile on my face! I love Cheerios. They are one of my favorite cereals! Ooh, my hair is falling in my face. I hate when it does that. I don't understand why its so cold in here. I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow. I'm excited about going to the game. My hands are cold. I really need to organize my stuff in my room. I'm so glad maintenance fixed my bed! Now I won't fall out in the middle of the night! That makes me happy! I'm sleepy. Maybe it will help if I open the blinds. That blind man in the cafeteria was nice. I wonder what he was doing there. Well my time is up. Ooh, I even went over by a couple of minutes! ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_761809.txt,"Stream of conscience. Just typing whatever comes to mind. I just woke up a little while ago from an exhausting week of this thing called college. I have made many friends, but still looking for that awesome bond, my best friend Brook and I shared. I am from out of state, so meeting people is a must for me. I meet someone new everyday; it's like a mind game that I play with myself. Can I remember his/her name? What crazy way did I try and remember his/ her name? I do want to go back home this weekend. All my friends that went out of state and those who stayed instate are going back home for Labor Day weekend. When I was small I used to spend this weekend up at our little lake cabin with my grandparents and my dad. My dad would drive up/down from wherever he was on business to take my sister and I up to the lake, for one last weekend full of sunshine and sunscreen. The word Sunscreen reminds me of the beach, Florida trips with my mom and stepdad and of course my wonderful little sister. I remember Cara and I would play Uno in the back seat of the pickup all 12 hours to Destin. Goodness writing from my conscience brings back a lot of memories. I am growing up, that's what everyone says anyway when you go off to school. Here I am its hard to believe that I am fully responsible for all of my actions, I have nightmares about not waking up in time for class or dreaming of scary situations with my friends and family from back home. A couple of ""nightmares"" I have had have truly disturbed me even after I awoke. So bad that I had to call back to Arkansas to make sure everyone was okay. Even though I new it was a dream, something inside me made me make sure. Random change of pace, but I am hungry. My favorite thing to eat in the morning is a cinnamon roll, but since I way slept through breakfast this Saturday afternoon, I will have to adjust my system to something much more healthy. My abs hurt when I laugh, they are a constant reminder of my wonderful workout last night. While most everyone was out boozing it up down on 6th street, my friend and I worked out. Seems a little ironic. A little bit of me wonders if I am truly missing anything, just the social aspect of college. I just feel that its okay to do whatever I want, and if I don't feel like getting ready to go out. I shouldn't bother with it, another part of me wonders how can I say no when I never have. I am only seventeen so I use that as an excuse until I turn eighteen at the end of the month, to decide if I want to go out or not. I bought my first football tickets yesterday, the lines weren't all that bad. I just thought this entire drawl process would just be horrible. No big deal. It did make me a little sad/homesick to see all of the groups of friends buying tickets together. Time. Just time and I will also be part of that group. Right? That is what I keep telling my conscience anyway. I am anxious to reread all of these random thoughts from my conscience to see how I jumped from one subject to the next, or even what I did write about. I guess that is your experiment or research on this. I am looking forward to the next class and the research sign ups. ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_762391.txt,"I'm sitting here listening to a trance cd of jimmy van M who I recently saw at Hyperia in Houston, Texas. As best as I can express my sensations and reactions to this music something will always be left unsaid. The music is a magical, emotional journey that not many people understand. Those that do, however, are purveyors of another plain of consciousness that will forever stay with them. A grammatical explanation is hard to find when most people are entirely withheld from experiences that have the guaranteed potential to alter people's lives. I often think of Teddy Roosevelt's idea. ""Far better it is to dare mighty things than to take rank with those poor timid spirits who know neither victory or defeat. "" I for one am a great example of the power that is contained in some of the things I've experienced. I wish I could really delve into these things sometimes without hesitating with regards to the repercussions. But, then again, the leap of faith is something everyone must do on their own. Someone can only be shown the door. You must have the initiative within to step across it on your own. As much as I've seen and endured I sometimes wonder if I really have seen everything that is the best. Then I remember what I thought before my experiences and I know that there is still so much more out there for me to jump on. Avoiding selfdestruction is also a daunting task sometimes and an everpresent one. One I am no longer fearful of fulfilling. Life really is too short to worry a fraction as much as most people do. This is a cold, hard fact. I'll be damned if I'll be lying on my deathbed reminiscing about all the missed opportunities. I'll croak knowing that I choked everything out of life and then some, and then a little more. ",n,n,n,y,y

2000\_766519.txt,"What should I write about?. Anything that pops into my head? Okay. Well, I have to write Edwin email and via snail mail. I told him I'd send the pictures, his copies, of our trip to San Antonio. That was one fun and exciting weekend. I miss him so much. I think of him as much as I do about Jon. But Jon more so, of course. I can't wait to see Edwin again. Mom's cooking really smells good. She's cooking Filipino beefsteak and my mouth is watering. The watercolor picture on the front cover of the PSYCHO text is quite unusual. Looks like one of Picasso's works, but the facial features aren't misplaced. Hmmmm. how much more time do I have? Eh, five minutes have passed. fifteen more minutes to go. I keep thinking about AOL and the internet. I have to catch up with my email writing and AFLS posts. I rarely post in the newsgroup anymore. There are so many newbies and the people in there are rather annoying. Lea posts there, though. That's really nice of her. Very thoughtful lady. But what busts my buttons the most are the continuously unending flow of questions, personal or otherwise, that particular people tend to ask. They probably know more about Lea than they do about themselves. They're so obsessed. I just want to tell them off and give them a piece of my mind, but I'm not that type of person. I like writing this way. It's like a diary or a journal of some sort. I should do this more often. It's quite relaxing. I used to keep a diary. I'd tell it everything, especially how I felt about Edwin when I was younger. about 10 or 11 years old or so. I had the biggest crush on him, to this day, but he never knew back then. He liked me, too, big time. It was only a few weeks ago, when I saw him after 10 years that I confessed. We were both sad that we were never really together, but that night felt like we had been together all this time. for the longest time. It felt so natural he said so himself. I could replay that weekend for the rest of my life. And we shared so many common interests that I never knew we had before. My, what a story we have. It's like a long lost love affair. This writing assignment is pretty neato. Just writing down thoughts. Putting it into words. I could write a whole novel. HAHA! I'm still thinking of Edwin. But, alas, I am in love with someone else, also a boy from my childhood. I didn't really know him back when I was 10 years old. His family, yes, but not him. It's only during high school that I got to know him and later on fall head over heels for him. It wasn't love at first sight, you see, as in Edwin's case. I eventually fell for Jon and I will remain faithful and loving to him for as long as I shall live. Should I end here? I've got one more minute. Well, it's at least 20 minutes, but I feel like writing more. My mom's cooking smells great. Well, time's up but I'll keep on writing. I need to go to the bathroom, too. So, until next time. This is confidential right? Now, where's that submit button? ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_767391.txt,"Starting out college life was harder than I expected. I thought leaving home and being on my own would be a fun thing, and that nothing would happen in a bad way. I guess I was wrong because it was very difficult to learning to be on my own. Now I have no parents to depend on, and I had to learn to be responsible. The first week I didn't really know many people here so it was hard finding something to do. If I had people I knew I would have placed to go to instead of doing nothing. Since there was no homework or anything this was the time to have some freedom. I was thinking that once the school year started I would have to concentrate on studying and worry about grades. I think studying is a very important thing in college life. College life is a whole lot different from high school life. One major difference is going to class. I don't know how to write that difference is in words but I know it is different from high school. It's just this feeling I have. I wonder if this feeling counts as a reason to explain the difference of the two. There's one good thing I recognized about being away from home and parents. That is more freedom! There are no parents telling you to come home at a certain time or to clean the house. Being away from is good and at the same time bad. Being away from home means being away from family. And no family means loneliness because family is family. There is also friends that you can always make and they can be like your family even they can't replace them. Friends are always good to have, but it's also important to have good friends. Friends that understand you and will be by you in times of need. I guess there are also organizations and clubs that you can join to meet new people and experience new people. Since the first time I came here I have met many new friends that I think are very nice. Meeting new people is a fun thing; therefore everyone should meet new people. One thing that is worrying me is the freshmen 15. This I heard from people that already experienced college life. Freshmen are supposedly to gain 15 pounds their first year because you have the freedom to eat whatever, whenever you want. The scary thing about that is that a person I know said girls are more likely to gain and guys are most likely to lose weight. I thought ""Dang~ why the girls!"" I hope I don't gain 15 pounds and go home hearing people say to me, ""Wow~ you gained some weight in college haven't you. "" That is something I never want to hear. ",n,n,y,n,y

2000\_770472.txt,"Well, what to write about? I just got done playing football, we won. I am glad that we won because I really hate to lose. In high school my team went 3 and 7, and that just drove me crazy. As our record got worse my teammates stopped trying, and that killed me inside. I don't know what to really write about, I don't really feel much right now. I guess that means that I am happy with myself. School is cool so far. It is a lot different from high school, because you can't really get to know your teachers and let them help you get through all of your stuff. It sucks that Texas lost. I can't believe that they wasted their season already. I just got back from seeing my sister. She is 8 months pregnant with her first baby. It is a little boy and they are going to call it Jason Jr. That is real cool, I really like little babies. I hope that when I have a baby(hopefully not for quite a while) that it is not too fat. That is one of my biggest fears, having fat kids. I guess because I can remember the hell that I put the fat kids through when I was little. I also wish that I could type faster. I have been sitting here for fifteen minutes already and I only have a quarter of a page done. If I was to double space it I guess I would have half a page, but I haven't yet. I wonder if you want it double spaced. I guess I will go ahead and double space it for you. Well that's twenty minutes so I will finish this line and then go take a shower. ",n,n,n,n,n

2000\_771081.txt,"I love just being me. Honestly without my personality, I am nothing in this world. There are so many people alive today that without my individuality, I could not survive. It would be too weird if I walked around the streets seeing a splitting image of myself. Hehe I think that I would probably pass out if that ever happened to me. Ouch, my arm really itches right now. Man I hate when I scratch so hard and it leaves marks on my skin. It's so unattractive and it is so annoying when I have to shave over it. I really can't believe that he would say that to her. Doesn't he realize that some things are best left unsaid especially when you don't know the whole story? Fainting has to be one of the most unique experiences that I have ever gone through. It's so weird that you lose all control of yourself for that onesecond. Thank goodness that girl was there to help me even though she didn't know me. I would freak out if I ever came in contact with someone who was about to pass out and fell on me. Man Jessica really can draw. I wish that I had the talent to do something like drawing my selfportrait. My legs are really starting to bother me since they are in that position. Oh man I need to go read my Theater since I have that class tomorrow. What should I wear tomorrow? I wonder if it is going to be as hot as it has been this whole time. I thought it would feel so much better than McAllen. For goodness sakes, at least McAllen has wind. Man what I would give to be at the beach right now without a care in the world sipping on the best tasting glass of lemonade and laying out getting the greatest tan in the world. And the POboys at Blackbeard's. No one makes greater Fantail Special than they do. I really hope my computer comes soon. I can't wait to start adding songs to my computer. Why hasn't my phone rang in a while? I need to call Jessie in a minute. I wonder if I have anything that I need to get done tomorrow. Hopefully my backpack will work out good. Because it was so cheap compared to everything else that was there. I love my shoes and I can't believe that my black ones broke. That was too weird that it happened especially since it was in the middle of the street and I wasn't doing anything that would have made it break normally. I hope my computer is the one I wanted. I wonder who is calling right now? Must be for Amber since she is talking to that person right now. I really feel like watching Hope Floats right now. That is such a great movie, and the guy in it is so hot. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_771407.txt,"This semester should be one where I define the rest of my life. Working as hard as possible to get into the school of architecture. It is what I have wanted to do for the past 5 years. The fact that I was initially rejected brought me down. But I can't let that hold me down. Hopefully psychology will help me sort out my thought processes. My roommate is being very helpful right now by blurting out random words and playing decent music. I'm pretty fortunate to have a good friend like him. I have known him for the past 2 years. I am also fortunate for having good professors this semester. I don't really have a monotone stiff up on stage reciting the book word for word. I am also fortunate that the girl next to me in psychology class is hot. Hopefully something will come of it. If not there are about 20,000 other cute girls running around on this great campus. I thought this was going to be easy but so far I just can't seem to talk about much. That it was I hate about myself is that I am too shy around people I don't know. People I don know think I am loud and very extroverted but around strangers I don't know how to initiate conversation. There are times though when I don't really care and I seem to make friends with everyone. I have a lot of reading to do but I thought I might as well get this out of the way. I used to do this type of thing in my 10th grade English classes. Mr. Wildman was so cool. My old high school wasn't very good. I guess that is why I only went there for 2 years. I bet there are about 2 million mistakes in this paper once I am done typing this. The psychology textbook is pretty easy reading. That is such a relief because I need to work as hard as I ever had in my entire life and I probably couldn't do it if the books were terrible. I think that after this semester of busting my ass I t help bring me into a routine of busting my ass and making a 4. 0 over the next years will come natural. I believe that the harder you work the better the pay off. Architecture is a field of tremendous work. I have worked with a guy for the past two years. It so good. I have learned more on the job than I think I will ever learn in any classroom. It was a job I was looking forward to going to every morning. He gave me a lot of responsibility this past summer. I was able to organize the El Paso Independent School District fundraiser where I happened to meet a lot of influential people in the society. How much longer do I need to type? This is lasting longer than I thought it would. I guess my head is just empty. I think while doing this I try to hard to put on this thing that I think you want to hear. But since it is just a free thought paper I should just be able to write whatever I want. But for some reason it just isn't happening. I think way too much about things that keep me up at night. I often lie in bed until 4 in the morning just thinking I will be in the next 10 years. I have always had the dream of making it big and becoming some architect who becomes immortal thought his outstanding designs and buying my parents whatever they have always wanted. I think that making my parents proud of me is my ultimate goal in life. Just once to here my dad say, ""that's my son"" in front of a whole crowd of people and for him o be so proud of what I have become and done is the greatest thing in the world. Hopefully I went let him down that is why I come to class. That is why I have to college. This is why I am reading and turning this assignment in days early. I will do whatever needs to be done to get to the top. If I don't I have not only let myself down but my parents as well. But I won't let that happen. This is the place an time to make or break my future and I don't plan I on coming away from the university with anything less then I what I came here for. I will be the best and I will make my parents proud. Time is almost up I thin. I guess this has been good for me. Even though no one will probably ever read this I know it has been a vent. These are things no one has ever heard me say. So take car of it. Times up teach, talk to you later. ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_772049.txt,"Well, since I don't know how to start, I'll start by talking about my weekend. I just about killed myself learning how to slalom ski. We started Saturday. Buck, Carl, Dylan, Kevin, Crystal, and I went to Lake Georgetown with my new boat. I made it my goal to learn how to slalom ski. I actually got up on one ski relatively quickly. The only problem is that it hurts when you fall. I broke my nose the first time that I fell because I kneed myself in the face. I spent the rest of the afternoon learning how to keep my balance and how to jump. The only problem with Saturday is that Crystal and Carl got into a fight. They've been dating for a couple of weeks now. Anyway, we went back to the lake Sunday and I kept trying different things and now I'm pretty good on one ski. And it is a blast, I'll never go back to two skis. Sunday night I played the role of mediator for everyone. I talked to Crystal about Carl and I talked to Carl about Crystal. They are trying to work things out, but it is going to be tough. Then I talked to Danielle about Buck. Danielle is one of Crystal's friends that started hanging out with us. She liked Buck a lot. Buck wasn't sure how he felt about her at first, but he's starting to like her. Right now they have bumped their relationship status to dating. This is good because they make a good couple and they make each other happy. At least as far as I can tell. But I did a lot of talking and more importantly listening Sunday. I think I helped smooth everything over with them for now. Carl and Crystal seem to be getting along better. I missed classes Monday because of injuries that I received over the weekend. I broke my nose, twisted my back and my left knee, and got a terrible case of whiplash. I couldn't even get out of bed Monday morning. I'm starting to recover though. I had to go to work Tuesday. I work at Internet Gateway in Georgetown. I love working there except that I don't get paid near what I should be getting. I make $9/hr. That should be 23 times more, but I only work 2 days a week anyway. I was working full time but I decided that since I have to go to school, I should make it my top priority. I didn't want to go to college, I'm not sure that I want to now that I'm going; but I know it is for the best and it makes my mom happy. That's really the only reason I'm going is because my mom wanted me to. Actually my whole family was pushing me to go. This is OK though because I know that they only want the best for me and a college education will help out tremendously later in life. Especially when I start looking for a better paying job. Although, college has been really fun so far. I have had my own house since this summer. Buck and I are roommates and we are renting a house in Georgetown. It is a lot of work, but it is worth it to say that I have my own place. Buck and I met at work. His dad owns the company where I am employed and he started working there during the spring. We have gotten to be best friends and we hang out all of the time. He is a good guy. We have a lot in common too. I've been lucky in that regard. I have a lot of good friends, and several that I can depend on for anything. It is a really good feeling to know that I can trust someone like Buck with my life. I've also been very lucky because my family is very close and we all can depend on each other. My stepfather bought me a truck for graduation last year. Robert, my stepfather, is a great guy and my mom and him make a very good couple. Well, I've put over my 20 minutes into this paper, and I have to go back to work now. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_773497.txt,"The walk was refreshing. I should do that more often. I am not sure why not many people take advantage of the beauty of nature and fresh air, and the flowers. My mother loves gardening. We always complain that she spends more time on the garden than on her children. It is just me, my brother and my Dad. Ours is a small family. Not like my neighbors. They have six children. Must be very noisy to live in that family. I like peace and quite when I watch TV or study. I do not think there are any good programs on tonight. I have never watched The West Wing or Will and Grace. Both won the Emmy. They are probably not my type. I just like Friends. This summer there were not any good movies also. Summer really ended so fast. I miss my friend, ""S"". I don't know what it would be like to be at Texas A&M with her. It is a shame she did not get admission at UT. I would have loved to share a room with her. My suite mate is OK. I had lunch with her but we do not have much in common. She is much younger and is in drama. I am in Natural Sciences. I am not sure how I decided on Pre Med. and maybe Business. For the longest time I wanted to be a teacher and my brother told me that it would not make me rich. Money is not everything. Well if I become a doctor, i. e. if I ever pass my MCAT. Why is life so difficult. I wish life was easier and we could do what we wanted. Better still I wish we did not have to grow up and worry about having a family or making money. I think it is getting warm. I need to turn on the AC. My room mate must be cold blooded. I need circulating air. It keeps me refreshed and relaxed. I am not sure why my parents moved to Texas from Canada. I love the snow and the cold. ""T"", my friend in Vancouver, has not replied to my email and she does not even like Instant messaging. I think it is neat that we can do that. I can make friends easily on the net, but face to face is really hard. Everyone thinks I am shy and they are probably true. I had no idea 20 minutes are so long and you can write so much. When I am doing something enjoyable time flies and now it seems that the clock does not move. I need to change this chair. It is so uncomfortable or maybe I can put a pillow on it. I think I will go for another walk after I am done with this. I wander if there is anything good on TV tonight. That fish I ate in the cafeteria is making me sick. I hate the food they serve. I am glad I am going home this weekend. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_777531.txt,well. how do I start? I suppose I'll just start by saying that I am very tired of school I don't even know why so soon I mean my classes aren't all that bad yet but I'm tired of waking up so early to catch the crowded bus and always having to walk everywhere in the heat one thing I am excited about is my boyfriend coming down in less than 9 days to visit me. he's from texas tech and I miss him so much the only bad thing is that I think that I'm hiding myself from the world because I feel safe enough with him that I block out the rest of the world and therefore I am not quite as social as I should be. but I'm really worried that I'm going to lose him and then where will I be? who will I have? oh well can't think of that right now. I'll enjoy my life with him for now long distance relationships are very hard. I don't quite know what will happen but I do know that he is very special to me and every guy I go out with in the future will be compared to him enough about the mushy stuff I'm living with my sister up here its really convenient she takes care of me and we don't really fight a lot she's sick right now I don't know what to do except for buy her medicine I'm a bad nurse oh wells I can't believe we have been in school for bout 2 weeks now. it feels like 2 months everything is moving by so slow I miss Dallas I can't wait to go back and visit my family and friends ill be going back in bout 2 weeks or so I hate it that I'm easily distracted when I start on my homework the tv usually gets to me because we have cable and so some really good movie will be on and ill sit there and watch it instead of working on my homework. that's really starting to become a habit and the thing is when the show is finally over and I start on my homework its already 12 and I'm pooped I need better study habits I'm currently a biology major. I don't even think that's what I'm going to follow through here I don't go out partying like most college students I think I should take advantage of my college years here but I really don't like the whole clubbing experience I'm full and I feel like vomiting. I think I ate too many chicken wings. oh wells I hate the computer I'm on the internet connection is really slow and I hate tying on a laptop computer. I'm use to the normal ones I still have a lot of reading to do I have to finish reading in this class and in biology. I hope I don't bomb any of my classes my parents expect me not to since my sister is here and will show me the ropes. do you know how much pressure that is? I feel as if I never seem to make my parents proud enough it comes with the territory. being the middle child is really hard anyways. I miss chili our chinchilla ill get to keep him for about 3 weeks so I'm really excited our apartment is so messy we live like boys I'm getting really tired already. I think ill be up late yet again tonight ill shower tomorrow morning I've dyed my hair 5 times and yet it wont give me the color I want I'm so frustrated I'm frustrated with life with school with love everything when I took the pretesting thing I felt so depressed. everything I was answering about myself was so negative. in some way and so I felt really bad once I was done. that reminds me I have to go check out that bulletin board to check out some experiments I could to do obtain my 5 hours actually now 3 1/2 which is great. I hope they don't make me do anything really weird I'm kind of hesitant to do that stuff oh wells I haven't been out a lot since I've been here in Austin I'm kind of homesick. I miss the simple life I lead when I was in Dallas everything has changed things are not so simple anymore I fell as though I'm not as happy here I don't know why though. don't worry. I'm not suicidal or anything I just wish I knew what was bugging me I think. actually I hope things will be fine soon this year is moving by so slow. and its so hard making friends I have at least one friend in each class except for chemistry that really bad because you should really have a study partner in that class I think ill have to make friends in there soon I feel stress stress from the world everything I hate it I get stressed easily sleep is overcoming me. I have to stay awake. I'm already behind in my readings can't get even more behind. I need a major massage my shoulders are so tense. my whole body is tense I like these kinds of writing assignments because it helps release some of my emotions hidden inside some stress has lifted but there's still a lot there well. my time has ended. its been 20 minutes 20 minutes that have flown by ill end it on this note. I need some sleep. I'm going to sleep goodbye. ,n,y,n,n,n

2000\_781318.txt,"I really don't have a clue what to write about but I guess I'm supposed to think of what I'm feeling which is that my tank top's straps are really bugging me because they keep falling down and I keep looking at the pictures on my desk instead of the screen and what I am writing my refrigerator keeps making an annoying buzzing sound but I am concentrating on it anyway since I have to keep in touch with my senses. I keep staring at these pictures like I'm afraid to look at the screen or something it is a picture of me and my two friends from high school in our bathing suits acting like morons. there is also a lot of dust on my desk and on the picture frames and I really think I should clean them off, but I am pretty lazy so I doubt I will do that there is dust on everything around my computer!. the printer, the keyboard, the mouse pad, the phone and the pictures. my neck keeps itching; its probably from the dust or something. I can't believe I've only been typing for three minutes. this is going to be a very long paper, but this assignment is definitely a lot more fun than all the other ones in my other classes. uhoh the phone is ringing and I don't know whether to pick it up or not! I guess I can't because that would be breaking the rules! so I didn't and now it stopped and a really loud voice came on the answering machine of course the message wasn't for me I already had my really really good and nice phone calls for the day. I guess you could call me one of those losers that really misses home. I miss my boyfriend and my friends in the picture on my desk and my dad. and I miss my mom, but she's not at home, at least not technically because she's dead. this should be interesting to see where this thought leads because I have noticed in myself that whenever I think about my mom my brain won't let me and it starts thinking about something else like what I will wear tomorrow or something totally irrelevant. my mom was nice and I have a picture of her in my room but I can't really see it from where I am now because it's above my bed it makes me sad to think about her and when I do, like now, it makes me want to cry. I think that my brain realizes I will be too sad when I think about it so it won't let me. that is kind of nice of it, but sometimes when I just want to think about it, it won't let me. now my wrists are hurting from typing so fast for so long and my back is itching and it is getting very hot in here our room is always hot. my mom was always hot and we had to keep our house freezing cold nobody wanted to come to my house in the winter because it was so cold. it didn't matter this past winter, though, because she wasn't alive and I could turn the heat up if I wanted to because no one would yell at me for doing it. My dad would sometimes, but he doesn't really care. He'll yell at me to put on a sweater or something because I am costing him too much money when I can just put a sweater on but my dad is nice, not as nice as my mom, but he wasn't as understanding or shy as her. when she first died he was very understanding about everything but now he is the same as he always was there is a picture of us above my bed that I can see well it is of us dancing at my brother's wedding like ten years ago we were really happy then and we are now, too, I guess he just got married again so there was some tension there but its gone now for the most part, despite what he says. he is in Ireland now with his new wife because that is where she's from and her dad is dying so they went to see him. I liked her dad; he was a funny Irish guy he has cancer; it seems that everyone dies of cancer, although my mom didn't. my mom died because of an incompetent fire rescue ambulance squad and bad cop who will go to hell when he dies, hopefully. it bothers me that I am so bitter about him and the ambulance squad but I can't help thinking that my mom would still be alive if it weren't for them. now I only have five minutes left to go I am extremely itchy I am never this itchy in any other given twenty minutes, I guess its just the stress of actually having to think about my thoughts. the people outside are being so loud and annoying you think that if you were on the ninth floor you wouldn't hear stuff on the ground so far below, but you can. I keep going from staring at the pictures to staring at the screen; I'm afraid to look anywhere else I guess so now I am just sitting here listening to the people outside, enduring my itches, and thinking about how I've almost written a whole entire page on absolutely nothing relevant. I guess some parts were relevant because they made me pay attention to my surroundings and what my brain actually thinks I think it will be cool to go back and reread this. this was a fun assignment except my wrist really hurts now and my arms are sagging like how they tell you not to do on the anticarpel tunnel syndrome commercials and papers. but I only have one minute left now and I can't wait because my wrists are hurting and I don't think they can take much longer. I haven't typed in so long unless you consider email a valuable typing time which I don't because my emails are never a page and some long! ow. ow ow ow. those people are s ",n,y,n,y,y

2000\_784017.txt,"When I came to Texas I thought that school was going to be very difficult and that I would not meet anyone new. These are both wrong. So far I have met many new people and I feel as if school is not going to be as hard as I had expected. I love my classes and the diversity of students in them. Diversity to some people is a bad thing, but I love it. I think it is great to any environment to have people from every different ethnic or religious background. My favorite band, the Dave Matthews Band, has a lead singer named Dave Matthews. He is from South Africa, although he is Caucasian, he considers himself to be of a South African background. He sings many songs that talk about the problems with diversity in the world today and in years before. He is a great man and I love his songs. I went to the concert in Houston last night and watched the people around. Everyone seems to love him. I feel that he is my inspiration. His songs have such meaning and I feel that every song that he sings relates to me in some way. During the concert he was so moved by his music that he would dance and play around on stage. He is such an entertainer and performer that it would be impossible for anyone not to like him or his band. Each person on the band has a unique talent. Boyd Tinsley is the violinist, and can play jams for hours at a time. He is very talented and used to have a band of his own before he joined the Dave Matthews Band. Leroi Moore is the wind instrument player. I cannot really specify what instrument he plays because he plays over 12 different instruments, and all of which he plays to perfection. During concerts he must where sunglasses because he is so shy that he closes his eyes during the entire time of which he is playing. Carter Beauford is the drummer. He is probably the most talented member of the band, besides Dave of course. Recently he was ranked the number one drummer in the world. Another member of the band is Stefan Lessard. He plays the bass guitar for the band. He joined the band in his junior year of high school. He is the youngest member of the band. Finally, Dave Matthews plays lead acoustic guitar for the band. He is probably one of the most talented songwriters in the world today. The band last year had the highest profit grossing summer tour which made over 60 million dollars. Before Dave started the band he used to bartend at a local bar in Virginia called Miller's. This is important because he met all the members of the band bartending at that bar. He ended up starting the band in 1991 and didn't get all the members to actually commit until 1992. Every year the band becomes more popular and more popular. But, the initial reason why the band became so popular in the very beginning was because the band allowed fans to plug into the soundboard and create tapes. These tapes where then copied and passed onto many other people, and through this very system of tape trading the band's popularity grew at exponential rates. Nowadays, people can just use Napster to trade songs, but back in the early nineties people actually had to trade the tapes in person or through the mail. This band is my inspiration and I hope that they will live forever in my mind and in the mind of the people who hears their music. ",y,n,n,n,n

2000\_788565.txt,"My chemistry book does not have a periodic table in it while my roommate's physics book does. I find that somewhat strange, as the periodic table does not really have as much to do with physics as it does with chemistry. I have come to the realization that Indian producer people truly are strange. This realization has come after a weekend of analyzing music videos and such. I mean, they parody off of old songs as well as songs from here and incorporate a million and one costume changes and odd moves into their dances. The people upstairs just made another random noise. It sounds like they are always moving furniture or wrestling or something. I'm pretty sure there are guys up there, since I don't think that girls move their furniture daily and wrestle. I really don't know what they do upstairs. The people next door to us are just as strange. They screen their phone calls I think; their phone is always ringing and no one picks up. But then I hear them in their room. Actually, I'm beginning to think that screening phone calls is a pretty good idea. We've gotten some random phone calls. Some of these calls came from people I know very well and yet I can't understand the messages they leave on the machine. I just realized that I have very random thoughts; I think that this means that I'm not really focused on what I'm doing or something. Actually, I'm trying to think of something really meaningful to say in these twenty minutes and my mind is coming up quite blank. I just don't seem to be able to find an issue to get up on a soapbox about. That is quite sad; generally I always have something that I can just ramble on and on about for hours on end. Yet when I'm called to do just thatnot a thing shows up. I wonder when I'm going to get rid of my cough. I refuse to take cough syrup because I don't like the taste of it, and so I'm going to be suffering with this cough for a while. I don't know why the cough syrup manufacturers can't add artificial flavors to the cough syrup to make it taste good. Then again if they did that, kids would want to take it and then they would get addicted to it. That would most definitely not be a good thing. I guess even if it tastes bad enough people buy it; but making it taste better would be a good thing. At least, change the flavor from cherry to, say, grape. Grape is a good flavor. Chocolate is a good flavor too. I like chocolate. Actually I like all sugar; I think my roommate would agree with me in saying that the sugar I intake daily is what causes my oddness. But sugar is good nevertheless. So is chocolate. I don't think it causes acne. How can something that tastes so good be so bad? Of course the same comment could apply to other things as well (pizza, Italian food, etc). Ah well. I never knew twenty minutes could last so long. It's neverending. I feel like thirty minutes have gone by, but my watch tells me only fifteen. There was just another random thud from the people next door. I think they must have dropped something plastic. I just realized that I don't really know any of the people who live around me. I think that's probably because we have private baths and so we never really come across one another. That's kind of sad, considering I hear from everyone that ""People who live on the same floor as you become your family"" and I don't really seem to sense that. We all pass each other by in the hall and on the elevator, but we never really take the time to speak to each other. That, to be honest, is the one thing I didn't like about UT. The fact that everyone knows people already makes it impossible, or at least very difficult, to make new friends. Even when you make the effort, it's tough to meet new people. We all have our high school buddies. Well my time is almost up for writing this assignment; just as well, my hand hurts from typing for twenty minutes straight. If I had counted the number of times I hit the backspace button during this exercise, I think I would come up with this huge number. I never knew I'm so bad at typing; I have the speed part down, but the accuracy eludes me yet. ",n,y,y,n,n

2000\_788927.txt,"Sitting to write this assignment, I feel I have lots of other things to think about. When will I find time to get everything done? I still need to unpack boxes, get things organized. The days pass, and more is left unfinished. I thought I was off to a good start, but I need to find a way to organize myself so that I can meet daily goals, weekly goals, and monthly goals. My problem with procrastination is always adding unnecessary stress to my life, and if I could only stay on top of things, or work a little more each day, I would feel less stressed, with a better sense of accomplishment. What do I want to get done? I want to finish unpacking, decorate my room that requires that tickytacky stuff, since nothing sticks on these stupid walls. Need to find more little pillows, and little desk and drawer organizers. Little stuff like that. I need to organize my pictures, decide which I want to hang up, which are best in frames, where I will display all my frames. I also have to decide which stuff I really don't need, and pack that up, and ship it home to California. I need to organize my school stuff, still buy my aerobic book, and the right edition of the Odyssey for that freshman seminar, plus get some three ring binders. I know I brought some, but have no idea where they are at the moment. It seems impossible to loose something in such a small space, but I've managed to do it quite a few times. I need to balance my checkbook, pay my cell phone bill, and call my bank about my debit card that is not working. Did I not activate it right? I know I have enough money in the bank. I don't understand what the problem is. I have to remember to get cash; I have borrowed money too much from people in the past couple of day, not because I was out of money, but because I kept forgetting to figure out the problem. Until I do, I can't get money out of the ATM machine, I'd have to go down to the bank, and get money out, or write a check for cash, or something. Still trying to figure out all this bank stuff. I wonder if that cell phone bill is right. There seem to be some unnecessary charges on it, or ones I didn't know about. Why is my mom not calling me back? I know they are busy with soccer stuff, but I left a message saying I needed to talk, and asked those questions on the answering machine, you would think she would call back immediately. Especially since she expressed so much concern recently when she didn't hear from me in only a couple days. I need to get on top of my reading, and studying. Want to find a better place to study than my room. Too many distractions, my computer, my music, my phone, my ongoing room decorating project, unpacking, the TV, email, the neighbors, the stupid smoke detector, that is low on batteries, and is constantly, constantly beeping, relentlessly. And the person on the floor above us who never stops banging on the floor, it is so annoying, between the beeping, and banging, they are enough to drive my absolutely insane. I went to the point of stuffing cotton in my ears last night to try and block out the high pitched beeping, it is so shrill, it's painful, especially terrible when you're trying to sleep. My roommate doesn't seem to mind, she can block out almost anything. I don't know how she devotes so much time to studying. I wish I could be more disciplined like that. I would be much happier with myself. But, I am having so much fun. Will study later tonight at Barnes and Noble's with Amy. We'll see how that place is for studying. It's hard not having my car, although most people have theirs. It's nice not to be the responsible driver, and to have to pay for gas parking, or worry about getting lost, the ridiculous one way streets, and no road signs hardly to help you out, but still at times it would be much easier if I had it here. Next year, I will but what car will I have? What are my parents going to decide about that? What about molly? What will she drive? Will I get my prelude? Will that be too hard on my parents? How are they handling sorority costs? Should I get a job soon, to help with all that? How are my bills going to be this month? I'm sure the long distance bill on my regular phone line will be out of control. Try to use my cell phone more, free long distance, but not sure exactly how long I have the extra minutes for. Will john go by my parents' house tonight and set up his ticket? It makes me really nervous, not quite sure why. I know he want to come, and I know he's planning on it, but I want to see him so bad, and miss him so much, I don't want to get my hopes up too high, in case things don't work out. How will things be when he comes, how will be people like him?. Will they be accepting of him? What about the whole tattoo thing and the way he dresses? I want him to bring all his long sleeved shirts and nice clothes, but I do not not want him to change for anyone, nor do I want him to change. I love him exactly the way he is, and wish there were more people like that here, but I don't want him to be uncomfortable, or other people to judge him or make him feel uncomfortable. I want everyone to like him and for him to have a good experience. Even though I know he's not coming to go to a bunch of parties, or meet a bunch of people, he'll be here to spend time with me, but I still want to take him out, take him to the game, show him how big and fun, and cool the parties are here. Definitely won't be going to any SigEp functions, I know how they are about outsider guys, especially someone like john. I could never be embarrassed of him, but it might be uncomfortable, especially if any guys give him a hard time, and then I'll feel like I brought someone who wasn't supposed to be there, like with Sean the other day. That was a really bad experience. I don't want anyone to make john feel that way. Having a car would be nice for when he comes, could pick him up from the airport, take him to cool places, the oasis, the lake, mt. whatever where the Zeta girls ate tonight. There are so many pretty, cool things, three days is not nearly enough. But, the time will be spent well, and will either make it easier than waiting until thanksgiving to see him, or make it harder, because he'll be fresh in my mind. They say out of sight, out of mind, and I believe that to be very true. Same went for mike. But, the longer I'm away, the less I think about john, and the less I truly miss him. I think the same goes for him. It doesn't seem as urgent for him to see me the way that it was when I first was here. But of course that should be expected and it was. I don't like the way some things are here. I want to get out and meet some different kinds of people, or meet nonfrat type boys, because I'm not liking the conservative style that much. It's not what I 'm used to. I definitely don't like how money and status are such an issue. It's ridiculous, it reminds me of the movies. I didn't think people like that really existed. I left California thinking I was getting away from all the selfabsorbed, selfimage, stuff, that I was really growing sick of, only to come somewhere and feel as though I'm surrounded by an even worse kind of snobbery, based on money, family name, status, having not really anything to do with how good looking you are, as is the California snob, but how much money your dad makes, or what kind of car you drive, or whether or not you buy an $800 shirt to wear to a frat party. It's all very ridiculous to me, and it makes me sad, and homesick for a place where it's really cool to be laid back and extremely casual all the time, and where you're not judged by how much money you have. I do love how the boys always hold open doors for you, and pay for everything; those are aspects I do very much enjoy. I would not want to raise my kids here, I'm not even sure now if I want to live here after college. I love a lot of things about it, and I 'm having so much fun, meeting lots of wonderful girls, the guys are a problem for me. I went to college thinking that it's funny knowing this is probably the place where I'll meet my husband. I highly doubt it at this point in time. I'd have to find a diamond in the ruff, like Becca did. It makes me miss john, Karl, Daniel, Jordan, Ryan, even so much more. It makes me miss all my guy friends, and the fun and comfort of guys who are not polite, but funny and perverted, to a certain point of course. I can't wait to see john, I wonder how things will be. I've decided to tell him how I really feel, knowing his reaction will probably not be to admit he feels the same way. I think he probably has an idea of the way I feel, I've probably hinted at it before. I do have a glimmer of hope, since he's been signing his letters with the word love, and wrote, ""love, john on the picture he drew, and he is spending at least $300 to come out and see me, which unlike all the stupid rich boys here is money that he has worked his butt off to make, doing countless hours of work, and now is throwing it all into a three day trip. It really is incredible to me. It touches me to think he would do something like that for me. I wonder what Daniel and Karl think about that, especially Daniel. What about Jordan, I wonder if mike will find out. What will he think about that? He once said, regarding the necklace and earrings from Daniel, that he would never spend that much money on a girl ever. Well, he knows john never ever has any money, never has a steady job, and mooches off of everyone else. How would he feel if he heard that john was spending every penny he had to come and see me? Maybe then he would open his eyes a little. Probably not though. I hope someone will be willing to pick john up from the airport, I know Candace won't want to miss any of her classes, for him of course I could, it doesn't look like I have any test or quizzes that Thursday or Friday. I do have a psychology test the day after he leaves. How will it be when he leaves? I wonder if I'll be really depressed. Probably, I'm probably making it harder on myself. Probably harder on both of us. ",y,n,y,n,n

2000\_791766.txt,"At this time in my life, my feelings have been tossed around in my mind. My stress level at the moment is much then I think that it has ever been. From what I have heard, the degree of difficulty in college is the highest possible. This worries me because I know that I am able of fulfilling my college experience, but the problem for me will be if I am able to apply myself. Application is an important aspect of college, and I really do not know if I will be able to focus as much as I should on my schoolwork. Another thing that has raised my stress level is women. With women, my mind has many feelings. One minute I will want to be with my old girlfriend, and the next I want to be with a new girl. My mind thinks about it consistently. Sometimes in class I find my mind drifting into places that it should not. This is when my brain realizes that I need to be focusing more on school in order to fulfill my dream. The stress in my life eventually comes to raise my anger level, at least that is the way I see it. When I get stressed out, I tend to want to release my anger by playing hockey. I feel that it helps me release my stress and my anger because it is something that will always be there for me, and my mind knows that it will be. Therefore, I tend to play better when I am angered because I become more aggressive. At least this is what I have noticed while playing. Feelings are a strange thing. The stuff above, I wrote about two days ago. Now it seems as if my whole perspective on life has changed. My mind has just switched due to a few events that have probably changed the whole outcome of my life. My mind used to hate all schoolwork what so ever, but now that I have grown physically and mentally, I actually enjoy reading and learning new information. I do not know why it intrigues me, but for some reason it does and I like it. I have recently discovered that I love math and I believe that it is what I would like to do with my life. I am considering strongly of changing majors from business to some field of mathematics. I believe that it would be really interesting to be able to be a professor for a math class or to do something else in life that involves complications in mathematics. The thing is, I am afraid to change my major, because I kind of think that I might regret. Getting into the business school is a hard thing to do at the University of Texas, and many people would consider it a stupid thing to get out of it. But from what I have seen so far in BA101 it does not seem as interesting to me as math. I like math so much because there is pretty much always a way to compute the answer to a problem. Knowing and understanding how and why the fundamentals work is the hardest and most time consuming part of math. But once one understands the fundamentals of math, they are capable of doing any form of math problem similar to the one that they understand. For many people, math is the enemy of all subjects. I personally do not like memorizing history or stupid biology stuff. I believe that is why I like math so much, because it is much easier for me to relate to. In a way, my body almost feels deprived because I have not played hockey in nearly 3 weeks. When I used to play at least 3 times a week. I feel like I am not exercising and that I am becoming unhealthy. This weekend, I will hopefully be able to satisfy this hunger for hockey when I go home. Hockey is most likely my favorite thing to do in life, I believe that it is because of the adrenaline rush and it helps relieve stress. Without it, I think my stress level is higher then normal because the stress is not relieved like it is used to being released. College should be an interesting experience. What is to come I do not really know yet, but I am sure that it will be a very interesting experience. Like my sister said, just make sure that you have as much fun as possible and make as good of grades as possible. ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_794320.txt,"Today has been pretty easy. That girl in nursing got on my nerves, but at least I am out of there. For once, I actually do not have a headache yet. And it's already almost noon. I wish I didn't have to go to work today. It's not that I don't like working there, it just takes up so much time. Most of the people are nice. I wish I didn't have to stand up all the time, though. My back itches. It is really hot in my room. Lately, it has been freezing in here. It is probably because I am sitting right by the window. This assignment is really making me tired. However, I actually got almost 8 hours of sleep last night, which is practically a record for a school night. Maybe that is why I don't have a headache yet. Tonight, though, I need to go to the gym and work out. I have only worked out once since I've been here. I think I am getting out of shape, even though I seem to walk miles to my classes everyday. Oh well, it's not like I'm overweight or anything. I am probably losing weight since the cafeteria food is pretty bad sometimes. It used to make me sick for the first few days I was here. My neck itches now. I think it is moving! Oh my goodness I can't wait until this weekend. I finally get to go home and eat some normal food. Most of all, I get to see Chris. I miss him so much. I'm not really lonely all the time without him, but I am never really happy like I used to be. But after I see him for a few days and have to leave him again, I am sure I'll be pretty lonely. It makes me realize what is was like to be there with him all the time. Now my head itches. My back hurts. I haven't had a massage since I've been here. That would be so nice. Anyways, I just ate a nasty lunch and I feel kind of nauseous. Yuck. Dinner tonight is Mexican food and I think I'll walk to the union to eat. I am really tired now. This type of writing seems to put me into a trance. I feel like I need to take a nap now. I don't think that is possible though, since I have to be at work in about 45 minutes. At least that is the last thing I have to do today. I don't think I even have any homework. Maybe I'll take a nap after work. Well, actually, I need to call Chris after work. Maybe I'll take a nap after that. The room seems like it has cooled off a lot. Maybe the air conditioner finally kicked in. My neck and back are so stiff. I want to lay down so bad but I know that if I do, I'll probably fall asleep. My roommate slept in this morning. That was a good idea. I can't wait to see Chris. This weekend should be so much fun. I get all anxious hoping that everything goes well. I haven't seen my parents in 3 weeks. I know my mom is just dying to see me and my brother. I need to email her. I need to email Chris too. I wonder what Brian is up to. Maybe I should call him. I don't think I will because he is probably in class and I really don't want to talk to his roommate. Speaking of roommates, I need to talk to my ra. about the roommate contract she emailed us about. I have no idea what she is talking about. Oh well. My twenty minutes in finally over. I think I will go lay down. ",y,y,n,y,y

2000\_797956.txt,"I'm watching my breath. Listening to it enter and exit my body. It is quiet. There is a bit of tension in my sinuses and my jaw is slightly tightened as well. my mind is quiet. Now I am back in pennebaker's class on Wednesday. I'm sitting in this incredibly crowded room with over five hundred students in it. Someone is sitting on the floor. Pennebaker has a microphone! The feelings of being back at school again. It is nice for this to be semester number two at UT. It's easier to get around. But still a shock to be back on campus with fifty thousand other humans after spending a month hiking in the mountains on the other side of the world. All of the traffic: cars, bikes, pedestrians, are such a foreign scene after the solitude of the mountains. Although this scene is not so different from the crowded streets of Delhi, India. My memories of the mountains in nepal continue to surface. Different parts of the trip. I remember so much so vividly. The day that ramesh and I left kag beni for jomsom and walked along the river. It was wide and roaring. The wind blew hard. At times the river bed was so wide that we could walk along the dry part of it. I hummed ""Dust in the Wind"" by Kansas feeling the immensity of this land and the tiny insignificance of my small person as I walked through it. A little bit frightening, a little bit mystifying, a little bit liberating. Now we're in Jomsom, waiting for a plane that will come and leave again without taking us back to Pokhara. We are sitting with a bunch of old Nepali men who are chatting about the dangers of the planeor so I figured, they spoke only in Nepali. I feel an odd bond with these old men that I cannot understand. They are part of me. There's a monk waiting for the plane as well and when it comes, takes some passengers and leaves us behind, he, along with ramesh and I decide to walk back to Pokhara. The stress of traveling in a foreign country that has a different perception of time is difficult to adjust to. Ramesh and I are driving on his motorbike toward Kathmandu from Pokhara. Monsoon rains have caused landslides along the road and we cannot pass. There are many people waiting to pass, including many distraught westerners. The urge to become stressed out is very strong, but I have to smile. What am I worried about? Things will work out. Now I am home, back to the fast paced society where I have spent most of my life. In the airport in Detroit, the first thing I notice is how fastpaced everything is. People all seem to be in a hurry. I practice Buddhist meditation and this helps me to focus my mind and not run off with all of the stresses and worries that are present each day. But what makes us live in this way? We move so fast that often we are not able to enjoy the life that is right in front of us. I return to the mountains. Now I am on Poon Hill. The first morning that I have seen the Annapurnas. It's really early and the sun is rising over the mountains. We're sitting on a picnic table that looks out on an immense valley that meets the grand peaks. I can sit here all day. I feel so open and expansive. Now we're in Tatopani. Ramesh, Dhundup and I are staying at a lodge right next to the hot springs which we enjoyed earlier. Now it's dinnertime and we're sitting on the patio, drinking hot tea and cold Fanta. Ramesh and I are playing chess. I don't know how to play, but am excited about surrendering my fear and trying something new. As I walked up to the table, Ramesh's smile lit up his entire face and my entire insides. As we play chess, we continue to exchange looks that are full of energy. Three weeks later, when I finally depart Pokhara, I blow him a kiss as I get on the plane. So many incredible new experiences that have molded and shaped my life in amazing new ways. When thinking about this trip, I feel open and expansive in a new way. I feel incredibly happy. I deserve to feel happy after the struggles of the spring of this year. Oh, and my time was up. Until next time! ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_798629.txt,"Right now, I am feeling a little tired, a little overwhelmed, excited, and also a little afraid. I am tired both because of lack of sleep and because of exercise. I am feeling a little overwhelmed because of all the new surroundings and situations that I have found myself in in the last couple of weeks. Its not really that I am overloaded with work (yet), it is just that I am still getting used to everything here: new and different classes, new ways of studying and testing, new teachers and techniques of teaching, etc. I am also overwhelmed with the new social surroundings: a new room, roommate, sleeping schedule, eating schedule, etc. I am excited because I think I am going to enjoy living and going to school here. I am excited about taking courses that I'm actually interested in, and about having teachers that enjoy their profession and know what they are doing. I am excited about meeting new people. One of the things that I enjoy most about Austin is the diversity of the people you can find here. No matter what kind of person you are, you can find someone similar to you who share the same interests and concerns. I have already met some very fascinating people. Austin is an exciting place to live even if you are not attending the University. If I'm not mistaken, it is the music capitol of the world. I could go on for a long time about all the reasons why I am excited. I am afraid mainly for the same reasons that I am overwhelmed. Mostly I am afraid that I do not know how to take notes and study properly. I find myself looking at others people's notes during lecture to see if I am writing down the important things and whether or not I am getting the point. My mom says that in time, I will learn what to write down, read, and study. I have never been a very good test taker. My biggest fear of all is the fact that I have always relied on the one on one attention that I received from my teachers in the past to get me through school. Now that I am attending the largest University in the county, I know that that is impractical. However, I plan on taking all advantages offered to me by my teachers and their aids. With an average of 540 students in your classes, I know that you cannot offer that same oneonone environment. That is my greatest concern. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_798791.txt,"As I gaze at the screen I sit and wonder what is the meaning of friendship. This is my main thought at the moment. I've had rough relationships with friends. To me friends are the kindness that everyone needs. They are around when nothing seems right. They continually partake in your days' events. Friends give comfort that no other can give. No matter what the circumstances may be, a friend will always be there for you. Therefore a friend is always ready to lend a ""helping hand"". I guess friendship is a bond between two souls. A friendship is a promise to be ""there"" whenever possible and an understanding of one's feelings. A friend is the one who will help and support you in the pursuit of your dreams and who will only give to your thoughts. In a sense a friend is your shadow only with a mind and a heart. The greater is the heart. For a friend consoles us when in joy or agony. Anything that causes grief or hurt affects our friend. A friend has no materialistic need and can only be repaid with the same truth that is given to you. Friendship is a privilege and a great responsibility. As I write about friendship I think of my friends. One friend comes to mind. She is such a wonderful person. I love her because she accepts me for the way I am. For half my life I've learned to be scared but with her I know that it's okay to open up. So many things run through my mind that I don't even understand them. Thoughts of hate and confusion run about my mind all the time. It sometimes seems as if time just passes by and I can't stop to take a breath. People around me seem to talk but nothing is seen or heard from me. Sometimes I feel like all I do is live in other people's shadows. I feel that I wake up and I am really nobody. ",y,y,n,y,n

2000\_798925.txt,"Be able to describe the kinetic theory of matter and explain what kinetic energy is. Distinguish between movement and net movement. Be able to describe the factors that affect the direction and speed of molecular movement and net movement. Define and distinguish between: selectively permeable, plasma membrane, dialysis tubing. Explain how the following transport mechanisms work. For each mechanism, also discuss the factors that affect the rate and direction of transport: simple diffusion, facilitated diffusion, osmosis, dialysis, and solute pumping. Explain how chemical indicators can be used to test for the presence of starch, reducing sugars, and sodium chloride. Distinguish between isotonic, hypotonic, and hypertonic solutions. Also explain what happens to cells, with and without cell walls, when they are placed in each type of solution. Distinguish between independent and dependent variables and be able to identify both types of variables in an experiment. Procedures: First, obtain the following materials: 2 room temperature agar plates, labeled A and B,1 refrigerated agar plate, labeled C, Potassium permanganate solution, Methylene blue solution, marking pen, ruler, and pasteur pipettes. Turn the agar plate labeled ""A"" upside down and make two small dots on the bottom of the plate with the marker. Each dot should be at least 2cm from the edge of the plate and at least 3cm away from the other dot. Next to one dot write ""potassium permanganate"" and next to the other dot write ""Methylene blue"". Mark plates ""B"" and ""C"" the same way. Remove the lid from agar plate ""A"". Using a micropipette, withdraw 10 microliters of potassium permanganate solution and use it to make a small, neat droplet of dye solution directly above the correspondingly labeled dot. Place a similar dot of potassium permanganate solution on plates ""B"" and ""C"". Use the same procedure to place small, neat drops of Methylene blue dye solution on your plates. Keep plates A and B at room temperature, and place plate C back in the refrigerator. Every 15 minutes, determine the diameter of the dye circles. Record your measurements in a table. Now, label five 200mL beakers 15. Fill the beakers with about 150mL of the solutions listed in the table below: ",n,y,y,n,y

2000\_802646.txt,"This is a very interesting time right now. Right now, I have so many different feelings inside me right now. This is a new part of my life, yet it does not feel all that different. I guess it's because there are so many familiar faces here and I'm still pretty close to home. I'm kind of glad about that, it makes me feel much more secure. I really want to take full advantage of my college life. I want to meet people, I want to have fun, I want to experience everything, and I want to do all that and keep myself on track. I signed up for a ballet II class and a street jazz class over at the union the other day. I figured that while I did not want to get heads over heels into dance again, I definitely didn't want to give it up because I still love it, so this was great for me because it will be a casual class and it's basically right across the street from me. I also signed up for an informal ice skating class. Figure skating was such a big part of me, but when I got too busy with Belles, I had to stop, so I figured that now was the perfect time to start again. I knew it would be a beginner class, but I figured that it'd be good to work on basics. I took the bus there, got there late, and they were doing twofoot glides. No offense, but it truly was a beginner class. Afterwards, Michele (the teacher) saw me jumping and spinning on my own, so she's putting me in the more advanced class after the beginner class, which was really cool. I also met these two girls, Kristen and Claire, who were also in my class. They were so nice, they got off the ice before I did, but they actually waited until I got off and then they told me that they could bring me to and from the rink from now on so I wouldn't have to ride the bus, which I thought was just so incredibly nice of them. Kristen brought me home, and Claire gave me her number so that I can call her next week and she can bring me there. I was very happy last night because 1) I restarted a hobby that I truly have a passion for, and 2) I met new people and I feel like I am starting to create a new world for myself. Seriously, that is one of the reasons that I loved figure skating so much, not just that I love the sport and that I love gliding across the ice and flying in the air to music, but because when I was skating, I was in my own world. It was like my safety, my refuge. So I am feeling very good that I am beginning to regain that. You don't realize how much you miss something until you actually do it again. I've been pretty happy with everything for the most part. It's been a nice and rather smooth transition, because it didn't feel like I was making too big of a transition. The main difference to me is that I don't have to worry about being home by a certain time to avoid making my parents mad. I don't have to worry about making my mom mad (because she takes everything so personally) and all that sort of stuff. I've been thinking about Sean every now and then. Just passing thoughts about him, wondering what he's up to, if he thinks about me, that sort of stuff. It's not like I spend all of my time thinking about him, but he passes my thoughts very often. I guess he'll always mean a lot to me. It's funny, because I've been so happy with everything lately, but today, I am feeling particularly angry with Judy. Just how judgmental she is upon me and how overly selfrighteous she is. I mean, don't get me wrong, there's nothing wrong with that (being selfrighteous), but with her, it is to a fault. It's to a point where she's hurt me and insulted me and angered me. And she claims to be watching out for me because she cares, but that's not what I call leaving me to find my own ride. She's let me down in a big way and she has no right to treat me like that. I'm not normally an angry person, but I am really upset with her right now! I really just don't want to talk to her for a while. Going back to Houston this weekend was a lot of fun, I really enjoyed seeing everybody again, although it was only for a little bit. One thing I like about having high school people here at UT is that even if I wasn't friends with them back in Houston, it's kind of like, now that we're at college, we have some sort of bond because we're from the same place, so we become friends, which is really cool. Anyhow, my twenty minutes are up, so I'll talk later! That's basically me for right now (or all that I can think of and remember right now anyways)! ",n,n,y,n,y

2000\_810134.txt,"It's 11:18 at night. I'm tired, and I hate doing homework. I don't want to do homework. Homework is EVIL. Studying is evil. School is evil. All I want to do is be on the internet and surf, chat, and download. MP3s. You can never have enough mp3s. This Ethernet is so fast! I love it. That's the only thing I like about college. The computer has made me antisocial. I don't need people, just need my computer. Haven't really met and made many new friends. Why? Because I'm always in my room. Because I'm always on the computer. I choose it over other things. Things like studying. Pikachu is lonely. He's sitting on my bed all by himself. Just sits there. Jester food is disgusting. I don't like it, but sometimes you have no choice but to eat it. Nasty. Kinsolving is better. Eating in my room is good. I have better food in the closet. I mean, jester food isn't as horrible as it sounds, just that it's so fattening. Just about anything on the main course menu has over 50% of the daily fat intake. That's way too much. Worried about calculus. I hate math. Got really bad teachers for math in high school, so now I'm paying the price. I wish I had better teachers. Wish the room was colder. Still got to study tonight before I can go to bed. Got to study calculus. Have a quiz on Thursday. And a chemistry quiz too. It's so hot outside. I don't want to go out. Adding on to antisocialness. It's better at night when it's cooler. I like it cooler. The internet is so fast. I think I will live on campus next year just for the Ethernet access. Sounds like a stupid reason. But it's reason enough for me to stay. I hate working out. It's hard work and I sweat. Is the 20 minutes up yet? I don't think so, almost time. Hahah. Then I will be done with this evil homework assignment. I'm tired. I want to sleep. There's a stupid paperclip on my screen. I'm in word right now because my spelling sucks. And I don't care. The computer takes care of it for me. Told you the computer is a great great friend. Who needs real people when you have the computer? I've never eaten ants before. I don't think I want to eat insects. Survivor was a good show. I tried to watch it every week. I liked summer. Did nothing. I wish it was summer again. I got post it notes in the mail today. I am happy. Stupid people complain to me about stupid things like hurting feet. Food is good. School is evil. It's the devil! Ok! Yay! My time is up. Good bye. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_811126.txt,"Ok, so I'm sitting here wondering what I'm going to eat for dinner, even though I'm not hungry. My roommate just told me what there is at jester and she also told me that she waited to do her homework until I woke up because she didn't want the printer to wake me up. She is so sweet. She has selfesteem issues that she takes medication for and for the life of me I can't understand people like this. It's like I want to just tell them to snap out of it. It's very frustrating for me because I don't understand it. She and I talked about this issue last night before we went to sleep. I told her how I felt and we've come to an understanding. I'm starting to miss my parents. I feel very sad for my mother because I know she misses me a lot. I don't tell my mother often enough how much I love and respect her I should do this. I stood in line for an hour today for football tickets for the OU game in Dallas. I love it here but it will be nice to return to a place I am so familiar with. I hope Liz forgets about her exboyfriend Aaron. She is so cool. I am really glad we met one another. He is such a weirdo and she is so smart and independent and ambitious. I don't see how she does it. I mean, she's doing the Kvr TV station thing and Comm council and an internship at the capitol, and 14 hrs. and she just has to obtain a 4. 0 or she'll just die. Me on the other hand, I'm just trying to make it here. I'm used to doing it all. I handled everything going on in High School, but that was dealing with 300 people and easy classes that I swore were hard. I just really hope I make the novice rowing team here. I've put so much time and energy in preparation for tryouts. I work out everyday and go out of my way to get noticed. Liz just called about us going to get our meningitis shots tomorrow. I also need to get my chicken pox vaccination because I've never had them and I don't want to get them now, because I'm afraid I'll like die or something. My mother should have exposed me to them when I was a child. I just saw Julie and she wasn't very nice. I hope she's not mad at me. I have to go to the boathouse and run a lot tomorrow and I'm sitting here dreading it. But, if I make the team it will all be worth it. My roommate snores really loud at night. I plug my ears with cotton. It angers me. It's very difficult to sleep. I have so many things to do. I feel like there aren't enough hours in the day to do what I need to get done. Austin is really hot. I hope Eddie and Lydia work things out. He loves her so much and I really want them to be together. I'm thinking about the OU game again. I am so excited to see him and my other cousin. They are big UT fans. They are so happy that I am going here. I almost feel bad, because I guess I didn't really consider it that big of a deal that I got in. Everywhere I go, people look at me in awe when I tell them I go to school here. Well, I'm going to stop writing now. It's been 20 minutes and all I can think about is all the stuff I have to do now. I have Journalism, Rhetoric and Geography homework so I'm going to get started. ",y,y,n,y,y

2000\_812056.txt,"Ok, I've just turned off the news so the thing that I have on my mind right now is the up and coming election. I really can't stand Gore, he is so robotic, I don't understand how anyone can stomach looking at him or listening to him. Now I am debating whether or not to get up and turn off the television or if I should just sit here and listen to the noise annoy me. Well I have decided to turn it off, ok that's much better, now I can write a more accurate account of what I am thinking. I really don't know what to write, I have never done anything like this before. My computer is really getting on my nerves because it isn't fast enough to keep up with my typing, and I can't stand all the little red squiggly lines that show what all I have misspelled thus far. I don't like not being able to fix it, and now the phone is ringing and that really bothers me because it breaks my concentration even more. Well it turned out to be a wrong number, someone looking for Heidi, I know this because my roommate had to answer on speaker phone, now it is ringing again and it was that girl that had the wrong number, this time she just hung up. What a moron, I mean really how much guts does it really take to fess up and say that you were dumb enough to dial the same wrong number twice? Not saying that I haven't done it before because I most definitely have but I also told the person I was sorry for interrupting them twice. My computer is really getting on my last nerve. I feel like asking my dad to buy me another one. Now that I have said that it reminds me about how everyone always says what a spoiled brat I am for getting everything that I want. I don't think its my fault that my dad loves me so much. I think that my brothers do though. Speaking of brothers, I rode out with my brother Eric yesterday and that was really fun. I think that if I wasn't so caught up in money and status I would become a paramedic instead of a doctor. Oh well maybe I'll become an ER doctor. That would be pretty cool. I just watched ER tonight and it was pretty good. Mark Green reminds me of Eric's friend Jim, he's really nice but he is married to a psycho just like Eric is. I used to want to be a psychiatrist but after last night I defiantly don't want to do that. We ran a call on a girl that over dosed on her anxiety medication. All she did was whine about how no one loved her and all of her friends had boyfriends, just like Sunni. Sometimes I wish that I could be a writer like JD Salinger. He is really awesome. I know that this sounds really morbid but I almost can't wait for him to die so that we can read more of his work. And if that sounded bad another person that could keel over at any given moment is ""Deep throat,"" from the Nixon scandal, I would really like to know who that is. I really don't want these people to die, I mean I wouldn't wish that on anyone, I just would like to find out some more things. Oh well I have about two more minutes and I can stop writing this. I'm glad that no one is going to read it because that would be really embarrassing. I can't believe how much stuff I am misspelling. It's like I never attended first grade. Well I did fail spelling in the fifth grade but doesn't that make me a genius? ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_812774.txt,"Well, lets see, I'm writing for about thirty minutes here in my dorm room and well, I'm actually not sure what to write about. I guess since you are going to read this a little I should just tell you about myself. My name is Robert Barajas and I am a freshman here at UT. I am originally from El Paso, Texas, but I am rather familiar with the city of Austin already because my brother has been coming here for the past four years. I am in the Longhorn Marching Band and I play the TUBA! Besides your class I'm taking astronomy, philosophy, and a freshman seminar. What I really like about the University is that I get to meet all sorts of people. I've even made a new friend here in your own class. Her name is Amanda and I think she might become one of my friends by the time the year is over. But I've learned over the years that whether it happens or not is not the most important thing. Life will go on either way, whether we're friends, whether I pass your class, or even whether I decide to just sit at home and do nothing. That's the beauty of life. But it could also been since as the travesty of it as well. I consider myself to be a rather enlightened individual and so I have a rather morphed way of seeing things. I am my own island of tranquility in this sea of chaos. But chaos can be beautiful as well. Umm, its only been like six minutes so far so I don't know what else to write. I guess I could just type the same thing over and over and over and over and over and over and over again, just to improve my typing skills. Improvement is always a good thing. I believe that people are too preoccupied with the accumulation of material things. And that the only way to deal with this would be to take away all material things. Like people are not humble and they should be. I'm still in the process of finding ways to implement this idea, but most of these are still on the drawing board. Like if someone created free energy and just gave it out to everyone, I belief that that might completely destroy the economy and that would be good. Money serves no purpose but to bind us to our material things. Or, on a more serious note, what I think the people of the world need is some lifealtering event. Perhaps WWIII would suffice. That way everything and everyone would be dead and the few survivors would have to band together and realize that there is more to life than what we have now. There should be no prejudice or racism. Only on what people think should people be criticized, not on what they look like. That it shouldn't matter on their appearance but on the quality of their thoughts. Even that sounds a bit wrong to people but its just because most don't envision the same thing as me. Oh, well, whatever. These are just some random thoughts that I'm having. Take care and God bless. Bye. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_813544.txt,"Okay, I guess this is what all my English teachers described as ""stream of consciousness. "" I believe I did an assignment similar to this in 11th grade. I'm not sure. I wonder how long this writing assignment will be. How much can I possibly type for 20 minutes straight without stopping? What if I get a phone call? Do I answer it? Anyways, I cannot believe I am in my second week of college. It is kind of what I expected. The freedom can me nice at times, but I do miss my home. I do not miss high school at all though. I didn't like high school one bit. I am more homesick than I ever thought I would be, or could be for that matter. I never thought of myself as someone who would get homesick. But here I am, always wanting to call home. Michelle's birthday is tomorrow. I wish I could fly down to spend the day with her. I hope mom remembers to give her the CD I made her. The CD reminds me of Justin, whom I also miss a lot. I miss all my friends, all my best friends. One of which is at UTD, one going to Northwestern in a few days, and one attending Texas Women's. I really wish I could transfer, or they would transfer to UT. I miss them all so much. Wow, it has only been 5 minutes. I don't know if I have 20 minutes of gibberish to write about. This stream of consciousness thing is harder than it seems. I know I tend to ramble on a lot but it is quite different when you are doing it for a class assignment. It is also hard for me because I am so used to typing with abbreviations every time I chat online, making this assignment a lot more difficult. After completing this, I am going to wait for a phone call from my best friend. Then, meet up with someone at the library, where I hope to get a lot of studying done. I feel like I am so behind in all my classes. I have a lot of reading to do. Senioritis has not gone away, and I have yet to get back into the ""homework mode. "" That's not good. I really would like to leave here with a high GPA. I know that is what my parents would really like. Yet, it seems harder and harder as days go by. There are so many things to do here that it seems harder to organize my week. I am usually a very organized person but haven't been as of late. Man, I wonder if Iris is going to call me anytime soon. I feel like I haven't talked to her in forever. I would really like to fly down and stay with her for a weekend. I'm thinking about the weekend of her birthday. Though, I'm not sure if that is a good idea. I need to get the money together first. Oh yeah, I also need to get some money for Lisa's birthday gift. It's her birthday tomorrow. Wow, I wish my friends would chip in money and buy me a camera. That's really neat that Ivy is doing that. I'm so glad I finally got my camera fixed. Stupid battery. How does a battery die out so quickly? I haven't even had my camera for that long. I put up my collages today before lunch. They look really nice on my wall. I think I put them up crooked though. Oh well, I will get used to it, I hope. I would really like to fill up my whole wall with it. That would be so neat! Okay, 6 more minutes. Man, I haven't typed this much in a long time. My eyes are starting to hurt now, and I still have a headache. Today is Monday. Tomorrow is Tuesday. Tomorrow is going to be a very busy day, from beginning to end. I will probably be dead tired by the end of the day and won't have enough energy to study. That will not be good. I want to watch TV. I wonder what is on right now. Lisa said she was going to watch friends and then Roswell. All right, now I am running out of things to type. I don't think my brain works very fast. These last few minutes are going by very slowly. I hope I don't get hungry tonight at the library. I cannot believe I ate so much today at lunch. It is all Leeting's fault. All that starch cannot be good for me. I really hope I do not gain a lot of weight while in college. I'm really scared that I will. I haven't been going to the gym as often as I would like. I think I might start going every Friday or so. Maybe on the weekends too, seeing as how I haven't been in Austin for the weekend since school started. Maybe that is why I still have not put together a regular schedule. I haven't really been here for a full week. Well, this will be my first full week in college. Not as exciting as I thought it would be. I think I might call home after I finish this assignment. I'm almost done, thank goodness. I really am running out of things to type. I think I am all drained out. I hope I do not fall asleep studying tonight. I really need to get stuff done. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_814284.txt,"trying to track how my mind works. I have so many different things going on in my head right now. mainly worries. I have so much to do and it seems like so little time. the scholarship, the basta website, the volunteer tutoring thing. I don't know if I'll be able to finish everything. I feel so drained, so tired. oh well. nothing is as it seems. blah, I feel like I need to just stand in a field and scream at the top of my lungs and let all this worry all this frustration everything that is inside me just come out. maybe then I can relax. I worry too much occupy my mind with so many different things I sometimes feel like my head is going to explode. ay diosito santo que vida. yawn. I feel like I need a vacation. a six month vacation away from everything. no classes, no relationship problems. or I should say breakup. I know that this is part of the problem. I've spent three years with adrian and now from one day to the next he wants things to be over. because he's not sure how he feels. we survived a year in a long distance relationship and now nothing. oh well. not much you can do. I feel sad. lonely overwhelmed at times. but I have good days. days when I feel like I could go on forever just plowing through the week the months the year until I finish my program. then what after that. I feel like I don't have a direction. I have a ba, worked as a teacher in ny for a year, now back in school to finish a certificate program. but then what I want to go to grad school, to law school maybe, but when. what if I don't make it then what. I have no plan. I feel like I just am trying to figure out what I need or want to do. who am I really. what am I going to do. I need a good day of just sleep. that would be really nice right about now. a day of sleep, of rest with no interruptions, no worries just sleeping. I don't even want to dream. just that kind of dead to the world thing. no time though. too much to do too many things going on. deadlines and commitments and work and school and everything in between. gosh I've been rambling, but not saying much really. stream of consciousness assignment. seems forced. are these really my true thoughts or thoughts only in response to an assignment. I think I'm thinking too much. what time is it anyway. time to stop maybe. twenty minutes translates to a good number of thoughts huh. time to go, I've got errands to run. what time is it anyway. good only about thirty seconds left. ",y,y,n,y,n

2000\_815592.txt,"It seems like the same thought wanders in the back of my mind and I lack control over when that thought surfaces. I have other current obligations, e. g. find a job, do some reading out of my books, clean my room, do laundry, call my mom, find my friend, arrange for a ride home, I need money. I can list what I need to do but once I get around to it, that thought surfaces and it overrides my focus. I can't focus on doing anything else, except think about that one thing. Well, that one thing is my boyfriend back home, and funny as it may seem, I think he's the one I'm going to marry. This relationship is just too good to ignore, so I wonder about him a lot. We have never had a real fight where we accuse one another of doing something wrong. I've been procrastinating a whole lot more since he has been a part of my life, mainly because that's the way his mind functions and I noticeably have a tendency to imitate my friend's personalities and mannerisms. I still have a better work ethic than he does. But he gets very distracted while doing work that he's not quite so interested in. I suppose also, I'm always waiting on him to send me a message, email, or give me a call. I am a rather independent person. I don't like to hang out with the same people a lot, and I don't like to do group work, study with other people, walk to class with other people, but I rather spend a day locked in a 4 X 4 ft box with him than be away from him for a week. Now that is what I call companionship. I haven't had a best friend like him since I was 7. I don't think I would be thinking about him so much if he didn't' live 4 hours away. Another thing that concerns me is the way I have organized my higher education. I haven't really picked out a major, I'm not even on a reasonable track. I'm take multiple social sciences classes just because that is what I like to read about but I don't ever plan to have a career in social sciences. I like math too, and I want to take more calculus, and maybe computer science classes, even though I don't plan on majoring in any of those. My major is communications, which requires me to take a lot of writing and English classes, and I absolutely hate English. I wanted to go to UT because I wanted to learn more. I like some of school in that I like to be more aware, conscious and be exposed to new ideas that I would have never thought existed. But the way UT works is you're suppose to be on a track based upon the degree requirements. We are learning in order to work. Why can't we learn just to learn. Maybe I will be a social science major. ",y,n,n,n,y

2000\_817078.txt,"I have so many stressors in my life right now, and I've decided that since I have to do this stream of consciousness exercise anyway, this is probably the best place to vent. While being a freshman on a campus of 50,000 people is intimidating and scary, it isn't nearly as threatening as people made it out to be at least not yet. My current stressful situations lie in areas of my life that have nothing to do with college. To be honest, right now, my biggest problem is with my parents. After being divorced for some time now, they have just gotten to the point where they have started to fight and bicker about everything, and of course, I always end up in the middle. My mother complains about how difficult her life is because of my father, which I'm sure it is. This is not to say that he is a perfect person, because I know he is not, but the way she portrays him, you would think that he is not human. My father is very critical and judgmental of everything my mother does, and the both of them feel the constant need to tell me how they feel about the other. Now, I am adult enough to realize that after a bitter divorce, there will certainly be problems. They have every right in the world to be furious with each other. All I ask is that they do not drag me into the middle of it. I have told them both this on several occasions, and they both apologize and vow to not do it again. However, before long, they are up to the same old game again, and it makes me feel about 2 inches tall. I am forced to choose sides, and since I love both my parents, this provides for a very stressful situation. I am getting to the point that I am ready to tell them both that I will not speak to either of them or have any contact what so ever until they talk to each other and get at least to the point where they can tolerate living in the same city with one another. I don't ask that they try to love each other again, or even like each other, because those days are obviously through. I just want things to be relatively peaceful and not for there to be a war zone. Another result of this fighting is the separation of me and my siblings. This has nothing to do with the fact that I live on campus, my little sister lives with my mom, and my brother lives with my dad. While this isn't the ideal living situation, there is certainly nothing awful about it. What their fighting has caused is rifts between the kids. It has gotten to the point that we choose sides against our parents, and therefore, against each other. I feel like I can't say anything bad about my mother in front of my sister because she will just run back and report what I say. If I wanted to say those things to my mom, I would say them. I don't need a messenger. Dr Pennebaker, if you are reading this, I accidentally pressed send and did not get to complete my writing. I apologize and hope this doesn't cause any problems. Anyway, another problem I have with my family is the direct relationship between my mother and I. We have always had different personalities, and they have often clashed. We would sometimes go long periods of time when we were furious with each other, but for some reason, I feel that my current situation is the worst. She has recently undergone a lot of personal changes, mostly physical. She is in the process of discovering who she is, which is a perfectly normal thing to do after having a life as tumultuous as hers. She changed her last name, has dyed her hair several different colors, and is seriously considering a nose ring. Now, on an intellectual level, I totally understand her actions. If I were in her shoes, I would want to discover who I was also, and would feel hurt if my daughter did not approve. HOWEVER, these changes she has made still upset me immensely, and she cannot comprehend or accept why I feel this way. Until recently, I could not even explain it to myself. Through talking with a friend, I think I've begun to grasp why I have a problem with this. And here is my answer: the relationship a person has with their mother is supposed to be one of the most meaningful, important relationships of their lives. A mother, no matter how hard you try to escape her, will always be there for you and provide comfort and support. You KNOW who this person is, and they are usually a steady force in your life. Even before my mother began undergoing these changes, we had drifted apart so that I barely knew who she was. And now, after changing herself, I really don't know her. She does not seem to be a rock for my life. The hardest part for me is that she doesn't seem to care how I feel and that her changes upset me. I am not the most emotionally open person, but the fact that she was changing her name was upsetting me so that I actually confronted her about it. This is so unlike me, so I felt very vulnerable in my action. After I told her I was having a problem, she seemed sincerely concerned, and promised that we would talk about it further before she did anything. However, two days later, before we talked more, she went and changed her name anyway. I never asked her to change her life or actions for my sake. All I wanted was for her to know how I felt and that she was upsetting me. Honestly, I think this is a reasonable request. Her apparent disregard for my feelings hurt me tremendously, and we are on very bad terms at the present time. I feel very alone right now, and I'm not sleeping well. My appetite has gone down very much, and I can't seem to find pleasure in anything I do. The friends I had in high school have all moved away, and the new friends I've made at UT always seem to have more important things to do. I am nowhere near the top of anybody's priority list, and I often feel like if I were to just pack up and clear out, very few people would notice. Now, if anybody is reading this, don't think this is a plea of help from a person considering suicide. That thought doesn't come into my mind, I am just having a rough time. I know that one of Dr. Pennebaker's favorite stress relievers is to sit down and write about 'your deepest thoughts and feelings. ' At this point, I would have to agree with him that this exercise is very helpful and calms my nerves a bit. I don't know what I'll write about for other stream of consciousness exercises, because I've pretty much said everything of dire importance to me here on this page. I hope that if anybody in my life reads this and is upset by it, that they will understand that I have a special circumstance in Dr. Pennebaker's class, and I just want to be treated like all the other freshmen who have the opportunity to write and write without consequence. I know that this is just an assignment, but I truly appreciate this opportunity to vent my frustrations and do a little thinking. Thank you. ",n,y,y,n,n

2000\_818614.txt,"It may be tough to come up with an abundance of ideas this morning, because I am fairly tired due to lack of sleep. Even though my first class today is not until two o'clock, I woke up early, not a brilliant decision on my part, and I am regretting it as we speak. However, I assume that I will feel alright once I venture outside into the sun and the sweltering heat that has overwhelmed Austin for the past several months. I hope the twenty minutes that I am required to write for pass by in a hurry, because I have yet to finish some of my Economics homework that is due in class today. I have yet to discern whether my Economics professor is adequate in his teachings. On several occasions, he has veered off the lecture topic and has attempted to entertain the class with anecdotes and personal experiences that possess no ties to the world of economics. On the other hand, my Calculus II teacher is not my favorite, because he moves very quickly through sections of the book and speaks very poor English. I am not quite sure where exactly he is from but his accent makes it difficult to understand his lectures. Aside from these two exceptions, my professors appear after two weeks to be very adept in their teaching methods and are very entertaining and informative to listen to. I am tired of talking about school, because it seems like that is the only thing I came to Austin for. On many occasions so far I have gone out on nights that I wouldn't normally party on and have had a blast on good old Sixth Street. I think it helps a lot that a bunch of my friends from high school decided on the University of Texas as their college of choice, because it has given me people to hang out with until I am able to meet and feel comfortable with a new group of friends. I have yet to pick out a girl worth going after, even though there are thousands of gorgeous and available women, because I have yet to give up my feelings for an old friend of mine from high school who decided to pursue a tennis scholarship at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee, much to my dismay. I frequently talk to her via email and telephone, but we both feel that a long distance relationship would not be the best thing for us at the moment. However, I find it hard to stop thinking about her, because she is exactly what every guy desires in a woman. She is blonde, just shorter than me, has a perfect figure, is very athletic, intelligent, and her father has a lot of money, which is always a plus. The only downfall which she possesses is that she can be clumsy at times. In fact, yesterday she spilled silver nitrate down her shirt in Chemistry Lab, thus causing her to have to us the emergency shower in the back room. To make a long story short, the chemical turned her skin purple and it doesn't wash off for at least two weeks. I am currently living at University Towers with three roommates from my high school, one of which is a pain in the ass. He has taken it upon himself to become a fatherly figure or one who scolds us for doing stuff that he doesn't approve of. It has become a nuisance. Anyway, as my nineteenth minute comes to a close I must wrap it up so as not to exceed the guidelines of the assignment. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_820571.txt,"I have to go to the SI unit and then the Crew meeting and come home, shower, get ready, and meet Ann and Chad for dinner. I should have some time tonight to do homework. I'm still tired from last night, maybe I can take a nap sometime today. Otherwise, I can always sleep in tomorrow. Having only afternoon classes will be interesting. My lab might be hard because it's at night, but it seems really lax. It's such a difference from the chem labs. I'm so glad it doesn't seem hard at all. I hope my physics lab is easy as well. One can only hope. Not having lab the first week is nice. It worked out well so I could be home to help my parents help move our stuff. It's such a pain to have to move when school is already in session. I'm a little shocked the manager didn't have us sign the lease before we moved in. I hope that's not an indication of how much she cares about the renters. At least there's a lady downstairs who has lived here for 20 years that knows everything about this place. It's so nice having an apartment right next to a bus stop. I think it's fate we moved in here. After all the hassles we've had it looks like its going to be worth it. I still have to hang up all my clothes, but everything else is done. I can't forget to meet Dan at 10am on Monday in the PCL to work on physics homework. It's 6 pages long. I hope it's as easy as the first homework. It still took a while to finish though. From 7pm to 1am. This time I'll start earlier. I'm glad that my sister is coming in town, but she picked a bad weekend. I have a lot of reading to do and 2 tests to study for. I need to start seriously studying the PCAT. I can't believe I almost missed the deadline on that again. This is ridiculous. I hope I get into UT Austin. That's the only place I'd really like to go. Except maybe UCSF or University of Washington. UCSF is probably too expensive. I'd want to live in San Fran when I have money so really I only want to got o Pharmacy school in Austin or Seattle. The only thing about Seattle is I hope Sylvia has gotten cleaner. I know she never cooks anymore, so probably. We'd have to get a bigger place than what she has now and I might just have to leave all my stuff here and buy new stuff. That's going to be expensive. I hope whatever happens, Mom and Dad aren't disappointed in me. They need a web page for PAC so I know when I need to get in line and for what. The draw system for the football team is so much more efficient, even though they don't give out all the information I need either. Maybe next year I won't buy either. It's so much of a pain. I don't even feel like going. I bet that's how they make their money. I don't know about the plays, but at the games students get crappy seats. I know they were trying to improve that, I wonder if that went through. Probably not. As a whole, UT just cares about money and not the poor students. That's why alumni get everything. Good luck to the ""sick"" staff. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_831232.txt,"Why do they make us do this? Do they want to figure out what thought leads to the next? Like the autistic people where their thoughts lead them to the next, but only one leads to the next, perhaps a smell or feeling or emotion. I wonder what those people feel. I wonder if they are deprived of some of the things we are. I remember hearing that they can do brilliant things, compose symphonies and paint incredible things, but need help to button their shirt. Wasn't that movie starring Robin Williams who tried to no that wasn't it. I don't remember who starred in it. Maybe it was someone who looked like Robin Williams didn't we watch that movie in eighth grade? The one about the people who didn't react to normal stimulants? The ones who tossed the ball around from one person to the next, but didn't engage in conversations? Engage that's a good word. My roommates and I were talking about funny words the other day. Pami thought that ""fib"" was a good word, and there was something else I said by the elevator. It might have been. enthralled, That was it! I remember now. I love great words. If I could have an extensive vocabulary, I think perhaps I would be taken more seriously. There was a cabdriver tonight that knew a lot of big words. I asked him to write one of my papers. What was he doing driving a cab? Can't he find some other occupation that suits him better. Maybe he likes to meet people. Perhaps he finds it interesting to encounter different personalities. Why can't he get a better job? There have to be much better things to do. But what about that movie American Beauty where Kevin Spacey quit his job and started to flip burgers that was a good movie. Maybe that's what made him happy. To do jobs that don't require a truck load of thought. But then again he found out that his wife was cheating on him. That really sucks. I would never do that kind of thing to my boyfriend. That's downright mean. What kind of girl would do that? There's no way in hell anyone would ever find me doing that and speaking of stupid things, what about suicide? Why do people do that, or rather why would they ever think about it. That is so selfish. If I ever found out my friends were thinking about it I'd beat them into the ground. What would make them think that there is nothing left in the world for them? Do they think no one loves them or cares for them? I just don't get it. What a stupid thing to think or consider. Some people have real problems. I had a conversation like this with my kickboxing instructor one time. It was after the cardio kickboxing class and I was talking with him. I don't know how we got on the subject, but he told me this story about one of the guys that used to go there a first degree black belt and he committed suicide. In fact, I knew the family. The mom actually helped me with this paper I was writing for my really tough English teacher. Little did I know that not only was my English teacher tough, he was brilliant. I have such a great respect for that man. Some day, when I make it big and the word is ""when"" because it will happen I'm going to send him a shit load of money for retirement. I have so many plans for when I get older. I'm going to start a scholarship in my name and all this other grand stuff that I can't think of right now. Oh look at that, the time is up. catch you later. ",y,n,y,n,y

2000\_831814.txt,"Ok. I'm not sure what to write about. I guess. I'm cold. I'm hungry. And I'm sad. OH! And I was supposed to go to this concert in two days but both of my at home fiends canceled on me. One I don't' really like so it doesn't bother me but Chris has a sorority thing. That one kind of upsets me. See, we planned this concert back when we all realized that we were going to different colleges. We decided to plan something so that we wouldn't for forget each other, but I guess it's happening sooner than we thought. We've all been together for a very long time. 6 years I think. I don't care. I guess it's not that big of a deal. I don't really like being at college. I mean. it's fun. And there aren't any rules, but. I really miss everything about my home. And I don't mean like, home as in my house. I've gone back there and it's totally different. It doesn't seem like I belong there. And I guess I don't. That's what this is all about. I don't like this assignment. It's making be sadder than I was to begin with. Is that the point? I really like my psych class. My calculus class on the other hand. sucks! A whole bunch. Not only is it at 9 [which is an hour that I don't do], but the guy I seriously think is making things up! I can type pretty fast. I wonder if this is going to fit in the little box. I don't type that fast, but I mean. it looked like a pretty small box. I bet it can be as big as you need it to be. that would make sense. Yeah. So anyways. I wonder how long it's been. Oh dang it! I forgot to look what time I started. I wonder if I'm allowed to talk to other people while I'm doing this. Ok. I did. You'll never find out. Oops. I am telling you. Hehe. Yeah that's funny. My roommate said that she thinks that I've been doing this for a while. I think that that means 20 minutes. I'm going to stop now. Ok. I'm not sure what to write about. I guess. I'm cold. I'm hungry. And I'm sad. OH! 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2000\_832071.txt,"As I sit in this room, in this computer lab, I hear all the different sounds around me. The computer is humming and somebody is opening a pack of some type of food. I also can't help but notice that this keyboard clicks loudly as I type. I've never tracked my thoughts before and this is actually kind of fun. My eyes are feeling very small because more than anything, I would love to take a nap. This day was pretty long. I hope this weekend is extra long and productive for me. I'm feeling so tired! I would love to just get up under my comforter and stuff my three pillows in the corner and chill out. I don't believe how small my eyes are feeling right now. I know when I go back to my dorm room though my room mate is going to beg me to go to dinner with her but I ate way too much today and I am not in the least bit hungry. Not to mention that the food smells kind of nasty. I wish I was home at these moments to eat some real food, but it's nice to be away from home also. I hope that my boyfriend will come and visit me this weekend. It would be great to see him again though it really hurts when he leaves. Seeing him makes me miss him more but I guess I should enjoy our time together. I wish he went to this school or at least lived in Austin then we wouldn't have this long distance problem. He seems to think it is ok and the distance factor is not of any importance to him. I don't believe him when he says that. I wonder if he is as committed as he says he is. I am pretty sure he is especially after all that we have been through. I hope we can make it for the next few years but who knows what will happen? I wonder what will happen with us since long distance relationships are not supposed to last long. I think I'd be the one to influence that stereotype the most because I'm the one in a college setting and he's in the same environment in which we established ourselves. I do love him though. It'd be nice to be in my room talking to him and laying on my bed. dosing off and falling asleep. Tonight is Thursday night. This is a good night because I have no obligations to do any homework for this night other than this. I should have done this assignment earlier but of course I always wait for the last minute. But technically this isn't the last minute because its not Friday yet, and it is early evening. Tonight I want to do nothing but relax! I hope I can get together with my friends since I don't see much of them anymore. I wish I lived at Jester at times like this. I thought it would be cold in the computer lab but today it is actually warm. I have this sweatshirt on but I don't feel like taking it off. How many more minutes until my time is up? I've typed quite a bit of information thus far. Pretty interesting how much stuff runs through my head. I wonder if this is more than most people or maybe its that I type fast and I can type basically every thing that I am thinking. This computer is pretty cool and the icons are cute. I hear music and I'm wondering where it is coming from. I figure since tonight is the Mexican culture night they are playing some kind of ranchero music. They should have a Honduran culture night. Haha. Why is the computer across from me making so much noise? Wow. I sure do ask my self a lot of questions. Well, I think my time is almost up. I guess I have about. its taking me a while to figure this out. I am so terrible at mental math. What happened? I have 5 minutes left I guess. How terrible I am at mental math! I am glad that I don't have to worry about turning in calculus homework tomorrow. My grade for today's homework assignment is going to suck because my teacher does a horrible job of explaining anything and I've been too lazy to go to the office hours. But I did go to the math lab, which was not in service to the calculus students. Why do we have more restricted hours for calculus. I walked all that way to Jester for nothing. I'm sure if I got the proper instruction yesterday afternoon my calculus homework grade would be a lot better than its going to be. Why am I assuming that I will get a bad grade? Maybe I won't. The TA seems pretty easy going and she knows that I am interested in keeping/getting a good grade for that class. I. am glad the movie station is back on. I'd like to be under the covers watching a movie right about now. Sleep. I want to sleep! I wish I wasn't always so tired. Yes! I only have a few more minutes left. I'd say about 2 minutes left. Finally! This is already a one and a half page singlespaced paper in Times new roman font. I didn't know I had that much stuff running through my head. Actually, it doesn't surprise me. I always have too much stuff running through this head of mine and then they all get jumbled up and I can't think straight. I think that's why I interrupt people so much when I'm talking. because I have so much stuff in my mind that if I don't say it I'll forget it. I guess that shouldn't matter since I'll have another 10 million thoughts to compensate for that one loss. But anyways. My time is up. How great! ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_832658.txt,"Okay, I'm starting. I did assignments like this in freshman English back in high school. It was pretty cool. Mrs. Johnson was a great English teacher, but she scared me sometimes, like when she would yell at one of the kids in class to prove a point about what we were learning in class. I really liked that class. I liked the books we read. We were reading Huckleberry Finn, and one of her points she made was over censorship, she took the book away from us. We couldn't even go to the school library to finish it. I guess she got her point across. Another point she made was no matter how little time given for an assignment, you can get it done. Before we read Animal Farm, she split us up into groups, sheep, pigs, dogs, chicken, and we had to have a campaign. This just wasn't any campaign, we really had to work for it. Make up slogans, flyers, songs, costumes, bribes. you name, we were graded on it. We were allowed to decorate all the halls with our flyers. It became really big, Mrs. Johnson and her campaigns. It just kept getting bigger every year. I guess you could say the incoming freshman were getting crazier each year. I didn't really care, each year that went by was closer to me getting away from there. I can't stand it back home. I knew everybody in my school, and they all knew me, so tell my how I ended up with only a handful of people who would talk with me during lunch. I wasn't rude to people. least I don't think I was. Oh, well, I'll never see most of those people again in my life. Yippee! No, that's not the least bit sarcastic. I think sarcasm is a certain type of humor. Only certain people can do it, and only certain people think it's funny. I had to deal with sarcasm all the time in my family. I don't understand how some people say they come from a broken family. Your family doesn't necessarily have to be split up to feel like you've come from a dysfunctional family. I have to live with what my father does, and so does my mom and brother. Big deal, we make it through one day at a time. Like today, I just stopped worrying and went to a concert. It was pretty cool, although I wish I'd gone with someone who wanted to go up into the mosh pits. I know they're dangerous, but, come one, they're fun and you get to get close to the bands. I also went to a concert on Friday night. That one was cooler. The lead band was so cool. The singer was dancing around stage so crazily. It was a really neat experience for me. Only seven more minutes to go. No, I'm not counting. There goes that sarcasm again. Once, for junior English, my teacher had us try what Benjamin Franklin did to better himself, keep a record of all our vises and try to improve upon them. Guess which one was my weak point? Yep, sarcasm and meanness. I can't help it, it's in my nature. I'm not a mean person, I just see things sometimes in a mean way. And you have to voice it, otherwise it just stays inside and festers and then you do become mean. Right? At least that's my superstition. I don't normally go in for superstitions, but this one sounds good for me. Oh, and I say 'Bless you' when someone sneezes, I think it's just polite, I don't believe in the scaring the demons away. I think that's a bunch of bullshit. Man, I can't wait to graduate. I really want to fly helicopters. That's what I'm going to do when I get out of college. Go into the Navy and fly helicopters. It should be really neat. I know neat isn't quite the word I'm looking for, but somehow, I don't think awesome would be appropriate in a paper I'm turning in for a grade, even though you're not going to read it. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_832857.txt,"I cannot believe that I have only been back home for a couple of days and already I want to go back to UT. I guess in a weird way I consider UT my home now. It is part of my normal routine and coming home just messes with that normality in my life. I am happy to see everyone, but it just is not the same. I see things differently now than I used to and am starting to wonder if I even want what I used to. I want to go into journalism, but ever since I got to UT everyone talks of how a person should find that one thing they are passionate about. I am passionate about journalism, and it makes me happy, but what if there is something else out there that I would love even more? I am only eighteen, I could not possible know right now what I want to do with the rest of my life. I have a good idea, but I cannot know for sure. Yet everyone expects me to know what I want. I do not know why everyone is in such a hurry to finish college and have a career. Personally, I just love the process of learning interesting things. I have been waiting forever to go to college just so I could have the opportunity to learn about the literature that they do not teach in high school. Every thing that we are told in high school is so limited and lacking in truth because teachers do not want to be fired for actually having an opinion on something. In my high school, nobody was allowed to think for themselves. It was a typical high school. Academics were mediocre, but football was God. The athletes were looked upon as these heroes who meant so much to the world, when it other students who went on to some of the best colleges around. Athletes fall apart with time, but that is what no one seemed to want to admit. Some people thought all the jocks who went and got drunk on weekends were the coolest people around, but they weren't. In a few years they are just going to look back upon high school as their glory years, when there could be so much ahead of them. I do not really think I learned much in high school. I learned more in three weeks in Europe than I did in high school by just experiencing other people's lives. I had all these romantics notions of Italy and France, but really they are just other places where other people are just trying to make it in the world. I really want to go back there sometime. Germany was so gorgeous, and I thought I would hate it. In the end, it was one of the best places we visited. Most people do not have the opportunity to go there, but I think it prepared me a lot for college. I had to interact with a lot of people that I did not know really well. I also had to sleep on hard twin beds that remarkable remind of the ones in the Jester Dorms. Who would have thought that beds that bad would be an international thing?! It is kind of weird being in a dorm. Instead of having to drive to see my friends, I could just take the elevator to a different floor and see them. We are practically living together. I just hope we do not end up getting really irritated with one another. It just seems that if we spend too much time together things go wrong. We either start to get annoyed with one another and start doing the whole backstabbing thing or the group chemistry is just off. Unfortunately, it can be really easy to do that too and that is when people start to think that they hate each other. Two of my good friends are coming to school here. It really is a good thing too because I am kind of shy at it would be hard for me to meet people otherwise. I can talk and talk once you get me going, but I'm not really good at those first meetings. Things always seem too awkward to me. Then I just feel uncomfortable. I think that is why I usually just surround myself with a few really good friends. It is just easier to deal with people who know you really well than those who will base their thoughts on you from one impression. In time though, I should be able to relax and deal with all these things. I hope, anyway. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_832875.txt,"There is this really annoying beep that will not stop, and at the moment it is the center of my attention, my focus. I cannot think of anything else because now that I have acknowledged this repetitive sound I cannot get it out of my head. It seems as though it is getting louder. I also hear the flopping of someone's shoes as they get closer, oh, and another person. Each of them into their own schedule, their own life. Wow, shoes all have such a distinct sound. Someone just walked by with shoes that have a very hard sole and make a loud rough sound. The beeping continues. A girl nearby is getting a drink from a machine. I bet she's thirsty. I'm thirsty actually. I'm hungry, too. Someone else just walked in the nearby door and a bell just rang. I hear some more clank of change and that sound of a drink coming down the machine to yet another thirsty person. As he came around the corner he was the same guy who just walked in the door but just left out the same door. I wonder where he is going, if he's a student. What kind of life he has, his interests everything that makes him an individual. More squeaky shoes. I seem to be hearing all of the shoe noises possible, as well as that beeping that still lingers in my ear. Everyone has different ears. People are so different. I love UT because there are so many unique people, and a lot of them are very friendly. Something just changed in the overall sound the air conditioner went off or some other constant light sound ceased, for it now seems much more quiet. I hear a man's voice in the nearby classroom who is talking about parabolas. Oh, how I don't like math. It's like a different language to me, and it scares me to think of some of the classes I might take. The ringing continues. A man walked by talking to himself. I wonder if he realized he was talking to himself, or if it's just one of those things that people do naturally and then when you ask them about it they can't believe they do whatever that thing is. The ring seems longer as it still persists the intervals between them are about 5 seconds. It's thundering. It's sprinkling outside but it's sunny I'm waiting for it to stop so I can walk back to my dorm. I could just walk now but I am content just sitting here. The chair is comfortable. It's almost like a couch, and the cushioned back feels nice. Now the coke machine in front of me started making that same noise again which stopped few minutes ago, aahh. I still hear the ringing. What is that? And the man's voice in the classroom. I can't make out what he's saying because of the other little noises. More people around the corner. My finger kind of hurts from writing so fast without stopping. I wonder how many muscles are working right now in my hand allowing me to write? Again, another girl's shoes flop against the floor. The floor is orange tile and not a bright orange kind of burnt, how ironic? Another guy walks by I wonder, too, where he is going. Is he married? More clanking of change and ringing, but there is now nobody in the hall. Chalk writing on the board it's an interesting sound. I'm thirsty. I'd like an orange juice. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_832879.txt,"Right now I feel somewhat tired and weak because of work last night. I'm also feeling a little upset because the Eagles destroyed the cowboys 4114 to. And to top it off we lost Joey Galloway, our best receiver. Also Troy Aikman had another concussion and who knows what will happen next. But on a more serious note I'm a little worried about college. I guess I feel like I have a lot of weight on my shoulders, because I want to prove to my family and to myself that I can make it. School has always come pretty easy to me, but this is college and it worries me. I think once I get the first test out of the way I will be fine. At least I hope I will be fine! I'm also having mixed feelings because I quit my job in order to have ample time for college. Things just weren't mixing right so I had I discussed it with my family we decided it was best for me to hold out on working until I got in the grind of college. Life has been pretty good lately it's hard to get a schedule with so many things going on. Each day is a whole new adventure. Some troubles I ran into with college so far were finding a parking place and having to walk ten minutes to my classes. One good thing that has happened though is I have really good classes and professors. I also have people looking out for me and I have made some new friends. UT is like a whole new country there are so many people, places, and things to do. I'm beginning to understand college life. When I first applied to UT I had no idea that it would be like this. I never expected it to be so big and beautiful. Everywhere you walk there is something new to see. Every building is huge and has something that sets it apart from the others. I guess UT is blown out of proportion with me because I come from a small town of 5000 people. It was a city where the most popular people won everything. But here at UT it doesn't matter who you are. It's like everybody starts over. Everybody is giving a clean slate. It's a great chance to prove myself to the people around me, my family, and me. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_834851.txt,"Okay, 20 minutes. Hope I can turn this in on time! Blasted software! Need to get my car washed badly. Did so much driving this weekend. It's a good thing it rained though. It's so hot in Austin. Man, I'm a horrible typist. Wonder why I never learned to type? My hamster's munching down! He eats so loud. Wish my snake would eat:( She's only eaten once in 2 1/2 weeks. Need to call Herpethon. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Need to meditate on breath more frequently. Been slacking off on yoga practice. Should finish reading other book. Have to find out when that retreat is and how much it costs. Maybe Ryan would go too. Wonder where Ryan is? How was the concert? Should have gone. Clint got a Harley!? That's sweet. Can't wait to ride it. 8 more minutes. Oh yeah, getting close. Chicaboom Powpow. Ohhhh Yeeaah! Can't believe Donald Glaude spun that track at the party. That shit was phat. He was offthehook! Man that night broke me though. Need to get a job. Bills suck. ""Going to take a walk outside today. Going to see what we can find today. "" Raffi rules. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. Good. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. Relax. In. Out. Feel much better now. More energized. Shoulders are tense though. Need to get a massage. Watched Yellow Submarine twice yesterday. Such a great movie. I Love the Beatles. Cartoons rock too. Courtney's boyfriend is an awesome painter. Oop. 21 minutes. Time up ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_835974.txt,"It's crazy to think here I am in a different city, a new room with new things everywhere. I am now a college student. During high school I couldn't wait for it and now that I'm here I feel out of place. Sure, I know plenty of people from high school along with a list of people whose names I no longer remember, and I stay busy doing all sorts of things, but it is not what I expected. The classes are so big, but is that not what you hear about every school, especially UT. I have not had the success I had I hoped to in meeting people, being the sociable person that I am, I expected it to come easier. I tell myself to give it more time, develop a routine, and things will get better. Everyone says get involved and you will meet more people. It makes me wonder if I should have rushed, though I do not see myself as a sorority girl. It seems as though everyone who pledged a sorority or fraternity is having such a great time. Are they really paying for friendships? I do not think I would have fit in to such a place. I just hope that by going to church groups and other small organizations that I will meet some people with whom I really enjoy hanging with. I am looking forward to my freshmen seminar that begins next Monday. With 30 people in the class, I know I will get to know some of the other students. I never thought I would admit to being homesick, but it is true. Though no one wants to admit it, we all miss home a little bit. However, when we are there we tend to hate it. Isn't it funny how that works? I have also decided that Austin is a city full of beautiful people. Everywhere I look, goodlooking boys and girls. It definitely has both disadvantages and advantages. I enjoy looking at the guys, yet there is so much competition at parties. Should I really care all that much what people at a frat party think of me? Well, I do and it definitely does not do much for one's selfesteem. I believe I am finding competition in everything. Whether it's who was at the gym longer, who studied the most, who had a better meal at dinner, who drank the most last night, or who's going to more parties, there is a definite sense of competition in everything between the people I know. The people I went to high school with. The people whom I now want to separate myself from. Another thing I have noticed is how sleepy I always am. Here I am at 12:22 writing this when I am insanely tired. But why go to sleep, when I do not have a class until 2 tomorrow. There are also a lot of sick people around. The allergies are much worse here than almost anywhere I have been. I have had a cough and a cold since I've been here. It seems like I have so many problems, but I know that there are many people who would die to be in shoes. That is a good feeling, to be in a place where others want to be. I know I need to give things time and make the best of what I have. ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_836234.txt,"I hate the guy next door to me He is so fricking annoying. Gosh I want to kill him. His music is blasting so loud right now and I can't even think and he's just talking away and I want to go to sleep and take a nap I think I only got like a couple of hours of sleep last night so I'm tired and I didn't get to eat breakfast My bed makes all these squeaky noises when I sleep and it's really annoying and my pillows keep following off the bed I don't like my green book sack it's not that pretty I think it looks ugly I'd rather have my red Gap book sack People at UT don't seem to care about clothes but maybe Asians care about clothes Hmmm Enok seems really soft but hard, he's like a tough guy but not and I'm ugh what's wrong with that boy. Man it just seems like all he ever does is play on his stupid computer and he's getting mean now. He was really mean when I asked him about the fire drill the other day because he's probably fake like that like Paul Gosh Paul annoys the crap out of me I hope he doesn't come to UT because that would just be horrible. But knowing my luck he's going to come to UT and that would just be great Kenny's a pretty good roommate but I think he might be getting annoyed with me or something because I sleep later than he does and I think I talk more than he does something is wrong with him too because he never talks now I look at him differently for some strange reason and I want to be a bad kid again rather than the 'good' Christian boy I used to be I want a tattoo and I want some piercings hmmm that would be cool and my classes are okay but I have this guilty feeing and I don't know why I don't know if my friends here are true or not, maybe it's better if I just keep to myself more because I have this bad feeling that I haven't really met someone that's truly there you know I mean Debra is nice and all but still I think she might be fake and Sing just uses me he looks like a damn alien it's so gross ahhh I have to wash my face in a few seconds after I'm done with this because I think I'm getting acne again and that would just be horrible I though asians weren't supposed to get acne. My god the guy next door finally turned off his music thank god! ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_838741.txt,Wow. what an assignment. I can barely type. I hope I will learn to write better. I keep listening to rosie on tv. A soda sounds good. I wonder when I will finally get mail. My parents were supposed to send me some stamps. I bet they got stolen. I wonder if avery will ever write to me. He says that he wrote me a letter like a week ago. Well were is it. I wonder if I will last for 20 minutes. I wonder what Avery and mine relationship will be like while he is on his mission. I feel like a machine right now. I went to the health clinic. That was kind of weird but everyone was nice to me. It is so normal for someone to be sexually active. THey are so surprised to hear they you are a virgin. I was raised right and I actually learned what they taught. Some people have to learn the hard way at the expense of others. Abortion is the worst thing someone can just blow off. just because someone is being stupid and lustful they feel when they get pregnant that their mistakes should not come with the consequences. I wish I could watch Rosie of eat something instead of this. It is kind of fun though. I wonder if Jen is coming down this weekend to visit me. My stupid computer will not ever work. My roommate is nice to let me borrow her computer. I wonder what mandy and Phillip are doing. I have a message from my sister. I think it is Sheila. She has been so helpful. I need to concentrate. I need to read my scriptures. How much longer do I have to write. My fingers are about to fall off. I keep making so many mistakes. AAAHHH! this is frustrating trying to keep up with my thoughts. This sure does help my writing speed. go girl go. I want to call sheila. I wonder if they are cooking or something. I already have a sandwich in the refrigerator from lunch. That is so stupid that they don't allow you to take food out of the cafe. I did. I paid for it. They just want to reap you off. Well I won't let them. I can't think I am thinking too hard. I wonder what avery is doing. I wish I could talk to him. It is driving me almost to the point of worry. I wonder if the mail is here yet. I am so glad this assignment is easy. I wonder what kind of awful things people write. I feel almost sorry for the professors that have to read this. I bet it will take forever. I wonder what kind of experiments I will participate in. My shoulder hurts. I wonder how often I will actually work out. I am so sore. How much longer. YEs 4 minutes. Praise the lord. I said a curse word today and I am not happy with myself. I don't want to get back into that habit. I am not a happy or truly happy person when I curse. It is not a nice thing to do. I wonder what the professors are thinking. I waited for the bus forever today. I thought I was going to die in this heat. My writing is getting worse. I am getting a headache. I wonder what it would be like to have a cat. I like twinkles but cats are so moody. I miss my dog Anya. the cutest thing in the world. I wonder what they are doing at home. I wonder what they are eating. I am hungry. I miss eating with Avery. will he ever write me. Is he too busy. I never heard of that. I am starting to get mad now. he was all worried about me dating other guys and he doesn't even take the effort to buy a stamp and mail it. I wonder if it got lost. I hope I get one soon. I am finally done. ,y,y,y,n,n

2000\_839089.txt,"My throat hurts. I had a little too much troubling trying to spell throat. I've now discovered hat my brain works much faster than I can type. I hope I'm not getting sick. All I can think about is this assignment. Now I'm thinking about all the things I need to do today. And this weekend, I have to write a rough draft of a paper. I need to go to the library or something. It's really cold in here. My eye itches. I hope they found the people that were smoking in the building last night. That's probably why my throat hurts today. We could smell it through the vents. I need to go to the store. Now my nose itches. Our room looks kind of messy. Can I listen to music while doing this assignment? They'll never know. I have to watch the clock and stop at 10:47. I remember when I heard this song for the first time. I hope it rains today. I don't like Star Jones. She seems really mean and pushy. All I can think about is what should I think about next so I can type it. I need to email my mom after this. I'm trying not to, but I can't help but sensor this. She needs a different haircut. She would look better. Ouch. That hurt my sunburn. I have 8 minutes to go. Oh I really like this part of the song. I love jazz. I think I need to buy some cough drops. I'll out that on my list of things to get at the store. I really like this part of the song too. I need to get my math homework done early. Why did it repeat, I didn't tell it to repeat. Or maybe I did. What was that? I think it was talking chickens. When you turn the sound down, not all commercials are as selfexplanatory as you might think. I needed to know that. I want to go somewhere. I need to drive. I just don't know how to get anywhere. I'm just killing time until the 20 minutes are up. Oh laundry tips, I've got to watch. And look at that, times up. ",n,y,n,y,y

2000\_840640.txt,"I am a freshman at UT but it is not a new experience for me. My older brother and sister both went here and my brother is still here to help me out which is awesome for me. I see so many confused freshman everyday even though it's already the 3rd week of school and they should know where they're going but they don't. I'm just really glad that it's not me. I am really independent however so this would be a fun experience, not scary, even if I was all alone. I like to look at things as being an adventure instead of a danger. I do go home every other weekend though because my boyfriend, who happens to be my brother's best friend, goes to the Art Institute of Dallas. Dallas is where I am from although it has changed a lot since I first moved there. I can't wait until this Thursday when I can go home to see Greg, my boyfriend again. I have been in serious relationships before but never have I been so much in love. Ever since we starting dating both of us just knew that we were going to be together for the rest of our lives. I can't wait to get done with school, start my job as an elementary school teacher, and be married to the love of my life. As corny and ""Leave it to Beaver"" as that may sound, that is really what I want to do. My real life goal was always just to be a Mom and nothing else. I didn't want a ""real job"" as they're called even though being a housewife is much harder than many highranking jobs out there. But, my dad said that I was too smart to do that and that if one day I just happened to be on my own I needed a good education so that I could have a good job to support myself or my kids with. It actually never occurred to me that I wouldn't go to college until he said that. I wanted to go to college for 4 years, but I guess I was just thinking that I wouldn't have a major but still graduate somehow. I was young then and didn't quite know how this whole college thing worked yet. But, anyhow, here I am and I'm loving it. It is such a refreshing changed from high school where you feel like you are going to a prison every day where they freeze you to death and make you tired as hell. But there was really no possible way to fall asleep because it was always way too cold to relax. So it really was like torture in that it was as if they were filling you full of some sleeping agent but holding your eyelids open for 8 hours. Enough about that though, bad memories. I am here now not knowing quite what to expect. I took summer classes at a really, really easy junior college this summer and have enough credits to be a sophomore when spring semester starts. The faster I get out, the better. But I know that UT is nothing like a junior college in any way. And I also know that no matter how easy a class seems during lecture, the tests are always hard and are nothing to take lightly. Which is good because if this school was easy, I wouldn't learn anything that I would remember longer than the test. But, it also puts a hamper on some of those freshman who expect it to be like high school. They go out on weeknights and party and don't get home until the next morning and then get up for class 3 hours later. And maybe they could pull that in high school and get away with it, or maybe they never did that in high school and are just experimenting with their new found freedom. Either way, they are going to get a big slap in the face when their first test rolls around. But that is their problem and not mine, although life would be much kinder to them if they would have learned that during high school. ",y,n,n,y,n

2000\_843977.txt,"At this present, I am feeling a lot of stress. I don't know why. There is so much going through my head right now, that I sometimes get confused. Maybe I'm just worrying about my grades and how my four years will come along at UT. I am concentrating at this screen, but feel kind of dazed and a little lonely. Come on now, hurry up and get through this. I am very strict on myself when it comes to following through with things. A few days ago, I took a quiz in my Bio 211 class. I don't think I did very well on it, and it's still nagging on me like an itch on my back that I can't reach. I have very high expectations of myself. I guess that's because of the way I was brought up, and the way I handled myself through my other years of schooling. In my high school, I was second in my class. I was that type of person who always had to get straight A's. Making a B was absolutely unacceptable in my mind. This had nothing to do with my mom. She really doesn't care what I get. I and only I brought on this extreme pressure that I put on myself. I guess if you're in a habit of always making good grades, it's a habit that's very hard to break. That is how I come to terms with my behavior and attitude towards work. I hate feeling awkward. I am very selfconscious. I don't know if it has to do with me being very shy, or what, but I get nervous easily. Sometimes I feel everyone is looking at me waiting for me to make a mistake. This happens to me wherever I go. Well, I'm getting a little tired and my head is starting to hurt. Maybe it's because I've been staring at this screen already for about ten minutes straight. I don't know. About my opinions about UT: I think it's a good school. The only complaint I have is the heat. It is very hot here. I don't remember it being this hot in Houston. I always wonder when the next cool day will come. When I first came here, I felt pretty homesick. Everything was new to me, and when I thought of the new responsibilities that I would have to grasp during the next four years, that really made me sweat. Not literally, but you get the idea. Now, I'm feeling pretty good. I am a very detailed oriented person. I write everything on lists, which includes my shortterm goals, my longterm goals. Everything. And every time I think of something else that I have to do in the near or distant future, I put in on a sheet of paper. I am really nervous about my future. I hope I will live beyond the expectations I have placed upon myself. I am really getting stressed out just thinking about it right now. My head feels like it's filled with cement at this moment. I got to relax and not take the mistakes I make too seriously. I am always serious. I am not a flamboyant person. Well, my twenty minutes are up now. Time to study. ",n,y,y,y,y

2000\_845859.txt,"I always knew college was about being on your own and being independent. Maybe I have been so busy that I didn't realize I was completely on my own until I got sick. Being sick is just one of those things I have never had to accomplish on my own. I always had my mom to take me to the doctor and even after I could drive, I still loved her company. I also knew that she would get me my medicine and make sure I was taken good care of. Being away from my mom and that comfort zone was not very easy when I became sick. It has definitely shown me that I depend on other people a lot, especially my mom. If there is one thing I am looking forward to about college, it is growing as a person. I hope to become more independent and prepare myself for the future years ahead. I always went away to camp during the summer and spent six weeks in Israel one summer but for some reason, being in college is a much different feeling. I want to be able to do things completely on my own without consulting others, like my parents. I think the greatest thing I need to conquer is decisionmaking. I have always been bad at making up my own mind without asking someone else if I am making the right decision. I hope being in college will teach me to make good decisions and become that independent person I want to become. Already being away from home has taught me so much about myself and how it feels to be distant from that comfort zone. Just like most things, I know it will only take time and patience. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_850667.txt,"Um. well I don't know where to start. This is extremely weird and I feel like I am just going to start rambling on and on. I think I'm thinking too hard for this little assignment and it's driving me crazy I guess I'll just go off on tangents and type away. I am so bored out of my mind and everyone around me right now is talking about being hungry and going to get something to eat. I shouldn't have eaten that can of soup and should have waited and gone some place good wit my friends. What am I thinking what am I thinking about. This is so much harder than I though. I thought things were just going to flow and I'm sure that they usually do but since I'm concentrating so much things are flowing like they usually do. I'm so stressed out right now. For some reason I feel like I have a world of things to do, do I? Well I know that when I think to hard about all the things I have to do it seems like I'm never going to finish doing what I have to do. In the long run though things seem to work and yeah I'm not going to freak out. I think right now I'm going to go back to my apartment and plan out exactly what I have to do for the rest of the day then get a pen and just scratch out as I go along. I know that I'll fall asleep though. I've been so lazy lately. I think I should start running to get my blood flowing but I know myself and it'll never last. Well who knows we'll see what happens, I could just go home and clean the apartment that would be a good work out. I think I'm thinking too much about unimportant things I guess who cares I'm just going to do whatever I want to do as things come to my mind and I'm not going to force myself into jogging around and sweating then never wanted to run again. Holy cow! This is not fun at all I'm running out of thoughts and this is just becoming words jumbled on to a paper. I wonder if I'm suppose to have paragraphs and stuff oh well too bad. Is this suppose to be something important or say something about myself. If it wasn't for having to type this my day would be complete I could take a nice long nap without having to worry about getting this out on time! Ugh! Okay I wish I could just live in Austin and not go to school. I wonder what I'm going to do tonight? Nothing is fun anymore it's always all the same stuff. Um well jayne and them are coming in from San Antonio so we'll see what happens. This movie is so cheap I laugh at the stupid parts even though they make no sense what so ever. What a mess what a mess. Ugh I need to clean up my home today so bad I don't want to! I clean up and two seconds later it's a mess all over again. Okay well I'm thinking my time should be up. Is it up yet. Yes two minutes and them I'm done. I'm starving all of a sudden. I'm so frustrated with this whole thinking process It's just a mess I hope we don't have to do this all the time. I think I'm going to be disappointed when I read back on this. I'm going to see that not one productive thought runs through my mind in 20 minutes. That is so pathetic. I wonder what would happen if I didn't have to do this and I started jotting down my thoughts. Okay time is up. ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_851590.txt,"I'm supposed to write for twenty minutes. So I think that I will write about what I know the most about. I know the most about myself. Maybe this means I'm stuck up because I'm writing about myself and not about something important, like homelessness or starvation and poverty and other things of that nature. But if that is the case, I will just have to be stuck up. I don't know that I really understand myself, so I'm not really sure what I should say. Sometimes, I'm fairly predictable. Other times, I just don't know why I do what I do. I guess everyone could say that about themselves, so I'm not being too original here. I'll try to think of something more original. I am weird. I wonder if everyone thinks that they are weird. I am not comfortable with love, yet I crave it. I close the door in love's face when it comes knocking. I like movie love. The kind where everything just ends happily ever after. Cinderella is a perfect example. She finds the man of every woman's dreams, and gets him. I think I once found the man of my dreams. But I just wasn't ready to find him then. At least that will be my excuse for letting him get away. I wonder why people think that love is so important to find. I feel like it is the purpose of our being here. Do animals really search for the ONE? Or do they just find a new partner every season? Maybe that is what is supposed to set humans aside from animals. Everyone thinks that humans are so much smarter than animals. I think that maybe animals are much smarter. They don't mess with love. They just have mates. I bet their lives are less stressful. I guess love really isn't that stressful, as long as both people are in love. It seems to me that when you are in love, everything seems perfect. Life suddenly loses its stressfulness. I think the phrase is that it looks like you're looking at the world through rosetinted glass. Roses are nice. I love flowers in general. They smell good. They look pretty. They are such pointless gifts because they die so quickly once they are cut. But I guess that is what makes them so nice to receive the simple fact that someone spent money on something that will only last a few days just to brighten your face for a moment. ",y,y,n,y,y

2000\_851716.txt,"Stream of Consciousness Where could she have gone? She has been gone for 12 hours now and she did not even tell me where she was going. She left at 1:30 in the morning and it is now one in the afternoon. All she said was she was going to buy cigarettes and she would be back in fifteen minutes. Oh God what could have happened to her. I do not know what I would do with out her. Rally what would I do if she wasn't around anymore. She is my best friend, my sister. We have been through so much together. She knows everything. Every secret, every feeling, every lie, every cry, everything. Please be okay, please be okay. Where could she have gone? She could have gone to A&M to see Adam. Or maybe she went to Waco to visit Mark. No she wouldn't do that; she has not talked to Mark since Monday. She wouldn't just leave without telling me where she was going. Maybe she went to see Charlie at Southwest. No, she couldn't have. They were in a fight last time she talked to him. Please just be safe. I am totally helpless right now. I have called everyone and left everyone messages. Who is going to call her mother? I have to tell her. No one else can do it. She is my mom too. I am the only one close enough to her to tell her what is going on here. She is there, in Houston, and she is going to freak out when she finds out here daughter has been missing for 12 hours now. I hope Susan is all right. I am going to be so relieved when I see her, if I see her. Relived, I am going to be pissed. How could she not call and tell me where she was going? It is the responsibility of a roommate to tell the other one where you are going. Who else can I call? I have to call somebody. Somebody has to know her whereabouts. I can't ever talk to anyone right now. I am hysterical. Calm down; just clam down, Cara. Everything is going to be okay. Should I wait to call her mom until after I talk to the police? NO that is wrong. It would be one in the morning when the police would finally do something. She couldn't do anything then. She would be as helpless as I am right now. That is not fair to her. She wouldn't be able to do anything at one in the morning. She would be totally freaked out in tears. Okay breathe, breathe. You can do this. Just dial the number. Come on push the buttons. Stop crying and do what you know you have to do. Stop crying, Cara. ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_851969.txt,"I'm going to be late, why did I schedule my classes so late in the day? I heard it was better to have later classes, but isn't 2pm for my first class a bit too late? It's too much trouble to change it, and oh my gosh! How am I supposed to concentrate in a room of about 500 people with my Microeconomics professor being so plain and boring. It reminds me of my U. S. History class junior year. it was crazy, I could barely stay awake. 2pm is generally when I take my afternoon nap as well, you know? Now it's twice as hard to stay awake in that class at that time. And today I've got a 12:30pm class, which I guess is a better time, don't you think? Yesterday I had a lot of time to spare before class, so I woke up early, and went to go work out, which worked out ok. I'm going to go workout to day as well. I'm going to try to work out as much as possible. you know how they talk about the freshman 15? That scares me. I mean I can see how freshmen can gain that weight. For example, I ended up skipping breakfast yesterday, and had a big lunch, which is more that I generally would eat for a lunch. SO I end up eating more than usual. But for dinner I had a sandwich and some cereal, so I think that was better. At home I just constantly snacked, which I heard is actually better than eating full meals. But at home, I actually had food lying around the house that I could just pick up at any time. IN my dorm, on the other hand, we've got ants, so I can't just have food out everywhere. And while others have a whole pantry full of food in their dorm, I've got a box of crackers, cereal, some soup, and fruit snacks. I haven't had milk in awhile, maybe I'll have milk for breakfast today. should I? Because if I do that then I won't really have a lunch, but breakfast for lunch you know? Uhh. I don't know, Everything is pretty new. This whole college lifestyle. Oh my gosh the first couple of days I was here I was really depressed. I didn't see very many of my friends, and the friends that I was seeing weren't my closest of friends. But we went over to one of my friend's dorms the other day, and just hung out and talked about old time. now that was fun. It's hard getting all together though, because everyone's got their own schedule and things to do. It'd be nice to get together again. One day at lunch I got together with a whole group of my friends, it was a lot of fun. better than just having a boring lunch with some friends that barely even talk. And my dorm room. I mean I like it, but when you compare to other peoples dorm rooms. oh my gosh! Some people really went all out. I on the other hand, just put up a few decorations and some stickers. Well some will bust out with poster and a billion frames surrounding their bed. I mean that's cool and all, but I guess I wasn't prepared to do all that. That's another thing. A lot of people already have siblings who are going here, or have previously gone here. That's why they know so much about the organizations and the things around Austin. They also have access to a car, another thing I don't have, which can get kind of hard. What if I want to go back to Houston? I don't really feel comfortable asking just anybody for a ride, and the bus? I don't know. I haven't actually sat on a bus to go from city to city. And I don't want to make my family drive three hours to Austin, just to pick me up, and three hours back to Houston, then all over again to drop me back off to school. I don't know. they say there's so much to do on campus and to get involved, but in what?? There are so many different organizations, and the one I want, I can't find. I heard that there was an Armenian cultural association in Austin, and that'd be really cool if I actually found the members and joined. I tried to look them up online, but apparently the web site doesn't work. I'm not really open and just start talking to people, so making a whole new group of friends is not challenging, but not so easy either. My suitemate is real comfortable just talking to anybody. I on the other hand, don't find it so easy. I'm hungry. should I get some lunch? I haven't really had a real breakfast. Did I already say that? Hmm. so should I just get some cereal, because I'm not all that hungry, or should I get a lunch? I don't know, I'll just see what they have for lunch, and then I'll decide from my options. how does that sound? Uhh. and our elevator doesn't work. oh ya! There's another elevator. I walked three flights of stairs for nothing then? OH well. good exercise right? I didn't realize we had two elevators because I always just take the one I'm used to, but it's ""temporarily out of order. "" Does that mean the other one will be out of order too? Hmm. I'll go see. ok. I guess that's about it. Maybe I should start another diary. I finished the first one I had. I've had it since I was about 12. It's kind of funny looking back at all the things I wrote about. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_854141.txt,"Although I have waited until the very last minute to start this assignment, it was totally out of my control. I've been dealing with getting my laptop and setting up my Internet for about two weeks now. The Ethernet card was finally put into today, but only after harassing the front desk of my dorm about twenty times. So, now I'm connected to all my friends who either moved or do not go to UT. But, even though I might be connected, I barely ever get any real information about their lives from them. One of my best friends moved to College Station to go to school. It might be only a twohour drive, but I haven't seen her in almost a month. That is really hard when before she left we were seeing each other almost every day. And, I don't feel I'm making enough of a conscious effort to keep in touch with her. Maybe I think that if I don't speak to her then I won't miss her. I've also been overwhelmed with the changes of moving away from home, meeting new people, and getting adjusted. So, I might just be extremely busy right now, too much on my mind. I've wanted to graduate high school and be on my own since I was about twelve. I've always been extremely responsible and independent, not really seeing the need for strict authority, parents, teachers, etc. So, I figured moving out of my house and into a new environment would be a breeze. I've adjusted all right. I do my homework, don't stay out late on school nights, and go to all my classes. Psychologically though is a different story. I never realized how much I'd miss my parents, and only now do I really appreciate what they do for me. I got sick about the second week I moved into my dorm, and all I could think about was how I wanted my mom to take care of me. Me, miss independent just wanted someone to cook soup for her and tell her what kind of medicine to take. Also, dealing with campus size has been kind of hard. I grew up in a small town and went to a small high school where I practically knew everyone. I am living with a friend from high school, so that's made it a little easier. But still, I don't feel like an individual anymore. I feel like one in a huge crowd, which is exactly the case. Especially in this class. How do you get to know people when you sit by someone different every day and there are over five hundred people that walk through the doors? That's almost three times my graduating class. Five hundred is half the town of Dripping Springs. It's so different, and yet I'm only thirty miles away from home. I also haven't really found much to get involved with. I'm not into sports, and at this point I haven't really experienced anything that I love doing and want to pursue. The only thing I've really done as a group is me, my roommate, and a friend from one of my classes went to a Pill Start class. Which is what it sounds like, starting birth control. That's another thing, I got to this class, yet I'm not sexually active, and I feel like such a minority here in college. I went to the class as a preventative measure. You now, a just in case it happens when I'm drunk or not thinking straight, or maybe even if I get into a relationship where I actually trust my partner. I have this huge overwhelming fear of pregnancy, and I think that's stopped me from being intimate. And, I'm not sure if that's a good thing. Yeah, it has kept me from having sex, but I'm also in a state of fear about the issue. I'm worried my sister, my friends, anyone and everyone is going to get pregnant and that scares me. I worry so much about other people, and I feel responsible for them. Like, I'm always offering to take so and so to go get birth control. Then, they look at me like I'm a freak and explain to my how there's really no way they can get pregnant. I mean, they are using condoms. And all I can do is look at them and think ""OH My God!"" How can anyone be so nonchalant about such an important issue? If I ever got pregnant my life would change so much. It's way too much to even think about. And, I don't ever want to have to make the decision of if I should keep the baby. I love children so much, but I don't want them now, when I can't provide for them or give them the life I know they deserve. But, I don't really think abstinence is the answer either. I think that at some point I'm going to just have to get over this fear. I don't have a problem with sex; I just have a problem with all the scary things that can result from it. Ten minutes of pleasure is not worth disease, death, or even a new life (right now). ",n,n,n,y,n

2000\_854458.txt,"I'm so tired both physically and mentally. I just want sleep, sleep, sleep. I'm so overwhelmed with everything and I can't seem to think of anything but my future. I focus more on how my life might be in the future than how my life is presently. I just feel that it's going to take forever to get where I want to be in life. I don't know why I bother with the future when I have so many things to overcome right now. I just wish I knew how it felt to be completely satisfied. Although, I don't think that is possibleto be completely satisfied. It would make my life seemingly unnatural. What is natural to me are headaches. They are a natural result of stress; stress that is the result of my acknowledgment of my shortcomings. I just want to be truly content with myself and with my life one day. I don't know if that is possible, but I'd like to think so. ",n,y,y,y,n

2000\_854482.txt,"It's funny how people allow themselves to be manipulated by words. I was just reading my Philosophy book, and different philosophers were arguing the pros and cons of legalizing drugs. As I read I found myself being manipulated by words. I had to step back and look at things as a whole to determine my own view on situations. I think many people are victims of the society that we have created. We live in a cutthroat world that is very demanding. People feel pressured to please others above themselves. I believe that this can be dangerous. People too often define success by how much money they have, how many cars they have, and what their resume looks like. Many times we try to obtain success at all costs; even at the cost of our own happiness and well being. Students feel pressure from many sources. Many of those sources are our parents. They feel pressure to be a success in their parents eyes no matter what the costs. Even if the costs includes the well being of their self. This is a sad occurrence. We should be encouraged by our parents. Their is a thin line between encouraging and pressuring. We look for that line and do our best to walk as close to it as possible. Its funny how our state of mind changes from time to time. We go from being majorly stressed out to being very calm. Aristotle believed that we should always surf somewhere in the middle, never getting too high or too low. I think that makes some sense. Every time I get stressed out I have to step back and look at things in perspective. Then I ask myself if this ""thing"" I'm stress about is really worth it. More times than not it isn't. My question is what is the right way to live. If we never push ourselves we never allow ourselves a chance to grow. If we push ourselves too much we run the risk of becoming depressed. I guess like everything else, it all depends on the circumstances. Some things have a tendency to stick in my head. Movie lines for example. I'm always able to remember with great accuracy. Numbers on the other hand, I don't remember so well. What causes that? Is that a gift or a flaw? I have an identical twin brother and we are total opposites. I remember movie lines and he remembers phone numbers very well. Also, we look nothing alike. Isn't that weird. Every time we meet someone and tell them we're identical twins they never believe us. Maybe the doctor made a mistake and told my mom the wrong thing. Identical twins are cool because we have the same genetic makeup. I guess that takes the individuality away a little, but hey, its just like anything else, we've got to take the good with the bad. ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_854761.txt,"Well to begin. I don't like spelling. you make me check my spelling but what I really want to do is just permanently change the way things are spelt. or make everyone think they way I do. wow wouldn't that be nice. hum to have everyone think the same as me. No not really. If everyone thought the same as me it would be one boring world. ""So Andr�a how goes your thoughts on Abortion?"". response: ""I don't know. why don't you ask yourself. "". well I bet that isn't how the conversation would go. cause the other person wouldn't think they thought like me they would think I think like them. so about the only conflict would come up as to who is the original ""who"". But how about it we took different situations and then gave everybody my opinion?. but that is a lot of work. and I don't feel like that. Speaking of no feeling like working. I don't feel like working. hehe you don't know it but I just misspelled feel. I wrote fell instead. Lets think about that. if a cow falls in a hole how would it get out. I guess you would have to build stairs huh. no not really you could just pull the damn thing out. Damn Cows way in the world are they even falling in holes. don't they know not to do shat like that? Oh yeah like that little baby. who was it?. oh baby Jessica(I think). wouldn't suck to fall in a hole? Heheh. I was watching a movie the other day(big big movie buff) called ""Cecil B. Demented"" it was a great movie. one guy in the movie(he is from another movie called ""Drive me Crazy""(don't ever see that one). but in this movie he is a drug addict. not the scary kind that look like skeletons and shat but the funny kind that take every kind of drug. back to my point. at one point he is trying to run away but he is running in place. his excuse you ask. he's stuck in a KB hole. hehehe. I think its funny even if you aren't laughing. You ever think about that. when I write something on the computer it just doesn't laugh. damn computer. doesn't have a sense of humor. perhaps if I ripped all its cords out it would be laughing. ""hahahahaha"". no no not really. That is mean. HUM. new topic okie. I like to look around and see how everybody has their own style. some like to wear tight clothes some wear funky stuff. if people have an ""outgoing"" style does that mean they are caught up in unimportant things such as outer beauty?. no not at all. people often like to dress up. in that fun sort of way. or they like to do stuff like that. alright I'm bored of this conversation. really I am. Sam I am. I will not eat green eggs and ham. oh poor Dr. Seuss. he's six feet under. Man I saw part of the Emmys last week. they shown all the movie stars who had died. sniff. YI think a nice thing to paint is reflections. they are really pretty. I have a lot of stuff to do. ugh. the word stuff is so slang. (said in a valley girl way. ) ""That word was just like so SLANG"" (nose pointed up and with a quick twist she leaves the room). I think I should start saying something else besides ""Stuff"". ""I have a lot of things to do"". "" I have many things to do"". ""My agenda is full right now can you call back at a later date and then maybe we can set something up for you. no. no sir you don't understand my calendar runs out after October and I won't be getting a new one for at least another week. So I'm going to need you to call back to set up the appointment. alrighty sir. you have a nice night. bye"" (click) ""Y'all come back now you hear"". BUH ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_854954.txt,"I'm mad because I had just typed for twenty minutes and now I have to do it all over again because something happened to my laptop. AHHHHHH, I'm mad. Anyways today I turned 18. I'm so happy. Now I'm just going to write about anything because I'm hungry and tired. Today was a good day until this stupid thing happened. I'm mad. Tomorrow I'm going to San Antonio and I hope me three friends from Dallas can come visit me. It'll be all of them, Johnny, Cleo, my mom, and my two sisters. Lauren's letter made me cry. It was about how proud she is of me and all that good stuff. It was sweet too. Jesse made me cry yesterday because he got me something for my birthday and I thought he hated me since I'm with Johnny and all. That was sweet of him, but I wouldn't consider going back with him because of all the bullshit he put me through. He used to hurt me more emotionally than physically, but he did both at times. My other writing assignment was all nice and this one is all about bad things. Anyways, being 18 will be cool. I finally get to go into the club legally, meaning without a fake id. I also get to get my own bank account, either Wells Fargo or the University Federal Credit Union. I also get to go get my driver's license, because I never went to driver's education. Yeah! Okay, I'm a little happy now. Johnny is a good boyfriend though. He really cares about me and puts me first on what he should put me before. Like he rather be with me than his friends. That's cool sometimes, but I saw him this summer just enough to know that he really likes me. He hasn't called me yet. Oh oh I'm sad again. I miss him, and I'm glad I get to see him and all my friends tomorrow, hopefully my friends. I still have homework or should I say dormwork to do. HAHAHAHA! Okay that was corny, but I'm still cool. Oh yeah I'm going to a party at around 9:30. Oh oh I guess I'll have to call Johnny by then if he doesn't call me. He said he was going to the mall, so maybe that's where he's at. I know he had practice today so he got out at 5, but he still hasn't called me. Well it's still light outside, so I guess that's okay. Two more minutes and I hope the my laptop doesn't mess up again. Well today was a great day and I feel like Doey Howser typing away at my computer. That was dumb but I'm mad so I guess that's okay. Well times up, bye. ",y,n,n,y,n

2000\_855326.txt,"Well, I'm sitting here at my computer on my desk thinking about what to write gosh I cannot spell right now this is really frustrating. It's different when you type this kind of assignment because when you write things on paper, you don't have to worry about misspelling anything because you are writing and when you type, sometimes your fingers don't type the right keys and everything gets all messed up. Well I'm going to see my boyfriend in about a week and a half my hands and fingers are getting tired of typing and his picture is right here on top of my desk. He is so wonderful. I wish we weren't at different colleges. It would be so much easier if we were in the same city so we could see each other more often, It's only been 3 minutes since I've been doing this and I have 17 more minutes this is going to be a really long assignment. It seemed easy when I heard about it, but it really isn't that easy. My fingers really hurt and I wish I could just write this out, but I guess you have to have it in email format. Well I'm really anxious to see my boyfriend. Every time I think about him I get a really big smile on my face. I told him that even when I talk to people, sometimes I'll just smile in the middle of what I am saying because I'm thinking about him. He's in Houston, going to Rice. I was really interested in Rice a couple of years ago because my cousin, who's 4 years older than me, went there and he really liked it there. Anyway, I've been trying to book a bus ride over there, but it's pretty hard to do that, especially when I'm trying to juggle my tine between trying to book the ride and going to class and everything like that. But hopefully it'll all work out ok. It's going to be really fun because I haven't seen him since he left for Houston on August 20th. It's been so long since I've seen him. We talk on the phone occasionally, but that gets really expensive really quickly and so most of the time we just email each other and I'M each other. But his schedule is so different from mine and its hard to talk especially when I need to study but I really want to talk to him. It's so hard. Ands all this studying is getting me tired. It's only the 4th day of class and already I feel burned out from all the reading and everything ok I think it's been about 11 minutes, uh oh I stopped writing because I lost track of how long I have been writing but now I know so that's' good. Gosh my fingers hurt. I've never typed this much before with out taking a break. Aye ok, I need to get my wrist pad because they hurt. All right, that's better. Now, back to Jake that's his name. He's supposed to get online again at midnight and I really hope he does. He's been going to bed really early lately and it sucks because then I can't talk to him as much as we normally talk. I love him so much. It hurts inside to think of him and I really want to be with him right now. But I don't want to talk about that to you because it's my problem, that's why I'm going to see him next Friday. I'm so excited to see him. He's seriously the best thing to happen to me for a really long time. We've gone out before, actually my freshman year of high school we were dating and we've been going out off and on since then. I seriously think we were made for each other. He is so sweet and he's really in touch with his sensitive side, and that really turns me on in a guy. I like it when guys cry too. I mean, not too much, because then it seems like they're too sensitive, but if he cries a little, it means he's sensitive and that totally turns me on. Anyway, I'm probably leaving next Thursday so that I can spend the night with my other friend, Pam, who also goes to Rice. I'm going to go to a party on Friday night with her and Jake and then I'll spend the next two nights with Jake (but we aren't going to do anything) that's another thing I really admire about him is that we both have the same morals and expectations and he is really sensitive to my feelings and wants. He has got to be the best thing going for me right now besides of course being at UT. That is really awesome too. Anyway, I'm running about of things to say, oops that didn't make much sense, but I'm almost done hooray! Anyway, I'm staring at my really bright yellow hilighter right now and It hurts my eyes. I need to go pick up my football tickets tomorrow after my philosophy class because I'm in the draw. I wonder how I can get 8 tickets besides mine that makes a total of 9 tickets. My whole family is coming up to Austin for the Houston game on the 23rd because my birthday is the 24th and we are celebrating it that Saturday. Well, it's been about 20 minutes so I guess my first official psychology writing assignment is done. That makes me feel good. Well, bye! ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_856478.txt,"I'm sitting in the library at 4:45am once again. Now I'm wondering why it is that I insist on pulling these all nighters constantly, and doing it without proper sleep or rest. Oh well. It's really cold in here, but it always is. I really shouldn't be getting distracted by the temperature in here. I should be more worried about the EE test that I have to take this semester or the CS class that I have to pass, although neither of them are weighing on my mind with the magnitude that they should. I'm begging to miss surfing again. I thought that the three weeks home this summer would help cure me of my love of the ocean, but it didn't. It never does. I need to be playing guitar more also. I've let it slip quite a bit here lately. I know the reason for that, I've let myself get too distracted with the girls around me. I allow them too much power over my life, and my actions. But that's ok because I'm done with all of that. I'm really going to try to cut my ties to all of what is negative in my life. Well at least as far as my friends go. I've begun to realize more and more how much people use me. The funny part of it is they all think that they're getting away with something, when in fact I'm quite aware of what is going on around me and what is happening to me. I guess I just give people to much damn credit. That's another thing I'm over. Despite how much I say I don't want those people in my life I know that I crave them being there due to my own insecurities and my need to have other gay people around me. But why the hell to I feel the need to have those gay people around me? They end up making me feel more ostracized than accepted. I'll never become what they see as normal. For that matter, I don't want to become that. I don't want to go out and sleep around, and do the drugs and all that other crap. It just occurred to me that who ever reads this will think that I'm writing this solely to seem like some good kid, yeah right. I'm not, but then again, they'll never know that. I find this assignment odd. I'd love to read what other students write, and more importantly I'd love to know how much of it is truly stream of conscious writing and how much of it is just premeditated butt kissing. Once again something I'm sure I'll never know. But sure enough something I'll ponder for at least a little while. I'm sure I'll be able to use that as an intricate procrastination method when I should be studying for one of the many classes that I'm taking this semester which are surely going to kill me. Man, I meant to pay my phone bill today. I've got to do that tomorrow. My credit is going to be so screwed. I've screwed up so bad as far as money goes this past few years, well actually it's been this past year. I just don't even like to think about money. It makes me sick to my stomach every time I think about it. If I were the least bit intelligent I would learn to budget or even better yet keep a check book like a normal person but oh no. God, there's that damn word again, ""normal"". I've come to despise that word. It seems like everywhere I turn I'm being bombarded with it, and what's worse is the fact that no matter who's throwing it at me I'm not fitting it. I just hate that word. Who's right is it to decided weather or not I'm normal. Who gets to decide what is normal. I think that's what I want to be when I grow up. the one who decides what's normal. No I don't want to do that, changed my mind. I don't want to put any more labels into this world than already exists. Speaking of things I've got to do soon, I need to change my oil. Since Chris and I drove to Dallas yesterday that put me nearly 200 miles where I was supposed to change it. I used to never let it get that far over. School has become such a distraction to my life. I know it's bad when my parents keep telling me that I'm working too hard and taking school too serious. I guess it all goes back to working hard at school as being a way of running away from everything else. It's just so much easier to come up to the library and work, and at least do something productive, rather than sitting around and dwelling over the drama and crap that exits in my life. Most of which I can't do a damn thing about. That's another thing I need to work on accepting what I can change and what I can't. I seem to get it in my mind that I solve the problems of the world. Before I do that I need to get my own life straightened out. I can't even get a date, and I think I can give the world leaders advice as to how to prevent war. Ok, sure Heidi, you can't even have a relationship with someone your own age who speaks you're language and you think you're going to go and create world peace with people who don't even speak English, sure. Talking about impossible problems I wonder when my new computer will get here. I really need to start on my program for my CS class. There's another thing that just makes me sick every time I think about. To think that I've got to get an A in that class to go to Germany next year just scares the crap out of me. Not much scares me. A lot of things will worry me. I worry too much. I try to deny it when other people tell me that, because common what the hell do they know about me? Well, Kid, a lot. I swear I get worried about the kid who's lonely their first year at college on the AT&T commercials. Alright that's a little overboard again, but oh well. I need to go buy some new study CD's this week. NO, NO. No more spending money. Where do I think I'm going to get this money from? DO I think it's just going to come to me when I'm not working or anything? And I know damn well that as soon as I get that new computer all I'm going to want to do is buy DVDs and programs for that crap. That's the last thing I needed to get on my laptop was a DVD player. That's just great. Now I can come to the Library to study and sit and watch a movie. And knowing me, that's something I would do just to show off my new toy. And I know that's part of the reason that I spent the extra money what to say that I've got a laptop with a DVD player on it. I say I'm not worried by what other people think, and I really don't think I am, but I sure as hell love it when they think I'm cool. Or even better yet, when they envy me. I think I get off on the whole envy thing because it makes me feel as though if there is a reason for people to envy me then my life isn't as messed up and pathetic as it seems most of the time. It's really not that bad, I just think I need to be on antidepressants. That's really common with the whole ADHD thing, but then again the whole ADHD thing brings in a whole new question of who has it, how to diagnose etc. It's really scary to see that these are the things that I think about when I've got free time to think. I really need to find a hobby of some sort. I mean I have one, I have several actually, but it's not really things I just sit and think about. Well music is, but I'm not going to sit here and write songs. I'm not in the songwriting mood. Although, if I didn't have so much work to do I wouldn't mind working on my comic book. I'm getting started on another character. I've got enough male characters the next one will be a female. Not quite sure any of the particulars yet. I'm sure it will be something along the line of goodlooking, selfsufficient, muscular, you know all of those things that most people don't relate to being in package deal with women. Ah, I like this song. It always reminds me of home. I miss my parents right now. I don't get home sick often but when I do it really hits me hard. It's hard to believe that I've been gone from home for two years now. It just doesn't seem real. So much has happened. This past year has changed my life without a doubt. I mean I never thought I would get the courage to tell my parents that I'm gay, or for that matter I never thought that I would get the courage to tell my sisters. What blows my mind is the fact that now I can sit and talk about it to my mom and dad more openly than I ever saw my sisters do with their straight relationships. Family, man. Another think that hurts to think about. I wish we could do with all the crap. I wish there wasn't the stupid petty shit that there is. I'd really love to know who is Waxahachie told my sisters that I'm gay. I mean someone else has to know from the way the whole town knows. I wish I knew that Sonja, my own flesh and blood would stand up for me, but then again I know that's never going to happen. I've sat though too many gaybashing sessions with her. That's another thing that just amazes me, how the same people can raise three kids, it what seems to be the exact same way, and they can turn out so different. Speaking of raising kids, I need to decide about grandpa's funeral. I really really don't want to give the eulogy. I had so much contempt for this man not 6 months ago, but then again I know that I should because it's one of his last wishes. Why should I honor his last wishes though? What has he done for me? That's wrong of me to say. I know that, and I know that in the end no matter how much I don't want to do it, I'll end up speaking at his funeral. That's right I need to call them tomorrow and see what the Dr. said, then I need to call the Dr. and see what they have to say. Never can get the same story from both. ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_857295.txt,"Personally I feel really stressed out. I am a freshman at a very big university. I hardly know anybody and I feel very depressed and lonely all by myself. I am really close to my family so it is very hard to be eight hours away from them. I know this is a new experience, but I am just simply not happy here right now. Many people tell me that I'll get used to it, but I wish the process of adjusting could be a lot faster. I feel as if I should just give up this great opportunity to be at a great university and just go back home. I don't want to let anybody down, for example my whole family. The pressure to do good in school and not give up is so intense. I want to do something with my life, but sometimes I just look for the easy way out. I didn't know that adjusting to college life would be so difficult. How am I supposed to keep up with all this work that is assigned to me. My time management and study skills have not kicked in yet. I miss my whole family back at home. All I can do is get stressed out, I need to find a way to just chill out. I'm worried about basically everything I can think of. I don't know if I'm going to pass my classes, can I manage much longer here by myself, and are people going to accept me for who I am. I'm just not ready for such a drastic change as this one. I have hardly any money left, and I have not even found a job yet. I really need some help to figure out what I am going to do. I really don't know what buses to take to get to certain places. I get really frustrated reading all sorts of maps. Many times I feel as if I'm not even smart enough to be at a great university like this one. I think that is what my problem is, I just don't give myself enough credit. My brother tells me to think positive and he believes that I will make it here. I can not wait to go back home and see my whole family again. I wish I could be a Senior with only one year to go. Though that is not the case because I am a freshman, with many more years to go. Then again what else better do I got to do than studying and working. I would simply waste time and my life doing nothing at all. I want to be successful in life and have a good paying job. I know that is the reason I am willing to study and work hard. Knowing that when all this is done a job will be open to me. Hopefully a good paying job to support all my dreams in life. I really do hope I can make it here at UT. Right now as a freshman I really need all the hope and desire to help me get through this year. Hopefully when this year is over I will be glad because I made it through all my classes. I know study groups would really help me right now. I really dislike reading, but I know I'll have to do a lot of reading as a college student. ",y,y,y,y,n

2000\_857364.txt,"I'm sitting here wondering why he doesn't take a better interest in me. I'm wondering if he has started to see this girl Selena. Am I pitying myself or am I really this strange? Do I actually think that he could love me? Maybe he does, but it's been only a week and he hasn't spoken to me like he used to. I love him so much, God. Why has he changed? Or have I changed? It's been one week though! One week! My heart hurts so much, Lord. Please help me. I feel so helpless, so caught up in something that seems so ridiculous. I love him madly yet he treats me with such irreverence and formality. Then again, maybe it's all in my head, as always. That night in front of his yard. It was wonderful. His eyes. His lips. His smile. The sincerity poured from every valve. I cannot bear to think of him with someone else. I scream with pain at the very thought and I wonder why. Why does this have to happen? Why did I have to fall in love with someone who would fall in love with someone else? I can't stand this. I have to do my schoolwork tomorrow and I don't think I can concentrate. I'm dying. My brain is itching and I'm scraping at the walls to get out of something I am not even in. I hate this city. I hate it here. Why am I even here? I look outside at the night sky and see nothing. I look outside and I can't remember who I used to be. I can't remember what made me happy. Sometimes I wonder if it's worth it. I look at the street and I can't remember the last time I smiled. It was today, I know. but not the last time I felt it. My heart feels empty. My mind is gone. My eyes are filled with tears and I cannot bear to fathom his leaving me. He is everything. There is no one else. Nor will there ever be. I miss beyond words and I cry almost every night. WHAT HAS HE DONE? WHAT HAS HE DONE? Most likely nothing. Maybe I'm being over dramatic. Maybe I'm not being practical. But it hurts. I saw them, God. I saw them together. He likes her, I can see it. I stood like a fool and watched them. I STOOD LIKE A FOOL. I'm so scared. I'm sitting here in my own selfpity crying my eyes out and wondering why. MY laundry is almost done. It's 11:42. Why, God? Can't I keep him? I miss him. I'm not happy here. I will never be happy again, I fear. Not truly happy. I am not complete without him. I'm crying loudly. I fear the neighboring people will hear. But what does it matter? What could they do? I'm hurt. Embarrassment is nothing. Love is nothing. only once. This must be it. I believe a person only falls once. madly and once. I was so wrong to believe that I was not in love with him. I was so wrong to have said and done all those things. God, help me. I will die like this. God, please help me. It hurts so much. I cannot bear to think that he could love someone else. Not after all that time. Not after everything. Why does he throw it away? Why can't he love me? Simply because I am not there? BULL! That's not true. I still love him. I cry. I miss him. I write tot him. What does he do? He comforts me with lackluster professions of love. Maybe I'm making a mistake again. I used to be so sure of everything. I used to be so sure of what he felt. Now I feel and know nothing. I'm tired of hurting. I'm tired of crying. I'm tired of writing for this assignment. It's much too private and it's so hard to determine the stream of consciousness. It is filled with idle, petty things. with no purpose. It floats from one island of topic to another without care and without remorse. I hear screams in the other room. I wonder what is happening. Is she excited or raving? I hope she isn't hurting. Because I am and I fear I cannot take it. I won't kill myself. But I do wonder how long I can survive. I've never believed that I could live to see past 30. maybe even 25. I'm so tired. I want to go home. I didn't before but now I do. I wonder if it is because I want to lure him into staying beside me. to keep him near. tightening the leash. God, help me please. Give me some sort of sign. An epiphany. something. It hurts so much to remember. I'd rather not think about it. It's 11:48. He'll be calling in an hour. if he cares. If he wants to tell me that it's over. I'm so hollow. Maybe this is my punishment. Maybe this I what I get for having been so cruel and unloving. Now I love and the tables have turned. the eye has changed visions and my life has become worthless. This is what you get rings through my ears. I'm sick. I only want peace. I want a comforting arm. I want a hug. I want a kiss. I want love. I'm so terrified of losing him by losing myself. I cannot change because then he will not love me. I'm not even sure if I am doing this correctly. I'm doing this in a form of a prayer rather than what I'm thinking directly. Either way, it's something. Oh, Art. Please, say something I need to hear. I myself do not know what it is. but I need you to say it. Maybe I secretly want you to tell me it's over so that I can find another person to fill the void. But whom could possible begin to? No one. You were the one. You are the only. You always will be. Ten years from now when I watch you get married I will still love you as strongly. There is no better person. Your soul is so true and so lovely. so pure and untouched. I was lucky enough to glimpse that. I was lucky enough to love you. Thank you God. Forgive me, please. I should have loved you better. I'm staring at your painting and I can't help but wonder why I screwed it up again. Why am I self destructive. I need you. I need you to hug me. To kiss me. To tell me that you want me. Please. Please please please. I'm so weak. I'm so pointless. This is purposeless. Help me, God. My back aches. My eyes ache. My feet ache. My life is gone. Music could soothe me before. now nothing does. Not friends, not family, not anything. I wish I could figure out who I am. or be told who I am. I cannot figure it out. Please God let him love me. I'm terrified of what I will become without him. Oh God, please hurry. Please send me something. I need a drink. I wish I hadn't done so many things. I wonder who is online. who could make me feel better? John? Does he love me? I don't love him. Although I wish he loved me. Why am I so selfish? Why can't I be good and whole? What did I do that was so wrong? So many things. Please help me. It's 11:55. I'm done. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_858070.txt,"Well I guess my first thought would be that I don't think the assignment is really fair. I don't really mind it but the fact is that people who type faster will in fact have to write more. I type quite well so this applies to me. I don't really know what else to say so I guess I will just talk. I am 18 I don't like things. I don't like a lot of things. I am very judging of people and things. Everywhere I go I am sizing things up. I don't know why I do this, perhaps it is some sort of defense mechanism that I use to protect myself. I don't know once again. I have a girlfriend of seven months who has actually helped me with this very much. Just the thought of her brings me comfort and calms me down considerably. I don't sleep very well anymore. I used to sleep quite well but now that all of these changes in my life have occurred I am having trouble adjusting. One thing I have noticed about myself just now is that I complain a lot. Well, I noticed it before now but this helps. I will try to be more positive for the rest of the time. I like things. I like a lot of things. I like music, especially the Dave Matthew's Band. I am going to go to a concert of theirs in Dallas of Friday. I am really looking forward to it. I come from a great family. My parents are one of the few couples in the world today who are still married. I like other things too, just let me think for a second. I like birds. Birds are the luckiest animal on earth. They get to fly around all day and laugh at people. My philosophy professor stated a quote from a book about utilitarianism. It said that no intelligent human, no matter how unhappy he or she is would rather be an animal with infinite animal pleasures. I would have to disagree with this statement because I think if given the chance I would be a bird. Maybe I would even be a flying squirrel. I also like movies. I watch them all the time. I used to rent like six a night from the video store but I am really lazy. I sleep late and don't return them on time. I therefore incur late fees. I know what is going on though with this whole return them by noon bit. They know people like me won't wake up by twelve so they will rake in the late fees. They pawn this off as a bonus because you are getting twelve extra hours of movie watching time when in fact all you are getting is twenty or so dollars in late charges. I am aware of many scams. I don't really want to go into them right now because I am afraid of what the proponents of such scams will do to me if I reveal their secret. That last line wasn't true. I made it up. This is a trait I picked up from my friend who moved to Texas Tech. We would all sit around talking and making up elaborate, obviously fake stories just to make each other laugh. So in the memory of my old friend I hope that made you laugh. My twenty minutes are now up so I hope you enjoyed my train of thought. I'm not sure if this is what I was supposed to do but I guess it doesn't matter since it is a completion grade. So I must say goodbye for now. Peace. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_858636.txt,"I feel that I am not very satisfied with school right now. I don't have that many friends but I am sure that I'll start making some soon. I miss my home and my miss my family and I miss my girlfriend who is also in fort worth. I always talk to her and I wish she was here all the time. I miss her a lot and all I can think about is being able to talk to her. school seems a little hard. I haven't gotten used to the studying habits yet. I know that I will soon get back into the grove though. I can't wait until I get to go home this weekend. I want to go home every weekend but I know I can't. it is so hot out side and I want things to cool down just a little bit. I want to be able to go out and play but I don't like going to parties and that's all people want to go do. so it seems like there isn't ever anything to do down here unless you go to a party. all I want to do is go home. it is a lot more fun at home. I don't understand why people say college is so fun when I haven't really had any fun yet. I don't want to join any frats because I don't think they're worth it. and I also hear that they make enemies also. and I don't want to make any enemies down here. my classes are kind of confusing. and since I don't know any body in the classes, I don't feel comfortable asking the people next to me questions. the weeks go by so slow. the only thing that I like about school so far is that I get done with school on Friday at eleven o'clock. that way I can leave for fort worth much sooner. my arms are starting to hurt and I still have just gotten started. time is going by so slow. I want to get out of my supplement housing. I don't like having a room with three other guys. and I don't like my room not having a sink or a mirror. I sort of like the big classes though. it makes class seem more fun. I am so sleepy right now. I don't know if I want to do my home work any more. I might just want to go home and take a nap. my room is so cold. we tried to get the a/c turned down but it still blows super cold air. and plus I sleep on the top bunk right by the a/c vents so it blows right on me. I always get a really cold nose in the middle of the night. and I also have a room mate with a really loud alarm. his alarm constantly goes off and he keeps hitting the snooze button. so every nine minutes it goes off again and again and again. it's so annoying. it's like just freaking wake up or turn off your alarm. I don't understand these people. and would be trying to sleep and then he walks into the room and turns on the lights which light up the whole room. and I'm trying to sleep. he has a little lamp but he doesn't use that instead. talk about no consideration. I don't like having to go down the hall to the bathroom just to brush my teeth. or going down to the bathroom just to put some lotion on my face. I want to be able to just wake up and do all that in front of a sink and a mirror that I don't have and what every body else does. I am getting tired of writing and I'm glad that the twenty minutes is almost up. I wonder if you guys are really going to be reading this thing all the way through. I wonder if you think I'm weird for saying some things that I have said. I wonder if I'm the only person that feels this way. last time I played basketball and now I am very sore. it's hard for me to walk around. I think I'm about to fall asleep on the computer. I can barely keep my eyes open. well sorry guy but my twenty minutes just about to up. bye bye and I hope y'all have a good day. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_859325.txt,"This is beyond weird! I never thought that college could be so exciting and scary at the same time. It is so weird how my thoughts have progressed through these two weeks of college. I never thought that things would be this independent. I am finally away from my mother and father who always told me what to do since I was a tiny little ballerina princess. No more telling me what to do or when to get back. And yet the weirdest thing about all this is the fact that I feel no urge to go out and party on sixth street. I guess all that time my parents were telling me what to do and when, was all taken into consideration when I moved up here. In changing the subject, I just came down with a throat infection and it is the worst ever. I told my parents that I had to get my tonsils taken out a long time ago but they never listened to me. It is not fair. I had the worst night's sleep last night and to top it all off, I have to catch up on all my class readings which means no catching up on sleep. I am such an observer when it comes to just walking down the street or on my way to classes. It is so funny how people I know act in a bizarre way around others compared to how they act in front of me. The other day I caught myself looking at a little boy no older than seven years old, and he caught my eye because he was on top of his dad's shoulders doing the ""hook 'em horns"" sign with his tiny little fingers. It was the cutest thing because it reminded me of when I used to get on top of my father's shoulders and do the exact same thing. In a blink of an eye though, it all seems but a distant memory. It is so weird how I always dreamed of going off away from my Rio Grande Valley life and coming to live my life far away from all the kind of people I could not stand. Do not get me wrong, I loved my family and ""real"" friends, but there was just something about that town and how everything ran on the game of politics. It was all about what kind of car you drove, where your family came from, how they were connected to some of the richest people in town, and so on. It all meant nothing to me in the end because the way I saw it was soon I was getting out of there with some place to go where people did not care about things like that. I accomplished everything I wanted in high school. The highlights were getting head drum major two years in a row and winning homecoming queen and getting to conduct in my white gown in front of my band, my family, and in front of everyone in Weslaco! It was an awesome day. The best days were when we would attempt to study for an extremely hard economics test by going over to someone's house and actually doing no studying at all. Those were the best because even though we saw each other in class, it was just on a 'hi' and 'bye' basis. When we got together, we would get each other caught up on the latest gossip and laugh about the stupidest things all the way into the night. Somehow, we all managed to pass the test the next day and we all felt better knowing that we had connected the previous night. Talking about people in our school was the main thing because our school was made up of all kinds of want tobe's, gangsters, stupid people who actually fooled everyone into thinking they were smart, and so on. Unless you were in band or on a varsity team, the people you hung out with were not at all your friends. It was the best feeling knowing that so many friends were there at band practice everyday and tennis as well. I would have to say the only thing really excellent about my old school were the faculty. My band directors were my closest friends and still are to this day as well as my tennis coaches. They always went above and beyond the call of duty to try and help with whatever I needed. Now that I am gone, I guess it is time for them to help raise another bunch of good students and friends. I feel really good leaving that small town, not knowing what to expect out here in Austin. My morals and ideas my parents, friends, and teachers taught me through the years will always remain a part of me no matter where I go! ",n,y,y,y,n

2000\_862726.txt,"ahhhh. I can't take it anymore, living with Erik. I seriously don't understand what we are. Well, actually I think I do but just won't admit it. We're friends with benefits, that's terrible. We sleep in the same bed every night, and we cuddle, I rub he's back every night before I go to bed, and then he turns over and I rub his chest and stomach, and every morning his arm is around me. But every time I go to bed I always remind myself to stay far away from him as possible on the bed. like I always try to have my back facing him, but sometimes I can't help especially since his place is always so cold. I feel terrible that denniele has to sleep on the floor, and sometimes yeah erik and I will do it when she's only a few feet away. The thing is erik and I are really good in bed, but its more than that. It's really hard to get over someone when you're living with them, I want to move on I really do, I just I still like Erik. our relationship is really weird though, I mean he still has the picture of him and I out on his bed stand, and he'll do these cute little favors, why?! Why are men so difficult to understand? They want one thing, but do another, its like shit make your mind. They say we play games whatever. D and I just need to move out of there, but how can we when we can't even get approve for an apartment, we were suppose to move out like 2 weeks ago, but didn't get approve. It's really nice of Erik, my exboyfriend to let us stay at his place. D still doesn't have a job, but she's going through all these problems, she's so depressed and I'm really glad she's finally seeking help for it. The position she's in must be really difficult especially with me and Erik around. The other night, his exfiance called from Florida I know it was her it had to be. Well, since I did read his mail, and she's trying to find him, and the girl in the photograph who's half naked in his drawer is his ex he just won't admit to me. Ahhh. he's an asshole, but I still want him, why because as much as we don't want to admit, girls like the asshole because it's much more exciting there's a chase. But when a good guy comes you don't want him, strange huh. Anyways, D and I just need to meet new people that's all, but where? Seriously, where do we find new guys, not 6th street that's the worse place to go to. Shit I know he's out there somewhere, I shouldn't even be worrying about this stuff, there's so much I'm going through, with school and work, all this pressure I don't know even I can handle it. I'm really afraid of what the future holds for me. I really miss my family I haven't been home since spring break and I haven't seen my family since June, it's terrible that I didn't even go home at all this summer, I guess the reason I stayed was because of Erik. Erik was my first boyfriend, but not my first sexual partner, I was raped. He's so adorable, ahhh! I still remember our first conversation and the first times we went out and dated, ahhh! Oh, goodness I saw Ian last weekend, well he gained weight, and now has a girlfriend, good for him as long as he is happy then I am happy for him. I've always wanted to know what would have happened if I had told him how I felt about him. But then I met Erik, so who knows. I am so behind in all my classes, I've barely read for anything which is terrible. I just can't study at home at all, I get so distracted with Erik and D being there. I am so indebt right now, I owe all these institutions money. Because of my irresponsibility that's why. Oh well, I know everything will be okay. I feel so fat I'm 137, right now I want to be at least 125, agrrrr. patience I'll be there, I just haven't had the time though to go down to gregory to workout. It's really just my tummy that's big, I still can't believe I got my belly button pierced last week, heheheh. I'm working today and the next two days, I need to make some mad money. Whatever happens happens, right. I wonder how my papa is doing where is he, somewhere on the road probably. I hope my dad and my sister are talking to each other, it's really hard when you have two daughters and one is always and the other one barely talks to you. I hope my mother is okay, I'm sure she is. Oh anyways, D's parents oh I love them they have helped me so much and guided me through a lot. The last few nights have been really fun, sitting outside with D for hours and just talking we haven't done that in a long time. I guess living with Erik though we have no privacy what so ever, she doesn't either. I hope she finds someone good, she's good person who deserves someone that will treat her right. OH and her brother deserves someone good as well, goodness I had the biggest crush over him this summer and Kenneth, too again. I saw Kenneth the other day, still so cute. But he's just so good, he doesn't deserve someone like me, trust me. What's up with Michie, I miss her I haven't spoken to her in like a month, how is she doing medically. HMmm! I really need to go home to Houston and visit everyone I actually need a break from Austin, I think I guess I'm just afraid to leave D and Erik alone in the apt. , its so sad that I don't even trust them together. I know I don't I've never trusted Erik, and I don't think he ever trusted me from the beginning and maybe that's why our relationship didn't work. He knew that I used to have feelings for Kenneth, and yet I hung out with the dude probably more than I did with Erik this summer. hmmm like I said I need to find fresh meat. ehehehe ",y,y,n,n,n

2000\_864302.txt,"Roommates are playing music very loudly. Although, this music is good blues unlike the top 40 crap that normally comes blaring out of their speakers. My roommate is on the phone with a friend complaining about his classes, assignments, his teachers, and the other usual complaint. In the back of my mind I am a bit nervous about the paper I have to write for my Rhetoric 306 class. procrastination was a big problem of mine throughout high school. For a change, I wrote a page of the paper last night. However, I am not sure of the quality but nevertheless it is only a first draft and I just need to turn it in on time. Bing! Bang BooM! I hope I see this girl named Melissa at the Delta Gamma mixer tonight. I can't believe she lived in my hometown of Kansas City for two years. It's A small world after all. It's a small, small world. Bought printer paper today. Need to call my brother. Need to email my English teacher. So many things so little time. Oh well, keep on keeping on. I wonder why my brother Brent has not emailed me back. I wonder where he is? Did he leave Seattle? Who Knows? blankness washing over me. Who, who, who let, who let who who who let them dawgs out? Whistling in the hall. Shut Up! You are annoying me and taking over my stream of consciousness, but I guess it doesn't really matter what goes through the stream because the whole idea is just to type what is going through the mind. What is going through the mind? Tired? No, not particularly. Back is getting a little stiff though. Count backwards from 150 by seven and see if stress level goes up. Sickness. I was sick last week. coughing coughing coughing. runny nose, headache, ears hurt, throat hurt. Aaaagghh! Maggie. I miss my baby girl. She is a one year old poodle who I spent my entire summer with because of my broken leg. I miss her. I think she misses me. I hope she misses me. She has been sleeping on my bed. I hope she doesn't think I have abandoned her. Whistling. Boy, these guys are loud. Two days after a workout is when you are at your peak soreness. Full hour late for class. Oh boy, I am repeating the words of the guy that just walked into my room. Daily Texan. Something about the Daily Texan. Forever and ever amen. blankness Blank Man starring Damon Wayans was a really bad movie. Pure Crap! Soreness. I feel soreness too. My neck. Huge! Wow! Neat! OK Ok My printer is working pretty well. Printed off a bunch of stuff for biology. Three minutes left. Copies. Copies. Who let the dawgs out? This tune has become the anthem of the hall. One side actually likes the piece of rubbish. The other side plays it as a joke. Forever and ever amen. Ben Folds Five ",n,n,y,n,n

2000\_869726.txt,"My English teacher should go back to her own country. She read my essay today, and she couldn't understand a word on it. My topic is on samesex marriage, but she didn't even know that samesex marriages are illegal in the U. S. She read through the whole thing and asked me, ""So what is your point?"" At first, I thought it was just me, so I took it to the writing center. In a way, I just wanted to talk to someone. I had to complain about her to someone. Anyways, the guy in the writing center agreed with me. It's not my problem that she can't read. Well, I guess it is since she is the one who's going to grade my paper, but I am not going to put up with her. I am so going to change my teacher tomorrow. I am so glad that I still have the chance. I feel really relieved because my rough draft is done. I finally feel like I am getting somewhere with my paper. I am also very excited because the weekend is coming up. I am going to finish my homework in one day and enjoy the rest of my weekend. Maybe I will do my homework for the next week ahead of time so I will have more time during the week. I don't know. I seem to be addicted to homework lately. My dad said that I won't be happy if I move out. Well, I don't think that is true at all. I admit that college life is much harder than I have ever imagined, but living with him doesn't change that a bit. It's not like he could help me with my homework. He never did anyway. I feel so relieved after I moved out. It's great that I only have to deal with school. Dealing with my dad is much harder than anything else. I haven't really talked to my mom for a week now. I don't really know if I should call her. She is so worried about me. In a way, she is giving me a lot of stress. We are always talking about the same thing now. She keeps trying to convince me to move back. There is just no way that I am going do it. ",n,n,n,y,n

2000\_871438.txt,"Hi, I will start off by introducing myself. My name is Eric Michael Beeson, and I am 19 years old and a second year student at the University of Texas at Austin. I chose this time to talk because I have something very important on my mind. I met this girl about 3 months ago exactly, to this day at summer school (ACC), and we've been going out for about 1 month and 1/2 now. Within the last 2 weeks, I've been becoming very sad, and I think it may be due to our relationship. She does something that i've never had an exgirlfriend do before, and that is. she likes to ""hangout"" with her exboyfriend. It didn't bother me at first, I guess probably because we were just dating and not serious, but within the last month we became very serious and fell in love with each other. This is the first time i've ever been in love, by the way. I have become very jealous of this guy and sometimes even suspicious. I don't think I have suspicions of my girlfriend cheating on me, but that her exboyfriend will put a move on her, and she will realize she misses him and go back to him. I really don't know what to do. She promises me that they are just friends (you can tell we've talked about this a lot), and she does spend more time with me. Maybe i'm just insecure. I've never had a girlfriend stay loyal to me, and that's probably why I fear the same thing happening again. While i'm writing this paper she is with this guy. Let me tell you a story about what happened 2 days ago. It was a Saturday night, and I just got back to my dorm room from work around 9:00pm. At 9:10 pm, my girlfriend calls, and I ask her ""What's up?"" I was expecting her to have some plans for us, but instead she calls to tell me she's ""checking on me"" and that she's going to her exboyfriend's house to watch Saturday Night Live with him because it's a tradition they have had for awhile. I became upset, as you could imagine, and she could tell on the phone. I told her that my roommate and I were going out, and that I would talk to her some other time then. So, my roommate and I prep to go out. I should probably mention that I have had a habit of doing dip, snuff, tobacco, or whatever the proper term is for it, and i've been attempting to break the habit for my girlfriend since she hates it. Well, I grab the last dip can I had in my room (it was in the trash can half empty), and I put the biggest dip all along my lower lip. I was so pissed off! My roommate and I then start walking out the doors to our cars, and as I walk out the sliding door, there she is! First thing she says to me is. ""You have dip in. "" We were a couple of very angry people that night. She had canceled plans with her exbf to come see me. I was then obligated to cancel with my roommate. We walked into my dorm room, and had a long talk that night. She was very upset at me for dipping, but she is also trying to reassure me that she and her exboyfriend are just friends and nothing more. It's very hard for me to cope with. I don't want to break up with her because I like her so much, and I feel we are very compatible aside from this one issue that I don't see eyetoeye with her on. I'm going to try to go along with this and maybe get to know her exboyfriend a little bit better. Maybe that will help me. Only time will tell. Well, it's been fun, but my time is up now. Thanks. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_871605.txt,"I am pretty proud of myself today, for I got much more accomplished than I thought I would. I figured that after my last class I would just take a nap. But instead, I went to the gym and had a great workout. It's always good to make a plan of everything that you want to do in a day. I always have to do lists. They are so useful, and I feel so organized when I make them. And when I finish everything on one list, I feel so good. It is a great feeling. I haven't been having too many great feelings recently. I'm not sure if I like it here. I don't think I ever will either; that is what bothers me the most. Everyone keeps telling me that it is going to get better, that I'll meet more and more people that I like. I just don't think it's going to happen. I really wish I had gone to Brandeis, for things would be so much easier. It is a smaller school, near Boston, much closer to my parents. Then I'd be able to see Brian and Jessie so much more often. I probably could see them every weekend if I wanted to. My phone bill would definitely be a hell of a lot less. That would be so good, because I don't have enough money. I feel bad asking for more from my parents, but it would just be so much easier. I think I really want to apply for that job at George Women. That is definitely a cool store because it has everything that I love there! Another thing I have noticed about being a college student, is that now I don't care about how I look or dress or anything like that. In high school, it was such a big deal to wear the ""right"" clothes and things like that. I didn't even mind doing that, and it seemed normal. I just miss my friends so much. I made such great connections with three people in high school, and I miss them so much. I am so jealous of all my friends who are so close to each other. Why do I have to get stuck with going to this huge school? It's not fair that I have to go through so many changes all at the same time. I just wish things were easier. It would make me so much happier. I feel like I have done something awful, that I deserve to feel like crap. I know that if I just keep on going, day by day, then things have to get better. I'm just so used to having so many friends and knowing so many people. I have just gotten thrown into this huge pile of people, and not knowing any of them is just plain weird. I just hope that getting use to this school will be a lot easier and quicker than it seems like it will be. I think that things will become so much better once I get used to this school. I certainly hope so because I just want to be happy. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_871706.txt,"The first thing that comes to mind as I sit here is an immense feeling of relief. I have just finished the rough draft of my Rhetoric paper. It's due tomorrow and I wasn't sure I could pull it together. It's not up to the standard of writing I like, but that's why it's a rough draft. I find myself dwelling a lot on on my life since I got here. I know that sounds a little weird, but it's actually a good thing. The first night I was here, I was sitting back listening to my music and reading when I thought about home and everything that had gone on there. I remembered everything from my close friends my senior year of high school to my friends from way back in my elementary school days. It wasn't homesickness. Something about the song I was listening to made me just stop and think about how lucky I am. I've had a great life. My parents were very supportive in whatever I did and still are. My friends were always there for me and I never endured any life tragedies. The truth is that I really have no explanation as to why that song triggered memories of home. It just brought back mental photos of friends, girlfriends, and what I personally considered an ideal life. I really do think I've led an ideal life. Never hurt for money, never abused, never had problems making friends. The only thing I consider a life tragedy is the fact that I didn't get a new car for graduation, but it was that or tuition and I fought to hard to get here to not come. I think that I'll love it here. Actually, I already do. Most people say that you will get incredibly homesick and even want to come home early on in your first year of college. I don't see how. The people around me are great, my classes interest me, and I'm never bored. I don't not miss home, but I'm not sitting in my dorm room crying about the good old' days either. As far as I'm concerned, the good old' days are just beginning. I'm really looking forward to this weekend and the next. This weekend I'm probably going out to a club with a group of girls, one of which I am finding myself attracted to. The next weekend is another football game. I'm in the band, so football games are a fun time for me. Marching in front of 80,000+ people is intimidating, but it's also a rush that words really can't do justice for. Of course, that's only half the fun. The real fun from football season comes from goofing off in the stands. I'm glancing at my clock and see that I've only got about ten minutes left? How am I going to ramble on for another ten minutes. I write fiction stories for fun, love English, and am a Journalism major. Rambling writing style for me. I wonder why I'm occasionally having trouble continuing. Who knows? Psychology is supposed to be able to tell what makes me tick. Maybe one of ya'll will find something interesting about my personality from all these completely random thoughts. This is harder than I thought. Maybe it's because there's not a structure to it. When I write, even a fiction story on my own for fun, there's some kind of structure. A plot, guidelines to follow, something that serves as a skeleton for me to put some meat on. Just writing off the top of my head is something new. Well, not new, but usually the ideas I get off the top of my head are related to a particular subject and I can plug them into a structure. That's actually how I start a lot of my English papers. Start off the top of my head and find a flow. After that, it's all easy, but here there's not even a skeletal structure to set my ideas on. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_871804.txt,"I love college. Although it is very hard work at times, you learn a lot about yourself and other people. I enjoy being in Austin, although my family lives in Fort Worth. This is my second year hear and so far I like how things are going. Of course there is always bumps on the road, but you learn to get by. Sometimes I miss being home with family and friends, especially because my best friend lives in Ft. Worth. We've been the best of friends for nine years now. It seems like a long time. I have so many memories and I like to dwell in them from time to time. My dog ran away. I just felt like adding that in. I just came home from work and found one of my fish dead in the tank. I don't know what happened, the other two are fine. I just got these goldfish. I guess I bought them because I miss my fish back home. I have six huge goldfish back home. They have been part of our family for almost six years now. They are getting pretty old. One of them is blind, I think, because he keeps bumping in to the aquarium's glass wall. I am enjoying all my classes so far. Let's see if I feel that way once testing time comes around. I am a bio major. I love biology. I think it is one of the most interesting subjects around. It is so complex and always changing. I want to go to medical school after I obtain my bio degree. I am kind of worried that I won't be accepted to any medical school. What will I do with a biology degree? I like to do research, so maybe I'll do that. I have done research in diabetes in the past. My grandmother has diabetes. I believe that is one of the reasons that I want to do research on diabetes. She lives in El Salvador. It is such a beautiful country and they have the most amazing beaches. I visited my grandmother this past summer. I spend a month there. This country is developing so fast; I didn't even recognize the colony I grew up in. Of course there are still some underdeveloped sections, but it seems like it's becoming more industrialized every time I visit. Ok, back to medical school. Being a doctor is what I have always wanted to be. Sometimes I think that there is nothing else I can do. I can't wait to go to medical school and actually work in hospitals. I went to a medical profession high school. We were able to work at different hospitals. We had a fist hand look at part of the medical field. I even got to help in various procedures like suturing, administering medication, giving vaccines. What I enjoyed the most was working in the ER. Sometimes it is very slow, but there are times when patients are coming in left and right. I was able to help bag a patient who had just had a cardiac infarction. It became pretty stressful at times. Afterwards you get a great feeling of satisfaction. I t is a feeling that you have helped someone in a time where they needed help the most. You can never forget that feeling and that is why becoming a doctor is one of the most important things in my life. Besides my spiritual life, a relationship with God, and my family and friends, that feeling you get when you help a person in a crucial point is the thing I want the most. ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_871816.txt,"I have done this twice now and erased it both times. I wish I could do it on a different program but my computer is broken and I don't exactly know how to use my neighbors that is letting me borrow hers. I've been thinking a lot about my family lately. I guess I'm finally realizing that I'm here for good. I'm used to going on long trips in the summer so I know what it's like to be away from home and my mom and dad but this is so different. It feels like it's a point with no return. Even if I live with them during the summer which is a possibility it won't ever be the same. The days of grade school at home are over. I really miss my mom. She is my best friend. Really though so is my dad and my brother Seth. It is amazing how close we are. I feel so fortunate. In my marriage and family class we talked about a healthy and strong family and I feel like my family met most all of the items on the list. We have so many memories together. I'm so lucky to have my brother. My brother's good friend died when they were in 10th grade. It was the hardest thing ever for our youth group at church. I miss my church so much. It is such a home to me. My best friends are from my church. It is so sad that I will never be in a youth group again as a youth. I ay end up going on trips as a sponsor or something but it will never be the same. I'm at somewhat of peace with the change but it still makes me sad when I realize the little things like not having to rush around on Sundays in order to be back for choir, supper, and bible study. The things that can drive you crazy are the things you miss. I miss my cat. He is so old. I remember when he was a tiny baby in 1988. He find us and adopted us. We named him Kitty Duke after Michael Dukakis' wife who we were voting for that year (it was Election time) but soon found that he was a he so we changed it to Duke. Everyone says that it sounds like a big dog's name but oh well. He is an orange tabby cat. It seems like he used to be fatter but maybe I've just gotten bigger. We've been through a lot. W e used to play together all the time. I'd sing to him when he was a baby. Without my brother I would be such a different person. He has helped form me in so many ways. He is my hero. I think the world of him. I didn't always though, like when he would hit me on the head or do ""gross"" things in my face as a normal big brother should do. But I'm very lucky to be so close to him. I try not to talk about him around Caitlyn, Jake's little sister. When he died she was in 4th grade. They were so close. I remember it all like it was yesterday. Getting the call at 6 the next morning. I had seen hi that Sunday night that he died at church and I remember him giving me that half smile that he did and me melting along with the rest of the girls in youth group. I talked to Catilyn about it for the first time this summer since it happened when she was in fourth grade. She broke down one night in Montana when we were on mission tour. We were all sharing what something meant to us and several people ended up relating it to their siblings. She just broke down which was a first. I talked to her and told her that I hated talking about Seth around her because Jake and him were the same age. She said that she loved hearing about Seth but she just wished that she had an older brother so badly. She said it like any other person who had never had a brother would say it. My brother is getting married this summer. It is so strange. I love Lauren. She is already just like my sister. They have been together for four years now. At first I was so jealous because I felt like she was taking my place as my brother's best friend. I soon realized that we had very different places in Seth's life and that there is room for both of us. I have Seth' past and we both have his future. My Family and I used to drive to our cabin in east Texas and have the best time. Seth and I would play so hard. On the way down we would always eat at the same fast food place and get burgers and icecream. Seth would always comment on the fresh air as soon as we got out of the car in the woods. It's funny what a family thinks is so humorous that would mean nothing to others. On the way down he would always try to explain the wonders of the earth to my mom and me like the stars and solar system and physics and things that Ginny and Anne Claire Hickman would probably never grasp. That's one thing I adore about my family. We all contribute different things. We are so different but so alike. I miss days of being with just us. We always traveled a lot. I think I'm just trying to let go of that time in my life right now. With me leaving for college and Seth getting married, it's a whole new chapter. We have the best traditions. Even food traditions like Chicken and Cheese soup on Christmas Eve and Asparagus on Easter. I hope to start traditions with my own family. I miss my room, my bed, my church, the familiarity of Ft. Worth roads, my boyfriend Blake and his house and my best friends from church. Blake would be a fantastic husband and father. I always say that if I don't marry him than I'll marry someone just like him. I wonder how my parents came up with our traditions. Like every Christmas Eve, Seth and I open one present, an ornament. Mine are always angels and his are always bears. Eventually we added my mom and dad with cats and Santa's. My mom doesn't even like cats. When she was little her dad expected her to like the animals and be near them so I think that's why she doesn't like them. They had a farm. She hated her dad. I can't imagine. When we drive to Oklahoma to see my grandmother, we always have very soul bearing conversations, some of our best in fact. She would always tell me about her childhood because I was so interested. Her dad was so difficult. In two weekends we're all going to Duncan, Ok. My uncle is coming in from Florida so we all are driving in. It will be great. I'm very close to my cousins and I really don't see them that often at all. At Thanksgiving when we were little we used to all cram into my Grandmother's house and each get one kernel of corn at our place which represented one thing we were thankful for. We each said it aloud before we ate. Another great tradition. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_871821.txt,"I wander if I will go to psychology today. I don't feel like it since my car is in the shop today. I still need to go to the bank and return the DVD player. Should I exchange it or get my money back since I don't have much money. At least I don't have to go to work. I can't wait until I graduate only one more year. Oh yeah I have to do some reading today but I am having trouble concentrating. My thumb is hurting from typing. I think it is mainly from my old job but typing is aggravating it. I guess my thoughts are drying up because I am trying to write but I normally can't stop thinking about stuff. I really want to go to Italy but Loly is saying we don't have money. oh well we will see. She is frustrating because she is not focused on her future. I just want us to be done with school as soon as possible. I can't wait until I start working I hate not having enough money. I probably need another job now because I only work about 10 hours a week. when I get back I need to put my car for sale. It better not take to long in the shop like last time. I'm getting tired of this writing. I really need to get my stuff together so I don't fall behind in my reading but most of the reading is really boring. psy is kind of interesting but architecture and accounting, two classed I like are boring to read. Ill be glad when I only have a job and not a job and school. it should be fun to go home this week but I wont go back for a long time today. I'm tired of hearing about those damn firestone tires. I should invest in stock. the tv is on that's why I'm rambling. Morgan is going to be bought by chase Manhattan. I new I should have bought their stock. But no money to back it. c'est la vie I don't know if I spelled that right but oh well. well I'm just about done and none to soon. I wander what I will do tonight I'm not going to psy today. today was a lazy day. well see you next assignment. have a nice day. ",n,n,n,y,y

2000\_872110.txt,"right now I'm thinking about how I don't want to do this I just want to get to new mexico and start hunting. this is the fifteenth year me and my dad have been doing this. it all started when I was 3 I can remember my first time of course I didn't shoot anything that year just kind of watched but it was still fun. I'm also excited that my best bud justin gets to go with us I met him at church camp my freshman year of high school. he's not from kerrville he's from boerne but after that first year we were always kicking it together every weekend. we have had some fun times parties, going wakeboarding at the lake, snow skiing, spring break at south padre. its all good. well back to hunting now, its a good drive and here I am stuck doing my homework instead of driving in the car, I wish I had a lap top then I could do this while I was driving. I almost got one, but my dad changed his mind and got me the box. I'm not complaining because I have a burner and did and its real fast and all but a lap top just seems more versatile. dang how long is twenty minutes. when your sleeping twenty minutes goes by SO FAST but when your doing homework or sitting in some boring class, IT TAKES FOREVER. funny how that works. any way I wish the twenty minutes was over and it almost is just a few more minutes left. at least this was an easy assignment, not some hardcore 235346 page essay you wanted typed out single spaced font size of 9. I have to do one of those for English and I haven't even thought about. I'm a procrastinator it will probably be the night before and I hadn't even started on it, oh man I just got a big time hunger for ice cream, chocolate ice cream that is. after this maybe ill go get some, I hope you don't take off for grammar or are expecting proper English in this thought page. because I'm just writing what comes to me and my thoughts move faster than I write so its kind of hard because I have so many thoughts yet my hands can only go so fast. dang there are a lot of hot chicks at UT I'm glad that me and the girl I was dating from home decided to date other people before we went away to school, because I would be a bad boy and want to mess around on her, but I'm not like that, I have real guilty conscience. any way back to those hot chick, dang so many girls and only 4 years of college to get to know them all. I hope I can fit them all in to my busy schedule, you right like they would give me the time of day well actually a real hot chick asked me the time but that's about all she would give me dang like I said twenty minutes is a long time and the clock is going very slowly I swear it hasn't moved since I started. now I'm thinking about ""what's going through my mind what can I type to take up space maybe I should just start typing long words but then I wouldn't spell them right so its no use. any way back to school and back to this 20 minute writing assignment. I don't know what to right, I'm drawing a blank, dang its like my mind is running black. well now I'm worried about not having enough crap packed. I can't wait to go to new mexico, its my favorite trip of the year, its all I can think about right now because I'm leaving right after I finish this. only a few more minutes. I'm going home and I can't wait to see my dog. of all the people at my house to miss, I can't wait to see my dog, he probably doesn't care but oh well, I can't wait to see him. ",y,n,y,n,y

2000\_872907.txt,"The University of Texas at Austin is amazing. I love the fact that I'm living independently in my dorm. I have high expectations for myself here at the university at I also fear many aspects of college life. I have to remind myself to stay focused. I'm extremely excited about the opportunities that Austin has to offer, regarding education and entertainment. I'm really looking forward to the relationships I'm going to make, the parties I'm a enjoy, and best of all the memories that will be cherished. I feel so free, but nervous at the same time. I feel I can make it though. I just visited home last weekend to visit my grandfather and the rest of my family. I miss my grandfather, but he's in a better place now. I believe he's still with me in spirit and his soul is still protecting me. Death is a crazy thing. I was happy to see all my family for the labor day weekend, but it wasn't the same without my grandpa. My grandpa was like the king of my large family, so the reunion was abnormal without the him. I pray for him like I always have. My cousin's up in ATX with me. I know I'm a be partying with him a lot this semester and next semester. I felt so suppressed at home cause I had parents that tripped all the time, but I know they trip as much as other parents. I'm enjoying everything at this university. I'm just inhaling everything and it's great. Classes are huge, people are diverse, it's just a crazy experience. I'm half way done with this assignment. I miss some things about my hometown, I miss my mom and the rest of my family, but I miss my girlfriend like Crazy! She's so amazing! Kat dropped me off last night and we chilled in my dorm all by ourselves. We've been together for like an official month, but we've been getting to know each other for like 7 months. I'm really starting to trust her, she's really growing on me. I reminisce about my other girlfriends, and they're whack in comparison with my shorty. She seems, and I emphasize seems, so faithful to me, it's weird. Trusting girls with all your heart is hard, because tricks be scandalous sometimes. I've been played like a Sega dreamcast over and over like a broken record. I got so much battle scars and war wounds from selfish young girls, it's hard to believe I can still trust Kat as much as I do. But for some reason I just do, I'm fearing what the hell she's capable of doing to me, like hurting me, and that's why I don't act faithful sometimes. I've been good, but I guess I'm just scared to be alone, so I just stay somewhat close to other women. Because if she messes up and does me greasy, then I got some chicks that are close to me. I've never really been alone in that way. There's always some girls willing to get to know me. I've had some lonely times though everyone does. There's so much in front of me at this university, I don't know what to expect. I just have to remember to stay focused, get my priorities straight, and bust my ass to get my goals done. ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_873310.txt,"Well then where do I begin. Let's see. I need a haircut. I should have gotten one when I went home labor day weekend. But I didn't. I wanted to go home this weekend, really only so I could get a haircut, but I didn't. My hair is getting entirely too long. At least for me it is too long, I mean I don't have a pony tail or anything but still. I forgot to see when I started writing. Oh well I'll just estimate. I really need to get a cell phone. Of course I would turn it off in my psychology class unlike some dumb asses in there. I mean how stupid do you have to be to not check and see if your phone is on even after the professor tells you to make sure they are off. I suppose they might leave it on once or forget they have it in their backpack or perhaps their friend put their phone in their bag and forgot about it, but it can't help but kind of piss you off when a phone rings in class. All I think is, ""what a dumb mother fucker. "" Hey look, Microsoft word doesn't recognize the word fucker. Hey it doesn't even recognize the word Microsoft. My head itches. Because my hair is too long. I need to go to the optometrist and get new contacts. I think I've had these for over a year now. I'll probably get them the same color, aqua. Man it is hot outside, it must be about 98 degrees. Not that I am any good at estimating but hey. Like I can't estimate a girls weight worth a shit. Or a person's age. Of course if a guy is smart, he doesn't try to estimate a girls weight. I need to go to the restroom. My stomach is growling. Man my nose is itching too. I miss Jenn. Damn she is beautiful. I wonder if she's thinking about me right now. She is probably in 7th period right now, whatever class that is for her. I wonder if she is pregnant. If she is it's probably mine. Great, just great. I'm fucked. Then again that's what got me in this position in the first place. Speaking of positions, I wish Jenn was here now. I want to go home this weekend. Not so I can go home this weekend, but so I can get a haircut and see Jenn. I wish I had my car so I could just go wherever I wanted whenever I wanted. Then I would probably be out partying and stuff all the time. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_873558.txt,"I am in a hurry right now. I have a retreat to go to in 20 minutes, which is at the end of this writing. I feel very rushed and very sweaty. Personally, I don't like long term assignments. I usually end up doing things at the last minute (like now) usually do to forgetfulness on my part. That's one of those college things that I have to adjust to. Other things I have to adjust to are the food, independency, new friends, new people, different people, persecution, etc. , etc. However, I really like this place because of the above reasons. For a majority of my life, I've been mostly independent, living in a singleparent family with one younger sibling. My mom took care of me and my brother, but she would always work. I didn't have much of a father figure growing up either. My parents got divorced, and my dad moved to Taiwan and got remarried. I stayed with my brother and my mom in Dallas. During those times, I grew and learned a lot about life, by myself. That was the catch. Everyone learns about life, the right things, the wrong things, in some way or form, usually from their parents. However, since my mom always worked, and I didn't have a father figure, I learned about life by myself. I made mistakes, I made several wrong decisions, and I did things that I regret. However, I also learned a wealth of knowledge that I feel others my age do not possess. I was ahead of the peers around me, in life and in experiences. My independency started at an early age, one could say. I learned to take care of my brother, as well as other everyday tasks. Do you know how many people on this campus don't know how to do their laundry?! It's insanely too many. For many students, their parents have pampered them and done their laundry for them for their whole lives. And then they come to a university where they have to do it by themselves and have no clue what detergent to use, how much, how to separate clothes, or even what fabric softener is. In the past 3 weeks, I've done my laundry twice now in the dorms. I live in San Jacinto, and since their is construction going on, our laundry hours are from 6pm to 5am. These hours suck because from 6 to about midnight, there are people crowding the place. Also, I'm usually out during those times, at the gym, arcade, eating, whatnot. So, the last two times I've done laundry, it's been at 3am in the morning. The washing cycles takes 30 min while the drying takes 45 min, totaling to about an hour and half, given loading and transferring time. The first time I did it, my roommate was with me. We stuck our clothes in at 3am, and came back at 4 to stick it in the dryer. But at 5:15am, we realized that our laundry was still down there. However, we were still in our room playing video games. We ran down there and found that the door was locked. Our clothes were stuck in the laundry room for the rest of the day. We wouldn't be allowed in until 6pm that day. This was especially bad for me because I had practically run out of pants. However, I seemed to have made it through. So, the second time I did laundry, I did it myself. Again, it was at 3:30 in the morning when I stuck it in. This time, however, I made sure that I wouldn't get locked out. So during washing and drying, I slept on the ground by the laundry room door. My drying actually didn't finish until about 5:20am. To my dismay, they did not lock the door this time at 5. I was very frustrated and tired; but glad I had clean clothes. Anyway, I miss my family. I really don't want to live with them again. I just want to see them and talk to them more than I already do. My mom calls me everyday. I think it's annoying, but I'm sad because I think it's annoying. My younger brother is getting involved with some bad friends and school, and our mutual friends tell me about it, but I can't do anything. I'm also sad because of that. There are more reasons I'm sad. The drawing for tickets for the Texas vs. OU game went on yesterday(Thursday). Each student had to get a wristband with a certain number on it (mine was 45987). It was given out at random. They started the drawing on Thursday with number 43001. By 43800, tickets were already sold out. Guess I won't be going to the game. That really stinks. It's ok though it would've cost me $35. I'd rather go to free games anyway. I think my 20 minutes are about up now. Again, I am still in a hurry to leave, since my ride for the retreat will be leaving soon. Goodnight. sort of good afternoon. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_874178.txt,"Here I am at UGL with Hyojin and Lois. They are both doing their homework and studying. All I've done since I got here is waste my time and distract my friends from doing their work. I should be doing my reading for tomorrow, but I keep procrastinating, so I decided to finish my assignment for Psychology instead. There is so much reading to do in college. It's kind of over whelming, but I guess it's all about time management. I can't wait until the weekend. Not for any particular reason, just because the weekend is the best and most relaxing part of the week. Oh, and also, I'm going back to Dallas this weekend with my brother. It's my mom's birthday. What should I get her for her birthday? I asked her and she keeps telling me not to get her anything for her birthday, but I'm pretty sure that translates into ""get me something good. "" Actually, that would be me. Mom's not really like that. Maybe I really shouldn't get her anything. I don't know, I don't think she's going to have a very happy birthday though. Especially after the news she heard about our cousins. What is wrong with my uncle? Why is he abandoning his family like that? I think my aunt might have asked my mom for money. Oh well, I guess my parents will figure something out. I wonder where my friends went? They just disappeared. I guess they both left while I was writing this thing and now I'm left all alone. Maybe I should eat some of those Goldfish. No, I cannot. I vow not to gain the ""freshman fifteen"". I'm tired. I wonder if I'm even doing this assignment right. I hope so. I really want to do well this semester. Yea! 4. 0! Well, we'll see. Psychology's such a big class though. I wonder if they're going to go through and read each one of these. Probably not. Actually, I think the professor was saying that they weren't going to. So I could just write a whole bunch of nonsense and I guess they wouldn't even notice. My sociology professor cusses a lot. I don't really mind, but every time he does it, I'm kind of taken aback. Sociology's actually really interesting. More interesting than I thought it would be. Maybe I should be a sociology major. Maybe not. I need to hurry and declare my major. I feel so lost as a Liberal Arts undecided student. Actually you know what though? All my classes are kind of similar. Maybe it's because they're all sciences but they're all talking about scientific method and random sampling. Maybe that's because it's the beginning. My friend came back. She took a long time. I want to talk to her and ask her where she went, but I can't until I finish recording my thoughts for psychology. My gum is getting really nasty, all soft and about to dissolve. I feel like my teeth are rotting. I should really stop chewing gum. I feel like my jaws are expanding. I heard that somewhere, that if you chew a lot of gum, your jaws will expand. Where did I hear that? Oh well, time's up. I hope I did the assignment right. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_874608.txt,"What is my problem? I have got to be the biggest bum on the planet. Does that mean I have some kind of psychoanalytical problem? I don't know about complexes and childhood mistakes but I do know that there is really something disturbingly lazy about my attitude towards things. What kind of person could put his entire future on the line by not taking care of his college responsibilities? I am that kind of person. I'll probably drop out of college or something and what's even worse is that I see the problem staring me right in my face but I am either to lazy or to apathetic to change my situation. Maybe I am a combination of both. Honestly, what will my parents say? Well, my Dad will probably be relieved that I came back home to him. Not in the way most families would be relieved though. He would just have another speech to hang over my head after every other mistake I may make in the future. He will probably totally dominate on me like he used to back in the day. He literally did not care about how you felt. Maybe that is not quite accurate. I am convinced that he cared about people, and he cared about the family structure as a whole, however his total control over everyone in the house was clear and unbinding. He probably would have defended us with his life, I am sure of it. It is ironic; he would die for us but he wouldn't compromise with us to save his life. Compromise? Never! God forbid! I know it cannot be that hard to prioritize. Wait a minute. How funny is that? I of all people have no business trying to tell someone to prioritize especially when it will be a God sent miracle if I turn in all my assignments this semester. But maybe, just maybe I have stumbled on to something here. I mean, well, what is the point I am trying to make? Maybe I recognize similarities between my persona and the people I have associated myself with over the years. Duh that's a no brainer. But it is interesting the way one can tell. With my friends it is very, very easy to see that we all talk and act and think alike. Sometimes we deliberately change ourselves to fit the mold. With people you dislike it is very different though isn't it? It seems that what we see in them we hardly see at all. I can feel, if almost by instinct, that he and I have some very serious related issues, however one doesn't just stumble over them in his summation of the days events. A person has to be writing on a day very much like today, working on an assignment, very much like this one, following his ""stream of consciousness. "" Whatever that means is almost beside the point as far as I am concerned. Maybe this is like a journal or something. Maybe I should start writing a journal or something. I can be like ""Captain James T. Kirk"" writing his ""captains log. "" Wow. How did I get so off track? All I know is that I started this thing at twelve sixteenpm which means that in another minute I will be able to stop writing about my pitiful mental concepts. I'll probably drop off in mid sentence or something ",n,n,y,n,y

2000\_875345.txt,"I am so exhausted. These last few weeks since school has started has worn me out. I have pretty much no energy, and I got ten hours of sleep last night. My brain is also exhausted from all the partying I have been doing since I got here. I can't wait for tonight. I am going to club Elements, and I am going be wasted. I love techno music. It is so awesome. It is crazy how a DJ can put all sorts of different beats together at once and make it sound so perfect. I could listen to techno music all day long. I am listening to techno music right now. Every time I hear techno music it makes me want to dance and have a good time. Anyways, I hope Texas kicks some ass on Saturday. I love watching UT play football and tear it up. College football is the best sport in the world to watch. My other favorite team to watch in college is Michigan. My dad went there so I have been a true Michigan fan ever since I was little. I even went to the Rose Bowl in 1997 when they played Washington State. They won and Michigan ended the season undefeated and number one in the nation. In choosing the college that I wanted to go to, it was a choice between Michigan and UT. My brother graduated from UT a few years ago and I really looked up to him greatly as a kid. I finally decided to follow my brother and go to UT. So far I feel it was a great choice. Austin is an awesome city that fits well with my personality. I decided that if I want to continue my studies and get a masters degree, then I will probably go to Michigan for that. Right now, that is my plan for the next seven or eight years of my life. However, I really don't know what exactly I want my major to be. Anyways, off of that subject, there are so many fine girls here. Everywhere I look there is another girl that I want a piece of. I t is awesome. I have never seen so many hot chicks in my life. The whole experience of living down here so far has been awesome. I can do whatever I want, whenever I want. And it is great living far away from home. Nothing beats coming in at five in the morning and not having to hear my mom or dad bitch at me. Actually, my parents were very good parents and usually let me have my space. They learned after the first two kids what it is like parenting kids, so they were pretty loose with me. I really do kind off miss my parents. They are very good people who gave me a lot during my stay at home and they would do anything for me. They have always been there for me even when I have been in trouble with authorities and other high officials. Not that I was a bad teenager or anything, but I think everyone who likes to party a lot, like me, have had their share of conflict with the cops. Anyways, twenty minutes is up, so bye. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_876118.txt,"A fire alarm sounded right before I was going to start this assignment. I had to walk down thirteen flights of stairs. When I got outside we had to walk across the street and stand there waiting for the magical voice to tell us that we can come back inside. Naturally, I had to walk up up up up thirteen flights of stairs. At least I know how to exit if there is a real fire. It also has given me something to write about. I bet that there going to do this crap a couple times each semester. Safety is a good thing. Terrible disasters that can be eliminated with a little planning kill a lot of people. I read that somebody said "" a person that will trade freedom for security deserves neither. "" I think that it was Benjamin Franklin who said that. I don't liberals because they are not in the business of creating a more free society. They just want to create more of a bureaucracy to ensure more safety. Gun laws are a good example. They think that if guns are illegal, that crime will go down. It sounds like a good idea to a lot of politically correct or pussified people. The real effect from that terrible idea would be less good people with guns and the same number of bad people with guns. The good people can't protect themselves in their own homes from the bad people that can easily get guns. Duhhh, the constitution guarantees us our right to have guns, probably the only reason why we are still aloud to have them. England just passed laws that have allowed the government to confiscate all of its citizens' guns. That would be a nightmare that would not stand for. Sometimes I think stuff this will happen. Other freedoms that people had a hundred years ago, are gone today. My grandchildren and other ancestors might not even live by the same constitution that we live by today in this country. I really want to graduate school so that I can afford to have a lot of kids and still be able to put them through college. I'm the last Erwin in my family so I hope my sperm will create a couple of boys with my wife. I wish that sex were not such a strong desire. It kind of gets in the way of being productive. The TVs and ads and the radio just pour on the sex appeal tactic because they know it's such a strong desire and emotion. I saw a cute girl when we had that fire drill. I think she was looking at me too. I should have said something to her. I wish I had more confidence to talk to girls. I wish I could stay drunk or high without the setbacks of puking and slurring words and possibly smelling funny. It's so easy to talk to girls when I'm inebriated. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_876538.txt,"Right now I'm feeling relieved that I was able to get here the last couple of times I tried to get to this site the computer told me the site was unavailable. Very frustrating! I like this assignment, although I'm not sure why 20 minutes are necessary; it seems to me that 10 or even 5 minutes would do. I'm really not sure what to write next I haven't done this kind of thing since seventh grade, when I was home schooled. It's weird how your mind goes blank sometimes. I still don't know what to write. My thoughts are mostly involved with UT, with classes and so forth. I like them, in general, but only one has been intellectually stimulating so far (no, I am not going to tell you which one!) I have great hopes for the rest, though sometimes it takes a while for a class to get into gear. Don't know what to write. Don't know what to write. Feeling frustrated, I guess. I was afraid I wouldn't think of anything to write. It's not that I have a sluggish or inactive mind quite the opposite, actually. It's just that sometimes I don't do well when I have to write it down. Which is strange, because I love to write. I keep a journal (which you, Prof. Pennebaker, would probably find interesting) and enjoy writing in it my gripes, hopes, fears, joys and other important stuff. Maybe I'm just not good at this kind of structured work. I'm lefthanded, Prof. P does that have anything to do with it? I have a vivid imagination, and am inclined to daydream. Hey I just remembered, you said these were confidential. I can write anything I want! I don't feel any freer with that in mind, however. I'm stuck again. Still stuck. I wonder how many of my fellow classmates have the same trouble I do with this. Stuck. Now I'm thinking of the guy I like. (I'm not going to give his name, because I'm serious about him, and I'm not sure just exactly how confidential this really is. ) I wonder if you actually read any of these, just to see what kind of people are in your class. I know that if you really picked my brain you'd have some interesting stuff (interesting in a good way, of course!) This is a tumultuous and crazy time in my life, although most people would think it tame. My beliefs are undergoing an overhaul, and everything seems to be up in the air. That's not a good feeling, but it's never dull! I think in the last few months I've learned a lot about prejudice and tolerance, and I'm glad I'm learning what I am, even if it destroys my plans for perfect happiness (sarcasm there). What kind of a world is it where people who search for truth risk having everything they want taken away? This can't be right. But it's true, and there's no denying it. This makes me feel apprehensive and sad. I feel some anger at the world, and at God too. (Yes, Prof. Pennebaker, I believe there is a God!) But real religion requires immense amounts of faith, and I have to trust that everything will end up ok. Now I feel slightly reassured. If only everything weren't so uncertain! But do I really want a world where you know exactly what's going to happen next? What if you knew when bad things were going to happen, but were powerless to prevent any of them, because everything was predestined? It's possible that everything IS predestined, but that we don't know about it. Maybe you don't admit that as a possibility, Prof. P, but I do. Anyhow, I would much rather not know what's going to happen next in most cases. But in some, like who I'm going to marry, I can barely contain my curiosity. I guess that's due to a lack of satisfying relationships in my life, that I so strongly feel the need for another one. But whatever happens, I refuse to worry if everything's predestined, I can't change it anyway, and if it is, then I can still change things for the better. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_876930.txt,"I'm starting to write this at six twenty five, It's really cold in this computer lab, I wish they would turn the air conditioner down, do they know how to do that, would they do it if I asked them, probably not, but I wish they would, there sure is a lot of typing noise going on in the room, no one is talking, I am thinking more things that I am actually typing, it is really hard to write everything that I think and I type a lot slower that my brain thinks thoughts, thoughts, thoughts, thoughts, I am not thinking of much right now, the professor is going to think my writing is dumb if he reads it, he probably won't read it though, and he probably won't really think it is dumb, there are probably students who write dumber ones than me. I am horrible at typing, I am making all kinds of mistakes, I hope I can read this a when I finish it, or else there will be a problem, brrrr It's really cold in here, I sure wish they would make it warmer. My fingers and my feet are freezing, and I'm already bad enough at typing, the cold makes it even harder to type, geeze I'm going to have to do a lot of spell checking after I finish this, I only have about ten minutes of typing left, I just heard someone's cell phone ring and they are not supposed to have cell phones in this computer lab, I always hear phones ring in here anyways, I wonder if anyone ever gets in trouble for that, they should turn their phones off, so they don't disrupt other people, even though personally it doesn't bother me if I hear a phone ring but I guess if nobody turned theirs off then they would all be ringing all the time and then all the ringing would get annoying, gosh I can't spell worth anything, I'm hardly going to be able to read this when I get done, I hope I can decipher it, my feet are freezing, I keep repeating the same thoughts over and over but maybe that's the point of this exercise that you think a lot of things and many of them are repeated. I wonder if its raining outside, that sure was a random thought that came out of nowhere, I wonder why I thought of that, hhhmmm, I saw all the clouds earlier outside, it was really dark and scary looking, I hope it rains a lot more, more than yesterday, it didn't rain enough yesterday, I love when it rains, it's better than the sunshine, I wonder if that means I'm a negative person, it can't though cause I am such a positive and optimistic person, well at least I think of myself as optimistic, I try to be optimistic but sometimes its hard, like last week I was so stressed out with all the band stuff, I'm really glad I quit band cause it was too hard but it was hard deciding to quit too, I wonder if anybody in band misses me, I wonder if any of the guys had secret crushes on me, I hope some of them did, but I guess that's not a good thing to hope considering I have a boyfriend, I really miss my boyfriend a lot, and I just thought about macaroni and cheese for some weird reason, I wonder why I thought of that, maybe cause both me and my boyfriend like macaroni and cheese, I'm such a horrible typist, this typing is probably the worse I've ever done, I only have a couple of minutes left to go, gosh time really went but fast since I was just typing anything I thought, I wonder if the professor will really read this, he is a really cool professor, I like him a lot, but now if he does read this he's probably going to think I was sucking up to him but that's not true cause I really love psychology, that's a hard word to spell, well its not hard but it takes a little time to think about how it's spelled, I remember when I was in the spelling bee in 4th grade, I think it was fourth grade, maybe it was third, I remember my ex best friend who was in my third grade class, I didn't really know her then but now she is really stupid but I don't really want to think about that right now and my twenty minutes is up so I guess I'll stop typing! ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_877296.txt,"Well, the twenty minutes start now. It feels strange having to write out what I am thinking. Seeing as how I've never had a diary or journal, I've never had to do this before. Funny how your mind draws a blank when you are supposed to be writing what you are thinking at that very instant. A whole minute has gone by and I can not think of anything to type. I guess that's kind of the purpose. don't think ahead for once, just let everything come out just as quickly as it comes in. all day long, my mind has been jumbled up with. well, stuff, and now I can't seem to remember what all the ""stuff"" was. Gosh, it's early and I'm already tired. It's not that today was stressful, just very hot and tiring. I can't wait until the weather finally cools off. I wish I could sleep in tomorrow. I wish I could go to sleep now. I hope what I actually write isn't important. After all, it's only a completion grade, right? I hope so. Sigh. Now that I'm thinking about it, this class kind of worries me, after 5 class days in here, I'm still not sure what to study or what to write down in my notes, the TA at the supplemental instructions class, I can't remember her name at the moment, says that we should pay attention to the book and the notes. But I think we wanted a more concise answer. My philosophy class is exactly the same. No body knows what to write in their notes, after all, all the notes we take are basically made up of questions. I'm a bit nervous about my first test in that class. And we are only going to have three, and that's counting the final. It has its good and bad points I guess. Double standard. Since I've started college, it seems like everything is a double standard. I don't live on campus that has its good and bad points. Umm, what else? Lots of things. hard to come with them right now. Dang, I still have to read for my writing class. ugh, that book is boring, I hope I don't fall asleep reading it again. More than likely I will seeing as how I'm sleepy right now. I think I should just read tomorrow while I'm on the shuttle to school. That'd be good. Oh, I can't. I have to get on the early bus tomorrow, it's going be too packed to be able to concentrate. Guess I have to read tonight. Oh well. Gosh, I'm tired. Wait. My mom always calls when I'm in the middle of something. Weird. Why did she need my schedule? I bet so she could call when she knows I'm not in class. I know this sounds bad, but I don't want to talk to her everyday. Every time she calls, she sounds like she's upset with me. I think she's mad because I left home. But it's not like I went out of the country, or out of state for that matter. I'm only 3 hours away, and I'm going home this weekend to visit anyway. She doesn't have reason to be upset with me. She's supposed to happy and proud. It was always hard to make her proud. Nothing ever seemed good enough for her. But not my dad, he's different. As long as I tried, my dad was always proud of me; I love him for that. Well, there goes my timer. 20 minutes is up. Thank you. ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_878834.txt,"Okay. I don't really know what to write. being timed really makes me nervous no matter what I have to do. I have to study for Chemistry. and my roommate is standing over my shoulder. which makes me even more nervous! Ahh! Hmm, what am I going to become when I grow up? I don't know if I have what it takes to become a doctor! And my dad wants me to become an architect now! Oh geeze. I think I'm just going to have to give this all to the Lord. Oh Lord! Anyway, there's so many things I have to do. but all I really want to do is nothing. isn't that a classic? I feel like I'm getting fatter, and I know that I shouldn't be worrying about getting fat since most people consider me average and say that I'm already skinny enough, but I think that being in a ballet company my Jr. year of High School really messed up my mind. They told me to lose 5 lbs or more, and now I'm always so concerned about my weight. Ahh, I love ballet, but I don't think I'll ever want to really become a professional ballerina. even though my ballet teacher really really wants me too! I'm really hungry right now. I want to eat some more Mexican food. Mmm. Mexican food. too bad there's nothing good to eat in the fridge downstairs. bummer. Oh Lord help me! I think I'm starting to get really homesick now; I miss my mommy and my daddy. But most of all, I miss my brother! I want to go to California! I want a big cold front to come in soon. I can't stand this hot humid weather anymore. even though I'm used to it (since I'm from Houston). My back hurts. I think it's from trying to work out on my roommate's torso track. Actually, every part of my body hurts right now. I wish someone in the house knew how to give really good massages right now because I could really go for one right about now. I'm dead tired too. but I can't go to sleep since I have to study for my stupid Chemistry quiz tomorrow. Ughghh. I hate Chemistry so much! And what makes it suck even more is that I'm such a terrible student. I wish I was diligent with my studies and all, but I just can't seem to manage my time right! And I can never seem to set my priorities straight! Oh Lord! I'm such a failure! I have so many weaknesses and shortcomings it's awful. Is my time up yet? Oh darn. I still have a ways to go! I want to go to sleep! My eyelids are drooping. I guess I should have been smart and done this a little earlier. but like I said I don't manage my time efficiently. I wonder if the person reading this is actually reading this carefully or just breezing by it to see if I actually did the assignment and put some effort into it. Do you call this effort? Because it is. it really is. I think I'll go to the architecture library tomorrow. hmm. I hope that cute guy's there! Ha! (like I'm going to do anything really. I'm actually really well preserved. I'm a preserved vessel never dated, never gone to a party, never done drugs, smoked, drank. never done any of that stuff. and it's all because I love the Lord, and I want to be ""well pleasing in His eyes"". therefore, I must present my body as a ""living sacrifice to Him"" because. it should no longer be "" I who live, but Christ who liveth in me"") Oh. I'm so ready to stop now! I want to go shopping! But I feel so poor! I am poor actually. I don't have any money. and neither does the rest of my family. We live on scraps. I guess you could say! I'm so glad we could afford to send me to college! But my brother and sister will have to slave to help finance my way through these 4 years. Oh Lord! Yea! My time's up! ",n,n,y,n,y

2000\_879234.txt,"Well, after reading the assignment I began to wonder how on earth I could track my thoughts and feelings in my mind. I mean, does the professor want some sort of biological explanation? Because I just got through about half of chapter 2 and the whole neural process. My dendrites are busy sending neurons through my axon every supermillisecond, right? Then again, I'm sure those thought processes do not include all my feelings because I do think a lot. For example, now I am debating whether I should go to dinner or not, but I can't leave in the middle of this assignment so I guess I'm going to wait about 15 more minutes. To track my mind. let's see, most of my thoughts come pretty random (at least they do to everyone around me when I think aloud) and. uh oh, my roommate is talking pretty loud to me, influencing my thought process. Not that I have an attention disorder, it was just a slight distraction like the music that's playing in my dorm room right now. I wonder how long it would take to read about 500 students' thought processeswould that start to influence your own? For some reason, every time I start hanging around a new crowd of people every few years, I start thinking like them. Is that an aspect of societal/cultural influence, or does it happen to everyone? Thinking is something that occurs all the time. For example, even when I want to stop thinking and go to sleep at night, thoughts just keep wandering in. I guess it usually comes from my visual observations during the day and the little things spark new thoughts that occur either right then or much later in the day. Oh, I just remembered I should probably save this page before anything happens to it but would that take up time in my writing process? Oh well, only a few more minutes left and then I save. I guess I'm kind of stumped as to what I should keep writing. I'm trying to explain how I think and how much I think, but the words are hard to come by. This happens a lot, though. Whenever I understand something in my head, it's hard to explain it by mouth. Some people have absolutely no problem changing these chemical messages into physical sounds, but I can totally blank on words that I say everyday sometimes. I think pretty fast, though, so maybe the time it takes to transfer from my head to my mouth is just slower? I guess since I'm writing this for a psychology class, psychological thoughts come to my head. I have a whole bunch of questions, and I usually make up my own answers to explain them but I usually find out my explanations are incorrect. Right now I'm not feeling too well: I have a stomachache and my throat is all dry and scratchy. So, I start assessing why this could be maybe it's the dirty air here that I've been breathing for a few weeks, maybe it's the water, or could it have come from my roommate who has a cold? But my stomach hurts, too. Is it the dorm food that is causing it? Is it the heat outside that is so unbearable? I wonder if it is from stomach acidity or stress? Nowadays I cannot tell if my bad health occurs from stress or from real factors. Will I ever find a cure to keep myself healthy at all times? Is there any way to be rid of stress? There are so many questions, but probably only one right answer. Who knows that answer? When will I find out? When will these 20 minutes be up? I wonder what other people are writing about. What do you think about through another person's eyes? I think I should stop asking questions and start explaining more about my thoughts and feelings but aren't my questions an explanation in itself? I think its interesting that psychology covers biology, because wouldn't that mean there is something permanent about your personality in your brain? The question of nature vs. nurture has always interested me. I've always wondered if its both part nature and part nurture that influences the way we think. Does anyone think as much as me? ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_882352.txt,"why in the world do we have to do everything online? I don't have a computer yet PC Mall told me that the one that I wanted would be at least a month because it's backordered. My friend is singing bad German grammar phrases. Megan, Lori, and I just ordered a pizza, and now we're worried that we will get fat. She's still dancing like a complete moron she thinks that she is a hummingbird. I think that I will party hard on Saturday night but not as hard as on last Friday. I got really inebriated and bruised myself in several nondiscreet places. Lori is trying to dictate what I should be writing, but this is my assignment, not hers. Megan smokes crack, and Lori likes to hum really bad show tunes. Lori, please turn the light back on. Melanie just came in wearing an American Outpost shirt. I think that this computer does not like me very much. This Cure song is so wonderful. I'm going to Poly Esther's on Tuesday so that I can shake my groove thing to some quaint 80s tunes. Simple Minds, Jimi Hendrix, Aerosmith, Boston, Culture Club, The GoGos, TheB52sthey're all wonderful! I think that I need to go shopping for some new clothes sometime soon. I should have brought my music down here. Would I wear a black lace skirt with nothing underneath? Probably not, but I wouldn't put it past myself. Megan loves to hump monkeys, and Lori likes to screw donkeys. The pizza man better hurry the hell up I'm starving! This room is really freaking cold (chilly is not cool). The music just got louder, but it's not any better. I don't think that I would look very good in a charcoal gray skirt. Red is definitely my color. My radishes were growing mold, so I threw them out. Old Navy is for high schoolers, Gap is for college kids, and Banana Republic is for the working world. How much longer do I need to type on this damn computer? I would rather write by hand any day. I think my eyes are glazing over from the absurd brightness of the screen. Oohback cramps! My vixen red nail polish is chipping time to redo. random thoughts are running through my head. rings on my fingers but no bells on my toes Megan has a rash on her leg. Big bruise on my thigh. Now I'm just making stuff up. Are my 20 minutes up yet? Guess not. When I start typing randomly, I don't make any sense. Ladybugs everywhere. Ska is fun. Come on Eileen. I'm out of things to talk about now it's all going downhill. ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_890512.txt,"I still feel sleepy because I just got up a few minutes ago. I am wondering if that is a good way to start a stream of consciousness exercise. My computer told me that I misspelled consciousness, but I don't believe it. I have always been a good speller, for years and years and my computer is only a few months old, so what does it know. I lost my geography notes sometime yesterday, so I'm still mad about that since I only found out a little while ago. It makes it tough, especially since the professor said that the class would be split into two parts. The book would cover one set of information, and the lecture would cover another, and I just lost the last two lectures. Oh well. I am thinking that I am thinking too much about what to write, trying not to forget that stream of consciousness is just that. The WP still thinks that I can't spell and I'm becoming irritated because I can't stop writing for twenty minutes to check what the mistake is. I thought someone was in my apartment, but it was just my upstairs neighbors, apparently. It's not any fun having five people and change living right on top of you. I wonder what kind of day it will turn out to be. Hot, probably. I can't wait for the cool weather to come. This oppressive heat makes me not want to go do stuff outside, and I love to do stuff outside. Well, that's not true. It doesn't really make me want to not go outside, it just isn't encouraging. I'm thinking that I've already written a lot for only about 9 minutes. Makes you wonder. I am wishing that I had all the cable channels in my bedroom, since I paid for them. I need a better study ethic. I think that I've been putting in about half the studying that I need to, but I haven't even had any homework or anything to study yet in my math class, so I'm not sure whether I should worry yet. I'm going home this weekend to see my friends and my dad, and I've been thinking about that a lot lately. I feel pressure to stay in contact with people at other school, etc. Maybe after a while, I won't feel that way anymore. I'm sure I won't, just look at my sister. And my brother, they just do their own thing, have their own small groups of friends. I feel I should include my brother. I worry sometimes how I come off, how other people see me. But other times, I couldn't care less how they see me. I think it's justified, I'm not a hypocrite, I just have an idea of myself and how I want to be and be seen and certain things dictate that I make an effort on them, and with other things, if I don't seem to care, then that is how I want to be seen. I realize that my writing is vague, only in ideas and few personal details, but that is what I'm comfortable with. I don't believe in diaries. If I ever did this sort of thing on a regular basis, then I wouldn't ever keep it for someone to find. I would destroy it. Kind of a harsh phrase isn't it. ""Destroy it. "" Like it came from a movie or something. ""Destroy it. "" I'm about to come to the end of my twenty minutes and I think that I've spent too much time correcting typos. Not that I make a lot of typos, but when I do, I always go back and fix them before I go on with my writing. I'm feeling sleepy again and I think I'll go make some coffee. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_890770.txt,"I am running from something. From who I was and where I was. Maybe not running from. Maybe running to something. Everything I see changes. My life is one constant storm, one sunset. I don't spend enough time thinking about who I am. I am attracted to things that are not always the best for me. I think I can fix them. I like to visit my past. Sometimes it is nice to bask in something comfortable. I sit in your glow and warmth. I run to you thinking that you will wrap me in your arms offer me something stable. Something that makes me feel like I know something about my life. I was thinking today as I was walking on campus that you are the only one I would like to run up to and kiss. Then you come at me with your fists up and all I can do is shrivel and draw back. I loose the urge to hold you. for a minute. I wish I could shake you. I sometimes wish I could shake myself. Just get out of my own life for a minute so I would get a new perspective. Do you think I am wonderful? Do you wish that I would let you love me? When I was running today I pounded out all of my aggression and all that I was left with was tears. Do you ever have the feeling that anger is a mask for pain. I think I play that game a lot. Hide what I feel. Or maybe I don't ask. Don't look inside my heart. Too many challenges follow. I am happy though. Proud of myself for the distance that I have walked and that I take another step every day. I wish you would stop me sometimes. Grab my hand and beg me to say. Tell me from your own mouth what your life is like with out me. Admit to me that I am the light that causes you to have a shadow. You never admit things like that. Too much pride to loose I guess. I let you fill me. I made you my home. Then so much of what I thought we had and what I thought we were did not exist. Very confusing. And painful to tell you and me the truth. I wish I had something beautiful to say. I wish I was the rain that washed down over the whole world. Beautiful gray drops that just make you want to stay in your warm bed. They are comfort and beauty and a rare surprise. They can be gentle and subtle. Or they can fall with a vengeance drench you make you remember things you want to forget. Create a spectacle in the sky. Lightening strikes my heart. I wish I was the lightening that struck your heart. Then I remember that I am lucky. So many people never find what I have. The ability to love, be loved, lay beside someone. Hold them, think them, feel them. I am lucky to have found people that will hold me with out making me pay them back, love me without asking when I will notice. With those people in mind I decide to get out of the life I live with you. Focus on them. Devote time to them. Hold them in return for once. Decide who I am and quit letting you define me. I think I will be happier that way. I think maybe it is time to let my light shine. ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_891089.txt,"I don't like IceBreaker's gum because the flavor crystals sometimes don't break down in your mouth, and the texture is just plain disturbing. I won a huge pack of IceBreaker's gum from Pro Grad and I now feel obligated to make use of it even though I dislike it. I do that a lot. I eat foods that I don't really like just to make my mom happy. It is not really a big deal. I usually tell people what I like and what I dislike, but sometimes I don't. My grandma uses coconut in her sweets, and I don't like coconut, but I use to eat it anyway. One day I just stopped and she didn't really notice. I was like, ""Man I could have stopped a long time ago, but instead I didn't. "" Okay that makes no sense, but I do not always make sense. My mind jumps from thing to thing, and I digress a lot. I get off track often. Love is a funny thing; it is so hard to really say what it is. To me love is about small things that people don't really notice, but those in love do. I cannot really give an example; but then again that could be because my mind is not really focused on this topic. I can get deep and all emotional when I feel the moment calls for it, but right now I am just not really in a ""deep"" mood. I still have to read my Chemistry and read my Cyberreader for my Cyberpunk class. Why am I taking a Cyberpunk class? I have no idea. I like to try and experience new things so I decided to take it. Actually, it was the only one that fit into my schedule and had a writing component that accompanied it. Ummm eleven more minutes to go. what to say. I love to be happy. I hate to be sick. I love to go swimming or to stay in the shower for really long periods of time when I am sick. The water just seems to clear up and free my nasal passages. I don't want to do my reading assignments. I want to just go for a walk or go out with my boyfriend. I want to go see ""The Cell"" with Jennifer Lopez and Vince Vaughn. I can be such a teenager sometimes. I do some of the most immature and silly things. I can fall all over myself when I see a cute boy band, and I can gush over how wonderful it would be to be a superstar and have a superstar boyfriend. Clay Walker, a country singer, has a song called ""Ordinary People"". It is about how ordinary people have extraordinary love. It talks about how when superstars breakup, and how when they do breakup up that they probably wish they could be ordinary. The great thing about not being a superstar is having your privacy. I can't imagine being photographed all the time. I don't look good in photos when I am posing, so you can only imagine how awful I would look in ones where I do not pose. I sit here writing this and try to think of what you all will think when you read it. You all will see the section about me not liking to be photos and then draw from that that I have selfconfidence issues. I can sit on a dorm chair and swing my feet. I like being short. I like that people view me as cute just because I am short. Being short is good if you are a girl because it would suck it your crush was shorter than you. I just like the idea of the guy being tall. My boyfriend is six feet tall, and that makes us look cuter because I look so cute and little next to him, and for some reason I think that makes us look cuter. Why do they call the prestage room the green room? The green room is often not even green. I don't understand that. I don't understand a lot of things like why the sky is blue, and why the grass is green. Except of course for in way west Texas where there is no grass and if there is it is yellow and tan. I hate people who are hypocrites. I think that you should stand up for what you believe in, and if you don't know what to believe in then don't stand up on your soapbox going in circles. I wish I was smarter. I wish I could sing. that would be a great talent just because I like to sing. Two minutes to go! I can't help but look at the clock. I am the type of person who has to thumb through the pages of my reading assignment and see how many more pages I have to read. I am very impatient, but I am patient when I feel it is necessary. Times Out! The End! ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_891125.txt,"College presents a life that is quite different from home life! Having to adjust the many changes is both challenging and fun! Doing laundry is a task that I am almost positive that I will never become accustomed to! It is boring and time consuming! When I visit home I appreciate the clean clothes in my closet even more, since they are clean and I wasn't the one to clean them! However, the independence I now have is unexplainable. I realize that I am in control of my life now and the direction I will go! Sure I had control of my life before college, but my parents were there to guide me and make sure I made the right decision. Now it's all up to me to make the right choices. I have to be the one to say, ""I don't want to go out tonight. "" And when my friends persist, I can't use the excuse, my parents won't let me, which makes it even more difficult! I know college will present me with as many challenges to overcome as well as fun memories that I will cherish forever. I am excited about my next four years here and am quite sure that with my determination and hard work, I will succeed not only at The University of Texas, but in life as well! ",y,y,y,y,n

2000\_891138.txt,"Well, hello. I am really not sure what to write about, I guess I can start with my day. You see, I am a commuter. I live in Bastrop. No one in Austin seems to know where that is but it is a little town on the other side of the airport. So, anyway, that means that I have the privilege of driving through morning traffic for an hour just to get to class, then what is even worse it that I get to drive back home through five o'clock traffic. It is a pain in the backside. I hate Austin Drivers. On the up side, I was lucky enough to schedule all 15 hours on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. That helps because I am also a Parttime employee with fulltime hours at the only department store in Bastrop. Three years ago the store opened meaning that Bastrop now had a WalMart, HEB, and Bealls. That is about it for stores. So, about my job, I am a Sales Associate. We recently switched new districts into the Austin area. The District Manager is very strict on how the store is arranged. Last week, whoever did the schedule only scheduled me to work on Saturday for Five hours. You can not pay bills working at a minimum wage job for five hours a week. So I told my Store Manager that I would be more than happy to come in if she needed any help prior to Annette (the District manager) coming in on that Friday. In the end I worked ten days in a row, pulling in forty hours before Friday when the District Manager was going to be in to audit. I was exhausted by the time Sunday rolled around. I was thankful that my Manager let me have Sunday off, I needed the rest. Today is my anniversary, I have been dating a guy for eight months now. This is probably of no concern to you but I am very proud of that fact. He goes to Incarnate Word in San Antonio. He is an Eagle Scout and spends all summer teaching camp at Lost Pines Boy Scout Reservation. On weekends, he comes back to Bastrop to ref. Soccer games at the BYSO Soccer fields. All this volunteering helped him when it came to my parents approval. You know, one time in my Drama Class, a friend of mine started to do just a stream of consciousness monologue. In the end he was talking about mixed drinks and jelly beans, it was very funny. I miss my Drama Class. Most of my high school stuff I had to give up due to the need to be able to afford college and get my degree. I had to quit dancing, I had danced for 13 years at a local studio. Then I had to give up Color Guard, an organization that I was the captain of for all four years of High school. Most upsetting though was giving up Drama. If I was not in a play I always tried to contribute somehow. I single handedly costumed four productions in one year in my ""spare time"". Oh well, I guess that is it for mow. ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_891322.txt,"This morning I was late for my calculus discussion class. I was trying to catch up on reading last night and thought I could finish it all at once. I was wrong. I read most of it and finished the rest this afternoon. The stuff I read last night while I was half awake didn't stay in my head. I glanced over those sections this morning, but I don't remember most of it. I think I need to divide my time more wisely because I don't think I will retain anything this way. Since I didn't get enough sleep last night, I tried to take a nap around 2:00 after I got back from my biology discussion. I couldn't fall asleep so I thought I would read Chicken Soup for the College Soul, a book one of my cousins gave me for graduation. I read a funny story about how this one student took intro to psychology and fed his family back home all the new info he learned. He would relate what he learned in class to the simplest situations that happened at home. His parents were a little bit annoyed, but he was trying to apply his learning to everyday life. I liked how it happened to be about what I was studying. Anyway, after that, I shut my eyes and tried to sleep. I don't think I was actually asleep, but I feel less tired now. I guess that was the point of my socalled nap. My brother calls them power naps, but I could never understand that until now. When I was younger, I could fall asleep at any time and still go to bed on time. That has changed. If I sleep during the day, I can't fall asleep as easily at night. I think my nap today wasn't long enough for me to be awake tonight to study, but I'll find that out later. I am going to read some more chemistry and biology. I can't wait. Right now, we are learning the basics, and it's so boring. It's the stuff the teachers in high school just skimmed over because it wasn't as important as other things we needed to learn. Even though my classes used to be an hour and a half in high school, my classes now seem longer. It's odd that I keep looking at my watch. Classes are only fifty minutes, and it feels like forever. Some of my teachers drag on, and it's hard to focused, especially with no sleep. My chemistry teacher stopped in the middle of her lecture to wake someone up. She said that she wouldn't sleep in a cold, uncomfortable auditorium. She would rather sleep in her bed, with a pillow and blanket. She would rather be nice and snug at home. She wanted to know why students choose to come to class and sleep. The professor told the guy to go home and sleep. She wasn't trying to be rude, just telling him what she thought about how comfortable a auditorium was to sleep in. She said that we didn't need to come to class any other day but quiz day so that guy could sleep all he wanted, at home. It was so hilarious. I am sitting here thinking about how many different things I have talked about in about twenty minutes. I changed topics so many times, and this is probably how I talk to people also. I didn't exactly focus on one topic. What I started writing about led to something else, and now I have ended up on a completely different idea. ",y,n,n,y,n

2000\_891622.txt,"I am about to go to my first sorority date dash with my boyfriend. It is at Malibu Grand Prix. We are going to drive race cars and play video games. The tv has a show on about a man that slit a nine year old's throat from ear to ear. I think that is disgusting. I can't believe our society has people like this. I am very excited about my date dash. However, I have been feeling very overwhelmed with school lately. There is so much reading in every class. I don't feel like I am ever going to get caught up. College is so hard. Tomorrow I need to go get a new backpack and shirt at the Coop. I am excited about the football game on Saturday. This is my first college football game. I think it is going to be very hot and miserable. I will probably complain a lot and want to leave at half time. My friends say that they aren't going to let me leave early. It should be interesting. I also have to go straight to work after the game is over. I am going to do a lot of homework on Sunday. Hopefully I will get a little more caught up. I feel very stressed about school. This week is better than last and hopefully next week will be better than this one. I know it is going to get better. The guy on tv is a psycho. He is now saying that God told him to sacrifice the boy. He thinks he did the right thing. That is ridiculous along with the insanity plea. It makes me sick that people can do these horrible crimes and then plead insanity. This guy is not insane he is just a sicko and I think he deserves the death penalty. Tomorrow I have to go to class from 9:3011:00 and then I'm going to take a huge nap. I haven't been getting enough sleep lately. I guess I will just get used to less sleep. This college thing pretty much sucks. Sometimes I wish I would have taken the easy way out and gone to the local community college. However, I am getting a much better education here at UT. I live at home and commute everyday. This is really stressful because I have to leave my house at least one hour before class actually starts. I am about to go out now and I think this was a very interesting assignment. I am probably going to be late to the house where we are supposed to meet. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_892157.txt,"So, write for twenty minutes that should be easy enough. The concert last night was great I have never seen anyone play like that especially for that length of time. I mean goodness they played for three and a half hours. Victor is great I would have put incredible but I don't know how to spell it. I am kind of glad that I get to go home today. I mean I like Austin and all, but it's good to get home every once and a while. I'm also glad that Brandon got to come down for a couple of days, He was probably pretty glad to get out of Dallas for a while I can't believe this word processor doesn't have the word Dallas programmed in the spell checker. Some people. At least the ones responsible for the computers that is. Oh well. I wonder what everyone else is writing. I imagine that this could turn into some sort of confessional for some people. Weird. Read any good books? I haven't lately only newspapers and those don't count. I am excited about going to Berkeley next year. Not Berkley California, Berkeley Boston. Lots of good musicians there. Of course there are lots of good musicians here too, just of a different kind of breed everything here is about the blues while in the Northeast people look at things a little differently. Commercials on TV suck. I don't understand the ones that come on during prime time and then they say absolutely nothing about what it is they are selling or any relevant information about the products. Create interest nothing. creates confusion. Do theses people honestly think that the majority of Americans even give a shit about commercials much less THEIR product. Besides most of them are about disgusting stuff in the first place. Women's hygiene ads and balding men paraphernalia. Who cares people with those kind of problems would obviously know that they had a problem and most of them are seeking a solution so it seems to me that if you just shut up and spent your ad money making the best product on the market then people would buy it because it was the best. Not because Barbra on TV said that eight out of ten doctors seem to think that somewhere sometime this product might be exactly what you might be looking for. Well my time is done so I guess this is the end ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_892239.txt,"As the past couple of weeks have flown by, I have been stressed about my work load. Like probably most college students I have the urge to wait for the last minute before starting any assignments. So far and usually I am always able to get my work done on time, however if I would only start the assignments a little earlier I would not have as much stress as I do now. Also after recently reading the first chapter of my psychology book I am wondering if the cause of my illness is to due to excessive stress. On Tuesday I started to have a runny nose which later progressed into a sore throat. I usually do not fall victim to illness very easily so I am almost sure that stress is playing a large part in it. At my house in Irving I had gotten use to having my friends and family all within a five minute drive. Now that I have moved to Austin and been separated from home for an extended period of time, I occasionally find it hard to balance my time. With the options of sleep, tv, eating, homework, video games, or just hanging out with my friends, it is hard to make a decision on both what I want to do and what I need to do. On the up side of things I feel like I am slowly becoming accustomed to my new life here in Austin. I have started to develop a study pattern and my urge and will to do work on time and efficiently has increased. Over the fall and spring semester my ultimate goal is to have a high enough grade point average to transfer into the business school. If that transfer is successful it will only give me more motivation to try harder and be a better student. That is certainly the goal of me being a college student to begin with. I am looking forward to continuing my hard work and hope to enjoy the benefits at the end of the year. ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_892829.txt,"Great! Now I have to do this crap on paper! My stupid com. Heard sound. Sounded like my modem, but it's not on. Stupid itches again. This time all at once. I've been itching a lot lately, but it's probably the weather. Popped my thumb. Popped it again. I tend to do things in pairs. Tingling foot because it was in a strange position. I hope my fingers don't give out. Itchy left ear. It's been only 3 minutes and it's already hurting. I certainly hope I don't get carpel tunnel. Ouch! Itchy nose. head. Eyes doing that weird thing, almost like I've stared too long at one thing. Many little itches. 5 minutes now. Maybe I'm a little conscious of how the time is rolling. But then again, that's probably I have a little over an hour to turn this in and finish pretesting. Should set comp up, even though she keeps dying on me. Hand hurts a little, had to flex it. Mmmmm. Good Snickers bar. It's going to be difficult to write any feelings beyond the physical down. I tend to be in a state of. no state most of the time. 13 minutes left. I hope I can keep. Itchy nose. Feeling in the stomach. Hand still a little achy from all the writing. Wished my comp hadn't crashed, else I'd be done by now. Itchy scalp. I hope I'm doing this right. Figures. Comp restarted again. I guess I should turn it off after it restarts. Don't know why it's been such a pain lately. 10 minutes left. Itch to the side. Stretch fingers. Itchy feeling in left foot due to position. Itch in left ear. Gee, I hope these little itches don't mean anything. (feeling amused) Stretch aching fingers. Getting peanut out of teeth with tongue. Comp restarted. Time to shut her down. Hopefully, shutting down properly will end this mess. Popped thumb. 7 minutes left. Soon. Real soon. Well, physically anyway. It'll probably feel like 15. Turn off comp. I hope I can. Turn off power. I hope I can put all this to the web page before time. Ho. Itchy nose. Inside Eyes water. It's a sneezer! Eh, maybe not. 4 minutes left. Guess I should just trust the timer now. Hope I'm. doing this assignment right. But then again there is no right or wrong way to do it. Speaking of which, what ""is"" this assignment for? What does it do? Yeah, we write down our thoughts for twenty minutes, but. 2 minutes. Why? What do we learn from this? Or is it for the prof. and the department? Don't see what good it could do either. One minute. The clock will beep soon. Better prep for it, lest my heart jump out of my chest. Heart beat increased a little. Heart jumps! (Timer went off) ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_892887.txt,"I really don't know the first thing to say in this paper. I know I was confused about what to do, but there is really no confusion to it. is there? I don't know why I am talking to the computer like it is really going to talk back to me. Well, what am I thinking. I first want to know why it is so darn cold in all of these buildings, like I am about to freeze now in the computer lab at Kinsolving, and my roommate is talking to me about her boyfriend coming to see her today. Hell, I hate men right about now, because my man and I broke up a few weeks ago, before I came to school because he can't handle being in a serious relationship, that just happens to be long distance. I just don't know what the problem is. I mean if I am capable of being faithful, which has come pretty hard for me in the past, then I can be in a committed relationship. God, I need to get these nails off of my fingers because I keep messing up and having to backspace all the time. I think I'll get them soaked off tomorrow, after I get my navel pierced. I must seem like a really superficial person considering some of the things that are running through my mind. My fingers are starting to hurt because I am having to work extra hard because I have on these freaking nails. I just saw the number one in the tower on the computer screen that this boy just showed me. He looked so young, and he was actually kind of cute, but not tall enough. I know I just said that I hate men, but that was a lie. I can't live without them. Especially the tall ones that play basketball or run track or something. God, I want a man! I wonder how I would sound of I started talking all philosophical and stuff. I am not the type to go into deep analytical thinking, and I bet you are say, then why are you in my class. I think that the you are cool. I mean Prof. Pennebaker seems to be cool, but anyway. I am so bored right now, I have to braid this dude's hair, and I kind of don't want to, but he's going to pay me and I need some money, soon, and there is some back to school thing in the business atrium tonight. I guess I will go for a little while, not too long because I have a class at 930 in the morning, and it just happens to be calculus, and my damn teacher can't even speak english all the way. Why would the math department of all departments have teachers that students can't understand? I don't freaking get it. It's one of the hardest subjects at this school, and someone that is a first year teacher and can't speak english is teaching the class. WHY? Are the powers that be trying to torture me? Well, whatever happens, I will stay prayed up and depend on the lord to help me through this tough class. I just thought about something, I am not going to be able to go home this weekend because my parents are going to Oklahoma for Labor Day to visit my auntie Bev, and my Uncle Lawrence. I wonder how Precious is doing. I hope she still isn't messing with that idiot Kevin, like I think she still is. when will she ever learn, men that pray on you, and want all of your money, and wreck your car are not good boyfriend material. I mean, I know that I have had some trouble in the past dealing with idiot men, but I learned my lesson. I want to find me someone to act right and help me along the way when I need it. Is that too much to ask for? Gee, I can go on and on about men, and the experience s that I have had with them, but that is old and I am in a new place, and have to meet new men, and make new friends and most of all make awesome grades so that I can be on the dean's list like I want to be, and make the cheerleading team this year is going to prove to be a great one, and I hope that the lord blesses me do do well in all that I do this year and my years to come. I know that I am capable of doing it all, but I just want to survive. This city is filled with opportunity, and it's all mine for the taking! ",y,y,n,y,n

2000\_893872.txt,"Writing this paper on Friday is extremely irritating for me. I know that I was given plenty of time beforehand, but being the procrastinator that I am I waited until the last minute. This annoys me because I usually do this on most of my assignments. I have a feeling of regret that I didn't do it beforehand. It is hard for me to concentrate seeing that after I am done writing this assignment I am going to go back home to visit some of my friends I haven't seen in awhile. This gives me a good feeling. It is almost a feeling of relaxation and anticipation all in one. Tonight I am also going to go to a football game in my hometown. Thinking about watching a football game gives me a rush. I get flash backs of my quarterback going through the snap count, my heart pounding with anticipation and anxiety as I am about to get the ball, the snap, and a huge burst of adrenaline as I get the ball. Thinking back through each step I can feel the emotion that was accompanied each step, only at a lower level. I am also extremely tired having stayed up way to late last night. This is probably why I am finding trouble concentrating and being consistent with certain ideas. I also feel confused because I really think that this isn't what the professor wanted, but too bad. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_894277.txt,"If I were to fly to Pennsylvania to see Julia, Brint and I would have to go together, it'd cost a hell of a lot but maybe for spring break or something we could go. She says it's really pretty up there, it gets really cold too. I hate the cold weather. I have an image in my head of these nice clean streets, kind of hilly, in autumn with all the leaves changing colors and falling on the ground. She says it's supposed to be beautiful, like a carpet. And we'd go see Vicky in Philly. Though we'd have to take the train, all sorts of new stuff. But I won't get to see her until Christmas and I know I won't be able to go before that. She's going to Disney world before Christmas so I won't even get to see her much then either. I've never been to Disney world or Disneyland or anything. All I want is some of those Mickey Mouse ears and to ride the teacup ride. I told Cassandra in eighth grade or our freshman year or something that when she went to get me some and I'd pay her back but she never got them. I wish we still would have been friends just a little more in high school. I mean I realize that the whole little group broke up when we got to high school but still. I really wish I was still good friends with Andrea. I miss her so much sometimes. She's dating some guy now that I don't even know, I didn't even know she was dating someone. We used to be such good friends, inseparable. I practically lived at her house an entire summer and we did everything together. Then I left her and she went off and became ""popular"" or whatever. Which pisses me off because I when we got to high school she was fat and not that pretty and now all of a sudden she's miss beauty queen and she's too good to hang out with me. Not that we would have anything in common these days and I guess it is my own fault for the way things went. But I just wish I would have gotten to share some of those high school things with her. I miss her so much. It's really weird because I have all these best friends, like 5 or 8 and its not like I ever thought about her much in high school. Every once in a while, but now that I'm here it seems that I miss her more, I haven't really thought about her any more than normal I guess. Although right before I left, for a couple of days I thought about her a lot and I really wanted to email her a letter of some sort, kind of apologizing I guess for the way things went between us. They didn't go bad or anything, they just kind of went away. I think I still might email her. The reason behind it all is Jeremy. I talked to him the other day and it was weird. Like it didn't feel weird at the time but now that I look back and think it was just weird. I 'd really like to see him again sometime soon. I don't know why because I know it probably won't be good for me. Things are strange because if I'm not around him for a while I'll think about him and in an odd way miss him. But the second I get around him I suddenly realize why the hell I hate him so much and why I can't stand to be around him. I'm sure I have some underlying issues with all that that I just can't define or pick out. Well I know I do, I dated the damn guy for three years of my life. Three years of high school no less. My first real experiences are all owed to him. Now that I look at it, it was probably a really bad idea, in know it was, to date him all while I'm just being introduced to things in the world. Those are things I should have experienced on my own, not with him in my life. And plus I wasted 3 years of my life, there's no telling who or what would have happened in those three years. Or who I would have become. Which is the other aspect of it, I'm not sure which side I agree with more. Because if it weren't for him I wouldn't be who I am today and I think for the most part I like who I am. And I had all these experiences with him and I learned so much and it just makes you wonder what would have happened and how would I have turned out if I hadn't dated him. I mean I'm glad I have all these experiences under my belt because I sure as hell wouldn't have wanted to come here without knowing a lot of the things I do, and I'm glad they were with somebody I ""loved"". But it just really gets to me to think, what if. I'm so curious to know how things would have gone if it weren't for him. And now I'm even starting to doubt my love for him. Was I really in love or was I just fooled somehow? I'm sure I loved him as a person, and now I'm even starting to wonder about that too. Maybe it's just the suppressed anger or whatever that makes me doubt my feelings for him, or maybe I just honestly didn't. But I was obviously feeling something at the time. And last time is so much different than this time. That's what brought on the whole questioning thing of do I really know what it is to be in love or am I just imagining these things? ",y,n,n,n,y

2000\_894444.txt,"As I walk down the middle of campus with thousands of people rushing by me on their way to class, I feel like a star in the huge night sky. With so many stars scattered throughout the sky, I seem to go unnoticed and lost. This is a feeling that I have seldom felt. As an allstar volleyball player, the student council vice president, and the homecoming queen I have always been one of the brightest stars. Just a month ago, I seemed to have my entire world in order and what seemed to me perfection. I now feel lonely and intimidated as I embark on this new phase in my life. I feel like I no longer have control, and perfection seems harder to achieve than ever. Knowing that if I do not obtain a B in Chemistry 313, my dreams of becoming a nurse are next to impossible. Can my life long dreams honestly be shattered by one college course? As I search for answers, I question whether or not I made the right decision to choose to attend the University of Texas, or if I'm even college material at all. What am I saying? Going to college was never an option for me. I want a good life for my family and I, and I've always dreamed of becoming a nurse and helping those who need me. My parents have always taught me to do my best and work towards my dreams, but words are often easier said than done. However, I could not have made it through my first week at the university if not for the love and support I have received from my family. Throughout my life, I would probably have to credit at least fifty percent of my accomplishments to my family, because they are my strong hold. Though I regard them so highly, I also feel that in this instance they are somewhat of my downfall. The transition to college would not be such a struggle for me if my ties to my family and friends that I have left behind were not so great. It is incredibly hard for me to accept change, because I accept my surroundings and others and become comfortable with them and do not want to leave my comfort zone. I feel that this is somewhat peculiar because I realize that even if I was to remain the same, with the same friends and circumstances, the world and people around me would continue to change and grow and expand. Eventually I would be left behind. As I work to achieve and to be the best I can be, I hope that along the way I will find the happy, positive person that I once was and know I still am. ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_894718.txt,"My goodness. I have so much to do over the next few daysnot to mention the next semester. Wow, my first semester in college. I love this freedom. I want to go to sleep. I feel like I'm completely wasting the time and the freedom I have by sleeping through it all. My roommate is at a Delta Gamma function right now. I'm in the sorority. I really should be there. I guess I'm a party pooper. She pissed me off a few hours ago. I really liked her, but I'm beginning to get some weird vibes from her. Someone was caught smoking weed on our floor in our dorm tonight, and the resident assistant went to talk to him about it. My roommate got really mad about it. She said, ""That's so dumb. That's why those people wanted to live off campus. The RA said he was going to be lenient on that kind of thing, and now he's getting them in trouble just because someone ratted them out. "" Oh well. oh God. I have to go deal with some feminine hygiene issues. Okay, I'm back. Anyway. I don't care where you live. That's still completely illegal, and people shouldn't be doing that. She was just so blas� about it. I don't drink, and I don't exactly condone that either, but smoking pot is so much worse. If people are going to do illegal things, then that really sucks. But if they're not hurting anyone besides themselves, then whatever. If that's the case, then let them do their own thing. But they absolutely do not have the right to feel victimized if they get caught. That's so immature and irresponsible. I'm listening to Canon by Pachelbel right now. Wait. I have to check the spelling on ""Pachelbel. "" Yay. I was right. I figured I would be. not to sound cocky or anything. I just like when things are spelled correctly. oh. I have to press ""repeat. "" I really like this song a lot. I'm getting more and more into this classical music thing. My parents, or my mom really. my dad's not really concerned with me very much. my mom raised me to be pretty cultured. I love music and the arts. So anyway. I love this song. The string quartet played it as the wedding march at my mom and my stepdad's wedding when I was only eight years old. I was the maid of honor. Goofy. This song reminds me of one of the instrumental pieces from the little mermaid. the part in the movie where Prince Eric is escorting the human Ariel around his town. The instrumental piece is playing when they are dancing in a little square and he lifts her up just as the music climaxes. Oh. it's so beautiful. That part always gives me the chills. That sounds so dorky. I think it's just the combination of the beautiful music and the thought that Eric and Ariel are falling in love. Hold on. got to press ""repeat"" again. Sometimes this laptop really makes me mad and frustrated. The keys are so small and close together that I press the wrong one a lot. It's really annoying. I miss California. I used to live there. I feel sick. I'm also coughing because of a guy that lives down my hall. He was smoking earlier, and I was in the same room. On top of that, I've had a cold for the past four days. I'm all stuffed up, and I have to blow my nose again. I switched to another classical cd. I especially like some of the pieces on this cd. Right now, Tchaikovsky's (yes, I did look at the cd to see how to spell that) ""Piano Concerto in B flat minor"" is playing. I really wish I knew what ""in B flat minor"" means. Ok. my ""stream of consciousness"" was interrupted. I feel really bad. My hallmate called me and I've been down in her room for the past 45 minutes. Oh. I just walked back into the room and ""The Waltz of the Flowers"" from the Nutcracker is playing on my ""100 Masterpieces of Classical Music"" cd. This is such an amazing song. I miss taking ballet classes. I really need to get back into it. I'm so out of shape. I have this yucky flab on my thighs. And I really just miss the discipline and the beauty of dancing. I'm sick of all of the superficial drill team dancing that I've been doing for the past three years. It's all for show. I want to go back to taking classes where I can dance for the sake of dancing, where I can appreciate the beauty of it, where I can allow my emotions and my compassion to bring feeling into my movements. I guess I'm weird. I just get these really amazing feelings sometimes, especially when I'm listening to music or when I'm dancing. I just have these moments where I get Goosebumps and I'm so overcome by the feelings of the music. I really miss California a lot. And I'm still coughing because of that guy that was smoking. My throat hurts. I just remembered that someone the other day asked me how to spell ""throat. "" That kind of thing really scares me. I mean. We're in college, and someone doesn't know how to spell a simple word. I really hate it when people spell things incorrectly or use poor grammar or punctuation. It just really pisses me off. That's so analretentive of me, but it just really makes me mad. Okay. I have to do my homework for my linguistics class now. I must say that I had a really interesting time typing this assignment. I've never done anything like this before. I think it has convinced me that I need to start keeping a journal of my thoughts. ",n,y,y,y,n

2000\_894986.txt,"I am watching the news and there is this story about these fisherman that are lost at sea. They think they are out there because they found coolers with their shoes attached to them. I hope that they find them. They are actually talking with the coast guard and he says they might end the search tomorrow? How can that be? How would you just stop the search for someone in one day? There are so many times that I wonder how people can be so insensitive. I myself am one of the most sensitive people you'll ever meet. I cry at sad stories, I cry when I'm extremely happy, I am compassionate about my work with children and basically I take every thing to heart. I want to work with children more than anything in the world. More than money more than riches more than just about everything. I tutor these two little boys 4 days a week and this will be my second year. I love to help other people not just children. I find my happiness in seeing someone else smile. My boyfriend goes to Texas A&M and I see him like every three weeks. It was his birthday and his family really doesn't celebrate it so I bought him all this stuff for his bday. He was kind of mad cause I spent about $100 and he knows that I don't really have a lot of money because college is really expensive! I don't care though I always put the people that I love before myself. I am letting my really good friend Bryan borrow $500 for his last tuition payment. It is in my savings but I can wait for that until later because I save my money like crazy. I used to work at the Pflugerville Rec Center and tutor, so I have a lot of savings. I am such a nurturer it would make you sick. I like to take care of people. My roommate is a little wild but I watch out for her. I don't drink and she does so I always tell her to call me if she needs a ride. I brought my grandma down to see my dorm, she lives in Austin. She remarried this guy named Joe who is a million times nicer than my real grandpa. They were so happy to see me and see where I live. I love my family and I can't wait to have one of my own. If you were to ask me what my ultimate goal in life would be, it's having a family. No divorces, no hatred, no real trouble for my family. I'm already saving money for my kids college so they don't have to pay for it like me. I'm not paying for everything but a lot. My parents send me on this guilt trip that money is tight and all this crap when my dad makes over $100,000 a year. I applied for financial aid and scholarships but didn't get any. I did get $7,000 loan that helps so much! I am so happy when I think about my future. My boyfriend will be my husband because he is my soul mate. We have been best friends since 6th grade and just started dating a year ago. He is really smart and is majoring in mechanical engineering, but he is really shy and had a hard time adjusting to college. He doesn't drink and everyone around him does. I am not shy or anything like that and I try to help him to not be also. I went to visit him and he has completely changed and is not shy anymore. I am so proud of him. He would call me and be sad and I would cry all night long. I didn't get into A&M but did into UT. Go figure my credentials were great. I love my life God has sent me down the right path. My blood has officially turned orange and I hope that it stays that way. Thanks for listening to my thoughts. I should do this more often I feel less tension and happy. ",y,n,y,n,y

2000\_895005.txt,"I don't feel like going to class today, but because I paid a great amount of money for this education I might as well. But wait, it's a discussion class for Calculus, oh well, it's not like I understood anything what Dr. Friedman was saying yesterday in class. Do I really have to walk all the way over there? If I don't go, I can spend some of that time studying for a chemistry test tomorrow, as well as download some more songs off the Internet. The chemistry test is my first test and I don't how Dr. Brodbelt makes her tests. But because it's over the first two chapters, which were basically a review of chemistry in High School, hopefully, it might be easy. I sure hope so! Ahhh. school, it's getting on my nerves. Let this week calm down, it'll be okay next week. I can't wait until the weekend. On my gosh, I have 30 minutes until my next class, what should I do? Sleep, nahh. what if I oversleep, that would be bad. I guess I should start packing my books and looking for my keys to lock the room, which by the way, I really don't understand why the lock on the door opens when you turn the key to the left, and locks when you turn the key to the right. Shouldn't it be the other way around? Oh well, why am I making such a big deal about it, it provides me the security of my place. I should be thankful. Anyhow, I need to get to class. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_896348.txt,"I have lots of things to today. I need to read and take note for all my classes. The bird is really getting on my nerves. I hope I will be able to finish all of my homework in time. If I write my paper at home I can print it at my sister's house, but I would have to finish it before I go home because I do not want to do it this weekend. I would ask someone to print it for me but I do not have enough time to go in the morning. I wonder what the psychology test is going to be like. I can't wait to go home. I miss my nephew so much and he is growing so fast. I miss my mom and dad. I hope my dad is o. k. The doctors can't do anything anymore and I am very worried about him. I do not have to do laundry today and the apartment is going to quiet if I do not put the television on. I am going to try to work all day without the television. Once as I turn it on it will never be turned off and I need to study. I really enjoy my days off. Too bad this is the last time I get to sleep late and not have to go anywhere. I would not be able to go anywhere since I do not have a car and I can't drive a standard. I want my own car, a VW Bug that is midnight blue. My aunt has one and it is so big and has lots of space. It is the perfect car for me because I do not like huge cars. Big cars seem to take control over you and I like to be able to control the car. I also want it to be an automatic because I do not know how to drive a stick shift. It would also be so much easier with an automatic. ",n,y,y,y,y

2000\_896506.txt,"Isn't it amazing how lifting weights can make you so aware of your muscles? Every last inch of me is sore. I am such a weenie. Exercising is fun though. It helps me relieve stress. I'm already starting to feel a little stressed here. I wonder if I am an abnormally stressed person. What is a normal stress level? I'm having a hard time deciding which organizations to be in. I want to be in communication organizations to help me be prepared for my career but I also want to be involved in a Christian organization. Sigma Phi Lambda sounds neat but it takes up a lot of time. I wish I were better at knowing what God wants me to do. I want to follow Him and to be patient but I also don't want to not be assertive and let opportunities slid past me. I feel like much of my life I have been too laid back, letting things come to me. I'm tired of being out to lunch. I want to prove to my dad and my brother that I can be responsible and detail minded. I want so badly to get a 4. 0 this semester. I feel so torn. Part of me says drive hard! Study hard! Don't let organizations take time away from academics! Prove you are worthy! But I know that I need to follow God and the He is what gives me value. I am probably making too big of a deal out of all of this. I think I'm just frustrated with mistakes I've made in the past. I need to let those go and not worry about what my dad and brother think. I know my dad has faith in me deep down. I just feel sad and I don't really know why. I just wish I had more direction but even as I type that I know I just need to listen to God. I guess that's the problem I'm mad that I don't get a clear answer from God. It's so hard. I've never been totally sure of what God wanted for me. Well maybe that's not true, but I never hear his voice telling me what to do. I wasn't even sure if coming to UT was what He wanted. I saw lots of doors open up for UT and when I was expecting to see bad things about UT I found that it really wasn't that bad and the students were really friendly. Now I'm trying to figure out what decision to make about organizations and I'm secondguessing every phone call from members in the organizations and the gut feelings I have when I go to the meetings. I don't feel any strong direction and I'm mad, frustrated. There must be something I'm doing wrong. I want to be closer to God but every time I try I end up getting so confused and frustrated with Him and myself. Why does being on the verge of tears for a long time make you have a headache? Man I hate how my desk is set up. Gosh, I'm being so negative. I really hope my paper is the one out of 540 that y'all decide to read. This really isn't representative of what I am like. Tonight is just a bad night. God has given me so much yet I worry about so much. Like my business and professional speaking class. I don't like the idea of being graded on my performance. I know I won't make eye contact and make all sorts of other mistakes and get a bad grade. Wow! Listen to me. I'm going to be one of the people they call to do a study of depressed people with low selfesteem. I put on that questionnaire that I am generally happy and have a high selfesteem but that was last week. Tonight for the first time since moving down here I feel sad. I was so proud of myself for not freaking out and adjusting well. Maybe God is trying to show me that I really can't do this on my own. ",n,n,y,n,y

2000\_896824.txt,"Today I woke up to the sun sinning in to the room and it gave me much joy. the warm sun rays lighting up the room starts a day off very nicely. sweetie now that made me feel all warm and fussy in side. I just had to sit back and take it in for a few moments before closing the chat window. she called me sweetie, Wow! I hope she knows that made me feel special. I hope I make her feel special. because she is special to me. JoAnna what a unique name. It is a lovely name. one with two capital letters. laptops, this is so cool I am typing on a laptop, I wish I could have my own. maybe I could save some money some how. I wonder if my mom will give me some for it. hmmm. must likely not. my sis is doing better. she needs to eat more healthy. this summer was a great summer. God really blessed me. I worked a lot help on the house met one great family and to great friends in it. I got all the classes I wanted to switch in to these fall. so awesome. God is awesome. I am so bless through his love. I pray I make the most of it and continue be focused. I have so much time and yet I always want things faster. I seem to want it now. but time and patients will help me through. Sweetie wow I just can't get over it. I am so lucky to have some like that in my life. just to look at her brings me joy. and those eyes. I love getting lost in those eyes. what if I didn't say anything? will she turn away? will she be embarrassed? I hope not. does she feel the same way? If she does is this the one? or maybe it is another I have not met. I wish I knew. I have to be patient. all good things come in time. I wonder if she knows that I wonder what she is doing sometimes. does she do the same? when can I see her again. when is too soon to talk to her. what is to much? who knows! her smile is so beautiful. no wonder I am so at tracked to her. the smile is the first things I notice in a girl. and my mom likes her too, what are the odds. something must be right. maybe I thinking too far ahead. all I now is I like it. I like JoAnna and she likes me. That is what I know. I know I want to see more of her but that will have to go slow because school is why I am here in Austin. maybe over Christmas we can see more of each other. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_897928.txt,"Today has been a good day so far. I only had one class today, Philosophy, and it was better than the first time I went. I get scared here. There are so many people and I don't know where I stand yet. It is so much different from where I am from. My hometown is extremely small and everyone knows everyone so coming to Austin was a huge change for me. Everyone seems so smart and everyone seems to know exactly what they are doing, the classes they are taking and everything. I have know idea what I plan on majoring in. Right now I am undeclared, Natural Science and I don't know where that will lead me. Maybe I will figure it out one day though. I am sure I have too. It is so hot outside. My mom told me that it hasn't rained in my hometown in 51 days. I can't believe that. That is so outrageous. She also said that there were grass fires all around our house. That is so scary. I don't want anything to happen to them. We live so far out and all the fires have been our way. It is so scary. My dad works all the time. All he does is work. My parents are both coming down this weekend for the first UT football game. I am so excited. I think it will be a blast. I have gone to tons of games and they are always a blast. I don't understand this friend I have. She has always wanted to go to Baylor, ever since she was a little girl. Now, she has this boyfriend who goes to a&m and now she is going to transfer to a&m to be with him. And to top it off, they are getting engaged. She has been with this guy for only three months. I don't understand people sometimes. I mean you think you know someone so well and then one day you think you don't know them at all. There are only a few people from my high school here. I am glad though. I want to meet other people, to broaden my horizon. I didn't know my roommate before I moved here and we get along great. She is so nice and I think we will be pretty good friends. I have this one friend who did come here from my high school and she is negative about everything and everyone and it drives me crazy. She gripes about the sorority stuff and about people going out at night, about people laying out during the day, and just stuff that shouldn't even matter at all. I mean who cares about these people. Let them do what they want and don't criticize them. It is so stupid the way she acts sometimes. She thinks that I am the only one she can hang out with here and I feel bad because I want to go meet more people and do what I want without being criticized for it. I wonder what my brother is doing these days. He lives in San Marcos and I haven't even talked to him since I have been here. Maybe I will call him today. He is 3 years older than I am. We get along really well, but he has a girlfriend that he is always with so that is another reason why I haven't seen him in a while. I am in this sorority. I don't know if it is me though. I mean I don't know if I want to tie myself down to all of that stuff. It is kind of hard to tell right now though. I will have to give it time I think. If I don't like it I will just drop out. I am so tired these days it seems like I have something to do all the time. Like I never get a chance to just stop what I am doing to rest. I love Austin though and I am really happy here. My boyfriend and I are doing pretty good too. I am glad about that. He lives in Denton and goes to UNT. It is really sad though that we can't be together now and we are so far apart. I don't know really what to do. I cry a lot about it because I love this guy so much and I want everything to work out, but I just don't know how we are going to be able to handle not seeing each other for weeks and weeks at a time. It is horrible. But, I think we can do it. We have been together for 2 years and about 2 months now so I think it is possible. I don't want anyone else either. I mean he is everything I ever wanted so I don't think I should even look for anyone else. He is the best. Plus, guys scare me like all the STDs these days I wouldn't know who was lying to me or who was telling the truth and so I think I will just stay with the guy I have now. Oh, I miss him so much. I have two Chinese pug dogs and I miss them too. College is such a big change. Especially for me, coming to Austin from such a small town. But, I can handle it. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_897981.txt,"Goodness gracious! I am so tired of returning to this page that I absolutely don't know what else to write about nor say except for HELP! This is like my fourth time trying to complete this assignment and I am so tired of it but it is to late to complain now so I might as well shut up and continue on writing or shall I say typing. It looks again like I will be going to bed after midnight, I hope not but I do have a lot of assignments that I still need to complete. My most important assignment will be to get organized because going at this rate I will have a hell of a freshman year just trying to keep up. I am doing a little better now with following my syllabus but I still have a long way to go. Maybe when I get a job I will learn how to manage my time more wisely and I will be able to develop better study skills. My fiance' tells me that I have good study skills I just worry to much and stress myself out over small unimportant things that have nothing to do with my classes or myself. To be honest, I do believe that I do get stressed out over every little thing but I think that I am getting a lot better at handling different situations, like this one. My biggest problem is that I really miss him and it is so hard being here in Austin all alone while he is in North Carolina. Hopefully after this year we will be able to come up with a compromise and a solution to all of our problems and concerns. I miss him and I am really looking forward into seeing him in a couple of months. Well, my time is about up and I really need to go so that I can begin to tackle my other UT coursework. I have to make my grades so that they won't make me. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_898561.txt,"For some reason I am very tired. Ever since I have been up here I always feel tired. Some days I don't do very much so it does not make sense for me to be very tired. I also get very bored sometimes. I can think of absolutely nothing to do. I wish I had my computer so I could save this so later I can see what I wrote. I thought I would be doing more and going more places when I got up here. My friends that I am always with up here are not very active and exciting. I miss my best friend a lot. I don't miss home, just the people there. I also miss my very, very good friend who goes to school in Indiana. I miss him so much. I think about him all of the time. I miss him more and more each day. He is just my friend, so I don't know what is wrong with me. We became a little closer over the summer. Some people that I know think that we should date. I don't know. I think I might like him, but I sometimes feel that I shouldn't. I don't know. I miss him so much. I worry about him all the time. I also worry about my brother and my sister very much. Hopefully, I will get to visit Justin in Indiana for Thanksgiving. However, he might come home. I really hope that he does come home. If I go up there I will get to see real snow. I like it up there very much. I don't know why. I have been twice. I really like his friends up there. They are great guys. We have lots of fun together. All the guys who go to his school are gentlemen. I have told myself that if I don't like it here this year that I will transfer next year. But, I love it here, even though I get bored sometimes. I love Texas. Justin hates it for some reason. He thinks I should transfer to a college near Indiana. I have thought about it. The only thing is that I like it here. If something goes wrong I might transfer. I would love to be closer to him, but anything I have ever done for a guy has turned out bad. One should only do things for oneself and one should only listen to their own heart. I'm not sure what my heart is telling me to do, yet. See, I need to quit thinking about him so much and concentrate more on school and studying. This is what I came to college for. To study and learn, not in search of a relationship. I need to remember to go to Mezes and sign up for experiments. I wish we didn't have to do that, but it is much better than writing a 5 page paper. I have never been able to write research papers well. I can write stories and essays well. Oh! I just finished the best book ever. It is Pride and Prejudice by Jane Austen. I love it so much. I think Jane Austen is my new favorite author. I am now reading Emma by Jane Austen. It seems like it will be a great book, also. I think 20 minutes are over. It sure did go by rather quickly. Bye! ",n,y,y,y,y

2000\_899564.txt,"I'm sitting in a library waiting for my chemistry class to start and I just thought of a comment placed on the psychology bulletin board that referred to how people see light and if it is different from person to person. If you think about it, the only way we have to reference a color is by what we have been taught what it is. If I see green for what you see as red, how would we know the difference? This desk is sure filled with a lot of profanities, but not as much as the bathroom on my floor of Jester West. Oh, isn't it fun to live in a dorm, my roommate never sleeps, does homework, but he does eat, all the time, including my food from the fridge. The best part of the dorm was getting kicked out at 8 AM so they could install a fire sprinkler system, this building is a lot older than me, why did they wait this long to put in sprinkler systems? Did they do some sort of statistical analysis to determine it is about time for a fire, that it pretty scary. Wow, I've only been typing for ten minutes, this is going to be pretty long. Lets talk about something. Like. well I don't know, hey, it sure was hot last week. I've lives in Texas all my life, but that was still pretty hot, for September. I lived in San Antonio and saw snow once in my life, that was when I was six or so and people say it sometimes snows in Austin, I am starting to find that hard to believe. It's weird living in a smaller city, when I have to drive across town, you think this will take a hour, but it only takes about 20 minutes. The guy next to me keeps looking at me, it's starting to freak me out. I never knew I could put so many commas in a single sentence, the grammar checker in Word in putting little squiggly green lines all across the screen, hey it kind of' looks like my rhetoric paper's first draft, and the second. I don't like that class, why oh why do we have to take it? Well my 20 minutes it about up and I need to start heading to my chemistry class with a teacher that doesn't speak English very well, but it not hard to understand him, well at least I stay awake while tiring to decipher him. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_899852.txt,"Stream of consciousness I have had a very rough week this week. I never dreamed that I would be so busy at college with classes and fraternity engagements; at least not on the weeknights. I feel that the sleep depravation may begin to catch up with me. Perhaps as time passes I will learn how to better manage my time on campus. It does not help that I have little, hour long breaks inbetween all of my classes, and I guess I should use that time to study, maybe outside the Student Union or the FAC building. We had a gentleman from the Learning Center come by the fraternity house and scare me by speaking about high school students whom have come to the university with straight A's and left with D's because they did not know how to study, for this I am a prime candidate. I never studied in high school save for calculus. At least I will not have trouble with Writing papers, as I am quite affluent with the subject. I write a lot in my English class, which is taught by a disorganized hippie. He is a nice man but is very difficult to gauge. This professor also has a very ludicrous way of assessing grades; he uses something called the Online Learning Record. I have yet to figure the whole thing out but it seems to me, that it is a totally fallacious way of determining a student's progress through his own introspection. I guess I am a product of conventional thinking and teaching; maybe the class will be good for me. I feel, at least overall, that my classes are very well taught with the one exception. I have, however, heard that my psychology professor gives very difficult tests, but I am a very good test taker, we'll see. My only real concern so far is time management and maintaining a decent level of sleep, which I have yet to achieve so far. I guess I need to skip a few social events and get some rest, though I have met a very nice girl already whom I like very much; I recently asked her to O. U. weekend and she politely accepted. Hopefully, our relationship will not crumble between now and the time of the game. There is another girl who I feel bad about not asking, though I imagine that she will find another date. We where seeing each other quite a bit before I met the other, though I am sure she does not care as much as I am probably pretending she is. I guess that this is enough, and would like to close by stating that the first two weeks have absolutely flown by, and I am hopeful that my grades will remain high throughout the semester. ",n,n,y,n,y

2000\_904579.txt,"I am not exactly sure how this is supposed to work, but I will give it a try. I am wondering if I am thirsty because I see the Aquafina bottle on my desk. I know I will jump to a random thought soon. I just have not figured out exactly what it is. I am thinking about going to my next class at 5:00 for the Cal discussing, and I am wondering if there will be any good looking guys coming today. There are a few cute ones, but who knows why they won't say hello. I myself don't think that I am totally unattractive, and on occasion I have been known to look hot. Now one of my friends would think that she was cuter and had a better body than me, but I do not think so. So anyhow that makes me think of how we went bowling the other day and that she did look like she had lost some weight because her pants looked good on her. She also has great hair, that never looks clumpy, how does she manage that? O just go to the store and buy any shampoo that I want but not her she buys the most expensive thing at the mall, we are so different, yet so alike. Maybe I just like to put on the image that I don't care when I really do, while she cares and she admits it. Right now I feel like turning on the tv so that I don't fall asleep while I am typing this assignment up. I always get sleepy around this time but I feel so guilty taking a nap because I have so much work that I should be doing. Right now I hear Rosie O'Donnell in the background and they are talking about NYC and now I want to go hang out in New York with my friends and I also want to go each some chocolate chip cookies. I am the biggest chocoholic. But my dad has diabetes, so I have decided that I would start to be cautious about what I ate. Right now I am trying to keep up with everything I am thinking but my fingers cannot move as fast as all my thoughts. I just saw a picture of a finger cut open, and quite frankly that is one of the most disgusting things I have ever seen. I am not really sure if I like my nail polish color, it is a cool color, but I am not entirely sure that it looks good on me. Rosie just mentioned dogs which makes me think of my dog, Cleopatra, who I miss very much. She is a black cocker spaniel with white patches on her stomach and, she has beautiful big brown eyes. She is one of the cutest things I have ever seen. She waits for my little brother to come home from school at the window next to our front door. Oh yah I want to download Dr. Dre's new song, but for some reason I cannot remember the name of the song. And I can't get Napster, because of this stupid UT network, so I have to use Imesh, which is not as good as Napster, because I can't just write in the name of a song. I have had quite a bit of computer trouble lately. But luckily it is all fixed and set up now, due to many nice people who have helped me set it up. I am really not computer savvy and my parents always get on my back about it, and I used to not pay attention but now I am thinking that I should, because there are so many cool things that computers can do, and I don't want to miss out. I also want to go shopping, but I don't have money, I want to be like I Dream of Jeanie or Bewitched and just be able to blink in and out of outfits. I saw a Campbell's soup commercial that said soup only has 100 calories. Now I am watching a bit about a wonderful guy who is very loving toward his mother, which makes me think that I could make more of an effort to be better to my parents. Ok my twenty minutes are up so I will stop typing. ",y,n,y,n,n

2000\_905497.txt,"It's 805 now; I feel like I'm playing who wants to be a millionaire, waiting for the time to change. Yeah. Really that's what I just said. Why is my roommate talking to me? She knows I'm doing this assignment. Ahhhhhhhh. That was really annoying, I'm not sure if I just meant my roommate or me. I sometimes think I don't know the meaning of half of what I say (even though I didn't say that) I just completely lost track of what I was writing cause she talked to me again. Blah blah blah. Why do I do that? Anyway, I want to have more dreams. Really bad. Good dreams where I don't want to wake up; like the one I had when I was little and it was so cool there were these lonely French 12 year old kids in it and I was standing outside their house window or something; they remind me of mafia and the untouchables; my secret song that I swear is about the untouchables. I wish I knew what song it was. That would be great. I wonder if I'm making too much of my friend 'coming out'. Like I'm ok with it, and most everybody is ok with it, but I might be trying to sound TOO ok with it. I don't know. My roommate's parents don't like me, I don't think. But I'm not entirely sure so I shouldn't even think that, let alone say it. Or write it. Aren't I supposed to be typing about my feelings? Ok, I feel like I keep trying to prove myself to my friend Angela, just cause she is so wonderful and I don't feel too wonderful myself a lot of the time. But I don't try to prove myself to her; I did to my friend Ali, but not to Angela. I don't even know what I'm talking about right now. I hate that; I'll think something about somebody just cause I had thought it about someone else. And I don't know if that's bad or good or whatever. I'm typing too much too fast; I keep getting myself confused and backspacing. I wonder if I should just leave all the misspellings in here; it might make sense so far as the paper goes, since maybe that would suggest that my mind's confused and jumbled, the way handwriting is supposed to tell about you, but I don't know at all. Cause we're supposed to correct our misspellings. The Buddy Holly song is in my head. Does that mean I should sing it to the paper since it's in my head and whatever's in my head should be going down here? No, I don't think so; it's kind of like background music; jazz to Kerouac type of thing. I wonder if I'm as important to Grant as he is to me. That goes with all my friends. He should be here soon; no tape for me. This makes no sense, I'm sure; I sound horrible, like Adrian Mole, except for I keep criticizing myself as Adrian keeps complimenting myself. My back hurts; I wonder if my doctor who I went to once was right when I said I was going to have neck and back problems later, just cause I don't have the greatest posture in the world. I mean, my philosophy professor said today that if pleasure is virtue then he was virtuous in smoking, and he wasn't lying, but I don't think that there is any virtue in slouching. Is this what fist person books are supposed to be like? Cause characters would never be able to write this much; no, what I meant was that it would sound dumb and pointless and rambling like this, unless they had some superb, Staten island computer guy like mind. Like that last reference wouldn't make any sense at all to anyone but me; in books they describe it. I don't know. Like Kerouac I guess. Bless you. There, I said it in response to my roommate's sneeze on here at least. I don't think of her as Elizabeth, cause she's not, she's my roommate. Elizabeth's a dead girl who used to laugh at a camping trip where she got sick on the day of a campout; no a bonfire; who used to like peanut butter. Elizabeth did, not the peanut butter. Why is everyone homesick (or my roommate). I'm not; I want to talk to my cat though. He's going to hate me when I get home. Like, it'll be like when my mom took him into surgery and he would run away from her. I hope he doesn't die. I'm missing all of the little things in between these thoughts; the thoughts I have while I'm typing. I would try to type those things too but then there would be things while I was typing that. I hate paper, I miss trees. There goes my roommate complaining again. But I'll stop, cause she might come over and read over my shoulder or something and I'll have to stop like I did the first time I tried to do this exercise; that was horrible, it was only 2 minutes into it, but still. But she came close to here, and I don't know. Good, she's on the phone now. I'm staring at the little monitor light on my computer; it looks like some alien symbol for sex or something; I don't know what I'm thinking (tip of the tongue) but its weird whatever it is. I want to be in Rocky Horror. I wonder what it's like to be in it; just in the movie, not the little plays during it. Yesssssssss, noooooooooooo. I don't know. It's 8:22. Why the hell did I type yessssssssss? Remember on the Wonder Years, and they would have to go to typing class; that's what I think my mom's childhood was like. My lips feel like they're about to fall apart if I smile again; not because I've been smiling too much, because they're really chapped along the edges. Two minutes left. Yess. I did it again. I want to go out to breakfast; real breakfast, with eggs and pancakes you don't have to tear apart with your teeth to cut. I'm looking at my chopsticks now; I wonder why people are so fascinated with them, why I brought them, I don't know at all. And I'm feeling bad about having a goodluck elephant made out of ivory, cause doesn't that go against the good luck of elephants? ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_908148.txt,"My first week here at UT, I went through rush. I was kind of pressured into it by family and friends, but I also wanted to meet people. After a week of being fake and smiling a whole lot, I was invited into a sorority. I'm not the type of girl that loves having a ton of girlfriends, doing hair and make up, and talking about boys. I personally like to keep most of my feelings to myself and doing my own hair (which includes washing it only). I'm not into curling irons or the right eyeliner. Those things just really don't concern me. That is what I thought sorority girls were like. Some of them are girly girls, but I found a few to click with. I'm still not really sure about the whole Greek life thing, but I'm going to try it for a while. The part I really don't like is the whole politics of the whole thing. It is very harsh and costs a lot of money. But, like I said, I'm going to try it. Nothing about college has really surprised me yet, and I haven't really been that homesick, which is a very good thing. I do miss my pets back home and my best friend, but the people here are all so nice and friendly that it makes it a lot easier. I am a little nervous about some of my classes but hopefully that will die down after the first test. I was thrilled when I realized my roommate was normal and the fact that we get along so well. Right now I think I need to focus on getting more sleep and not getting sick. I know I have plenty of time to go out and have fun and I need to learn to study. My parents keep on stressing to me how important it is to go to class and I know that and I haven't missed a class yet and don't plan on it. I want to do well but have fun at the same time. I don't really know what else. The Emmy's are on right now and I really want to watch them. I'm obsessed with tv and movies. I seriously think I watch a movie a day and I guess that is good because RTF is my major. I have a really cute picture of my best friend and I sitting on my desk right now and looking at it is making me want to call her, which I think I will do now. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_908900.txt,"i think that the only reason college is as hard as everyone says it is is because they do not want to look dumb in front of other people. I came here thinking that I was in for it but all my classes seem not too difficult with a little bit of reading and work, but then again when people ask me how it is I can pretty much, no clearly see myself saying it is really hard you are in for it. I hate how, no I like the fact that my brother knows a million people no really by a million I mean a million but a cannot stand the fact that when I meet them for some reason after I am introduced by my name and then a relation of his people do this kind of weird double take and say oh YOU are his sister as if they have or had heard many of incidents and or events involving me it makes me a little uncomfortable more so with the males than the females though sometimes I think that the whole world does in fact revolve around the way people look (although when asked the whole world denies it) as if they do not judge or insinuate on the appearance of others I wonder what people think of me I have been told many of times that I fit the idealistic look of that of a rich snob, almost brat like appearance which is then reversed though my personality I would have never thought people would think of stuff like that about me I am highly, no I would say extremely satisfied with myself appearance, social class, and moralistic views though in the least conceited manner possible I do not understand sometimes the way males think though especially after a few or more drinks I cannot wait until I can buy my elephant a real live circus if you will in my own back yard I am starting to think though that I might have to settle for an elephant shaped pool instead I have never really believed in love at first sight or that someone was ""made"" or ""meant to be"" for you you just find someone you can make it work with otherwise why do so many people get divorced and remarried multiple times before or ever finding the right person it irritates me that people think that you are interested in them in a relationship type of manner when you simply look at them, I look at everybody if the door opens I turn around and see who walked in I highly dislike immature people and seem not to understand why certain people are the way that they are I mean I know experiences and relationships have shaped their past but I have many faults in my past and have dealt with or lived with the one person I actually can say I hate I am the least bit negative though and am equally open to everyone that is introduced to my knowledge I like being open minded it enables people as well as myself to look at views and people in an entirely almost inhuman perspective I recently also noticed that nothing really stresses me out or makes me scared or nervous I never stress out why bother stressing about it which also wastes valuable time when the time can be using in a calm cool manner completing the task I just as similarly cannot think of anything that makes me nervous or scared I do not have a problem talking to extremely large audiences nor am I afraid of death I do not understand why people pass out bibles on campus either although I am not christian I went to a catholic school which helped me learn to respect other religions as well as traditions and practices so I cannot throw the bible away and I do not want to leave it anywhere because it is the word of someone else's supreme being ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_909238.txt,"As I sit in front of my computer, trying to put my thoughts into words all I can think about is how tired I am. I am unable to concentrate on any given task that is related to school. All I see in the corner of my eye, is my roommate trying on my favorite black dress. I can't help but laugh, because she just got the sudden urge to try on my clothes. I feel distracted in many ways, because while I am trying to write this psychology paper my friends keep coming in and out of my room. This makes me feel that I am missing out, and I want to join in on the fun. I am also feeling very excited, because tomorrow is finally Friday and I get to see my best friend from high school. She goes to A&M, and it will be interesting to see how life is in Aggieland. This week was stressful and I am ready for a break. I find this assignment quite hard for many reasons. I am not comfortable with expressing my feelings or thoughts to a stranger. I also find this paper difficult because I have so many random thoughts running through my head and I don't want to sound ignorant. For instance, right now I am wondering why our neighbors constantly blare their music. It is very annoying, and is hard to concentrate. Right now the phone is ringing, and I am yet again distracted. I wonder who is on the other end and I am disappointed to find out that the call is not for me. It is hard being a freshman at a huge university such as UT but it makes it a hundred times better because I am rooming with one of my best friends from high school. Right now I am thinking about how much laundry we have left to do. Not fun! I have been writing my thoughts now for about 20 minutes, and I feel as though I wrote probably the most boring paper ever but those were my thoughts that crossed my mind! ",y,y,y,y,n

2000\_910351.txt,"I'm sitting here thinking that it's rather nice that the Ethernet in my dorm is finally up, although I feel bad that my roommate is still having problems with her computer. She has an IBM Aptiva and it seems that the wireless Ethernet card just doesn't agree with her system. I staring at my philosophy book in front of me, and I think that drug legalization is an interesting subject. I've never considered drug legalization before. I always thought that drugs were bad and that was the final end to the case. However, all these philosophers (who aren't all that old and ancient) think that legalizing drugs might be a good idea. Not that they want to promote drug use and make it easy to obtain for everyone, but legalized in a restricted fashion like cigarettes and alcohol. I also need to write some letters to my friends and stuff back home after this assignment since I haven't talked to them in such a long time. I can't decide which sort of stationary to use since I collect stationary and stickers, so there is a wide variety to choose from. I miss them greatly since I don't have as many friends in Austin as I do back in Houston. I haven't been here long enough. There are my roommates, though. As a matter of fact, I'm curious about whom my roommate is calling right now since he seems like a close friend. She's talking about food since she didn't get any before she came back, and that makes my stomach respond slightly. I only had 3 slices of pizza for dinner, and that apparently isn't enough since my stomach rumbled when my roommate mentioned food. She also asked me if a friend of ours was 21 or not, but I don't know. He's a nice guy since he helped me with my phone jack. I couldn't plug in my phone since the jack had been painted over to the point where the wires can't even register each other. I think I'm running out of things to say since I can't imagine what else might be of interest to occupy my mind. I've nothing to look forward to this evening except reading assignments from all of my classes. I realize that reading is essential to the learning process, but all these long chapters are tedious. There isn't too much of great interest in reading these heavy textbooks. I wish we had textbooks like they do in Japan. Their textbooks are really small and light so they don't get backaches and have to lug around huge backpacks. Perhaps people in America will slowly grow shorter since the weight of backpacks stunts the growth of young people in this country while Japanese children grow taller with the freedom of light backpacks. It would also be nice if international music from Japan and other countries would be more accessible here. It's hard to find Japanese popular music in Texas. You have to either order them off the Internet, or look for the small stores that specialize in importing these types of CDs. It is rather expensive, too, but it is kind of ironic that Japanese CDs also cost about $30 in American dollars in Japan. CDs are cheapest in Taiwan since they only cost about $5$10american dollars there. It would be nice if I could visit Taiwan often, but I don't have the time and plane tickets cost more money than I have to spend on leisure travel in a year. I think that is a pity since I would like to see my uncle and my grandmother more often. And the fruits in Taiwan are of a much greater variety and sweetness. The same type of fruit here is much smaller in size and a great deal more expensive. They don't taste the same either. I think my dad misses Taiwan the most, although he has made many friends in Houston. I miss having Chinese food every night, too. It feels weird not using chopsticks for two weeks in a row. I have to remember to bring some the next time I went back to Houston. I really miss my dad's cooking. He cooks really well. And he knows where all the good Chinese restaurants are. It's hard for me to order food myself since I don't know the names of the dishes. The names I do know are in Chinese, so sometimes I pronounce them wrong and the waitress gives me this funny look. I think the food I like best at this particular time is Vietnamese noodles, dim sum, and this chicken steak with rice. I think I can get Vietnamese noodles here, but dim sum is something best eaten in a big city because it's a specialty that only some cooks can get right. I am not sure about the last one since I am unfamiliar with the Chinese restaurants around campus. It is something I may do during the weekend, exploring the nearby food places to see what is good to eat around here. I really talk about food a lot when I'm hungry, it seems. There isn't much in my room's refrigerator since I haven't gotten anything as of late, and it would be rude to eat everything that my roommates bought. I shall have to go to the store in the morning or after school to obtain some snacks for when I am hungry like I am now. The cafeteria here closes at 7 PM so I can't do anything about being hungry at the moment. I have a screen mate program that creates little lambs to wander around my computer screen. There are five of them wandering around right now, and one of them just sneezed. I think it is funny since I just sneezed recently. These lambs are very adorable, and they don't take up much computer space. They sleep and jump around, basically entertaining me while I'm doing my homework or just when I'm surfing around the Internet. I love being connected to the Internet at all times since all of my classes post important information on the web, and because I like to do personal research of my own into the subjects and hobbies I cultivate. It is also good for multiplayer games, but there seems to be a firewall in my dorm network that prevents me from hosting such games. It aggravates me greatly, but at least I can participate with a steady connection unlike when I used to use AOL. ",y,y,y,n,n

2000\_911572.txt,"this is now the third time I am writing this paper and I am honestly pretty sick of it. the first time I wrote this, I hit a delete button and erased my entire paper. the second time, the system went down so I couldn't submit my writing. hopefully this time everything will go as planned. I don't really pay much attention usually to how thoughts enter my mind but I think I know generally how my mind works. as long as there is nothing around me stimulating my thoughts I generally think about my insecurities (I am always thinking about how things could be different if say, I were prettier, or smarter, or more outgoing, or whatever), singing a song in my head (whether it be from the radio or a commercial), or stressing myself out over a test or something. if I do see something, like a young couple walking a dog in a park for example, I first take the event for what it is. t might think to myself ""oh what a cute couple"" or ""that is a cute dog. "" as the event passes though, I tend to relate whatever I just saw to me personally. I would probably think to myself, ""I want to get a dog once I get my own apartment. "" my thoughts would quickly digress as I would think of other things I could do with my own place. I would imagine decorating the walls, planting a garden, or even in what part of the city I would want my place to be in. my point is that my thoughts rarely stay on one subject matter. I quickly move from one thing to another, forgetting about whatever it was that I was just thinking about. thoughts simply lead to other thoughts, with one small detail changing the mind track completely. ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_911587.txt,"Yesterday I went to my brother's football game. He is in 7th grade and is the quarterback of the team. I was really proud of him even though they lost 200. My brother's name is Jason and he is also in the ROTC program at his school (Mendez Middle School). I've always admired him for his ability to go out and achieve his goals. Even though he may be scared, he'll try something new. I wish I had his courage and strength. I could never try anything new at least not on my own. Sometimes when things get to hectic for me, I can turn to my brother and I know everything is going to work itself out. My brother is the only boy in a family with three older girls and people have a hard time understanding our closeness to one another, especially my boyfriend. Until he met me he never knew that a brother and a sister could get along so well or have some kind of bond to each other. My brother's friends sometimes tease him about the relationship that he has with me, they'll say ""it's not normal"" or ""ya'll are weird"". But we don't let it bother us because sometimes we fight like cats and dogs but we can't stay mad at each other for long. Onetime on a TV show or a movie, I can't remember but anyway this lady made a comment that brother and sisters could not like each other, it was not sane or normal. He would wait up for me when I would come back from a date or he could not go to sleep until I did. We are five years apart and yet it seems like we are the same age. We both like the same things and keep each other informed about the latest sports trade or the biggest sports upset. I enjoy my brother and the bond that we share because it is unique and that makes it special. Recently, I've noticed that he is growing up into a young man and I get a little sad. The only thing that makes this process easy is that the change will occur on the outside and not in the inside. (I hope). ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_912233.txt,"There are many things that have been bothering me lately. I feel as if I have been betrayed by those that should be absolutely loyal. It is sad that people must always interfere in the things that make you happy. It is as if other people sense when you are content and are trying to steal your happiness out from under you. I have made many new friends that I know will be there for me for many years to come. I feel as if I am part of a sacred family that always supports and protects those that it calls its own. Well, that family has just been defiled by the actions of one. Even though I am not perfect myself, by any means, I always try to do my best when it comes to keeping promises. I am afraid to see what may come of this action. The consequences could be severe indeed if we are found to be guilty of this false accusation. I do not understand what could possess another person to want to place his family in jeopardy just for the sake of conversation. I am deeply saddened by this recent turn of events and I hope and pray that everything will work itself out and that my family will survive and be able to grow into the future. I am prepared to accept the consequences of the actions of my brothers; that is what makes us a family. We have already grown beyond the notion of selfishness and are prepared to assist our family members in any situation, even if it means that we will suffer greatly for actions that were not ours to commit. This new family means the world to me. After leaving my home I felt alone and afraid until I found a group of friends so loyal and so trustworthy that I immediately felt at home again. I will do anything to see that my new family is not harmed or defiled in any way. I believe that it is necessary to have a strong support group to succeed, not only as a student, but as a human being. I am prepared to lay down my selfish tendencies for the good of my family. It is the least I can do. I love my new family as much as my old family. I refuse to see it be destroyed. ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_912341.txt,"I've decided to write this stream of consciousness paper on laptop going home to Houston. My brother was doing the driving so I decided to use my time wisely and write. Right now I feel relaxed going home. I still call Houston my home, although for the second year in a row I've spent 9 months of the year in Austin. I wonder if I'll ever call Austin home. Maybe only if I live here when I'm more settled in my life. What's weird is that though I am going to college with a goal, and doing reasonably well and taking courses that I myself have chosen, I still can't but help feel at time that I'm not sure where I'm going. Or if I will reach these goals. I wonder if others feel the same way. I'm quite sure they do which is probably why when the weekend rolls around six packs are brought in. I, myself, have never drank, so maybe that's why I feel that I am taking the whole impact of this college thing, so much more than others. I kind of figured out why college students feel so pressured in college and I've came up with several reasons. First, you have to study like hell to do well. Second, sometimes you can study and not do as well as you expect. Third no folks around to cry on their shoulder and then you can't because you're a so called wuss if you do. Fourth there's no tangible evidence like money to make you feel like you're going to succeed. By the time a kid reaches college level he or she wants the financial freedom of an adult but knows it way down the road. Sometimes that road seems too foggy to see down. Finally if your a momma or daddy's boy you miss that home cooking. With all that dry and dull food and on top of that mounds of homework and hours of studying to do any right person would not call Austin their home. Not just yet. We all need a safe haven to go to. Mine is in Houston. ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_912563.txt,THIS IS MY FIRST YEAR HERE AT UT AND I AM ENJOYING IT. I AM A TRANSFER STUDENT FROM DALLAS AND I AM MAJORING IN EDUCATION. I HOPE TO TEACH IN AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL IN DALLAS. I LIVE IN AN APARTMENT OFF OF RIVERSIDE WITH MY BESTFRIEND. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME FOR BOTH OF US TO BE APART FROM OUR FAMILIES. I AM DOING GOOD. I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO BE HOME SICK THE FIRST WEEK HERE. BOY WAS I WRONG! I WENT HOME THIS PAST WEEKEND BECAUSE MY BESTFRIEND HAD A DOCTORS APPOINTMENT IN DALLAS. I WAS SO READY TO COME HOME(AUSTIN). I HAD ALREADY STARTED TO MISS MY CUTE LITLLE APARTMENT AND THE PEACE AND QUIETNESS THAT I HAVE HERE. MY FRIENDS CAME IN FOR THE LABOR DAY WEEKEND TO VISIT. THEY WERE ONLY HERE TWO DAYS AND THEY HAVE TOLD ME THAT THEY BOTH MISS IT. IN THE SPRING SEMESTER MY OTHER BEST FRIEND WILL BE MOVING DOWN HERE FOR SCHOOL. SHE IS ALSO MAJORING IN EDUCATION. WE BOTH LOVE KIDS VERY MUCH. NEXT FALL WE WILL ALL BE LIVING TOGETHER. IT WILL BE FOUR OF US IN ALL. WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS FOR ALMOST SEVEN YEARS. ALL OF US ARE VERY CLOSE AND I WORSHIP OUR FRIENDSHIP. I HAVE A LITTLE SISTER WHO IS A SOPHOMORE AT A MAGNET SCHOOL IN DALLAS. WE USUALLY DON'T GET ALONG BUT THAT IS NORMAL FOR OUR AGES AND FOR US TO BE SIBLINGS. I HAVE TWO OLDER SISTERS WHO I GET ALONG WITH PERFECTLY AND MISS VERY MUCH. THE ONE I SEEM TO MISS EVEN MORE IS MY PRECIOUS DARLING NEPHEW ETHAN. HE WILL BE FOUR YEARS OLD IN NOVEMBER. AND IS AS SPOILED AS THEY COME. MY FAMILY IS VERY CLOSE. MY MOTHER AND LITTLE SISTER ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO ARE LIVING AT HOME. MY FATHER PASSED WAY IN 97 FROM LEUKEMIA. I HAVE TWO BROTHERNLAWS WHOM TRY THEIR HARDEST TO TAKE CARE OF MY FAMILY. AND DO A GOOD JOB. I AM TAKING 15 HOURS THIS SEMESTER AND WILL HAVE A FULL SCHEDULE FOR THE NEXT YEAR AND A HALF. I WANT TO HAVE A FAMILY OF MY OWN IN THE FUTURE. I WANT AT LEAST TWO KIDS. I KNOW I WILL BE A GOOD MOTHER. I DON'T WANT ANY OF THAT ANY TIME SOON. RIGHT NOW I AM ONLY WORRIED ABOUT TAKING CARE OF MY SCHOOL. ,n,n,y,y,n

2000\_912827.txt,"I enjoy my life so much right now, but I am also at a really tuff time in my life right now. I love Austin and UT, but my boyfriend lives back home. Things are great between us, but it is so hard not being able to see him everyday. I miss the little things, like just being able to drive 5 minutes to go to his house, now it takes me over three hours to go to his house. I guess though that when I do get to see him, that the time we spend together is more valuable. I never realized how much we took for granted the fact that we used to live so close together. Now just to hear his voice costs money. I miss him so much. I have faith that things will work out between us, it is just going to be a long hard road through college. We have a lot of growing up to do though too. We both have a huge jealously problem, which is part of the reason we broke up the first time we were together. Whenever trusted each other enough to let the other one go out with their friends, so we were always together, and eventually I guess we just got bored of each other. I think the biggest mistake we ever made, was breaking up because a lot of things happened during the time we were broken up that puts strain on our relationship now. Although I have to thank my parents for sending me down to provisionals this summer, because when I left, Adam realized that if we did not work things out soon, we were never going to be together again, because I was not going to wait around for him. I love Adam so much, I thank God everyday that I met him. He has been my best friend for three years now, and I couldn't think of anyone that has helped me through as much stuff as he has. He has always been there for me, except for when we broke up, and he only left because it hurt him to be around me. Other than that Adam is the person that has helped me through the toughest times in my life. No matter what happened during the day, Adam can always make me feel better. He can make all my worries fade. ",y,y,n,n,n

2000\_913207.txt,"My main thoughts right now consist of music. I am thinking of a new song that I wrote about my thoughts on the people that I have seen at UT. Music I feel is the greatest thing in the world because I get to release all my emotions through a song. I think most people do not understand music or in that same since the love for sound and melody. These reasons have helped me to conclude why people like bad music like boy bands. Surely anybody with any amount of intelligence could see that these bands or groups, have no talent except that they can sing other peoples songs. I don't believe any of them write their own songs, so I can't see why people would think they are talented. This brings me to something else I do not like about people, they are generally fake. What I mean by this is that they do everything to impress others and not them selves. For example, people try to fit in with a crowd by wearing certain types of clothes and name brands of everything. This things I do not do and hopefully never will. I feel that people really do not know what they want or even how to get to where they do know. I thought by coming to UT that I would see less of this type of attitude from people but I now know that this is not the case and people are like that everywhere go in life. From this point I would like to say that UT is great(except for parking)and that I do like more people here then I did in high school. I am not sure what I want to do with the education I am receiving from this school but I hope that very soon I will recognize my calling in life. ",n,n,n,y,y

2000\_913399.txt,"My day has been a really good day today. I meet up with my ex boyfriend and went out to lunch with him at the Central Market Cafe. Then we began to talk about the idea of seeing other people and we got in a relatively big argument. He accused me of seeing another guy and I told him the truth that I was seeing another guy. We talked to each other and told ourselves that we were going to try and fix and mend the relationship that we once had. It made me feel a lot better about myself because for the past couple of months I have been feeling very depressed and gloomy about myself. I wanted to talk to somebody and when Nick came around and wanted to talk to me for the first time in a long time about the problems that we were having it made me feel a lot better. Nick is my ex boyfriend, just to let you know. The when I got home I started thinking about how far behind I was on all of my school work and I began to stress out about all of the reading and studying that needed to be accomplished in such a short time frame. Then I was thinking about what my Health Promotion teacher told us about relaxing to alleviate stress and other worries that we are having with our lives right now. So I am just now beginning to calm down about my school work and the other stresses in my life right now and trying to pace myself so that I can stay ahead. So I am finally getting to this writing assignment that I had no idea about until last Monday. This just added to the stress that I was feeling about my life but now some of it is off my shoulders because I am doing this assignment. I am worried about my mom right now also because she just went through a divorce and now I am out of her life and not living with her so she really doesn't have anyone to talk to. She always sounds so miserable on the phone when I talk to her and she makes me feel bad for leaving home even when she wanted me to leave. My dad and my mother just recently got a divorce and it has torn all of our lives up but I think that it has torn my mother's life up the most. She had change jobs and start a new life over without my father and his harassing ways to hold her back from wanting the most from her life. She acts so depressed when I hear from her and in turn it makes me feel very depressed about my life too. I love my mother to death but I just wish that she would keep me out of her problems and go seek some help from someone who can actually help her. Anyways I think that school is going to turn out really good and I hope that I can keep up my grades and make it into the Nursing School. I am already into the Pre Nursing School but I have to test into the Nursing School in order to become a Registered Nurse. I am excited about fulfilling my life long dream about becoming a nurse and helping out people who are need of assistance and love. I want to work with children in a pediatric doctors office when I graduate. I really do not want to work in an emergency room with very sick people who come in there almost dead and there is no chance for us to save them. I want to help people out and I don't want to feel like I didn't help them out by letting a person die. ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_913632.txt,It seems a bit strange just to be writing to be writing but I am it is probably very interesting to read back over it after you are done writing it. I am so used to being in English classes were you have to keep thinking about what you are writing that it seems strange to me right now that I am just writing thoughts as they are coming out of my mind with no real point are concern of where this is going. I have done an assignment like this for a writing course before but its purpose was to help us learn to let our thoughts flow more vividly on the paper so I am a bit curious about what this could tell about myself. I honestly hate computers and typing so I can't say I am enjoying myself too much right now. The clock seems to always move very slow when you are doing something just to do it for a timed amount of time. I suppose I will just keep rambling on though to get to that twenty minutes. I really did wait until almost the last possible second to do this today. Its around four right now so I will be sending this in just minutes before it is supposed to be turned in. This week has really drained me and I am so glad it is friday. I can actually get some sleep now and go out and unwind and have some fun. I really wanted to cut back on the partying this year but so far I'm not off to a good start at least I'm not going out every night though. I have a job now though so I suppose that occupies a good part of my time. Its a pain trying to balance that and school but at least this gives me money to go out now and have a good time. I'm a little more self dependent then I was last year. I'm not having to call home all the time and ask for money. I just have a couple more minutes so I am trying to think of something to say right now. My mind just feels like mush. My whole body needs sleep and rest but I am going to just go out and wear it out anyway. I'm young I should have fun while I still can. That is exactly what I am going to do now because I have reached my little time limit so I hope you have had a great time reading my ramblings from my little mind. ,y,n,y,y,y

2000\_914067.txt,"Hmmmm. What am I going to write for my stream of consciousness. I don't even know if I spelled that word right. Oh, well. I guess I just write whatever comes into my head. By the way, I have to fill out my daily schedule for my EDP 310 class. Don't forget about that. It's kind of hard to type whatever comes into my head because my hands aren't as fast as my thoughts. (That's obviously a good thing). What's on my mind. This is a lot harder than I thought. Sometimes there is absolutely nothing in my head and I just draw a blank. Nothing to write about. I wish that I can draw pictures on this thing but I can't. I tend to be a more visual person and I get a lot more pictures in my head than words. I think I'm going a bit over twenty minutes, although it doesn't seem like it. I just sit here at my computer and think sometimes because I want something to pop in my head so I can write it down, but nothing happens. It seems like when you want your mind to wander, it has a harder time doing it, but if you're trying to concentrate on something, like when you're taking a test, your mind can't stop wandering. I guess that's the amazing thing about the brain. so unpredictable. At least to the untrained individual who doesn't know what to look for it seems unpredictable. Maybe not so much for an expert. Its funny how the mind works. Anyway, I don't want to get all philosophical or psychological or anything so I think that my time is up. Until next time. Ooohhh my arm itches ",n,n,n,n,y

2000\_914079.txt,"My mind is wandering back and forth between what I want to do and what I need to do. I need to study, read about a dozen chapters out of my textbooks and learn the material inside and out, but I don't want to. I want to just remain calm and lie down on my bed with no worries and no setting of the alarm clock. That's all. Is that too much to ask? I'm actually in a rather uncomfortable state of mind right now, or in reality, I've been in that state of mind since the first day of school. It seems I have lost a lot of my drive and motivation, but I'm trying to gain it back. I want it BACK! Anyway, I am somewhat depressed and sad and I just feel uneasy. I want to be able to give my emotions freely, love in particular, but something always holds me back. Maybe I'm scared, I don't know. What am I going to do with my life? Now that's a question which really needs an answer, but do I have oneno, not me! I am currently a biology major, but I don't know if that is what I want to do. I don't want to go to medical school, but I don't know what else would be really interesting for me. I am very scared that I'm not going to find out what I want to be or should be and then I'm just going to be stuck. Competition is awful, especially between siblings. My brother knows what he wants to do, and I am 100% certain that he will be successful, in fact I know that he would be great at anything he decided to do. That's what I wantI want to know that I'm going to make it without a doubt or hesitation. This is the lack of motivation, inspiration, confidence, or whatever, I was referring to earlier. I use to be very strongwilled and I always set my mind to something and did it. Now, I know I still do that to a certain degree, but not as much, I WANT IT BACKNOW! I'm lonely and tired. I want to find some really good people who I can become really good friends with, but for some reason, I'm really not looking that hard. My social skills have also decided to go into hibernation for a while. Consequently, its my first year at The University of Texas, surrounded by 50,000 people, and I don't even go out of my way to meet new people. That is something that is really starting to bother me, but hopefully as I get more familiar and comfortable with the system and environment everything will end up working out by itself. See normally, my thought would be that I would change and rise to the challenge because that's me, but not now, now I am depending on a nonexistent entity to ""work out by itself. "" Oh well, something needs to change. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_914251.txt,"I guess that I should start by telling you where I am. I am in my dorm room at Castilian. I only had one class today, Calculus. I don't really like Calculus that much. But it hasn't been too bad so far. I want to call my old band director and tell him good luck tonight. Tonight is their first football game and they are playing the Astrodome. I got to play in the Astrodome once. It was really cool. At first I was really envious of my friends still in high school because they were going to get to play there again. But then I realized that I was going to get to play at the UT Stadium and at many other great stadiums across the country throughout my time here at UT. My roommate is playing a video game now and I'd really rather be doing that. Not because I dislike this assignment, but because I haven't gotten to play any games in a long time. School and band are taking up a lot of my time. But I think that is good. I like to stay busy. Last year in high school I was in band, jazz band, choir, pop choir, mock trial, KEY club, a little student council, and track. I had a great time and was doing stuff constantly. I would like to have that kind of life here. I think that I would like to join a fraternity, Longhorn Singers, a Bible Study group, mock trial, and anything else I can find time for. I like being a part of many different things. That way I can have friends from all over and with many different interests. UT has been very interesting so far. I love the way my schedule works. I am through with my classes today and it is only 12:45 (The day by the way is Friday if anybody is actually reading this). I think that I would like for somebody to read this even though it isn't the most exciting paper in the world. At least then I wouldn't have written it just see how accurately I type. Anyways, I'm not sure what I should be writing about. Uhhhh. My parents are going to be here tonight. They are coming up here (or over here technically) to watch me march at my first college football game. My mom is really excited. My dad is also but he is also coming to see the game. My mom could careless about the game. All right! Only 3 more minutes. Uhhh. I have a really nice view of the city from my room. It's on the twentyfirst floor. It really sucks trying to get up here on an elevator though. And it's really hard trying to find a place to practice my trumpet in a dorm. I tried the roof but it was locked. I'm really hungry now and that's good because I only have about thirty more seconds to type. Yaady yaady yaady and now I'm done. I am going to go eat. Thank you to whoever has read this. And if nobody has or ever will, there isn't much that I can do about it. ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_914317.txt,"Well, I suppose since this is a stream of consciousness exercise I will just say whatever is on my mind, which at the moment happens to be how incredibly horrible this past weekend was. But, let's back up and get the basics down. For graduation, my grandparents promised to buy me a new computer. New, being the operative word. So they told me to go find one that I liked and tell them where it was. My mother and I went out and looked at computers and found a nice setup that included a printer for about $1500. We thought that sounded reasonable, so we informed my grandparents of the computer's location and they said it sounded good. HOWEVER, they went to see my Uncle's family in Dallas for my cousin's birthday and decided to go a cheaper route and not buy a namebrand computer. So I ended up with this piece of crap that keeps shutting down on me. My Dad has been freaking out for the past two weeks how he knew all along we should have gotten a different computer in the first place and how my grandparents always go the cheaper route even when it means less quality and now my entire college career is jeopardized because I cannot get online. So I spent Saturday messing with my computer, trying to reinstall stuff to see if it was a software problem. It wasn't. My Uncle drove in from Dallas on Sunday and took Windows off, reinstalled it, deleted my C drive (which is a big deal), then created a new one and repartitioned it, Everything SEEMED to work for a brief period of time before my computer decided to do one more mad little dance of irony and shut itself down. Now I am stuck with a computer that doesn't even partially compute and my Dad has to come pick it up to take it to some store called ""Computer Doctor"" and meanwhile he's still ranting about how he was right all along and my Mother should talk my grandparents into getting me a new computer, and if they don't how my parents should because if they don't I'm going to flunk because after all everything is online nowadays, etc. So I wasted my weekend sitting up in my room with my family when I could have been in the music room practicing. And I'm a music major, not computer science, so the music building is where I should be. But my mother wouldn't let me go to the music building because she wanted me to be around while they were messing with my computer. So I didn't practice AT ALL this weekend when my professor says I should practice 4 hours a day at least, and I just got a bunch of new music and now I'm totally screwed for my lesson on Friday. I also am having trouble in my music theory class because my teacher never bothered to tell me what an augmented interval or a diminished interval is, and they expect us to learn this stuff in one night, and since we have the class everyday, it's not like we can procrastinate at all. It's very frustrating. or maybe it's just me. I don't know. All I know is that I haven't even typed for ten minutes yet and I'm still complaining. It's not like I usually procrastinate about anything anyway. I mean, I was valedictorian of my high school, I think I know something about time management. Although, being valedictorian of my school was no terrible feat. I went to all the parties and pulled all the typical high school stunts, and had the highest number of ""unexcused absences"" you could have without being held back. And I wrote my speech at three in the morning the day of graduation. So I guess I know a little about procrastination anyway. But I had a reason for waiting that long really! When it was certain that I was going to be valedictorian, everybody started giving me tips, like they knew what they were talking about. ""Don't make it too long, I'll pay you five dollars to say my name, don't make it too boring. I don't want to sit through some damn boring speech. "" Even friends' parents were giving me tips. Everybody wanted to know what I was going to say, so I just didn't even try to come up with anything until the last minute, so I wouldn't have anything to tell them. Most people like me speech I guess. I worked in a favorite quote of mine by Theodore Roosevelt about how the real cowards are the ones who never try. It's a really encouraging quote, and I always used to repeat it to myself when I went to violin auditions because I am an extremely nervous performer. I also used to repeat that thing from Dune by Frank Herbert that the main character Paul used to say ""I will not fear. Fear is the mind killer. Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear. "" etc, etc. It always sort of helped me get a grip on myself I guess which I need because I'm a very insecure person. And I'm sure that my typing is annoying my roommate right now because I have to use her computer and she's trying to sleep and her computer is right by where her head is on her bed. It's only 12:34 though, and she always goes to sleep around midnight which I think is weird. But then I'm an insomniac and I can never sleep anyway, so I'm usually up until about three. I also am a coffee addict. have been since the age of seven. I think it usually surprises people that I've been drinking coffee so long, but my Dad used to drink at least a pot a day, to that was a drink that was always available. You'd think it would have stunted my growth, but I'm 5'7"". Then again, my brother is only 15 and he's 5'9"", so maybe I would have been taller. Maybe not. I sort of like my height. Hmm, I've got two minutes to go, and I lost my train of thought, so I guess I'll just keep typing until something comes to me. Oh, I'm listening to the soundtrack from ""Schindler's List"" right now. I totally love that movie and the music makes me cry. Music always makes me emotional, but this cd is played by Itzhak Perlman whom I personally feel is the greatest violinist in the world, although Joshua Bell, who did the soundtrack for the ""Red Violin"" is also really good, but younger so he doesn't have as much experience. I'm sure he will be so much better when he's older though. Well, it's been twenty minutes. It was interesting. a little personal odyssey of the mind there. Bye! ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_914520.txt,"Well, I have just come back from a HOSA meeting, an organization I never thought have joining since it is for future health professionals. But after I finished talking to one of their alumni advisors, it seems certain there is stuff for a business major like me. Plus, a friend of mine is an officer. The only problem I've encountered is the interaction among new people or strangers. While at the meeting, I kind of shied away from interaction with these people but I could go up to a few people. such as the officers, and start a conversation. This has been my tragic flaw my entire life. I have this shyness and this fear of new interaction. I am quiet guy and just do not have that calm easy going matter to break the ice well. Part of the fear is embarrassing myself I suppose. Yes, sometimes I have had the guts to start conversations with new people or call up a girl and be spontaneous. Then, do I become relaxed, however, this courage seems to only come with an individual or a rather small group of maybe 510 people. The problem comes when I have to be exposed to a huge amount of people. I just get nervous and it happens all the time, the confidence just seems to die. I can get a few bursts of courage, but after a while I just give up. I keep telling myself that I have to just stay calm and be confident, but this trait of mine still keeps to be holding me down. Sometimes I even become too quiet and shy with my friends which is sad. That is why I feel reluctant at times to go to parties because of that loss of confidence to mingle and the quietness that weighs me down. But that is why I am hoping to be more active in student organizations this year and see if I can work to build this confidence to thwart off this nervousness of interacting with people. I feel I can do it, and although I may still be naturally shy, I will at least feel more confident in these situations. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_915058.txt,"Thoughts are constantly bombarding me since I moved here. It is a whole new world now. Time is a precious commodity that I need to manage more efficiently. I see so many different people here and I have met quite a few people these past weeks. My future is on the line now, but I am so young. So many things are tempting me away from my goals. I must get organized as soon as possible. Girls are everywhere and there are so many cool ones. I never can remember all those names. My fraternity has a bunch of really good guys in it I can not wait until pledgeship is over. Life is at it's best and worst right now. I have never been this emotionally unstable. My mind is like a roller coaster. I guess I have not adjusted to everything yet. Once I do maybe I will be alright. I do not really have a grip on all of my classes. Once again I need to get organized. Now that no one is telling me to do anything I need to work on my self motivation. I find myself thinking a lot about things that went on in high school but I do not miss it much at all. I do miss football. It kept me in shape therefore making me feel good about myself. I think about girls too much of the time. It drives me crazy sometimes. I love Austin. It is such a great city. I love the university's atmosphere. It feels good to be free. I need to stop procrastinating, it kills me. School work constantly haunts me until I finally do it. I am not really depressed or anything. Overall I am doing well. I hope I get TexasOU tickets. I would hate to miss this years game. Last game was pretty fun. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_915297.txt,"You know, being in a relationship is great. And I absolutely LOVE College. But I have discovered that it is REALLY hard to put the two of them together. I mean, Jason and I have been together for about 8 � monthssmall on the grand scale of things, I know, but it seems like an eternity. In fact, I find it very hard to remember what my lifestyle was like before Jason. He is, after all, my first real serious relationship. And I don't know. I mean, yeah, he is my first relationship, and yeah, it is a relationship from high school, but it is so damn HARD to keep what we have in college. I love him. I mean really love him. He says that he isn't sure if what he feels is love. I think that if you're in love, then you KNOW. So that means that he probably doesn't love me. We're lopsided. So that kind of sucks, but I deal with it, you know? I mean, sometimes it gets me down because when I say, ""I love you"" I don't hear one back. So, I get depressed. But he assures me that what he does feel is as real as it gets and I guess that's enough to suffice. Maybe sometimes I feel like I just have enough love for the two of us, but other times I become really doubting. Maybe I don't love him either. I mean, maybe he's righthow do you know what love really is? How do we know that love even really exists? How do we know? I mean, yeah, there are songs, books, and not to mention millions of people that attest to its veracity. But how do I know that it's not just a really big ""like. ""? I mean, maybe that's all I have for Jasona really big like. That makes me think. Because, if it is just a really big like, then where did all of this ""love"" stuff come from? Do I say that I love him because it's my first real relationship and I just don't really know any better? Am I really just enamored with him because he was my first? Is the fact that I'm questioning it at all mean that it isn't real love? Don't they say that if you have to question love, then it isn't really love? I mean, I know that I would do anything for this boy. And I mean anything. I know that I wake up in the morning and I can't wait to be with him, to see him, to touch him, to smell him, to make him smile, to make him laugh, to hear his voice. I know that when I'm not with him, I am wondering where he is or what he's doing or wondering if he's wondering about me. But, it's like deep down, I know that he's not. He doesn't feel about me the way that I feel about him. And because he says that he likes me a lot, and he's not sure if it's love or not. since I like him more, that makes me think that what I feel must be love because it's on a higher level than that of which he feels. Logical, right? I didn't think so either. I guess I'm just confused. Most guys aren't as confusing as Jason. Actually, for the most part, he's a pretty straightforward kind of guy. But he holds his feelings in and masks themit is really hard to read him. I mean, I'm always wondering ""ok, he says he's fine. but does that mean that he's really ok, or does that mean that he's still upset but doesn't want to tell me?"" I mean I secondguess myself all of the time with him. I have a really low selfesteem when I'm around guys. I'm tall, so I always think that guys don't want to be around methat they would rather be with a shorter, cuter girl. I mean, Jason is in a frat and he doesn't want me to go to parties with him. That REALLY hurts my feelings. I feel like it's because of a lot of reasons, but the main one being that I'm not pretty enough for him to ""show me"" to his brothers or whatever. Also, because he wants to not be attached to anyone at a party so that he can hook up with other girls for one night standssomething that he tells me he's done before. That really bothers me. He tells me that he's cheated on all of his girlfriends beforeso how do I know that he's not going to cheat on me, too? What assurances do I have???? How can I trust him? Especially when I know that he's done it before? How do I know he won't do it again? Monica tells me ""once a cheater, always a cheater. "" Is she right? Should I not trust him? Do I have a choice? ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_915657.txt,"I was just thinking about how different college is from high school. I haven't come home from going out every night until 2am and I think my roommate is getting really upset with me. I feel bad because she never goes out and when I tell her I'm going out I think she feels left out. I am going to start inviting her. We knew each other in high school and now we're living together which is kind of weird but it's working out really well. People always told me not to room with my friend because you will end up hating each other but it's been working so far. She is one of those motherly typesshe likes cleaning and looking after meit's fun. I just broke up with my boyfriend of 4 years last weekend. That was really tough because we were so close. He doesn't go to UT so that was making it really difficult. I miss him. I am dating this guy now that went to my high school but he graduated a year earlier. He's really cool and we get along but it isn't the same. We'll just see how it works out. I miss my family. I am so used to seeing them everyday and now that I don't it's weird. I was so ready to get out of the house but now that I am officially out it's sad. I feel so old. I have to be independent which stinks. When I first got here, my computer wasn't working so I had to take it to the repair place and I got it all set up by myselfit works nowobviously. That was kind of liberating, though. Doing something important by yourself. I was the kind of kid who never ordered by herself at the restaurant. I always had my mom do it. So, coming to college and figuring stuff out by myself is really weird. I haven't had much homework lately. I thought college was really tough and so far it really hasn't been. My roommate has tons of homework every night and I just haven't. I feel like I am missing out on the college experience. Today, I am going to College Station to visit my friend. We are going to see Pat Green in concert which will be totally awesome. I love Pat Green. My roommate is going to the Dave Matthews Concert in DallasI am jealous. she has been home every weekendthat's probably not healthy. Her boyfriend is still back home so she misses him a lot. I think she needs to stay here at least one weekend in between the times she goes home. I don't really think she is homesickjust bored. Austin is such a great citypeople always told me that once you go to Austin you won't want to leave. I can see how that can happen. There's always something to do. I am starting to run out of things to talk aboutI think my 20 minutes are almost over. I found somethingthe Freshman 15. I am not going to gain thatbut, I can definitely see how that happens. You definitely have more spare time in college than we did in high school. I was really busy in high school. I was on drill team and I had practice every night until 7. I didn't have much time to myself. Now I do. I get bored. My dad just got a new car. It's weird that he has a new car and I've never seen it. My little sister had her 12th bday yesterday and she told my momwhen is sara coming home? My mom said, she lives three hours away, she can't come home tonight because she'll have to drive back for class the next day. When my mom told me that I started crying because it hasn't hit my little sister yet that I moved out. We used to not be close but we are nownow that we are growing up. Well, my 20 minutes are upit's been nice talking to you. ",y,n,n,n,n

2000\_916422.txt,"As I sit in my dorm room at this point in my life, I can think of one thing only, sadness. Sadness because I miss my family and my boyfriend and because I feel extremely lonely at this huge school. I am overwhelmed with my thoughts and concerns. I am scared about meeting new people, scared about making good grades, and in general I'm scared about starting all over again. I know that I should be so excited that I get this opportunity to begin my life again and start new adventures, but I'm not. Last summer, for the first time in my life, I felt like I belonged and I was extremely happy. Of course as soon as I obtained that wonderful feeling, it is ripped away from me at an instant. I feel like I am so stressed out here because I have so much to do at all hours of the day. I'm a very high strung person and need to relax a lot and I'm not really given that opportunity here. Joining a sorority was something I thought I had to do when I got here. So I did and I'm not sure it was the right decision for me. I think snobbery overwhelms my sorority and that bothers me a great deal. I really don't know exactly what my problem is but I just don't feel comfortable here. I am in love for the first time and the guy I love is in Fort Worth. We are not dating because we both agree it would be too hard but I love him so much that words could not possibly describe. It hurts to be in love and know that I will probably never be with him because of our location. I want to transfer but I I would be terrified to do that just for a guy. But when I think about it, I would do that for him. My thoughts are in a jumble right now and I feel many emotions running through my body. I'm not quite sure what I am going to do at this point in my life. My confusion, anger, and stress take over my life and it will take some time to figure out who I am and what I want with my life. ",y,y,n,n,n

2000\_916816.txt,"Sometimes I like Stream of Conscience writing because when I write fictional or nonfictional stories, that is usually the style of writing I use. I used to write a lot when I was younger and planned on becoming a writer. I stopped at about the 6th grade because that is when I began to focus more on school. I think that middle schools and especially high schools place too much emphasis on grades. Those institutions should be places for students to WANT to learn, but now it's all competition and people care less about what they actually learn and get out of the class and care way too much about whether they get an A in the class. Now that I'm in college, I'm trying to start fresh and actually become passionate about the classes I take, whether they are required or not. I still have no idea what I want to be when I ""grow up"" besides a movie star. I'm open for all sorts of things. When I applied to U. T. I wanted to be a big time advertising CEO, but then I decided that would be selling out too much. Within the last couple of months I thought about dental school and becoming a dentist, but I still don't know. I would really like to be a movie star and I plan to save up money and go to Los Angeles 2 summers from now and just live on my own for the summer and audition for jobs. I know so many people go there and do stuff like that and still don't become famous I haven't even taken a theater arts class since the 9th grade! I don't think taking theater classes do much though, unless one wants to be in theater, but I don't want to stage acting, I want to do films. I think in films to start out with all you need is a little talent (which I think I have) and a good looking face/body (which I am working on. haha) So that's my plan so far. I haven't told really anyone. My best friend thinks that I am going with her to backpack in Europe next summer, but I can't afford it at all. I plan on working at a pool hall next summer so I can make a lot of money and save up for my next years apt. and my famous L. A. trip. I would also like to take a bus to New York sometime and live independently. My brother Danny did that a few years ago and wrote in a journal the whole time. I would love to get that kind of experience and keep it in a journal. I should probably get a journal now so I can record my little experiences right now, but so far nothing spectacular has happened. I thought that since I'm a freshmen in college I'd be meeting TONS of new people and be going on a billion crazy adventures, but I haven't at all. Most of the people at U. T. are from my high school (I have at least one person from my high school in each class) so it's hard to branch out and meet new people. I've also been stressing over money lately because I have to pay for everything (books, tuition, housing) myself and I haven't had time to think about doing fun stuff. I just got a wristband for the Texas/OU game, I'm not that interested in football though. I like basketball a lot and can't wait until UT basketball season starts though. I would like to make the most of my time in Austin, since it's such a beautiful and fun city, but I don't know when to start. I'm going to Dallas this weekend, so maybe next weekend I'll hop on one of the buses and tour the city. Sometimes I like not knowing where I'm going. I just like to relax and look at all the things around me and see the sights of Austin away from the campus and the tourist parts. One day my sister and I took the wrong bus and it went throughout the more ghetto/barrio part of town. It was real interesting to see the different people get on the bus. We saw 3 cute little boys around the ages of 9,10, and 11 and I admired how independent they seemed for such a young age. They got on the bus not knowing where they wanted to go, but just decided to go anywhere and I overheard them say ""We've got 2 hours, where do y'all want to go?"" I think I'm mature compared to my peers at times because I had a dysfunctional family life growing up. Through high school though, we moved into an upper class neighborhood and I attended a very affluent high school which I sometimes felt like a liberal outcast amongst a bunch of conservatives. Some of the things people at my school would say about poor people really pissed me off. But it's been 20 minutes so I will finish up. This was very cathartic, I should really invest in a journal! ",y,n,n,n,n

2000\_917531.txt,"What I feel is that I have disappointed myself so far this semester. I planned on being so much more organized than I actually am. I look around my room and my desk and get really annoyed at myself. I think I am missing something in terms of college academic life. I feel that I should be stressed and overwhelmed because those have been my feelings for the past couple of years. In high school, I was always trying to outdo myself and get more involved. By the time my senior year came around, I was so involved in clubs and classes that I was burnt out before 1st semester was even over. Every class I took was based on the recommended courses for UT. Every club I joined was so I could put several different activities on my application. Now that I am in college, I wonder if I am serious about my major, Theatre and Dance. Don't get me wrong, I love performing, and in an ideal world, I would become a regular on Broadway. But I always secondguess my goals and the reality of them actually coming true. I have performed literally since I could walk and talk. I haven't appeared on any major stages or on television, but performing has always been a really significant part of my life. It has shaped me into the person I am now. I just keep thinking. ""is this really feasible or not. "" It is one of the few things that I am good at and have been successful in. I suppose I went into the College of Fine Arts because fine arts are so familiar and comfortable for me. I actually thought of becoming a clinical psychologist or a social worker for the latter part of my high school life; I even took a semester of psychology last year. But I came to this conclusion: I have too many problems of my own that I can barely deal with, so how on earth could I solve anyone else's problems? The answer: I could not. I don't know. I guess I will get more into the routine as the weeks roll by. Hopefully, I will be successful at UT. Time can only tell. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_918314.txt,"Today I am leaving for my grandfather's funeral. I am so sad that he had to pass on. I know that he is in a better place now and can no longer feel pain, but I wish he was still here. Even if he could only stay for a few minutes. I just want to tell him how important he is to me and how much I love him. I would tell him how strong he is and how everyone looked up to and admired him. I wish that I could tell him how jealous I am of him, because his life was so interesting and fulfilled. But, most of all, I would tell him how much I love him. I am not really sad that my grandfather has passed away, I am sad because there is so much left unsaid. I just hope that he already knows everything that I wish I would have told him, before it was too late. I find it so odd that every time someone you know or love passes on, you sit and ponder all of the things that you wish you would've told them and vow to never make that mistake again. But time passes so quickly that you never get the chance to tell everyone that means anything to you that the are important, that they are somebody to you. I guess that my twenty minutes is up. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_918787.txt,"Right now I fell very discouraged about all this college business. Everything is going wrong. My computer keeps screwing up and I don't know how the hell to fix it. I want to go home where I know where things are. I wouldn't have a computer problem if I were home. I have barely any friends here and nothing ever to do but to watch TV even though there is never anything good on. I miss my girlfriend, I wish I was home. I'm sick, my throat hurts, I feel trapped, I have too much crap to know what to do with and there's no room for it. I hate college right now. I don't see why people like it or why they keep going. I think I made a mistake by coming here, nothing is going right. I can't even eat when I want, I have to wait until a certain time or walk 2 miles. I'm tired and need to study but really don't want to. Why am I the one who is always getting screwed over? I want to throw my brand new 2700 dollar computer out the window because it's a piece of crap. I'm not even sure I should be at college. I'm incredibly stupid, I don't see how I got accepted here. I have the worst memory in the world which should help me out a whole lot here. I'm hungry but oops, there's nowhere to get food. I feel like crying all day for so many reasons. I wish I could be happy like everyone else. I'm tired and am going to bed. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_918832.txt,"The first sensation I feel while beginning writing is the hard carpet of the dorms at dobie on my elbows because I'm lying on the ground with my laptop, but then again, at least the floors aren't wooden like the floors at the other dorms, so I really shouldn't be complaining. Also, my eyes are burning because I'm tired and want to go to sleep, I sleep a lot less in college because during the day there's constant noise and people and it's so much more fun to walk out in the hallway or go to the lobby and talk to people and see what's going on than to sit in my room and study, and since I don't study and do homework during the day I do it late at night when there are no distractions. If I stayed at Jester, I'd go to the library to get work done but I'm too lazy to walk from dobie to jester. This assignment is pretty easy and a whole lot better than sitting and doing my calculus homework which I have yet to do but I just looked at the clock on my laptop and it's only been 2 minutes since I've started and 30 seconds was when I got up to get a pillow to put under my elbows. My eyes are tearing now I don't know if tearing is a word, but they're getting watery from staring at this computer screen too long. I'm supposed to continue writing for 20 minutes straight and say what's on my mind and what I feel?? What if all I can think about is how I wish I was in bed, I think it's the music I'm listening to that's putting me to sleep. It's trance music, because that's what I have downloaded on my computer from Napster, I hope they don't shut down napster. The courts are right about how the people who actually made the music (my roommate just called, I got all excited that my phone rang this late at night, I'm not a nerd, it's just that, I think it's this guy I know in okok back to napster) the people who make the music don't get their share and I understand and Napster really should be shut down but I don't want it to because it's so nice to just type in the name of a song and there you have it, especially when they're old songs you haven't heard for a while. I love music, all kinds of music, it's the coolest feeling when a song brings back memories, or reminds you of people and events. It's 12:30 and I have to stop at 12:42, I hope I'm doing this assignment right because it's too fun,, it's kind of like a diary, maybe this could be our final??? Does the professor even read these essays that people write because I can't imagine reading 500 something essays about absolutely nothing even though those are the best kind, kind of like seinfeld a show about nothing that everybody loves. The music I'm listening to makes me think of illegal drugs, this is the kind of stuff people listen to when they're on ecstasy, it enhances the experience, I wonder why people need other things to have fun I understand it, but the world would be a better place if all the drugs were wiped off the face of the earth, but if that was going to happen, you might as well get rid of alcohol too, and nicotine and sugar and caffeine or anything that alters the mind, which is just ridiculous. Everything's here for a reason, I don't understand how people first invented and figured out stuff about drugs, I understand it when they grow out of the ground but stuff like pills, how were they invented did someone just put a lot of stuff together and try it and they found a combination that worked??? I'm scared for my younger sister, she's in the 5th grade, and there's so much going on now, with drugs and all, it's everywhere you go, and when she's my age, it will probably be so much worse, and so readily available, and curiosity is such a crazy thing, and no matter your willpower no matter what people always told you, you still want to try, and all the things we learn in elementary school about what to do and what not to do I think they bring in the whole forbidden fruit issue. I remember in 8th grade thinking ""How can something be so powerful that it can make you do things you never would, and make you steal from friends, and make you feel so good that you would do anything to get it. I would try it, just once. "" I can just imagine my little sister thinking like that. And you can't even shelter anyone anymore, because it's everywhere. You can't take her out of one school and put her in another, because it'll still be there, rich school or poor, minority or strictly white. It scares me to think about our generation in 50 years, because I can just see the damaged brains and the lung cancer and cirrhosis of the liver. Yuck I'm not even tired anymore because thinking about stuff like this gets me excited and ready to argue with someone. My twenty minutes are almost up and I could talk forever about what's on my mind, I always think about a lot of things which isn't really good because I can never fall asleep Ok that's 20, time for calculus ",n,n,n,n,y

2000\_919336.txt,"Well, all that is on my mind sure cannot be summed up in twenty minutes, but I will continually type for that time. Lately I have desired to do nothing but become closer to God. He is awesome. My freshman year of high school was great all because I had God on my side. Now I feel like I have lost him. I know He is still there for me, but I have damaged that relationship that we had. I chose to live my life and not listen to Him. It hurts because life was stressfree and I always knew that God was just right there waiting for me everywhere I went. When I would walk outside I would smile and greet God with open arms. Now I feel like sometimes I look negatively upon the weather and don't even think of the great God who made everything. I have been trying to become closer to God. I read in the Bible more often. Rather than praying for myself or for God to do great works in my life, I now ask God what I can do to better the lives of others. I think that my outlook on life will change once I fully begin to ask Him what He wants of me rather than demanding Him to help me. I think once my relationship with Him improves, my money worries will go away. One worry is about transferring out of the school of business. I could transfer out of the business school, but I am afraid of what my future holds. I know with a business degree at UT jobs will be flying at me from every direction. Instead of being a cutthroat businesswoman, I want to help society. If I would get paid a good amount, I would definitely help the homeless or disabled. That attitude is wrong. God does not want me to think like that. He wants me to trust that He will provide all my financial necessities. He wants me to pray to Him to find out what I need to do in life. He will give me meaning once I am fully ready to accept His answer. I continually pray to God asking Him what I am to do with my life. He has not told me. I do not think it is that He has not told me; I think He has told me to wait for the right time for him to tell me. I know He will let me know when He feels I am ready to accept the task He has prepared for me. Right now I long to know what that task is. As I read the Bible daily and pray to Him daily, I feel I am taking one step closer to receiving a better understanding of my life and knowing what I am destined to do. I cannot wait until God shows me the way to my career, my husband, my kids, my destiny, but I always have to remember what my mom says. God and her both agree: patience is a virtue and in order to obtain these goals, I need to be patient. ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_929783.txt,"I am so tired right now. I don't understand any of the psychology professor pennebaker is talking about. what does he mean is this a good experiment? How can you tell? I hope the si session will help. I can wait for Doug to come up here. I'm going to be so tired by sat. kris is nice, I hope I can get him a ticket. ;crap, meeting tonight. I need shoes though,. maybe ill skip it and go with Georgia, but I need to go to the store on the drag. its so cold in here. I miss sheniel. she is great. I need a nap. I hope Lauren doesn't get me sick, that would suck,. what is Chris going to do at the party. I hope Doug doesn't get upset with me for that. I don't have enough tshirts. I hope I can sneak him and bobby in. what are they going to do if I get caught? I don't know, Lauren did it successfully. I can't spell anything or type right. this assignment isn't hard, I hope they are all this easy because I know I'm going to have trouble in this class. I want it to rain real bad. I miss my mom and Amanda. I wonder what daddy is doing. I need some music in here. Doug better burn me a cd too. I can't believe my mom bought that frame for me. I wonder if she might like him now. I don't even see him now. maybe that's why she likes him. I don't want to get sick. I don't have a mommy. I sound like Elizabeth. very immature and youngish. I need to grow up, I'm referred to as a woman now. what ever. my hands and wrists hurt from typing. I'm not used to this. I hated my teacher. he was fat and old. why does my computer do that? It so annoying. I need to get excel on here. maybe I should buy it. 5 bucks not bad. damnit it's doing it again! I hate this. stupid red lines, I know I spelled it wrong! Eric is on again. I wish we were still good friends. why is the sun out? I want rain. my head itches. its too cold here. my right forearm is now aching. I need to take a shower. I should get started on that speech, I wonder if what I have is enough. I like Courtney. the is young looking. quiz. read chapter 5 and 14. Kara said she skimmed it. ill do that instead, easier. still have to skim psych. I hate that class. I'm such an idiot. shouldn't be in there. I want chocolate. why do I have to wait like that! Stupid computer. he sheneil! Yea, she's back. why? What's wrong with them. I'm sorry, I wish I could help you. that sucks. you maybe, mine are bothering me too. I'm getting too much drainage. I don't want to get sick. I haven't been coughing again, so that's good. this a such a weird assignment. I can't believe the thing said I haven't turned it in. I did it twice now. what a waste of time. he won't even read this. I could say fuck you pennebaker and he wouldn't know. not like id really say it, he is a funny guy, I am just dumb about his material. he doesn't stick to the book and give us good notes. I hate experiments. shit I still have to do economics. I can't get the hang of this college thing. Eric is gone. I wanted to talk to him when I was done with this. I love Dave. I can't wait until Friday. at least I can sleep on the way up there. I still have 10 minutes left. damn this assignment. I like sheneil a lot. its weird to know I'm saying one thing to her and thinking another. I'm so bored. I have other things to be doing instead of this. ok, think a little bit more about the speech and read, no skim, the rest of ch2 for psy, like that will help. this is hard because I can't spell and this computer is retarded. I hate this ;laptop! Who invented this anyways. I don't even take it to class. because I can't type and all my notes would not make any sense. sorry grandma. oh well, she doesn't know. I want chocolate right now. Laurens cookies. brynn is a very weird girl. I'm going to ha to spell check this, I hope that's allowed, other wise. well they wont read it anyways. www. psy. utexas. edu/what is is? Jp301 I think. I hate this chair. I want my one from home. i'll get it later when I go home. gnome? what is that? Ok time up ",y,y,n,n,n

2000\_930465.txt,"There are some very strange things on TV. I don't watch TV all that often, but when I do it gets stranger and stranger. I love to eat. I eat constantly. Sometimes I wonder what it really is driving me to eat all of the time. Crunch and Munch is the snack of choice for me at the moment. Buttery toffee popcorn with peanuts, it is funny to think why it is so good. But it is intriguing. Why do people change? I often wonder why she did it to me, what did I do to deserve it? I thought she was my friend, but I guess I was wrong. Without trust, friendship means nothing. I often think of this as I look at my relationships with other people, do I really trust them? I wonder why I sit and harass myself with the torture of scrutinizing every aspect of my life. Why do I? I know there is nothing wrong with me, yet I still sit here and ask myself what I could do differently. I need to accept that people do change, including myself. I believe I am addicted to Instant Messaging. It is a remarkable invention. To be able to ""talk"" instantaneously with my friends all over the country is just unbelievable. I can carrying on a conversation with as many people as I can handle at one time, but usually I just stick to two or three or it becomes too much to handle. I don't even know if this is making any sense, but I don't really care. The thing with instant messaging is that I have an obsession with wondering who is on or who is getting off, I have to check every time I hear the sound of the door opening and closing, even if I have no intention of actually talking to anyone. Why do I play mind games all of the time? I really do. I sit here and plot ways to make him want me or make him think I am mad or happy or whatever. I seriously need to quit eating this crap. It may taste good, but I know it can't be good for me. This is ridiculous, I really do need to stop eating. ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_930976.txt,"Right now I'm listening to Travis. The band not the person. It can be really confusing talking about all the Travises that I know. There's the band, which happens to be from Ireland and is really awesome. Then there is Travis who goes to school here. There is Travis who goes to Trinity and who I dated at the beginning of the summer. I really liked him. It's too bad that didn't work out. Then there is Travis who goes to TCU and who I really like a whole lot. I've liked him for almost two years now. We just really connect and get along. It's crazy when you meet someone you just work with. I have met a few people like that, and I'm not just talking about boys, but all relationships. I always feel lucky when I know someone who is like me, who I can just hang out with and be boring with and just have so much fun. My mom and I are like that too. I miss her so much. She is my best friend. I know some people say that, and it just becomes another petty phrase, but when I say it, I mean it with all of my heart. She is the most awesome person I have ever met. I want to be just like her. That is my goal, my stretch, the place I know I can never reach, but my dream. She is my stars. I would be so happy even to be half as great as she is. She is a teacher, but not only in the sense that she works at a school and teaches her students French. It is one of her innate gifts. She is a teacher and a nurturer. When you let her be those two things, awesome things happen. Now that I let her be those things in my life, we have the most fulfilling relationship one could ever ask for. All I have to do is hear her voice and I am practically in tears. It's crazy how much I miss her. I've never missed anyone so much in my life. I just want to be with her all of the time. It's crazy how this is my mother and I feel so close to her. I'm not supposed to be in that place for at least a few more years. I guess I am just incredibly lucky. My family is the most important thing in my life. I figure it will take time until I get used to being away from them. I don't think anyone would ever peg me as the homesick type. I would have never pegged myself as the homesick type. I had no clue I would take it this hard. That's a surprise. I guess it's such a shock because two years ago first of all I was not so close to them, and I was a major stoic. No feeling. And now I am not afraid to admit that I love my family and miss them. I think that I am going to go home this weekend. I wasn't planning on it, but I don't want to stay away from them that much longer and there's no reason I have to since I do live in San Antonio. It's not like it's a terrible trip. My father makes it every day. I don't know if I'm going to though. I really don't want to ride home between two huge men in my dad's carpool again, and I don't have my car yet so I don't know. I'm still listening to my Travis CD and really enjoying. It's on the last song, which lasts almost 15 minutes and is like 4 songs in one. It is really great. Sometime I have to listen to the words though, because I really have no idea what it is about. Now I'm back to being excited about seeing the band. It's in less than two weeks, and Travis from TCU is coming down to see them with me. That is going to be so awesome. I really want to go home but the whole carpool thing really bugs me. Maybe I should call my dad and tell him that. Just tell him that I don't want to ride home with his carpool because that is a terrible experience. Maybe he would be able to work something out for me. Well, the CD stopped, and twenty minutes has elapsed, so those are my cues to stop writing. I'm going to go make my decision now. ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_931061.txt,"Must I write for 20 minutes? Why? What exactly does writing as I think, called my ""stream of consciousness"" prove? I suppose magical thoughts that exploit my deepest darkest secrets will arise or something. Of course they could if I really got bored because my mind does jump sporadically from idea to idea but who knows? It never stops and I can never focus on one thing for very long before I get bored. I think I have ADD or something because it is hard for me to focus for extended periods of time which I'm sure if that's a fault of mine or genetic or experience because of TV and how American society has raised me. American society is crap. Everyone blames violence on TV as the problem with the current ""violent"" America. Kids watching violent shows does not make a kid violent. Rather parents not telling their kids that violent shows are fake or parents that are violent or parents that tell kids violence is ok is what makes kids violent. It's stupid to blame entertainment, of course there are some cases where the TV is too blame. We cannot simply say it never does but we also cannot say that it's the root of the problem. The problem is parents and society today. 40 years ago parents would never let kids do the things kids do nowadays. Drugs, alcohol, sex and everything else has become much more liberal. Lets face it, all these things sell and so now we have corporate America where only the strong survive, or get rich, whichever. How the hell can you call this country so great when there jobless, starving and homeless people everyone, including children. Yeah sure for the 95% of people with jobs, even then I'm sure a good % of those people with jobs still struggle to make it. They bust their butts day in and day out to get what they can for themselves and their family yet we're experiencing the lowest unemployment rate in however many years like it matters to those people who are still unemployed or working crappy minimal wage jobs. Yeah, great country America is. I'm listening to this nice piano soloist on cd on my computer as I type for this long 20 minutes and it's quite pleasant. Whenever I listen to this I think about the girl who gave it to me, Marie Tesi. Even though she's getting kind of fat, I still find her attractive. It's very unusual for me to find an asian attractive, well at least in the past. I find a lot more attractive here at UT nowadays because I think I just had a town full of ugly asians or something, who knows eh? Well anyway, I was so ""in"" to her, never could get her off my mind. I think I have a problem with obsessing over people, well girls, when I like them. I've never had a girlfriend and I've never even had the courage to ask a girl out. I'm so insecure it's not even funny. I wish I could suddenly build up courage and ask a girl out or even get a little kiss or sex or something. I'm no different than any other guy and one good thing is I rarely masturbate so luckily sex doesn't drive my mind and life. I can focus on other things such as watching tv, playing video games and talking to people. I think I want to be a psychologist, the PhD level, so I can do research or get paid lots of money to advise people. People and their pasts interest me a lot, it's freaking amazing what you learn about people when they actually open up to you. You hear about traumatizing experiences and good experiences and stories of best friends and family and deaths and everything else you can imagine. It's all fascinating to me, I love to hear about it and try to piece together how these experiences have made the person the way they are. It's pretty cool to also, for me because I keep being told I'm really easy to talk too. Be it guys or girls, I hear the same thing. So I feel as if I have some sort of gift or something that allows people to talk to me and sometimes that's all a person needs is someone to sit there and listen to another person talk and they will feel so much better. Given I don't know what to say many times but I know how to empathize and sympathize with people because I feel that I've experienced enough pain, hurts, injustices throughout my life so I'm not totally oblivious to everything. I, for the most part, understand that not everything is black and white, there is always a gray area that cannot have a simple answer. There must always be a compromise that comes from both sides or else it will be black and white and life would be boring. Life is boring as it is, why make it more so? A few thrills here and there but life usually is one big long path to death. How you live your life makes who you are and how you are in the end. Is there an end? Well there could be but that depends on what you believe in. Whether it be christianity or Buddhism or Hinduism or any of the ism's, you know where you're going or think you know where your going. So what about atheists?. Well you simply cease to exist. Isn't that a scary thought? You die and that's it, the void. You don't exist anymore. You are no longer conscious and it's like you were never alive. People remember you but you are forgotten once they die unless your a martyr or a hero or king or anything of that sort, but for the most part you are forgotten within 23 generations. And my 20 minutes is up so I'm done. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_932050.txt,". Stream of consciousness well, in other words, free association. I can accommodate this assignment. It's amazing what some of the most ordinary things or objects can really do if studied. As I was walking home from a stressful day of calculus, chemistry, and psychology, I passed a squirrel searching for food on one of the lawns of a building. The animal was wandering curiously close to the sidewalk where students were walking. On normal circumstances, squirrels and other such rodents would run away as fast as possible on first sight of humans. However, this squirrel continued to hunt for food as I walked by it. I stopped and watched it, it would insert his nose and mouth into the ground and bite at some apparent food object, try it and eat it if the food object was of any value to the rodent. Curious I continued to watch, wondering what else it would do. I approached the squirrel, closer and closer. When I had come too close the squirrel dove into the ground, attempting to camouflage itself with its grassy surroundings. Fantastic! I never knew that squirrel had the notion of of trying to camouflage or hiding itself. I had always thought they would run and jump away. I remained crouched on the sidewalk as I continued to watch this curious little squirrel. After some time it started slowly approaching me. I continued to watch it, much like a predator stalking its prey. Without motion or movement I crouched and stared at it. It came to within 18 inches of me. How wonderful! The squirrel wasn't afraid to come towards a human. It remained there for a couple of moments until other pedestrians walked by and frightened the squirrel. Of course during my observation process many people walking to and fro classes walked by me and gave me awkward glances. I was so completely lost in the amazing little squirrel. At one point it had left its territory and wandered onto the street, it found a mass of dumped bread. The rodent gripped a piece with its mouth and ran back across the street to its territory. Once there the squirrel began to eat. After eating half of the portions, he began digging into the ground trying to find a strategic location to hide the bread. Not finding a place, I began to try to help. I grabbed a nearby twig and started digging into the ground to make some spots for the squirrel. I realized I was destroying the landscaping and garden of the lawns of the building. I was trying to help my new little friend. Finally, after several unsuccessful attempts the squirrel ran up into a tree after being frightened by other people. I felt anger, why would someone do that, I'm interacting with this squirrel. After it ran into the tree, it didn't come back down. At some point I left. In retrospect, I think I spent almost 40 minutes observing the squirrel. I was stressed before beginning my observations and interactions, but afterwards, amazingly, I was calm and I actually had an enjoyable time playing with it. I also learned quite a bit about the behavior of the squirrel. I never knew that they were as smart as I observed, I also realized even more what incredible running, jumping and climbing skills those pesky rodents have. Some may have viewed my time spent with the squirrel a complete waste, but it was actually quite relaxing and enlightening. Many new experiences have enlightened me to some of the lesser seen wonders of this world. A squirrel having so many complexities. Amazing. What about the human being or the human mind. The complexities of the mind and brain are endless or almost impossible! So many questions. It's almost mind boggling thinking about what can be so deep or interesting. Wow very very crazy. ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_932839.txt,"Well currently I am stressed out. It is as if I have so much to do and not enough time to do it. I get real frustrated and tired yet, things must be done. My academics take up a significant amount of time and then there's my extracurricular activities. I am so used to being involved to the point that I came to college and repeated the same cycle. My grades reflect this. I just want to get at least a 3. 6 and go to a decent medical school. My sorority's members are some of the most elite black women on campus, in the community and in the world. All of my friends want to become members. I am so nice to them which is not the proper protocol for interested people. My line sisters reiterate to me daily that I must learn how to be stern and forceful to them instead of befriending them. At our interests meetings we turn mean. How can I hug them on the behind closed doors and intimidate them at meetings. I don't want them to consider me a hypocrite and I want to maintain that level of friendship. They look to me for knowledge and direction instead of evilness and cruelty. My first mind is saying forget what people are saying those are your friends. My second mind is saying that they don't respect you and they feel as though the have nothing to prove because we are already friends. They'll learn when what's up y'all turns into, salutations and how are you. I have so much on my mind that I believe my mind is going to overload and explode. Must do homework, must practice, must get involved, must go to work are just a few of my daily struggles with my time ",y,y,n,y,y

2000\_933158.txt,"I am so stressed out right now I don't even know what to do. If it's not one thing it's another. Everything seems to be coming at me all at once and there is no escape. I'm trapped. I have so much inside that I want to let out, and sometimes I don't know what to do with myself. There are just too many pressures. Sometimes I wish I could ignore all the pressures and just have fun and everything would still be okay. But it wouldn't be. Sadly, I'm stuck with all of these barriers that keep me from being who I really want to be. I wish I could just be Mary all of the time. But, it's impossible. I'm always too worried about everything, but I think you're better off worrying than just not caring at all. I always seem to look at many things in a different perspective than most people. I also find it hard to express those perspectives. Most people just don't care, but I seem to fret over everything. Maybe I'm obsessive, I don't know! But to top it off, I'm pretty happy where I am today. I guess all the fretting over tests and exams in the past got me where I am today. I can't believe how some people really are. Some people I know are on so much alcohol or drugs, that that's all they think about, and forget about life and forget about their dreams. They let their life pass them by, and before they know it they'll be a big nobody in the world. I don't want to waste my lifetime like that. While I'm still young I want to take so much advantage of the opportunities that I have. I would love to contribute to the world and be the best person I can possibly be. I don't care what anyone says or thinks about me. I know the truth, and no one can judge me accept God. I want to be able to smile at the world and the world to just smile back. But the world is not that nice. It is such a mean, ugly world that sometimes I wish I didn't live in it. But the world can also be a magnificent thing to experience. There's just so much you can do, but it feels like so little time. Sometimes I'm scared that there won't be enough time to do whatever it is that I want to do. A friend once told me to do at least one thing a day that scares you. I like that advice. There's so much inside of me that I want to explode! And I wonder if this feeling will disappear with age. Well, I certainly hope not. I want to be 85 and feel like I'm still 15. A lot of times I wish I were 3 or 4 again with no worries or responsibilities. I believe being around that age was the best time of my life. I had no real care in the world. I was too confused to. I had no idea I actually existed in the outside worldI just was. Well, I could go on forever but I got things to do. I kind of like this assignment. It's neat. Well, I don't want to bore you or anything, and I think my 20 minutes is up! So, it was nice chatting with you Dr. P! ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_933277.txt,"Ok I have to type for twenty minutes straight. This is kind of odd, I've never done anything like this before so I don't quite know what to do! I should be doing my economics homework but forget it, I'll do it later. I don't even understand it anyways. Calculus is a pain in the back too, I'll wait until Monday to do that homework. I can't wait to go home this weekend and see all my old friends. It's been a while since we've all hung out. I hope I don't miss any really good parties this weekend, but I probably will. In a little while I have to go take a shower and get ready to go out with the girls at the house. We'll probably go to 6th Street or something like that. I'm glad I finally get to go out tonight, I've been sitting in my room for a week straight. Ok I'm bored and am running out of things to say already. I have nothing else to think about right now! Full House is on the TV and I'm getting annoyed with Michelle whining. Why is the TV on this channel anyways? I guess my roommate put it on. I'm glad she's gone right now. I needed some peace and quiet. I'm getting real hungry I hope Danielle wants to go eat soon. Gosh I still have another load of laundry I have to do before I leave tomorrow. I get to sleep in until one tomorrow because I don't have class until 2. That rocks. My room is so messy but I'm way too lazy to clean it right now. It's dusty more than cluttered. Oh well, I'll get over it. Hold on my phone is ringing. It's my boyfriend Matt just saying hi as usual. I wish I saw him more. It's a lot easier now that I'm in Austin but it's still not the same as living in the same town. Oh I totally forgot that he can't go to San Antonio this weekend, looks like I'll be without him again. I really need to catch up with some of my old friends this weekend. We need to party and hang out like we used to. I might end up going to the high school football game if there is nothing else to do. I just don't want to look like a hasbeen with a bunch of high school students and then a college student just chilling out there. Ha ha that might be pretty funny actually. I'll get Robyn to come with me so I don't feel too stupid. Oh I like this song. I wanted to go to the concert but the tickets were all sold out. Speaking of tickets I never did get the Dave Matthews tickets for the September show in Houston. I can't believe I forgot to get them. Now I'll never get tickets. Looks like I'll miss out on yet another awesome concert. At least I'm in Austin now. No good bands come to San Antonio, so I'll get to go to plenty of concerts here. I still haven't gotten my stupid Ethernet Card yet. I went to the computer store earlier but they didn't have any more for laptops. This stupid thing isn't worth all the trouble! This song is so annoying. I need to find that remote control right now. Much better. I think this is Matt's CD. He has plenty of mine so it's ok if I don't give this back for a while. He won't miss it. Ok I really am so bored and hungry it's unreal. I need to take a shower but I'll just wait until this thing is done. Two more minutes. I can do that. I want to go dancing tonight. That sounds like fun. None of my friends back in SA want to go so I'll find some of the KD's to go with me. My room is so crowded with pointless junk. I should take some of it back home this weekend but I probably won't just because I'll forget or something will come up. I need to get this roll of film developed sometime soon so I can put some new pictures up. I'm sick of looking at all these old ones. Well my time is just about up for this thing so bye bye for now! ",y,y,n,y,n

2000\_933324.txt,"I'm doing this writing assignment and I hope I do it right so I don't fail the class. I wonder what that noise is in the room beside me. I think it is a telephone that someone needs to answer. Now they left it off the line and it is beeping continuously. Now it stopped. My hands are so freezing. I think this is the coldest room in the entire dorm. I wonder if my roommate is swimming yet. I hope she is because that means that I can swim at Gregory as well. I have so much homework to do and the teachers assign so much reading to do. It's almost impossible to get it all done and have time for any type of social life. plus my family and friends are demanding my time so much that I feel like I am going to explode and I don't want to tell them this because I know it would hurt their feelings then I would feel guilty and I hate to feel guilty. My back hurts from walking so far with that heavy backpack on my back. This campus is so huge that you have to walk like miles just to get where you're going or at least it seems that way. I wonder how I will fit everything in that I want to do tomorrow. I know I need to spend time with my sorority and I need to see my mom tomorrow before she leaves and I have to get all of my reading done for next week. Boy, I didn't realize how worried I actually get until actually having to type my thoughts down no wonder I can't ever sit still I feel like I have to constantly be doing something or I will fail someone else or myself. Just writing this right now makes me want to cry. I hope my dad is okay at home he really needs to stop working so much in the heat. I wish I had gotten closer with him before I moved but he didn't make too much of an effort either but still I guess I could have made the first step. But it seems like we just don't ever have anything to talk about. I know he's proud of me I can see that when he cries when he is proud of one of my accomplishments. I just feel so guilty for not talking to him more. I hope he doesn't think I don't love him or care about him. I wonder if my mom is getting along with Belle tonight I hope she isn't being rude. So many people are rude to Mom and I hope she knows that when I'm rude to her I don't mean to be and I try to be the nicest one to her. So many people take her for advantage I hope she comes out of her surgery well next week I don't know what I would ever do if I didn't have her. I feel that way about my mom and my dad well actually a lot of people. I just hope everyone I know will last longer than me so I won't have to say goodbye but then if that happened, I wouldn't be here much longer I guess they should go first because they're older but I just don't wish death upon anyone. Sometimes when I really hate people like Erin, I really think I want them to disappear but then I think of their families and even though I don't care about the girl, her family never did anything to me so why should I wish her dead? Goodness I'm going into some really embarrassing things. I hope whoever reads this doesn't think I'm psycho or something. I'm not or I don't think I am I guess people with problems don't realize they have those problems. My shoulder is really aching from typing. it's the same shoulder that always hurts though. I wonder if I have a bone spur or something. My hands are so cold it feels impossible to type. I wonder if the psychology department is going to use these writings for some kind of experiment or something. I wonder how much time I have left. Oh, I'm through! I hope I did this right! ",y,y,n,y,n

2000\_933743.txt,"Last night around 11pm or so a friend of mine from high school came knocking at my door. She told me that a guy I went to high school with had just committed suicide on Friday. Apparently he had a fight with his parents about his drug abuse (which I had no idea was even an issue with him) and he stormed out of the house. No one knew where he was so they went looking for him. They found his body by a creek in a neighborhood near mine (some of my friends still live there, too). It still hasn't hit me yet. I have been at school with him since the first grade. I know that at the funeral, it will definitely hit me. After last year I thought everything was going to be better. At the beginning of the school year (actually the summer before my senior year) Kyle committed suicide by hanging himself. After getting over that, Will was killed in a car accident. After coping with Will's death, I thought nothing else was going to happen. I mean, two deaths (not to mention the death of teacher) happened within the span of about three or so months. The rest of my year was going great until April. That was when I found out that one of the girls who I had been best friends with in elementary and junior high had committed suicide. She overdosed on her medication and died in her sleep. I couldn't believe it. For years I would talk to her and hang with her and played sports with her all through middle school. Going to her funeral was the hardest thing that I have EVER had to do. I cried the minute I got there and didn't stop crying until days later. Seeing her parents made it even harder. I mean what can you say to them. Nothing you could ever come up with could make them feel any better. Nothing could make you feel any better either. She had an open casket, so as we walked out after the service was over, we had to pass by her. I absolutely and completely fell apart. I couldn't see where I was going I was crying so hard. Even now as I am writing this assignment I'm getting tearyeyed. I still don't understand (and I probably never will) why anyone could take their life like that. I mean, don't they know how many people need them, how many people depend on them, or how many people just love them for who they are and how they make us feel when we're around them. Marshall is the second one to kill themselves from my elementary/junior high school. Everyone always talks about how things like that come in three's. Now I'm just wondering if the saying will come true. Will there be a third suicide or death that I'll have to deal with? I really and truly hope so. I sure as hell can't take another death or another funeral for that matter. When I first started this assignment I didn't think that I'd have much to say, but that doesn't look like the case. This is kind of therapeutic though. I'm tired of talking and thinking about a gloomy subject like death, so I've decided to start typing about something better. I really excited to be here at the university. I really love it here. My classes and professors are great. I am worried/anxious about final exams though, but I still have awhile before those come around. I'm still getting used to the fact that you pretty much get one grade at the end of the semester. Unlike in elementary through high school in which every 3 weeks you got a progress report and then every 6 weeks came your report card. I'm also getting used to being alone a lot. Sometimes you have to eat by yourself, or sit in class by yourself, etc. But then again you meet so many new people. Well, my time's up. ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_934269.txt,"It's too late to really be writing anything I think but then again I'm here aren't I? Hard to believe I am if you were to ask me where I was going to be twenty years from now it wouldn't be here. I miss my Mom and Dad though I'm not supposed to be there either. Isn't there a time when you're supposed to stop writing about your mom and dad. I'm worried that I'm not writing what I'm supposed to or that I'm not doing this naturally What is naturally anyways I mean it seems like kind of a cop out really. Naturally is a lot harder to accomplish than it looks wouldn't you say oh whoa is me I keep messing up my words and I'm not sure if this is even supposed to look pretty or what the thing with this stupid laptop is how stupid it really is It keeps on jumping up and down to the thing or in the middle of this it so it is impossible to get things down. Is natural easy for you? I wonder if that is true It's even harder to believe it is only 12 32 Whatever happened to going to bed early? I was going to attempt to do that you know Go to bed early It seems that whenever I am away from home these things occur The thing is I do this all the time. write without thinking except I do think about how things are spelled and I can't do this now Or it would take way too much time. Are you guys actually going to read this? I'm sure there are many others who are writing more fascinating things than me. I wish I could think of something funny to say then maybe I'd get an A what's funny I wonder. I wish I was in bed I'm sooo tired I haven't slept a wink I'm so tired my mind is on the brink I wonder should I get up and get myself a drink oh oh o oh I'm so tired Oh who will save your soul to me that means everything you know the songs in your head have nowhere to go except leaving the words on the page an I supposed to be speaking in poetry here? Or will I get counted off ? Are you supposed to be wondering what you get counted off for in college I wonder? My fingers are starting to hurt but the only way I can write this stream of consciousness is by lifting my hands off the keyboard because otherwise the problem arises. I've been thinking about SMU lately and how much I miss it? But do I? What is here for me that SMU doesn't have Why friends of course yet do I have friends? I have Scott I guess though I wish more than anything I had more maybe he'd like me better Shoulders are always cramping up do they do that in others ? In tours Whose reading this anyways? Are my thoughts interesting to you I wish I had a yewl leaf or a yule log Yule that's such a cool word reminds me of Christmas I sound like a goddamn Theater major being all dramatic. What is so wrong with being dramatic I wonder What is so wrong with wanting people to see you/. anyway/. I look at all these people and I criticize them all the time I even criticize scott and I wish I didn't because then I think life would be much easier to live in I don't think anyone's as negative as I am Has it been twenty minutes yet? Oh I have ten left. I wish I could get in side the teacher's but then would I really like what I see. sounding like a theater major again and the roses are blooming outside but they'll be dead soon because they are so lovey all the flowers I have die it seems. I got to get out of this place but then where will you go You want to go to another body but you know the problems will be just as frightening there Travis Craig Maria Todd Ben Jamie, Paige Ben what happened to you all? How come I never was on your crowd? How come you never thought I was cool enough to include in your circle? To respect? To invite? You know I think I would have stopped being so goddamn nice if you had invited me not made me feel like I had to try so hard to be your friend but I don't understand why I had to try so hard? What was wrong with me? I guess it was just sitting down with you all. I couldn't think of anything to say to you and now I can't think of anything to say to anyone? Does that mean they all think of me the same way? Am I doomed to be uncool forever/ Will I ever have that group of friends that I love to watch from afar? I keep trying and trying. I wonder what I would have possibly have done to be happier at SmU? I wanted to be their center of attention. I think I could have handled it if boys hit on me,. but they never did you know. I think I could have handled it if they had come up to me and said hey. you know were going to a movie tonight do you want to come? We really want you too,. I really want you too. And have it not be on a school night for God's sake. I mean that was half my problem I never went to anyone's house on a school night. I wanted to study. Was that so bad? And I guess I just felt very intimidated when I went over there because all I could really do was watch. I could never really join in because they didn't think it was worth listening to ? Or was it my fault because I just didn't try? Now I'm here and I don't feel any different at the coop except at this point I really don't care if they accept me or not because I have tons of more important things to do. I have my time school you know School take up like Scott's work and your theater and everything. , UT is my life now,. ,. my best friend I guess. What is a best friend anyway? Everyone has their faults I guess a best friend is someone oh times up. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_935195.txt,"So here are twenty minutes of Brian's thoughts. As I sit here, I am dumbfounded by the ignorance of humans. Today I talked to a coworker about religion. He found out that I'm agnostic and proceeded to proselytize. I can respect this, because his religion dictates that people who don't accept Jesus Christ will go to hell. But at the same time, I poked several holes in the Christian philosophy and in the Bible. He wasn't able to counter my arguments, and he responded only by saying that he has faith. This epitomizes human ignorance. I have faith the chair I'm sitting in now will not collapse and harm me. This faith is based on my past experiences with chairs and with seeing things that turn out to, in fact, exist. Yet he claims he has ""faith"" in a god that nobody on this planet can prove they've seen. I can just as well assert via faith that there is a Pink Elephant on the other side of the moon that we'll never see. I've never seen this elephant, but I KNOW it's there. I have faith. It speaks to me through the Elephant Spirit. What the fuck is that all about? How can someone bastardize his or her beliefs to knowledge like this?? It is incomprehensible to me. I realize that people have a deepseated need for absolutes. Nobody wants to think our planet is a lonely hunk of dirt floating in space, so instead we conjure up deities that give our lives and our very existence meaning. Never mind that there is absolutely no reason to believe we are correct save a book compiled thousands of years ago based on events hundred or thousands of years before that! Who needs logic and reason anyway? And it never ceases to amaze me that some scientists still embrace religion! It scares me how easy it is for them to walk away from work and into church and never mingle the two because they're so incompatible. It makes me truly sad that people can be so stupid. Thankfully our society is progressing further and further away from religion, albeit at a crawling pace. And even so, rather than shedding this relic of our intellectual infancy we simply mold the religion (absolute truth, mind you) to fit our current society and way of life. I'm dumbfounded. It also amazes me how closedminded people can be. I'm gay. Big deal. Yet many people (though a few proportion in Austin) perceive me as evil for it. My actions are vile and disgusting to them. Never mind the fact that homosexual activity occurs in nature, though not as frequently as heterosexual behavior. And don't even touch upon the fact that there is no logical, reasonable justification for opposing homosexuality. People have all these notions that homosexuals are pedophiles or that we try to ""recruit. "" At the risk of sounding pessimistic in my writing and thoughts, I can't believe how moronic our society is, on average. We even have Al Gore in the news saying he opposes samesex marriage based on religious reasons. (Hmm, are my two pet peeves of the day related? Of course!) J. And so I'm left sitting here, wondering how people can be so stupid as to embrace Christianity and oppose homosexuality. Ugh. THESE are the times that try men's (and women's) souls! Which brings up another point. I'm so annoyed at how misogynistic our society is. The craze in the past decade has been political correctness, and conservatives are sick of it. But things haven't changed nearly as much as people think. I still sit through lectures where the professor refers to every character described (a banker, an investor, a CEO) as he. he. he. I can't stand it. But perhaps it's not so much that these professors are bigoted to some degree. Perhaps they're simply trying to convey the way the world really is! Because women don't have anywhere near an equitable stake in society. In finance we were shown some subcommittees of the boards of directors of Procter and Gamble and Home Depot, Inc. Out of some two dozen positions between the two companies ONE PERSON was a woman! I can't stand it. I feel like I'm a bastion of fairness and equity and reason in a sea of stupid people! (Keep in mind, I'm not this pessimistic in my day to day activities, perhaps just in my mind. Hehe. ) And, not that I'm trying necessarily to relate it to our class, this is all psychology! It's probably evolutionary psychology more than anything. With regard to religion, as survival machines for our genes, we'd like to believe we will continue indefinitely. This manifests itself in various religions that promise us eternal life. And we'd like to believe that our existence isn't arbitrary, so we conjure up a god who gives us meaning, ignoring the myriad moral and logical problems this presents. With homosexuality. gay people don't reproduce if they fully express their sexuality. Of course not all do, which is why homosexuality could persist in the population as long as it has. And so on some level I'm sure we're afraid that if we accept homosexuality, more people will ""choose"" to be homosexual. Then the species will die out! Oh no! (I know per Richard Dawkins that evolutionary psychology operates on a genetic level, not a societal level, but you see my point. ) Anyway, I suppose that's my time for this week. Tune in again next week for more ramblings from Brian's ultraliberal mind. ",n,n,n,y,y

2000\_935326.txt,"Well after Labor Day weekend I had come to the conclusion that I disliked the college life. Everything had gone so wrong that weekend. The book store sent me home with the wrong book, I didn't have my ""IF"" account so I couldn't check my email, and I bought a twenty dollar calling card that is supposed to be better than the one I had been buying and it was a rip off. The tendollar card had more minutes on it than than the twentydollar card, and to top that off the darn thing only had sixteen dollars on it. So my weekend was just a bunch of carp. I am not exactly home sick, but I do miss my baby brother and my fianc�. I went home this past weekend, missed the first football game here, and saw the two people I missed most. It was so cool to be home everybody was so happy to see me, it was great. I am planning on joining a sorority here to keep me busy so I won't get home sick. I haven't really met anyone here yet. The girls on my floor aren't very friendly. When I first got here I was bored out of my mind, but now things are looking better. I am not real in to Sixth Street, but the first week I was here some friends that live here took me there. I got my tattoo on Sixth Street when we were here for orientation. I keep saying we, my best friend and I that is. My best friend is my roommate and she is trying to get me to enjoy it here and not miss home too much. I have to say I do like the fact that my parents can't tell me what to do, and when to be home and all the other things that parents tell their kids to do. I was ready to get away and be on my own. My fianc� is at home going to school there. Hopefully he will come up here next year. We are supposed to get married this summer, but I guess we will have to see what happens. It is so weird to see everyone outside smoking in the middle of the night, and to see people going out at three in the morning. At home we have a curfew, and they are real strict about it too. Other than all that stuff, I am adjusting pretty well to the college life and am learning to love it. Things can only get better, right. I know I made it sound like I just hate it here, but I don't. The weekend at home was enough to hold me off for awhile. That one bad weekend made me think that it was always going to be like that. Next time I will be writing about how much I love it here, and I won' t have anything to complain about. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_935602.txt,"Well, today was a bad day. Not bad in the sense that negative things happened, it just wasn't good. I talked to Maggie, the girl I really like, and it turns out she doesn't feel the same way. Earlier in the week (I hope Lori isn't reading this) I had another girl come out and tell me she had feelings for me. I hope Maggie doesn't view me as I view the girl. She is nice, but I feel awkward. I don't know how to act or respond sometimes. Am I sending the wrong signal? Am I communicating poorly? Who knows? Certainly not me. So, that's that. Maggie Still really likes me as a friend, but nothing more. Kind of sucks. I wish I were more attractive. I think I got the bases covered on personality, just the physical appeal that is holding me back. I'm working at it. I am enrolled in intermediate racquetball and playing whenever I can. I'm up to two pullups. This is a big accomplishment. This summer, I started working out with my best Friend Thomas and then I could do any. Now two. I so excited. Thomas goes to A&M. He was supposed to come here, with me, but decided that ""pep"" and ""spirit"" was his thing. I'm cool with that I guess, I just wish I wasn't stuck with the ""potluck"". Will, my roommate is all right and all, I just wish I could open up a little more than I do. He doesn't ""get me"" like another one of my good friends would. My best friend from high school, Greg Wayne, will be coming up this weekend. I can't wait. I miss just hanging out with the crew. I like college and all, and I'm making the transition fine, I just miss the good ole days. I am coming to terms so much better than some I know. Katie, the one who came forward to me about her feelings, is having a really ruff time. Apparently, whenever she tries to talk to her mom about it they get in a fight. So instead, the just avoids confrontation all together. Not a very wise approach if you ask me; and she did, and I told her. I like meeting new people. Katie apparently doesn't. It's out of her comfort zone. Actually, that's how I met Maggie. She's so awesome. She into anime just like me, she draws, she's tall, and she just all around cool. Sadly, she does not share this sentiment to the extent of which I put forth. She thinks I'm hilarious and a great guy to hang out with, but she just doesn't like me like that. I should go on, get over her and whatnot. I cant. I've tried. I like her way too much. I will eventually though, or that is what I've been told by the ones I open up to here besides Maggie. Vivian is a great friend. She thought that I liked her at first, but then I started opening up to her about Maggie and she understood. She rooms with Martha, whom I met at orientation. She had a thing for me too. I don't know, when I like them, I get turned down and away, but when I just think they are cool, I get asked out. Why can't things go my? Be different, somehow? This can't be fair. I try so hard to get what I want. It never just comes to me. Like now, in engineering, I have decided that I don't like engineering, but I'm stuck there for at least the semester. I enjoy PSY301 with Pennebaker. He's a character and the subject matter interests me. I would consider psych as a major, but that is my brothers field and I'm already too into his shadow. Oh well. We will see how things turn out. They usually do. For the better, or worse. what's the difference? I don't know. Could I even tell? If I follow that principle things would turn out regardless. good, or bad. Who cares? Well, I do. The future is uncertain and that is why it's scary. Whether or not this is actually read or just run through an analyzer, it has been a good place to vent. I look forward to the next installment in this tedious tale of love, trust, faith, and social bearings. Until the next time. =) ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_936005.txt,"Ok, I am starting writing for 20 min. My thought, are what I am writing about. Right now I am still thinking about visiting my friends at Baylor this weekend, not sure If I want to do that. I have stuff to do, got to get a new id, and eat, and some other stuff, mainly thinking about what I have to do. Most of my friends are going home for the weekend is why I am thinking about visiting Baylor. I have to be back at 5 Sunday to try out for ransom notes, so that is a factor, Also Stephanie wanted me to visit EV free Sunday morning with her, so if I do that I will want to leave Saturday afternoon, so I am not sure, I still need to read chapters in psy, chapters 3,4 in CS, chapter 2 in psy, I need to do that today, maybe after I go run, I think I will go to Baylor tonight and come back tomorrow afternoon. And get stuff done, I need to work on that song, that reminds me I need to go get those Birkenstocks as well, anyway I want to see Blake and Lauren and the game but I don't know if I will have much time, maybe I can leave in the morning tomorrow, and skip the game, come home and do some stuff, that will give me time to go and get the shorts and sandals I have been meaning to get, then I can still go out on sat night, maybe with Jacqueline or Susan, most everyone went back to see Dave, I wish I was seeing Dave, but they sold out the first weekend they were on sale and I was not in town to get them. Oh well, I can get more stuff done now,. need to sunin my hair and go running,. remember to get exenphrime, exandrine or whatever ant GNC on Tuesday, I may go run then work out a while today I want to figure out what I am doing tonight first though. Blake said something about a dance tonight, but he is dateless. So I am not sure, hmmm, what to do what to do, I need to work out defiantly this weekend. Hmmm, I wish I could see everyone, but all my friends go to diff colleges, Ashley keeps asking me to come visit her, which I should do but I am lazy, hah, I have no time for anything anymore, I squeeze in homework and studying, I need to do something about that, I would like to see Ashley though, I kind of miss her, it is a lot harder than I thought it would be to meet girls here, they are either intimidating or not worth the trouble, I guess I have just had bad luck but every single good looking girl I have started conversations with has a boyfriend, but none of them have really been good looking enough to make it worth my time to try and become better friends with them if they are in a relationship, Anne was pretty cool, but now things are weird between us, I need to get will and ryan to take me to some fiji parties, those will probably be better. I guess I will skip workout today and just go up at about 2:30 hmm, writing this didn't seem like the chore I thought would be. I just have weekend plans on my mind so I can't think of much else. Psy is fun, I need to be a little less tired Monday so I can enjoy it, I will work on that. Over and out. ",y,n,n,n,y

2000\_936978.txt,"Its hard to think about what to write of when you are told to, although maybe its hard because things have become more difficult as of late. It must be the typical freshman story but even though we all try to be so different when we come here we all end up in the same boat. It so much like high school its hard to believe, we'll the social part of it is anyway. Sometimes I wonder what I would do if there weren't music in the world. At times it seems to be the only thing that keeps people together, although you never hear many people talk about it in that light. What is even more interesting is how depressing and sentimental most of these essays will be. I wonder how many people will write about how depressed they are and how no one really knows the real them and how hard it is to wake up in the morning. Its hard to differentiate between what is real and what is a line out of a movie that someone is saying these days. So maybe that's why everyone tries to be different. I really don't know. But as everyday passes it seems like people lose a sense of the beauty in the world. There isn't anything much more beautiful to me than the sunset or just sitting outside. I find shadows especially beautiful, I'm sure that it holds some underlying meaning to it that I find shadows pretty. Something about how since I like them that I feel that I'm in the shadows of life, but maybe I am. I just feel more alive sometimes when I sit outside in absolute stillness and let everything live around me. I feel as if I'm living with it. Strange I know, but true. I have always felt that if I were to die I would like to die lying in a field in the afternoon listening to music. I have a picture by Monet that reminds me of a field that was behind my house when I was younger. It seems that those times were so much better than times are now. I wonder if I'll ever be as happy as I was back then again someday. And I'm not alone in that thought. Responsibilities just keep piling up day by day and I just wish that there were a break. It would be nice to be a rock star someday, I feel that if I were up there on stage that I would be so much happier. But I know that I probably would feel the same as I do now. I need to do something that will get me recognized someday, I feel as if I'm destined for fame somehow. But as it is now I feel like I'll end up in a dead end life like most others. I know that most say that there are many other things that make life worth living even though they have a job that they hate. But I would rather be a bum then have a job that I hated. I would feel like I sold myself out in someway. Transcendence is something that has always interested me. Mostly the idea that I could transcend life and become something greater than it. The way the words come off ones tongue when they say that makes me feel warm. I envy authors that have a mastery of language. It would be awesome to write something that when people read it they would be overcome with emotions. Hopefully I'll make enough money in my life that I can stop working and spend all my time making music. I just wish I had the balls to become a musician and do what I want, but if I do I feel like I'll be a failure to all those that I've told that I'm going to be a doctor and what not. Its a nice business its just that there isn't much recognition in it unless you put your whole life in it. And I don't think that I could put my whole life into it since I don't think I would enjoy it. ",n,n,n,n,y

2000\_938506.txt,"Everything we experience is filtered through our mind, and if that mind is contaminated by thoughts, preconceived notions, or the need to continuously categorize everything our experiences become tainted. Later when we realize the error, the experience seems somewhat lost because what it was abased on is no longer true. Thinking about past experiences blinds you to the present especially when trying to compare the two. The past cannot be altered by the realization of a mistake, but it can't be relived at the same time. To move along, trusting nothing and everything, simultaneously and exclusively, through each experience, is to forgo all attachment, all security, all dependence, all crutches. The things that you continue, to do out of routine, out of habit is not something done for love. Love can exist without any sort of routine if all attachment is dissolved. Evolution involves change, change can catch you offguard but it is inevitable. To be strong is to change, to adapt to each situation and expect nothing. Unmet expectations, grasping to the future, grasping to the past &#8211;all are causes of suffering, anxiety, and tension. To evolve is to transcend the suffering anxiety and tension and necessitates eliminating the causes of pain that reside in your own mind. People can inflict pain and suffering only if you let them, if your mind is contaminated by constructs. Objectifying experience removes the suffering but also removes the joy. To cleanse your mind is not the same as objectifying everything around you. To evolve is to transcend the suffering and still experience. Everything everywhere is constantly changing so if you hold on to it, its going to drag you around, but if you let go the current will carry you. Kerbey Lane looks really busy but we have no coffee so to flow with the current is to move through the lane of least resistance which only you know because the current is in your mind, it is your mind. The line between love and attachment is often confused and blurred because there is no line. You draw the line and you choose where to stand, but you can't be afraid to run around cross the line erase the line but you must choose. Even walking the line is a choice, you cannot deny that. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_938520.txt,"Right now I am a little worried that I am not doing this right because I don't really know what I am suppose to be writing about. Well, I am excited because my best friend, Courtney, is going to be in Austin in about two hours. She started school in Waxahachie about two weeks ago and I haven't seen her since then. We are going to the lake tomorrow and Labor Day and I can't wait. I love going to the lake with Courtney because her grandma has two jet skis and she lets us use them as much as we want. I am excited about school starting. I have always planned on coming to UT, but I never thought the day would ever actually come. All my classes seem okay and all my teachers seem very nice and helpful. I think that I will do pretty well in all my classes this semester, but next semester I am going to have to take a nursing 310 class and the main part of the grade will be based on a major speech that I have to give. I hate giving speeches. I always think that I'll do okay, but when get up to give the speech I start to shake and sweat. I am getting better at it though. I believe that the more you do something like that the better you get at it. My freshman year in high school I was terrified of getting up in front of the class. I would be shaking so bad they could hardly understand what I was saying. It was also hard to play my flute solos in front of my band class. During my junior year I was getting better and had more confidence in myself and during my senior I played at region band and almost made district. I also performed skits and memorized a Shakespeare sonnet and recited it in front of the class. I am glad that it has gotten easier for me, but it is still difficult for me to stand up and give speeches in front of people that I don't know very well. It's not as hard for me if it is in front of people that I know well or my family and friends. I just feel like people that I don't know are staring at me and judging me or something. Now I just try to forget about that and try to focus on what I have to say. As a nurse I will have to deal with people a lot. I enjoy talking to people one on one, but I will probably eventually have to teach others or give speeches so I will have to overcome my fears and realize that it is really not that big of a deal. I hope that by the time I graduate college I will have no problem speaking in front of people and that I might even enjoy it. ",n,n,n,n,n

2000\_939521.txt,". I never thought it would be this hard to think about my stream of consciousness. Now that I am aware that I am actually thinking to myself, it makes it really difficult to think normally. I keep giving myself all these weird things to write about but really none of them are really representational of the real way I think. My thoughts are usually random and irrelevant to anything going on around me. You could say I daydream often. I really wish that I were doing this in a quiet room because the things going on around me are effecting what I want to type about. Julie, my roommate, is usually in the library so I guess I should have taken advantage of that earlier and done this assignment then. My attention span is short. I keep finding myself drawn into her conversation. It makes me think about talking to my friends on the phone, which eventually leads to me reminiscing about some past event involving my friends. The funny thing about my situation now, is that only actual people talking, interrupts my thought process. The television doesn't disturb me at all. I have gotten very good at tuning it out. Maybe its because I have made it a habit of doing just about everything with the television on, including sleeping. I am growing impatient with the time now. It seems like 20 minutes has gone by, but when I check my clock it always reads the same. Time always passes slowly when you grow anxious for a certain amount of it to pass. This assignment is difficult for me. I am really having trouble recording my natural thought process instead of just making these random thoughts up for the sake of using up my 20 minutes. I just keep looking around my room hoping that it will spark some thought and give me something more to write about instead of this meaningless rambling. I don't know, my mind is blank now; I am pretty much out of time, so I think I will end on this statement. ",y,n,y,n,y

2000\_939561.txt,"I've been thinking and this ""freshman fifteen"" thing has to be an urban legend. I mean, really, I've never walked so much in my entire life. Everything is about a fifteen minute walk from my dorm so I figure, if I walk to class to my dorm to class to lunch to my dorm, that has to be a few miles just walking the campus. Then I run errands and visit my friends and before I know it I've had an entire week's workout. And then when I have extra time I go to the gym and I know I'm not alone on this because it's always so damn full. For instance, tonight the entire weight room was full and every last piece of equipment was being used. So I know I'm not the only one who walks, like 20 miles a day and still goes to the gym. But let's suppose I rode the Campus Loop everywhere and didn't go to the gym, then would I gain weight? No because the Jester cafeteria is not somewhere I go for seconds. Of course the food isn't the worst I've ever eaten, but I'm definitely not going to over indulge in it. And on top of all of that they post the fat grams at the buffet line. There is no way to ignore the fact that you're eating unhealthy. It's all spelled out for you six inches from your face. Cheese Pizza: 19 grams of fat; Hamburger Topping: 6 grams of fat. How can you ignore that? But I guess these are all positive things because the freshmen fifteen is definitely something I want to avoid. I am willing to eat small portions of not so good food, walk 20 miles a day, and still go to them gym because Gosh Darn It! I will not gain the freshman fifteen. I will not. I won't let it happen. I will break the rules and not follow the fate of college students past. I can't do it. I won't do it. I will not gain the freshman fifteen. Besides, it's just an urban legend anyway. ",y,y,n,y,y

2000\_939950.txt,"Typing, what I feel, boy that is kind of odd. Not to often do you get an assignment where you just write, write whatever you feel. What am feeling right about now. I mean, I just got back from my Economics class, with Mr. Hammerhesh, or as he says the ""Hammer. "" It was a crazy experience with some few hundred people crammed into his class. Yesterday was an eye opening experience with one of my classes having 500 + people (yours, and then two of my teachers speak limited, and I do mean limited English. What a day, at good old University of Texas. Chris Farley, I just thought of him, because I watched a DVD of his greatest hits. Farley, to me is one of america's greatest comedians, because no matter what he was doing, he made the viewer laugh. truly an outstanding comedian, with a heart the size of Texas. Unfortunately like many other great hollywood actors, comedians, and musicians, he too became inundated with drugs and alcohol. Like one of the characters he plays, Matt foley, he played with life, and life came back to bite him, and instead of living in a Van down by the River, he is living in a casket down by the prairie. So much to do, and so little time. With all these clubs an activities and class schedule, college seems like one big whirlwind. With only moments here and there to catch your breath, and sit down to relax. Which organization should I join? So many options to accept, with so many good looking ones, but which ones to focus on. In high school, I did everything, and being in charge of a lot of them I was able to schedule each event around the other. But now, I am just another tadpole in the great lake. Phones are ringing, but no one is singing in my crazy packed dorm room. the twenty minutes is running to end. You would have thought I would type more in twenty minutes, but since this whole streaming typing is new to me, I guess I did a good job. Anyway, at least I did not copy a tv repair manual in this box and put it in. ;) Well, it's on to lunch then on to many other fun classes, some immunizations, and a bike ride. But before I go, I would just like to say that Apple computers are the greatest computers in the world. And, no I am not some sort of Computer guru, I just think that Apple computers are the easiest, coolest looking, and highest performing computers in the world. And, that my friend, is all I truly have to say. Thank you, and please, have a good day. ",y,n,y,n,n

2000\_940609.txt,"I swear that office space is the funniest movie I have ever seen. ""Yeah, hi!"". ""It's Bill Lumb. "". I can't stop laughing. Albert is on the bed hugging a leopard pillow. Jo just emailed me from St. Louis and I don't know if she's okay. I haven't talked to her since I left for school. She is okay to take care of herself I guess. I can't believe that Pami, Liz and Katy left for Dave without me. They suck, oh well. I'm doing fine myself so I guess it doesn't really matter, shit, I've got the place to myself. College life is pretty bad ass. No one really cares what I do, well I guess my parents care. Oh well, I guess I'm in another state and it really doesn't matter. Liz is so retarded that she bought a poster about the movie Breakfast at Tiffany's. She picked that out of all the Bob Marley and Pink Floyd posters there. I guess that is just her style. ""I'm going to have to ask you to move again to another office"" ""That would be great"" But I set the building on fire. It is so funny I can't even stop laughing. I wonder if Kenny is going to call tonight. I really do wonder how much longer I will really be with him. I love him to death but I'm to young to have a serious boyfriend. Al is so funny. He looks like he would be all buff and mean but he is really complete goof. He tries to get all big so he can impress the ""ho's"" but he doesn't understand that he can't do that. He's to goofy. Just kidding. He kicks ass though so I guess its all good. I can't believe my dad made me add another class. Schools already been going for about two weeks and Ill have to make up the work. Plus all the other stuff I have to do. I want to be able to go out more, and have fun. That's what college is for. I'm still going to study a hell of a lot but also party too. I don't want to miss out on anything and then have to feel regret for not doing all that I'm allowed to do now that I'm in college. I don't understand why everyone is freaking out. I guess their just freshman, well so am I but oh well, and they will get in the hang of it soon enough. Peace out PSYCHOLOGY its been twenty minutes. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_945903.txt,"Wow, those life savers look really good. hot pockets remind me of Austin powers that's a funny movie. I can't wait to go home. I miss a bunch of my friends there and homecoming will be a ton of fun. hey that guy was in the wonder years. I wish tatiana and I could talk about serious topics for once all we do is jokingly insult each other. Zoo keepers?? we can't be zoo keepers, we have to be a famous hollywood couple. The retreat this weekend is going to be so fun and then we'll get to watch the football game! I hope I'll be able to get some studying done. I really need to do better in Spanish, I'm not doing too well in there. I wonder how my campers are doing. Two of them are online right now. Lunch should be pretty fun today. I'm glad classes are finally over, for this week at least. That guy looks really funny with that blue towel around his head. Where are all those loud guys in our hallway. Saturday Night Live used to be such a funny showwhat happened to it?? Chris Farley was one of the funniest guys around. Tom Arnold was in True Liesthat was a GREAT movie. ",n,y,y,n,y

2000\_949785.txt,"I am hungry. I haven't eaten since last night. I have a chemistry test on Thursday and I do not understand some of the stuff. I hope nobody comes to my home on Wednesday night. Usually people are always at my home and I don't get any studies done. They stay until 2 or 3 at night and then it is too late to study. Why don't I study in my room? Probably because I don't want to study when people are outside partying. Why don't you go to the library? I don't want to go to the library. After 5, I don't want to have anything to do with school. I don't want to think it even exists. Library reminds of school. On Wednesday, I get off at 5. Good I have until 9 to study until people come over. 4 hours is more than enough to study for a stupid test that is probably easy as hell. I am just worrying over nothing. I actually like it when people come over; it is not boring then. Just do your studies early and then party later. I had heard there were fine women in this university but I was fooled. I haven't seen any girl that is eye popping fine. All the girls on campus have the same old stuff. Legs and other stuff that I do not want to mention here. I am sick of the same old stuff, why can't there be a girl that has a pretty face with all that other stuff. Like a perfect package. Well whatever it is damn hot outside. I have to go to my classes in this heat and then study my brains out. Then go to work and then return home again in this damn heat and still not see a fine girl. Then take the bus home and then study again. Then I hang out with my friends. Which makes doing all this worth it. And I would just like to comment that the damn west campus bus takes at least a half an hour to get to the bus station and sometimes it is full and you have to wait another half hour for another bus. They need to freaking spend a little money to buy more busses, cheap skates. I have do go through all this crap and then I can't even get a decent ride home. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_950082.txt,"How do we know that everyone is seeing the same color. We all call colors by the same name because we are taught that as children, but do we all see the same thing? When I look at something that is red I know what I am seeing, but I have no idea what someone else is seeing. They could be seeing what I know as the color brown. I am sure that there is some piece of scientific equipment that could prove this theory wrong, but it is still an interesting concept to me. Seeing something through someone else's eyes is impossible. I have no idea how others see the world. If the color theory were right seeing something through someone else's eyes would give an entirely new aspect of things. Red trees, orange apples, the Texas flag would be completely different. It is easy to say, no that's a stupid idea, but if you really think about it it is fascinating. People always use the argument that we call colors by the same name. ""What color is that? Well, its brown. Well I see brown too so your theory is wrong. Not so fast. When we were learning the color names as children we all learned the same names. When someone held up a card and said, red, that is the name that you gave that color in your mind. There is no proof that everyone saw the same color. I do not think that this is actually the way that things happened, but it is interesting nonetheless. I would like to know how this theory could be proven wrong. Just like I would like to know how they can prove that certain animals are colorblind. They cannot see through that animal's eyes, how do they know what it sees. Some animals certainly are colorblind, like the deer. You can wear bright orange when you hunt deer and they do not notice, so they are obviously colorblind. Who is the first person that figured that out? They were either really stupid or really smart. I would never think about wearing bright orange to hunt an animal. I'm sure that's not the only test there is to see if an animal is colorblind. There has to be a scientific way to prove it. My 20 minutes is just about up and I have run out of things to say. This is kind of a weird assignment. It will be interesting to see what kind of application this has. I actually enjoyed writing this paper. It is a lot easier to write when there are no set guidelines. ",y,n,y,n,y

2000\_950163.txt,"So I am sitting here wondering why I am doing this assignment at this particular moment in time. I have lots of other assignments that I could be working on. I have Music Theory homework I need to do and Music History I need to study for. There seems to be so much that I have going on in my life. I am going to Palo Alto, California for the football game on Saturday. Fortunately I have packed and don't have to worry about that. Renee Zellwegger is on Jay Leno right now. I think she is going out with Jim Carrey. I bet it would be awesome to be a movie star or a comedian. All you have to do is make people laugh and do sitcoms every now and then. I wish I had done some sort of acting to try and learn how to do that. I bet I could have made some money doing that. It doesn't even seem THAT hard. One of my good friends dad just passed away. I always fear about that happening to my parents even more that I fear it happening to myself. Maybe it is the whole thing with my fear of being alone. I live at home and if my parents and sisters were not around, I would not like that. Plus, I just can't comprehend losing my parents. I really hate talking about that. And I don't like typing. I keep having to backspace every so often. I haven't counted, but I think I have done it about 25, 26 times. I don't know. It's like, I love to talk to people and stuff, but if I am carrying a conversation over the computer or typing a letter or whatever it really frustrates me. What time is it? I still have ten minutes. Geez, I didn't think I could write this much in just ten minutes. I'm not that entertaining. I met these two girls in class the other day. I think their names were Brandy and Stephanie? I don't know. But the one sitting next to me was VERY attractive. I wanted to ask her for her number. But I barely got her name. Maybe I can do that on Monday. She seemed pretty impressed that I was the Longhorn Band President though. That seems really odd to me. Band people are normally thought to be nerdy that is a typically stereotype, although I know some people that DO give some of us a bad wrap. That was two minute for that paragraph. I don't think I will ever make it to the end of this paper. At least I am having a little more fun actually, I take that back, I am actually HAVING fun writing this paper. Kind of strange how stuff like that happens. I wonder how much the Longhorns will win by this week. I hope a lot. I want to be in Miami for the Orange Bowl this year. That would be excellent. Ok, I have a minute or so left. I took me a while to come up with all that stuff. And I am WAY tired right now also. I don't think I will do that homework right now. Too tired. Just so you know I really want an A in this class it has been a while since I have gotten an A in anything other than band. That was actually a real thought not a request. \*smile\*. Ok that is it. ",y,y,y,n,y

2000\_951137.txt,"I am really enjoying myself to a certain point here at UT. I already am homesick and miss my friends and family. I am having a tough time adjusting to life around here. I just got out of Biology class where my teacher barely speaks English. I know I don't like that class, and really dislike the teacher's methods of teaching. I just know I am really going to have to be on my toes in that class. I am meeting new people here which I hardly ever did back home. I still need to make more friends. I already have feelings of loneliness just because I don't have the support here that I do in Dallas. I hope that changes soon. My time at UT may change from four years to one semester if things do not start to look up. Everyone keeps telling me to stick it out and do my best, but I am not even sure I want to be here. Austin is nice, I know that. However, since I don't know anyone, Dallas is better to me. I know my way around there and have a car and know what things I can do around there as far as entertainment. It's a rough adjustment that I will have to deal with, either now or later. That is the only thing keeping me here. I did meet a girl down here that I knew back home but have no idea what to think about that at the moment. I'd like to think that means something, at least meeting her was a big step in branching out, I guess. I dislike my roommate. He spends every minute of life on his computer. He was up last night until 2:00AM while I am trying to sleep. Jester rooms stay pretty lit with one light on so it was hard to sleep. The guy is just hard to live with, yet he never talks unless I talk to him. His friends call the room all the time, including up to 1:00AM, and stop by the room at again 1:00AM. It ticks me off but what am I going to do? I talked to one of my friends back home last night. He has decided to go back to high school and try to finish. He should have graduated last year but dropped out twice in the same year. He has ruined his life with drugs, but at least he is trying to restart. Man twenty minutes is a long time to write As far as my classes go for college, I know I hate Biology. That is definitely my worst subject. I really don't know what to think about psychology. My grades were not that good in high school in psych but I still remember a little of what I was taught. Mythology looks like it could be fun but I have only been to class twice. I have my teaching class tonight so I'll see how that goes. As far as I know, there are few guys in the class. That could be good or bad. Well that's the end of twenty minutes so I'll see how the rest of this class is before I decide if I like it. I do like the writing assignments so far. Hopefully, that will continue. ",n,y,y,y,n

2000\_951373.txt,"I guess I'll just start out by explaining how I feel right now. Because of school, I've been feeling really stressed. Although because of our class I'm not really sure what stress is. To me stress is when I have a lot to do and no time to rest and relax. I haven't been getting as much sleep as I usually do at home, but it doesn't ever feel late at my dorm because everyone's up late. I feel like my whole life is school right now. I live on campus, don't have a car here with me to get away from campus and my classes are spread out all during the day. By the time I get to my dorm in between classes I have to leave in 30 minutes to get to another class 15 minutes away. The days have been going by really fast though. I'm always so busy. I try to just get my work done during the week so I can go out on the weekend and have fun. I'm really excited about college because already I've learned so much. I feel like I'm being able to think better about things. Or I guess maybe deeper about things. Not just school related stuff but stuff about life as well. I've begun to think more about what I want and what type of person more about my opinion on things. I guess you sort of have to be like that at UT, because there are so many people. In high school no one really expressed themselves like the do in college. A lot of the classes push that during the discussion times I guess because the classes are so large. Our psychology class is bigger than my graduating class in high school, and everyone else I talk to have an even smaller class than I did. It's really weird but I keep seeing the same people in a lot of classes. I know of 5 people that are in 3 of my classes. Maybe it's just that I recognize them. I still don't really know what to expect from my classes. Most of them seem interesting except for Calculus and Economics. I really like the experiments we do in class. Ugh, I can't think of anything else to write about. I hope this is the way we were supposed to write this. Actually it's helped me relax and get out some of my feelings even though no one will read this. So I guess it's sort of like a journal. I actually don't feel as stressed now that I've gotten this done. It's one less thing I have to worry about. Now I have to figure out how to copy and paste it. I'm not very good with computers. ",n,y,y,y,n

2000\_951548.txt,"Wheres my bank literature. I don't know? I need to call Stefani. I wonder if she cheated one me. I think she did, oh well, in some ways, but I love her. This paper is orange; it looks cool. My dad is here, he's been drinking. We went to hooters. The girls there were completely the finest creature walking on the face of the earth lol. I had so much fun last night. I went to keg Thursday at our pool, then to a party. I met Dawn, we went to a sorority crush party on sixth street at the Soho club. It was so wild, I met sooo many girls, hell girls were all over me it was the greatest thing in the world. I kissed a lot of girls, may have gotten a possible girlfriend, the phone just rang, it was bridgette, she lives in illinois. My dad is watching the drew carey show and setting on my bed drinking on of my beers! he better by me more. Stefani. I love her, but I don't know if I want that to be apart of my life because it brings much stress, bush is a dumbass, now I'm talking to my dad at the same time. Gore was on letterman doing the top ten list. But if I go the other route and try my luck in relationship out with either karen or kareth I have a feeling my life is going to be much better now but maybe not in the future. So I'm torn between love and having a possibly better present life. What do I do???? Oh well, now I'm thinking of this assignment. This just might be the best or most fun assignment I have ever done. It says, you can be yourself, my psychology class is my most favorite class. Its really the only one that actually interests me. I missed class though the other day because our water was cut off and I hadn't taken a shower; that's the second time the water has been cut off here at melrose. It throws such a big dagger into any plans you have. You don't realize how water is such a big part of your life until its taken away. and it almost leaves you not being able to function. I have eight more minutes left. I wonder how much everyone else typed. I figure for some reason I might be typing less who knows. Oh well its not like it has to be a certain length or anything. And plus I can't exactly type as fast as I think. I need help in calculus, I have done really bad on my first two quizzes and am going to look into getting a tutor next week. and before I leave this evening I NEED to sign up for some outlook thingy for email in the business school about setting up a bus account. The girl I set with in class is really pretty, my dad just turned up the tv and is watching a sports show. Wow my stream of conscious is jumping around to everything I didn't realize I thought this much, but this even isn't the half of it because I'm thinking so much more than I can type. I met a UT football player last night, he was really cool. I miss playing football. I'm going to UMHB tonight to party with a few of my friends back from high school. I'm going home this weekend for the first time since I've been here. My clothes are washing. I wish my dad would turn the tv down. I have so many girls phone numbers all over the place from girls, I should really think about organizing that stuff or I'm going to loss them. I hate people who do drugs, so many people don't know how too party right and when enough is enough. Oh did I mention lol I love girls hehe. Wow, they are awesome!. I love to dance, Troy Aikman isn't going to play this week. I set my time on my clock, since the power went out this morning. I use CNN's time by which to set mine. I like watching comedy central, we didn't have it back at home. My computer messed up yesterday. and with that I'm spent! :) ",y,y,n,y,y

2000\_951640.txt,"I do not want to draw that apple again. It's so redundant that it completely diminishes the idea of art. I mean, I understand that Professor Gant wanted us to experience the ""discipline"" aspect of art, but it's really hard to express yourself with a piece of fruit. It's not even like one of those beautiful pieces of fruit you see in most paintings. It's from the Jester Cafeteria, so of course it looks like it's been through hell. I can't believe I paid seventy cents for it. That's relatively cheap, but it's a bruised, disgusting piece of fruit. The food there is expensive compared to the quality of it. Day before yesterday, I paid almost three dollars for a bowl of wilted salad and a glass of tea. Maybe I'm just being cheap, well, actually it's my parents money, so it really doesn't affect me, but still. I need to call my parents. You'd think emailing them everyday and calling them every other day or like every three or four days would be enough. But no, they insist that we talk every day so that my mom can whine about how she really wants me to come back home and go to Lamar. I know she's not being serious, they really want me here, but the whining gets really old, really fast. I'm so glad I got away from that area, it's such a hellhole. Everyone knows everyone else's business. I guess that's typical of a small town, but I hate it. Here no one cares who you are. I guess there are good and bad sides of that, but mostly good. My roommate is so loud. She's really nice and all, but she's a little annoying. She's also extremely hypocritical. She claims to be so openminded and liberal, but then I've heard her put down people who are religious, which is really closeminded. I was offended by it, too, I mean she knows that I'm a Christian and she knows that I go to church, which, by most standards is considered ""religious"". Oh well, I haven't been ""preachy"" about my views, so I guess I'll just attribute her closemindedness to ignorance. I really want to go to the Counting Crows concert, I'll have to get the tickets soon though. Adam Duritz voice is so powerful. Anyone who can evoke so much emotion from listeners using a song, has to be a musical genius. I mean how is it possible that I didn't cry when my parents left me here in a city of a million people, five hundred miles away from home. Yet, I cry when I hear him sing about a lost love. I don't even think it's the words that get me. Well, that could be part of it, but I guess it's the combination of the music and the lyrics and Adam crooning them out. I mean, I could be in a perfectly good mood, and I listen to a song, and halfway through it tears are streaming down my face. And I do this to myself repeatedly. It's almost like a sickness, maybe I have OCD or something. I hardly ever become emotional at movies or other times when the typically ""sensitive"" girl would cry. Maybe subconsciously I know that I need to cry at certain times, and that's what makes me listen to the music. ",y,y,y,n,y

2000\_951695.txt,"How do you know when you can really know what another person feels. How do I learn to trust what people say to me. It's hard for me to be in a relationship when I can't see that person everyday. I know that I am the kind of person that would never want to cause any pain, yet I see people who are in relationships for such wrong reasons. My friend was telling me that she is dating this guy yet already has plans on leaving him for something better. I don't understand why people can be so selfish to where they don't think of other peoples feelings. I am in a very intense relationship right now. I love my boyfriend with all my heart. Having a long distance relationship is very hard to deal with when you are the type of person who needs that comfort of a companion. I know how I feel for him and I think I know what he feels for me to, yet in a world where people can be so deceitful, I find it still possible that I can be the one being used in a relationship. I guess you must do what your heart tells you to because love is a risk. I believe it is worth taking. When you love someone, you have this vulnerable feeling towards them. I don't want to walk blindly into a relationship, being overwhelmed by the feeling of love but I would want to see how the flow goes. I want to learn how to be a good companion. I hope someday to make a really good wife. I find it important to marry your best friend. I can't wait until I figure out what life has in store for me. I want to do so many things and right now I feel so limited. I just hope that no matter what happens with my relationship now I can keep a friendship. I believe that the first love of your life will never die, and true love lives in you forever. I can never imagine not loving him anymore. I don't want to be person that is dependent on someone else but I do think that it is good to have someone to run to when things do always go right. Sometimes I feel like I don't know what to say when he runs to me with difficulties in his life. He always seems to know what to say to make me smile. When he told me about his cousin in the hospital and how he figured the funeral would be coming soon, I had no idea what to say. I didn't know what to tell him other than the only thing we can do is pray for him. I believe that that is all we have when we come to situations like that. I just wish I could talk to him and be able to be more comforting. I have to feel like I am bringing him a sense of comfort in this relationship. I love him so much and I don't want him to suffer any pain. It is just so hard not being able to physically be there for him because just the comfort of having someone at your side, can help you get through rough times. When I do see him I will hopefully know what to say when that moment comes. I find that ever chance that we do get to see each other I try to absorb the feeling of his presence. I try to remember his scent and the way his lips feel against mine. It's so hard to let go of him. I just want to try to treasure that moment so that it can get me through another week. I miss hearing his voice even though we talked just a day ago. So how do I do this going maybe four years of living in another city. My life right now is perfectly the way that I have always planned and dreamed, except for living away from him. I know that I am not in a place to compromise. I can't compromise my education. I have always dreamed of going to this university and now that I am here, I wouldn't dream of letting this go. Yet my problem is that I don't know that I could ask him to give up what he is doing, because I love him and I know that he loves what he does. Yes, it is possible that he could move to Austin, considering there are jobs available to him, but I wouldn't want him to make that decision because of me. I would want him to have more than me to move. So we just seem to take it day by day, but I can't help but ask ""Where are we going to be next semester, next year or after I graduate?"" my question must wait until the time happens. I have to just learn to have patience and see where destiny takes me. I will become stronger through all of this. I hope to learn selfconfidence and to be more dependent. I know that I have many good things to bring out to people and someday I will know who the person is that deserves my love and affection. Maybe I know it now but in time I will find out whether I am right or not ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_952120.txt,"I am here, miles and miles away from where I started. things are progressing slowly but I can see what I want now. yes for a moment it seems oh so clear and then it fades. it does not matter what I do with my life only that I am alive. anything besides being alive is what the time was like before I was born nothing. I do not fear this nothing however I just know it will be at the end of all my experiences. so I better make these experiences count. there is no resting no relaxing when there are times to be had. I again get distracted though. this body I inhabit continually calls upon me to fulfill its need. if it is not this it is that. but it is the only place my mind has to stay. sure it is a great tool beautiful in a way but I feel the drive to leave it behind. I spend many passages of time trying to discover what feeds the burning inside of me, what will motivate me to take a task to a great level. I want to design I want to build I want to create. a need is present to put something not just something but something carefully crafted out there for others to take in and make it part of their entities. I alone have fed off what others before me have so delicately created and taken it in through my eyes and ears and other senses. all those creations have helped craft the person that I am. so I know it is time to project all this back outwards with a spin that is all my own. and when I do this I must not think about it I must subconsciously perform using the feeling that lay inside me. I have found a companion. we have discovered that when we combine our idea our thought our joy our pain it becomes a thing of greater nature. we are translating our combined impulses into a media, a media that will allow this combination of raw human toil to be available for others if they so choose to spend the time taking it in and seeing if it is a part of them as well. ",n,n,y,y,y

2000\_952164.txt,"This is going to be a cool assignment. We just get to talk about what is going on right now in our lives. I think college is going to be really awesome. We are going to learn so much from all the different types of classes we are taking. I am very tired from classes today. It is tiring to walk all around campus. I will not take the loop cause I don't want to be lost or anything. I think that would be scary to get lost on the loop. My roommate just left to the coop. She has to return all these books. My computer is pretty slow and I hope it doesn't break down while I am typing this. I think that Jester is pretty nice. I am glad that my suitemates are really cool. They take me places cause they have cars. One is from Katy, and my other suitemate is from Austin. My really good friend is sleeping, because she is waiting for me to eat. We are going to go eat at Jester probably. It should be interesting cause I really don't like to eat Jester food that much. It was alright at lunch, but I think it is going to be pretty gross tonight. People stare in the windows at Jester. It is weird to think that there are people out there that could be looking at you. It is really has a pretty courtyard though. I am so tired. I don't think I have much homework to do tonight though. It should be interesting, because I have to write a paper for English. I really don't know what I should write it about though. I have no idea. Gregory is a really cool place. You get to run and workout. I like to play volleyball. That has been lots of fun being able to play at night. UT has really cool places to see around it too. I think I have eaten out so much. People here are so different. I think that is really cool though cause if they weren't, this place would be really boring and stuff. The computer is sometimes a waste of time. I know so many people that just sit and chat on the computer for hours. I think it is really fun too, but you don't need to stay on it for a couple of days. People think that college is really easy and therefore don't have to study. I think they are going to get a rude awakening sometime. My suitemate is trying to work her computer. It is pretty funny cause she doesn't really know how to work it. My sisters just sent me a care package. It was really cool. It had like some soap, and candy. It also had like pictures and stuff. I have to move out soon cause of the pipes are being installed. Well, my friend says to write about the future. I don't know about the future. It should be pretty interesting I hope. I think that I will have to study a lot this year. My sister is going to try to help me out though hopefully. She is going to have it hard. I am going to play I'M sports. I hopefully will be able to handle everything cause I know it is really going to be hard and stuff. I eat too much. I am pretty full and all, and we are going to go eat soon. I only have a couple more minutes so I will talk about how my computer is not working. For some reason when I got home it was broken. My friend tried to fix it. I think it will be alright. My favorite tennis player won the US Open yesterday. It was pretty cool. He is really cool. He is from Russia. I am tired once again. I just want to finish this. I have taken Psychology before so I hopefully will be able to help my friends also that are in my class. All the people from where I am from all hang out with each other. It is pretty funny. I think that everyone should meet new people. My friends tried out for the MTV show. I don't know if they made it though. My time is up. I am very happy. ",n,n,n,y,n

2000\_952191.txt,"After I finish this paper I'm going to go work out, then get something to eat at Jester Center. I need to get back in shape. I feel better. Then I'll finish reading from my Zen book and economics book. I hope I am not taking the same economics class I did last year at CCCC. That is going to be a big waste if it is. I can't wait to go home on Friday to see my friends and family. It's not all what is cracked up to be down here. Dallas is so much better. It bigger, better stuff to do. I just like that environment. It's ok down here. I really have not met many people. Just my roommate and a few in my dorm. Oh yeah, I almost forgot that I met a very friendly and pretty girl named Tanya today. She lives in 407 of the Towers. She told me to come by. I'm debating on going over there or not. I'm sure Brandi wouldn't like it. Obviously since we are not doing so good right now. I just don't know what to do with her. I feel like if I break up with her it is going to be a mistake. I don't know what I feel. I'm lost. I don't feel like I have the freedom to do what I want to do. Sometimes I just feel like I'm better of with out her. She would be crushed if I broke up with her since it would be like the 10th time. I feel like there is just something else out there better for me, but I never tell her that. The sight of seeing her hurt and crying makes me feel so guilty and sad. I feel so sorry for her. I lie to her all the time about my true feelings because they are so mixed right now. I feel like I'll be lost with out her, but that might be just because I was with her for so long. I am getting pretty hungry right now, but I need to work out first. There are a lot of fine girls that work out. Sometimes I wish I could hook up with one of them. Tomorrow night might be fun. I only have one class, thank god. I hate Tuesday's and Thursday's. Three classes from 812 is forever. Actually I just hate my Cal class. I can't stand sitting in those chairs they are so uncomfortable. Just two more days until I leave. I 'm getting pretty anxious about it. I can't sleep very much at night. I don't fall asleep until 2 or 3. Then I wake up very tired. I can't wait to back to sleep after classes. But then I feel like I'm pressured for time. If I sleep it takes away the time I have to study, therefore taking away my free time. So its either nap, or play. I hope my tests aren't difficult at least after I have studied well. I have this horrible fear that I am not going to do good and fail out. That is the last thing I want to happen. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_952391.txt,"I'm really use to writing for long periods of time straight and not stop. I keep a little diary myself and write my thoughts and feelings down whenever they overwhelm me. I suppose it's some sort of stress release because I always feel better afterwards. Writing in my diary has allowed me to express my feelings and emotions onto paper. This way, it's easy for me to look at it and then maybe figure out how I am to deal with the emotions. Some things I write about are problems with my relationships with other people. One entry I wrote just recently was about a problem with this guy. There was just so much pressure on me from this guy that liked me that I couldn't really stand it anymore. He told me he liked me, and I suppose he expected me to just like him back. Don't get me wrong, he is a good friend of mine. Maybe that's why it was so hard. But anyways, I was able to express my contained feelings into my diary. It really did help a lot. When I first heard of this assignment on writing for 20 minutes straight without stopping I thought to myself ""wow, this will be fun"". My roommate, on the other hand groaned and said she would never be able to do something like that. She says there's just not that much to write about. I told her how she could just write bout her day or whatever. 20 minutes goes by pretty quickly if you think about it. It's already been about 5 minutes since I started. I'm typing kind of fast. I suppose it's the flow of the words. Since there's no really structure on this assignment, I can write without thinking too much. I had a pretty harsh day today. Didn't set my alarm clock, thus I woke up 10 minutes before my first class started. And my teacher Is a real stickler for this timing thing. She wants us in our seats and ready to go by the time class starts. That is usually what I would do, but today, I really couldn't do much about that. I hate walking into class late. There's only about 500 zillion people that look at you when you walk in. And you know what they're thinking, ""man, SHE's late"". I don't like that feeling. Well after the lecture (which I understood very well) I had to go back home because I hadn't brushed my teeth or anything yet. The whole way back I was thinking, ""man. it's too early in the year to be starting this"". But I got over it. Told my friends and laughed at it for a little bit. That's one of the reasons I love having my old friends here at UT. There's always someone there for you. It's like bringing a little bit of home with you. I live with one of my old friends from high school and she's an awesome roommate. Her boyfriend is also one of my good friends. And his roommate is the guy that I mentioned earlier. that likes me. Then I have many other old friends that are hear with me, and it just makes me feel more safe and comfortable. But I know I need to make other friends and I do. I like to just talk to people I don't know. You know that old rule ""never talk to strangers?"" Well, I don't follow that one too well. It's always nice to meet new people. They can always share new things with you that you couldn't get if you just stayed with your comfort zone. I like to venture out and make friends and do new things. People that don't like to do that, I feel, are too closed and unwilling to experiment and find out. It's scary being here. A brand new place with all these HUGE buildings towering above. Scattering around like ants looking for classes. In Houston, we have big buildings and classes too, but, everything is so familiar there. I miss it, but I wouldn't want to be anywhere but here right now. I love the new atmosphere and environment UT provides. There are so many things to do. I'm enjoying it a lot. Maybe that's why I don't really feel a whole lot of stress with the new classes and deadlines and everything. I guess in happy here and that's what's most important to me. All the other things I can deal with as long as I'm feeling good. ",y,n,n,n,y

2000\_952457.txt,"I have been sitting in my room for the past four hours. I am addicted to a video game. I haven't studied. I haven't eaten. I haven't done anything except sit in front of my television screen and focus on my Sega Dreamcast. The game is Virtua Tennis. Along with my roommates, I have begun to form somewhat of an addiction to the game. We play everyday and sometimes we play as late as 5:30 in the morning. We have played all sorts of different players from all over the world and it sometimes takes as long as two hours to beat the harder players. Sometimes, I wish I could just take the game and throw it out the window. It is starting to run my life and it is drawing me away from my studies. Every night when I do get to sleep, I think about tennis over and over again in my head. It is like a disease that is eating away at my mind. I finally drew myself away from the game because I am starting to realize that my classes are important. I am now beginning to focus more on my work. Luckily, I haven't been in school long enough for this game to do anything to my overall effectiveness in any class. I think the main reason I was drawn away from the game is because I, along with my roommates, after hours and hours of playing, finally beat all the levels and achieved every goal we could possibly get out of the game. This video game has turned me into a lazier person than I have ever been and it makes it harder for me to concentrate on my studies. I must get rid of this game before it messes with my academics. Therefore, I am going to the store sometime soon to return the game, or at least exchange it for something much less addicting. By doing this, I feel I can better focus on my class work and devote more time and effort to studying and making a good grade in all of my classes. ",y,n,n,n,n

2000\_952476.txt,"There are so many things on my mind today. I am still trying to get the hang of college life and trying to cope with the new change. Everything here at UT is so different. College is different. It is not what I expected it to be or even what I had imagined. Do not get me wrong, I love UT, it is just that I am use to the High school ways. You know, the whole part of being spoon fed. Here I have to be responsible, be an adult, make my own decisions, and I am just not ready for that quite yet. UT is so huge and diverse. There are so many people and organizations. Right now I feel overwhelmed and a little out of place. I guess it is because I am a Freshman, but I know that I will get over it soon. I have been missing my family, friends, and boyfriend so much today. You see I have never really been away from home for more than a week, so this is really new to me. It is an experience. One that I know is going to change my life forever. All night I have been thinking of everything and how new all of it is, and it has made me a little scared and nervous. I have even felt a little stressed out about it. And now I have this thought in my head that I won't make it here at UT. But I know that it is just a thought and that all I have to do is adapt to this new change and work my hardest to make it be successful. I have four years here at UT. I plan to make them the best. Besides, I have always loved this school. Ever since I was a little girl this has been my dream school. And now that I am here I am going to make the best of it. I have the pride. I have the spirit. All I need to do is believe in myself and do my very best. UT is the best and I am very glad that I chose to come here. So in all, I guess the way I am feeling is pretty normal for a Freshman. I just need to get the hang of things and everything will be alright. Hook 'em Horns. ",y,y,y,y,n

2000\_952488.txt,"Three weeks ago I started out on an unforgettable journey through college. Although I have been preparing myself for this journey for what feels like forever, I don't think that one could ever be completely prepared for the adventures that lie waiting for them at The University of Texas. My school year started with a hectic and stressful week many people affectionately call rush. The name ""rush"" cannot even begin to describe the event that should be called ""stampede"". I can only imagine what hundreds of girls running around the UT campus in nice dresses and make up in the heat of August would look like to an innocent bystander that just happened to be on campus that day. With all of that over and behind me I thought that I could calm down for the start of school and get ready for the classes that were ahead of me. Boy was I wrong. I don't think that I have had time to sit down long enough to think since I have been here. My classes move so fast and the stress of walking from class to class without getting run over or getting lost is enough to make anyone go crazy. But, with every 15second brake that I get I have to sit back and enjoy the college experience that I am having. Sure I am busy, but the main reason I came to U. T. was to get out of my boring hometown and in to the always out of control city I now call home. I love it here and I can't imagine looking back on my college years with memories coming from any other place but Austin. ",y,n,y,n,n

2000\_952851.txt,"It is kind of hard to just do this on the spot like this. Well, let me see. I am thinking about a guy/friend that I have. He is not being very honest with me. It seems like he is trying to trick me into thinking that he is a really nice guy, but I know better now. He is just going behind my back. He got this new girlfriend and we had been going out before and we had agreed to stay friends, which I thought was a really good idea. But now he is trying to leave me hints to his new girl, but he won't just come out and say anything. He is just being really dishonest. Now I am thinking about how bored all of the reader of this project. How you all may have a real problem and I am fixated on stupid stuff. I am sure you that whoever is reading this must thing I am a really big idiot. Well when it comes to problems I am. I can't ever seem to settle things without messing up. It is such a shame that I can be good at stupid things like science, but I can't seem to solve anything without being upset. I guess I am so worried about what the other person thinks that I just ignore the fact that I need to look out for myself too. You know I can't really understand why I need to reveal my thoughts to some complete stranger. I guess it isn't a bad idea because all of this is kept confidential, but it just seems like the people that I have been trusting have be really dishonest, and I am not just talking about the guy I mentioned above. There is a girl who I really got to know this summer, but she was also dishonest. Maybe I am just a really bad judge of character. This would be a lot easier if I could write it down. I wouldn't have to keep backspacing all the time. My fingers are already getting tired and I haven't really been typing that long. My roommates alarm keeps going off. Why doesn't she just get out of bed and make us both happy. I am really a happy person in general. I mean I have my problems just like everyone else, but I am usually pretty pleasant. I must sound like an idiot. Why the hell do I even care what you think? I am never going to really know who you are and you don't know who I am. I mean you have my name and all, but you don't know me. And you can't know me just thought a little writing assignment. I wonder what you guys are going to do with these. I can't really see how you could do a complete project or anything. I guess you all have some reason. You know, I think I should be told what this is for. I mean I am just typing and thinking and I really don't know what this is going to do. La La La La La. Now my mind had drawn a complete blank. I mean I am always thinking; it is just that I am thinking about how there are so many more interesting things to think about. My typing skills have really improved since I have been in college. I mean I used to have to look at the keys, but now I don't; it is really nice. I wonder how that happened. I think that I always knew how to do it, I just didn't trust myself. I mean, it is still more comfortable if I look at the keys and I can go a lot faster, but I make more mistakes. I think that is because when I am not looking at the keys I am looking at the screen and I can see when I mess up. WOW! All of the statements I have made have been so profound. You would think that I would think about things a little more important. Hmmmmmm, like what I wonder. I could think about pollution or racial inequality. Maybe something like the deficit. The thing is I think more people are more concerned about them selves not the problems of the world. I bet the first thing that someone would write would be one of their problems. Ha Ha! Interestingly enough that is what I did. WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE GOING TO DO WITH THESE! I really want to know. I don' t know why it bothers me so much. I think I just need to relax or something. OK, it has been a little over 20 minutes. I am going to go eat something and watch some TV. I hope my brain interested you. ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_952893.txt,"Twenty minutes seems like a long time when you are asked to just sit there and type something but when you think about it it really isn't that long. You can do all sorts of things in twenty minutes that are enjoyable such as play guitar (which I don't) or scuba or imagine you are climbing mount everest and even if you don't do any of these things it is fun to pretend to do so. I normally am happy that I type very fast but now I'm realizing that since this is timed that will be a disadvantage to my fingers which hurt sometimes after I type for a long time, maybe I'm too old for this type of exercise. Its possible. Anyways, only two minutes have passed and this doesn't seem to be going anywhere. While we are on the subject of contractions in the English language, I noticed that I haven't been putting apostrophes in all of my contractions and that would probably make English teachers spin in their graves but it doesn't really bother me because I am a double EE/physics major and don't have to take any English classes ever ever hahaha, oh sorry, got the best of me, anyways where was I? I like orchids, they are the coolest flower. And that reminds me of that chinese art with the brushes where they use really dark ink to make the branches of trees or limbs of bushes and then really bright red or other color to make the petals of the flowers. The thing I like about those is that they don't have any leaves and I really wish I could do that art as they could. And now a whopping five minutes has passed and I am 1/4 done with this assignment and I don't know how I can possible continue writing this fast for that long but I guess I will have to endure, because if the Romans could withstand years of constant battle and such things (I don't want to pick the right word that would be a sign of conscious thought and we don't want that right now for this exercise (I hope I'm spelling that right)) where was I, you if the Romans can withstand all that battling and make all their cool things with limited resources then the LEAST I can do is write this for twenty measly minutes which really isn't that long and I'm thinking I could leave this here and say I'm a slow typist but that would be morally wrong and would be grounds for going to the effigy of fiery hell that is ruled by Satan and I don't know why I'm talking about this because I am not religious at all and the reason that is is because (is is is not good to use in a sentence, especially not is is is) sorry, anyways the reason I'm not religious is because of my scientific type of mind and even though my parents are religious (although not devoutly or anything) I still have trouble believing in any type of organized religion because if those people that made the religion or believe in it were born in a different country they would believe something different than they do now. and its still only been 8 minutes so this is going to be pretty long I assume. I used to test my typing speed while doing exercises like this because I can think of random things to say aster than I can read them so there is less of a limit to trying to put things into the keyboard (which by the way when you want to get something from the keyboard in C++ you have to type; near the top, and who said these classes didn't tie in together, they were obviously wrong. I'm really starting to run out of ideas so I think I will talk about Shakespeare a little while and why his philosophy is related to that of Michael Jackson's song ""bad"", actually that is all complete BS but if I talk in an eloquent enough manner no one will know, save the Shakespeare philosophers who are aficionados of Michael Jackson I really have to go back through this and be sure to fix all my errores gordos (that's what Mr. pickering called them in Spanish class, meaning fat errors, or errors that shouldn't be in a paper because they are so basic that no one should miss them, like capitalization and spelling and such) anyways I have 9 more minutes and I'm typing as fast as I was and this fan really is blowing some stinky air through the room and neither I nor my room mate can think of where the stench is coming from and I had put a typo on the last is which read S until I changed it and I bet you are glad you know that now, it put a lot of your worries to rest now that you know that I fixed my typo (hey that rhymed, pretty neat huh) and what's with all these words like neat and phat and off the hook and such, they are fun to say but why do we feel the need to say them, I was reading an article about how it helps teenagers identify themselves as distinct characters in a world of homogenous people and that kind of makes sense hold on I'm getting an AOL Instant message, but its from a person who I don't want to talk to at the moment because of some stuff that happened even though its all better know I must have a VERY long runon sentence but it doesn't matter now because this is not English class. back to that Instant message, someone just messaged me again and this time they are talking on some microphone and I'm supposed to be able to tell what they are saying but all it sounds like is a bunch of static and a low, distorted ""HALLOW"", hello, you see. and while I'm on the topic of jargon and slang I can explain to you some of the hold on some person in my dorm just walked in and he has on a grey shirt and his name is payab, but I'm not sure he is a freemason, speaking of which they are the people that lead a cultist movement and there was this person named MASON in our class who went to the air force and me and my friend always called him MASSSSONNNNNNN really loudly and obnoxiously when we saw him in the hall and thank the lord I only have a minute left of this assignment my fingers are tired and this sentence has been going (is sentence or sentence the correct spelling) anyways this has been going on for too long and now I want to quit and I'm looking down at the bottom right of my screen to see when the clock will hit 2:20 but is hasn't yet oh well close enough. ",y,n,y,n,y

2000\_952907.txt,"Today I woke up really late and I had to run to class which made me tired. My math class is so easy I don't even know why I'm in it. Well actually I do it's because I'm in this FIG and that is pretty cool. It helps a lot. I don't know what exactly I'm supposed to write but I'm trying to just keep going. I know that I am happy today because my girl friend Ginger is coming to town and I haven't seen her in a week. That also includes my mother. I really miss her and I know that she is lonely. I also miss my brother and sister and even my dad. I wish I could play video games and party with my brother like we used to before I left. Speaking of partying I haven't done any of that since I came to Austin which is supposedly this huge party city. I think the reason that I haven't partied is because I have not been able to meet many guys here yet and that is usually who I go party with. I also miss my party pals from Arlington they weren't my best friends but they were a blast to go party with. I wonder how they are doing right now. I think they are probably skipping class for no reason, again. I don't know why you would skip class in high school it just gets you into too much trouble. I never got in trouble in high school until the last day when me and a lot of senior guys rode our bikes up to school and then through the school. That got us Dhall, but it was worth it because the bike thing was really fun. In fact all of high school was really fun except no all of it was fun. It was easy there was always a party and I had a group of good friends to hang out with which made it even better. Those kids who are still there do not know how lucky they are to still be there. I mean I love college and everything but it is just way different. And living by yourself isn't all its cracked up to be. I mean I have to clean my room, do my own laundry, and stuff like that. I also think that I had good morals installed in me because I feel really bad when I party in my room, which I thought I would do all of the time. But I guess that also has to do with my roommate. He is just fresh in from India and is not that accustomed to living in America yet. But he is a lot cooler than I thought he was once I sat down and talked to him. I guess if you give people a chance most of them come through, except for the real jerks. I am listening to Prodigy right now and it is really fun to listen to I fell like writing down what it sounds like but since it is techno it would broadly be difficult for me to accomplish that. I wish that I had the musical talent and equipment to do something like that, but I have neither the time or musical capacity to really do that. ",y,n,n,n,n

2000\_953763.txt,"Things have changed so much since I got to college. Everything has taken a complete and utter flipside to the norm. I came here with two of my best friends from high school and now we are no longer speaking. Things get complicated. My plans for the upcoming and muchawaited Texas/Oklahoma Game has managed to break up a friendship very important to me. Its insane that such a petty conflict in such an unimportant situation can kill something that I've known so well for the past few years. Regardless, my life is so different now. I went through high school on a very tight leash with my parents and now I have no restrictions. No more ""be in by one o'clock"", no more ""you can't spend the night out"" no more ""do your homework"". Even though I'm supported by them primarily, I make my own decisions now. It seems a lot easier to go with the flow of things around here, do what I really want to do and not worry about what my parents think is the best decision or the right choice. School has also changed. I love my classes, my professors are wonderful, but the actual academics are a good deal harder. I went to a 5A school taking all honors classes, and everyone told me how the hard academics I was in then would make UT a breeze. Wroooong. I'm going to pull through, I'm determined. I love where I am. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_954075.txt,"I just completed the pretesting survey. Sigh, things like that make absolutely no sense to me. I can never decide exactly where I stand, and I can never define myself with the choices provided. Always have to compromise who I am. I always end up generalizing all of those qualities I have fought tooth and nail to keep. Starting college has been such a weird experience. A room full of people, but I am still alone, a street full of people, but I am on my own, a world full of people, I have nobody but myself. I am glad the ball has started to roll. College is beginning, and, so far, there have been no horrid surprises, I have not been ambushed by a detail I have overlooked. I now have to gauge the speed of that ball, and plan my life around it. I need to visit my family this weekend. That is a drag, I am just beginning to form this new life, just starting to assemble my new identity, and I have to disassemble everything, and hide it in the closet. Family, sigh, the wonderful thing about family is you are sentenced to being around people who you probably will never get along with. Parents are even funnier. You are sentenced to respect and obey these people you probably will never get along with. I bet you are assuming I don't get along with my family, that we fight all the time. Right and wrong. I don't get along with my family, the key word is I. The person they think I am gets along with them perfectly. We haven't fought in 2 years, that was the last time I tried to be myself around them. Then I realized that I had to either bullshit them and survive, or go down in history. So here I am, Mr. Bullshit. Sigh. Sometimes I wonder where the bullshit ends and I begin. I stopped wondering about that a while ago. It was too hard to tell. I hate every person who is in my life right now. My roommates are ok, but immature. My girlfriend, that's right, girlfriends, are not compatible with me, but I am not willing to give up having sex, to be perfectly honest with them. At least not until I can find somebody I get along with, and can have sex with. I don't know why I place so much importance in sex, but that is all I can think of when I see a slightly attractive woman. I feel so evil sometimes, but I am sure my parents would be proud. I might be a depraved heathen, but at least they taught me how to bury myself under selfguilt. Good for them. This is the end of the twenty minutes; I need to go get my laundry out of the dryer now. Until next time. Ciao. ",y,y,y,n,y

2000\_954100.txt,"People laugh at the same things over and over. There doesn't seem to be any diminishing of reward. No matter how long a joke has been around, no matter how old the recipient is; the same things seem to make people laugh. Why is that? Maybe it's because we like hearing the same stories over and over, associating them with our memories. Like ""Star Wars"". Nobody today looks at Star wars and says, ""man, check out those models! No strings? How did they do that?"" or, ""Man, that Hark Hamill is a great actor!"" But most of us can remember a time when we would have said that, so we just watch it over and over and over again. Nobody would do that with ""Schindler's List"". And the fact that Schindler is now IN Star Wars just mucks it all up. That's why everyone thinks Episode One sucks they're beyond the point where they want to see any more of that. The fact is that they're all fairly crappy, especially Return of the Jedi. Good god, was that awful! But people go back and say it was the best, because it reminds them of all the other crappy entertainment they were exposed to when they were kids. Come on, ""Care Bears"" was the most blatantly stupid piece of crap ever to grace the airwaves. Why did we ever like that in the first place? Well, it was the 80's nothing else was on. How did the end of the 80's manage to shift the entire culture of the world from pretense of high fashion to pretense of intelligence? Suddenly, everyone wanted to be knowledgeable about politics and science, or at least enough to talk about them, which was not at all. You barely need to know what the terms mean to debate something. I've seen ""very intelligent"" high school kids debate for hours on end without even knowing one of the issues. They bring in stuff that makes no sense to the argument, like the bible. What the heck does Isaih have to do with campaign finance reform? All the people in the bible lived under a sovereign government they didn't even have elections! There weren't even ideas at the time to compare to these, because the closest thing to democracy at the time was the Roman government, and we all know that the idea of reform was ludicrous to everyone but the people who got ripped off by the government. Since most of them got ripped off by being murdered, it's not like they can very well put forth a campaign. The Romans had a much cleaner system of getting rid of people they didn't like the only liability was that you had a fairly good chance of being knocked off by someone long before you reached the ripe old age of 35. Might as well have been anarchy, but then again, you need some semblance of order to keep people from panicking and having the whole thing fall apart. Of course, we know how well that strategy worked, considering the glory of the current Roman Empire. ",n,n,n,n,y

2000\_954203.txt,"Today I skipped class for some reason. I don't know why I do these things. I know it is bad and I have nothing better to do, yet continuously I do this. What am I going to do with this major I have selected?. I don't even know if I what to stay in school. I want to work on my boat, and that is all. I need to finish the floors, fiberglass them. Add the carpet, insulate the cooler. Do all the engine work, hopefully the thing will run without incident. I need to buy coil wire, gas, carpet, foam padding, more fiberglass resin, collector gaskets, I already have the spark plugs. I hope nothing goes wrong because I accidentally hit the tab button and the web page backed up on me. If so when it happened I was five minutes into writing the paper. This keyboard is vastly uncomfortable and the next twelve minutes are going to suck. I am now typing with just one finger. I want Roy to bring his boat out this weekend. We could use my truck to put it in the water so I can look cool. That is of course if I fix the bastard. I wonder if someone reads this. What if I were to type a bunch of curse words. How would my grade change. Too bad I won't try this because my GPA sucks as it is right now, therefore I must be as courteous as possible. My hand now hurts extremely bad and I still have seven more minutes. Now I stood up to see if it helps my hands. It seems to work as long as I use the one finger method. I keep hitting the wrong buttons. I wonder if I could sue the professor for damage to my hands due to this project? Too bad the professor does not make jack for pay. I need to find a rich bastard to sue so I no longer have to attend school. If someone reads this I wonder if they think I am as sick as I really am. In case of technical difficulties my name is Steve Gernon. Not that a TA would have the brains, oops sorry about that. At this point there is one minute and I cannot wait. It's the best moment of my life. I can now leave this god awful position and get on with my life. ",n,y,y,n,n

2000\_954778.txt,"It's been a long day and my head and body are tired. I think that my classes are going well but I feel a little worrisome due to the fact that I have not had a grade taken in any of them. I see people in school and wonder what they are thinking, and wonder why so many people are afraid. They seem scared to talk or to smile or even look up while they are walking this huge campus. With so many people around and the diversity being so big I feel they are missing out and are short changing the rest of their school by not being social. Lately, work keeps awake at night. I always feel as if I have things to do but do feel like doing them. I get upset that my teachers make us read so much. They need to be more hands on to get my attention. Also it seems as if school is not that big of a deal to my friends it bothers me because I don't like school either but I still have to do it. I guess this is what college is all about. The few that do take it seriously are the people that end up doing the best, at least I hope. But what happens to all the people that don't take it seriously. You always hear about those individuals that struck it rich because they didn't follow the norm. I wonder if I'm one of those people. I know that either way I'm lazy so I don't think I'll find out. I miss laura, I think of her a lot and I see her image in a lot of faces. I see curly hair and I imagine her walking, or if I see her figure on a girl I look up to see the face but its' not her. I wish she was here for at least a second. just that one touch of her hand made things better. She always made me laugh and happy. I think I did the same for her, but I still wish she was here with me. love is weird. I think love is something that everybody has with one another and with some it's even stronger. And that strong love is what causes the weird stuff like marriage and so forth. But I wish people would only say love when they meant it. It's used so frequently that now it doesn't have the same affect as it used to. but oh well who really cares. I think laura was the one person who understood what love meant to me, her and my mom both knew. But everybody else thinks I'm weird. Why is a relationship bad to have even if it is long distance isn't that relationship better than not having one at all. I feel that if you really care distance can't stop what the heart feels even if you can't see, touch or hear them. ",y,n,n,y,n

2000\_956652.txt,"Somehow I just submitted an blank assignment so hopefully this one will submit when it is completed. I should be studying for my first astronomy test right now. Somehow I managed to put it off until the last minute like I did with this writing assignment. I need to break this procrastination problem before I get any further into the semester. I have this problem every fall that I have been in college. In spring I am fine I get everything done ahead of time. I am sure it has nothing to do with fall or spring. I am hoping this fall my grades will be awesome but it is hard adjusting to a new environment. I just transferred to UT after 2 years at the University of North Texas. I have been living here now for almost three weeks. I feel like I'm on vacation or something. While I miss my old apartment and friends, I am very happy to be here at UT. I couldn't get in to UT directly after high school because of my class rank. I didn't really concern myself with school in high school. Suddenly when I started at UNT academics became more important to me and my grades improved. I applied to UT expecting to not get accepted because I had heard horror stories of how hard it is to transfer in. It came as a complete surprise when my parents called and told me I got a letter of acceptance. I instantly decided that I was ready for the move. It never really hit me that I was leaving my friends behind in Denton until now. I think I offended one of my closest friends in Denton because I was so excited about moving and didn't really seem to care that I was leaving. Suddenly two weeks before I moved she decided irrationally that she never wanted to speak to me again. Oh well. I love Austin. ",n,n,y,n,n

2000\_957713.txt,"I'm realizing, as I begin to write this, that this psychology assignment is probably the weirdest thing I've ever had to do for a class. On one hand, it seems utterly useless, but then again, I know nothing about psychology, so I'm fascinated to find out how they can use something like this for scientific purposes. I just got my wind ensemble music about half an hour ago, and I'm already nervous. I'm also really hungry. I should be meeting Ashley for lunch right now in Kinsolving, but I'm doing this assignment instead. Hope she's not mad. I don't think she will be. Christina wanted to eat over there anyway, and I'd like to try their food, so we'll probably go over there for lunch. Maybe not dinner. I have rehearsal tonight for LHB. Dang it. The last thing I feel like doing right now is marching. It's so hot. I really miss Doug. He's been on my mind every once in awhile, ever since I started school. I don't know why I think about him so much. I've tried to deal with these feelings before, and they've gotten better, but only a little bit. I think of him as a friend, but a part of me still likes him a lot. I don't know why. I should know better. He's the last person I'd ever want to date. But maybe that's why I like him so much, that whole ""opposites attract"" theory. I don't know. Actually, it's not that I don't want to date him, but he has so many qualities that I shouldn't like. When I think about his friendship with Carolyn, it always stirs up jealousy inside me. I know I shouldn't get jealous of her. They were such good friends more than friends for awhile, and there's no reason that I should mean as much, or more, to him than she does. I should be happy for them. I love carolyn. She's one of my best friends, but at the same time, she drives me crazy. I don't think she realizes how much it hurts me when she talks about how sweet doug is to her and everything. I wish she'd just make up her mind between him and zag. But the more I think about it, the more I don't miss all that crap from high school. I know there are going to be other guys that I meet I already have met several in LHB but it's just that I don't know anyone well yet. There's nobody that I can just talk to, or sit beside and listen to them talk, like I did with Doug. I really miss those times when he'd play with my hair or hold my hand or stroke my cheek. All the times carolyn wasn't around. Weird. No, I need to stop thinking like this. What did my book say? I'm supposed to wait for God to put someone in my life. I shouldn't go chasing after guys (like Carolyn does) because that'll only get me hurt. I try so hard to be good and do what my Christian friends say, but I guess it's that human nature that makes me want to do the other things. I'm really getting hungry now. I think she just finished her calculus, so maybe we can go eat when I'm done with this. I wonder if dad ever found my phone last night. I hope I can remember where I put it, because I really need to have it. I wonder how Matthew is doing with his region band music. I'm so nervous for him. I really want him to beat Brandon. No, I don't. I just want him to get some more confidence when he plays in front of people because he is so good. Well, pretty good, at least. If he had some attitude, or if he didn't get so nervous, he'd be awesome. I wish I could fix it for him. Doug has so much confidence. Matthew needs to be more like Doug. In some ways, at least. I miss me. Nicks, too. Sometimes this whole college thing feels temporary, like I'll go back to school in a week, and everything will be normal, and fun, and stressfree. Jennifer and Jean and Rosie are doing a good job, but there are so many things that I wish they could do differently. Conducting bugs me the worst. Or maybe it's just the fact that they've replaced me. I'm no longer needed at Connelly, and that really bothers me. They might miss me, but they don't need me anymore to keep things running, and it hurts to think about that. Of course, it's kind of nice to be at the other end of the spectrum for awhile, and not know what's going on. Being a freshman is nice, to a point, but then it just drives me nuts. I wish I had a tape player so I could listen to Mr. P's tape. I can't believe wind ensemble is starting tomorrow. I wish I had my car down here with me. I feel so isolated, helpless. I'm homesick, but not really. I just miss Doug, I think. I wish I could've seen him this weekend. I can't wait until I make some good friends here, but all the guys I've met so far are so immature. It's frustrating. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_958343.txt,"Right now I'm a little bit depressed, not much has gone my way this week. I made some fabulous friends last week and we were all planning on going home together tomorrow, but now they seem not to want me to go with them. I don't know why everyone is getting mad all of the sudden, maybe it's something in the air. quite ridiculous, if you ask me. I have tears in my eyes as I'm typing, which is strange because I have tried so hard to not let little things get to me. My mom has always told me that I was overly sensitive, I thought I could overcome it, I think I can overcome anything. I had Mono a few years ago, and I overcame that one. My mind has not been forced to think in a while, people that I've talked to are just not to stimulating, I guess I should go and hang out in a coffee shop or something. I always thought college was going to be so much fun, and it's really not. I am this close to packing my bags and going home. Last week, I was the stereotypical college student and now, definitely not. My roommate and I are just not compatible, I mean she's a nice girl and all and she has good intentions, but I find her incredibly dull and childlike. She is a sophomore and I am a freshman. She has a really low self esteem and that's something that I don't deal well with, because I used to too. I don't like to think about those times, because I've overcome them. I fear that she is what I will become and it makes me resent her a bit. I don't want to live the life, or lack thereof, that she is leading. I make my life incredibly competitive, and I like to win. My cousin is down here, she rushed, she's actually in this class. But we've competed with each other all of our lives, whether the other one realized it or not, driving home, getting ready, meeting guys, they were all competitions. She and I are both incredibly stubborn too, so we butt heads quite often. I know that I've changed this year, and she has too, but we've changed differently. She's become more and more dependent on people, she can't be alone at all and I've become more and more independent of folks, for instance tonight, I walked over to the turtle pond and fed the fish, Carrie would freak out if someone told her to do that alone, but I really enjoyed myself tonight, I haven't felt that quiet peace in a long time down here. I don't know if UT is the right place for me, and I don't know. This is ridiculous. I'm here, and I'll graduate from here. Is this the sort of paper you're looking for? My mind is definitely not in a deep ponderous mood. This his how my mind works, worry after worry. I'd rather not get too far into myself here, if that's alright. On a happy note, I saw a guy in my Philosophy class today with absolutely Amazing hair. It was bleach blond and had four inch spikes! I admire people being gutsy enough to do that, never in my life would my hair be in spikes or fuchsia, I'll just stay the way I am. I miss my dog. I talked on the phone to my parents last night and I heard her bark in the background. I am ready to go home that's pretty much what has gotten me through this week. It has been the first time that I've gotten homesick. I think it's because I am going home tomorrow. Before, I didn't get homesick because I didn't allow myself to think about it too much, but I saw a Dallas Morning News today and got all choked up. What is all of this about anyway? Where do I benefit in the long run of living with someone I don't like and being forced to eat bad food? I'd much rather be in my own apartment. HA! My folks would really go for that one. They are so overprotective. The people that I was originally going home with are going to the Dave Matthews concert, and my mom won't let me go, I'm also not allowed to go to the TX v. OU game. That is stinky! I just need a good cry and a good nap and a hug from my grandma and everything will be fabulous again. I swear! If my roommate asks one more time if I want to talk about anything that's bothering me I will scream. I told her already that I'm writing a paper and she is still jabbering. Okay, Deep Breath. Back to Grandma. She is the cutest old lady in the entire world. She is definitely a cookiecutter grandma. It's fabulous. I told her I was coming home and she got so excited! My twenty minutes are up, but I feel much better now, I'm glad I got to take all of my emotion out on this essay rather than on my roommate! I don't know quite how to end my thoughts, even though I am 99. 99% sure that no one will ever read this. ",y,y,n,y,y

2000\_959324.txt,"It is late, and I know I should have started this earlier tonight, but I procrastinate. I wonder if the perfect guy for me is out there somewhere and thinking about me right now and I do not even know. I just put to rest my last relationship. Too bad I messed things up with a great guy for a guy who treats me badly even though I love the guy who treats me badly. I hate that he is in my head every day, every minute. I tell people I have put him out of my life, but is he really? Every time I say that he comes back into my life and I love him even more than I did the time before. I hope that God is up there on his thrown writing down in my life book that I will meet my perfect mate tomorrow and when I do I will just know that he is the one for me. I would get married at a young age if it was the right guy and he asked me to marry him. I hate when my stepmother tells me I should wait until I have lived alone for a few years before I get married. Just because that is what she did does not mean that it is what I should do. Every person is different and I should follow my heart. I'm quite scared though because my mom did not have good luck with finding a wonderful man to share her life with. I mean, my dad cheated on her and my stepfather beat her. I hope it is not genetic. I don't know if I am willing to stand out in the heat tomorrow and Thursday to draw for football tickets. I want to see the OU game, but I really want to see it from the comforts of my home. Plus, I do not have a date and everyone else will and I will feel out of place. My roommate is with her boyfriend. I am jealous of her because she has a great boyfriend and I want one too. I spotted this goodlooking guy in my philosophy discussion group and I would like to get to know him more. I have emailed him though and he hasn't emailed me back. I think that I saw him tonight while I was walking down the street, but I did not want to stare, so I could not get a very good look. I am looking forward to getting married and waking up in the same arms every morning. I even have everything for my perfect wedding planned out. I want to get married on the same day my grandparents did and I want to have a big orchestra playing my favorite slow songs. I wish that I would be walking down the aisle to Ryan, but he does not want me. If he did I would be the happiest girl in the world. He makes me feel like a princess when I am with him and he is treating me right. I only wish that one day he will open his eyes and realize what he gave up because he said he wanted to be ""free"". I guess I did mess things up with him though because I lied to another guy. I was just so confused this summer and I did not know what I wanted if I could not have Ryan. He would be my first choice over any guy in the world and it should not be like that because he hurts me so many times too. I just loved being with him. I wondered if my grandparents knew that they would be together for so long when they were married fiftyseven years ago. I think that is so special and I would thank God every day if I had that same thing happen to me. I am thirsty, but I am too lazy to get up right now. I hope that I can get my two friends together soon. It is weird that the guy that is like my brother now is the first boy I ever kissed. It was so long ago though. Who would have thought that he and I would be so close now that it would be like we were brother and sister? ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_959855.txt,"Right now at this moment I am feeling a little anxiety. I tell myself that this is normal, being a first year student I should feel this way. But the thought does not comfort me. For some reason I feel I am the only one who is going through this right now. I don't feel anxiety all the time though, when I run into friends or go to class it all disappears. My only explanation is that I am comfortable with routine. I hate routine. There is nothing exciting about it, it's just boring. There's no risk in routine or adventure, only security. Maybe that's why I feel so much better when I have work to do or a class to catch. I hope I grow out of this and become more relaxed. The way I see it is that the only way I'm ever going to grow out of this is to get use to the different lifestyle by gaining confidence over time. You can only gain courage towards something as you do it. All I have to do is get over that first hurdle, just do it and not think about the situation for too long. That's my problem; I worry about the future way too much. Worrying is a waste of time and I know that from experience. Half the things I have worried about here at school have turned out to be nothing. But for some reason I still worry, I worry a lot. I have noticed that nothing ever turns out the way you plan in your head. So if I plan on worrying, why do I actually worry? I know there's a good chance it won't happen because I thought of it. I will never enjoy life like this. If this keeps up I'm going to have a problem. I want to go out into the world and totally change something. But I know for sure that won't happen if I don't grow up!. ",n,y,y,y,y

2000\_962395.txt,"I can hear my roommate clicking on her mouse as she searches for something over the Internet. She's doing her homework, which, to me, seems overwhelming. It's not like high school where even the hardest classes were easy. They were all just blow off courses to me. I never had to really work because the teachers never really graded. College is different though. It's real. High school never counted for anything, but college can determine your whole life. That is what worries me. I feel that one little screw up can ruin my entire life. I have so many worries, so many fears of the future, of making a wrong turn. Man. I look at it now and run into a corner, trying to hide from it. I remember I use to think high school was important, but it never was. I always felt I wasted my high school years. I should have spent more of it doing things I shouldn't have been doing, not doing things I should have been doing. I could have had more fun, I guess. I did have a lot of friends, though. But, I recently met an acquaintance from high school; he didn't think I had any friends. How sad, I thought. He thought I was a loner and made me name all my friends. I didn't even get through half of them, and he said to stop. It's strange. This is the guy whose motto is don't judge. He judged. Everyone judges, even those who promise they won't. I guess in a way he's a hypocrite, but everyone is a hypocrite. That's what's wrong with this world. Society always makes rules, they tell others don't do something, but yet, they still end up doing it themselves. My friend told me that if evil didn't exist then there could be no good. There would be no standards for good. That's very true, I thought. Everyone would always be on the same ground, and no one could be called a genuinely good person. That wouldn't exist and the happiness from finding one who is actually genuinely good wouldn't exist either. Then there's one less thing to be happy about in this world. We need all we can get. There are to many starving people in this world, too many sick, dying, thirsty. There are always abundances where they aren't wanted and not enough where it is wanted. Like recently, Australia was overcome with huge floods. I remember having to take off my shoes and roll up my pants to walk through a river that wasn't supposed to be there. Dead fish floated in it because the water was so cold. There was too much water there, not enough here. But this memory was happy, nonetheless. It was a strange thing that I would normally not have to do. I stood on the tip of my toes with my gear slung over my back and shoulders and walked carefully as to not step on the mounds of dead fish sitting on the river bend. The fish were sad. They died of cold, but in a way it was fascinating to see them. They were being eaten away by bacteria, and their eyes were huge and black, and empty. Their fins were torn up and gills were opened from the bacteria chewing at them. It was horrible, but at the same time fascinating and wonderful. How strange. I'm so against killing animals, but at the same time, something like this is a magnificent sight. I guess that makes me a hypocrite too. No one can avoid being a hypocrite no matter how hard they try. I say I try not to act on my judgments, but I always do, if not then there could be no opinions, and everyone would be naive. In a way though, I have it better than others, I think. I don't see people when I think of them; instead I see the colors I associate with them. How strange, I always think, but that's how I really do see them. I can never see a person unless I actually try to look at their face and when I do, it's strange. It's not familiar. I looked at my sister's face, and even though I've known her my entire life, I was surprised that is the way she actually looks. How strange. My friends think I'm strange for that reason I think. I can't see a person, I can only see their colors, and when I look at a person, they don't seem like the person I know. Because of this, I never look at people anymore. I forget how they look, but I always remember the feeling they give me when I'm around them and the emotions they stir up. I think this is the best way to think. I'm glad I can't see like I'm supposed to. I always have a layer before real sight, and it's wonderful. ",n,y,n,y,y

2000\_966826.txt,"It is 4:59 and I have some time to kill while waiting to beat rush hour traffic back to my apartment. I can't help but think it would be sad, for some reason, if all that I am going to write here is going to be lost in a sea of other streams of consciousness, that I will only be graded for the fact that I did it and not examined for the content of my mind. Does everyone hold their mind as sacred? I can't help but instinctively correct my misspellings, so in this way I guess I am somewhat obsessive/compulsive. It's quite liberating to intentionally let it go for a few minutes. This openended assignment, pouring out my mind onto a computer screen page and what do I have to say? This 20 minutes is oddly precious to me because there is that slim, slim chance that someone will read it and be curious or something anything to analyze me take interest show me who I am sometimes I think that's what life is about everyone trying to be seen, heard, thought of, appreciated, hated, loved, whatever allows them to express the energy, the thoughts, the storm inside. this is horrible writing and yet I wish I had had many assignments like this in the past, free writing, free from restrictions and completely for the purpose of interpreting my thought structure. Who doesn't want to be analyzed? Who doesn't want to analyze? I know that I am biased and can only assume that there are others with the opposite desires of mine, ones who seek to hide and let others speak, be seen, be criticized, revered just watchers, ""voyeurs"". I had a conversation with a couple of friends in a pool one night in which we were talking about our fringe sexuality, what we preferred to do, which roles we like to take. My friends considered themselves ""voyeurs"" and I had to admit that I am more of an exhibitionist, watch me watch me dance, hear me speak, smell me, form your own opinions I only seek to give you something to focus your attention on if that's cool with you. It strikes me as funny that I am speaking to you in the first person, as if this is going to be read, and if it is does it strike you as funny that I am talking to you to the extent that I can, rather than just writing and perhaps addressing things more formally or in the abstract, using different pronouns? I was thinking in class today, oh. some of these people are not used to thinking or being taught to think in a rational objective and scientific manner. I thought again about how different I feel from the freshman now, how my perspective has changedooh ten minutes is up and I feel like I've written a lot. If I were a TA I would sort through these, being very curious and interested in the beginning, and towards the end as I read more and more streams of consciousness my interest would wane and I would look for the shorter ones to read, just to lighten my burden of grading them. But perhaps you have already taken this into consideration and are ""true to science"" YAY! making sure that you choose these completely randomly. I am constantly thinking of people in terms of astrology because it has been a hobby of mine, it supplies me with a wealth of descriptions for different aspects of personality, interaction and life and yet I cannot defend it as scientific, but is something that is unscientific still useful? It has certainly given people (I've talked to) different slants on their problems and concerns, it seems that there is all kinds of analysis that though unscientific can be incidentally helpful to people. I don't discount science, I do believe in the value of scientific testing to a certain extent, as long as we don't lose the other helpful methods in the process. It's a tough tough thing. Of course 99% of everything you are going to see is either subjective entirely or subjective under the pretense of being (somewhat or completely) scientific, which is dangerous I can imagine. But as long as one admits the subjectivity and conditions of what they propose, isn't that honest enough to move on and get something out of it? I have been asking a lot of questions! How defining of me! Now I (as usual) will consciously battle myself over questioning. I will try to stick to statements and feel very stupid for doing so, give into questioning perhaps, and then sooner or later, 3 minutes actually the time will be up. Well love and life and craziness and all the things I thought I would end up saying are not surfacing here, although I think of all of them regularly death, sex, friends, jobs, spirituality, drugs, sex ha ha ha. life life life. why is it that somehow writing gets blocked in the middle of an easy flow? I think I remember once reading about oh shit I lost my train of thought oh yeah, I think it might have been Carl Jung (one of my favorites) talking about how people's hesitation in experimental games like word association indicates an issue awakened at the hearing of a word. Those few seconds that you pause when someone says ""mother"" or something, those tell your therapist everything ha HA! Uhoh time's up. This has been vaguely spellchecked, just enough so you can understand which words I was using. Thank you very much. ",y,y,n,n,y

2000\_973864.txt,"At this moment I am in the FAC computer lab typing away among about 100 other students. Being a freshman, these first couple of weeks have been VERY hard of me. I live at home and commuting, to me at least, isn't a problem. But to other people, it is. They can't believe that I do. They think I have no life, won't make any friends and will be stuck at home my entire life. Which some of that is true. I do have a life, SCHOOL! I'm not going to UT to make friends, I'm paying to go here to get an education and make something of myself. Not to party on the weekends, get drunk, have sex with random people and ""buy"" my friends by joining a sorority. I probably will live at home during my undergraduate career. And why not? I live 15 miles away, why spend $8000 on room and board? I saves SO much money. I have a big family, 7 people. My older sister will be going to Medical school in two years, I plan on law school, my little school wants to be a doctor too and my little brother doesn't know yet. That much education, plus tons of other expenses add up. We could afford to live on campus, but I like my room and bed at home. We're hoping not to take out any loans for all my siblings and mine education, since taking and charging interest go against my religion, Islam. But enough of that. My classes are going well, except for this class, to be honest. I haven't done the reading. Which I better do soon, and I know I will. I've heard James is a good teacher, and I'm a great student, so there shouldn't be a problem. I know most people, especially freshmen, are too busy being distracted and having fun that all they care about is passing the class, or making a B. Which is fine. I really want an A though. Difficult to most people isn't that hard to me, I've always been in AP classes and I can handle working hard, which not a lot of people can, and not a lot of people want to. Besides school though I have two jobs. One at Tinseltown USA, and a box office person, selling tickets. And the other at Kaplan Test Prep, as an student advisor. I hate the latter. I wanted to quit so bad but they begged me to stay since a lot of people are leaving. The managers are SO rude to the students, which is SO wrong because they are paying $1000 to come there. But I only work Sunday, so it's all right. I don't have a boyfriend, which I sometimes wish I did. I want a companion, someone I can always talk to and someone that will listen to me and love me. It's really lonely not having someone like that. There are guys I would date, but either they wouldn't date, they haven't asked yet, or I can't date them. The can't category being one of my managers from work. He is the nicest guy I have ever met in my entire life. He's genuine, caring, goodlooking and funny. He deserves THE BEST. He's only 25, which is 7 years older than me. I'm pretty sure he doesn't have feeling for me, and that's ok. I like the friendship we have now. I can talk to him about whatever I need to and he'll always be considerate about it. I wonder no one has taken him yet? I would if I was ready to get married. I've taken a few weeks off from my theatre job so I don't see him. Twenty minutes has gone by, but I like this. I didn't to clear my head. It's a good thing there is a writing assignment like this. I almost want to keep a journal now, which I've heard is a good idea. I think I'm going to go eat now, and then go to an SI for this class. :) ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_975545.txt,"I'm pretty stressed out right now, I just have to get this paper out of the way so I can start on my other 615 hours of homework. What is going through my mind right now, hmmm I haven't called home enough. I've skipped Biology too many times, but I still need an A. I think the teacher is throwing way too much at us for this to only be a 2 hour class. I can get through it though. What is going on in my mind right now?? Actually, I'm thinking I need to think of something interesting to write about so the person who has to read all these doesn't slip into a coma and die. I have a date tomorrow night with a girl that I hardly know, but she was cute enough I don't know what I think about this date thing every weekend, it is getting very old way too fast. How is that supposed to help me adapt to college life. A date is not necessary for every single event, especially when I am dressed up as Country Club Ken (by choice of course). I just heard from someone that this socalled hot date I have has some personal issues. What is that supposed to mean? No one would go into detail, just that she had issues. She could be a bulimic head case for all I know or it could be something simple like she is very into herself. I have a friend who always says that about someone else, but they couldn't describe it. I'm worried about my roommate. He acts strait but every once in a while I catch him staring at me when I get out of the shower. Now that I think about it, it is extremely hard to write about my constant thoughts, because you have to put effort into typing it out, you cannot just think. In class, that is when I can think continuously without interruption, the things that go through my mind in one hour of lecture can begin with some girl I saw looking at me and end up with my thoughts about my first exam next week. There is one good looking girl on my floor that I keep going back to, I winder if she has issues as well. I have been to her room a couple of times, but I can't decide if it could happen or not, I do not like to go for things unless I am absolutely positive she will say yes. Maybe I think about girls too much, but I am a college freshman boy and what else do we think about besides school occasionally and my lack of money by the second week of the month. How in the world does that always happen to me once I get on my own, I could always manage money at home, but the day I moved up here it just disappeared and now I am already left with hardly nothing. People always told me that, but I never listened. ",y,n,y,y,y

2000\_975827.txt,"I guess the way I feel right now is overwhelmed. I just came back from a class of 540 students, which is double the number of kids in my whole graduating class. Although there are many students here who are so excited to be away from home and all on their own I wouldn't mind going back home and staying their for a while. I am very pleased with my life at home and this sudden change has left me to start all over. Although I know this is a part of life I feel as thought I am losing some of my childhood friends yet no one is replacing them. At first I told myself that is just how I feel and if those childhood friends felt the same then I might be right but this whole summer all of my high school friends were ready to leave for college. Now that we are all separated we understand how much we depended on each other. I have been here three days and everyday for at least an hour I have talked to my friend back home. I guess what scares me the most is that when you meet someone here you have no idea where they came from, where they have been, or what type of person they are. Back at home we all knew each others families, knew what type of person they where etc. I can truly same that moving to Austin has definitely made me reevaluate myself. Not to be cocky but back at home everyone knew who I was and what type of person I was, but here everyone thinks I am a nobody. I feel as thought I have to impress someone for him or her to approach me where at home others approached me. I guess the comfort of home was my stability and now that I am here I have to build a new foundation to start from. I am very great full that there is one other person from my school here because we are together all the time and it makes this transition just a bit easier. Now that we have started classes I am trying to busy myself with my work, which is, a good thing and then it seem as thought time goes by a lot faster. I think I just have to mental got myself ready for this semester and then I will be fine. I do like challenges and that is why I came to this university but the challenges I expected are not the ones I am having trouble adjusting too. It is completely different aspects of college life that has thrown me off. ",y,n,n,y,n

2000\_976039.txt,"The light above my computer is shining so brightly onto the screen. The bright light, almost blinding as I try not to look straight into it. My mind works rapidly as I am trying to focus on my thoughts. Whenever I actually try to think of something my head seems to go blank and I can think of nothing. I guess I don't really think of nothing because the brain is working all the time. There is always some sort of idea or made up story in my head. When I am alone, such as when I walk to class I always daydream about fictional stories or ideal occurrences that I would want to happen in my life. Then I worry that since I thought of it, it would never actually happen like that. I do not believe we can predict the future. Unless dreams are a prediction. Usually my dreams predict nothing and just are a picture in my head of the things I have been thinking about most often. Sometimes they are ridiculous and make absolutely no sense but that could be our imaginations working. I don't seem to get very much sleep. I wonder if that is bad because I am not resting enough and do not have as many chances to dream. I think dreaming is healthy and so much fun when you have a good, inspirational one. Our minds our so interesting. Why do they work the way they do? Will this question ever be answered? Why are people the way they are? It is so interesting to analyze people and their actions but many times I cannot comprehend why they think and act the way they do. Such as when they focus on all the unimportant aspects of life that really have no meaning. It is so special when I can actually find a person that I have a good conversation with. I left all my friends like that and am searching for those people here in Austin. They have to be somewhere, considering there are thousands of people here. Those conversations that leave you feeling in the best mood with a huge smile on your face are the best ones. When you've realized you've shared something amazing with that person or when you were just able to really understand what each other were thinking. Those are the people that leave an impact in my life. Those are the people that moved far away from me and are only reachable by a long distance phone call. These amazing friends are irreplaceable and I am only hoping to find people that come close the type of people I have known. This was something I was kind of worried about when I came here. Would I be drawn into the bubble of people's lives that move in a cycle with no positive direction at all as to who they are going be? Will I be strong enough to keep my attitude, hopes, and feelings about the person I am or want to be? I have found direction, the getting there is the problem. I am actually listening to the song Patience right now and I think it has a good message. This song makes me sad every time I listen to it. It is tied to such strong memories and now especially because I have left many of the people I love. It is hard when I think about this person. I miss them so and my body aches when I think about not seeing them for such a long time. This is maybe one of the hardest parts about college: the fact of moving on and leading a new life with out the people you have loved for so many years. Maybe, but my time is up now, and the rest of my thoughts will only exist in my mind. ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_976328.txt,"Right now I am sitting in my dorm room. Wondering whether or not I should do this on the word processor. Because this assignment seems so fun that even if the information doesn't get there, I wouldn't mind doing it again. I accidentally just sent you people a blank page because I forgot to scroll down. I really miss home. I have the music on and I keep finding sad music to listen to because it reminds me of my family. I don't think that I will mind this later, but right now, I'm having a bit of trouble adapting to this new life. I am not really too sad, just extremely disoriented. There are only a few people here who I am good friends. Even my boyfriend has changed, and seeing him change (he has been here for three months)makes me wonder how much I will change this year. He even looks different. I think that being in college makes him more attractive, just because he holds himself differently. I wonder if I will look different. I already feel more independent and mature, even though I think that I always have been. Just being away from home gives me a bit of a different perspective on things. People are up here and they are talking about how they are "" independent because they are doing their own laundry""! I sit there thinking ""what! I have been doing my own laundry since I was in 6th grade!"" My parents brought me up, always encouraging me to help myself, meaning that they didn't want me to expect everyone to do things for me. Out of all of my friends, I am the only one whose expenses (personal and what my scholarship doesn't cover) come straight out of my account. My parents don't plan on having to wire me any money this semester, or maybe even the next. I worked this summer and saved my money for that reason. I wanted to make things a bit easier on them. my friends talk about their depleted bank accounts, but even though they worked as well, the only thing that makes use of their money is anything that revolves around their personal interests (aka shopping) I had to buy my own books, a good three hundred dollars that I could have used for something else, even though I probably would have just saved it all, because I love the feeling of having money. It is not just the security, but the feeling of accomplishment, and feeling like I am not just throwing away my money on material things. Even though I always want to shop and I always see things that I want, I never indulge because I feel like if I start I won't be able to stop. But seriously, I really do want some more clothes because I recycle the same shirts in a matter of a week and a half. That could also have something to do with the unbearable heat. It was 113 degrees the other day and I have four hours between classes. By the time I get back from my first two classes, I already feel all icky, so I change shirts. Oh, today I went inside a sorority house. I don't really understand what the difference is between a dorm wing and a sorority. After all, they are essentially the same thing. You get food and shelter and you get to meet a lot of people. It is up to you to build that ""sorority"" with the people in your wing. But I think the same kind of relationship is possible for girls who are living in the dorm. Speaking of girls, when my boyfriend moved up here, he and his roommate became friends with this girl who I don't like. She is over at their apartment day and night because her friend lives in the same complex. My boyfriend thinks that she is really funny, and I know that he thinks she is pretty because he told me so. It seems like they have more in common than we do. I am a really jealous person and I am really jealous of her. I feel like she is better in every way than I am. She is taller and prettier. And he laughs at her so much. My boyfriend cheated on me once in the very beginning of our relationship, with his exgirlfriend. I think that by nature I am already a jealous person, (WOW Pepsi One is really gaseous because I never burp and this is the first time I have ever tasted it. I just burped out of nowhere) where was I? oh yeah. since he cheated on me it is really hard to trust him. So far he has betrayed my trust but I can't help but forgive him because I feel so much for him. I always looked down on people, girls, who let guys walk all over them. And even though it may seem like that is what's happening, that is not the way I see it. I don't no why. I know that it sounds really naive, but I feel like we are different. Now I know that you should not judge people or assume things about them until you have been in their position. I know that I have been talking for more than twenty minutes, and I really don't like thinking about these boyfriend crises, even though I do it more than I should. Anyway that is the stream of my consciousness. ",n,y,n,y,n

2000\_979459.txt,"Well, unfortunately, I don't really like the way my mind works because it seems to churn in circles but never get anywhere. Some people can just lay back and absorb what's going on around them, but I seem to overanalyze everything that goes on � everything that's said to me, any gestures that people make towards me that could be insulting. They are all taken badly. I was dating this guy who got mad because I overanalyzed everything and he said, ""Just do what I do and not think about it. "" But people don't seem to understand what that means. It doesn't work to tell yourself ""Stop thinking about it"", because then you're thinking about it. I've talked to people about it numerous times and all they tell me is that I'm wasting away my life because I'm stressing about nothing and getting nowhere and that I need to do something about it because I'm not getting anywhere and I'm getting old fast. When people hear that I'm just starting college and stuff, they say they wish they were in my position, but I wish I was in their position. I wish I had no stupid problems like boys that don't pay attention and friends that get jealous. But even though I say I don't want it, I create drama for my life, and if there's nothing going on, I create problems. I don't really do it intentionally, but I've realized that if a relationship is going great, then I always do something that causes problems or I can't trust that nothing is wrong and so I start blaming people for things and saying they're lying to me. I recently got into (recently meaning more like about the last 2 years) this thing where I thought I needed psychological help and I talked to my parents about seeing a psychiatrist/psychologist, except that it wasn't really a constructive conversation. It was more like I said I was tired of running and getting nowhere and other things that make me mad, but they just sort laughed and said ""Don't be silly. "" The problem is that I didn't talk to them about anything that was going on, so they didn't know that there was any sort of problem. They thought that everything was perfectly normal and that I didn't really have any sort of problems. But I was looking in a book store for something about the psychology of love, just because it interests me, but instead I found something on the bargain shelf for 99 cents that was about dealing with minor psychological problems in yourself and others. But there's this problem that when I started reading the book, I thought I had all the problems in it. I started with something like OCD, and I related it to my life, and decided that's what my problem was, and then also with bipolar and definitely ADD. So I stopped reading it, because I would be doing something and get angry about it and then quote something from the book and my mom got so tired of it and said it was making problems for me and I should stop reading it. But it was so interesting to me. But I would be reading along and tears would come to my eyes because I would relate so much. Then I would run into some of the disorders I didn't know much about, and relate them too, like autism. So I came to the conclusion that there was something wrong with me, and because of it, it was causing other problems, so that I had a combination of lots of things going on in my head. I don't know about all the other things, but I'm pretty much for sure that I have ADD. I did a research project on Ritalin for my senior paper, and that's when I really started getting interested in it. The problem is that my brain is either on or off. I can be completely focused and completely engrossed or I can be completely uninterested and not even know what someone's saying to me. The worst part is that it gets worse when I have PMS, for example, I worked at a restaurant and I went in one morning and was completely scatter brained and couldn't find anything and was just walking around in circles, and the manager said to me, ""Wake up,"" and I got so upset, I thought it was such an insult and after work I went home and cried because I knew I would have to deal with that for the rest of my life. My mind sometimes just leaves my head, and I can't think or concentrate, even on what I'm saying. I'll be in the middle of a sentence and then just get tired of what I'm saying and just stop and say, ""You know, whatever. "" I meet someone and ask them their name, but then don't listen for the answer, so I never remember anyone's name and I forget things that have just happened, and I know that it's going to last forever, because my mom has it, my grandmother has it, and my cousin is the worst. My cousin was diagnosed with bipolar disease and she was on something, I think it was Prozac, and she had lots and lots of problems taking it. She's a lot better about taking it now, but when she doesn't, her ""cluelessness"" kicks in worse than ever. So I think the cluelessness is tied into something greater that's a problem with me. My parents are completely against medicine and think it's against Christianity, but I wish my whole family was on medicine. My brother and I both have anxiety attacks sometimes and my mom and dad are just crazy. My mom plays this nice, wonderful housewife that loves everyone and everything, but then she'll go crazy and do things like try and run away for a while and tell me that she almost threw everything from my floor out the window. It is completely like a scene out of the movie American Beauty. I've been brought up thinking that you can have your emotions and that you're entitled to your emotions, but they aren't a public thing. So I used to go into my room and just flip out and cry and fall to the ground and silently scream and they never knew anything was wrong. So when I went to Rhode Island last summer, I was completely messed up. I was living in a dorm with someone, because I was at a summer school kind of thing for art, and so I couldn't get away and cry; there were always people there. I would get my lunch and try to eat with everyone, but I would start to take the first bite and then just start crying because I wanted to go home. I called home all the time and said I thought if I stayed that I was going to die, and I really thought I was going to. well, unfortunately my 20 minutes is up, so I can't talk anymore, but I have about 3 more hours of things to say, if not three weeks. ",n,y,n,n,y

2000\_990457.txt,"This is very odd trying to track my thoughts by doing this. All I can think of right now is I can't type as fast as I think. I am slow at typing in general but this makes it even harder. So lets see what do we talk about. Today I have a long day cause I have four classes and I don't get home until late. Mondays and Wednesdays are my longest days. Anyways, this weekend my goal is to be caught up with all my reading and all the things I have to do for my classes. I have been enjoying college so far but I don't like the work aspect of it. There is just so much reading and constant memorizing and remembering it. It wasn't like this in high school but then again I am not in high school anymore. Let's see what else. My roommate spelled rice all over our room carpet just a minute go and now the room smells like Chinese food. She cleaned it all up but now the rug is greasy. So after I finish typing I will clean the carpet so it's not so greasy anymore. I am looking at the clock and I only have been typing for 5 minutes. I am tired already of this. I am looking at my little cousins' pictures right and I miss them very much. It's lonely here in college but I am working on having fun. But there doesn't seem like a whole lot to do that doesn't involve alcohol in some way. Everyone seems to just want to get junk and pass out and not even remember what they did the night before. I am not much of a drinker and certainly not to the point of getting junk and passing out. I like to just go out with friends and hang out and talk like we used to, but most of my friends are so spread out that we have to do the email thing for now. I like email because its' just wonderful. There are no long distance charges and you can send it in a second to anyone anywhere in the world. Oneday people are going to not be able to remember their lives before email. I don't even think they can now. I still can because I was just a freshman in high school when it first started getting popular. But I still like the days when we were not so technology driven. I like the later 80's and early 90's. Though I am not that old I can still remember those times where things didn't seem to be so fast paced. And now everyone is trying to be millionaire and wanting more and more of material things and just wanting to have a ""good time"" and not really caring in depth about things and people. Its just use and get ride of the next day. But then again there are other people who don't do this. I don't know. Now I am looking at the clock and seeing that I have been typing for fifteen minutes now and my fingers are getting really tired. I am glad I ate before I did this cause then I really would have been annoyed with this. Looks like it's going to be another hot day. I want it to cool down but I don't want it to rain when we have to go to class. It can rain on the weekend but not while we have to go to class cause that would cause more headaches. Anyways, I just want to be home right now. I want to be in my car and drive to the mall or just whatever. I miss being at home and I didn't get much of a summer this summer cause I was so busy preparing for college and making a list of things to buy and packing, and going and being in camp and just lots of stuff that I needed some more time of relaxation and enjoyment. Will I have about one more minutes of typing so I guess this is it. I don't know what I am even saying. Oh there I hit the 20minute mark ok I am going to stop typing now, goodbye. ",n,n,y,y,n

2000\_991293.txt,"This assignment seemed so easy at first, but now that I am actually writing it, it is hard to find something to write about. I thought that would spend a little time telling you about my first few days at The University of Texas. I come from a very small town, and all my life I have dreamed of living in a very big city. So around my junior year in high school I began looking at different schools and one of them happen to be here. Well I have been to Austin before, but I never got to really go on campus. As I stood on the south mall and saw the capital, I knew this was the place for me. I had a big city and a big school all rolled into one. As the big day got closer and closer, I began to chicken out. I didn't want to leave home, but most of all, I didn't want to leave my family. I wasn't for sure that I could move six hours away not knowing one single person. Everyone told me that I would never make it on my own because I was too much of a ""mommy's girl. "" This is when I knew that it was time to grow up and take another big step in my life. The ""moving day"" finally arrived and I was scared, but very excited. I decided to go through rush. I needed some kind of activity to keep me busy and this was perfect. My family got me settled in and two days later they were gone. I was very surprised that I didn't shed a tear that day, and two weeks later I still haven't looked back. I haven't even been homesick yet. My roommate is having a hard time, though. We didn't get along at first, but I think everything will work out fine. She calls home a lot crying, and sometimes that is kind of hard on me, but I hope to help her through this tough time. Other than a few small bumps in my road, I am having the time of my life. I will admit all of this is a huge change for me, but sometimes change is just what a person needs. Somehow, everything has just fallen in place for me, and I hope it will remain this good for the next 4 years. ",n,y,y,y,n

2000\_992099.txt,"I am residing at Castillian for my freshman year. I have my own personal room, which is more than I can say for others. It is very nicely furnished with all of my personal possessions from home. The entire back wall is a large window with a beautiful view of the hills. All the lights can be seen twinkling, which causes a serene atmosphere and a pleasant way to relax. My parents are paying a small fortune for my to stay here as well as for all of the other things I'd like to do. They try so hard to make me happy, but I'm not. I feel a sense of debt to them to succeed in college. I also believe that this was their full intention. We'll call it a bribe. They spit out money as long as I do well. This shouldn't be a problem for me considering grades have always been important to me, and I myself would like to succeed as best I can. The bribe, however, is the problem. I'm cracking, although that term doesn't quite seem to fit my feelings. Dissolving in a container of sulfur dioxide seems to better fit the description. Everything engulfs you at once and slowly eats you away. Your struck with shock and you can no longer feel the pain. You can always try and get out, but since you are dissolving, everything you aim for slips through your fingertips. I have studied numerous hours to ensure myself the proper background for each of my subjects. I go to every discussion session and can explain anything that has been taught in class or the first chapter of each book. When it actually comes to turning something in, however, minute mistakes always seem to add up. Already after the first day of class, I have messed up terribly on homework. I am incredibly stressed out and seeing the results of this assignment (though it's not for a grade nor does the professor use it for anything) made me more miserable. In fact, it actually brought me to tears. An assignment that means nothing to anyone (except obviously me) brought me to a ranting rage and then tears. I see myself as pathetic because I failed myself and because I can crack so easily. I can't say that my classes are overwhelming, though they take up from 9 7 with a one hour lunch break each day. If I had to guess, I would say that I was unsure of everything. I'm unsure of friends, family, boyfriend, classes, grades, time, money, and so much more. On top of this, I'm left for the first time in my life to attempt at juggling all of these things around at once. I'm sure it will all level out in the end and that I'll eventually get the swing of things. As of now, however, I feel like a mere speck amongst better people who are sure of so many things. I only wish I wasn't born with the disease of being manic depressive (and that my grandmother in France hadn't died last week). It only seems to complicate things. Also, as we said in class, stress can bring about depression and visaversa. Perhaps that is playing a slight role in my emotions. All I know is that it seems so much right now. ",n,y,y,y,n

2000\_992182.txt,"ok. I've finally made it here! you know, I had always thought that once I got to college, the stressful life I once knew back in my home town of Conroe would no longer exist. well, I was so terribly wrong! however, though I am completely busy every second of every day, it's been a blast! yesterday for example: I woke up bright and early at 6:30, had class from 910 and 1011, came back to my beautifully decorated dorm in Jester west and tried for like an hour to get to this page which I later found out was down at the time, then, briskly ran to my philosophy class which lasted from 12, after which I tanned, went back home again to brush my teeth and wash my face before my psy. class (yours!) from 3305. once class was over, my friend johnna and I proceeded to take the long hike back to jester in the rain! (yay!) there, I ate my first meal of the day pot roast! mmmmm. next, I had to walk all the way over to my parking spot on trinity where because I needed to get some clothes my dad brought down for my some time last week that have just been sitting in the trunk of my car getting all wrinkled and nasty. rather than walk back with two armfulls of clothes, I decided to drive back. after the laundry was hanging safely in my tiny closet, I took it upon myself to fight the 630 Austin traffic over to my grandparents house off of Lamar where I was instructed all week by my mother to take my car so it could get a new inspection sticker. while in traffic, I happened to notice that my sticker would not be out of date until November! this was particularly angering to me because tonight from 912 or so, I was to attend a mixer with my pledge sisters and the pledge members of sigma ki and instead of having just a few moments to myself before I had to take another shower and proceed to get ready, I was cooling my heels in a traffic jam for a car inspection sticker that wasn't necessary at the time. however, once at the grandparents house, I did stock up on some much needed food and beverage products. now, I am finally back and I have all of 10 minutes to sit on my floor, watch a little tv and eat some Reesesmini cup. after that, I quickly got ready for the nights planned activity. the party actually turned out to be pretty fun except for the fact the Austin police made two appearances! luckily, neither me or any of my sisters had formal charges brought against them. ok enough of that. only about 6 minutes left and I still have so much to say! let's talk about the future I want to live in a loft apartment in new York city with huge, towering white walls, bay windows, and blackandwhite checkered tile in the kitchen. I hopefully will be an established poet. also, I would like to have a successful career as a professional buyer. now, this job would be just too great for me all day long, I would be able to shop! my clientele would range from movie stars to the rich who haven't the time, or fashion sense, to dress and style themselves. ah! my time here is up! thank you and I hope you have enjoyed the show:)and remember kids: carpe' diem! ",y,y,y,y,y

2000\_993693.txt,"Psychology is a class that I have always been interested in and have wanted to take. Although I took the course in high school, I feel that I will learn a great deal more taking a course on the college level. I am interested in this due to an eagerness to gain more knowledge about subjects that have affected my family throughout the years. For example, a few years ago my mom and I learned that my sister was bulimic. When told this one random day after school, I had no idea how serious the illness was. What is bulimia anyway? I feel that my sister also had no understanding of the trauma she was putting her body through. After many psychiatric appointments, talks with several doctors, and a listening ear from her family, Kacy has finally learned to overcome her problem. However, is it ever possible to fully recover from such a disease? These are questions I anticipate getting answers to over the remainder of the semester? I can not help but still worry about her. Sometimes I feel that she tells my mom and I only what we want to hear. Another subject personally affects me that I am interested in is stress. I come from a long line of stressed out family members, including myself. I admit that I put a tremendous amount of pressure on myself to constantly succeed, which basically means I set entirely too many goals. If and when I fail, it causes me to feel like a failure even though I know that no one is perfect, including myself. My parents are divorced, and I live with my mom (or I did before college anyway). Therefore, my mom sees the reality of my success, but my dad is too naive to realize that his baby girl is not perfect. I contribute, I admit, to much of his believing that due to white lies I occasionally tell him, but I just never want to feel that I am letting him down. In his eyes, I am a straight A student, flawless dancer, fully involved in extracurricular activities, hardworking, perfect. The truth, however, is that I am average. I do work hard and manage to get a few A's, I am involved in several organizations, and I held a job for two years and did well. Basically, I embellish the truth a lot to my dad, which in turn makes me feel bad about myself. It causes me to stress out and have negative thoughts. Now that I am in this class, I am anxiously awaiting facts and meaning to why I am feeling this way, and hopefully find a resolution that will benefit me in the end. ",y,y,y,n,n

2000\_993709.txt,"Ok. what I am going to write about for twenty minutes? What is on my mind? Elizabeth and I really need to get to work on getting a place to live next year. I can't believe that we have to decide in September on something practically a year away. I mean, so much can happen in a year. I think that all the girls we are going to live with are pretty cool, so there shouldn't be any problems. But, then again, I have known them for about a week, so how can I already know what it would be like to live with them for an entire year?? This is just a crazy system. Everyone here seems to be worried about things so far in advance. who is going to be my date for the game a month from now?? I don't like always worrying about the next thing. I want to enjoy what I have now. Right now I have a few hours to just relax and get some muchneeded rest. But, as soon as my mind gets to work, I start thinking about things I need to have done. The big talk here right now is the OU game and who everyone is going with. This is just ridiculous. the game isn't for almost a month and people are acting like this is some huge ordeal. If everyone would just relax and stop trying to plan everything out for the next year, than things would be a lot calmer around here. Well, I am tired about worrying about all that stuff. I've got plenty of things that have to be taken care of right now like getting ready for my chemistry test and getting a decent night's sleep for the first time in 2 weeks. I also need to figure out when a good weekend is to go to Baylor and cheer up Holly. It is so hard to talk to your best friend on the phone and just be able to hear the pain and loneliness in her voice. I just don't know what to say to her anymore. I feel like I have done everything I can to help her realize that it is going to take some time. I feel so guilty telling her about all the fun we are having because I know she is having such a hard time, but she does not want to talk about it. I spend so much time worrying about her, and there isn't anything I can do for her while I am here in Austin. I tried to tell her that she is going to have to be more outgoing and force herself to meet new people. She just isn't the most outgoing person. Once you get to know her, you would never think of her as shy; it just takes a while for her to let you into her world. I hope that she can stay positive and learn to open up It would help her a lot. Man, it is so loud here, my train of thought just got completely interrupted. Where was I?? Oh yeah, Holly. I think that I have run out of encouraging words for her, and in a way I feel like I have failed her as a best friend. I mean. aren't I supposed to be able to cheer her up and make her feel better about any situation?? I am at a loss. Well, I guess I should try and take my mind off of that until there is actually something I can do about it. I am exhausted and I really just want to go to bed, but I have so much work to do. It was just too tempting to lie in bed all day and not get any work done. Now I am going to be up so late getting all my reading done. And doing that is pointless because I am so tired that in the morning I won't remember a word that I read. This is just so different from anything I expected and it is going to take a lot of discipline to keep up with everything that I have to do. Ok, twenty minutes is up. ",y,n,n,y,y

2000\_995275.txt,"Right now I am not stressed and I feel very comfortable. However, I feel like I should be thinking of ways of obtaining a scholarship so I can help my parents out. I guess you can say that I feel kind of guilty. I mean putting two kids through college is no joke. I guess I have been pretty preoccupied with that during my entire stay at UTAustin. Overall I like the campus. Most of the parties and events that I want to attend are off campus, but that does not keep me from having fun. The people are generally nice here. That was really unexpected, because most of the people at my high school usually considered themselves superior to the rest of the people. I wouldn't say that my high school years were the best because it was not. However I think that I could have made it better. However, now that I am in college, I feel that I can start my life all over again. All those mistakes that I made in high school are gone and I can try to learn from them. (Such as waiting until the night before a major exam to study) I think that college will definitely teach me how to balance my time. I am glad that my parents decided not to let me work because I do not know how I could have adjusted. However I know that I will have to work at some time during the school year. Hopefully I will be able to handle it. I am pretty much worried about my classes and what grades I will get in them. So far it has not been so bad. I know that the worst is yet to come. Preparedness is not one of my stronger assets. I tend to be flustered and nervous most of the time. A young woman that I knew from high school told me that the important thing to do in college is not to stress. Hopefully I will live up to that. I can't promise anything. I still feel upset that I did not get any type of scholarship. I felt that I worked hard, but then again there are a lot of intelligent young people on this campus and not all of them obtained scholarships. So in other words, I don't feel as bad as I used to. ",n,y,n,n,n

2000\_997950.txt,"Hello, I am so stressed right now with school. I am swamped with things to do. I don't even know where to begin I have so much. I am trying to get everything done because I am going home this weekend I don't want a lot to do. This is the first time for me to be home since I have been in college. I am really excited. I cannot wait to get away from everything. I wish I could have one day where I didn't have to do anything. I want to workout but I don't even have the time to do that. I don't see how people have jobs or be in a sorority or fraternity in school. I barely get everything done and I am not in them. They do stuff together almost every single night. I can't think of anything else right now except about what I have to do. I cannot wait until the Texas and A&M game, it is going to be so much fun. I also cannot wait to see my family. I think I am a little home sick. I think I keep pushing the submit button when I am writing I hope that's okay. I don't mean to do that, but my laptop is messed up or something. Anyway, I have been so busy that I haven't had time to call my friends or family. I have friends that go to this school but I never see them and hardly hear from them. I am so glad that I got a ticket to the OU game because I am one of the very few who doesn't have to wait in line. This reminds me of an assignment we had to do in high school. It was called power writing and we would have to write for two minutes about a topic and whoever had the most words at the very end won a prize. I was always the winner. People in the class would try to beat me and they never could. I guess I am just a fast writer. I really hope that it is okay that I pushed the submit button. It was an accident. I just figured out why that was happening and I think I fixed it. Just disregard the unfinished versions of this. I can't believe that I still have more than five minutes to keep typing. After this I still have so much to do tonight. I can't wait until this weekend so I can shopping and wash my car, but I still have to write a paper sometime during this break. also want to go out to eat while I am there. I haven't done that in a while. I accidentally pushed that button again I hope that it is okay. Anyway I am so tired and I really want to take a nap. I haven't gotten much sleep lately although I got more than I ever did in high school. In high school I got less sleep and did more physical work than I do now. I think my time is already up. ",n,y,y,n,n

2000\_997973.txt,"Well, I'm listening to music right now and just relaxing. I'm about to start studying for Chemistry and Psychology so I do have a bit of work to do tonight. In Chemistry I need to do the homework and also the work for the discussion session. I'm almost done with the psychology chapter I've been reading all week. It's the most interesting book I've been reading, followed by biology, then chemistry. All of it kind of ties in together though which helps out a lot. Today I met a lot of people from my freshman interest group, which is kind of nice because I haven't met many people due to me living in an apartment. My phone line finally came in today after a week of waiting so I'm just now able to get on the internet, which I've sorely missed. It was pretty tiring moving all of my roommates and my furniture to our apartment because we're on the third floor. I have enjoyed school a lot more than usual so far, probably because it is actually interesting compared to high school. I'm glad someone picked up my shift at the Outback tomorrow to give me more study time, and also it helps because my car is in the shop and it was going to be hard to leave psychology at 5 and be dressed and ready for work at 6, especially without a car. I want to do the pretesting for the psych labs but the net is giving me a broken link. Oh well, I guess I'll do it later and maybe it will be fixed. I just got everything in my apartment organized today. I bought some hanging folders for all of my handouts, which are really helping, and other various organizers. I kind of like this assignment, I'm doing work but it's over what I'm thinking at the time and let's me see my thoughts. It's kind of like a recap of the day, because that's mainly what's on my head. Hopefully tomorrow I'll wake up on time considering that this morning I woke up at 9:10 and had to high tail it to my chemistry class by 9:30. Oh well, it's been about 20 minutes so I'm going to go ahead and study now for my classes. It was fun. ",y,n,y,y,n

2000\_999176.txt,"Life, was is it. what can we humans get from it. Is it just something we experience and can't explain? but why do I think of this? no one tells me to do it I just to it. do I feel like I have the answers? maybe, maybe we all have the answer to what bothers us. can we decide when the hurting stops and when our happiness begins. I guess I'm trying to evaluate what is bothering me now. kind of strange, or is it? the think that is bothering me now is that someone else is going to read what I am placing down on this sheet. it doesn't seem fare for me to be doing this when no one else tells me what they think. so I'm giving my 2 cents for nothing, and to no one so I will think about something else. school. kind of fun yet very hard to do. what should I major in? I wanted to do something with math but now that kind of seems hard, money wise. I'm guess I'm just going to go for something that is easy for me to get now. then payback loans and go back for a math degree of some type. what to think of now. students in my classes seem strange this year. heck I seem a little strange this year. I've noticed that I have changed about the aspects of what my university has to offer. I can see why most people come to this school for, and guess what, not for the classes. I remember reading one year in a sociology class that the university can act as a marriage broker. I see this statement ""seems"" to be true now. is that why I came to this school, probably. I mean I could of stayed in my home town if I wanted just to go to college. would have been cheaper that way. also family had to do with it as well. older brother went here and got a bs in aerospace engineering. could this also explain my interest in the mathematics? and why do I seem to be self evaluating? should I just go with the flow and not worry about the future, past, or even the present? nah, I like to keep my ideas in sort ""check. "" now I'm remembering what my friend said about the Buddhist religion and one of the guidelines in it. it basically said that if you get rid of desire, you will feel no pain. kind of an interesting statement. because it shows a whole set of values that you could change, and this would make you happy. now thinking of what my evolutionary biology teach once said. purpose of life is to pass your genes onward, sense genes are immortal. these two statements seem to conflict with each other. that funny. now beginning to think about what time it is. 7:18, only 7 more minutes to go for this rant. well, guess I can explain what I plan to do tomorrow. going to cal class and spark up a conversation with a member of the opposite sex. reasoning being is for ""help"" on the homework, just needed though. I should just do it and get it over with. that approach never works for me, but never say never right. it should be very simple to do if I get there on time this time. getting a little hungry now, but I will finish this, only have 5 more minutes anyways. damn just remembered an embracing moment in Deutschkurs (German class) freaking had a voice crack, och. hate speaking in front of others, don't know why. draws people to look at me I guess, and I'm not comfortable with that. has to do with a self esteem problem. am working on fixing that by making myself get use to attention. don't know if that is the right thing to do, maybe might learn something about it in this class. (one reason why I took the class, and sure for some people as well ) noticed the brackets I have been putting all over this. seems like my consciousness is explaining something to me. that a interjoke. oh times up. ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_011084.txt," Urg! There is sand in my sandal. It's been there for a while now. It was so annoying that I had to take my shoes off while I was driving home from my horrendously long art class today. I had to wait for half an hour for that stupid bus. It was at least 6:45 by the time I reached my stop. You'd think that rush hour would be over by then. It wasn't. I sat in traffic from Enfield all the way out past the Y at 290. That is just insane. I was stuck behind a maroon jeep cherokee with a Gore/Liberman bumpersticker on it for most of the way. But that guy exited when I got to the 290/Mopac split. Then I was confused as a white Rav 4 started diving through lanes into spaces too absurd to drive in. It was quite odd and annoying all at the same time. Then I was almost cut off by a stupid woman in a red mini-van and her punk looking son. I'll just say this: I was ready for this day to end at about 2:00 this afternoon. Now it's getting cold in here. My dad's office is always cold. Of course, his computer is always on. It's a giant that's hardly ever used. Shame really. So my feet are starting to get quite chilly. More of the usual discomfort. The smell in here is rather interesting. It smells like candy. Cherry candy to be precise. For a moment I thought my boyfriend might be eating some of the lollypops my dad always has on his desk. He wasn't though. Odd. It's really not that usual for an automotive shop office to be smelling like candy. There are too many boxes at my feet. It's hard to get comfortable with all of them at my feet. I keep mentioning my feet. Why is that? They're uncomfortable, that could be one reason. I feel bad because I have been sort of brusque with my boyfriend. Here he is, come all the way from across town just to see me and I can't even spare him five minutes before I launch into my homework. I think I'll give him a hug now. Just a minute. I think he appreciated that. It was a necessary break in my stream of consciousness. He gives so much of his time to me, the least I can do is give him some back in return. Sometimes I wonder why he is so loyal. I tend to rush past him when I'm doing something or I overlook him when he wants my attention. He really dosen't deserve that. He's such a nice person. I always tell him that I'm a mean person and that he would be better off with someone prettier and nicer. He just smiles and hugs me and tells me there is no one better. I have my doubts, but I really don't think I'd give him up if someone better were to come along. I'd fight to the death to keep him. That's how much I love him. I'm a very jealous person. I'm stingy with my boyfriend and I'm stingy with my friends. I don't like anyone being around him (mostly females) if I'm not there too. I know I shouldn't be so difficult, but it's not really something I have any conscious control over. I don't like my sister being around my friends either. I hate sharing friends with her. She's younger than I am and she has her own friends to hang out with. I don't bother her friends, why should she bother mine? I'm beginning to wonder if my boyfriend brought his laundry over for me to wash it. I've been needing to do laundry for a while now. There's charcoal stains all over my shorts, and I've run out of spiffy t- shirts to wear, so it's off to the wash. I don't know whether or not I'll have time to do it all tomorrow as I had hoped. I also need to pay a visit to my old high school tomorrow. I've promised my friend Katy I would visit. There's really only three teachers I want to see: Mr. Meitz (physics), Mrs. Hebert (English, Creative Writing), and Mr. Dennis (Newspaper). The trinity of great teachers. And with all great figures there has to be a devil . Mine is Mr. Austin, my art teacher for three years. I looked up to him as a mentor and he turned his back on me at the end of my senior year. I was crushed. Still I wonder if my boyfriend brought his laundry over. He's really not the most hygenic person in the whole world. I've had friends tell me that he's lucky to have me because he's too disgusting to date other women. I don't have a problem with him. Sure he tends to go three or four days between showering, three or four weeks between laundry cleanings, and three of four months between room organizing, but I love him anyways. And besides, I've been know to go a day or two or three between showers. All this talking about him makes me want to hug him again. I think I will. Once again, just a moment. okay, I'm done. I keep hearing the sound of a little red desiel Isuzu outside. There are no windows in here, so I really can't see. Very strange indeed. My hands are starting to cramp. My wrists are aching and my fingertips are numb. It's a leathal combination of the extremely powerful air conditioner and all this typing. My hands are starting to look cold too. When my hands are cold they get a little paler. Even a little yellow. Did I mention that my neck hurts too? It does. My butt is doing nicely, though. Must be this comfy chair. My dad bought it at the Bombay Company for his birthday. It's really nice. Sometimes I wonder if I have a brain tumor. There are times when I forget simple things, or I get simple things confused. I really hope I don't have one. I'm planning to spend the rest of my life with my boyfriend. I suppose I should really call him my fiancee. Yes, that works. We're going to be married on February 5, 2006. It's going to be marvelous. We're going to have platinum puzzle rings made for our wedding bands. Why puzzle rings? Because we exchanged our own special puzzle rings as marks of our engagements. I don't know if I would call it official or not. We haven't formally announced it to our parents. Mine already know I'm not leaving him. I half think my mother wishes I would. My dad likes him, though. That's always a good sign. There is a gigantic printer seated on the desk beside me. It's a monstrous beast of a machine. It's actually a printer, fax, copier, scanner all in one. Great piece of machinery, really. I don't want to do the dishes that are waiting down at the house. I had a long day filled with the joys of muenstral cramps, and I'm really not up to the task. I hope someone does them before I finish all this. I have five younger sisters, three of which are at the dishwashing age. You'd think one of them would do them. Still, I have an ominous feeling that I will be burdened with the chore as I am burdened with so many other things. Sometimes I can't stand my family. Fortunately, my step-mother is no longer part of that life. I should really be calling her what she now is: my father's ex-wife. That fits so much better. I'm just glad she's gone. Life would be much more hectic with her still here. She's a bi-polar wrech who refuses to take her pills. Did I mention that she cheated on my father when they were married? One more reason for me to despise her. I despise any person who cheats on their spouse or partner or whatever you want to call the person you are in some way or another bonded to. It may not be a happy bond, but theres nothing that excuses cheating in my eyes. I will never cheat on my fiancee and I hope to God that he never cheats on me. I would be crushed. I've been watching that timer like a hawk since I started. I'm so tired of typing that it hurts. Literally. But with a minute and a half left, I must press on. Ha! It's a pun and I didn't even realize it! I'm so clever. Some would argue that point, but I still think I have my shining moments. Everybody needs their shining moments. Without shining moments, we're just dull. Afterall, what's the opposite of shiny? Dull. I never want to be dull. I'm certain that people already find me dull, but as long as I don't know about it, it's all good. I just hope they never say it to my face. That would make me either sad or mad. I guess it depends on the weather that day. But people who know me don't think I'm dull. At least I hope not. I just don't like waiting all afternoon for a bus that takes thirty minutes to run. And you can quote me on that one. So there. Yep. ",n,n,y,n,y

2002\_011190.txt,"At the present time, I am content to be writing. It's almost time to go to sleep, and this is very relaxing. I am listening to eminem on mtv. I do not like eminem. I hate to cough. I am coughing because of this stupid dorm room and some studid mold that they think is just the paint doing wierd things. I think that my throat is doing better though, the medication is kicking in finally after about 6 days of torturous soreness. I just talked to Jonathan, he is the greates guy in the world. But i don't want him to think that I am the only girl in the world for him. I think that it is funny that a lot of girls thought are about boys. I just want to have fun this year, and not have a boyfriend. I think it is important to just meet people and have connections with each person you come in contact, but they don't have to be any thing more than at that moment. Its really late, I wish that I wouldn't put things off till the last minute. I have had such a long day, and am ready for bed. My bed feels so good. I love the fact that I am so comfortable in my dorm with my roomates. They are so great, and fun to be with. Chaps is my roommate. I think that name is kind of different, but she like it so I just call her that. I love this song by Michelle Branch. She ironically is talking about saying goodbye to a boyfriend. That is what I have had to do for the past year. It was incredibly hard. But I hated the way he acted when he left for college my senior year. I felt so guilty for wanting more out of my senior year than having a boyfriend 300 miles away. He wanted more, and I feel so bad. He has some self-confidence issues. I think the fact that I actually was dating him was great for the self - confidence thing. But once we separated, it just hit him so hard. We are really good friends, but I really think he still wants more. Someday, I might also, but not now. I love that the Zeta's symbol is the strawberry and the queen. It is so exciting. I am so excited about organizing my New Member book. I love organizing. It almost gives me some kind of high. To be totally organized, and know where everything is. I need that kind of stability in my life, because I do so much and stretch myself in so many difections. I don't know how I am going to do Sororities, get my GPA up to at least a 3. 8, and do two organizations outside of school, (which is required by Zeta sorority). But I perform best under pressure, so the more the merrier. I am so excited about Texas Spirits, that is the organization that I hope to join, as my organization to have to join. Jessica is in Texas Spirits, and I love her. She was the person that made my decision for Zeta Tau Alpha so concrete in my mind. I dreamed that I was a Zeta the night before i found out which one picked me. I think it was a sign or something. Jessica means so much to me, but she is always too busy with Katie Johnson. Today, she did give me a card with a picture of us in it saying that she is sorry she hasn't been there to hang out with me as much as she wanted to. Zeta is going to be so awesome to be a part of. I love the friends that I have made so far. I just really think that the parties that are involved are a little too numbered throughout the week, I mean they want us to get good grades, and be in all these organizations. Yet they give us all these mixers to go to to meet people which I love to do, but they are on week nights. Oh well, I just am going to have to limit my participation in them. I miss my high school friends. I haven't talk to Rosie in ages, and Casey didn't even say goodbye before she left. I am going to have to send them an email pretty soon. The sound of the mouse and keyboard are such wierd noises. And so are the sounds that come out of the actual computer. I always have wondered what makes the little clicking noises in the computer. I mean is it gears shifting, or electrons being shot out of some kind of machine. I want to know. That is interesting. And I am glad to be done. ",y,y,n,y,y

2002\_012097.txt,"Well. steam of conscience you say. Well as you will sonn learn by reading this I have a very random stream of conscience. I tend to jump from one thought to the next without warning. Now some may call that ADD but I personally think that it is due to my intellect. I have always gotten descent grades in school and when i apply myself i get all A's, i just lack that thing called motivation. But i think that i am starting to gain it once again becuase of the fact that i don't know what i want to do with my life so i have to have good grades in order to transfer into the school of my choice. I'm actually looking at the psychology department as well as business. Big surprise right? I just looked up and saw a picture of my absolutely gorgeous girlfriend Lauren. Everything with her and i is great. other than the fact that she is still in hight school and living in houston. (by the way that is where i am from). She is great. We get along all the time and she actually has the ability to make me a better person, where as no one else that i have ever dated has had to ability to change me in the slightest way. I think that was because i never really cared about any of them even if i did say that i loved them. (you do what you have to do sometimes. . you know what i mean?) Back home i was a member of the high school band. REally neardy sounding im sure but what can i say. Thats where i met lauren though and if you saw her you wouldnt be saying that. But anyway that is where some of my fondest memories have come from. I have continued with the whole band thing in collage. My brother was in it for four years before i got here and talked it up to be this great miracouls thing but now that i am in it i am kind of wondering what all the who ha was about. I mean i love the music end and the free games are nice but other than that i am kind of lacking interest. PLEASE IGNORE THE SPELLING ERRORS i am a horrible speller. I depend on the spell check. Well i just looked around my room at a poster of Brooke Burke that my roomate has on his wall. It makes me wonder if Lauren is the only person that i will ever have sex with and weather i am doing myself a bad thing by not getting out and experiencing things. I mean i have been with her the last 10 monthes. don't get me wrong I LOVE HER and could never dream of hurting her, but i have to wonder what it would be like to be single in college. That alos makes me wonder weather i should feel guilty when i check out other girls as they walk by on the street or when i have thougts when watching a movie or things of that nature. Man Brooke Burke is hot. I guess i am kind of feeling the freshman symptons that eveyone talks about. I miss being at home with my family. See i have never been to a church service or anything like that. I was raised on the principle of family. Which i love and that is what i know but i have to wonder weather or not im missing something by never have gone to a service. My family is jewish. Both my parents practiced when they were young and even when they were older, but once my mom's dad died (my grandfather) my mom stopped practicing because she did not understand why God would take such a good man a such a young age when there was a bitch of a mom (my grandmother) who deserved nothing that she had. So as you can see my mom has some issues with God and her mom. But this never being taught religion always leaves me with a void. I don't know weather i believe in a God or not. All i know is that i look at things logically and if there is not a logical reason for an action i have to wonder what is going on. Wow 17 mins. don't know if it really feels long or not but either way i have to fill 3 more mins. Looking to the future i need to start looking for some gifts for Lauren because her birthday and our 1 year anniversary is coming up. Which is a big deal cause i never lasted more than 3 monthes with anyone else. Just another sign of how special lauren is to me. BUT more importantly my bday is coming up nad i hope to be getting a digtal camera so tha i can recorde the many addventures of collage. Well times up so i guess i will be going. ",y,n,n,y,y

2002\_012137.txt," hehe. . wow you do have a timer on this page, I heard that you didn't, or that you could write for like 10min and then just hit submit and it would work, and I thought to myself wow. . how hard would it be to make a script to auto submit it after 20minutes are up Its really lame tho that you didn't give us some sorta topic to start out on, I mean, I find it easier to conciously recognize my thoughts when they are focused on a general topic. That prolly doenst make alot of sence, but basically I'm a big person into mind over matter stuff, metaphysics, multideminsional self, acension, and usually and am in close contact with my thoughts, but usually when in a trance state or meditation, not while acually creating kenetic energy(moving physcially). I'm listening to my speakers right now. . I love tool's music, its so euphoric and conductive to a meditative state. sorta like how trance music sorta makes you tired after listening to it for 20 min or so. Yeah, now you prolly think something about trance == drugs or something. But no. I don't drink, do drugs, I'm a vegetarian, and like to keep my body in a good state. Wow my computer case is dirty. I need to get a towel or something and clean it off. I wish I had a new motherboard/processor and more ram for it too. Which reminds me I need to build a linux server soon. . I've got the parts just not the time becaues I'm too busy writing programs for my cs classes. Taking 17 hours is ok. wish I had more. . like 1-2 more. it keeps me busy, which I like. I want to do research in metaphysics. Isn't weird a cs/math double major wanting to do research in the area of metaphysics which has no real basis physically? I got a good base in logic tho which really helps. My gf is coming up here this weekend, from dallas. Shes' at NT right now cause shes in tams and I miss her, it'll be fun. oww my hand hurts from typing or something. I like being able to close my eyes and just type it makes it easier to concentrate on my thoughts. I still taste the cheese on my tounge. I had cheese and crackers earlier and it was good. thirsty. . yay tea I like my cell phone, I saw my cell and it made me think that. unlimited night/weekend is awesome. Music: duh duh duh duh end song move to bad religon. . ehh. . I guess it can sit there for now. hmm. . been 11min so far. about half done. I like this tho. well not so much the writing for stream of concouisness but the premiss behind it. analizing thoughts see what people are like and stuff. . its nice. thinking I would do a triple major in pphilosophy if I can get a job to pay for my classes that go over 150 hours. wow there is a big purple mark on my arm where I rest in on the edge of my desk: its not a real desk, more a shelf in my aparment designed to act as a desk. I like my apartment so much better than dorms, room by myself, and cheaper. Got housemates tho. but its still better. I wonder what tristan is doing at college station (old roomate). I've lacked seeing him online. music resist and multiply . . thats incubus. there ok but latest album is the worst they've done. grr I need to do more streching, I've lost my flexiblity, and I need to work out more, just got to make myself move awayt from my phone and just surfing online when nothing better to do. they have a gytm over here in my apartments. wonder where it is. I need to find out. mainly want to work on abs pecs and left trapiezius all but pecs aI can do here in my room with my dumbbell so not that big a rush &lt;moving to music&gt; &lt;singing in head to redhot chili pepper&gt; I like my speaker system. sound card and speakers where bout 50 total which is nice for how they work. . not top of the line but better than anything else I prolly could of got for the same. hmm. . my joints in my fingers like to pop, and my knees sometime. I'm siting weird, or what most people would consider weird. basically enjoying my flexibitliy and light weight so that I can stay in strange positions and be comfortable. I usta sleep in class in weird positions. . I had to fight to stay up in logic this morning. but I made it. . so yay. I watn a 4. 0 this sem so staying up is all good. I shoudl be able to cause I'm working harder than any time before. . hmm. . its ddone now. . bye bye ",n,n,n,y,y

2002\_012297.txt,"I am thinking about an email I just read. It's from a friend from a kickboxing class. He was giving me a hard time, Which is fine because I make fun of him too. He's a pretty funny guy but I am really trying to come up with a good joke to really bust his chops. I am also thinking about how depressed everyone is today, being September 11th and all. I wonder how Sept. 11th will be in like 50 years. I also wonder how long it will take for it to get into student's text books. I hope they don't do the same thing that they did for Pearl Harbor and Titanic, and make a love story out of it. That's rediculous, there is more to it than some guy going off to work while his wife is at home and his lover is at his secret apartment. I bet a lot of people will be angry if someone manages to come up with one. I would hate to be President Bush now. He has some tough decisions to make. Half of the country says: Kill 'em all! While the others are screaming: PEACE. No matter what, someone will not get what they want. Even in the West Mall today, there are tons of people speaking their opinion, showing signs and passing out ribbons. But it's not totally black and white. I think there is a grey area. Some people say war and some say peace, but I think we can find some in-between. Killing innocent children isn't a good idea but we have to stand up for ourselves if we want this to stop. I don't know. . I don't like talking about politics or religion. Too much controversy. Everyone is too stubborn to see the sides of others. I am also thinking about when I was here in the computer lab yesterday. Some girl started crying really loud in the hallway. It was just like out of the movies. None of us knew what was going on. Some people got up and went to see, which (although curious myself) I thought was rude. I went to my kickboxing class last night. It really makes me feel self-confident. Learning those moves last night was a lot of fun. Why isn't the time and minutes thing doing anything? I am afraid that I will have to do this all over again. I am looking around the room and noticing that just about everyone here is checking their email. I guess no one does work on computers!!! I like coming in here to check my email but I always feel like someone is reading what I am typing behind me. If they want to know so bad, they should just ask. I am very tired. I went to bed late, and slept through my alarm. But somehow I still made it to my 9:00 class. Barely! That class is fun. Learning sign language is very important I think. Just as important as learning Spanish or French or something. Going to the social events will be sort of weird though. Since I am not very good at signing, I will pretty much be a wall flower. ",y,n,n,y,y

2002\_013073.txt," my name is david i am 19 years old and i love to work out and talk to girls i don't know why i love girls so much i like girls who are tanned athletic and have nice breasts. I have a girlfriend i have been dating for 2 years its been to long i am going to houston today i am eager so i can finally get my car serviced and eat good food. UT has so many hot girls god im lucky. i enjoy pasta the castillian food sucks. my girlfriend does not have large breasts but she doesnt care that i check out other girls well she does but oh well. i see a bag of trail mix, it was a rip off they only filled the bag half way. i wish i could rollerblade i havent rollerbladed in so long. man im thirsty its hotter in austin than it is in houston, im going to lift weights monday i look foward to it its been a while. I've been dedicated to navy seal fitness program and all my friends pressure me to screw it and just lift weights. well i never have time to do much in austin, i hope i get a 4. 0 my remaining 3 years here. erin is prettier than my girlfriend in fact if my girlfriend knew what i do with erin late at night and almost every day im sure she would be hurt but i can't resist such tanned flesh. im really not a bad guy i love my girlfriend but i fall in love easily or i used to i don't love erin but i can easily see myself slip up and kissing her. I really don't know what would happen like would she really kiss me back, shes got a good heart i don't know if she would feel comfortable kissing a cheating boyfriend. I've never cheated even though it would be easy for me somehow my girlfriend would find out i know it. i really want to play video games right now. if video games and girls didnt exist i probably would already be a doctor. I am extremely smart well not extremely but i am capable of handling anything i think. i get pissed off so easily if people call me dumb which im not. i don't dress up at all here and i still look good i wish i didnt have acne i swear if i was in a stupid frat i would be swimming in women, why do girls liek frat guys those guys are thick headed they wouldnt be able to maintain a healthy relationship if i pointed a gun to their heads, everyone in austin drives horribly. I swear its almost as if they want to run pedestrians over each time i walk home. fuck them i would have no remorse killing anyone running me over or even try a sad attempt to kill me. i feel im going to be around for a long time. i hope god will always forgive me for things i do, i love god its just hard to include him in my life all the time. my girlfriend just called me she almost told my brother she had period god that would been awful thank god. i hate cell phones they hurt my head oh now its breaking up whata surprise. my girlfriend always calls at bad times i find myself rarely needing to talk to her all it end up is doing something i don't want to do. ugh shut up tracy i don't care go jamba juice soudns good right now. i hope punctuation doesnt matter my computer is so old. thursday night at club 607 was such a waste of time, i saw stupid mexican trash pissing on an escalade i hate mexican trash i feel fine openly saying this because guess what im one of them except i actually have whiter skin and better manners and a brain. i am the best damn latin man out there if only more girls knew, if only i knew spanish. I love trance music, i have not met anyone who wasn't on drugs who likes my music. I ve never done drugs thank god. i need to go to church but i probably won't anyway i havent been to church probably since christmas. man i want more girls. i hope im not sick i think its just allergies. this computer is really loud but right after this its jamba jucie and warcraft time. violent and realistic video games are the best. my girlfriend really hates thinking about death rape anything violent. we are different in areas sometimes i play video games too much, man if i didnt have to drive her back home with me i could leave so much earlier. fine arts major what a joke. genetics is serious business i love genetics i wish i had more time to study for my genetics quiz this friday. i hope i did well i really like the teachers at UT they are really accomplished not like the joke profs at UTA i shudder thinking about last yr at UTA. ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_013468.txt,"I have no idea wher to begin. Im sitting in my dorm and the sound of th a. c. and the fans is driving me crazy. Its like either be hot or be completely annoyed. Besides that, I have twenty different other things on my mind. Am I going to bo to the SI session tonight or am I just going to study so I can go out tonight? Should I even go out tonight? I feel so nervous all the time that Im not using my time wisely. I don't feel at home in this dorm yet so its hard for me to have an organized lifestyle that I am comfortable with. I am so hungry but if I take the time to eat I could be taking time out of other things and I still have another 15 minutes to write so I really can't stop to eat yet. Mainly food is on my mind along with allthe other things I still need to do. It seems like it never ends. Its wierd because when I am studying I feel so enlightened by learning things and I also feel like I am getting a lot accomplished but when I am not studying no matter what the reason, I feel like I am wasting time or getting behind. I wish I could know where I stand compared to the other students as far as knowledge and studying goes. I am so tired and overwhelmed and excited all at once about everything that my mind is going crazy. This whole writing thing is also making me crazy because at times I can't think of what to write and I feel like I have to be constantly writing. Peolpe keep calling my cell phone and I want to answer it but I don't want to loose my train of thought but I guess that doesnt matter because as long as I write what I am thinking its ok but whatever. I keep worrying that the thinking that the things I am writing are making me sound depressed and that along with prof. pennebaker saying that most college students are depressed really disturbs me because I am not one to be depressed and it doesnt sound very fun. I feel really bad that I am ignoring these phone calls because i always seem to ignore the person who is calling. ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_016413.txt," Stream of thought. this is interesting because it seems like i've done this many times on my own. keeping a journal of things i'm feeling or things that have been on my mind, but i can never quite finish a thought before another one pops into my mind. i've been at the chi o house for almost 2 hours today, but wait- instead of studying at the chi o house i spent those 2 hours trying to save an apartment for myself and 3 friends next year. that didn't work because you can't forget to speak to your father when it comes to issues of money (whether it's his money or your own). i'm a little frustrated because i haven't been able to get my computer hooked up to the ethernet service at hardin house yet. ok, very frustrated. i'm even using my roommate's computer at the moment. not that that is a bad thing, but hey, maybe i want to use my own computer! oh well- she's never here anyway. i kind of like it bc she has all of her classes in the morning and mine are pretty much spread out through the entire day, so we don't see each other that much. it keeps us from getting sick of each other, and we still find the other person amusing when we do spend time together. on the other hand, my best friend from high school- i'm about to scream! i was so hoping that when i came to ut, a school of collosal size, that it might be possible for me to get away from westlake; branch out; make some new friends; have some new experiences. while all this is taking place, i still seem to have this tie to my high school- her name is robin. she hadn't always planned on coming to ut. as a matter of fact, she wanted to go to baylor with our friend blair (robin is my closest friend, but i kind of wish she had gone to baylor) but one day she just made up her mind and here we are. still summer and robin or robin and summer . . why can't i just be my own person??? i enjoy having time to myself. don't get me wrong, i am a very outgoing person- i love to meet new people- i even want to dual major in public relations (and photography), but sometimes it's nice to just not have to talk to anyone. to just be alone. this thing with robin has gotten out of hand! now that she's seen how much fun i had going through rush she wants to rush next year. now that she knows i'm going to do young life leadership she wants to do yl leadership. i drive her to church every morning and then to her house afterwards (it is waaaaaaaaaaaaaay out of the way. but she's my friend, so i do it). i'm signing up to do texas angels next year, so she's going to sign up to be an angel. and the list goes on. i can understand that yeah she may actually be interested in these things- and i'm so glad she's wanting to be involved in things like young life and lake hills church (which meets at our high school by the way) but i need some air. it's even gotten to the point where i actually feel guilty if i hang out with/make new friends! that's not right!!! the thing is i know i need to just talk to her and let her know what i'm thinking (maybe not to the full extent) but she has a right to know how spending so much time together is hurting our friendship more than helping it. i just hate to hurt her feelings. it'll work out. i can't believe i'm writing all these thoughts down for other people to see. i'm assuming other people will read this because it's an assignment, but hey. stream of consciousness eh? :) i've recently been reading this book called when God writes your love story and i wish i could spend more time reading it to get it finished. it's really interesting, although often cheezy, but it talks about God being the center of your life and the center of your relationship with members of the opposite sex. the thing that hits me most strongly is when it talks about how instead of pursuing relationships, we should give this area to God and let Him pick out our partner for us. I've known that God has someone special picked out for me, but i never thought of actually backing off and letting God bring him to me. i know He will, but it's hard to not be looking for that someone. yeah. . still a little rusty on the subject - that's why i should actually FINISH THE BOOK! :) and that's another thing- i have NOT been keeping up with my quiet times recently! not just recently. it's been quite some time. i want to but there's just not that constant desire you know? it's something that i need to be praying about. there are lots of things i need to be praying about, such as continued enthusiasm for my studies at ut. i am so excited about all of my classes! they are ALL soooo amazingly interesting to me, and i hope i just don't get burnt out on any of them. the only class i'm having a big problem with is my biology class. i'm so interested in the material, but my professor just sucks. she's nice, and i can tell she's interested in and excited about the information, but she just doesn't know how to present it in a way that others might find it interesting as well. i've never fallen asleep in a class until this one! and yeah. . i haven't made it to that 8am biology discussion lab on fridays. it's not like i go out and party (and i don't ever have hangovers then bc i just plain don't drink at all) but i'm such a night person! actually i dont' know what the deal is. ever since middle school i haven't gone to bed before midnight and now that's more like 2am. but no matter what time i go to sleep early or late, i cannot for the life o fme wake up the next morning. it's an impossibility. time is almost up i wish there was more time to write though. oh well. ",n,n,y,n,y

2002\_017993.txt," lets begin. how to begin. . this is a start. a start of something undetermined. not like a coefficient. not even a matrix. although its being stored physically in memory in a linear fashin which if you dumped it to a screen it would wrap and may appear as a matrix; not like the movie. just plain ordinary hexadecimal digits; boring to the average person. or at least what i percieve to be average; this is by experience, my experince which is limited. im hingry err hungry. perhaps i just coined a new word. i should copywrite it and charge people a rediculous sum of money whenever its used. id be financially secure. no problems paying tuition in the future. everything would be perfect. well not really, that was sarcasm. what else. . bordom is begining to set in. hmmm what happened today? well, i went to skewl and learned a few new tricks. no, i am not a dog. or a cat or mouse or flea. i had a dog when i was young though and some fish. never had a pet aligator; though they are common in the sewers in some parts of houston, my hometown. that place is awfull. funny have awe full -- which is used to describe something good -- is so similar to awfull. yadda yadda yadda hocus pocus and a bunch of other filler words go here. the oven is finished preheating. i thought i'd be lazy and eat pizza tonight. unfortunately i have to wait about 13 minutes until i can put it in the oven. if i left the computer now id be cheating wouldn't i? who am i asking. 1. instructor, 2. teachers assistant, 3. myself, 4. some imaginary diety. hmmm undecided. well no, myself. am i vain? not often do i think of myself as such but everything is untimately relative to me, i can only imagine what others think and feel and experience. oh well insert more garbage here. is the audience bored yet? can they tell im bored. prolly so. i forget to tell stephanie that riley called. hopefully ill remember later when she gets home. i think i forget to tell her last time he called to. this is not good because he still needs to resolve some things with here. he is young. im old. getting older, but not as old as dirt. how old is dirt anyways? will it ever evolve into something else? we'll make great pets. i never went to lalapalooza. sister did, car broke down and so they hitched a ride the rest of the way there. crazy dangerous and fun all at the same time i suppose. i usually play things safe which result in alot of missed opertunities. at least i think so. but this is not as true as it used to be. some of my friends think im a bit strage. sometimes truth is stranger than fiction. bad religion. from the grey race i think. my best friend in high skool was a big fan of them. i fooled around with his girlfriend one night and have regretted it ever since. told him the next day about it. he was glad, he wanted rid of her anyways. funny how things work out sometimes. my grammer is horrible. hagar the horrible wasa comic i read in the newspaper when i was little. hocus focus was my favorite though. i remember easter at my grandmothers and getting stung by a wasp. meat tenderizer in a wonderfull thing. a1 sauce not equals meat tenderizer. i like c. its for cookie and is a bad ass programming language. maybe i spend to much time staring into electron guns. crts have got to be bad for my vision. maybe that why i need contact. laser surgery sounds pretty good. still the long term effects are unknown. whats the worst that could happen? my eyes fall out of their sockets and i have to put ping pong balls in there instead? my friends could call me muppet man! i really do find that amusing. a bit morbid, but amuzing nonetheless. 2 minutes to go until this assignment is done. then i can put the pizza in the oven the wait another 20 minutes til i can eat. please don't feel guiltly for making me wait. humans can go for a few days without food or so i am told. i do not known from experience. still i am hungry. the hunger is a band i never saw play in concert. i did see lucious jackson. that was great fun. i had a shiney dead fish toy that everyone liked. the band kept looking at it while they played on stage with a confused look on their face ",n,n,n,y,y

2002\_019782.txt,"Right now it id 9:30 in the morning and I wish that I was still asleep. I had a Biology discussion this morning and it was really boring. I don't really understand what goes on in that class. Science isn't my best subject, but I guess I am going to have to improve that because my major is mainly based on that. And if I don't do well in those classes, I can't get accepted into upper divison. I'm not sure. I have been thinking about changing out of nursing because I really want to dance but I just don't think that there is a living in that profession. But at least I would really enjoy it. I wish I were more like my bestfriend in that aspect. He does what he wants because he wants to do it. He isn't worried about his future and I know that's kind of bad, but he really loves what he does. And he is good at it. I just don't seem to be good at much of anything and school just worries me. I wish I could push myself more, but I just don't have the motivation. I try at least. My classes are really hard and I am worried about doing well in them. This is my first time to be away from home and I want to prove to everyone that I am not as incapable as everyone thinks that I am. My own boyfriend doesn't really have faith in me. He thinks that I can't hold my own and that I have to depend on everyone else to help me through what I do. And maybe in some aspects that is true. I have had a difficult time just being myslef. I feel like people don't want to talk to me, or that what I say isn't as important as the next person. Enough about my problems though, right? Today I am going to get a tattoo. I have always wanted one and I have never had the nerve to go and get one. I think it is going to hurt really bad but I think that I am finally ready for one. I have been looking at what kind I want and printed some out off the computer. I hope that they can do the one that I want. I guess I am just going to have to wait and see what happens with that. Today I have 3 classes left to go to. This being one of them. I have a hard time paying attention in this Psychology class. I just can't seem to get interested in it for a complete hour and a half. All of my other classes are just 50 minutes and it seems easier to pay attention in them. But I added this class so 3:30 was the only time that was left open. I had to take it. Thinking about school, I am going to go home and take summer school at SFA. I feel that if I can get some credtis there and transfer them here that it might take some of the load off for next year. I already came with 6 hours but that isn't very many. I am really determined to get into upper division nursing after 2 years. I don't know what I will do if I don't. I guess I will just transfer back home and go to school there if I can't get in here. But I really want to prove that I can get in here. I am trying really hard in my classes, but it just doesn't seem to be doing me any good. I read what I am supposed to and work the problems, but I just can't seem to learn the material. I'm not taking any dance classes right now which is really ackward for me. I have never gone a year without dancing. Last year I was dancing 4-6 hours every week day and this is just strange. I don't excerise in any other way than that so I am starting to feel out of shape. Dancing was my way to let everything out. I wasn't always as good as I wish that I could be, but it was a way for me to prove to people that I was good at something. Here I can't do that. I am just another person walking down the side walk. At home, in such a small town, everyone knew who I was. And here I think I know about 20 people at the most. None of my friends came here so it isn't like I really have a relase. I am going to go home this weekend, and I know it is kind of soon, but I really miss my boyfriend. Maybe I am just not cut out for this large college atmosphere. It might be best if I go home, I know mom and dad would like that a lot more. But I am tired of doing everything for my parents. I never did anything in high school for myself. Mom and I got into arguments all the time and it seemed like my whole life I was just trying to prove myself to her. She treated me like a child even last year, like I was still 12 and couldn't take care of myself. Being an only child I was smothered by my parents and grandparents. I don't know. It was nice getting what I always wanted, but sometimes I wished that there was someone else there to put the blame on. It's hard to handle everything that went on in my family. Someone once told me to write down what bothered you and it would make you understand better about what was going on and how to fix it. It doesn't work. Besides, I get tired of writing all of that down. I am super duper hungry right now butI don't want to eat because I am really afraid of the freshman 15. I haven't been eating well lately. I won't eat most of the time, but then it seems like when I actually do eat, it isn't anything healthy. The only good we have in our room is gronola bars and froot loops. Like that is healthy. At least I have been drinking a lot of water. Well, my time to write is almost up. Thank God because I am really getting tired sitting here and doing this. Also, I have a class in 15 minutes and I really need to leave and go there. So, I guess I have a couple more of these things to do during the rest of the semester. Fun fun fun, I can't wait. ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_024555.txt," So, it's a Tuesday night, and there's nothing to do. I ate dinner earlier and can feel the food digesting. I am rather anxious about something. Not terribly that it is distracting, but I feel as though I am expecting something. It might be that I am nervous about school. It's a new place for me, coming from Minnesota. I haven't really made my close group of friends. Sure, I've been having loads of fun, but I still don't have that complete feeling of acceptance yet. I haven't found my niche. It's almost like I am waiting for it to be a month from now when I've found my place. It's also hard in class, becuase I don't know many, hardly any at all, people in them. I don't have people where I can go to work on projects or anything. This makes me a little worried about how I am going to do, becuase I can't compare answers on homework with friends, and I can't discuss new concepts with anyone. I think that the move to a toally new placed this past month has been a little more stressful than I originally expected. But I am not worried because there are so many people here that I know it can't be too long before I find my place. Austin is a great city also. That's a definite plus. The city has just a great atmosphere. I've seen two concerts here and I love it. I can't wait to see even more of the city and it's cool places. Music is a big part of my life and I think that is really going to make me happy. It's great to know that just about every week there will be a concert or something I will love to do. I am really excited to get to know some of the local musicians. That'll be cool. I also have feelings that I want to have a girlfriend. I don't really know what I want sexually. I feel like I want a steady girlfriend. Someone who I can always be close with. I really think that will help make my transition into Texas easier. But it's hard for me to find someone who I'll get along with this well. Another thing I think about is committment. I dont' know if I want a long term relationship. Also, would it be to distracting for be because of school? I certainly know that school is my priority, but now that I'm in college, I have to discover how much time I really need to spend doing work to maintain my GPA. I think that the first semester is the hardest because it's a new atmosphere and I have to test the limits and such. Another thing that kind of worries me is my suitemate. He is a big partier, and although I like to party some, he's always up very late at night and is usually very loud. It's hard for me to tell whether it will last or if it's just the first week of school and he's really excited. I just hope that he will get to studying. I am sur that all will work out. I really feel that things usually do work out, and eventually I will feel hapiness and the anxious feeling will go away. I'm just anxious to not be anxious anymore. ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_030481.txt,"WELL, I'M FINALLY DOING MY HOMEWORK. THATS GOOD SO FAR. I REALY LIKE THIS PSYCHOLOGY CLASS. MY PROFESSOR IS PRETTY COOL. HE'S THE ONLY TEACHER WHO MAKES ME LAUGH. EDP IS SO BORING. ITS LIKE BEING IN HIGH SCHOOL. MAN, HIGH SCHOOL IS FINALLY OVER ATLEAST. I'M FINALLY IN THE REAL WORLD. IT FEELS GOOD TO GO TO UT. IT'S LIKE I'M LIVING A DREAM. THIS IS SO COOL. I REALLY NEED TO CONCNTRATE ON MY SCHOOL WORK, THOUGH. IT'S GOING TO BE DIFFICULT, THOUGH, WITH WORK AND ALL. I HAVE TO TAKE AN EXTREMELY HARD TEST AT THE OLIVE GARDEN TOMARROW. I HOPE I PASS. I CAN'T WAIT UNTILL I START MAKING SOME GOOD MONEY. SPEAKING OF MONEY, I'M RUNNING LOW. TIME TO SEN WORD TO GOOD OL'E MOM. SHE'S SO GOOD TO ME. I SURE DON'T WANT TO LET HER DOWN. I MISS HER AND MY FATHER, AND ESPECIALLY BOTH OF MY BROTHERS. I HAVE SO MUCH FUN WHEN I'M WITH THEM. I MISS PLAYING FOOTBALL WITH CODY. THAT WAS A LOT OF FUN. I'LL NEVER FORGET MY HOMECOMING GAME ON MY SENIOR YEAR WHEN I HT THAT GUY. THAT WAS SO AWESOME. I'LL NEVER FORGET WHEN THEY HD TO MEDI-VAC HIM OFF OF THE FIELD. THAT WAS SO COOL. I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW I FEALT WHEN THEY HAD TO STOP THE GAME BECUSE HE LOST COUNTIOSNESS. EVERYBODY IN SCHOOL STARTED CALLING ME K. O. , FOR KNOCK OUT. I WISH I COULD PLAY SOME FOOTBALL FOR U. T. THAT WOULD BE AWESOME. I'M GOING TO TAKE CRYSTAL TO THE NEXT GAME. I CAN' BELIEVE I'VE BEEN WITH HER FOR SO LONG. I GUESS THAT MEANS I'M DOING GOOD. I'M GOING TO COLLEGE, I HAV A JOB, AND A STEADY RELATIONSHIP. SO FAR SO GOOD. I CAN'T WAIT UNTILL I GET THAT DEGREE AND PUT SOME OF THIS KNOWLEDGE TO USE. MAN, ITS ONLY BEEN 11 MINUTES. I HAVE TO GET UP EARLY MANANA AND IT'S GETTING KIND OF LATE. BUT, HEY, ATLEAST I'M BEING CONSTRUCTIVE. WHEN I WENT TO WORK EARLIER, I GOT TO TAKE SOME FOOD TO A COUPLE OF TABLES. I WAS A LITTLE NERVOUS, BUT I DID WELL. ONCE GET INTO THE SWING OF THINGS, I BET IT WILL GO SMOOTH. IT BETTER. IF IT DOESN'T, I'LL FIND A LESS STRESSFUL JOB. THE MONEY AT THE OLIVE GARDEN BETTER COMPENSATE FOR THE STRESS. MY MANAGER IS PRETTY COOL. SHE'S GOING TO WORK AROUND MY SCHEDULE. I WONDER WHAT THIS THING IS GOING TO TELL ME AT THE END? I HOPE MAKE A GOOD GRADE IN PSY. SHOOT, ALL MY CLASSES BETTER COME OUT WITH A GOOD GRADE. I'M AFRAID OF FAILURE. I WANT TO DO REALLY WELL AND SUCCEED. SUCCEED IN LIFE AS WELL. I'VE ALREADY MADE A TON OF FRIENDS, AND I'VE ONLY BEEN TO SCHOOL FOR A WEEK. WHEN THE FIRST SEMESTER IS COMPLETE, I'LL BE USED TO EVERYTHING AD START HAVING SOME FUN. BUT UNTILL THEN, I MUST CONCENTRATE ON EVERYTHING. EVERYTHING. ",y,n,n,y,y

2002\_030576.txt," what classes do i take next semester? i need to plan out the rest of my college coursres out today. can i do it? is it too much for me? i think i can do it. i am completely capable of being admitted into medical school. thus far, i know that that is what God has in store for me, and what he thinks I should do now. there are so many people out there that i want to reach out to and help. i can not wait until my missions trip to russia. it wil be an awesome experience. everytime i think of all the people and children I will be helping i get a warm, tender, and comforting feeling in my heart. i think that God has given the gift of helping and taking care of others. for an extended period of my life i have always tried to find the meaning of my life, what special characteristics i possess but now i do not ponder on those things. i know that God has blessed me with several things and I am truly grateful. i hope that i can get involved with a good church here, and find a really nice cell group to join. i miss houston, newlife, house church. i wish that i could have stayed in houston and went to school there but i believe that i am where i belong. even though i may not like it here, i know that it is for the best. i believe that i will receive the best education i need for my profession in the future. plus, who knows, I may get more involved in church here in austin, and that may be another reason God has brought me here. nevertheless, i am determined to work far and beyond to be able to do my job. i am so tired today. i feel very tired but i can not seem to go back to sleep. it seems like every second is precious and i do not waste it by sleeping, atleast during the day. i am so nervous. it is only the third day of school and i am already stressing out. i think that i need to lighten up a little. my sister is right. i worry about things too much. i should just be easy-going but not too easy-going, i do not want to be carefree about everything. i am very thankful that i have naeri and my sister here. since i do not know many people in austin, it helps to atleast have one or two people i can talk to once in a while. i want to meet new people but the people here seem too immature for me. i am not really into the clubbing, drinking, etc. but then again there are so many students here, and i have only met the people that are into that because the people that i know are, so i just tag along. i am pretty sure that i will meet numerous people that share the some interests and aspects as i do. but i do not mind being alone. i think i am pretty independent exept for the fact that my parents my tuition but other than that i feel pretty independent. and, i also work and communicate well with others. ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_031391.txt," o. k try not to think. just let all your thoughts come together. this is not as easy as i thought it was going to be. the guy next door is still playing that crappie music. i wish i could go one day without hearing that, but i think it's ok my roommate just walked in and started to talk to me so i lost my train of thought. alright he left. i'm glad mary, his girlfriend, is going home. i hope they don't walk back in here and see what i just wrote but is suck last night hearing them makeout when i was trying to sleep. but she's cool. my hands are getting tried of typing. i don't know if i can make it the whole 20 min. now he's playing a new song but he turned it off. thank god. we need to clean up, this place is nasty. i don't know if i going to be able to get eric to clean. the bathroom is nasty. im run out of things to say and write. eric has some gay sunglass. i hope he doesnt wear them around me. i hope i just didnt offend my teacher or who ever reads this by saying gay. i hope my teacher doesnt think now i think he's gay, not that there's anything wrong with that. thats like that episode of Sinfied. i don't think i spelled that right. i don't have time to change it. just 2 more minutes. i didnt write that much. i hope i still get i good grade, im just i slow typer. time is almost up i need something to do after this. ill call dan well maybe not i don't want him to think i have no other friends ",y,n,n,n,n

2002\_031539.txt,"Well i am beginning this assignment and already I'm worrying about spelling errors and constantly hitting backspace trying to fix every little thing. Sometimes I wonder why I care about that stuff but I really don't know, and my mind just wonders endlessly all the time, which I why I think I will enjoy this assignment, once it has been evaluated, because I seem to conjure up the wildest ideas, and thoughts and feelings when I begin to let my mind roam free. Now I'm thinking why am I thinking about my thinking which seems really weird, but I guess thats the idea of this experiment, and I am constantly trying to think about what to think about next, so that I'll have something to type, instead of leaving a blank screen which would be bad, because then I would get a bad grade, even though the grading system on this particular paper is based on completion, not on content, which is a good thing because if it was based on content, and I had no content, then there would be nothing to grade, and I would have bad grades, and now it just occured to me that I am rambling on about nothing, and making fallacious points as I type, just for the simple reason to keep typing, which is the main goal of this experiment, and I just heard my roomate coughing in the living room, he is foreign, and sometimes hard to understand, but I think it's cool to have a foreign exchange student as a rooomate because it adds a bit of variety to the mix, and he said that his parents live in Yugoslavia, and that he moved here with his host parents who lived in Pennsylvania, but had to move here to Austin for job reasons, which is why he lives here, and which is why he goes to Austin Community College, and I know this because I asked him, and I asked him because I was curious to know about his background due to the fact that he is from a foreign country. He says he likes it here in the states as most foreginers refer to us as, but he, like most teenagers, misses his friends back home, which is why he goes back there every summer to visit, and I guess since he has lived both places, and experienced both cultures and economies, is why he chose to major in International Business, and my other roomate, Troy, is a business major at UT, and I am somewhat of a business major, with my major being Sports Management, which is in the College of Education because it is a branch of Kiniesiology, which I don't know if I spelled right, but I supposed I should learn how, but anyways my major is more of a business major, like Troy and Djordje, which is pronounced George, so that makes 3 business majors in the house which can be helpful at times, then I have another roomate named John, whom I have been friends with since 4th grade when his mom babysitted me, and my mom told his mom that she doubted we would get along because we were two different types of people, but she was wrong because even since his mom moved to Nebraska with him, and his sister Lynnsie, we stayed friends, and then his dad who lived in Houston at the time, moved to San Antonio when I was in 7th grade, yet we still remained best friends, though we only saw each other 4-5 days a year. I figure there is some psychological aspect that has kept us together, and such good friends throughout the years, and I hope to learn more about it if there is such an aspect of psychology. Now it is occuring to me that most of this entire writing is a run-on but I guess that is okay since it is more based on stream of consciousness, rather than stopping to take the time to realize and correct your errors. But anyways, as I was saying there are 3 business majors, then John is a Chemical Engineer also studying at UT, and he, along with me and Troy, who is 22, are all freshman, and Djordje is a sophomore. I sometimes wonder what its like to be a 22 year old Freshman, and to be starting your real life off that late, ever since Troy and I have met. He seems like a very interesting person to me, and I figure I will get to know him better as the year progresses, even though the four of us mostly stay in our rooms most of the time, rather than socialize together, but I guess its just nervousness of being alone, and without parents for the first time, and we will soon grow out of it. Speaking of parents, I hate to admit it, but I truly do miss my parents, and especially my dog, a dauschand, bevo, very much. Before I was to leave to move in to my apartment I couldn't wait to get out of there, and to get out on my own, figuring to be free of them for good, except for the occassional visits, and I would read the college things about how to expect home sickness, and I was thinking yeah right, not me, but just a few days after they had left, I already missed them, and I can't wait to see them again. Pretty sad on my part I guess on trying to be independent, but oh well, I just want to see my dog again, whom my life would be incomplete without, and the funny thing is for the first 15 or so years of my life I was afraid of dogs, and now I see the clock and I'm running of out of time, and it said my 20 minutes are up, so thats all I have to say. ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_032413.txt," I am really hungry right now. I think I'll go eat lunch in about twenty minutes or so since that's how long I have to sit here. I hope my classes this year won't be so hard. I want to be somewhere tropical maybe Cozumel or Aruba. The weather here is ok but it's so hot. Like the other day I think I was going to pass out because I had to walk like 2 miles across campus and then I found out I was in the wrong building. Some of the people who work here are real jerks. The girl at the library was no help and she was rude to top it off. She told me to go to the help desk when I asked her how I got an IF account. I dont' miss that many people in Baytown. I do miss my parents and my dog Frida. I wonder how tommorow will go since it's Sept. 11. i hope no one pulls any stupid pranks or anything like that. I really wish I could be with my family but thats no possible since they live 3 hours away and I have classes. My cousins are so cute. I am looking at t picture of them right now. Lauren is a so elegant looking and Suzanne's the quirky one. I feel bad for Nicole becau se she is losing her job. Dynegy was bound to go under once ENgron did. I never kep up with that guy Kenneth Lay, the CEO for ENgron, or I think thats what he was. I miss seeing my dad and visiting him at his work. I wonder if I am depressed. Sometimes it's hard for me to sleep at night, but who knows. I have one, two three four, five six pictures in frrames in my room. My roommate just left for class. SHe is cool, but We have some conflicting religious beliefs. Being a mormon must be hard. I know the are ostracized alot. I justdon't get the spirit child thing about how we were spirit children in heaven with God before we were born. . or the part I read somewhere about how you have to wear holy underwear and things of that nature. TO me,that's just crazy,but I have to respect other people's religions and beliefs because that's what I expect from them in return. I am so hungry. I want to go eat. I wonder if I have gained any weight since I've been here. When I played soccer in highschool I was so much more muscular and toned. Now I have to find time to work out. Where is Sarah? I think is in her room or doing laundry. Her room mate is so nice, but I feel bad for her because of that Nick guy she dated who just broke up with her. SHe is too nice. SHe's to pretty for him anyways. Some of the food inthe cafeteria scares me. I always hear horror stories about people eating food and finding things in what they are eating. Ughhhh. Now I'm not going to be hungry anymore. I don't have anything in here to eat except for fruit. I am sick of getting up at 8 in the morning to go to Spanish. My professor is ok, but he can be too sarcastic at times and I just want to yell. Yeah. so I am debating on whether I should do the Diamond Dolls. Jenny is in it and she said it was fun. Chris would get mad though. I don't know. He may play baseball here next year, or thats what I think now. but I hope he does. My cold is annoying. What time does the mean lady at the front desk work? SHe is gripey. Jessica and her boyfriend fight alot. Kalie shouldn't tell them what to do but Ithink she just feels authoritative because that's how her stepdad seemed when I met him. Where am I going to eat tonight? Is Uncle Phil back in town. That birthday card Kara sent me was really sweet. I'm glad we have become closer than we used to be. I used to think we would never be close because we don't have that many of the same interests. SHe has lost weight. I wish I could lose 10 lbs. I am going to work out at 3. Then I will be back here at 4. take a shower, call Aunt Beth and see when we are going to eat tonight. Mimi and Poppa are coming. that's good since I never see them . How far is Granger from here? There is a really loud annoying girl who lives in my hall. She talks about crude things. I wonder if you can tell how smart I am by reading what I'm writing. I hope I don't sound like a fool. Who reads these things anyways. I like listening to Enrique. where is he? When is lunch over? Gosh I need to stop thinkng about food. That's not good. I don't want to be fat when I get olded. How many students does UT's law school take every year. I wonder if I could get in. I need to send those checks off so they don't expire. I am so wasteful sometimes. I need to get a book rack so my books and folders aren't thrown all over the floor. How fast does the fastest typer in the world type? I think I type like 60 words a minute. maybe I'm off. that was like years ago in BCIS. Tomorrow better be safe for everyone. I am cold. THe ac is on high. . yeas ",y,y,n,n,y

2002\_033027.txt," I really don't know what to write about. It is funny when you try to think about what you are thinking about and you can't seem to find anything in your head. My friend is talking to his girlfriend. Typing is a lot harder than I remember. September 11th is coming up and I hear patriotic music in the background. My drive back to Austin today was very hard. It rained the whole way down here so instead of the usual three hour drive it turned into nearly four hours. My band practiced very well this weekend. We put in about four hours of practice. Our show this weekend was cancelled so instead we decided to practice. We did a little recording in my guitar player's garage. I stayed up very late yesterday just talking to some friends online. I had a huge burrito from Chipolte. I had never been there before so it was a surprise to see a burrito that big; however, I didn't really enjoy it because they put onions and peppers in it. I suppose it was my fault, because I told them what to put in it. I said I wanted fajita chicken and then started putting peppers and onions in the burrito. I thought the fajita part was the way the cooked the chicken. It turns out it was just the stuff they put in with the chicken. I didn't eat much of it, but I will still give the place a second chance. Now I know not to order that kind of burrito. My parents took my girlfriend and her friend out to dinner on friday night. We went to chili's off of F. M. 3040. After that we went to my girlfriend's house and just played the piano. We played for about two hours. I figured out how to play two new songs. One was a spanish song and the other was carol of the bells. We had no music, we were just going by ear. My girlfriend's friend was getting very annoyed because she did not want to play the piano. Instead she played cards with my girlfriend's family. Studying for college has not been going the way I would like it. I told myself I would stay caught up with all of my classes, but I seem to have fallen behind already with all of them. I just need to concentrate and read like a mad man. Dave Matthews keeps running through my ears and I can't get the lyrics from entering. How can I turn away. Brother sister go dancing. I went to two of his concerts this year. They were a blast. There were so many fans yelling and screaming. The atmosphere was so pleasant. He played a few of my favorite songs and I nearly cried. The University of Oklahoma football game was very interesting. They almost lost. I was so excited with two minutes left in the game and Oklahoma trailing Alabama by three points. Unfortunately OU won. They also, unfortunately lost their quarterback with a torn ACL. Texas got off to a bad start although they managed to keep the Eagles from scoring. It looked like the UT offense was about to fall apart in the second half. Next week should be a thriller in North Carolina. ABC will be on nonstop in my dorm room. My mom is calling. She wanted to make sure I got home safely. I am glad to be here with most of friends although I do have friends that are not with me. My girlfriend for one is back in dallas and every chance I get I go back and see her. I wish she was here with me and then it wouldnt be so hard and I wouldn't waste as much gas. Twenty minutes has ended. ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_036006.txt," I feel like I am under a lot of stress right now at this time. All that I have been doing is wondering if I am going to make it through college alright. I am very hungry at this time. I do not know if I will get something to eat right after I am done with this assignment or if I will wait until I have done some other homework from another one of my classes. I know that I will have to get something very soon because I can smell the food that my friend is eating over there in the corner. I smells sooooo good that my stomach feels like it will never stop making the noises that it is making until I give some food to it. I feel sort of tired at this point in the day. I have just recently finished all of my classes which begin early in the morning and do not finish until late in the afternoon. That is sort of a good thing because I get a big break in the middle of the day, but I would rather get my school day over with early so that I could do homework at any time that I want to instead of being forced to do it right after class. The reason that I have a schedule that is this way is because I went to one of the last sessions of orientation and I did not get the times for the classes that I wanted. Right now my eyes are sort of getting tired because I am not used to typing for this many minutes straight without a single break. Usually when I type I will take a lot of breaks and I will waste a lot of time that I should not be wasting. Therefore, I guess that this is a beneficial assignment because it is teaching me something that I am not used to doing. There are many assingments that I am not used to doing that I have had to do for all of my classes. I get a lot of math homework, which is something that is completely different from high school. Back in high school I really did not have that difficult of a time with the work that I was given. I feel now that I will have to work very hard to attain grades similar to my high school ones. The reason that I figure this is because I have talked to many people that used to go to the University of Texas. Some say it is not that hard, but the majority of the people that I talk to say that I will have to work my tail off if I want to be at the top. They have said that everyone is just as smart as me at this school. I feel that this fact is a good thing. I like to be challeged against others who are at the same level as me or above. I feel that if I work hard that I can do anything that my mind imagines. I think that all people should have that kind of confidence because everyone in this world is worth something. Maaaannnn, I am really really really hungry because that food smells really good. I think that I am going to go and get something to eat after I finsh this assignment. I may have a burger or a few tacos or something. Whatever I get to eat, I know that it will be delicious because my stomach is turning and wishing for something to be put in it right now. I forgot to tell myself that my left foot hurts a whole lot. Yesterday I dropped a big can on the top of my foot and it swelled up a little bit and it still kind of hurts when I walk for a long time on it. I know that if I just gave it a little time to rest that it would probably be fine, but I have an active life and I really cannot do that. ",y,y,n,y,n

2002\_037308.txt," The first thing that comes to mind is that when I do these things I don't know what to write. I just sit trying to think of things to write. This to me is like one of those awkward situations like when you are with someone you don't know and have to make small talk. This is like tring to think of something to say to that person the only thing is, is that your the only person here trying to think of something to say to the computer. Another thought popped into my head and that is that I don't know what to do in my speech class. I have to give an interview to someone and be interviewed by someone and I have no idea on what I want to do with that. I had an idea and the professor was going down the list of names asking us what we were going to do ours on and I had an idea and the girl before me took my idea so now I am left here with no thoughts on what to do in this situation. I will just have to go on and think of something else to do on this project, athough I am not to really worried about it. I wonder if while doing this writing experiment that the reader ever takes into consideration that some people might have periods where they just don't think about basicly anything. That they are just in a daze where no clear thought comes into their mind and they have absolutely nothing to talk about. I was just wandering. Now a song that I hate has just come on that I heard for the first time while I was visiting for the first time that part the family that you don't talk about because they are imberasing. I don't think I spelled that word right, but anyway it was in Arkansas and I don't plan on ever going back there again. Now another song I hate has come on but I am in a delimma because of this contineous writing thing I can move my fingers to change the station. I now looked up at the clock seeing that I only have three minutes left and this is not as hard as I thought it was going to be, but my essay has been pretty boring because I am tired and had nothing to talk about. The reason I am so tired is because I have an eighto o' clock clase everyday and it really, really sucks. Well, I only have 2 seconds left and actually I would like to talk for a longer period of time but I guess I will talk to myself on paper where you can read at a later time, bye. ",n,n,y,n,y

2002\_037524.txt," I'm really not sure what exactly I am suppossed to write about so I thought I would write about the biggest thing that has been on my mind these days, and that's September 11th. That morning I woke up and things didn't seem any different. I put on my I love New York shirt and went to class. Truthfully, I was very dissapointed with the people here at UT and how they acted that day. People in my freshman seminar were actually really rude about it. The tower played American Songs for about 10 minutes and they were really mad about it. It was getting in the way of our discussion. WHATEVER!! We should have been discussing September 11!! One girl in the class said, Who cares!! People die every day!! We kill people in Afganistan every day and we don't hold memorials for them!! I personally was outraged by that comment. How disrespectful for her to say that on a day like that. That night I went with my friends to the memorial at the tower. We stayed for a couple minutes and then proceeded to walk to the capital building for the memorial that was held there. It was awesome. To be standing there next to my friends, people that I loved, and listen to the songs and here the speeches was very emotional. To hear the bagpipes play and see the fireman and the policeofficers. And then a fire man talked about how when they lose a fireman they ring the firebell, so they did that. The whole crowd stood in silence while it rang. It was very powerful. You couldn't help but stand there and think about the officers in New York who had gone into the world trade centers, doing their job and knowing that they could be killed but WANTING to go in anyways. I had to think about all the families who walked around for days not knowing if their family members were dead or alive. Walking from hospital to hospital praying that they would be there. And in the weeks after, hoping that they would even find them dead, just so there would be some closure and they wouldn't have to wonder anymore. At the capital, the police or whatever it was also shot the rifles off. I forget what that is called but that was also a very powerful moment. In almost every person in the crowd's eyes there were tears. You couldn't help it. Then the whole crowd sang God Bless America. Hearing this and looking out over the top and seeing all these people of all different ages and sexes and races holding their american flags up above their heads and just singing GOD BLESS AMERICA was absolutely amazing. I knelt down where I was and said a prayer to thank God for my family and my friends and for the fact that was SO blessed. I picked up the phone and called my mom to tell her that I love her. My family is the most important thing in the world to me and if I lost any of them I don't know how I could even go on. When it was over, two huge beams of light shone up from the back of the capital building to represent the twin towers. It made me think about the pictures I had seen from ground zero of the towers of light they had there. A very powerful sight. The man who was talking over the microphone said that the two huge lights that were shining behind the capital were both there in Pearl Harbor on December 7th. That was an amazing thought to me also. It was also very symbolic to show that the two lights had managed to withstand something that horrible and are now representing hope after another great American tragedy. However, this was a tragedy but not just that. In fact, it brought america closer than it has been in a really long time. I saw a commericial that gave me the chills. It was a video shot of a row of normal looking houses in a normal looking American city. The voice in the background said On September 11, 2001, terrorists tried to change America forever. The screen faded out, and then it slowly faded back in. The same houses were there but this time every house had like 5 or 6 american flags around it. In the yard, in the windows, hanging from the roof, just everywere. The voice said They succeeded. I think that is a perfect way to say what September 11 has done for America. Yea, so many people lost their lives, but people in AMerica are showing pride that they haven't shown in a long time. At this point in my life, I am VERY PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN. ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_039325.txt," You know, I just don't know how to schedual my workouts and Tae Kwon Do sessions. I think that four workout days and three tae kwon do days in a week sound pretty good. I could do chest, tris, and shoulders on Sunday, Tae Kwon do on Monday, quads and hams on Tuesday, Tae Kwon Do on Wednesday, back and bis on Thursdays, Tae Kwon Do on Fridays, Calves and inner, outer and glutes on Saturday. I like that schedual because my time is not fully committed to one area of interest. I used to work out every day of the week. I also can't do that anymore because my interests in the martial arts prohibit me from emulating Markus Ruhl. The German Giant! That guy is swool. I think that's how you speel swool. As in it's swoolen. Hum, maybe it's swolen. Whatever, who cares? An English teacher ya but on stream of consiousness? Besides, what if my consiousness doesn't want me to spell it right. Maybe my mind is secretly liberal and is telling me to go against the 'establishment'. 'Damn the Man' and 'down with big brother' and all of that. Maybe it's my secret way of avoiding conformity. That all sounds like bullshit to me but who can say otherwise besides me. I guess everyone now that I've said it's b. s. but that's not the point. The point is, of this tiny fragment of thought anyway, is that I could basically come up withany excuse I wanted to explain my actions and no one could say otherwise. Why can't you go up on the 'stand' and declare yourself that you were insane at the time of the murder. I mean, expertise and all that junk doesn't insure that from one, or maybe even no meeting at all, meeting a psychologist can determine that the accused was insane at the time of the crime. Does it really even make it more likely? Lets say that my mom was killed. I'd be pretty pissed and I'd break things and fight and all that fun stuff but would I classify myself as insane at the time? No, to myself anyway. If it could get me out of trouble ya, but I would know that I was really just pissed off and sad and all like that. But whatever, how can I talk about this? I have no credentials. Which brings up another point, why do you need credentials? Why do people always quote other people in research papers. I'm mostly talking about philosophy papers and diplomatic position papers. Why quote Plato, was he so enormously intellegent that all your oqn thoughts are irrelevent? Why not write a paper about what you think? Maybe you have read some of Plato's writing, then perhaps you should discuss your thoughts on that but why form an opinion entirely off what other people have said? What does that make you? A follower, a person who does nothing but agrees. Whats that all about? How could anyone live just agreeing. It really does annoy me though, how people, some people, just quote other people. It's like you can't be wrong if you go with what some dead guy said. I say go with what you say. What's wrong with that. I'm going to make it a point to quote myself int he next paper I write fro psychology. I know that writing a position paper on an issue is your opinion but is it really YOUR opinion if you've already read what someone else has to say. I'd like to do nothing but read purely data filled reports and form my own opinions on what is going on. I also refuse to validate my position by incorporating a quote from a famous dead guy, or an alive one. What I say has importance because I am intelligent. ",y,n,n,n,y

2002\_039437.txt," The green leaves outside are a very vibrant color of green today. I really hope it doesn't rain again today because I got really wet yesterday. That ticking closk is really annoying me. I never really notice it until I I have to go to work though. Theres my sisters Harry Potter book. I wonder if the next movie that comes out will be any good. I really hope it is. I have no idea why my Dad is so into trains right now, hes been collecting them everywhere. I think this is his midlife crisis hobby. We had to drive four hours this summer to go to a little dinky town called Rusk just to ride a steam train. It wasn't really worth it. I wanted the train to go under a tunnel or something but it never did. That French toast i made this morning really wasn't very good. I left a funny taste in my mouth. I should probably go brush my teeth, they have syrup all over them. I am so tired I shouldn't have stayed up as late as i did last night. Putting my thoughts on paper is really hard. I have no idea what to write. My arm hurts. I think its because i haven't streched it since volleyball season last year. I hope the team does well this year. I'm pretty confident they will. They have some really good players this year. i wonder how good of a player Mr. Pace's daughter really is. she made varsiity this year as a freshmen but then again thats really not too hard to do, considering. The new coach seems to be aa good coach though. I really hope she's able to build up a strong team. I wish that I could play for one more year. volleyball is so much fun. I wonder if i could get a team together to play intramural volleyball. That would be a whole lot of fun. Dawn alread y said she didn't want to do it. She is so unmotivated sometimes. I think we need one of those wrist pads for our computer. My hand is getting tired. Its probably just because I haven't typed hardly anything for the entire summer. I really want to take a typing class somewhere so I would learn how to type a lot faster. That would make papers a lot easier to write. ",n,n,n,y,n

2002\_039681.txt,"This is the second paper I have written like this because somehow the other one disappeared right when I was trying to push the Finish button. It seems like my life is always going the wrong way or I have bad luck such as this for most of the time. I did just get through working out with my Tae-bo tape. After completing that I always feel 100% better about myself and problems. I guess you could say that is how I deal with all of my stress,even though my life is not all that bad. Whenever someone thinks their life is terrible I always think about those children that you see on television that are starving or sick. I don't know why but I whenever I see a homeless person on the street I immediately feel sorry for them but then I start to think about why they don't have a job or are not in a shelter. My mind goes back and fourth like that a lot. Austin has a lot of homeless and I am so not used to that atmosphere, that is partly why I don't like living here. And because my boyfriend wants me to come back closer to where he lives which is Dallas, where I live as well. I chose Austin and UT because a lot of people told me that I should not go here, including my boyfriend. That just made me want to come even more though, dispite the fact that I could tell at orientation that I was not going to like it. My boyfriend is very important to me though because I have dated him for 4 years and we have a really special relationship. I can tell just by looking at him exactly what he is thinking about. I have never really had that with anyone before and he always tells me that he loves me. I find this kind of annoying because in my family I don't think that my mom or dad have ever told me those three words. My grandmother has but I used to just say it not even thinking about what it really meant. I guess that is why whenever he tells me that repeatably it starts to get on my nerves. Hopefully I don't have love issues or something of that nature because don't get me wrong I truly know that my parents love me but they just never told me. I have had a good life so I really don't need to complain about small things. I am in a very difficult spot in my life, college is a lot harder than most people say. I mean I expected the classes to be difficult and challenging but not the living on your own part. I was always so ready to get away from my house and away from the town that I lived in. Now I am not so sure about this because I don't really like Austin. I believe that I would have been better at a smaller school but I never really thought about those issues when I was selecting a college. I was too busy talking to or seeing my boyfriend or worrying about stupid high school bull that goes on everyday. I should have not cared where my best friend went to school, even though she was supposed to come here with me and then suddenly changed her mind without telling me. I am not resentful or anything but I feel that it is partly her fault, no it's not it is all my fault. I am the one who chose my future and now I want to change those plans. I guess I should be greatful that my roommate is not some freak with earrings and tattoos all over her body. I always think that things can always get worse and if you're lucky they sometimes get better. At least I did not get stuck in the same room as my suite mates because they are kind of snobbish. For instance, if I see them outside of our dorm then I have to say hi and if I don't they pretend they don't know me. I don't understand why people are like that but who am I to make a judgement, for all I know they are really sincere and nice people. I talk about people way too much but if you do it for so long it just comes natural and you can't stop. My room is actually really comfortable right now, usually it is either way hot or real cold. ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_039724.txt,"I'm in my roomate's room right now, since my computer is not hooked up to the internet yet. I never realized how little she does. She has a piece of paper, apparently meant to be a homework assignment, but it's covered with the most random, 1st grade-type drawings I've ever seen. She obviously put a lot of effort into this. I guess she was trying to avoid doing her assignment. This room is a mess. I can't wait until my computer's working. I haven't checked my e-mail in a while. I guess I should do that, seeing as how I'm expecting scholarship information. I really need some more money, preferably free money. It'd be nice to not have to work for once in my life. Not like my parents help me. Thye have better things to spend it on, like my spoiled-rotten older sister who can't fend for herself because she's never had to. I wish I could call Mom evry month and tell her how much money I'll be needing this month to survive. It's pretty ridiculoous when you have to give plasma for food. I need to just file for independence, I basically support myself anyways. I'm actually thinking about getting my wisdom teeth pulled at one of those labs that tests anesthetics on you. I'm supposed to pay for it myself, but how the hell am I going to afford that? Rent's coming up and I haven't even received all my financial aid money yet. Oh, well. Maybe I can somehow either win the lotto or get discovered. I'm going to a modeling contest in a week. Hopefully thing will go well there. I really need to get out of Texas. My boyfriend Brad lives 3 hours away in west Texas. He's supposed to start playing college football again in the Spring. There's going to be draft people there form the NFL. That'd be pretty cool too, except that if he moved to a different state, he'd want me to go with him. I'm not sure I want to succeed in getting out of here through him. Stephanie, my roommate, has some of my stuff in here. That kind of pisses me off. I don't take her shit. my other roommate Yoshi owes me $50 dollars. I need it for my psychology book (ironic, isn't it?). I found out yesterday that he owes all his friends money, almost $1000 total. I don't think I'm going to be seeing that money anytime soon. I don't get payed for another week, and my job pays crap. I want to get a new job, one that actually pays me decently, but unfortunately, I love my shitty job. I graduate in 1 1/2 years if things go right. That is, if I can get into the Psychology Dept. (once again, ironic). Why is Psychology the only major in Lberal Arts that I actually have to apply for? I could've have gotten in easily when I first applied for school if I had known what I wanted to do. Oh, well, not much I can do about it now. I've missed way too many classes already, and it's only the 3rd week. I've never been sick in my life, and now my immune system decides to go on a vacation. I wonder if my parents realize that I'm probably never going to talk to them again after I graduate? I know if I mean that or not. Sometomes I think I do. I don't think soomeone going to school full-time should ever be burdened as much as I am by financial responsibilities. It's jsut not right when, according to everything I've applied for, they make too much money. ",y,y,n,y,y

2002\_040858.txt,"I am here in UT's library. I just finished talking with my mum on line. She is back in China. Thought she is far away from me, every time I am talking with her, I feel that we are really close to each other. It is 7pm on Monday night, but I don't really feel hungry, though when I am thinking about the lunch I brought here with me, I feel like having it. Some fruits and a corn. Though this is the beginning of the semester, I feel like I am having a lot more to do than usual. I guess this is the difference between big unversity and a small college There are five classes I am taking this semester. Except the markering one, the lecture are all fine to me. However, I bet the exams going to be hard. I have to work hard to get a good GPA, then get into the program I want. The work on campus is all right. Not so fun and changlleging. Kind of boring. I am not really learning a lot from it. The good thing is that one of the bosses is nice. He makes me feel like there is someone appreciate my 4 and half hours work in the morning. I guess, people usually using new ones harder. I don't see anyone else working as hard as I do. Basically, everyone is chatting and eating. Frankly, I'd rather work instead of chatting. But just not like this. You know what I am saying? Anyway, I hope I am going to get used to it soon. I love to cook my own food. Saving money and tast good. But i just don't have much time to do so once school starts. So basically, I bring simple food to school or just eat somewhere else. I have lot needs to be done tonight and hopefully I will survive tomorrow. ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_050001.txt,"I just ate brisket, rice and kimchi. It is a very odd mixture but it was really good. I can still smell the barbecue sause and taste the sause on the corners of my mouth. I can't believe how much things I want to accomplish this semester and everything seems to go slow. It is difficult making friends because I'm not used to ssing so many students in one class, and everything time i have a ifferent group of people I sit with. I feel lonely and a little bit frustrated sense I am not really sure what would make me feel alittle better. It is Friday and it seems like it is the weekend, it is a bit odd because i am not in school or in class. A few minutes ago I came back from Barnes and Nobles, and I attempted to study Biology, Chemistry and alittle bit for this class but I only managed to study for Biology. Mitosis, what an interesting process. It is still boring because I know all this material from high school. I get so bored of learning the old material over and over again. However, this chapter did continue on with the enzymes and other chemical components it needed. I am so tired right now. I had a very nice sleep, maybe a little over eight hours but I am so tired. I kind of dozed off at BN, and I stopped reading. Instead I picked up a Harry Potter book I haven't been able to read and started to read it. I think I wasted more time reading that book than reading one chapter in biology. I got into that book quite quickly and I wasn't able to put it down. I started to have a headache and I got hungry. i don't have a headache anymore. Gee. it's only seven minutes and i have about thirteen minutes left. How come everytime i stop counting or timing i end at the number thirteen? thirteen hours of classes, thirteen minutes left, thirteen this and thirteen that. My goodness, I must have tons of bad luck. Or. is this my lucky number? haha, that would be very interesting. I feel quite happy right now I am still remember the events that occured last night. I can still here the the drums vibrating off the speakers and the guitars and the singers that I can barely hear. Frequency. It was pretty nice for the first one I went to. It was so humid and I felt so sticky. Gross. I dont' know what I am thinking right now. My train of thought seems to be discombobulated. I always go to one subject to the next. It seems that everyone does that, but it is weird. Even when I talk to many people, I digress off the subject. I can not believe I am typing for twenty minutes. I've done this before, but I had to hand write it out. The good thing about hand writing is that it takes a longer time and you don't have to constantly think or what you are thinking next. My eyes are feeling alittle droopy now. Should I close my eyes and type? haha. . okay I will do that. i might start falling asleep if i do this. Maybe I should open my eyes again. Okay, well, I wonder if grammar and punctuation and capitalization really matters in this writing assignment. What a coincidence. . it's been THIRTEEN minutes again. Why do I do this to myself. My hands are feeling a little numb from typing this, but my palms haven't become sweating, but my fingers feel weird. Maybe it is because of the rubber band aroiund my wrist, is must be cutting off circulation. I am thinking right now that I won't be able to quit. I just heard my brother's alarm on his watch. My brother is still in highschool, I wonder how much torture he's going through. I hated US history in highschool, and now my brother is taking it. It's not that I hated the content, I didn't like the teacher. She was so evil. The clock rang that it is three-o'clock. My AIM had shut the door telling me that someone went offline. Wow, I am still going on. three more minutes left. My neck is hurtingn and I want to quit. I think this assignment is so long. I want to take a break, but I dont' think I will be able to. i think i am typing faster than i was in the beginning. I want this writing assignment to be over now. NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW! I am just babbling out. I am looking at the xperiment record sheet for psychology. Wow, five hours? YES one more minute left to do this. should I count down? I want this to be over now. I wish it was over not. why almost thirty more seconds. I am so impatient now. very impatient. VERY VERY impatient. Almost done ten more five seconds. look like it is over. ",n,n,y,n,n

2002\_050159.txt," I am really tired right now. I don't know why I am so tired. I really shouldn't be this tired. But I am. The weather outside is really dark and moody to me. It makes me tired I think. I am kind of mad at my friend because she told me that she was going to come pick me up and take me out but she bailed out. That is no good she is often times doing that. I can't help but think of what is wrong with me when I have to write for a psychological purpose. I think about what is wrong with me a lot. I filled out the pretest thing a little while ago and it was interesting to see where the questions were going. There is where the bias coms in I guess-- knowing that you are thinking for someone that is going to evaluate this eventually. I want to go running (there is a track outside) but I don't have the will power to do it. Dieting is a lot easier than having to run. I like my dorm room a lot. It is very cozy and nice. My roomate is an okay guy so far, we have only had 1 run in so far. But there will be more I think. A lot more. We are very diffrent on how we approach things. I am a die hard liberal and he is a film major that just doesn't want to really take a stance. I don't know why that is. I have always been a liberal but sometimes I can be considered fiscally conservatice but incredibly socially liberal. I mean I am under the impression that one should let people do what they want with their bodies if they have the mind ability and ultimately the autonomy. I am really bad at grammar. I really really am. I don't know what I am so bad because I want to be an English major-- but alas I just am really bad at it. I really like being able to type really fast. It makes me happy. Very very happy. I worked at a law firm taking dictation for a period of time and it was somehow-- in a masochistic fashion- fun. I am really nervous right now. This is college. The big C. This is what I have been looking forward to for my past 18 years of life. And now I am here. I am a freshman and sometimes it can be intimidating. I am the kind of person that likes to always be right, and always the smartest at whatever I do; but I don't know if I can be that here. There are so many people. It gives me a really bad inferiority complex. Like a really bad one. And most of all-- that is what I hate; not being in some way special. I feel guilty at times because I think that I am being egocentric. Well, I know that I am egocentric. My entire world is based upon my own little perceptions and the like. I don't know why. I would change it if I could. But it ain't possible. I hate being stupid. That is my biggest fear, well I guess it is, of being stupid. I would hate to be stupid. It would be bad. My roomate is talking to me right now. And I have to do this right now. But I guess it messes up an authentic stream of consciousness. I am also a bad speller. I remember when I was younger that I misspelled spell, and my teacher thought that I did it on purpose. Very, very embarissing. I might want to be a poet. but really I know that I am going to be a lawyer probaly. I guess I will like it. I am kind of superficial at times and I need money to be happy. I hear people say all the time that they could be just happy as can be without money. and I don't believe that. I am just shallow. A poet makes no money really. Notoriety is also big with me in my ambition, but ultimately money is what I need. I guess that with money, everything to me seems possible. I don't know why that is. When I was younger my family always had a fair amount of money. I got a lot of things that I wanted. I guess I am the anomaly to the saying, those that grow up with money; spite it. And those that have no money; crave it That really isn't a. what is it called. crap. . now I can't remember what it is called. It is a literary term. I use it a lot. Ummm. . . okay. . a terse statement filled with wit. Ahhhh. . this is really going to bug me. hmmmm. it is called a. well it starts with an A. . Wait. I have to look it up. APHORISM!!!!. . thank the lord. it toom me forever. Very happy that I remembered. Time is almost up. The twenty minutes is slowly coming to a close. I guess I wrote a lot. It wasn't constant there at the end. I had to look that word up. It would have driven my crazy if I couldn't have remembred. ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_053186.txt,"Right now i am simply writing and not feeling anything in particular. I am somewhat upset right now though because my throat is hurting, and this is due to the fact that i have started smoking a lot more than usual. I am a pretty sensitive person so i think that is why it hurts. who knows. I also am feeling a little unmotivated at the moment and i can't figure out why. This is the time in life when i am supposed to be super juiced to go out and get what i want, to grab life by the horns so to speak. This is not happening though, and it is kind of scary. Throughout my life i have been pretty much handed everything i have either through the mediocrity of others or through my own natural abilities, or a combination of both. It scares me to think that i have never applied myself fully to anything that i have ever done, and have still managed a somewhat successful, although underachieving, life. It makes me wonder a few things though about myself and what i have in store for the rest of my life. I don't know if i actually know how to apply myself fully to something, and if i do will i actually be able to stop and apply it to something else. This not only applies to me with work and school but also with personal relationships. Up to this point I have many friends, but very few whom i can actually call close friends. They are just there because of attrition or because i was what some people might call popular in high school. I wasn't popular because of my stunning personality though, but more of what i was; a basketball player, an intelligent person, and somewhat goodlooking. When i got to college and found that there are hundreds if not thousands of people like this i found out that i am not at all who i thought. I don't really know who i am and who im not, and i am kind of scared to try to find out. When i finally decide what i am will i like it? Will anyone else like me? Will it make me happy or will i learn to hate myself because i disdain the person that i actually am. They say that you can be whoever you want but this is not true. You can TRY to be whoever you want but for some reason you cannot always be this way because there is something deep down inside of you that knows better. If i try to be a suave cool underpressure type guy, but fall down a lot, it doesn't really fit. I can want to be that way so badly, but it may never come true. If I accept that fact that i am a goofy dork will I like what that will get me. I am going out on a limb here and saying that women aren't exactly falling all over themselves for goofy dorks. At least not ones that i have met just yet. Perhaps this is just society pulling on me, and i should just accept whatever i am. The true question how do you find out who you are? I want to know so bad that it hurts, but there is not equation to find out. You just have to go out there and do it, and I am too scared to do it. I don't want to end up like the rest of my family, just sitting around waiting, feeling sorry for myself. I feel so much safer and better though when i just stay within myself and don't wander out of my comfort zone. My guess is when you do the wandering is when you find out who you really are. I don't see the oppurtunities yet. I am still waiting and wondering, hoping. I guess if i knew how to talk to people better than it would be easier to find out who i am. When i talk to people though its like they want to get away from me as fast as they can. They look down on me and they don't even know me. I don't understand why this is, but i am afraid that it is because of who i am . I think i am doomed to always be this way, and it scares me. I don't want to be this way. I am too needy for random people to want to be my acquantance, friend, what have you. I expect too much too fast and it scares people fast. People accepted it in the past because they wanted to be my friend because of who i was, but alas now that is not the case. So now im stuck, clutching onto the past like a has been with no real hope of ever stretching out and completing myself. Then i will be like the rest ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_053286.txt," For all of my life, I have been in control; I have been so goal oreinted and focused, but now that I am finally in college, I have no idea what I am doing. I still work hard and am still focused, but I do not know what I am working towards. Eventually, I would just like to become a house wife. There is not really anything else I am interested in. Furthermore, my boyfriend of ten months and I broke up about two weeks before moving up here. At first I had the hardest time getting over him, but now I am ok. The wierd thing is, I do not miss him, but I miss what we had; I miss what the relationship brought to my life. Sometimes it really scares me because I think to myself, What if no one else can offer me something so great as what he offered? My roomate is my best friend, and at the moment both she and her boyfriend are here. I look at them and remember the feeling that I had two months ago and sometimes it makes me really down. I do not really understand myself because I am independent and I know how to be alone, yet at the same time I want that in my life. It's almost like a big fat contradiction. If I am so independent, then why do I want to have a guy in my life? I don't think I'm explaining myself very well. Last night I just sat and thought for about two hours. There is so much uncertainty in what I am doing and where I am going. My peers have always looked up to me because I have always been the one that was going to make something of myself, but now I have no idea what I will be doing after graduation. I am doing this writing assignment and my roomate and her boyfriend are being loud. I don't think it would usually bother me, but I think the fact that I don't have a boyfriend anymore makes it bother me. I actually enjoy the single life, but at the same time, I miss having someone to share my thought and emotions with. I talk to my older brother a lot. He's 23 and lives in San Francisco. He's a really big factor in my life, always giving me advice and helping me through the rough times. I love the relationship that he and I share because we are more than just siblings, we are really good friends. Another thing that I think about is my family. My mom and I are really close. Sometimes she really upsets and annoys me, but nevertheless we get along really well. I thought I would cry when she dropped me off, but I barely even teared. When everyone went home for labor day weekend, I stayed here in Austin. I didn't want to go home. I didn't miss it yet. I always thought I would be homesick, and the fact that I am not, makes me feel sort of guilty. I miss my mom in the sense that she is my mom, but I don't feel the urge to see her, and that makes me feel guilty too. I am going home this weekend for a doctor's appointment. I think once I am home again I will be homesick. I like UT. It's wierd because college is supposed to be really stressful and I am sure that it will be, but for right now, I think college is really relaxing. ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_054002.txt," Today was a very hot day, and I think because I wole up too late I never fully got into the flow of the day. But ohh well it is over now and this is the last requirement that I have. Once this is done I am home free and ready to begin the best portion of the week, the weekend. I am sitting in Laurens room writing this and I am smelling the cigarets and seeing the ashes that she has left in front of me. I think I really want to quit smoking also because I can feel how much it is taking its toll on my health. I think another reason why today was difficul to get through was because I am still very sore from rugby practice that was last night. Finally we are getting into the scrimaging and off of such concentration on the fundamentals of the game. There are only so many times that I can sit and do the same drills over and over. I really like being in this room, I think that it is because it is a away from my room and into a house where everyone who lives here I am friends with. So I always enjoy comming over here. This is actually kind of hard. I don't think that I will be able to continually write in a stream of conciousness for twenty minutes. But what the hell I am giving it my best shot. Now someone has walked in so I now have something else to tune out while I write this. Well I think that , actually I have no idea what I was about to say. Anyways looking around the room trying to find something to write about. Well I actually went to all of my classes today. And I have gone to them now for ywo straight days. It is kind of hard especually concidering that I have four classes on Monday Wendsday and Friday. Tuesdays and Thursdays off. I figured when i signed up for these classes that It would be nice to have two days off a week but actually the whole plan kind of sucks. I never want to go through all four classes. I always want to leave early and really i always do. Then when you go home that night I always think that it is time to get real fucked u because there is no school for me tomorrow. Well that happens and before I know it the next day has come and half gone. Always it is about three o clock and I am staring practice in the face at six. Once that is over I want to go out agian but the problem is that I have homework in four classes that freally should be done before I go to the next class. And if you bow that off and decide not to do it and to just go out your problems just become exponentially worse the next day. Great isnt it. It was real brilliant thinking on my part. Next semester I am going to sign up for two hours a day everyday so it is nice and spread out. Red green blur pink orange white black purple white blue think don't stop this writing keep it continuous. It is going to be fun to learn what I am actually doing this for once I touch the button on the bootom of the screen to go to the next screen. I also hate the bus comming home. I have to wait for the city bus instead of a UT shuttle bus so I can be waiting for thirty minutes which is not fun at all. Then get on the bus. Airconditioning is nicve and cram yourself next to a lot of people that smell bad, I know I smell bad too but it sucks that wee even have to smell eachother. And the I want it to just take me to my stop, not stop at every bus stop along the way and let everyone else off. Is that selfish really who cares, It was just today that triggered that becauser it took so long. One minute left I can keep this continuous keep writing, writninhgg. writing, anyways this has been just wonderful writing this. I hope that all o our assignments are this much fun. I have really gotten a lot oof thids ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_054506.txt," Well I am sitting in my apartment thinking how weird it is to live by myself with out a roomate. I stair at my fish, and don't know many of my neighbors since I am new to the Austin area. My room is a mess, I am a total slob and hate to admit that. However, I would clean it up if I had a guest or to. But not during the week me and my friends are busy doing homework and trying to inteact with orginizations around the UT campus. I still miss my dance at Blinn. I worked so hard for that team and myself finally made friends in that little town. I am happy to be at a new school though for a new fresh start. Tryouts for the UT dance team are on thursday and I am debating back and forth if I will make it and how bad I really want it. I know for a fact I really want that spot on the dance team it would be a complete honor. But then again I have this attitude that if I don't care the dissapointment will not hurt as bad if I don't get the spot. I am just so use to being on a dance team and belonging to a group. Everyone knows me as the dancer. so what am I now if I don't make the dance team? I actually miss home its been about a month and a half since I have seen my parents and I miss my 2 cats soo bad! I miss my ex boyfriend terribly and wish I could see although he is 3 and 1/2 hrs away at Sam Houston University. I miss those hugs he would give everyday even when we were friends they honestly made me feel good inside. I am acutally quite bothered that my boyfriend won't call me back. I haven't seen him in 3 days and just wanted to see him for a little while. Everytime I ask him if I can see him and have to ask still after 5 months of going out he always answers with a I don't know. I feel like I need a lot of attention and hurts my feelings when he seriously does that. Not allowed to hang out with my best guy friend because these two don't get along however I don't agree with that and hang out with him anyways. I don't feel as I have to clear everything with him. I am happy that I have my two best friends here though quite close on campus. One my bestfriend from highschool didn't see much of eachother there for a while because I went away to school for 2 years and she stayed home. Alice and me have been roomates for 2 years in a tiny dorm room and decided that we wanted to live by ourselves for a change. I actually enjoy it and can do as I please. I am aslo worried about finding study buddys for my classes because I am sure my grades will be better if I study with others. Its hard to just start talking to people. when I am new I can be a bit shy. But once you get to know me I am a quite talkative person full of energy but people don't know that unless they approach me. I need to dye my hair red again becuase my mousy brown hair is starting to show again and I hate it. . glad I don't have to go to work today becaue i have soo much to do this week. I should really clean up my apartment because I have a major ant problem going on here especially in the kitchen. Its one of my best friends birthday's today I called her up and shes going out tonight wish I was here but I'm not in Houston. Wish I could be home. My dad just lost his job but has been wanting to leave for awhile. And does have a back up he has his own business called Inland Homes . Now I am glad he can dedicate all he can to his dreams which is having a successful business of his own. I am worried about him though he has been very stressed out latley. I need to call T. C to get help with my homework. . I will pass that darn T. A. S. P test soon! I don't have any other choice I am eager to get out of math and graduate college. ",y,y,y,n,n

2002\_054737.txt,"I am so excited that I get to see my family this weekend. I never thought I would feel so home sick at college. I love my mother so much she has been through hell and back and still remains such a wonderful Christian mother. If I am half the mother she is to me when I have children I know I will be doing a great job. I am also really nervous about this presentation I have to do on Monday for my Media Studies class. Not only do I not know what to write about but I don't know how to prepare for it. Of course I got there late for my discussion group so I got the bottom of the barrell when signing up for a presentation topic and the only one left was for Monday. But that is so my luck. It makes me think that if I am nervous about giving this in front of my discussion group of maybe twenty people how am I going to make it in the communications field which is what I am majoring in at this point. I really want to work for MTV. I know many people must think of this as a childish fantasy, but it is really something I am serious about and want to persue. I just love everything about music. The artists there story, the songs story, and how they make people fell. I can't wait till I am done typing this because then I get to go play Crainum with my roomate and a couple of our friends from back home. I am such a competitive person which to me is a good thing because it makes me have more determination then most people. I am watching Will and Grace and they are talking about having a baby. Gosh I can't wait till that day. I think I must have orange cones around me though and a flashing message that tells guys don't talk to her! I swear they avoid me at all costs. What the heck is wrong with me. I think I might be a little intimidating because I don't play the role of a dumb girl who needs a guy to take care of her. Which I think I got that from my mother. She is a single mom, my father died when I was ten, who is a teacher and had to raise three children all by herself. She didn't need help from anyone and she never threw in the towel when times got hard. For that I respect and love her very much. God has blessed me with the best family I could have ever imaged. Not only my imidate family but everyone from my grandparents to aunts and uncles to cousins. All of them have played such an important part of my life and have thought me so much that I just want to go and hug all of them and say thanks for loving me it has given such strength. My grandparents are so great because they can always make me feel like a million bucks even when I am at my lowest. I think it is important to surround yourself with a close knit family. I don't know what I would do without mine. I am so glad I have my roomate and friends from back home here at UT. I probably won't have latest this long without them and there company. They all have such interesting stories that I had never know about them before. Most of my school went to Texas a and m which is exactly like my hometown. We all just needed something different and a place with a good sports team ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_056431.txt," I know I said that I was ready to write but Im not too sure exactly what I need to be doing. I hope this is right. Great now Im worrying. I worry way too much that is a problem of mine. I always seem to worry even if there is no reason for it I even worry about other people's problems. I wish I could just be laid back sometimes like my best friend Joseph. He's also my roommate. Now Im now sure if this is right because Im telling you about myself when Im just supposed to be thinking. Okay now Im thinking. Why is my room so hot. Sometimes its not hot but right now Im boiling. I think it is because I am nervous about this assignment. Theres no reason to be I just need to type. Well here I am typing. My room smells funny right now. Joseph bought some cinna sticks from Dominoes a while back and I think that they are going bvad. I know they are going bad. I need to take out the trash than. I hate that I get lazy and don't take out the trash because it makes me feel and llok like a slob. Great now I propbably sound all anal about mess when Im not at all like that. Well im not a messy person but you know. Gosh reading over this I sound like such a pessimist and so boring. Oh well. Time sure is going by pretty slow. I want to make jell-o but I don't think I have room in fridge for it. Gosh some lime jell-o would be pretty good right now. I wonder how jell-o becomes jell-o . Like how does it form the way it does? Whats in gelatin to make it stiffen up and turn into jell-o. One day Im going to find out. More than likely I won't do it but it seems reassuring to tell myself that Im gooing to look into it. It makes me feel productive. Im worried about my financial situation right now. I still have almost 4000 to pay off and I got a loan for that and all but I don't know where that money is or who I need to talk to in order to get my hands on it. Tomorrow I guess Ill just need to go to the ssb and talk to someone about that. I can't think of anything else right now. I feel like Im just waisting time typing nothjing but if this ios what was wanted than who am I to say no. This should be an easy a or at least I hope. I hope the instructor doesnt read this and just because I said easy A then Im going to get like a b or something. Just in case Im sorry even if this seems easy I do my work and I dedicate time so when it comes down to it, I think I deserve that a . Great Im already negotiating for my grade and the instructor hasnt even seen this assignment. I wonder if this class will ever offer extra credit if ever im in need of some assistance? I doubt it especially if most of my high school teachers would just laugh if the subject was brought up. But then again a lot of those teachers had massive egos even though some of them had readon to have them. Ironically the teacher who had the most reason to have an ego was the most down to earth and lenient. Is lenient even a word? Oh well anyhow the teacher, her name was Ms. Ng, she scored perfect on her SAT's. How the heck did she ever pull that off. And since she did I have no idea why shes teaching at Edison. In case you dopnt know which you probably don't Edison is a public inner-city school in San Antonio and it does not have the best of reputations. I hate that though because any time your talking to someone important and you think your sounding intelligent and going somewhere with your conversation they would always seem to ask what school do you go to? And that great conversation just plummets to hell when you respond Edison . Esdpecially with teen-agers who think they are too good to even know of someone from Edison. Well thats their loss because Im a great person to know and I don't fit the Edison stereotype. There should be no stereotypes. They are just not fair. Hey cool ranting on and on made the time go by fast and its almost up. just 35 more seconds. 30 now. Wow this is actually good stress relief I should do this more often when I have time. ",y,y,n,y,y

2002\_056534.txt," Well, I am sitting here fighting with myself about whether or not I should go out tongight. It looks like i will probably give in and go to the KA house. I don't think I should because I have a lot of work to do. I am excited to go and see my grandmother tomorrow. I miss my friends a lot especially justin. I am wondering why I haven't been able to get a hold of him. so I don't have a lot on my mind, but this is fun because I get to listen to all of the music I just downloaded. our tv in the living room is super loud! I can hear it over my music and through a closed door. Things with bryan seem to be going well, but I definitely don't see things progressing too much further. I am really tired today. I should be sleeping a lot more than I have been. oh well. I need to do my devotional before I go anywhere tonight because I will feel really bad if i forget. I am very concerned about justin. I cannot stop thinking about what our issues are or aren't. I wonder what my parents are doing tonight. I miss seeing them every day, but at least I talk to them a lot. It feels super weird to be away and completely on my own, but I think I will surprise myself at how well I will do. That pizza that I ate earlier was not good. I guess it doesn't settle well because I don't eat it very often. I am so excited about my KIN class. It is so awesome, and I love that the professors are married and christians. That's so great. Paige is really cool, too, and I am very glad that she is in that class with me. I hope we end up hanging out a lot this year. I was so worried about meeting people who loved God, and it's been really reassuring so far. The tri-delts are perfect girls for me. They're so good, and they have 3 bible studies! Yea! Elton John is really talented. It cracks me up that I've gotten so into this computer business. It's really fun, though. I got my first email today. Who better from but Sebastian? He's awesome, but it sucks that he lives in Chile. Okay, I am having a lull. I really feel very exhausted, but of course I will go out as soon as I finish this assignment. It is so stupid how vain I have gotten since I have been here, but I am sure that that will go away after a little time. I am so nervous about taking my first tests. I love all of my classes, but I wonder about how prepared I am from high school, and how well my study habits will allow me to do. This assignment is really very cool. I thought it would take forever, but the time is flying. So I am very cold right now; surprise, surprise. I think of my girls from Kerrville every time that I begin a sentence with so. I definitely should not do that very much. My mother would not be proud of me. Unchained Melody must be one of the most romantic songs ever recorded. It makes me miss Justin. I suppose I will try to call him again right now. ",y,n,n,y,n

2002\_056707.txt," This is my first writing assignment of college. It doesn't seem like it could be so bad. In fact, college itself isn't so bad yet. Its not like i have any homework that is assigned. All my friends have homework constatnly that is due for them to turn in. Glad i am not in that situation. I guess that I am behind in schoolwork though. I need to read so many chapters in so many books. But who wants to read when I could be going out. The freedom here is wonderful. I don't think I have stayed out this late so many days in a row ever. It's amazing to me how much fun something as stupid sounding as an 80's theme fraternity party could be. Fraternity parties are the best thing here i think. Free alcohol, no way to get caught under 21 (unless you are stupid), and guys everywhere. Of course, I have already skipped class because of hangovers. Or can you really call them hangovers if you are still intoxicated. I am not sure about that one. I have already met so many guys. I wish that i wasn't the way I am about guys. I wish I could just meet them and enjoy our time and then thats it. No, there is always one that i seem to get attatched to. I don't want to like anyone though. I am having to fight my usual ways to keep from liking just this one guy. I promised myself i wouldn't fall for someone for at least a year. I am sick and tired of being controlled by men. Boyfriends are always controlling and now that I don't want a boyfriend I am still being controlled by having to fight feelings of attatchment. Don't they say that you seek people similar to your father subconsciously? That would make sense i suppose. He is controlling too. Not in a bad way- or in an abusive way. I suppose I would call it more of a traditional way. He is the head of the household, the king , and its normally his way or the highway. Even though I always got the last word when i lived at home. That got me in more trouble sometimes than what we were fighting about. Oh well, now we are perfect. I have always been Daddy's Little Girl and now he misses me to much to pick fights with me. I miss him too though. I call him almost every day at home or at work. I don't really miss my mom though. She is still bitter about my pledging AChiO, rather than her precious ADPi. I'm a triple legacy, why would i want to go anywhere else? I will tell you why, because those girls are NOT FOR ME!!! I miss my dog most of all. My Mollie girl is so sad without me according to my sister. She said she doesn't play anymore, she won't lay on anyones lap- which she used to do all the time- and she just seems sad. I always knew I was her favorite. I hope I am writing about what I am supposed to be. The assignment did say to write what you were thinking about. And as I started writing all of this is just coming out of my head. The best thing about this assignment is that it seems to go by fast. I suppose i have a lot of things on my mind. There are a lot of things I would like to settle so they could be out of my mind. Like the money issue. I am so sick of money. I just balanced my checkbook and i don't have any. And basically that sucks. When all my friends just whip out Daddy's credit card for plane tickets to L. A. for the weekend and 1000 dollar TV's for their dorm, and a new outfit for every party or event, and good food at good restaurants, and basically everything else- it sucks to not be able to do that. My parents support me and i am very grateful for what i get, but the other way would be nice too. I respect my parents for how hard they work to support me. They don't want me to work and i know that I am expensive. College tuition, living/eating expenses, sorority dues, car payment, insurance, and everything else they pay for gets expensive. I just wish i could do more. I guess i am selfish for not getting a job even if they don't want me too. I say i want to help, but if i worked i would hate it and i would complain, and i would just want to go out all the time. I hope that grammer and punctuation, etc. doesn't count in this paper. I hate capitalizing I when i type fast. I am almost done. Done! ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_057765.txt,"The timer is already on 15 seconds and I was thinking what to write. I am waiting for my boyfriend Nathan to call me because we just talked and he beeped over and said he'd call back. The fan in my room is seriously getting on my nerves because I stripped something in it and it makes a funny vibrating noise. I guess I am nervous about writing this because my foot will not stop tapping. I am so tired. I do not want to go to my Nutrition class today. It's the same thing every day and it lasts for an hour and a half. I have so much homework to do also. I just found out that my e-mail in the UT Directory is wrong and I have no idea who to contact to change that either. My eyes are drooping so bad. I have so much to do today and just not enough time. I need to finish all my homework, go to class, go to the gym, take a shower before class, and after I go to the gym, and then read a book for my classical mythology class. I'm looking at the timer now and it is only on 3 minutes and 47 seconds. It feels like I've been writing for a lot longer already. I guess I should be lucky to even be on the Internet. My dorm, (Dobie), has had a lot of problems with Ethernet, and this morning (for the second time) when I awoke, my Internet would not work. It really sucked. My room is so dirty and I need to clean it. I hate making my bed and waking up to start another long day. My stomach hurts because I ate too much at lunch. The food wasn't really that great today either. I shouldn't have eaten any ice cream. I need to start eating a lot healthier than I have been. I feel bad that I have been cheating on my diet. It was a protein/no carbs diet and at first I did well, but lately I've been cheating. I need to go to Wal-Mart today to buy a friend of mine a wedding present. I can't beleive she's getting married. I'll probably be the last of my friends to get married. Three of the 5 of us are already married. My eyes are soooo tired. I just want to crawl back in bed. I really really wish today were Friday. I can't even imagine what next week will be like. after all, the past two weeks have been short weeks. Next week is our first full week. I am so ready for this weekend. I am going home and sleeping in my own bed finally. The phone is ringing. It is my boyfriend, Nathan. I'm explaining to him that I have to get off the phone because I am doing this assignment. Okay he is gone now. I told him to call me back in ten minutes and he said he'd call me back in a little while. that means by the time he calls I'll probably be in my 3:30 class. Sometimes he gets on my nerves so bad, but I love him so much. I just feel like he doesn't hardly ever have time for me. It's even harder now that I'm in school. We hardly have time to talk because he's at work from six a. m. to 5 p. m. and I don't get out of class m-f until 5 p. m. By that time both of us have to eat dinner, and I have homework or he has errands to run. sometimes he comes and sees me or I go see him. Seguin isn't really that far. But it is an annoying drive. This summer we're supposed to move in together. I almost wonder if we'll still be together then. It makes me sad to even think about us breaking up. He's the best thing that has ever happened to me and I've never been happier. I've also never been sadder sometimes. I guess that's just part of being in an adult relationship. If we live together this summer, we're going to live in San Marcos. I wish we could live in Austin, but he would have to drive to San Antonio every day. Oh well. I still have six minutes left to type. I need to call my mom today and see how my family is doing. They came up to see me on Sunday, but didn't get to stay long. It really is amazing how our relationship has changed. They finally respect me and give me my own space. Before, me and my parents argued ALL the time. Now we actually have phone conversations without even saying one cross word. it's pretty nice. I know it's just because they miss me though. The lights in my room are so annoying. the ones that came affixed to the walls are bright harsh florescent lights. the other ones we bought are sooo bright they hurt my eyes. I guess I'm not going to get to work out today. It's already 12:45 and I still have a lot to do before my three thirty class. I wonder what you guys are going to learn from all this babbling of mine? To me, I wouldn't see anything interesting about a bunch of kids rambling on about their thoughts. Damn my typing needs work. I used to be a great typist, now I have to backspace a million times to get it right. It's terribly annoying. I think after I'm done with this I might sign up for my experiments for this class. I did the pretest the other day. it took way longer than I expected. My arms and hands are getting tired of typing. I can't wait until this is over. only 48 more seconds. that fan is still making that stupid noise, and my suitemate just got home. She always slams the door. I really need to clean my room and I guess I will in about 5 seconds. Okay well bye for now. I'm not going to finish my writing now that my 20 min. are up. I've got lots of other things to do today. bye ",y,y,n,y,n

2002\_058891.txt,"i wonder if kyle will call. he lies all the time kyle listening to music reminds me about kyle, about our relationship about how good it was, he used to be so sweet, kissing me and i know that he really did love me at one time, why has everything changed, why does he still tell me he loves me but acts mean to me, i hate that he tells me i shoudldnt go out and party and have fun because he does it too, he gets involved with others while i just window shop at guys, im just not attracted to some of the gusy here, they are morons, they have money stuck on their minds along with sex. i don't feel pretty enough for some of the nice guys that i do meet, i have gained sooo much weight in the last two years, fat. i feel so fat, i can't wear anything anymore because it looks so terrible, i used to feel pretty and normal back home where i everyone seemed to love me, I've been so homesick, i miss my granny and janie and kyles family. i worry about tara back home, if shes making the right decisions if she really will go to college, i at least want her to go to kc i don't want her to end up like everyone else in kilgore, they end up working at some department store making minimum wage and haveing five babies and getting on food stamps. shes better than that. i love her and want her to not end up my mom. i hate my mother. she has to be the worst person ever to just leave me behind, to leave me like i don't matter, to not come to my graduation, to not try to see me to leave me for a man that she doesnt love. she was so wrong to my dad. i wish she would go to prison and i hate her so much. i can't be like her i can't end up like her. i will never hurt my children when im a mom. i will be a good mother. a mom who plays tea party and who devotes her life to them. they will be my world. i wonder if ill marry kyle, i wonder if he will be the father of my children. i hate not knowing how he feels. he pisses me off. he says he loves me and at time i really think he does but then he treats me like shit too. i wish i could say no to him but it always seems so impossible. i love him. everything reminds me of him. every conversation i have involves his name everything i hear or see reminds me of the good times we had. we were in love. a guy just doesnt do the stupid things he does. but then why did he have to reverse all that. why did he date that trish when he left to go to college, we were together and he dated her and i really don't trust him. hes nothing but a big mystery to me. what is it about him, what is missing that i don't know about. i feel like hes hiding something really really bad from me. he used to scare me when he said hes involved in the mafia. i believe him some of the time. its weird how everything he says is right. hes so weird. kyle is reallly really weird. i want to go see him. i want him to take me to a football game. i wonder why he liked me. i was five years younger than him. a baby compared to him. he never had a girlfriend until me. not a serious one anyway, just girls that he played and used. what made him fall in love with me. what makes him have control over me. i let him. everythihng he does is my fault becuase i let him do it. i let hime make me feel bad but i don't know how to get away from that. i feel like hes the only person in this world that knows everything about me. everything and hes the only one that understands everything i do and have been through. i miss him. i hate him too. i really want to cry this music im listening to is so damn depressing. bryan adams. romantic music. this reminds me of back home. i miss kilgore, i hated it when i left and now i miss it. its small but a good town. im ready to go to homecoming. i wonder if ill have any attention. i used to remember the college kids coming hnome for the first time and how cool it was. i wonder if people will be happy to see me. i wonder if they will think i look different. freshman fifteen surely not in a month. its alcohol. i think i drink too much. i miss riding by myslef with a case on the backroads back in kilgore. those were the days. ",y,y,y,y,n

2002\_059772.txt," I sure am glad to get this out of the way. I really enjoy all of my new classes but by math Professor is really hard to understand. I miss Jenny so much and ca not wait until this weekend when I get to see her. This typing stuff and I don't get along very well but that�s why I have voice activated word processor. I talk and it types everything that I pronounce. I really don't think that fifteen hours on the first semester of school was a very good idea. I have absolutely no free time. I have PHL, PSY and RHE so I am reading all the time. At least I have a few good friends in most of my classes. I need to get my head back in school though because right now it is still in summer. All the information I receive in lectures simply goes in one ear and out the other. I hope my Mom is doing better. I left her alone all by herself when I moved to college. Wow, this is a really elementary level paragraph, Ehh, O well. So I wonder if its true that guys can blank out and be thinking about nothing, no literally nothing and girls always have thoughts flying through their heads. If it�s true the girls papers should be some what longer than the guys unless of course the girl cannot type very well (like me). I really wish I could decide on a major soon but if not I know everything will be just fine. The only thing I would like to have more of is free time. I have no free time to get my mind off of the books. Hopefully that will come soon. I�m getting pretty tired of riding the capital metro to and from school I really need to see about a dorm room for next semester but for sure next year. I feel like I am writing diary or something, actually it's quite relaxing and stress relieving. I need to see about going to my chem. and math's professor�s office hours. Well I�m thinking so hard on what to write about that I am drawing a blank, I think its the small amount of sleep I have been acquiring. I wonder if my cars AC will be fixed tomorrow like they said but then again they said it would be today and I'm still with out a car. It's very hard not to use IM language on this and abbreviate everything. By the way I suck at spelling so sorry if anyone reads this other than me. I wonder what all the goop is inside my lava lamp is made of? I don't know but I do know that my Chem. professor wouldn't know because he have a hard enough time trying to teach my class of 500 the chemistry basics. Sweet it's already over, man that was fast, too bad it's not like that in class. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_061064.txt," So I just read the asterix at the bottom of the screen about your social security number and it sounded like the most rediculous thing EVER! I mean, obviously you don't want you SSN to be taken, but if youre telling Carla you have to speak quietly?! So no one overhears you?! What the hell? I read it out loud to my roommate and good friend from high school, Margaret and she said it was probably serious because our freshman English teacher in high school got her social security number stolen. I was sick this morning and I skipped all my classes. I don't know if I should write that because now maybe you think I'm a slacker. But I really felt like complete shit. I did go out last night til like 3, but I'm really snotty and coughing up phlegm. So last night when I got home, I had to walk home early because Margaret felt like way faint and was supertired and her face was white-it was weird. So we came back and I was a little drunk and I called my ex from high school, but he's still my best friend and we talk all the time, Jacob. It was so funny, he answered the phone- I was really surprised because he sleeps like a log, but he answered and sounded kind of awake so I asked him if i woke him up and he said no he was about to take a nap though. But I'm sure he was woken up. I really like him and I think I'll probably end up with him someday just because I can't picture ever having a friend I can confide in as much as him and I feel like he knows me inside and out-however cheesy that may seem. But I still get elated when he calls me and I love talking to him most of the time. I'm really excited because tonite I'm going to KA pledge line! with one of my friends from high school, daniel, a KA pledge. I can't decide if i should wear this black tube dress with a white ribbon on it or this black mock turtleneck dress thats a little bit longer and supertight. Its very flattering, but it seems like guys always like strapless stuff and I have to wear my superhigh heeled shoes with the mock turtleneck dress and a lot of guys like petite girls. I might go with that one anyway though because I have like a zit on my chest and it shows with the tube one. But I've met Jeb Bush a few times and I'm way starstruck with him and want to go on a date with him really bad just so I can say I could kind of, and he's kind of short. But I have a crush on this pothead (of course) I'm always attracted to that type (except Jacob) who's tall and his name is Clayton. I may just forget about Jeb and go for the tall shoes. haha. So I've only been writing for 11 minutes 45 seconds! I have so much time left and I already feel like the most shallow girl ever- not to mention slacker for skipping class already. Chandler, my suite mate and I are going to go to the SSB later and then-shopping!! You can never be too sick to shop. So right now I'm undeclared liberal arts and I was thinking about transferring to the business school and then I was like what the hell am I doing because I hate math and economics! So I dropped economics and added art history which I do like and decided to just stick with calculus-unfortunately. I got a 75 on my calculus homework yesterday. great a C already, that sucks ass. But I'm taking textiles-which sounds like another crap course but I'm really interested in fashion merchandising as a major. I want to be a buyer when I grow up or own a cute little clothes store. I think that would be a blast. But I told my dad I was taking textiles and he laughed his ass off for like 20 minutes and I mentioned fashion merchandising (but not like I was going to do it) and he would absolutely die and disown me if I majored in that. he was like you can still major in English and be a buyer. But I know he's going to tell the whole family I'm taking textiles and theyre all going to laugh at me and think I'm dumb, but whatever. Textiles really is harder than some of my other classes like French (that you would think would be a really hard class). We have to memorize like 500 different kinds of fabrics and their properties. Yikes. So I'm like aching right now and I really think I have West Nile. Chandler's brother's friend (in Baton Rouge) had to have his appendix out because they thought it was appendicitis, but he really had West Nile. How much does that suck?! So I like UT ok right now, but from what I've heard everyone saying about the college experience being the best thing ever, I don't know so much right now. I can't imagine ever having friends as close as the ones I had in high school or meeting people as nice as the ones in Baton Rouge. Louisiana people seem way nicer to me than Texas people. ",n,n,y,n,n

2002\_070547.txt," Hi, my name is Ashlee Vicars and I am a new student at the University of Texas in Austin. I absolutely love it here! It is so much more than I expected. I am living with a friend from back home that is a sophomore here. I didn't know anyone here when I came so I decided to go through the rush process and go greek. I was very disappointd in the greek system. They are so political here in Austin. I felt like I was cheated out of a few good sororities because my parents didn't go greek in college or did not have as much money as other girls going through rush. A lot of the legacy stuff didn't make sense to me. Oh well, I ended up pledging Alpha ChiOmega and I absolutely love it ! The sweetest girls in the owrld are in there and they are so much fun! I have made many friendships that will last for a lifetime already. Right now my roomate and her boyfriend went to eat and I am typing this for my new psych class. I am listening to a song from back home that makes me miss my x boyfriend. We were together for the past year and I was so in love with him, but he was 21 and I was 18 and that 's not a bad age difference, but he just wanted to party all of the time, which is okay, but he drank every night we were together and that really upset me. That also led into him lying to me and doing things behind my back that really hurt so I broke up with him. But I still miss him so much. But moving to Austin is a good thing for me because I am away from everyithing from back home and I can start all over. He wasn't good for me at the time. Hompefully he will grow out of his drinking stage and maybe someday we will wokr everything out, but until then I am not putting up with that and i can do better. I love the new girls in my sorority, they are so sweet! It made me think of that because a new friend of mine Jill, knew Jacob, my x-boyfriend, and they were friends their senior year. Its knda crazy becasue I am from Pottsboro, an hour north of dallas, she is from Plano, and he is from Prosper. I met Jacob at the lake when I was modeling for a swimsuit store. We fell in love and spent the next year together. ANyways, i have been knda upset with my parents lately because they are just really frustrating me. Everytime I talk to them they arelik how are yoyr grades? When it has only been 2 weeks and this is like the first assisnment I have turned in. They are so worried that I am just down here partying and not going to class. I don't know why they think that because coming to UT has been a dream of mine since I was a little girl! I am so happy here! My mom got upset with me last night becasue i told her I was going to the Tulane vs. Texas game in New Orleans and she said no, and I said well I'm old enought to make my own decisions now. Why would she not want me to go on a roadtrip with all my new sorority sisters and have fun? And then I was going to eat dinner at 10:00 at night and she flipped out on me because I had class the next day. She is being unreal. And I havne't talked to my dad in over a week because we just argue about how i should be using my time wisely at college. I don't even want to go home and visit anymore. I have always had a good relationship with both of myparents so I don't know why now it is a problem. I love them to death but I just can't talk to them for a couple of days. My roommate is cool, but she sometimes gets on my nerves. She never cleans up after hersolf and she always has one of her two boyfriend over here (that don't know about one another) and she is sleeping with both of them and then asks me to cover for her. but at the same time she is doing their laundry here and being inconsiderate of me. I don;'t know, i'm just really stressed out right now. MY new friends here ar eawesome though. I guess I keep talking about them because this is the first time in 7 years that I havene't had a serious boyfriend. But I like the single life sometimes, I don't have to answer to anybody or call in and check in with anyone anymore. My friends just fight with their boyriends all of the time. I came from a small town where you were able to be involved in everything. I played basketball, ran track, softball, was a cheerleader all thourhg school, did student council, sisters of service, fellowship of christian athletes, and took a few leadership roles and it was great. But a lot of girls hated me for it. I was alway ssweet to everyone but the girls always taked bad about me because I was friends with their boyfriends or was with the guy they wantred. Now that I am in Ausitn, i don't have to worry about jelaous girls anymore. Which is so awesome. I used to come home from school and cheerleading practice crying because of some of the things the girls would say to me. THey were so hateful and mean. I loved to cheerlead, but half way through my senior year iI quit cheerleadeing because the girls got so bad. It was really messed up. I always argued with our sponsor because she didn't like me and I had no respect for her because she cheated on her husband and slept with the football coach and she was just horrible. And then she tried to date my boyfriend. This was our sponsor, what kind of authority position was she to be in? Anyways, this is just what all is on my mind . I will make my parents happy and come home with awesome grades this semester abd they will be so proud of me! That is my main goal in life right now! ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_072432.txt," whats up im tearing awwaaayyy my name is Hope i like fish, and stuff like that, sarah's music is loud so it is hard to write i think. . my room has lilo and stitch in it a lot, my doll is funny from that movie it is green, it's name is Rogelia i'm not really sure how to spell it. the suite mates across from us are very loud, they like to laugh a lot- it's not really laughing it's more like cackling and shouting at the same time. . This drowning pool song is a good song but the lead singer died the other day. I wish my hair didn't take so long to dry and straighten and everything it gets annoying and makes me mad sometimes the phone is ringing in the room across the bathroom they're so loud I like goldfish i'm glad i got them from the campus store. . Grace is yelling 'give me a break' and clapping they are so loud it took me awhile to learn they're names because they're both so loud and its hard to distinguish them- i forgot my apostrophe in that it's but now i guess i don't need it I wonder what brittany is doing today- she doesnt spell her name like Britney so i always try to write it like Britney Spears. I haven't talked to her in awhile i really should call her more often but she lives so far. it's such a long walk. plus i should call Candi, but Candi doesnt call me so i don't know why i should I don't know if she moved in with her boyfriend or if she lives at home, she invited me to hang out with her the other day and then her cell phone broke- i called Taylor's cell phone the other day uh-oh Incubus (not sure how to spell that) and actually no i messaged taylor and it said it was his sister and he told me he had a new phone and gave his to her but i don't believe him. Taylor has cute hair, just because he's original with it. i miss the mall and visiting taylor at gadzooks before i went to work, i liked walking past there and seeing him, then seeing ashley and toni at electrocell, then going up the escalators to journeys and saying hi to russell and krystal and hollye krystal owes me 50 dollars she has been so mean lately because she's so obsessed with her boyfriend I don't think that a boyfriend should mean that much to somebody, they're just going to screw you over in the end, and you're going to need yoru friends to fall back on, unless of course you alienate them like shes done to all her friends. i miss kirkland's too, all my buds were there-it wasn't the same though without amber and brandye- i felt so bad for amber this weekend because robert didnt call her back- just another evident sign that boys are trouble eddie is probably trouble i don't know why i like him i can tell he's just another liar like Aaron- aaron broke my wittle heart i can't believe i let myself trust him, it is kind of upsetting to think how much he upset me and i still kept calling him, i won't do that again,, sarah's playing limp bizkit; at junior prom ben reagan drove me and we listened to limp bizkit on the way to dustin's house i thought it was unromantic, i can't believe dustin's dating amanda- shes actually pretty nice i went to that foam party with her the other night and she was cool however she did call me and her and jenifer asked me to go to the game with them but when i said i didnt want to they said 'but we need your extra ticket' awww our lady peace they are so awesome i was so happy that Erin went withme to their concert even though she doesnt like them. i was kind of mad that she dragged us from the front near the stage to the back because she was hot elimidate is onn!! i love that show, Cody was on it and won, i wonder why cody hasnt called me maybe he thinks he'll get in trouble because he's a teacher and i'm a student or maybe i'm just not good enough for him I don't konw but i should go back and visit Ms. Brinson and tell her i'm thinking about switching my major to art or architecture. i don't know i think architecture would be more fun then architectural engineering thats hard to spell. . . i would like to design things i just think there's not a lot of money in architecture or especially in studio art, but my mom says there is she was really cool about my losing my check card the other day i was so upset about it especially when i thought i had lost my UT id thingy too that woulda sucked then i couldn't have gotten food i think that i type too fast, all the freshman in my BCIS class last year used to stare at me and be like whoa she types fast and i'd be like yeah thats because i'm cooler than you. scott was in my class and he knew amber but he always called her nicole. i'm sleepy its 11 pm i think i should be in bed considering i have class at 8 tomorrow i hafta go because i have to turn in my homework, jenifer hancock and me worked on our homework together today in the study lounge, when she took the top off her bottle-o-water it made a funny noise and i remember getting mad for some odd reason. . i want to go home this weekend but i think my friend's are going to want me to go to some parties with them however i don't drink so i don't think it will be that fun. sarah is doing her homework online i like when it says 'correct' i'm glad that sarah thinks the neighbors are loud too, i guess at they're house screaming this late was acceptable omg and that girl yesterday sitting outside OUR door on her phone, what was she thinking???? she knew we saw her and she was just being loud to be mean i guess and i just wanted to open the door and be like HEY i can hear your whole conversation and i am trying to study so couldyou be q-u-i-e-t please but she wouldnt have understood anyways. . if i were to go home i don't think james would want me there, it's not really my house anyway, i hope they're watering my plant because i love it! especially the little pot its so small and fat there was a pot like that at kirklands that crystal always talked about how cute it was and amber thought that i said krystal was a size 13 but i meant the crystal at kirklands and it was really funny i thought it was sweet how they got me that cookie cake i am so mad that my mom left all that stuff in the fridge, and my shelves and parakeet from kirklands on the floor of the apartment whatever there prolly weren't even any fleas i mean she got her zelda books but she couldnt get my stuff??? she said i left some shoes there i hope i got all the cute ones what else was there i don't remember oh yeah my sea monkeys they had gotten big, there used to be a buncha little ones and now theres just a few big ones i thought that was funny i'm going to hafta get some more because thos were pretty cute ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_075063.txt,"Cars Mileyva sock bigsteakhouse hands car printer Mileyva parrot tag nervous hole sandwich bite thick Diamond Rio Brooks and Dunn peanut butter I don't know what to put becasue when you HAVE to write your thoughts, you go blank. Milk gas bevo little fun Jacob thirsty storage my arm hurts squeeze itch bite straw kramer what's happening? juice bad taste not enough slurp anxious about eco quiz smart car 300 ZX curly hair greek what? lonely itch nerd looks like water mickey gas i need to floss where were you when the world stopped turning eyebrow hungry for another sandwich acne i need to wash my face double date Elvira 27 year old date she I want my parents to meet her hospital my mom my brother Toby Keith Jacob's dad flying back muscle missions tortillas plane old orange couches in the pharmacy building Christina Ricci John Madden candle barometer greasy hair Kumbaya itch hope the cut on my foot doesn't get worse parking downtown Elysia Puerto Rican island palm tree ocean city beautiful Mexican dark hair and eyes government Burdine EX subwway tunnel trash in the breeze tile walls platform big orange ball my nose itches Jacob Chevy Venture banana steel baseball bag not enough I already like the B&D song Unloved even though I've never heard it Pumba Carpal tunnel Syndrome pepper chile pepper fireball I'm going to try and be a good friend to Mileyva countrified Mount Washington Kentucky green grass country road thick impatient about starting relationship tired of waiting hope time between communication does not dissipate her feelings big orange ball 1626 cafe Lexus Vanessa Carlton Pigglet hobbit houses bath with raspberry fragrance tumor gum graft kilo License to Kill Robert Davies bomb fish bob and tom black man fish my hair is cooperating Ocean's Eleven Eminem ovulating barrel Drew Carey operating table nickel McDonalds time trist leg hair pain in foot Eminem comb and style hand hurts knee itches ",n,y,y,n,n

2002\_075649.txt," My thoughts are so mixed up, I don't really know where to start. I have been really upset with myself lately because for the life of me, I cannot seem to focus on school at all. Not only can I not study, but just sitting in class, I find myself constantly tuning the proffessor out and thinking of irrelevant things. I hate this about myself, how i cannot stay focused on things that matter and how I dwell on insignificant things that I should not think about during this time, mainly my relationships with guys. I always fall for the ones that will hurt me, and indeed they do, and even right now I am interested in someone who I know will treat me bad and will not be a good person to me but that is why i think i chase after him. It's like I am trying to get hurt by these guys. I don't ever like a guy that likes me back, i only like the ones that i know i won't have a chance with or that are rude and immature. This part of my life takes up so much of my time and it shouldnt. i should focus on things that are important. i should try to work harder in school. but i dont. and this is why i am so upset with myself. i want to be a better student so bad but i cant. i hate it. i get so easily distracted and theres nothing i can do about it, i never used to be like this its just recently this has happened. no matter what, i don't try to work. im just lazy and always tired, never wanting to do anything that involves much activity. but this is probably one of the only things i really get mad at myself about, besides the whole thing with guys. even my friends tell me to stay away from them, but i just cant. SEE, there i go again, off track and thinking of stuff i shouldnt be. i guess i expected college to be different. i expected everyone to be so mature and not act like they did in high school, but honestly, nothing has changed. you still get screwed over by the same people and get in fights. yeah, its nice to have independence, but i had it at home to an extent, too. i feel like now when i go home everything is different since i don't live there anymore, like i don't fit in there and like everything everyone does bothers me because i am no longer used to it. i want to be happier with myself, i really think i am a great person who has so much to offer to the world, but i block that out often and just concentrate on the negativities in my life. why? i don't know! i always have done that, i always some how find drama to dwell on for no reason! it sucks! so im going to concentrate on some of the better things going on. friends--my friends are awesome, i love them to death, it was really hard for me to part with them but ill stay close to them, i know i will, i have to. family- i have the best family ever. they care for me so much its crazy. the love i have for them could never be measured in any way. im sitting in my dorm room which is supposed to have 4 people since it is a suite but i am alone. here its like you have to fend for yourself and no one is really there for you always like it was at home. once again, as i sit here, inside i am yelling at myself because i am thinking of all the work that i need to be doing for school. why do i punish myself like this? why don't i just DO the work and then feel good? i wish i knew how. i need motivation, something that tells me to go for it because in the end it will be all worth it when i am an optometrist and i can help people with their ailments. that day seems like it is going to be soooooo far away, 8 years!! aaah!! i feel like im running short on things to say, my head is all jumbled up with thoughts of calculus, chemistry, and boys. if i could just get that last subject to leave me alone how much easier this would be!! i worry about everything, about how the heck im going to get all my work done and do well in my classes, about my family, about my friends, about everything. its hard for me to trust people once they have broken my trust, and i worry about trusting people here because so many of them are so fake. i never know whats going on with them and how genuine they really are. but then theres God, my light, my soul, my heart. God gets me through it, God loves me, and I love God. Thank You. I'm sure this sounds like a jumble of the most random stuff, but this is how i think inside. its all mixed up and thats how i feel so often, all mixed up. ",y,y,y,n,y

2002\_075732.txt,"I am thinking about a lot of things right now. I just got off of work a little while ago and just ate dinner. It was really good. I really like my nails that I just got done today and I notice they look really nice as I am typing. I hope I can do okay in college. This first week seemed pretty hard and it kind of scared me. I hope it gets easier. I am thinking about how I am going to arrange my experiments and where they are located. I had a really boring time at work today. I work with a guy that goes to Southest Texas State University and he is about to graduate. We have been talking about college alot lately and he has helped me. I have a boyfriend named Trent. I have been with him for 2 years. I am off of work tomorrow which is good that I get a brak. I just got paid this weekend and I like getting paid. I am stuck and I don't know what to write about. Thins is a really good assignment though. I like doing stuff like this. 20 minutes is a long time though and I hope my computer doesn't kick me off the internet becasue it sometimes does that. I am so full right now. I had a coney from Sonic and I don't think I am going to eat for a whole week. I am so fat. Ever since mid way through high school, I have been fat. Being with Trent has made me even more fat because we eat out a lot. He has gained a lot of weight also. I love him so much and I think about him all the time. I can't wait to get through college, marry hima dn start our family. We have a lot in common and we even want the same kind of kids, you know the genders in a certain order. Well I am running low on thoughts. I can't seem to think of anything clearly when I need to most, like right now. I have done these things before, like I have said, but they have only been for 5 minutes at the most. I really like the idea of going to UT but it is going to be a major challenge. I see that it will take a lot of dedication to myself. I am planning on majoring in nursing. I really didn't know what I wanted to do and nursing seemed like it was good enough and I could still go to UT. I looked at all the positive things it had and right now in this day and age, nursing is very beneficial and can be done almost anywhere, not that I want to leave Texas. I can't wait until my dad starts treating me like I am an adul since I am legally now. I wish he would let go. He says he is trying to work on it but he needs to do it faster. He needs to treat me like the 18 year old college girl that I am. He won't let me be as independent as I want to be. I don't know what else I can do to prove to him that I am raised and I can take it from here, just not quite financially. My fingers are starting to get cramped. I am getting really tired and the time is going to be up soon. I am going to look around a little bit more at my class web pages then I am going to lay down and go to sleepI miss dancing. I may not have been the best at it but I miss it from high school. Maybe eventually I will get into something at UT if I am good enough. Of course I need to loose a little bit of weight. I would like oto take one of the excersize classes since I can't afford to join a gym. I am discovering that I don't like my car as much as I did and I think I want something a little more sportier and maybe faster. ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_077466.txt," I am feeling sad but feeling so much better. Yesterday was hopeless, today there is hope. I am realizing that I am so much more complete without my boyfriend than I was with him. Next time I will not let someone control my thoughts and actions so completely. Next time I will not let myself make excuses for someone. I have learned a lot. I feel like I want to kiss him so bad, to feel his lips on mine, to feel his skin on mine. I want him to hold me all night and tell me everything is all right. But in my heart I know it is. It is so hard to be his friend but I want to so much. He says he doesn't want to lose me. It is funny, we see each other more often now that we are just friends. And no that is not friends with benefits. There is no way I would let him take advantage of me like that. . but it would be so much fun. Then it would hurt so much. It's really not hard to be with him, I love being with him. The hard part is leaving him. Every time I do I feel like I may never see him again. He hugs me and says it will be ok, babe, I promise. I know he is right, it will. I just wish it was going to be like I thought it was going to be. I had such big plans for this fall. After waiting on him all summer, who could blame me? He seemed so perfect for me last May. What happened? I need to stop asking myself these questions and move on with my life, I know that. But being his friend and seeing him all the time is going to make that more difficult. I am just trying to be as sweet as possible and show that there are no hard feelings. I really am not mad at him; I just wish I could change the way he felt. Alright, that is not really true. The truth is, I wish he was a different person. I wish he was the person I imagined he was and truly believed he was all summer. Instead, I fell in love with a commitment-phobic guy who drinks to much and actually owns a rifle. I can't believe I could be so stupid. He looks so sweet and innocent. I am moving on though. Or I will be shortly. I just need to dwell for a little longer. Like I said, there is hope today. I know I am beautiful and intelligent and witty and sweet, I don't need him to tell me that. I just wish I had someone who would. I am trying so hard to be independent but I have never really had a significant other I could depend on so I guess it's not that hard. I guess I am just in love with the idea of being in love. I want to be swept off my feet. I just hope I'm not infected with that crazy disease where I can only love people who don't love me back because I want to make people love me. I really hope I don't push people away. I try so hard to be a good girlfriend but when someone doesn't call you when he says he's going to and leaves you hanging a million times, what are you supposed to do besides get upset and threaten to break up with them? I definitely put up with his shit for way too long. I know he will be a better friend than a boyfriend. It will just be so hard if I have to see him or hear about him with someone else. Especially if that someone else happens to be his ex-girlfriend. She tried to get back together with him this summer when I was 3 hours away. What a bitch, I can't believe she would do that. I hope he isn't still in love with her. Oh well, there is nothing I could do about that anyway. Didn't I say there was hope today? Well, there is: for the first time in days, I actually felt hungry. It felt so good to eat and not feel like I was going to throw up. It also felt good to not burst into tears every five minutes. Yeah, there were a few times when I would have liked to, but I think I did alright today. After all it has been only a little over 24 hours since he made his decision. I am doing very well, I think. I think it is helping that he wants to be my friend. When I told him I didn't know because it would be hard, he begged me, saying, Please try, I don't want to lose you. I am glad he did that because I don't want to lose him either. Even if he is all wrong for me, at least he can be there as a friend for me. He says he might want a relationship with me eventually but I don't want to wait for him. I can't. It would end up making me more miserable than ever. I think I am better off just going on with my life and talking to him only as a friend. I think the more I see him the more I will realize how wrong he is for me. I need someone who will put me before his buddies and who will love me with everything he has. I need someone who is ready to make a committment to me. I need someone who will send me flowers just because he is thinking about me. I need a fairytale romance, I need to be swept off my feet, I need love, real love, crazy love. Like all the songs, all the cliches, that is what I want more than anything. And I don't even know if I believe it exists. I want to, but c'mon folks, let's be realistic. Somehow my parents still manage to love each other but there is not really much passion there, at least that I am aware of. Maybe there is, but I doubt it. If true love is more than just a friendship, that means it involves chemistry and passion, but that stuff fades, it always fades. So what is to separate a strong, passionate friendship with true love? Fucked if I know. All I know is, things are really looking up for me now. I'm going to be just fine. :) ",n,n,n,n,y

2002\_077680.txt," I don't know what to write about right now. I guess i'll start by telling you how I feel right now. I've been a little depressed lately. Complicated stuff with my girlfriend. Well she's not really my girlfriend becuase she said we are only dating so it isn't as serious as going out. She's in K D Phi so she's been really busy with sorority stuff. I guess I just miss spending time with her. I also thought about joining Lamda because I couldn't hang out with her. Now I realize that would be a bad move becuase I need to concentrate on my classes. I am going to make an A in all of my classes. I need this 4. 0 to have a better chance getting into the Business school. My sister believes I can do this and I think that if I try really hard I will do it. Wow it's only been three mins and 50 seconds. This is harder than I thought. Hmm I don't know what else to say and I feel obligated to keep typing the entire twenty minutes. I just popped my knuckles and I know i should stop doing that because it's really bad for me. I'll prob end up having arthritis when I get old. I'll talk about my environment now. I'm in my friends room at Jester West. Room 151. There are four of them in this room. Caleb just said he hates working on Fridays. I would too, if i had a job =P. Enoch is sitting beside me and doing stuff on his computer. He said he needs to work on some website this weekend. Caleb is eating barbeque he got from Jester City Limits. He said the sauce is kind of spicy. They are watching Fox News right now. Now back to MTV and Shikra is on. Damn she's hot =). Marco is on his computer messing with some photoshop stuff. I don't know how to use photoshop. I just play games on my computer. Oh yeah, and sometimes do homework on it =P. wowowow, its only been 8 minutes and 20 seconds. dang time is going by slowly. haha, now they are watching tennis. ok, nevermind they are just flipping through the channels. It smells really bad now, someone farted =X. Marco said it wasn't him but i think it was. Enoch is getting me to write more. Now he's telling his brother that he was put on the second network. For some reason last night his uploads went crazy, which put him over the bandwidth limit. The second network doesn't seem that bad. All the webpages he went to opened quickly and stuff. Marco needs a new computer. He's singing it to some song on mtv right now. I need a new computer. mine's a piece of trash. whoaahh haha weirdo right? =P uhh ohh now everyone is humming/singing to the song! oOoOo a girl is coming here right now, because it says on her away message that she is stopping by. dang it now its been 12 minutes 30 seconds. lalalalalala I miss Patti =P this sucks. I was pretty sad last night because i started thinking about her again. Well atleast she goes to the same school. My friend Alex goes here, and his girlfriend Jenny goes to . that girl is here now. oh yea jenny goes to UT arlington. Needa smells like girly stuff, she smells good. She said girls fart and go number 2 just like guys. Jenny is going to try to transfer to Austin next year. She's been more depressed than i have because she hates it there. She found jizz on her couch at her apartment and she was like what the hezzy. =\ oh yeah i left my phone in someone's car and haven't gott its evolution baby! - marco - weirdo. i haven't gotten my phone back yet. I went ALL day yesterday without my phone. I was a new experience. A bad one. jenny's instant messaging me right now. hmm 16 minutes and 40 seconds. almost done! haha i guess thats what i'm suppose to be talking about right? what's going through my mind. caleb doesn't know what this is he asked me ahaha here ill start writing lyrics for marco is stupid haha he's watching so i had to write that. nevermind the song goes to fast, i cant' type the lyrics. woot! almost done less than 2 minutes left. i played volleyball last night for the first time in a couple years. there were some guys there that were really good, and i had this short girl on my team named isabel and they spiked it at her really hard and she was like ahhh and got out of the way of the ball, it was funny. 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 29 30 haha i'm almost done woohoo. first writing assignment finished in 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 woot! ",n,y,n,y,n

2002\_078589.txt," Now I am really annoyed. I already typed a stream of consciousness for 20 minutes. But when I clicked on Finish, it had an error. I have to do this entire thing AGAIN. ARG. It is almost 1 am and I'm really tired. But I can not go to sleep or feel accomplished until I finish this. This is exactly why computers are annoying. They have problems, and if you did not save your work. Everything you did before is totally lost. I just finished filling out the forms for crew. My hand is already a little sore from signing so many forms and such. I think Emily just got offline. Vivek just Im'ed me. He rarely im's me anymore. We used to be best freinds, but now things are just weird between us. He once confessed that he loved me, but I didn't feel the same way. So I reacted badly and got mad at him. I felt that he was ruining our friendship, which is exactly what ended up happening. So now he and I both have our own boyfriend and girlfriend, but it's just not the same. Otto just imed me too. I want to talk to him. And he should have been able to call 15 minutes ago since I was SUPPOSED to be done with this assignment already. But NO. the stupid internet and connection had to go crazy on me. I do kind of wonder if the TA's now have to read TWO of my writings. Oh well. I'm too lazy. I'm so tired. I walked and started training for rowing. At least I'm not as scared anymore since the girls did not look any different from me. So we are all in the same boat. I just have this fear of being too buff. But I do need to work out and get more fit. If i don't make the rowing team, I think i will try to join the newspaper. I used to be on yearbooks, I still have to submit my application for officer for CTSA. Too much to do. People say how college students shouldn't overwhelm themselves teh frist year. But i personally think that the first is the best and more important year. So I should be going out, trying out everything that i possibly can. And then later i can decide which select few clubs/orgaizations/activites are important to me. I did almost everything my freshman year in high school, but by my senior year it was reduced to just debate, orchestra, NHS, and STAND. Hopefully I can do the same thing for college. But, with more pretigous titles so I can get a good job. I think life is redundant. All we do it work, eat, and sleep. Honestly, what is the purpose of life? We live it to teh fullest extent, but still what is the point. I can join thousands of clubs and do thousands of activies and be the richest person alive and most powerful. But in the end, we all die. Nothing is any different. Humans are humans, and we just seem to have no real purpose. I guess thats too deep of a question to be thinking of this late. But I always think the most right before I go to sleep. My mind always goes on overdrive. And i suddenly think/contemplate things that I would not have during the day. Yes, EMily is offline. She didn't even bother to IM me. It bothers me that she just uses me and I let her. Maybe I should just ignore her, but who knows. I've known her too long to give up our werid love-hate friendship that we have. I'm afraid that this writing assignment is going to be judged and graded also from our grammer and spelling, and punctuation. Mine is really bad. I have so many typos and such because when I bother to backspace and correct my mistakes, I lose my train of thought. I always seem to think faster than I can type. I think it's the same for everyone else too. I love this song by The sky is blue, baby i love you. . Martina McBride's song is so pretty. I love happy songs. emotioanlly attracted, physically active. the lyrics are going to be stuck in my head later, I just know it. Baby I love you. sigh, I still have 5 more minutes. My brain is getting tired of thinking or trying to slow down my thoughts to the point where I can type them all down. My roommate isn't in the room right now. She's never here at night, but she takes so many naps during the day. It's very odd. Her schedule is screwed up. But at least I don't have to worry about bothering her from all my loud typing. I'm sure it must sound really annoying. She doesn't even have a computer. I don't understand how she can stand that. I live and breathe for my computer, even though I am totally computer illiterate. I had to have my boyfriend and guy friends show me how to download music. My younger sister is even better with computers than me. Hopefully my MIS310 class will teach me more about computers so I do nt always feel so incompetant. And then I will also learn how to make my own web-page. I think that sounds like a lot of fun. This seems to be a lot to read. I wonder if the TA's actually read everyone's essay. Or maybe they just give us a check for completion. I dont' remember what the instructor said in class. Sometimes I get my classes mixed up. Thats why I have to color code everything, and orgainze my stuff. I am such a neat freak. My roommate is really messy and it bothers me. But not as much as I would have thought it would. She keeps it on her side, so it's not too bad. But I also have to LOOK at her side of the room. I try to sit and face my side of the room since its so much prettier. HEHE, i think that sounded really conceited. Not to ",y,y,y,y,n

2002\_078803.txt," Well here i am writing this assignment don't know exactly what to make of it but i will give it a try. College has definetly been a weird expierience so far frat life is very different than what i was used to back in my home town. My friends are acting very differently even friends i knew close in high school are pretending like the don't know me and its strange. don't get me wrong i have nothing against branching out and meeting new people but i still like to keep in touch with my friends but i can't seem to do that. Huge decisions permeate my life right now, i mean people keep telling me that the decisions i make over the next couple of years are going to affect me but it seems like the decisions i make right now affect me the most. Whether i join a christian fraternity or not its all so strange. People are often so complex and strange. I guess thats why i am a Psychology major. The mind is so complex and even today hasnt been mastered. For example how do i know if what i am typing here right now is my actual real thoughts and not something i think abuot thinking merely for this expieriement. What is real. . if it is just electrical impluses interpreted by the brain then what is real - Morpheus. Just thought i would throw that in there. don't get me wrong i know in my heart the foundation of my life but already in the first chapter of this book i have beef with this writer. He explains coincidences in our lives as totally unrelated and people use extra ordinary beliefs in superstition or God to explain them. I don't believe that at all how is mr Myers so sure he knows what a coincidence is anyways? Too me it seems there are too many coincidences in modern day life that they lose their coincidentibility and some greater power has to be in control. I willingly get up every day knowing without a doubt that The Creator of the Universe has sacrificed himself for me and i can't tell you how great a feeling taht is. Knowing that no matter what mistakes i make during the day His blood will cover me. Evolution is a big tub of crap. How can something come from nothing. . its impossible defies the system of physics? Even if one buys into the Big Bang Theory which is a load of crap where did that first star come from? SOMETHING CANNOT COME FROM NOTHING. . and the way that things are spiralling downward the farther and farther we push God out of the picture. The more we take Him out of the Pledge of Allegienace and our money the further we dig ourselves until He comes back like a theif in night and to be honest i can't wait. For the wisdom of man is the foolishness of GOD so the smartest man on our is a fool compared to Gods infinite wisdom. I guess Jesus just encompasses my life which is why I must place Him in this paper. I know Psychology is where God wants me but I watch guard to be sure taht human s don't think they know everything heck even Freud had some akward ideas about sexual behavior in children people are human God is not that is simple. This 20 minutes is actually very long how can i sit and write this long. WHy am i listening to 311 right now i mean i got the song yesterday but i didnt think i liked them but i guess they make some good music. These shorts from Foleys are the bomb they only cost 5 dollars. . they are plaid. Joshua keeps talkin to me and interupting me and hes whacked up. . he is the most judgemental person i have ever met he thinks he can predict the future and it really makes me mad. Hes so certain and hes so wrong and it blows. I did laundry today and it didnt take long but i didnt take anythign with me so it just seemed like forever You know what is the worst thing ever when girls come to your apartment and steal your dvd's without asking taht is about the worst thing ever. I am kind neat like that and i like to account for all my DVDs and when they are taken without me knowing i like freak out. I wonder how many college guys look at pornography. . i bet its allot. i wonder if girls look at porno probably not but ya never know. Why would yo go to A&M i mean its a terrible school. Welp time is running out so i guess this is winding down but i hope i gave some insight and hope everything turns out well ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_078994.txt,"All this entire thing is going to be about is about my failing relationship with Ben. I think so many different things that I don't know what to think. I can't help but being hurt by him seeing another girl even though we both agreed that we were going to see other people. I just don't see how he could still love me but be with someone else, I just can't because I don't even have a desire to find another boyfriend or whatever. I'm hurt so badly right now, all I want in the world is for him to tell me how much he loves me and always will, but I don't want him to say it only because he knows that's what I want to hear. I have to talk to him about this but I'm so scared. I'm so scared that he'll tell me that he just doesn't love me anymore and that is going to kill me. I don't know what to think!! I mean, if he ever really loved me the way he said he did, I don't see how he could already be dating or talking to someone else. I don't know. I wouldn't mind him dating other girls, it's just that it's been a while since he's let me know how he feels about me, if I know and truly know that he loves me and I get just the occasional reminder of his love, then I truly don't think that I'll have a problem with him seeing other girls because I know that eventually I will be seeing other guys too. But even if I was seeing other guys right this instant, then I would still feel the same way about him. I would still love him as much as I ever did because when you truly care about someone, those feelings don't just go away because the person goes away and if they do, then you never really loved the person anyway. I just love him so much and I am sooo scared that when I talk to him tonight, I'm going to find out what I'm scared to death to find out. And even if he does still care about me, things are just so COMPLICATED! I mean, take when I come down for Homecoming, yesterday he said he still wanted to see me but he didn't really seem very excited about it as I would hope, maybe he is but he just doesn't like to show it, I don't know. But he's talking to this girl and right now it might not be a big deal, and a month and a half from now, everything with her could have gone to crap or a month and a half from now it could have made its way into being something more and if it is something more by then, is he still going to want to see me if he has her?? That's another thing I have to talk to him about. I am so stressed out about this. It would make my day--my entire LIFE if things just go my way, if he just tells me and makes me truly believe how much he loves me then it will make me so happy because that means so so much to me. It's all I want in the world to know that he still loves me because I still love him so much. And deep down I truly believe that he really does love me. I don't think that he ever lied when he told me how he felt about me so I don't see how it could have changed after only a month or however long it's been. But sometimes I do wonder if love is just something that he throws around. Some of the things he's done and said seem so sincere that he couldn't possibly not truly love me, but sometimes I wonder how easy it will be for him to forget about me and fall in love with another girl who is more convenient for him. But convenience shouldn't be the fucking issue. The issue is his feelings for me and mine for him. Just because I'm gone shouldn't make his FEELINGS any different. It can make other things different and I don't expect him to sit around sulking over me and not dating anyone else for two whole years. ALL I WANT is to be certain of his love!! That's all I want!! Is it so much to ask?? God, I'm such a wuss. I'm sitting here crying over this and I don't even know if he has given it a second thought. Sometimes I think I'm the biggest loser for still being so attached to him but I can't just turn off my feelings. Maybe his love for me just wasn't as strong as mine for him, but he means so much to me and I care so much about him. I'm just so hurt and confused right now. And scared. I know that I really need to know how it is and if he doesn't care about me so I can move on, but I am scared to death to find that out because it is going to completely break my heart, I mean be completely devestating if I found out that he doesn't feel the same way I feel. Oh my gosh, I need to blow my nose so bad. I have so much stuff to do today. I have to go by the financial aid office and the co-op to pick up my check and find out about a weekend job. I need to work out and decide if I'm going to go to ultimate frisbee tonight. I need to study. I just wish time would hurry and go by. I can't wait til next weekend when my family comes to see me. I so wish Ben could come see me, I miss him SO much, but it just sometimes seems like he doesn't really want to see me that badly, even though he says he still want to see me and he has told me that he misses me. I just think that he doesn't think about it nearly as much as I do. I don't know though, it's very possible that he could think about it as much as I do. I don't show him how much I really want to see him, I mean, he knows I want to see him but he doesn't know the extent to which I really truly miss him and can't wait until the day I get to see him again and hold him again and hopefully kiss him again. I miss everything about him SO MUCH, I just can't get over it but still I don't show that to him. So he could want to see me just as much as I want to see him but just not show it to me. He could still love me just as much as I love him but just not be showing it to me because I haven't been showing it to him. Maybe he hasn't said I love you because I haven't said it to him either, but I don't say it to him because he doesn't say it to me. It's possible that this is just a vicious cycle and that he really loves me and theres nothing to worry about. I just have to talk to him. It's possible that no matter how many girls he dates that he will still love me as much as ever, I just have to find it out. By the time I get to see him again he may not have anyone else, he might be so excited to see me. I don't know. . I just don't know, all I really know is that I HAVE to talk to him ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_079437.txt," My thoughts and feelings-- most of what graces my thoughts and feelings these days are boys. Yes, i'm still in high school, I might add. I have been screwed by boys. All of them in fact. Please just let me tell you about the not calling about the not buying me flowers and the not recognising me for the princess that I am. I guess you could call me high maintenance. And yes you would be correct in assuming so. But I definately deserve to be treated like a princess. End of story. Nothing else to it-- treat me like I'm a princess and I'm as good as yours. . well not really but it goes something like that. My mom taught me how to be a princess, yes, I was taught by the queen herself, Queen Mom. My Queen Mom is sick right now. with pneumonia (don't ask me how to spell it because I don't know and I guess I don't care because you don't see me looking for a dictionary, now do you?) But anywho, she's really sick and also just happens to be moving to Arizona in two days-- go figure. So she's sick as a dog and I get to pack for her, bring her water, bring her wet washcloths, bring her advil, bring her anything her little heart desires-- as for me? I'm not the princess when I'm at home-- maybe Cinderella, but as for now, my sick mom is occupying all my time, well at least a little of it, but who doesn't like to be taken care of? Thus the practice of princessism! Where's the 'king' you might ask-- well he's in Arizona, (which of course would be the new kingdom. ) making the money so that my mom and I can spend it all on things that we want and really don't need-- he's a really sweet guy. They all say that you 'marry your father' and I would love to get a guy that's as sweet as he is, but I just really don't think that one exists. So this little princess metaphor is really working for me! I just cannot wait to get married. I think about that a lot too! Well, not actually being married, but GETTING married-- my wedding! Every time I go to a wedding or see a wedding dress or blah blah blah. it just gets me all excited! I can't wait to dress up all pretty and have everyone look at me and say how beautiful I am. ahhh, it's great to think about! Well I guess that those are probably the only two things that I ever think about-- well except for classes sometimes, oh and being grossly skinny, that would be fun for about a day. I would hate to be skinny forever, that would be terrible, but you want to hear terrible? Every guy that I've ever dated has been skinnier than me. Now I'm not fat, I'm just not skinny and the guys that I date ARE! Also, every guy I've dated has also cheated on me, isn't that great for my self esteem? I really think so, because now every guy I see I'm thinking 'hyyyyaaaaah! I want to beat the snot out of you!! I want to karate chop your face until your eyes bleed!! ahhh!!' . And that's every guy I see, so I'm thinking that a whole bunch too. I guess I think of 3 different things now. Because before it was only two, but then I remembered how much I hated guys and I got to thinking 'well I guess I think about that a lot too' Maybe I'm not so boring after all. . Just kidding, I really feel like I sound terribly superficial-- I think about other things, but my brain has been so full of bullshit lately that there's not room for much else that won't just be covered in the bullshit of my mind as well. case in point. I guess that's my excuse for not thinking, even though it's really hard for me not to be thinking about something all the time-- that's what's wrong with culture today-- we're always so busy doing something and once there's nothing to do, we're 'bored' but why is that? How can we be bored when we always complain about being too busy. wouldn't you think that we'd welcome this so- called 'boredom'?? I think we should. I was bored about 17 minutes ago so I decided to do my writing assignment, and here I am!! I guess it feels good to vent things, but I probably wouldn't do it unless it was an assignment-- it's good to see my mind on paper even though it's not really paper, it's a screen, but same difference, work with me here, stop being so complicated. Please let me tell you how much I love to sing. . and at the same time I'll tell you that I'm no good because I am, but still, how cool would it be to be the lead singer of a band? My current official 'non- boyfriend' right now (I broke up with him 4 days ago) is in a band and they're looking for a singer, but I know that he would never want me to sing because he's heard me sing, and well I guess I won't sing in THAT band, but oh well, well that's all I have to say about that. ",y,y,n,n,y

2002\_082237.txt," I am very, very tired. I have not been getting enough sleep, I wake up too early for my eight o clock math classes, and I can never seem to go to bed earlier than 2 in the morning. I want to go to bed earlier, but for some reason I just can not. Maybe part of the problem is that I am addicted to Diet Dr. Pepper, and I even drink them late at night. It is probally the caffeine that is keeping me up. I am also feeling extremely stressed out at the moment. I went through rush and became a pledge in a sorority that I love. I went through the whole process by my self. Unlike many other girls, my parents did not really help me, or even want me to. Now that I have become a member, we are accpted to pay a lot of money and my parents are telling me we do not have it. It is extremely frusterating because they are being complety unsupportive. I told them that I would get a job and they said that if my grades suffered then I would have to quit the sorority and the job, but since they are not offering to pay much money towards it, what exactly is it that they want me to do?? I am also extremely frusterated that I do not have a computer yet. I am in the college of education, and I ordered an ibook from the UT computer store. When I placed the order, they told me it would take up to two weeks for the computer to be in. It has been a week and a half so far. I called the store today and the lady was extremely rude and said that it usually takes three weeks for a customer to receive their product. I am using my roomate's computer at the moment, and although she says that she does not mind, I feel bad constantly using it, and I would just be more comfortable if I had my own. I also feel sick. I have had a sore and extremely scratchy throat for what feels like weeks now. I never seem to get better. One day I might feel a little more lively and energetic but the next day I will just feel worse. You know, I am usually not this pessimistic. In fact I am proud of the fact that I am so optimistic, however at this moment, right now, I just have a lot of problems and a lot of stuff to be upset about. The whole cost of my sorority is really stressing me out. I know that my parents want me to quit, they were hinting at it on the phone last night, but I just do not want to. It is something that I have gone through, and it is something that I enjoy. I am the first person on either side of my family to have joined either a sorority or a fraternity, and I would like to uphold this. I would like to prove to them that their is nothing wrong with it. My family can sometimes be close minded and I would like to be the first one to open up their mind on this idea. Lets see, so I don't sound like a depressed, basket case, let me think of the positive aspects in my life right now. To begin, I absolutely and completely am in love with college. I love my dorm, I like my roomates and my suitemates and all of the people that live in my hall. I have already established some awesome friendships and I know that as the year progresses, they will only blossom. I like my classes. I mean school is school, but the classes I am taking are somewhat interesting to me, and I do not really mind studying these subjects. I am in the college of education; I want to be an elementary school teacher, and I am very much looking foward to that. I can not wait to begin working with children. I love kids. I would like to have four someday. Preferabally two girls and two boys, but it is not like I would not be happy with whatever I get. I am from Austin, and my parents and my two younger sisters live about fifteen minutes away. I have not seem my family all that much since I have moved in because I am trying to get the full college experience of going away. I almost decided against UT because I thought it was to close to home, but now I am so glad that I came here. However, the point of this was, I am not homesick because I have lived in Austin for the last 5 years. It is cool though because I never spent much time down on campus, so it is almost like I am in a new city. The guy that lives down the hall laughs at me because I am so bad with directions and do now know where the closest Wal-Mart of HEB are from our dorm. But I always tell him that it is because I am not from this part, I mean i just do not know this whole downtown/campus area of Austin very well. I am very excited because today I am beginning my diet and new excerise plan. Following a diet and watching myself lose weight always makes me feel better about my self. These are just some of my thoughts and feelings at this moment. ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_091020.txt," Okay, I thought right now would be the best time to do this. I'm alone and can think aobut what's going on. These last couple of weeks and been great as in school wise but my personal life has been shitty. We got into a wreck where alcohol was involved and the thing was the driver was designated and had nothing to drink and it was the other guys fault. Somehow with our parents we though we could cover it up aobut the alcohol but they found out aobut everything. This is all that keeps playing over and over right now. Where did we mess up? Well the past is the past and you can't change it. My dad came down and was very disappointed. He didn't know I had been drinknig for 1 and half years now and I don't evne get drunk. I get a buzz and I'm good. I have a few drinks every now and then not even all the time. For some reason he doesn't beleive it. He was furious. He's always trusted me for everything and never thought I'd mess up like this. I do good in school graduated top 2% of my class and everything. I have always done good in school and put school first jsut like my parents taught me too. I never wanted to disappoint my parents. I kept it so none of my little mess-ups would ever reach them. So they would think of me as they saw me everyday. This last senior year I started going to parties and hanging out with different people. I'm a real easy going person. The way I think is that I don't care aobut anything. I let things happen. I make the decisions that I think are right at the time and let whatever happen. I like to make people happy. I'm one of those people that when someone is arguing aobut something I let them argue and win. If they think they are right than they feel good. As for me I don't care. I know I'm right or wrong and I let it be, as lngo as their happy it's all good. So aobut the drinknig I have no idea what lead me to it. I used to be a very shy and not really outgonig person. Everyone liked me but I never tlaked oir anything but people knew me just because I was the only Indian at my school and I was easy gonig and friendly. I hate no one, I think everyone has a good side as long as they don't screw me over. Once someone screws me over than I don't like them but until then I try to get along with everyone. Well I guess that's why I staretd drinkngi to get my shyness away. Very bad excuse, I know. My dad thinks it's peer pressure. Peer pressure has never gotten to me I odn't think. I have a strong will about serious things. If I think it's bad and will do something to me I don't like than I won't do it. I tried weed too because I wanted to know the feeling and after researching that it won't cause damage liek other drugs. I tried smokngi cigars and cigarettes jsut to try it and I have astma so I decdie that wasn't for me. I never did really like the idea aobut smokngi. So so I decdied to stick to drinking because after a couple of times I liked the feeling. It was something different to get awya kind of form reality and really let yourslef go but at the same time still know what your doing. My mind goes from one thing to another right now jsut cause of my dad. My mom doesn't know anything which she would probably cry if she found out and that would make me the guiltiest person ever. I would hate that. My dad I don't know. As I sit here thikngi aobut him I feel more and mroe sorry. He came yesterday and gave me a lecture and I said I wouldn't dirnk anymroe but in a way that didn't sound half-true because I couldn't be sincere I thought it was bullshit. A few drinks every now and then can't hurt. Well I know it can but still it's weird I don't know how to explain. Well he came today again and tried to have anothe rone on one. Me and my dad rarely talk I talk to my mom aobut my problems, so I got angry this afternoon and totally went off when he asked me if I was still going to dirnk and if I had done any other drugs. He doesn't trust me me anymore. That hurts the worst. I'm not a eprson to show my feelings ever because I l;iek to think things thorugh. Right now I feel very guilty. I totally blew my dad off this afternoon and I saw the hurt in his eyes and my dad is rarely a person to show his feelings. I guess I get it from him. It's weird. So now I'mthinkngi aobut how I can make it up. I got a e-mail from one of my ex-best friend that's a gurl. We tried gonig out but it didn't work and then firendship fell thorugh too. But somehow we're still really close even thoguh we don't talk to each other anymore. My dad was discussing me with his best friends who is the girl's father. She said I sohuld stop drinknig and that my dad was really hurt. For some reason I still lsiten ot her so I'm reallyt thikngi abut callnig my dad and saying sorry and sincerely saying that I'm going to stop drinknig. I really do want to stop now. I know I can stop if I put my mind to it. I don't need alcohol anymore. One night can ruin the next 6 years haha. It's crazy ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_091935.txt," I just walked in my room from going out and it seems the AC is not working. The room feels stiff with warm air that has been dormant for days. The smell of warn-off room freshener and paint enraptures me as I look in perplexity at the clothes thrown carelessly on the floor. Two canvases lay on the stained carpet. The idea was to paint each one different, but to have the same motif. It was harder to come up with an idea than I thought it would be. That was a few hours ago, which was before I had a glass of the fratty punch. It's so silly, how these fraternities make punch with around seventy-five percent alcohol. What are they trying to do to us? Women are not primitive. We understand what they have in mind. See, if it was up to the guys, they would drink heavy beer from noon until dawn. But it is the punch that us ladies enjoy, and that is clear enough evidence for the boys to work vigerously weekly on the near-poisenous beverages that they supply. As I stood there earlier on the lawn in front of the frat boys' house, I suddenly asked myself a question. Do these boys really want to talk to me? I wondered. And if they do. why? Two things quickly were brought to my attention. One was the fact that if they did want to talk to me it was because they either liked my company, or that they liked the way they visioned me without my outfit on, one which by the way took me 35 minutes to pick out. How ironic huh?! The other was the fact that if they didn't desire to converse with me, that they had enough respect for me to actually return the small talk, and even at times initiate the redundant aquaintance talk so often practiced at frat parties. It was then that I realized that either way, they were talking to me, and I got to talk to them just long enough to smell their woodsy cologne, as well as to look into their dreamy eyes! Those stupid frat boys. Man are they dumb, but they sure are entertaining!!! ",y,n,n,n,y

2002\_092819.txt," Yes, I'm finally in college. It feels wierd because ever sinse elementary school the teachers were trying to prepare you for college, my parents were trying to prepare me for college and I'm finally here. It feels good to go home every now and then because I feel important. Just hearing the girls in the hallway joking around and laughing outside of my dorm right now makes me love the sweet old college life even more. The smell from my basketball shoes brings back great times I've had in high school on the basketball team and makes me want to try out for the basketball team here at U. T. Noticing all of my clothes thrown around in my dorm give me the great feeling of independence from my mother. There is no one here telling me what to do like clean my room. I'm feeling really good about my classes and I'm trying to get over my habit of procrastination. I can't wait until the weekend comes because the music I'm listening to makes me want to go to the club and check out the girls and dance. I'm glad I'm in college because I here that it is going to be the best years of my life and so far it has been pretty fun. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_095727.txt,"tomorrow we're going to see carrie, i'm really excited, i think but then there's also being anxious about it. i know i should be happy and in many ways i am, it's just weird. because i mean things with lisa have been on the weird side lately adn i don't think it's going to get any easier. maybe it's only this period of transition. i'm glad that lisa's comign out of her shell, i guess i'm still not wanting to. but then thea'ts not really something i like doing. typing on the keyboards makes little to no sense. at least with eva's keyboard, it's letters are separated, i wonder how she writes like that. i hate my dingy old omsputer though its so crappy i wish i could get s\a new one, but theen it'd be bad wasting it on some money. i wonder who that professors in waking life was. matthew said he teaches at UT but i guess it'd be hard to find him. there are al million billion people on campus. which has been weird cause i've been seeing people that i didn't really think i'd see again. i don't quite know what to do about that. i wish that john and i were better friends so we could hang out somewhere away from here and everything in my life wouldn't be so complicated and connected for once. i wonder what he thingsk of me, i hope i'm not imposing too much, i gues its been a while since there has been someone that's really interested me and i wish i could make him be interestedd in me too. i think its that need for love that we all have that makes me get this way. i guess i'd feel much better if i had someone that could hold my hand and listen to everything. i wish on some level i could be taht way with matthew, but when i'm with him, its so much more different. oh god. i'm only been writing for 6 minutes? what am i supposeed to write about. i wonder if this will give me writer s cramps. that carpal tunnel ? syndrome. i doubt it. but i don't know this is probly the most work i've had to do for a class so far. that and going to cnetral market, which wasn't too bad. i don't see all the glamour of central market yet, but who knows maybe it's there. i'm glad that i know some people in my classes, at least in my art related classes. theatre and psychology are other things. i wnat to be able to go up and talk to someone, but its so freaking intimidating. i think i'll make it a point next time to come early so i can get a good seat. i just wish i wasn't so tired all the time so i could really enjoy those classes. i thought i'd be spending alot more time being intellectually stimulated than i have been since classes startedd. maybe it just takes aw hile. i dunno, i still miss some aspects of high school. god, that sounds lame. and i know it is on most levels, i just miss how easy it was. but maybe not. the latter part of high school was hell. especially senior year. and really before senior year. i can't believe i still think about him sometimes. i must be liek the biggest loser in the world. i wonder if its because of him that i'm still get malfunctioney sometimes. but most days, i know for sure that's not true. maybe i just need someone or something to constantly be thinking about. like i need some drama in my life so i create it for myself by bringing up something that really bothered me even though its way in the past. i can't spend all this time and energy trying to analyze myself. it gets exhausting. i just should forget about it sometimes and just have funn. but then that gets you to be too so-called shallor . . that's really lame. i should just not be this way. i don't know. its not like i really think this way all the time. maybe i do but i guess it just seems different when actually writing out ideas as they come. i guess thats what i did with paper journal. thought i've become too lazy to keep up with one. i wonder how anna is doing. i'm glad she keeps in touch with carrie at least. in my aspect i totally understand why she wouldn't make too great of an effort to talk to me. god, i'm such an ass sometimes. hmm. . maybe i should eat ramen. it was so good today. but i dunno, that would mean i got to go work out or something and i know i'll regret it later. i'm tired of worrying about weight but then the flabbiness is not good to look at. i wonder how really obese peopel can live. i mean, not to be rude, but i feel really bad for them. if i were in their position and had trouble with just like moving around and stuff i might just die. aimee is going to sleep and this static crap is annoying the shit oputta me. i guess that's that whole buyy cheap. less quality thing. god but now its' like louder than ever. there headphones off muuuuuch better. my computer is so stupid. makes too much noise. i want to meet john someday. i hope he writes back soon. i guess i was kind of a big jerk for waiting so long to write to hiom. gosh, i hate that. it could have been fixed and we could be writing each other back and forth like we used to. . but noo. . i'm a big freaking idiot. ahh maybe i shouldn't try so hard. he's different than most guuys i know, i think. and i dunno, i really would like to see him one day. at least as friends, even though that might be kind of big and scary. maybe we'll just keep corresponding through email. that would be enough to keep me happy. i think. it's just weird giving so much of yourself so honestly and candidly and without prided or shame to someone you have never seen in real life. though, la ",n,y,y,n,y

2002\_097387.txt,"Well, here I am on Friday, September something. Ever since I started college I've had a hard time keeping up with the date. Not really a smart thing to do since I have to stay on top of things here. I need to start keeping a daily planner. I say that everyday but then I forget to do it and it's just one of those things that end up on my mental list of things to do. I'm pretty hungry right now. No, I take that back, I'm not that hungry. I could eat but it's not to the point where I feel like I have to eat. My friend and I are going to lunch today. I'm so glad that I've made a friend that I can hang out with and talk to all the time. It's not the same like my friends at home though. I miss Melissa and Amber. I really don't know why it is that we now talk multiple times to each other everyday but back home we would go days without speaking. We talk about nsync a lot more now too. Typical, we find comfort in them in our time of need. I wonder if the nsync guys would think that we're crazy if they knew that we talked about them everyday and that we have daily arguments about who Justin belongs to and who JC belongs to. They crack me up. Heck, I crack myself up. We talk on the phone and I have Melissa and Amber rolling on the floor with laughter. It's so awesome to make other peole laugh when usually I'm the one doing the laughter. A lot of times I just laugh to be polite. I fake it pretty well, if I do say so myself. I wonder if this assignment has to be broken up into paragraphs? Well, if this is just my one continuous thought then I guess not. Okay, I love my dorm and where we live but for goodness sakes, could somebody please turn up the air conditioning. I think the University is trying to freeze us into studying. I hope they know that they're just freezing me into complaining all the time. And another thing, is it impossible for people to not slam their doors? Really, it doesn't take that much effort to quietly close the door. I should randomly slam my door. I think every hour on the hour, I'm going to slam my door. No, that's not frequent enough. I'll slam the door every twenty minutes and see if they all get the point. Really though, dorm life is not bad at all. My dorm room is so cute and I really like my roommate. No waiting to use bathroom or shower stalls and we have an awesome living room setting. I still don't like to call this place home. Home is where Mom and Wayne are. This is where I reside. It would take a lot for me to consider this place home. I need to do my Biology homework. I wonder if all those scientists know how completely boring their jobs are? The funny thing is that at least they have something to do with their lives. I can't even decide what my favorite color is let alone what the crap I'm going to do with the rest of my life. I'm pretty sure that life as a professional bum is out of the question. Don't think Mom would be proud of me then. Okay, looks like my time is running out and I should finish this on my own rather than be cut off mid sentence. Okay, how do I end this. I really don't know. This was actually kind of fun. Just another way for me to analyze my random, boring, and crazy thoughts. Red Hot Chili Peppers on VH1 now. Got to go. And we're out in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Bye! (It says that I can finish writing, but honestly I got a date with a fine young man named Biology) ",n,n,y,n,n

2002\_098864.txt," The room seems to be nice and cool, much better than the heat outside. I should keep in mind that in thirty minutes or so I will go to a study group. I'm kind of hungry, i don't know what I should get for dinner today. Should I go for sushi or pasta, why am I so indecisive? I wonder what my friends are doing right now. I hate it when I don't know what to write, or when I have a blank moment. I should remember to check if there are any conflicting exam times with my biology class exam. What is it that makes people tick? As soon as I find the time to, I'm going to read Lord of The Rings. Maybe i shouldn't get sushi because its too expensive, but its also so good. There goes my indecisiveness again. I wonder which song I should listen to next, what am I in the mood for. This song sounds good, I guess I'll stick with this one for a while until I get bored of it. Is there any other homework left, I hate it whenever I get the feeling that I'm forgetting something but can't seem to find out what. It might be a good idea to do laundry this weekend, but i'll probably get lazy again, must remind myself not to be lazy. Maybe I should call my study partner that I might be late in coming because of thi essay. I'll turn around for a while and see what my roommate is watching on TV. I wonder if the music that I'm playing bugs my roommate or not. The TV show thats on right now seems pretty funny. I've never had Mountain Dew: Code Red before, maybe I should try it sometime, that is as soon as they restock the coke machines in my dorm. What is the point of life? All we do is try to become someone who has a purpose in society, and then in the end it doesn't even matter cause we all eventually die. I wonder what it would be like if I could be immortal. Many seems to think that being immortal is a curse cause you'll go through a lot of pain and it'll never end, I on the other hand find it interesting. I hope I can get a high GPA and keep it, it would really be nice if something academic turned out perfectly the way I wanted it to. I still kind of mad at the chemistry online homework, how could I be so stupid as to make such stupid mistakes. Oh well I can make it up on the next homework. I better do good on the exam, cause this is supposed to be easy for me since I've done it all already. ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_101063.txt," Today is September 10, the day before our new monumental rememberence day of September 11th. I sometimes wonder if tomorrow there will be another attack on the United States. It is weird to think that anything could happen tomorrow and we can't do anything about it. I still remember like it was yesterday watching the September 11th terrorist attack not knowing what will happen to the United STates. I really hope that we can prevent anything from happening tomorrow. Now that I am a freshman at the University of Texas things are beginging to change. For instance, my boyfriend and I are on a break , whatever that means. He doesn't like me only seeing him when it is convinient for me to hang out. He's a junior at St. Edwards University and has done the whole new college experience already. It is hard for him to not see me as much as this summer. I think it is that I really want to go out and meet new people. Getting to know the girls at my dorm in Kinsolving is really fun, and I like hanging out with them on the weekends. Of course this means going to parties with other boys there, and this doesn't make my boyfriend very happy. I can totally understand because I wouldnt want him to hang out with all girls at a party, but I have to do the whole college experience right? Well anyway now that we are broken up, I realize how much I miss him and how much I don't want to end things. It's weird how when it's time to go to sleep or study that is all I can think about. He's so cute and perfect, I don't know what I am screwing up. It's hard trying to balance your time here now that I am in college. There is always something to do, and I love that, but I need to concentrate on studying and keeping myself on track. I guess in high school that courses could be made not as difficult, and deadlines were not so final, as long as you could persuade the teacher. College is a blast and I love my roomate. She went to high school with me until our junior year when she moved to Baton Rouge. She still came down lots during the last two years of high school to visit her old friends every chance she could. So then she made the right choice and came to UT and we ended up rooming together. It's really fun because last night we decided we wanted to work out at the gym downstairs to take a break from studying and went to kinsolvings gym for an hour from 1 in the morning to 2 in the morning. I really need to go to the gym today also because I don't want to gain the freshman 15, I reallly don't want to go back home to Lake Jackson looking like a heffer! So anyway I think I might go run after I finish writing. Another hard thing about being off at school is that my best friend in the world is not here. She got in to the summer UT program but decided to go to LSU instead. I miss her so much, we spent every second toghther this summer and are so close. OUr boyfriends are best friends so the four of us hung out all the time. Me and my boyfriend were responsible for hooking them up, so we could all hang out and it worked perfectly. Except now we're having problems and we're in the same town. My friend and her boyfriend are 8 hours away and doing great, funny how that works. One good thing about going to school here in austin is that it is so pretty. I love the hills and trees. OUtside my dorm room window is hills and churches. Yes, it is hot here but it doesnt have the humididty that we had back home. Another good thing about living here is that my older sister that is 21 goes to SWT so is only like 30 minutes away from me. We have always been so close and I miss her lots. I went down on Laybor day with 3 of my friends to go float the river with her and her sorority sisters. It was really fun and I got to spend time with her. My mom is sad that I left for college, she wanted me to stay at home for the first year and go to a jr college. I really wanted to get out on my own and not have to stay at home and be left behind. All of my friends were leaving for school and I really didnt wnat to be the only one at home. I am one out of four kids at home. MY older sister is already off at SWT, but then I have a 15 year old brother and a 11 year old sister. I don't think it is the same at home without me. My mom and I are really close, and I talk to her almost everyday. She said it's very quiet without me at home, I guess I was always the busy one and needing to do stuff and rush around. Even though not being at home is very weird, I love college. The freedom you have is great. I know that I have to concentrate on my classes lots because I want to get into the communications school here at UT&gt; ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_102020.txt," I am sitting in my dorm room right now, trying to think of something to write about. Although the instructions recommend that we don't do any thinking first, I'm still going to think as I write this intro. You see, it's my birthday today, and so I could write about that, but really that's kind of boring. I'm taking a girl I like to a party tonight - I guess that might be more interesting. Or maybe I should just talk about how my parents really piss me off. Since about the third month of my senior year, we've actually gotten along much better. But before that, damn, it was a war zone in our house. They would bitch about anything, seriously. I mean, I had great testing scores, brought home good grades, didn't get in much trouble, and they still treated me like dirt. My friend Jackson once told me I should get in a lot of trouble. Then, although it would suck for a while because they were mad at me, in the future they would appreciate my good behavior. For some reason I never got the courage up to do this and continued to try and hide any activities that they would approve of. But, he was right. When they received a call from the police during my junior year, it paved the way for me to ameliorate our relationship throughout my senior year. Okay, new topic. When I was over at my friend Alex's house one day, this kid pulls out Alex's . 22 rifle. I'm like, Dude, don't point that at me, turn it away. He listens, and he starts pointing it at Alex. Alex is pretty quiet most of the time, so he didn't say much. This kid is pointing the rifle at Alex, making shooting noises, while Alex is playing a Nintendo game. For some reason, I had a really bad feeling. This was not a toy - it was a gun. POP! All of a sudden it went off. The thing was, the kid was at such close range, Alex couldn't even feel the blast. I had to tell him he was spurting blood out the side of his head. I ran to call the ambulance, and I think this other dude went to look for bandages and stuff. Anyway, because of that and one other incident that was even more frightening (but too complex to describe here), I've never liked guns. My phone's ringing right now, but I'm not going to pick it up since I'm doing this assignment. You know, I bet it's someone calling to wish me a happy birthday. That's so boring. I like the idea of randomly exchanging gifts with people you care about because it means more if you're not expecting it. Looking at the timer, it's about time to wrap things up. I'm not going to take the time to edit this, since it was a stream of consciousness. But thanks for listening and I'll catch you on the flip side. ",n,y,n,y,y

2002\_104095.txt,"Well, lets see . . . I guess the foremost thing I have on my mind is moderate confusion about what exactly I'm supposed to be writing about. I guess that doubt and lack of confidence about what I'm suppose to be doing is a part of my thoughts and what not and thus is appropriate to write about. Hehe, now I feel confident and more sure of this whole writing assignment. Wow, how quickly my entire psychological outlook can turn 180 degrees. What else? Im not hungry or anything, not really tired tomorrow. Im a little worried about whether Im going to be awake enough to pay attention in my 8 o'clock class tomorrow. I'm also a little preoccupied by something someone said to me today, labeling me as too quite and inaggressive in committing myself to just about everything. I guess they might be right, I am a little hesistant to get involved in anything I think might not work out or turn out as I expect. I was thinking about rushing for a couple of frats, but then I realized I didnt even know what they were about. I was caught up in the promise of brotherhood and having fun and being a part of something special, but then I realized I didnt know what I was getting in to and that I might not be able to get out if I changed my mind. Thus, I decided not to rush, perhaps because of the fear of commitment and unfulfilled expectations that someone stated dictates most of my actions, or perhaps because I had a valid thought in suspecting I really don't know much about what precisely the fraternity actually did or stood for, who knows? What else am I thinkin about? How about how much longer Im suppose to be writing for. I've been writing nine minutes and I havent really noticed. This assignment isnt as bad as I thought it would be and is actually kind of nice. Almost like a diary of my thoughts; definately good for venting. Man, I sure hope this is what I'm suppose to be doing. I hope I didnt entirely miss the purpose of this assignment and not ger credit. I mean, Im writing about my thoughts and stuff, which seems to deal with Psychology and the human mind, so I think Im doing good here, but Im really not sure. Man, I'm getting a little behind in my reading. A lot of the lectures in many of my classes seem to cover the text exactly so Im a little unmotivated to read. I know I should and I know there is some extra information in the book, but really Im just lazy or something. To be honest, Im unsure of what I need to do to succeed in college. I've yet to take a test or quiz so I don't really know what the deal is. I know it is suppose to be harder than high school, or so many people tell me, but then again some people tell me its about the same as high school but with more reading. I don't know . . . . I know I should prolly be more focused on my studies but Im really cocky when it comes to academics. I know the University of Texas is a fine school with many intelligent students, but I still feel Im more capable than just about every one of them. I guess its part cockiness and part confidence. I don't think my attitude about the matter will be altered until I take my first test and totally mess it up. But if I just coast and do fine on the test, Ill keep on coasting. I mean, I pay pretty good attention in my classes and remember a lot, so I think I'll be okay. Ouch, someone just snuck up on me and smacked me. Can't they see Im trying to do my assignment? How inconsiderate. I guess I would probably do the same. Notbody wants to hear that someone else is busy studying and doesn't have time to do anything even though all of us at some time or another must do the same and decline some invitation to some undoubtedly riveting event or activity in order to tend to less exhilirating, more educational ventures. Hey, only one minute left . . . maybe not, hehe, maybe I can still have some fun. Man, this writing assignment was tyte. It flew by in no time. Actually, I think I feel better now then I did before I started. How cool, if anyone ever read this, these writing assignments rock! ",y,n,n,n,y

2002\_105085.txt,"When I first heard about our first writing assignment, I figured it would be very difficult because I am used to writing about a specified subject matter. But hopefully I can take up these 20 minutes by talking my day or how I feel. Actually, I think I'd like to start out by expressing my thoughts about the pre-testing we were required to do. It was amazing at how some of the questions completely reflected me or something that I might feel or think. I also learned a little about myself, my self-esteem, and my self-confidence. Well, I don't have much of either (self-esteem/ self-confidence). Hopefully, by living by myself and taking care of things here in Austin I will develop these traits. When I first came to college, it was very terrifying because all my life my family and friends have always been with me and even taken care of things for. I almost had no experience about 'living on my own' and 'taking care of myself. ' I mean, I knew how to do my laundry and the essentials, but when it came to asking others questions or figuring stuff on my own, I was not able to do it. For example, I hadn't even ordered pizza by myself! So I naturally hesitated to call up the pizza guy because I wasn't sure of what sizes or deals they had. But I quickly learned here, that YOU have to take initiative and most importantly, no question is stupid. In fact, the question I probably ask, someone else might benefit from it. So I think I have grown a great deal in that aspect while here in college. In addition, I would always do everything with my friends. And upon coming to Austin, I feel/felt very lonely because all my close friends have gone to other colleges. Usually, I'm not very extroverted and won't 'go out of my way' to find a friend. So these past few weeks, I did not let myself do that. I very bravely went up to random people and made pretty good friends with them. This was very rewarding, in that, I don't feel as lost in such a big university, and I'm greatly improving my interpersonal skills. This is a characteristic which I will need for my expected major. I'm still not too keen on what exactly I want to do because when I think about it, I want to do/be everything, but when I think about it again I don't want to do a single think, and be totally carefree! But I think I'll try to keep up my original enthusiasm. I'm thinking about business or communications--at least it's narrowed down THAT much. But I still keep changing my mind in these two subjects. I don't know if I should blindly follow my dad's advice or at least try to see what interests me. Because architecture originally interested me, but my dad would know better and told me not to do that. So I'm really confused about that. Hopefully, I will learn more about myself through my college journey at UT. ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_105793.txt, Dr. Pepper. my brothers girlfriend wants me to get her one OU tickets. . i was angry about them but now theres a solitude about me and I've accepted that i can't go and get in for sure so i might just have to throw a party here. university federal credit union. why hasnt my check and cash card come in yet? its very confusing tuna fish. amanda just sang a tuna song cory morrow. . wondering if i can go to teh concert tonight or if i might just sleep since i didnt sleep uch last night my friend katey. . i havent talked to her in a while and she just instant messaged me the love of my life. its a name my friend cecily and i gave each other. i need to call her and talk to her because she called me during class today and said she was feeling bad because of an accident she was in or something. i need an update my friend nicole got really mad at adam today amd i told her i would call her just to talk horses. the computer just made a horse sound screaming infidelities. dashboard confessional song i just listened to OU tickets. . once again my friend abby. shes having a rough time lately and i want to do something to help but i can't think of anything right now ashlee. my real good friend (perhaps my best friend) is in abilene in school there. and i miss her alot. haha. i called her yesterday and her phone went off in the middle of a church service and she said it was really embarassing basketball. am i going to play tonight? who will i play with? can't decide whether or not im going football-virginia tech plays marshall toniht and i really want to watch taht game san marcos-my very good friend is there and he says he never does anything with people and i wish he would because hes a really great person im tired movies-i downloaded movies on my computer so i don't have to pay an outrageous fee to view them my dad-he called earlier this morning and said he might come fix the AC (its leaking) and i don't know if hes going to come becuae i called him back and he didnt answer movies. . again. which one should amanda watch? boondock saints-great movie psychology and having to have this turned in by 5 o'clock on friday and how long that survey was for pretesting. i almost shot the computer becuase it just kept going and going loving someone forever and ever (lyrics to screaming infidelitites) bless me. i sneezed hoping i didnt miss anything in philosophy when i fell asleep today missing a bunch of my friends from high school and anticipating seeing their faces again how to burn a movie onto a dvd. its complicated dazed and confused. good movie watchign signs. wonder if thats a good movie my friend scott. he told me he already did this and that he tried to explain himself talking to my dad on the phone and telling him about the OU draw and how much i don't like deloss dodds calculus. im doing good on quizzes dating a girl. my dad gives me a hard time with it. amandas job to set up a girl with me. haha sponge bob square pants. great show the draw for a&m. im already looking forward to getting tickets to that game but ill probably be shot down again. ouch WTF (stands for what the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_) a joke my friends and i say whenever something we don't want to happen happens. . thinking about OU made me think that train. the music group. i think i hear them on TV i sneezed again. . got to call cecily. dotn forget ,y,n,y,y,n

2002\_106590.txt,"Somtimes I don't understand why people are the way they are. Why am I falling in love with a guy that I can't be with? I mean, my gah, we're perfect for each other other than the fact that he thinks I'm some sort of deluded tricked person who is believing wrong (referring to my religion). We're both stubborn in the aspect of our beliefs and aren't willing to compromise however there is this unnaturally strong bond, I guess you could say, between us. I don't know what to do. I want to be with him so bad, I really honestly and truly do however I'm afraid of getitng hurt again. Maybe I am delusional, maybe its because I'm afraid I can't get a guy here. Maybe I don't know what I believe or not. I question what I really want and often wonder why I choose to live the way I do. Why do I sacrifice happiness for the sake of morality? Something that would make me happy, why do I avoid it? Because I'm afraid that God will condemn me to hell. Yes, that must be it. I know I'm saved and that I will go to heaven however I feel that other people will condemn me, I will condemn myself and ultimately God will condemn me. Fear of man, fear of myself, fear of God, fear of doing what I want, fear of getting pregnant if I choose to have sex, all of these things cause me inner turmoil. Why be with a guy that's all the way up in New York and you're down in Texas? I love him, I want to be with him, but I'm denying my inner feelings somehow--I don't know 100% what I feel or how I feel it. . I don't know if I'm creating some sort of mental captivity for myself by not choosing to be with him--am I missing out on the best thing of my life? He says all the right things, but does he truly mean what he says? I guess only showing will prove it. I do like this rose that he gave me. I mounted it on this background thing of New York City that I made. its a beautiful glass rose, but it broke in the mail. He was upset that it wasn't perfect however me and symbolism, I said it was better that it was broken because things aren't perfect, and even though it will be mended, it won't be perfect. And that's okay. Nothing is perfect. The rose is so beautiful. It offsets the background and the Statue of Liberty infront of it. I love New York. Do I love this guy because I love New York so much? Or do I love New York so much because I love this guy? Who knows? All I know is that its raining here, and I'm sitting alone in my dorm room, cold and alone. surrounded by the mass but alone in spirit. alone in body. alone. I think its stopped raining now, but I'm not sure if it will continue. I have no umbrella. I'm not prepared for the storm. Like life, huh? You can prepare yourself for everything except the most obvious--what happens if it rains? You prepare for the cold, you prepare for the wind, you prepare for the ice. . but the rain comes, and you have nothing. No umbrella, nothing. all you have is what you took with you. . your books, your clothes, your hand, the trees or a overhang of a building. I came here to Austin not knowing anything. I mean I knew what I've heard but I didn't actually know. I now know, and I don't know what to think. The mass is around me but I'm alone. . alone, cold standing in the rain with no umbrella. dreaming about the distance, and longing for the closeness. I've thought about becoming a psychologist. . However I don't know if I want to abandon business. I don't know what I want to do really. I mean, I know certain things I like however I don't know what I want to do with what I like. I like many things but I love little. I've always helped people with their problems, listened to their issues, offered my advice when prompted. maybe its time I get paid for it, lol. . I wrote in my notebook about becoming a psychology professor--that way I can interact with students, be in authority and teach about psychology. but I don't know if I want to do that. . Why wouldn't I want to? Money, travelling, I don't know to be honest. Wow, ten minutes and I've typed a novel. . Omg, I feel for the individual who has to read this, lol. I guess its a curse from typing since like the 4th grade. I think I can get up to like 100 words a minute now. . I was talking to this one guy online however I told him I would brb in 20 . He has a crush on me. I don't like him. I know its for superficial reasons, but I don't wish to get in an internet relationship, lol. Yeah it would end up being an internet relationship. and I'm not about to go down that road, lol. . The first and ONLY one was this one guy who ended up being a clingy-blood-craving-dog-collar-wearing-submissive ex-goth who liked to bite people. Strange, eh? Weird guys fall for me, lol. One guy. . omg, the state hospital patient--He hit on me while I was volunteering there for bingo, omg. that was scary, haha. Then there was the drunk guy who said I was Miss America 2002--poor kid, lol. . Then, let's see. . the ex goth, the state hospital guy, the drunk dude. Hmm, I know there's more. . Ahh yes, boyfriend number one. The sex-craving chain smoker who was like 5 inches shorter than me. I learned from this guy to ALWAYS tell your mother about your relationships. That stupid dork called my house at midnight and was saying nasty things to my mother thinking it was me, lol. I came home and my door was off the hinges, my tv, stereo and phone were out and she changed the dead bolts on my door. THEN we proceeded to go to the health clinic where I got the hepatitus A series vaccine (which is good to have anyways lol) and was threatened to get tested for AIDs. It was a traumatic experience, lol. Darn those junior high days lol. . Well I have less than five minutes left and have managed to go thru most all of my relationships. LoL, wow, the more I remember them, the funnier they get. . my friends think they're hilarious lol. But one thing I've learned--I can't please everyone. I guess I have to live for myself and that's about it. Though I have religion and the morals that confine me with that--it should be done out of love. . but right now I don't have love. I want love to give to God, but I'm so caught up in what I want and the inner turmoil that its causing me to just want happiness with this guy, I managed to squeeze out love or desire to grow with God more. . Yes, it hurts to say it, and to acknowledge it. . but hey, I guess its the truth? I guess that's why this was the first assignment--so we can see what we really think and feel. . to write them out and to put them on the table so we can look at what we feel and not deny that we truly did think what we thought. Hmm. two and a half minutes left. . I think I want to skip class. . lol, I'll go though. . I just hope I don't get rained on. A perfect ending to a perfect essay. . with one exception. Perfection doesn't exist. Morality doesn't want to exist. And I don't know where to find an umbrella. In the last few seconds or minutes or whatever, my mind wonders to the pasta I had for lunch. NO clue as to why, lol, however I do like pasta. I wonder what I'll have for dinner. Wow, this writing went from super deep to super light, topic wise lol. . Grr, I got the Trojan and Mimic virus on my computer. . another lovely addition to another lovely day. Time is up and I have class to go to. Its been nice writing. . Maybe I'll do this again. . Typing of course--I can type faster than I can handwrite, lol. 3. 2. 1. Times up. . Ohh, I can continue writing. Well, I can't now. I have psychology class. ",n,y,y,y,n

2002\_106981.txt,"I've never really thought about what I'm thinking before, there seems to be someone in the net room making alot of racket. That's OK though because this is a dorm. They are talking now, wait I can't here them anymore, wait they just started talking again. I wonder what they are talkig about, probably something unimportant. I really need to find out where the Fine Arts library is so I can do this gay reading list. I don't even have a clear understanding of what I'm supposed to do. I assume I just have to look at some art and write down my feelings about it or something. It is really annoying becuase the class is already 4 hours long. There should not be any outside work, but I guess it's not too hard, and if there are not any set boundaries there isn't any set grading material, this means that it is basically completion, much like this assignment. I really want to go to the Texas Ski Ranch tommorrow but I can't find anyone to go and it is like an hour away and it will probably take longer because of traffic because the only time I could leave would be around 5:30. I hope they have put up some pimp sliders and kickers out there. If anyone reads this and you wakeboard/wakeskate and you want to go ride behind a pimp ass Supra Launch SSV and your willing to pay gas money contact me. Because I'm always looking for other riders and other people to pay gas money except myself. My roomate is sleeping right now. I can't decide if I like him or not. I don't dislike him, but I can't imagine myself being a really good friend of his. It seem our only link is that we are roomates. He seem like a little bit of a Jesus freak and a dork. That would suck if he was reading this right now, it's Ok, he's not. But you know how some people you just feel that you have a connection with them, that you can talk to them. You know that when your aroud them you feel comfortable. You can never tell that when you just look at a person. It seems to be the strangest people that are these people that you seem to share a special bond with, that you feel completly comfortable with. You feel you can be yourself, act stupid, laugh, you become a different person when you are around those people. I only noticed that fact this year. This year has been a real year of self examination and growth for me. I don't think I have grown as much as a thinking human being in this year then any other. I don't know what spurred it, but I think I know. I know I know. It was a girl I just got to know this year, but when I realized how important she was to me and how much I liked her she was taken. In my self pity I couldn't find the strength to tell her how I felt. I think I was scared of losing the friendship we already had. I didn't want our relationship to be strained by the possibility of me having feelings for her but the feelings not being mutual. I should have just told her and gotten it out in the open. She changed my life. I got the idea in my mind that to be with her I would need to be in the same physical shape as her to have any chance of a relatinship. She was the first motivation ever that pushed me to fulfill a long time goal of losing wieght and getting in shape. I still think about her and I know in my heart I will pursue her the next oppurtunity. The weight loss brings to mind another point that I have noticed about people. For as much talk that there is about inner beauty and all that shit, It's bullshit general (bulshi ",n,n,n,n,y

2002\_107209.txt,"Wow, my friend is having so much more fun than I am in college. By now I had figured that I would have at least made some new friends, and I have. I mean, Chelsea in my Theory and piano classes is totally awesome and in the cello studio I am in I have met some awesome people and made some friends like Tarra, Janelle, and Aimee but I vowed that I would not get stuck in the music building all day long and only hang out with music people. Okay, so I'm a music major and of course those are the people that I am mostly going to be hanging out with but music is a very isolated world. When I go to my other classes its like a whole nother world out there. I really did like that song from Aladdin, and that was a great Disney movie. I haven't seen any of the more recent ones but that's to be expected right? But hey, a vicarious Disney movie is good every now and then. I love Sleeping Beauty. I think almost every girl dreams about a wonderful guy, her one true prince that will come and sweep her off her feet and take her from, well maybe not take her from her world, because I actually like my world right now. No, I'm not happy with everything in it, especially my social life, but that can be fixed. Ack!! I have no idea how I am going to make it to Astronomy on time. I have had more panic attacks in the past two weeks about Astronomy than I have had in the past year. I have to get from the music building to Welch Hall, and I know that its not IMPOSSIBLE because I know like four people who are doing it, but. shit, I'm not a small person, I wasn't a track star in high school or in any sport as a matter of fact so I don't move as fast as others, and when I get stressed I start to have labored breathing, I have very bad allergies. The fastest I have been able to make it is in 15 minutes, and I have to cut it down to 10. What's the worst is that I hate being late anywhere. Its one of my pet peeves so being late to a class is major for me, besides the fact that I, well I actually don't interrupt class I just sit down on the steps in the back of the room and take notes on the lecture. I'm also kind of worried, not really worried but sort of about the class because almost everyone I have talked to has said that it is a hard class. But over the years I have noticed that I actually like the harder classes that challenge me. Maybe these first couple of weeks have been kind of a, I don't know,. I don't know what I'm thinking. I really do go back and delete typos, geez I can't even let a con't go by. oh well. My mom should be coming home soon. She helps out with the orchestra director at my high school, I'm from Austin and am typing from home by the way, not like you really care. hmmmm. . but tonight's back to school night and thats a really big night for elementary, middle, and high schools. I didn't make the symphony last week. I didn't play my best audition so I shouldn't be suprised but I had really wanted to make it, but the University orchestra is playing some really awesome music this semester. We're playing Egmont by Beethoven, a Mendhelson piano concerto, the Mother Goose Suite by Ravel, and Second Essay for Strings by Barber. I played Adagio by Barber in high school, oh, that was an amazing performance. If there were a lever that I could press that would make me feel like I do when I'm playing a truly amazing concert I would press that all the time. I hope that I will have the same feelings in college, its just that High School orchestra was so awesome and amazing with Mr. Edwards, he picked music that we could play and that was really good too. I mean come on, Overtures to Candide, the Merry Wives of Windsor, Tancredi, and Ruslan and Ludmilla just to name a few. And in AYO, Austin Youth Orchestra, we played the full, I mean the FULL COMPLETE the Planets by Holst. People would ask me oh, what movements? and I would be like ALL OF THEM BABY!!! Oh!! and Scheherezade! that was a. . ahh!!! I can't even express how utterly amazing that concert was. Wow, I love music so much, but Music Theory is a pain in the ass. Not that it's all bad, alot of it is nice, but tedious. I just can't figure out and easy way for me to identify major and minor intervals. I can easinly identify perfect fifths and octaves but most people can. Well, techinically its easier for me because my instrument is tuned in fifths so each of my strings are a fifth apart and octaves, well, those are just the same note. My high school band friends love what they do so much. Its refreshing in a way to see them having the time of their life playing and having fun, doing what they love, and that is my goal too. I'm in music because I have fun doing it, recieve a joy unsurpassed doing it, and give a joy to others also. Hopefully I'm going to go se Le Mis next week. I haven't seen it yet, and I just really really really want to, but the tickets are expensive, heck any tickets are expensive now adays, but when weren't they? So if my friends don't want the really expensive seats I am going with them. ",n,y,y,n,y

2002\_107435.txt," I awake. From sleep. I don't know. I walk to the window. Stop short. Who's there? A man calls out, I don't know his name. Because he is my father. Black night, cold rain. Stop. Before I choose I want to know. Stop. Awake. I can't. I don't. Even though you are there. The bird it flies. I stop to catch it's beauty, I have never seen this. I ponder my posture, I slant. You stood, you go to the store for some breakfast. I can't eat, you know that, but you insist. I refuse. We fight we braek we die. All for the love. The window it breaks. It shatters. Understand me, I am right. You don't know, you can't know. You don't understand. I can't seem to think with all the windows breaking. The grass is soft on my brown feet. My brown feet. My clown feet. My hair is dense. I see my reflection. I am cold. Who is that? The only thing I see is my reflection. It knows I'm here. I know I'm late. My hand hurts. I bite it off. It's full of nutrients. The back of my head aches, is it the clown? No it's me, I am your clown. I am your savior. The blue ice hates to see it go. The penguin, the clown, they get together. How am I going to tell my mom. Bloom. Prosper and perish. I die and you prosper. The only thing you am I know it is I can't. Follow the thought. Train your mind. Eat at Joe's. The full of my stomach eats at my liver. My house has the potential for greatness. The stops are all out. Pull me back into the water. I can't drown, I'm invincible, didn't you know? Ask me again. Try not to speak. Move your lips without speaking. Speak your lips without moving. I'm falling asleep and I don't think you can stop me. The game is mine. I have won and you have lost. Ask me agian. I ate your pony if you will play with me. The back of my head hurts again. My reflection is laughing at me. Black laugh, why do you do it? Brown feet,my mud is clean. My belt gets whiplash. A cornea operation. We play the game. Again, again,and again. I lose and lose, I can't help it. Yes i can, but i don't want to. It might hurt. Bow. Curtsey. Do your dance. Make the jester happy. Cornrows, fields of wheat. Ha! I laugh at your jokes. I'm crying. Confused, Understood. Understand. I can't . I missed my chance. The pondwater makes me ill. I'm done. It make me green. I'm green. We are all green. Does that pose a problem? No 'm not ask me again. Bye. Don't go. Don't even think about leaving. You cruel hateful person. Lampshade. Where the hell is my bloody lampshade? I'm sorry, was that yours? What do you think ponyman? The question is yours the answer is mine. Can we switch? I don't think so. Didn't think so. ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_107914.txt,"Hi my name is jennifer doolan. . i am writing because i was told to for an assignment. i am not sure what i am thinking exactly. I need to be involved in some type of organization, although i am not sure which one. In highschool i always knew what i wanted to do but here there are so many possibilities that i do not know anymore. the water is running form somewhere i am not sure but it is annoying. i live at dobie on the 23rd floor and we had a fire drill tonight so ihad to run down 23 flights of stairs that was fun. my roomate is really neat we met at summer school and get along great. i am waiting for clay to call me he is supposed to be out of his meeting sometime . . but i am not sure when that is. i also need to do some pre-cal homework and the read more economics but i think that i can do that after class tomorrow and i willb e fine. . i am not the best typist in the world i use to be able to type but hten i go this new laptop and it is funny the keys are closer together and my nails hit them queerly. I just got my nails done the other day i needed a manicure i have been stressed out lately and hands are something that i notice first on people so i like for mine to be pretty. . and it puts me in a bterr mood. I am thinking that i am typing and i have no idea who is reading this and i am sure they do not care what i am talking about but oh well that is ok too. . I like going ot UT it is really big and full of people i feel like i might get lost in the crowds but other than that i think i will have fun . . as long as i continue to meet people. I am not the best friend maker. . i have had the same set of friends since i was in the 7th grade and we have all just gotten along well. Here it is different but should be exciting. My rhetoric teacher does not speak english and i can not understand a word she says. . i haev a paper due on the 13th which is friday te 13th and i think those are cool. Sherene just signed in on the computer. . that is my bestfriend i wonder what she is doing i bet she just got done with her duitemates or something. I hope she is adjusting well to college she is the only one who went to Dallas and she seems to like it so far. I wish that we would have gone to the same school but i know that we wouldhave never branched out if we did. there is no music on i want to turn some on but i have to write and my roomates are studying. someone just IMed me buti cna not respond i am typing. my thoughts are sparing i really and not thinking much at all. . tomorrow i have to go to y dance class at 9:30 then i think i will work out then come back eat lunch take a shower hten go to eco then who knows. . take a nap probably i love naps they are the best things ever. It has been almost 10 min now and i am getting bored with this but i am still going. I called my mom today and she didn't want to talk to me. . well i think she did but she was busy she does not like her job. . well the people she works with atleast. ithink she should get a new one but she won't look myabe i shouldlook for her nad find her one as a suprise. i need to email a&m to see what scholarsips they give out to unmarried teenage mothers. . not that i am that . . but my sister is and she wants to go to school there and i heard this rumor that they give out very good scholarships. My mom wanted me to check on that for her. . A lot of my friends are going to A&M i don't know why they would evr want to do that. but hey it is thier life. my roomate just walked in and is playing with her computer. . it is making some noise but now it stoped. . i haev nothing to think about. I need to work out but it is too late and i am lazy. . oh well Homecoming is in like 20 days and i have to go home. . it is a tradition for the old officers to go back and sit with the drillt eam and watch and stuff but i need to lose weight so that they are not like oh my god what happened to her. . and i need to go shoping for an outfit to wear. . i am not sure what i want though. . maybe i want a skirt or something austinish or maybe clasical would be better. . who knows who cares really . . they are all still in highschool and if they did not like me then they are not goig to like me now and i do nto really care either way. I am ready to go see my mom and my don. . i miss htem very much i feel like i am missing my nieces grow up by being so far away from them. I knwo that they willbe fine but i miss seeing htem everyday likei use to . floppy disks are weird they are colorful but silly if you think about it. who knows i might want to be a computer science major but i donto know what job opportunities that holds. . i am going for being a laywer at the present moment because there are job opportunities everywhere and you do not have to live in once certian place. I could also be a teacher my sister teaches 1st grade she is so cute. I called her tonight and she seemed really suprised to talkto me. . it is not like i am in africa or something just in austin a phone call away. cell phones i hate cell phones well i love them but hty are a pain i wish that all minutes were free and you could tlak to whoever whenever you wanted. all of mymin are for use after 9 well i have 500 daytime min and 4500 night and weekend so i have to talka fter 9 but what if i want to tlak before then, i guess i am out of luck. the first of the summer i talked way to much on mine and my mom got mad at me so i had to cut back. i really hate it when people are mad at me it makes me sad and i have to fix it right away or i am unhappy. . well my time is almost up and i am going to go to bed now ",y,y,n,y,n

2002\_107925.txt,"I have never been asked to do anything like this before. It is actually hard to think of anything to think about when you are asked to. This class seems as though it is going to be very interesting. Many people act in strange ways. Maybe this class will help me better understand that. I have a friend that acts in strange ways. Well, actually he use to be my boyfriend. It is so intersting to sit back and watch how he reacts to different things. He sometimes is so hateful and so mean to people for no reason. He has said so many mean things to me and the next day he is sorry for acting the way he did. But the funny thing is, he always ends up doing it again. My dad is somewhat the same way. But he seems more like he has a split personality. It is sometimes very scary. He can just snap sometimes and be a totally different person then he really is. Most of the time it is for no apparent reason. Maybe him being a heavy drinker has something to do with it. I also have a friend that doesn't know how to deal with her emotions too well. She goes literally crazy sometimes. One time I didn't answer my cell phone, and she left the most hateful voice mail. If you would have heard it, you would have thought she was crazy too. But when i confront her about it, she says sorry and can't explain why she did it. I seem to always be stuck in the middle of everything. No matter who is involved or what the situation is, my name always some how pops up. It is pretty aggrivating actually. And I have always lived my life to my dads standards. I never really get to worry about pleasing myself, because i always have to worry about pleasing my dad. My dad wanted me to be a cheerleader. So of course i worked my butt off to become one. He also wanted me to get in to UT. Don't get me wrong, i love it here. But the more i do want he wants the more he ask of me. None of his other children are asked to live up to his standards. ",y,y,y,y,y

2002\_108161.txt," I feel really stressed about school right now. I hate my rhetoric class, because she makes us turn in homework everytime we meet which is three days a week. So I am behind in my reading for a lot of other classes that I am taking. It makes me so frustrated that she doesn't seem to care that I am taking 15 hours of credit and I don't have time to read a 150 page novel in two days. I'm drinking this drink called Capri Sun. Its ok but it leaves a bad taste in my mouth. I'm really thirsty though and I don't really want to drink water. Our water tastes gross too. I don't know what is in it, but everytime we put it in our refridgerator, it gets a bad taste to it. Everytime my roommate talks about the water tasting bad, I think of the movie Signs, and that cute little girl who said her water tastes old. Atleast if aliens come to earth, we'll have water to through on them. My monitor is on the fritz. It keeps turning neon shades of red. . more like purplish pink. Or something of that nature. It really makes my eyes hurt when it does that. I just hit it and it goes back to normal for a few moments. I can't figure out why its doing that except for the fact that it is old. I talked to my old friend Kyle last night. He called me a cutie. Why I don't know. I didn't really know how to react to a comment like that especially from him, because we had a history a long time ago, and things were never really the same. I really liked him too. It kind of unnerved me when he said those things. I just kept saying how can you say something like that to me . He is really good with mind games, so he kind of played around with my mind for a moment there. He makes me so mad, but at the same time, I like to hear that kind of stuff from him. It does make me feel pretty. I don't really know what this thing is supposed to help me do. . the whole writing in a stream of conciousness way seems hard to do. I just write what I think, but at the same time I feel like I am thinking what I want to write, just so I can write it, as confusing as that sounds. I miss my friends. They are too far away to see. Some of the people who came to UT with me live on the other side of campus and they don't ever call. I felt like everyone already had friends when we got here and their old high school friends didn't matter any more. It really hurt my feelings to realize that. I honestly believed them when they said that they wanted to hang out with me when I got to school. My other friends live far away. they all have new friends too. I feel left out or behind, because I don't have a new good group of friends. I really hope that my mom is doing ok. She always says that she is, and probably just because she doesn't want me to worry. But I do. I don't like being far away from her, because I can't keep up with how she is. Not that she is unhealthy all too much, but sometimes she will hurt her back, or she, like everyother human, gets sick. I pretty much think of her as a superhero. Invinsible to the harm of the world. I want my mom to always be here with me. Now I am older and I know that my mom isn't anything other than a normal human, and it makes me worry. Anything can happen anyday to me, my mom, anyone I know. Its pretty frightening, but in the same sense you have to no think about stuff like that and just live life as it comes and live life for today. I try to do that. Maybe that is why I don't do my homework. I could die tomorrow and what would I have to show for it? An all nighter of reading. I hate reading. It is one of the worst things you could make me do. That and writing papers and having my peers grade me. I always feel like I am going to miss something if I am stuck reading. My mom and my sister are avid readers, but I do not share the same feelings for it. Plus if ever I don't understand a word, or the reading gets boring, I stop paying attention and therefore do not understand a single word I just read. I hate it. I have to read books multiple times to understand them and then I might never get it. I honestly wish that reading and writing were obsolete. Impossible and shallow I know. I mean, where would we be without that stuff? No where, I am assuming. Allthough I know better than to assume! I am not really a person who enjoys school. I love to listen to my teachers tell interesting stories, screen movies and make visuals in class. All of this taking notes and reading bores me. I wish school was like my elementary year and like my LEAP classes where cut and paste was the prefeered way of learning. Those were the days. It really stinks to be all grown up. And to think that a few years ago, that's all I wanted to be. ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_109622.txt," Well writing really isn't my best ior favorite thing to do but i guess it doesn't matter when you are paying to take your classe huh??? anyway when i write i seem to easily get destracted and then it just makes the time go by alot slower whicch in turn makes it really boring. Well that is why i don't like writtin and when i first heard that we were going to have to do it for twenty minutes i felt sick to my stomach. well enough of that next. . . Lets see. . are you sure that this is confidential, well if it is then i guess it is ok, i mean this is UT (the greatest school in the world),me and my girlfriend have our anniversary tonight, we have been together for two years as of today. that is the longest that i have ever been with someone, i guess i can talk about my girlfriend because she is the only thing that i can talk about for 20 minutes, or at least i hope that i can. well in june of 2000 this girl called me and asked how i was. ididn't recognize her voice so i was trying to play it off until she gave me a clue as to who she was. Then she asked how my summer was going and i said fine and asked her the same thing. Then she asked me if i was running like coach told us to do over the summer, so then i knew that she was a track girl. I then could eliminate quite a few considdering that most of the track girls were gorgeuos(&lt;--spelling) and probably wouldn't have anything to do with me. You see i have alot of piopular friend, i mean played football and ran track for 6 years all the way from seventh grade to my senior year. Now i was never REALLY good at either one but i could hold my own, but i guess since i wasn't one of the star ath;etes that i was not very popular in turn myself. So, bvack to the story which hopfully makes this writing alot easier. So i had narrowed it down to about five and then she told me that she got my number from her yearbook that i signed, and i onlyremember signing one girls yearbook on the track team. So i gave it a shot aand asked her so what about you Rebecca are you running? she answered yes and then i knew thatr it was her. Now Rebecca is just like me very athletic and have alot of friends that are popular but we are not popular our-selves. so we talked for a while and then i had to go because i was going to eat dinner. so she called me a couple of days later and saying that her and her b/f weren't getting along becase he was in corpus cristi at a tennis camp ((what a geeeeeeeeeeek) but i guess that i am a geek also)and would never talk to her. so, to make a long story short, they broke up and then on september 12, 2000 is when we officially started to be together and here we are today the rest is just history but honestly i am not the type of guy who thinks about love at first sight and knowing that you want to spend the rest of your liofe with someone but i reall do love her and i can't really see myself without her and she has told me the same. Man is thing almost ove, oh it is well thanks for listining ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_121357.txt," I am leaving to see my sister at the University of Oklahomea and I will also see my high school friends this weekend. It feels strange going back to my home state. I feel like I have moved on in my life and in just these past four weeks I have matured into a completely different person. I feel that by going away to school I have learned lessons I would never have acquired by going to my state school. It smells like an old lady in my room because my roomate broke a parfume bottle three days ago and the smeel seems to have resided permanently in our carpet. The smell is so strong I can barely concentrate. People in my dorm slam their doors so loudly. It could scare a person in total relaxation. I am late to leave. My friend who is driving was suposed to be here about ten minutes ago. I guess this tardiness is a good thing becaus I need to write my paper. The problem with this paper is I can't type as fast as my brain can think. I hate Instant Messenger. You have it on and people automatically think you want to talk to them. And then after you fail to respond there is this constsnt message Are you there. . Are you there. Well, I guess you don't want to talk to me. This isn't the case at all. It is just that I have too many things going on in my life to sit and have small talk, such as, Oh how is school? I need to acquire better typing skills. That parfume smell is giving me a killing headache. I am glad I am leaving this weekend. Hopefully the smell will begin to difuse into the air. Our room is pretty clean for the first time since school has started. This is probably because my roomate is also gone so, she is not here to leave all her belongings strewn across the floor. Twenty minutes is along time to write. At first you don't think it is a long time, but when you are actually up against clock it seem like eterninty. I have alot to do in the coming weeks. In two weeks, I have my first exams in all my classes. On top of having study, I don't know what the tests will be like nor do I know how to do alot of the material we are covering in chemistry. But I cannot worry about this now or else I will submitt myself into ultimate stress. Yes, I am fligthing instead of fighting. I wonder if I will get to meet up with my parents this weekend. I thought at first when they left me at school that I would miss them uncontrollabley, but in relaity I didnt even cry. I don't know if this is becaus ei just havent allowed myself to cry for them or if I am just truely subconciously ready to mvoe on in my life. My back also hurts. I don't know why it hurts, but it does. I can't remember any activity I have participated in where my back would ahve been injured. Maybe it hurts from running. I am having a mental block. ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_121479.txt," I am feeling a little worried right now about my classes and how well I'll do on the tests and other assignments. I'm used to the class settings now but it's still a little strange to me to be in a class with 100 or more students. I wonder how I'll do in my biology and chemistry classes next semester because I've already heard how difficult it is. I'm stressed out with college work due to the daily reading assignments and I have to take notes over the material for my future exams. I wish I was a senior so I can get out of this place and not have to study ever again! I miss home and I wish I could go visit sometime soon. But of course I can't because I have tests and other things coming up. I can't wait until Thanksgiving so I can go home and relax with my family and friends. I wish I knew more people here or at least have some close friends. I haven't been able to start a conversation with anyone in my class. It's probably because I'm shy and afraid to go up to a stranger and just casually start a conversation. I really do miss my high school friends and I just wish I was back in high school. It was so much easier and more fun. Oh well. . everyone said college is going to be the most fun and memorable part of your life. After attending the Tuesday night bible study, I felt really happy and greatful that I got to meet such nice and open-hearted people. The praise was great and I liked the prayer time too. I haven't prayed to God recently and it gave me the opportunity to communicate with him again. But I felt guilty because I don't pray to God like everyone else on a regular basis. It seems as though I only pray to God when I need help or feeling worried and sad. I should continually pray to him from now on because it's important that I establish an existing relationship with him. I'm glad tomorrow is Friday! Yay!! I only have 1 section tomorrow and then I'm free until Monday. Hopefully I'll have a fun weekend unlike last week when I just stayed in my dorm and study. ",n,n,y,n,n

2002\_122312.txt,"This morning I went to class at 8:00AM. I was really tired so I guess I should have gone to bed earlier than I did, but I was having fun with my neighbors. After my 8:00 class, I had two more classes, but now I'm done for the day. I was so hungry when I got back at noon that I had to go eat right away in the cafeteria. Now I'm trying to do some of my homework because I have a lot to read. College is more demanding than high school. I never had to read a lot in high school, but now it seems that all of my classes require me to read 2 chapters a week. It's very hard to keep up with. And it's distracting in the dorm because something's always going on that you want to participate in. but when you have so much to do you have to set your priorities. My roommate just came back from class a few minutes ago. Her schedule is very different than mine. She went to the roof to sunbathe and then came back to the room. I really don't want to study. I'd rather watch Fear Factor that I taped last night. I was eating dinner at 7pm yesterday and therefore had to tape it instead of just watch it. I am going home this weekend to see my boyfriend. And then on Sunday I might be going to a waterpark with some of my new friends here. They are nice people. There are quite a few people here from my high school in Houston, but not many people that I was friends with. One of my friends, Sandy, is here and actually lives in the same dorm as me. She lives on the 22 floor though. I live on the 18th. It's really hard to get an elevator from this high up in the building. Sometimes I have to wait almost 5 whole minutes for one. That is especially annoying when you are on your way to class. This morning I was almost late for my economics class because I went to breakfast with my neighbors. I wasn't really hungry but I had a yogurt and some orange juice. Then I felt kind of sick. I made it to economics, but just barely before the teacher started class. My economics class is all the way over in Jester, and I live in Castillian, so it's annoying to walk all that way. Especially at 8AM. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday I don't start until noon though, which is really nice. On sunday I didnt wake up until 2:30pm. That is the longest I have ever slept in. Tuesday and Thursday I have 8AM classes, but that was because I had no choice. I went to the 6th orientation, so I didnt have much left to pick from. One of my neighbors is from Houston like me. Except he's from Kingwood, which is where my boyfriend's dad lives. I like it out there, because there are lots of trees. Maybe one day I will have a house there. I hope to have 3 kids when I grow up. at least 2. I am an only child and hate it, so I don't want my kids to have to be only children. Our power just went out in our dorm room, but only in one of the switches. It happened before and my roommate and I were in darkness for days, until someone came and switched the breaker. We know what to do now, so we flipped the breaker switch and the plug started working again. When I started this writing assignment I thought 20 minutes would be a short amount of time. but now it feels neverending. I'm glad I don't have any more classes today because i'm tired. Two of my neighbors are from the Greek island of Cypress. Their acents are really cool. One of them, Serge, is celebrating his 20th b-day tomorrow, so we are all going to take him out to dinner. I don't know of any cool restaurants in Austin, since I have only been here a couple of weeks. I'm sure we'll find a nice place though. The two Greek guys actually met on the plane ride over here from Greece, and decided to be roommates. They are nice people. One of the book I bought for my Freshman Seminar class is not right, so i need to take it back. I'm glad they give us a good amount of time to return things, becaue it would be unfair if I had bought the book and just had to swallow the cost. Speaking of that, my neighbors and I went to the store the other day and I bought milk. When i got back to the room, i noticed that it didnt taste right. The expiration date isnt until September 18th, but for some reason the milk was bad. So i'm going to have to throw it away. I need to go to HEB and get some groceries soon. I need to buy milk, gatorade, chips, etc. I sometimes get hungry at night in my room and the cafeteria is closed. Today in the cafeteria they don't have any vanilla ice cream. I'm disappointed because that is my favorite one they have. They also have strawberry which is disgusting, and chocolate which i havent had yet. Maybe it's good. I want to find a mall close to here so that i can go shopping. I don't know where many stores are. I did find a target however. That is my favorite store. The other day ",n,y,n,y,n

2002\_122581.txt," Gregory benjamin's writhing assingment, september 11, 2001. today was a decent day, architeture studio was great, and interesting, although we got a major project due for friday. Everyone in our studio is freaking out over it, but I don't think it would be so bad. In the meantime, I still to to catch up on some reading for my architecture and society class, even though the book is dreadfully boring. I do not want to read it! It is simply boring! Blah, Blah, Blah, building, blah blah blah. I am an architecture major, and this book is boring, that should say something. I wish we could just hurry up and read the little black book, thats Thermal Delight in Architecture that is. It is way more interesting, and talks about actual concepts rather than just buildings in general like some books. . uhhhhh (experiencing architecture). BORING!. On thursday, I have Visual Communication, a class that basicly teaches us how to draw. The proffesor there is annoying sometimes, since he thinks he knows everything and he DOES NOT. I honestly think he is teaching for an ego trip, he continues to put down many of the students, he is lucky he hasn't crossed pathes with me because i will at least defend myself. Anyways, i am majoring in somehing I love to do, so I guess i can trudge though the school. Some of my business friends may make fun of me for that reason, but at least i won't be pulling my hair out because my employes are idiots! (plus, i won't be working at Wal-Mart, the consumer of business). Speaking of stuff i love to do, I love music! I really had a hard decision deciding on rather majoring in music or architecture. . . but since I have been wanting to do architecture since I was like, FOUR, i choose it. . (it all started with legos). . . On a diffrent note, this page is buggy because when you press enter, then backspace, it returns to the previous page, so when you press forward, it returns to this page, except the COUNTER RESET!!! NOOOOO! there goes five minutes of typing!!! luckily, i am a very patient person :) &lt;----not very formal, hope this isn't read. (yeah right, out of a class of 500? please, i wa sbearly noticed in my high school class of 680, and i knew people there. speaking of people from HIgh Scool, one of them is in this class. Say hello to Jeff Prudon everyone! (this is ment to be read in front of class, but since it probably won't, i might as well TRY to call him out) you get your own personl shout out Jeff! from the Proffesor too! (or whoever is reading). Jeff is a business major, and tries to brag that he will make more money than me. . . but all i say is I LOVE WHAT I DO and, you won't be saying that when you are ready to build your dream house. . AND again, I won't be having a heartattack because my employes are lazy and stupid, because we work in a group. not a hiearchy. &lt;---seems to be spelled wrong. i CAN T SPELL worth CRAP&gt; the computer has spoiled me with spell check, and grammar check. Darn microsoft, just trying to make us all more stupid over a period of time, so we are just brainwashed into buying only thier products! (oh wait. we already are!) I am running win XP right now :) i do like it, it hasn't crashed yet. . knock on wood. it would crash while i am doing something for class though, with my terrible luck. (spelling? was something wrong?) well. if it wasnt for that back bug earlier, i would have benn finished by now, but i still have 4 minutes left! Hey, maybe that was my bad luck! now my computer won;'t crash because that was bad enough! Muhhahahahaah!!!!!!! ok. . now this is where i really just waste time typing, because i have nothing to type about any more. I guess, i could just recopy my notes i took in your class how aboutt hat! It would be similar to studying! hmmm. . zarconic effect-willingness to finish something. . . zzzzzzz. . . WHOOPS! sorry about that. fell asleep for a second. . actually i didn't. I find your class interesting and entertaining, i don't go asleep in it, i fall asleep in Arch&soc. the chairs are so comfortable, and he shows slides everyday, so he always turn off the lights. . recipe for sleep! now my 20min are up, and i have to sleep myself! ",n,n,n,y,y

2002\_123025.txt,"ok i have been a little nervous about this assignment, not too nervous but a little. i'm kind of a quiet person so writing my thoughts for twenty minutes is a little intimidating. i don't really like how a lot of the stuff we do in psychology is over the internet. i guess it's convenient, but the internet messes up a lot. it is working today though. i just bought tickets for jimmy eat world over the internet. they are one of my favorite bands. my best friend, kristina, is coming up here to go to the concert with me. i miss her a lot! i need to clean my room. courtney, my roommate, has cleaned up a little. i don't think she cares too much that i am messy. she's messy too. she is from my hometown, so i knew her before we lived together here. we are getting really close. i'm glad we decided to live together. i'm glad i didn't wait til the last minute to do this assignment. i need to do my calculus and physics homework too. i also need to, well i don't need to but i want to go get a DVD called waking life. it is really good. it is a movie that makes me think because it questions reality. i like movies like that. i've been thinking about doing stuff with movies as a career, like visual arts type stuff, but that's only if i don't get into the architecture department. i need to take this psychology course because i will need to know how colors affect people's emotions if i am going to major in interior design. that really intrests me. i need to call kristina and tell her that i got the jimmy eat world tickets. she was at my friend jory's house the last time i talked to her. i miss jory a lot too. i haven't seen her in a long time. me and kristina and jory have been friends for a long time, since seventh grade. i miss them a lot. i need to call my friend cherry too. she lives in oklahoma because that's where she is going to college. i have about four minutes left. i hope this is the kind of stuff you wanted us to write. i guess it is because this is what i'm thinking about. i hope it doesn't matter that i didn't capitalize the word i. i never do even when i write unless it is in a paper i need to turn in for english class. my senior english teacher is a really nice lady. i really admire her. she is very encouraging. i miss her too. bye ",n,n,y,n,y

2002\_127941.txt," ok. i don't know waht to type right now. im listening to alanis morissette right now and the song is about whether she is good enough for anything. sometimes i feel kind of like this; like im not good enough to do anything. now im stumped again as to waht to write. i talked to my best friend kelly yesterday and she is back home now. she went to taiwan for the summer to do an internship. then she went to california to ride a bus back to round rock. but she kept missing the bus back so she ended up staying in california. im really excited that she came back. i havent seen her in like four months and i didnt get to see her off when she left. i was really sad. sometimes i miss having a best friend here. kelly is my best friend in all but she has her schedule and family problems and a lot of times i just miss having a best friend to do everythign with. haley, one of my other friends used to do a lot with me. . almost everything. but this summer she got a job and her dad got a raise so now that she has more money, it seems like she is too good for me. i don't like people like that. there is someone at our room door. haley and i were suppost to go to breakfast one morning and had planned it all out. but then the morning of the event, she had one of her other friends, jennifer, call me and tell me haley couldnt make it because of a doctors appoinment. i was like, why can't haley call me herself. then she tries to play it all off. i don't really have anything to say to her now. i havent seen her on campus since classes started and weve only talked online about two or three times. thats not much compared to how much we used to talk. twenty minutes is a long time to continuously type. i guess its not too bad for people who type slow but for those who type kind of fast, this just makes for a lot of nonsense talking/ typing. ok. this semester im taking karate/ tae kwon doe. its really fun but a lot of work. i signed up for the class because i thought it wouldnt require too much work - aside from the work out - but actually this class has books and i have a three to five page paper due in it. its the only class i have a paper due in this semester. how odd is that?. oh well, it should be fun either way. this alanis morissette music is some really angry music. ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_129211.txt," Well here i sit at college and Its kind of weird. IN the next room there is music playing which I like. It makes me excited to go to a concert. , i remember the last concer that I went to. It was in good ole Tennesee, and I was Occumpanied by my cousin. Now she is quite a character and at the time she was attending Memphis University. She now lives in Hawaii, what a tough life. My room is surprisingly clean today, which is surprising. I always imagined that college would be a messy room with clutter everywhere. Actually it is quite organized. I have never considered myself an oraganized person, but as I have grown older I have realized that indeed I do enjoy some sense of organization. My roomate is telling a prettye funny story in the next room, and it leads me to thinking of all of the stories that I have. Coming from Midland, it was quite enjoyable to hear that my teacher was indeed from Midland. A friend away from home you could say. My connection in the bussiness. . haha, I didnt always live there though, I came from the next town and it was quite a change moving there too. Im not sure how it all compares to moving to college, but I do remember that it was right before I entered High school and it was still a major adjustment. I went home this weekend and watched my old football team play. My high school that is. Now we have had a winning tradition over the past few years that included a state championship and playoff trips every year. That is beside the point now, because i witnessed a beating worse than I could have imagined on that friday night. Nothing could go right. I miss football now that its gone, but i also know that the players here are very big and strong and would rip me in half. You never know though, with alittle hard work, next year i coujld step on the field in burnt orange. I have not written much lately, and I know that I should have been writing every day. I once read that writing everyday is the only way to improve your craft. That and reading, but I know that I will have no shortage of reading this year. I have already had tons of reading, but its not that bad. I enjoy reading. I guess this kind of writing is a form of rambling. When your thoughts kind of slow down, its hard to keep writing. You think that you should be thinking of something meaningful. Somthing that would inspire whoever reads this. Inspire or say something meaningful. Its hard to stand out in a place as big as this. With so many numbers you have to be somewhat unique. You can't be too unique or people will dismiss you as trying too hard, but at the same time you can't be ordinary. You have to find the median. The happy place you could say. Not only happy for you, but the place that gets you happy with others. You can't just sit back anymore and wait for somthing to happen. You have to make it happen. As clich'e as it sounds, its true. In the words of Mick Jagger and the Stones, You can't always get what you want. . You could say that they truly are wise old men. You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometimes, then you might find, you get what you need. Amen brother. Spoken by a true poet. I have always liked comedy in my writing. Not that everything is always funny, but it adds a sense of connection to the reader. I mean if someone laughs as they read, the work actually does something for them. If they simply sit and read words on a page, then it means nothing. It was a wasted tree. Often times the reader would rather look at a tree than read what is on the page. I by no means claim to be a great writer nor do I claim to make people laugh, I am simply claiming that I like to laugh as I read. I enjoy to read a sentence that makes me laugh out loud. If it makes you stand up and dance, well there you go brother welcome to the world of reading. It is a shame that I do not write as much as I used to. The Ideas are there, I just have not gotten them out yet. They will be there, it will just take time. I guess that is a premature assumption that the ideas will be there. My memory is not the greatest right now, at 19 years old. When I hit seventy or beyond, I can't wait until I have to write my name on my hand just to remember it. . ",y,n,n,y,y

2002\_134251.txt,"I just got up about twenty minutes ago and really thought that I should finish this assignment, I felt kind of embarrased the other day when the entire class had done theirs' and I was still sitting around without twenty minutes to spare. I really am kind of overwhelmed by the class and university in general, not that I've told anyone because that's just not how I deal with my problems. I scheduled my classes so that I have these breaks in between that I could presumably use to study, but I instead retire to my dorm room to eat macaroni and watch a movie. I watch too many movies in the first place (I'm a theater major, so it's basically study), but I haven't placed any amount of time into actual studying for classes like biology that I know I have trouble with. Between that and the massive theater program, it's just a bit too much. Here I am, now the tiny fish in the pond when I've spend the last four years on top of the game as far as acting was concerned. It's just a different place, different circumstances, and I just don't know where I fit in yet. I understand that I have to learn the ropes and pay my dues and then eventually I'll be on top (best case scenario anyway). But what will I do if this really isn't the path best meant for me? I really, honestly don't think I'd be able to survive in a desk job for the rest of my working life, and if I don't make it as an actor, chances are, that's exactly what I'll have to do. That prospect terrifies me even more than the class thing, or I guess goes along with it, because to even have a chance at success in the entertainment industry I have to have a broad range of intelligences not only within the field, but general knowhow as well, so I'm back to the first worry. It just seems like it's never good enough, I went to junior high in Colorado where I was the smartest kid in the school, the guy everybody and their dog went to for the answer, I come to Texas and suddenly, I'm not the best anymore. Which was alright with me, it unloaded that pressure, blah, blah, but I lost my initiative to try harder than everybody else to get the grade. Since then, my identity has been kind of in the in-between realm, I have intelligence, I was in the top 10 percent of my class, but most of the actual retained knowledge I have from high school is pop-culture trivia, but I think I could still hold my own on Jeopardy. That is something that made me feel better about college, about a week before I came here, they were showing the Jeopardy college championships, most participants hailing from the Ivy Leage, or whatever, and I just tore them apart, even in stuff like Chemistry which I had thought was long gone from my memory after sophomore year, who knew? So I guess I feel alright about classes in the end, maybe it's just because I feel so boring just hanging in my room all the time and don't really feel a part of the student body. I'm sure it'll happen sooner or later, but like most occurances in the history of man, it's over a girl. Long distance relationships are really hard, and here I am trying to pull one off in freshman year, it's going great so far, and I guess it says something that going out and partying runs a distant second to a five minute phone conversation with her, but it's just not helping me become a Longhorn. I love her to death, I really do, so I just haven't worried about it, I figured that it'd work itself out, and I think it still will. Adjustment is hard, especially such an immense one. Gah, college. I've started to believe that there's a soundtrack to life, I guess we'll probably cover that with the psych TA at some point in time, but seriously. Depending on what's going on in my life, I have certain predelections to what kinds of music, and specific songs I listen to, and I guess it's beyond obvious that it has some psychological base, but it's all the time now. I have Bruce Springsteen's Secret Garden running through my head right now, most likely because I just started thinking about my girlfriend a while back, which made me think of the times we've spent together, and for some reason bringing about the two of us sitting and watching Jerry Maguire and remembering Springsteen from the soundtrack and noticing the correlation of the lyrics with my feelings for this girl. It probably wasn't very smart to have done this this morning, I don't feel like my thoughts are in order. It's the morning of September 11th, I just realized. I'm not worried though, I have faith in this country, I have faith in my own ideals of freedom and life and soforth. Bring em on. If they attack again, I really don't think we can stop them, and it'll suck having more American lives lost, but they can't tear down who we are. There's my bit of patriotism, just thought it appropriate given the day, but my twenty minutes are up, so I'm damming the stream. ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_136641.txt,"I just finished working out. It was pretty tiring. I haven't worked out in awhile. It's kind of cold in the room right now. I'm always cold. I dont' really know why. It's kind of weird. I miss Freddy so much. Gosh, this webcam thing might not be so good. It's good that I can see and talk to him, but everytime I do see and talk to him, I just get sad. I want him here with me, but he's so far away. sigh. oh well. at least I'll see him at Thanksgiving. That will give me something to work forward to. Hmmm. My sister's husband is here for the weekend. It's still really weird. I can't imagine my sister married. It's quite strange. But she seems happy, so it's good. I feel bad that her friends are taking better care of her than I am though. Kind of makes me feel bad. But I'll babysit when the twins are due, so maybe that will make up for it. I'm going to work really hard this sememster. I have nothing else to do really. I can't go clubbing or to any parties or have one on one with any guy friends. With is kind of poopy. Because I actually get along better with guys. But it's ok, because he can't do anything either. I was going to write something and I just forgot what. I do that a lot. I'll like so upstairs or something and then I'll forget why I went upstairs. Yeah, it's pretty strange. Hmm. the tv is going on in the background. It's a pretty funny show. I need to go to the bathroom. I just drank a lot of water. But I still have like 15 minutes left on the clock. Wow. 20 minutes is a long time when you're just typiung random thoughts. I'm not homesick at all. I knew I probably wouldn't be. I've always been the independent type. Pipit is a pretty good roommmate. We dont' have the same friends or anything and we dont' hang out really, so I don't think we'll get sick of each other or annoyed with each other. She's out of the room a lot, so that's good too. I'm always on the webcam, so I guess its' good that she goes out or I think she'd be really annoyed. I havent' really met anyone new yet. I guess going ot UT does that to you. You stay in your comfort zone and it just takes too much effort to get out of it. Plus, it's weird. Even when I'm hanging out with friends or something, I'll start wanting to go back into my room to talk on the webcam. Man, I'm such a nerd. Haha, oh well. I think calculus will be my hardest class. I hate math. Ugh, at least I will have no more math after this class. woohooo. well, except that i'm doing accounting, which is a lot of math. But it's like simple math. So I'll be ok. At least no more integration in my entire life. goodness, that will be good to get rid of. Ahhh. . only halfway finished with the time. I tend to do that a lot too. I always look at the time. Even though i pretend not to. I still do out of the corner of my time. It's like I try to trick myself. But it's doesnt' really work so much. hehe. A lot of people are gone for the church retreat. I dunno. I kind of of wanted to go, because I didn't go last year, but I'm just not very comfortable with the church anymore. I feel like all they do is judge you. The pastor and the counselors and everybody just look down on you if you're not a servant leader or if you don't serve or if you don't talk to them and tell you all their problems. Yeah, I think it's pretty dumb. It's makes me really mad sometimes. They have no right to judge. My spiritual life is between me and God and no one else. uughh. Yeah, but I think I'm going ot find a new church when I go back from college. That will be good for me I think. Steven is iming my sister right now. I still feel kind of bad for him. They went out for like 3-4 years and then my sister marries someone else. But it's for the better. THey fought like everyday and he would always cry. SO that's not too healthy either. I miss my doggies too. Dusty Babulee Chen and even Mocha. Awww. my Dusty. I want him here to keep me company. I think Dusty is the only one who knows all my secrets. Because I know he won't tell anybody, considering he's a dog. He's so old already. It's going ot be so depressing when he passes away. That's going to be one sad day. I had a bad dream last night. Freddy dream-cheated on me. Man, that sucked. I was sooo mad when I woke up. I must be really insecure or something. THis is the second time I've dreamt that he's dream-cheated on me. Hahaha. That's pretty funny. It kind of sucks that my boyfriend and one of my really good guy friends hate each other. With a passion too. It's pretty bad. But Freddy has nothing to worry about, that's so gross. Rex is like a brother and I think of him as a girl too. I wonder if he knows? He should. people always make fun of him about it. But maybe he just think we're kidding or something. Hmmm. maybe we should tell him. Dang, my hands are gettting really tired form typing. I don't think I exactly have the right technique. I wish I still played piano like before. I want to relearn the Chopin song. Maybe I will. . if I motivate myself to. That would be really good. That music class is pretty simple though. I hope these 3 months until Thanksgiving so really really fast. I cant' wait to see Freddy. Man, I think about him a lot. ",y,n,n,y,n

2002\_142749.txt," Okay, so I am in my dorm room alone. I'm mostly thinking about how great my day was. I haven't had a day this good in a long time. Even though I had to wake up early I was rewarded by my Cotton Bowl tickets which makes me happy, because I never win anything so it's really cool for me that I was the one who drew the best number. Maybe my luck is finally coming in. I hope so. In addition to the tickets I got to see the guy who I am totally in love with twice today which was simply a gift from god because I hadn't seen him in a long time. When I started to pray for him I got to see him on Tuesday, then when I started thinking about him even more, I got to see him twice, and he even spoke to me. I just wonder what he thinks about me. I doubt that he is thinking of me right now, but when he sees me, I wonder what goes through his head. I've never had a guy be truely interested in me before, so I hope that now that I'm in college, my luck will change. Judging from my lucky number with the OU tickets, it looks like my luck is changing, but I can't say that it was just luck, because my rededicating my life to the Lord contributed to my current happness in a big way. Actually He is the entire reason why I am feeling the happiest I have since I have moved here. I have made good friends and I get to see Joe. I just hope that I get to experience this feeling for a long time. I really am so happy, when I was walking down the street people were looking at me like I was crazy because I had this huge smile on my face. Being a good person and having faith can get you anywhere that you want to be in life, and now that I have accepted that I feel a little more at ease. Just a little though, I still worry about my classes. I just really want to do well. I need to catch up on my readings, which I will do this weekend. I just have to make myself. I also need to get my spiral back from Meredith. It really pisses me off that she borrowed my notes, and hasn't given them back yet. That is really rude and inconciderant! It's okay though, becuse now I am thinking about Joe again, so I am happy. I can't believe how happy it makes me just to think about him. I know I seem crazy because I barely even know him, but there is something about the fact that he makes eye contact with me, and that he is the only guy to ever speak to me on this campus. It just says something about him and about the way that he sees me, at least that's what I think. I just really want to fall in love. I look around and see all of these couples, and watch romantic movies, and listen to love songs, I want it so bad, that I can feel it! Something in my gut tells me that Joe is going to be my first real love, and even if it doesn't work out in the end and I get my heart broken, I feel like I'm ready. Ready to experience something. ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_143981.txt," I am very excited, but anxious to be in this new city, Austin. It is overwhelming right now solely because I don't know everyone here and am still meeting new friends. I enjoy all my classes but know that this semester will probably be very strenuous. My goal is to work hard and try my best to not get caught up in the social life and to focus on what is most important, my grades. I am feeling a little homesick though, because I am out of my comfort zone and surrounded by all new faces. I miss my family a little, and my boyfriend a lot. I am excited to be here, but feel a little left out sometimes. Everyone knows eachother and I sometimes feel alienated. I am listening to cars floor by my dorm room window. Which causes me to lose concentration at times. It is also hard when the girls here are screaming and running through the halls. Especially at night when they come running in all drunk. I smell flowers all throughout our room because we have received so many from pledging Theta. My roommate and I just got through with Rush and are excited about our new sorority. I know it will give me a chance to branch out and meet new people, which will be nice. I am noticing, though, that most of the girls here are pretty clicky. It is hard to make friends when they are all always going off together in little groups. Im not the type of person who is usually affected by those little things, but being without my boyfriend and my hometown friends makes things a little more difficult. I realize though, being here will teach me how to become a more independent person and that I will have to learn to adjust when things don't always work out the way they seemed too. I love the condition of our room right now also because my roommate is a pretty clean person which makes me a pretty clean person. Our room is all tidy and neat. I know my mom would be happy. I really love this city of Austin. It is so fun and such a party place. It also seems to me to be a bit overwhelming. I'm not all into this every night party life. Don't get me wrong I love to party and all, but to a certain extent. I'm a christian too which makes living here kind of difficult. You become so wrapped up in all the constant parties and b. s. that you sometimes forget who you really are. One thing I want to do while at school here for the next 4 years is discover who I really am. When you take away all the parties and superficialness. what is left? I want to make something of myself in school and in my personal life. I am contemplating on whether I want to go out tonight with the girls or stay in and go to bed early. It seems like im always on the go here, too. There is always something to do and barely ever any time to simply relax. As you can probably tell i am a little stressed out. I notice it is getting more quiet in our dorm now because the girls have all left to go out. My computer just froze for the longest time so for about 5 minutes I couldn't write. So i am going to start again, because for 5 more minutes and finish my time. sorry. anyways, i am really frustrated now because my computer has been having so many problems lately. It is making me very aggravated. So in case you know this I am still typing after the 20 min time period, because 5 of my minutes were taken away because of this stupid computer. Well, I am hoping that I will learn my away around Austin soon because this city is very confusing. I just want to have a notion of where everything is. I hate not knowing my way around places. Well, I am going to end it now because I timed an extra 5 min on my clock and it is up. j m y ",y,y,y,n,n

2002\_145993.txt," Well, this is definetly the first assignment of its kind that I have ever done, I can only hope that i can find enough things to think about for 20 minutes, wait 28 minutes and 30 seconds. That was some math I was hoping to avoid. I wish it wasn't so early, as a matter of fact I shouldnt be awake right now, my next class doesnt start for two hours, nap time, YES! oh wait no thats not right There is still that whole writing thing I'm doing. Come to think about it this is a fairly effective way of making sure that all the students put the same amount of time, and at least a comparable amount of effort in there assignment. For better or for worse. At least the week has begun. In high school thats the last thing I would be thinking early on a monday morning, but it's how I feel now. Upon self reflection though I realize it's not just my insatiable lust for learning that drives me on in the week but rather a combination of that and the fact that I had to work all weekend. Oh well the week will be like a little vacation for me. Looking around the room I see some posters, some course sylabi, some empty cups, textbooks, oh yeah posters. The last one that I got from those irish vendors downstairs, where in Ireland did they say they were from? Can't Remember. Anyway the poster was one I had somehow missed the first time around, hard to imagine since its so darn cool. It's a nice photograph of an H bomb, its really the peice of art that allows the Zen of my tiny dorm room to be complete. right. Ok almost half way there. almost. almost. yes. Good. Even though this is a course assignment I feel very idle, a feeling that I don't particularly like. don't get me wrong I like not having anything to do but I have stuff to do, and was actually set to do it this fine morning. I wonder if the tracing of consciousness would be interrupted by catching up in the reading in my philosophy (abortion, everyones favourite topic). Well of course it wouldn't, but I am sure my ability to trace it would be impaired, and we wouldnt want that to happen. The abortion chapter in philosophy has really gotten me thinking (also thinking I need to finish that first chapter). It was something that I had never given much thought to other then what I saw or read in the media, or touched on in political discussions. I had always considered myself largely pro-choice, but being confronted with logical philosophical arguements has led me to rethink my stance and now I have absolutely no idea what to think about the issue. Of course there are an untold number examples of things that are philosophically logical, but practically not practical (I wonder of unpractical is a real word, yeah it must be, damn). Was there something about us not going back and changing what we wrote the first time? If there wasnt there should be. Except maybe with they dozens of typos I am constantly correcting. three seconds left bye. Continue writing? I don't think so. ",n,y,n,y,y

2002\_147025.txt,"I don't like being home alone as much as i thought i would like it. i want Talia to come back already. i can't believe she also takes zoloft this is too weird. i kinnda want her to be normal because now i just think the both of us are too weird together. it was such a coincidence that we got paired up together as roomates. i was talking to chris and everytime i do i feel so much more homesick. i can't decide if like him or not. well i like him. but i don't know if i like him more than a friend. i probably like william more. yes i do. i wonder what he is doing right now. it is raining and i don't like that. i hate the rain. i feel scared that something bad will happen. this song is funny. i guess they don't like jermaine dupri. i had some really good french vanilla coffee but now my throat hurts because it was way too hot. i really miss charm and all the guys. i felt so sad because they went out without me. ok the comp just made a strange noise that i don't like. that really scared me i thought i had broken talia's computer. i would really be in trouble then. damn it feels like i've been writing for longer than 6 mins. but oh well. i wonder wat chris is doing right at this moment. i wish i could see him. he can always make me laugh. speaking of funny people, i really miss emy. he's the love of my life, without it being in any way romantic. i would do anything for him and i worry about him so much. i really hope he is doing ok because if he isn't i would drop everything hear in austin just to be with him. the people in my floor piss me off all the time because they are always yelling and i can't stand that they don't have the courtesy to be quiet at night. they really annoy me. i wonder if that comedy show is going to be on tonight. i really like that show. i wish i had more of that coffee. even though it burned my throat. i ate pizza today and it wasn't the best thing in the world. i'm going to remember that for next time. i eat way too much sometimes. i am so fat i don't need to eat more. how the hell did i get to weigh so much? i just can't believe it. i hate walking around and seeing all those pretty girls. i spend most of the day being jealus of them all. i don't know how to make myself stop eating and to start working out. i mean i have a gym right downstairs but even that embarrasses me because i don't want people to see the fat girl working out. that's why people work out, to lose weight. but i just can't get out of that mindset. it is way too cold in my room. i'm going to get sick. i have to do so much homework. especially biology because i don't understand anything in that class and we might have a quiz next week. i won't do too good on that. chemistry is pretty good i think. i got a little confused last night with the homework but i'm hoping to work that out. biology 212 is not that bad. at least i don't feel like falling asleep right then and there like in bio 211, i really don't like my instructor. she's so damn boring and she tries to be funny but i doesn't work. i really hope i don't do too bad this semester. i hope to get at least b's in all my classes. a's are impossible in college i think. i'm really worried about my scholarship from d. d. hachar, i haven't gotten the half from UT that i'm supposed to get. i really should call the office or stop by. and i should also go and settle the matter with the mental health office too, i don't want maribel to keep bugging me about it. this is really not cool, i don't want to have to do that. but oh well. i guess if i have to. i should write an email to the finacial aid office asking them about my scholarship. or maybe i should try to contact the nursing school. maybe i don't even have that scholarship anymore. that would suck if i don't. i really need the money. i don't want my parents to worry about me or money. i can't wait until i have money of my own to help them out. i wonder if i'll ever become famous like i always dream about. i dream about so many things itz hard to keep track. i'm almost done. wow, that went by quickly. this wasn't so bad. i wonder if they're really going to read this thing. i doubt they have time. ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_147942.txt,"I just had lunch, they actually had good cookies at the dobie cafeteria today. i'm really happy i found out that masha lives in dobie too, she kind of bothered me in high school, but i think i might like her now better than almost anyone i met. she's very sincere. i've been more happy than ever since i've been at ut only because i'm on my own. i feel no sense of homesickness at all, like most people are talking about, i'm the way i like myself without my mother who drives me crazy. i don't understand sometimes how in the world we're related. someone just came in. i love that feeling when you feel like your stuffed animals have personalities, the two dogs on my bed could easily be taken for real ones, well kind of, if one of them wasn't blue, maybe. but not really. alex and arif came by last night, two of my good friends from high school, it made me really happy; i was literally bouncing off the walls because i thought it was nice that they just came by unannounced; i don't know why it surprises me because i know they care about me, but when people i care about do something nice; it kind of surprises me. i could never keep a diary, i absolutely love writing more than anything in the world. i want to become a writer, but i always start with something and never finish or am honestly too lazy and that pisses me off a whole lot. i love it and i want to do it, but i don't know why i won't just do it. but diaries drove me crazy; i found myself being fake in them, i think it's easier to show your true self through other words rather than blatently posting, i'm writing this about myself to understand myself it doesn't work like that for me. you can see the real me through other writing i think . i downloaded this song called forever by ben harper. it is so good; it has the sweetest melody. it's very wierd; i sometimes write poems and just little phrases and i've noticed i use the color blue a lot. like the ocean is blue and once a poem about my parent's divorce and i used something about a blue world or something; i don't know where it comes from. my mother really drives me insane. her friends were in this past saturday and they came back amazed at my independence, how i looked, acted, just my persona and everything and they weren't like that before about me. and i know that i do seem a little different; like a relief has been lifted off of me ; it's great. i like the person that i am. i spent too much time babying my mother, making sure i didn't say something to offend her or be upset because she was being ridiculous. and she told me how they though all of this and said it in such a way as to take credit for my development and for me being the way i am, sounding great and all. and i just wanted to scream that it is the opposite; it's only because she's not around. she can't seem to figure anything out for herself like that; she thinks she understands so much, but she doesn't at all and i think deep inside she knows she doesn't get it, but it just makes her feel better about herself to think that she understands it all, whatever it may be, just that she's in control, otherwise she wouldn't not let me stay out after ten some nights when all i did was go to a mmovie with my friends; she just does it to be in control and i wish she would see that she's only pushing me away and she already has; i don't think we will ever have a great relationship, not if she tries to understand me and herself. i just wish she could at least understand herself first. i don't want to be like her when i get older and that's partly why i don't want to agree with her on anything because by doing what she thinks she became the person she is and i don't want to be that person. that's sad and i don't like it, but it's just the way i think it is. i really want to go dancing. a song is playing that's called just dance and i want to do just that. ",n,y,n,y,y

2002\_155948.txt,"you know, this is sort of a bizzare assignment. you would think that one would just start listing off a bunch of items like dog, cat, mouse. etc. however, it that was the case, would there be some sort of indication of what the persons mind was filled with? maybe. maybe not. so i essence in reflecting on the kind of determination that can be made from something like this leaves one in kind of a quandry. let's see the desk i'm sitting at is hard. it's wooden, so why not? i'm in a library so aside from the loud typing noise i and others like me are making. all is quiet. you know, speaking of quiet, that is another thing that comes to mind. as i was reading an e-card sent to me by my wonderful girlfriend just minutes ago, i was unable to trully get a whole and complete apreciation of them due to this surrounding silence. allow me to explain. as i am obligated by the nature of this assignment to just contimuously spit out thought as they come to me. it limits the amount of organization of said thoughts. anyway, so i assume that whoever is in charge of these convinient little computer stations in the library, has taken it upon themselves to make sure all the volume controls have been pre set to a level of zero. you know. a library. concentration etc. so i guess that's not really volume control at all is it? well, at least no control for the common user such as myself. control to the administrator or whatever. so back to the oriinal point of the e-card. these little messages provided by different. providers i guess wouldbe the first thing that comes to mind usually have some sort of audio accompinament (sp). now, reiterating the fact that all the volumes control has been taken away from me and others like me, i literally could not hear an of what was going on. that was unfortunate. quite. so i guess i'm going to have to find some other place to enjoy to it's full potential what was intended to be read as well as heard. that is kind of a round-a-bout way to say that i was unsatisfied with the events that unfolded in regards to the all silent rule in libraries. i had never really thought about that side of it before. of course there have been an uncountable amount of times that i've sat in a library and truly enjoyed the silence that it provides. . always just thinking that that is the way it should be. silent. no noise. i always envisioned some nasty old librarian with some kind of sonar hearing just out to bust the hidden conversations wherever they inevitably pop up throughout the establishment. of course there's always the issue of the cellular phones. oh, man- have we gone NUTS with the phones!!! what is the deal with that!? has it truly come to the point that p person is in such need to be in contact with everyone and anyone that they have to be totally and at everyone's disposal. is there something THAT pressing for everyone? i really wonder. i know there are those buisness men and women that just depend on that kind of continual interaction with . whoever they interact with. i guess i just have a hard time relating because there just is not that scenario in my life. in fact i would go so far as to say that i would be very uncomfortable to be THAT availabel all the time. i mean that would put me in a very akward position. always with someone wanting something. someone calling. someone bugging. AHHHHHH that just drives me crazy even thinking about it. there's something funny i just remembered. it's in the out takes from some movie with jackie chan and ohh what's his name. i can't remember. that black guy from friday. o chris tucker. so they're in some scene and it was obvious that chris tucker had forgotten his line or at least that's the way it seemed and then out of nowhere his cell phone rings. just like that! here they are- rolling that expensive 35 millimeter film and the man is talking on his phone. he says somthing like: no man, i can't talk right now. we're shooting. yea man. right now. i'm standing right here with jackie chan. . it went on for a couple more seconds and the guy wouldn't believe tucker and as it went on . jackie was getting frustrated. chris tucker had to prove it to his friend that he really was shooting so he gave the phone to jackie who said hey, we can't talk now. in his oriental accent. it was funny. ",y,n,n,n,y

2002\_159833.txt," Im tired and i need to wake up tomorrow for my eight o' clock class. . i should probably go to bed. My roomate is already in bed i swear thats all he does i come home from class, he's asleep, i wake up he's asleep. I need to clean my room up, there is a bunch of crap in here. i need to do dishes and laundry and clean up my floor. i wish i were playing racquetball. . but i can't get a court they are all full. . why is racquetball so popular here. ? I need to go shopping too. i need more gatorade and some more coke. and maybe some more candybars. . i think ill get a coffee maker. . can i have one here or is it against fire codes i need a shower too. . im thirsty. . nice cold coke. man i don't know if i can write for 20 minutes straight. man . . eight o' clock. . thats funy. . my roomates car smells horrible. hehe. . aint no mountain high enough, aint no river low enough. i wonder why vilmar was listening to that, i can't wait till this weekend goin to fort worth, i should call creig, i need to do that, see what he's up to and go visit him. i need to order that light for my computer too. i wonder whats on tv, i wonder if the simpsons are on. . maybe ill find out. i wonder why i havent found a girl up here yet, there are thousands here but i can't seem to talk to one of them i just need to walk up to them and be like, hey, whats up. . i don't know though, some of them look snobby. . oh well. . i wonder if im supposed to have the music on or not during this, this is kind of interesting just to type for twenty minutes. i wish this cold would go away, I've been sick forever. what if the phone were to ring would i answer it or what?? ill go take a shower after this. i remember high school, it was fun but im still glad i graduated early. . move on to bigger and better things, i just hope my parents are proud of me. i bet they miss me, i miss them too but not too much, they are only an hour away. . my dog is the one i really miss, i saw a seeing eye dog earlier and was like, i miss my dog, hes awsome, he helped me through some stuff. . why did candice accuse me of breaking andrews windshield, thats not cool i wasnt even there. . oh well, not my problem, he deserved it though he wasnt being cool to britney, whatever, hey she just got online, cool. ill talk to her later. . i still got nine minutes to type. twenty minutes is really a long time, classes seem short here compared to high school even though they are the same length. . thats a good thing though. man im tired, seven minutes, i need a shower, i wonder whats wrong with vilmars computer, i bet i can fix it if i get a chance, i bet its just installed wrong or something, but thats cool, ill see what i can do, this song sucks, change it. . god im tired, been up too long, need sleep, i wonder where jorge went, he took his calculus book and left, i bet he went to go study with raj, yeah. man candice is pissing me off, she thinks i did it, thats messed up, i wasnt even there. whatever ",y,n,n,y,n

2002\_162856.txt," consious stream of thinking huh. I don't even keep journals or anything, so this is a little different. These chicken taquitos sure are good. A lot of greese though. Ya know, I really like musicals, but only ones from Andrew Loyd Webber and ones from the late 19th century like Gilbert and Sullivan. Speaking of, that was a pretty good movie. Topsey Turvey that is. I wish there had been more in there from the Pirates of P. But it was still pretty good. I can't believe that I have a lecture to go to at 5 to 6:30. At least is isn't on friday. That would really suck. I should download some songs from the Beatles. In fact, I should buy The Yellow Submarine on DVD. That would be a good movie to have. I wonder what movie I should go see this weekend. I haven't been to the movies in a really long time, so surely something new has come out by now. I wonder what these writing assignments are going to be used for. I'm sure it is used in reasearch on us. Oh well. I need to write Kim an e-mail. I haven't see her or Kate in a really long time. They would probably appreciate that. I'll do that tonight after I finish reading the Iliad. I need to read The Rupublic. I meant to a year or two ago, but I never got around to it. I didn't like my classical civilization class at first, but now I'm really getting into it. I don't know if I really want to bother learning guitar or not. I know it is never something that I would seriously persue, but still. At least I've already learned one instrument, so learning another can't be that difficult. Just learn a new clef and everything else is technical stuff that just takes practice. I might as well, I see to have plenty of time on my hands. Except for in the mornings. The past two mornings I've set my alarm early so I could wake up and get some reading done for class. Too bad that both mornings I've overslept and yesterday I was late to physics. Not that it really mattered. I could not go for the rest of the year and still do fine on the final. It's easier than what I took in high-school. My mom called me the other day. I was at starbucks, so I didn't really talk very long. I'll have to call her back tonight when I get in. I'm sure that they miss me. It doesn't feel all that different then when I was at home. I guess I might be homesick if I was going to school in like Vermont or something like Sara is, but I'm 3 hours away so it doesn't seem like that big of a deal. I guess it helps also that I stay busy. I also really like oldies music, and soundtracks too. I really want to go buy a Phantom of the Opera CD today. I'll see if they have it at Barnes and Noble although it will be an outrageous price. Sarah Brightman is a really good singer. It really helped that she was married to Webber. That must have been a big career booster. It really doesn't see like I've written all that much. There is a lot more goig on in my head, but I just can't get it all out. Some of the musicals that I really don't like are the ones that came out of a post depression era. They just aren't very original and all seem to be cookie cutter creations just for the sake of being made. ",n,n,n,y,y

2002\_166663.txt," Well for some reason I am stressing out about everything that is going on in the first few weeks of school! Not only are classes overwhelming and so much different than high school because of number of students in each class, but I am in a whole new city! For the first time I am away from my family trying to make my own choices, doing my own laundry, making my own food, and trying to make new friends. I am scared about being able to study too! And I am scared about failing. I also just went through Rush and I am in a sorority which is also very overwhelming. We just had a meeting and we have to keep a certain GPA, finish many hours of volunteer work and stay at the house for at least 10 hours a week to study there. We also have mixers twice a week at night. I don't know how I ma going to manage all of these things at once. I am also stressing about finding where to live next year. I had a deposit down for an apartment with a girl I met during the summer, but the more I got to know her, the more I knew I couldnt live with her. So now I am trying to find a group of nice girls and find a place to live before they are all taken. Not to mention my ex boyfriend is here and things between us are very complicated. I wish he could communicate with me and tell me how he really feels because I am tired of playing all these stupid games! We keep trying to make each other jealous, but I really care about him alot. OHHH and I am getting sooooooo fat! I swear our older sorority sisters want to keep giving us cookies, cake, and candy to make us fatter! I don't have time to excercise. But I really love it here and I know I am going to have so much fun! I have already met several awesome girls that are so fun to hang out with. And since I came from a small baptist schoool its interesting to meet so many different kinds of people. I love how UT is so diverse. I love my roommate too. I went pot luck and was kind of nervous about that but we are perfectly matched. We are both neat freaks and have the same personality. I hope we become great friends, so far we have talked about everything. She is really smart too. I miss my best friends from high school. Two of them went to Baylor, I was baout to go there with them but I loved UT. It was a hard choice to make though. The only person I really knew here were a few older girls that went to my high school and my ex boyfriend. . who is frustrating me! I couldnt sleep at all last night because I was upset with him! I miss my mom and my family too. Even my dog. I don't know when I will go home. . it seems like there is so much to do here. OHH I really want to see the movie Swim fan and Sweet Home Alabama. I bet I won't have time to see movies here and I don't have the money either! My money is all gone! I have no clue where it went, I never get to go shopping here. I also need to find a church to go to, just to keep me grounded. Its kind of hard to focus here. But I am really happy about the sorority I am in. It was such an emotionally draining process, so many girls where heartbroken. But I just hope that there isnt a stereotype against sororities because each girl I have met has been truly kind and helpful and its such a great way to meet people and do stuff for the community too. I am going to the childrens hospital tommorrow morning to visit the children there. I am really excited about that. I love kids. I think I want to be a teacher, I just hope I have the patience for it and that I make it through college! Its so weird to think I am in college right now trying to get a degree! I still feel like a little kid sometimes. Hopefully I will be able to focus and get settled down and figue out my priorities! ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_167717.txt,"I just got back from astronomy class, I have an exam on friday and am pretty nervous about it. I got to really sit down and study for it if I want to do well. I am still kind of sleepy right now since i went to bed kind of late yesterday reading some Philosophy so I could be prepared for today's lecture. I am really concerned with getting really good grades here at the University so I can go on and become a success in life. In the near future I want to become a well known attorney in my home town, Laredo, Texas. I was here at the University of Texas during the summer and I must say it is quite a difference between the summer and fall semester. I guess the amount of people here on Campus is the biggest difference, where it went from 10,000 to about 50,000 from the summer to the fall. I feel it served me well, coming here to the Unversity getting a head start and seeing how things work around here. I hope to continue my studies here and then go on to Law school somewhere, i don't really care where, as long as its in the state of Texas. Oh, my grandmother just called, she is the best grandma in the whole world, she would do absolutely anything for me because am her pride and joy. I really appreciate everything she has done for me, she has always been there for me, whether it be for school, sports, or any or social gatherings. I am really excited, she called right now to ask if I would want to go to New York or Las Vegas. I don't know when, but I sure am excited about the whole thing, I m going to have to sit down and think about it for awhile because they are both really superb places to spend your vacation. My parents as well have played a major role in forming my character and who I am today. If it were not for them, I would probably no be here at UT. They have also encouraged me to do the best that my abilities will take me. They went to all my basketball games throughout my highschool career, they were my biggest fans. I can't wait to see me parents when they come on October 26, my mom's birthday and parent's day. That is also the day of a home football game for UT, I am really looking forward to seeing them and my grandparents when they come to visit me. Umm, my friends and I just got a Sony Playstation 2 a couple of days ago, we are always playing it now, it is one of the coolest things on the planet right now. Today, i have to go to the gym and play some ball because I ve been slacking off a bit, I usually play every day or at least try to if I don't have too much homework. I m probably going to go later on tonight after I study for astronomy. Right now, i m probably going to go get some breakfast downstairs, maybe some eggs, biscuits, and pancakes. ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_178264.txt," This is the first writting assingment. I don't realy know what I am soposed to write about. I am also afraid that I will mispell a lot of words. I was talking with a friend on the way to class today. And we started to talk about this assingment. It made me kind of nervouse. But I guess he survived so I will too. I can't belive that only two minutes have passed. I guess that is why it takes so long to write all my papers. And why they are so short. Some times I write a stream of consciousness down on paper. I think it is a good way to get my mind clear. If you write it all on paper you can forget it all for a while. Then after you have rested with it all off your shoulders you can read thoguh it and see if any of it was something important that you need to look into or if not ohh well at least you no longer are thinking about it. I feel like i should be talking about something more important. But I don't have anything important to talk about. My friend, The guy I mentioned earler, He said that he made sure that he was in a bad/wierd mood befoer he started writing so that way he would have a lot to write about. I think that was probably a good idea. I kind of wish I did that. I feel like I am running out of things to say. So I guess that I will talk about what I see hear smell. Well I am in my room. I see the wall in fromt of me. I hear the computer game my room-mate is playing. He always plays a computer game. Always. but he is a real good guy. The computer game he is playing is some shoot um'up game. You run around with a gun ald kill people, Sleep with one eye open you say right? No its cool. Well I hear all the guns and what not and in the back ground, I guess because he can multi-task I hear music. he plays music movies and this game all at the same time. 10 Min!!! I don't like the song that just came on. What I see I see pictures on my wall. One is with my friend Laurie, We were at Camp in North carolina. We were in her cabin before the campers came. She had these two toy firefighters helmets in her cabin, that light up and have a siren when you push the button. So we were running around camp with them on our heads. It was kind of fun. I have know Laurie for a long time. We grew up togther. We went to camp togther and youth group conventions. She is realy up beat and friendly. Camp is a great place. I went there when I was a kid, And now I have been staff the past three summers. It is real wierd to see these kids come back evry summer and be a year older. They are so different. They were adorable or obnoxiouse. and now they change or are still the exact same way. You remember when the dident have braces. And now they are getting them off. I remember when I had breaces. I hated them. But I only had them for one year. I had friends who had them for a long time. Four more mineuts. I realy can't spell and I wish I could. I am at a loss again. My desk is made out of wood. But it is not real wood. It is composit. It is a good desk it does waht it need to. My phone just rang. My room-mate just picked it up becaise I am on the computer with you. It is my friend Lyndia she was calling me back. I called her before I started writing. We were soposed to go to the gym. But I think she is there now. Ohh well. So maby abeer jon and I will got down to th ",n,n,n,n,y

2002\_183166.txt," College? I wonder how it will be? I just started it. It seems so nice and easy going as of yet, but I wonder is it something I will enjoy and cherish for the rest of my life. This is my first time living away from home and the ones I love and care about it. I feel the necessity to show to my peers that I'm not scared and do not miss home. But in fact i miss my home and my sister who I fought with all times. I don't know why I feel that it is important to show to others that i'am not home sick. I can't understand that part of my mind. Is it because I want to fit in the croud? Is it because I want to show others that I'm strong? On the other hand - I love what I have been experiencing for the past week. I have experienced things I have never before. I never had to do mylaundry myself and now I do that and I find that I like doing it. I have to go to eat myself. At home the plate was always on the dinner. I feel as if I was spoiled at home and that I was given too much. Here I realize that doing things for yourself can be as much as fun when people do things for you. And that to be self-reliant does have its advantages. I have learnt to handle things on my own. At home, if i met someone I didnt like, it was as if I ignored them but here I realized that it is difficult to ignore 55000 other students and that you have to adjust and compromise so that you are not the one that is ignored by others . So far I can say that college has taught me more than I thought it would. College is not the only thing on my mind. I think about my life as a hole-like how will it turn out? How will I manage to survive financially? If I will make a good living in the future? I question myself why I think so much about the future and so little about the present. I give undue importance to the future and not to the present. My thinking aobut the future helps me ruin my present. Things done turn out the way i want them to. I end up sacrifcing every moment that could have been precious over things that i cannot make precious or things i can't control. But thinking about the future does not take my mind off my past. I question myself if I really do believe in God. My faith in him is torn apart each time a tradegy happens in my life. Losing my grandfather was a big tradegy for me but I coped and realized that he was old and it was his time to go. But when I lost when my father, I really started to think if there was a almighty god since he took away the person I was dependent on emotionally, physically and financially. I decided to look on the positive aspect of life and decided that my mother was still here and so god was not so cruel. But when i lost her at the age of 13, I thought forget God. He doesnt exist. However looking at people who are religious and have faith in god, get everything in life, is making me question of my faith in God. I wonder if he can make miracles happen in my life too? I used to always think about eating food. But since the past year that it had changed. But i'm back to the way i was. I wonder if I'm a emotional eater? When i was depressed in life, i always resorted to eating. However when things improved i stopped eating and now that i'm sad again, i continue to think about eating. I would love to visit a shrink to get to know if I'm a emotional eater. ",n,y,y,y,n

2002\_196396.txt," Well, UT seems to be a very confortable place. I like my classes fairly well. Claculus and Physics will probably be the most difficult. Chemistry seems like it will be very easy. . and Psycology. well psycology looks to be very interesting. I talked to my sister last night. She graduated from UT with a degree in psycology. All she told me was, don't get hooked. we don't need two psycology degrees in the family. and at least someone's got to make the money. That someone being me. I really love my sister. she is a very unique person. Her life has been a blast. She likes to go places and have fun. . she's got a hugh fun-excited spirit. She's been to Costa Rica. . and now she lives in Chicago. I almost went skydiving with her a couple weeks back when I visited, but the weather got real bad the day we were going to jump. I think it will take me a litle while to totally accustom myself to Austin. it's hard leaving the people I love. . my family and my girlfriend. I am in a very serious relationship. We've been together fro almost a year now. . and I think that we're going to make it through all this time apart and end up very happy together. Man this is taking a long time. I miss my brother. He is a marine. He joined the reserves back in January of 2001. last january he got a call saying his unit was being activated and he would have to leave for Cuba in two days. So mid january of this year he and one of his good high school friends who just so happened to end up in the same unit drove down to Houston. From Houston they were sent to San Antonio for some training. they stayed there for a couple weeks, then were sent to the east coast. . somewhere near the cheasapeake bay area and had to go through a few months of training. They did some pretty neat stuff like riot training and stuff like that. he was able to to call us every now and then, and it was good to hear from him. Then after he was done with his training he was finally sent to Guantonimo Bay Cuba. There he and his unit were stationed for patrol duty. . basically they drive around the outer wall and patrol it. Since he has been there he really hasn't had much time to talk to us. He did take his laptop so he can get on the internet to e-mail, but he isn't given much time to do that. every now and then he gave us a call. He called the day of graduation to see how I was doing. I really wish he could have been there to see me give my speach. It was just not the same without him. He acctually called me here the other day. at about 12:30 at night. so I didn't want to talk long cause it was keeping my roommate up. But He comes home in November. . so it won't be ong before I see himn again. When he gets back my sister is coming down from Chicago to pick him up. . then they are coming over to Austin to see me. . and we're all going to go skydiving! I can't wait. I'm going back home this weekend. I leave tommorow right after my last class. I'll get to Lufkin around 7:30 in time to see the high school football game. We won state last year. But my girlfriend is in the drill team. . so I'll get to see her perform, I miss her a lot. time is almost over. I've got a little moer homeowrk till I can get to work on a project I've been planning. I'm making my girlfriend a cd. . well actually two cd's. I think she will like them. It felt really good to sleep in a little today. Thursdays are the only day I don't have an 8:00 class! so I like thursday. well. . time is running down. . only a few seconds left. . so I'll say adeu. . till we meet agian. ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_226723.txt,"MY eyes are closed right now and I'm wondering if I'm doing things correctly. I just talked to my best friend and she is very lonely. I wish I was there with her right now to talk everything out. Its funny how everything builds together to form one big heap of stuff that just explodes in your face. I am looking at the clock and wondering how long twenty minutes is. I want to get this done so can finish all my other assignments. I'm just very exhausted. I've been going nonstop this entire weekend. Just exactly how my fingers are going nonstop as I type words on this keyboard. I feel it in my neck and the back. I just want to go to sleep. . but I must go on if I'm going to finish all my assignments. I'm writingthis with no particular thought about anything. just basically got up and told myself. I think I'm going to do my psychology tonight. and here I am. I'm tired but I don't want to sleep. I don't want my weekend to end. It's been a long eekend so far and its been pretty good. . If I don't sleep yet, maybe I could squeeze in a few more hours of a break. I've never done a stream of conciuosness writing before. Now I am wondering whether I'm doing this right. How can you write exactly what your thinking and feeling right now if you're feeling and thinking so many things. Right now. . its like a list in my head and it's prioritized, exept the other things keep comimg up like little post it note reminders. I'm also wondering if whoever is going to read this will think I'm insane after reading this. I rememberwe talk alot about the definition of insane in psychology. How can we truly define that word? I think everyone has a little insanity in them. Just the way the mind works is so complex and the fact that everyone is different makes defining the term insane pretty difficult and complicated. It's not like there is a standard of being sane. Everybody is different so how do we know what is normal? I think its amazing how I wrote about absolutely nothing and then went on a rant about the meaning of insanity. or normalcy. I have another thought. My uncle is a diagnosed schizophrnic and so is one of my friends. Are they insane? How could they be when being schizophrenic is normal to them? I wonder sometimes if they have a concept of the ideal normal I don't think they do because Schizophrenia is their normal. Besides, who is to judge the ideal normal? I read a book by Timothy Findley about a psychiatrist trying to help out his patient. Basically, it turned out that the psychiatrist himself was having his own problems. Who is he to judge his patient's sanity when he cannot even judge his own? I guess this question is a double edged sword. Take from it what you will. I still have no idea. Anyway, Am I doing this correctly? Oh here's another thought. . How do you know if I'm doing this correctly. it's MY stream of consciousness. Whoever is reading this has no idea if it's normal or insane for me to think these thoughts. For me I think it's normal. I write these kind of thoughts in a journal. I think the only reason why I'm sort of unsure is that I'm actually writing my thoughts for an assignment. I am kind of enjoying this and it has somewhat put my tension and tiredness at ease. I'm actually kind of relaxed now. More sleepy. I think my 20 minutes is up. ",y,n,n,y,y

2002\_230441.txt," ok here goes i am starting to write for my psych class and i have just switched my roommate. She hated the three of us and i don't really understand as to why. Well, actually i can because we did talk alot of smack about her but we gave her a chance and she never would reciprocate. So my new roommate is in the process of getting situated right now as i type and i wonder what she thinks about me. She seems pretty cool and i hope she is going to be the kind of roommate i was looking for all along. i really miss my boyfriend. He is working and i wonder if he is thinking about me at the same time as i do. i hope he will call soon for i know he will but hopefully not right now because i am in the middle of writing for twenty minutes straight. I just started thinking about how i took a class over the summer on writing. that was weird. anyway, ozzy ozbourne is on his show right now on mtv and i remember how my dad didnt think it was very appropriate that i watch the show when it first came out. That reminds me, i am upset since he doesnt think that it is appropriate for my boyfriend Joe to come and stay with me until he has a place. i went to walmart today and was getting so frustrated with all the mexican people who were crawling all over the place. It was ridiculous. i wonder what my suitemates are laughing about. this sucks having to right this im telling my roomates about this project thing right now. it is for psychology. man my fart smells. i need to take a shower and dump. thanks for getting my new table. umm ya my lava lamp is purple and clear. shutup erica. hi lerrin. joe is hot says erica. my parents can suck it if he stays. i wonder what they would say if they knew that trey had stayed with us for a week since he cannot find a place in austin. he goes to southwest and i think the people there are incredibly nice, despite what some say. i dread having to read two chapters in chemistry but i know i will do it for i am the determined driven type. the ozzy show cusses more than i do which i think is incredibly weird. i almost threw out arielle's shit today because she made me go through the whole ordeal of moving in again and my mom thought i was pissed at her but i was just upset in general. joe suggested that i throw her shit out in the hall because she was being such a bitch. i wonder if i can cuss on this assignment? well if not i apologize for my french. some la madeline's sounds really good right about now. i shouldnt be eating so much because you know what they say- freshman fifteen! erica keeps bothering me about writing this thing i have to fart again. i want to go eat some pringles and ranch dip but then i will feel fat and probably be even more gaseous than already stated. do you ever wonder if people talk technically so they feel smarter as well as to sound smart. why do such people need to feel that way. just go through life doing your own thing and not worry about what others think because in the long run all of that will be forgotten. by lerrin. whats the point becuase the things that matter are all you will remember when you are dying in your bed when you are approximately eighty years old. my biggest fear is that of dying. sometimes i lay at night and wonder what it would feel like not to breathe and that is the scariest thing to me. i hope that i go fast or in my sleep so i don't know that i am consiously dying. did i spell that right? well im too lazy to go back and change it anyways if it was spelled wrong. i am so happy i finally got my glasses in the mail because my eyes are just dying and i know that i havent been taking good care of them. sometimes i just think that i will get that laser surgery and i use that as my reasoning to my lack of nurture to them now. I wish my best friend amy would call me. i knew that i would be replaced but i didnt think it would be so soon. i know soccer is a tough schedule at st eds but she doesnt even make an effort to call anymore but i am part to blame as well. im glad no one is instant messaging me right now because that would suck because i wouldnt be able to talk to them. stop interrupting me ashley and stop trying to be cool with kirby because she will figure you out quick and decide if she wants to make you her business. but thanks for running to walmart for me and im sorry i complained all day but its probably because i am on pms time right now. i wonder who is going to read these and what the real purpose is or even if you really do read this. i has made me feel better and calmer that i am typing about what i am feeling and thinking. i am worried about money and my financial situation right now. kirby says we are normal. i think she is really pretty and skinny. i am going to have alot of fun with her. but i hope that i don't get carried away too much because school is my number one priority. i need to get a job and i would be much happier. i don't even have enough for tuition next semester and my parents said they would help but they backed out and i have great resentment for that. i am tempted to ask my older brother but because i am independent i know i will not ask. i hope you enjoyed reading this. ",y,y,n,y,n

2002\_243325.txt," I'm sitting here thinking about what in the world my friends behind me are talking about, it's pretty funny. we just got finished eating at taco bell, which at the time sounded like a good idea, but i'm now seriously regretting that choice. My friend is quizzing me about what I am typing and it's really messing me up, she can be so obtrusive sometimes. I can't complain though, because I came here to use her computer so I could print off something, so I should be thankful, right? Oh yeah, I'm using proper grammar, hope that wasn't part of the assignment. I just thought about how long twenty minutes is. This assignment could never end. My friend didn't go to class yesterday, so her and her roommate are talking about this, who knew something so goofy could be talked about for five minutes, but who am I to judge, because I do the same thing. Michelle is trying to explain what happened on All My Children to me, not taking into account I am trying to do homework, but the bad thing i actually want to know. I don't feel good, so if this paper is a little weird take into account I am probably delusional from sickness and maybe fever. My nose is running, my throat hurts. Okay now my friend is saying she would have beat me in grade point in high school if she has worked on. she has been saying this for three freaking year, what is the statute of limitations on dwelling? Oh my God, my nose will not quit running, that makes it very hard to type. You ever realize when you are told to write what you think, the pressure makes it impossible to keep your thoughts on logical things. So instead I just keep thinking how, I don't know what I'm going to write about . Now my friends are talking about this show called the rerun show, where they make fun of old shows, this one being saved by the bell. I used to love that show, i can even remember most of the episodes. We are so retarded, I can't believe we are actually talking about this. Remarkably, this conversation has been going on for eight minutes. I actually kept tabs on the little timer thing. Michelle has hairy legs, she keeps annoucing it to everyone, who cares. Although, it is kind of gross because she is wearing shorts. Nobody is talking behind me now so once again my thoughts are on the paper and I am drawing a total blank. When this happens I tend to get nervous and my typing gets extremely bad, so I am having to delete alot. Now my friends are watching me and that makes me even more nervous. Oh I bet this makes for an exiting paper for someone to read, the ranting and raving of a sick, saved by the bell loving freak. Something horribly embarrassing happened to me today, I was telling my friend about how my professor says the word Chicago weird, guess who was behind me. the professor no less, I am not sure i will ever fully recover from that. ",n,y,n,y,n

2002\_243882.txt," Right, here I am and I have no idea what I'm doing or supposed to be doing. I'm sitting here in a computer lab because my parents thought it would be wise NOT to bring a computer the first semester. That was a ridiculous thought in my opinion. Of course they also thought it would be wise not to go to Kansas to see Tony this summer only because I'd never driven out of state before. That sucked. And I do feel bad because right after I got up here I went to spend a couple of days with him. I had tons of fun and I really do love him. I don't know what my parents problem with him is. I mean, he's so much like my dad, it's almost scary. Maybe they'll warm up to him before too long. We do plan on getting married, not soon of course. Heck, it won't even before for like 4 years. I want to wait til after I'm out of college because there's less financial worries. And he's NOT rich at all. But anywho. I don't know. I still haven't told my parents that I got a speeding ticket on the way home from Kansas. How am I supposed to explain that when they don't even know I went to Kansas? I paid for the ticket myself, but it's still going to show up on the insurance! And thank goodness, I found out I'm not pregnant. That would be another hard thing to explain. I mean, I love Tony and all, but getting pregnant the first time would have totally sucked! Plus my dad would have killed us both! Anywho, I'm so lazy. I still need to do tons of things. I need to go get my work-study job and a part-time job so I can have money. I still haven't done either. I don't know why, it's not like I haven't had time. The only things I've done, really, is hang out with my cousins every weekend and also go out and do things with my roommate, Nubia. She's pretty cool. She's nice, so that's a plus. And we really haven't had any problems. I was a bit worried about that before I moved up here. I was worried she might not be quite as nice or considerate as she really is. In fact, we have a pretty cool arrangement. I can borrow most of her stuff whenever I want and she can borrow most of mine any time. I like that. Usually I don't get a long with some people. Or rather they don't get a long with me. They say I'm too outspoken or something. I never really know. Dang this room is freezing! I wish I had brought a jacket up here with me. I have found that most of the buildings here at UT are kept very cold and I'm not accustomed to that. In fact, I hate it. Even Bryan and Leslie's house is warmer than this. Speaking of which, I need to take them out to supper. They are always letting me stay the weekend and taking me places. The only thing I've done for them (other than spending their money) is babysit Londyn and Laurin once. I want to take them somewhere nice to eat or something. But I don't have a whole lot of money. I also need to see if Anganette and Jake and Leslie want to get together and do something. I had so much fun Saturday and Ange's house; it was a blast. I never knew croquet could be fun. Though, Bryan and Jake did also make it pretty violent. Just imagine contact croquet. Yeah, I have a weird family. I hope Jessica's doing okay. I know she said she was fine but still. I mean, I know she probably still is pretty upset. But I don't really know what to say to her, so I don't say anything really. I like her, too; she seems really fun to be around and nice (even if she doesn't think people see her that way). I just realized, I need to call Windy. I haven't spoken to her since she left for Houston, and she's like one of my closest friends. I miss a lot of my friends and family. But I really love it up here in Austin. My parents always said I'd get really homesick, but so far I haven't. Maybe it's because I do have family up here. I don't know. Whatever it is, it's working. Shoot! I just missed my Calculus discussion group, I think! I'm going to be so dead. But I really don't know where it is either. I showed up Tuesday for it, but no one ever showed up. I checked online and it is at 4:30-5:30 and in the room I waited at. Maybe they had to do a room change for some reason. I've noticed in some of my other classes that has happened for the discussion meetings. I need to get my readings done for psych. , philosophy, and bio. before I get too behind. I don't want to screw up my chances at getting into the business school and if I don't keep my gpa up, that's exactly what's going to happen. Oh, I just remembered, it's only like 19 days until Tony comes down to see me. I miss him so much. But I hope he's okay driving that far. He worries me sometimes. But I know he and I will have tons of fun when he gets down here. I want to show him the capitol, the history museum, 6th street, take him on a horse drawn carriage ride (that's so romantic. . ). I don't know what all else there is to do, but we'll think of something. Really all we have to do is get on campus and pick a direction and start walking and we'll come to something! ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_248117.txt,"Mondays are not the most exciting days in my weekly schedule at UT. I have a Calculus II T. A. session at 8 am. then comes a three hour gap before my next T. A. session, which is for biology 211. (I have just returned from that class) The T. A. started the class saying that for most people this class will be easy. By the end of the session he was telling us that the class will be quite difficult. I was quite amused by this irony. After the previous statement i took a quiz over chapter one that i had studied quite a bit for so i am quite confident that i did well. There were, however, a few challenging questions that i answered correctly. My next class will be psychology 301. The class is interesting, but i'm not sure i would be taking it if it wasn't a degree requirement. However, after reading parts of the text, i DO feel intrigued by the amount of information available through pyschology. In my dorm room, i have a clock that has a quartz timer. so it makes a rather loud clicking noise every second. Having a background in music, i tend to want to move (tap my foot or snap my fingers) along with the ceaseless clicking of the clock. This poses a problem when i am trying to fall asleep. I have trouble falling asleep everynight because i can't stop thinking. I seem to be unable to quite down my mind. Eventually i do fall asleep and have to wake up SO early for my 8 am classes monday through thursday. Last night i did laundary for the very first time completely on my own. I was anxious not having my mother right around the corner to ask if this shirt was for the light or dark load. While i was in the laundromat a few people had used WAY too much detergent and the window into their washing machine was FILLED with bubbles! One of the guys there tried to justify it by saying that some of his clothes had stains on them and he thought adding more detergent would help aleviate the stains. On the contrary, i think it was his first time EVER doing his own laundary. It was quite a humorous situation. My clothes miraculously came out of the dryer unmamed and very clean. I was happy that the first time went on without any hinderences. I am currently worried for one of my closest friends back in Houston. Her name's stephanie and i think she is a wonderul girl and a phenomenal person. She is an only child and so her parent push her very hard to achieve good grades and such in school. She has a B at the progress report time and her parents have grounded her until she pulls her grades up. I keep her close to my heart through prayer and i also have pictures of her on my wall to keep my company when i am lonely. I can't wait until she comes to college and i can hang out with her more often. Many of my friends party often. Not necessarily drinking all the time, but they often do drink. I have yet to go to a party in the university. I hear about date rapes and terrible things like that which frighten me, so i try to stray from any parties like those. My roommate is a member of the Christians on Campus here at the university and i attended one of their meetings (welcome dinners). I must admit that at first i felt very welcome to the organization. I told a few of my close friends back in Houston that i was becoming involved in that organization. However, they told me that they had heard it was a cultish organization and that i should not become involved in such an organization. I looked up some literature about the organization and i was quite worried about being involved in such an organization. I took a quick nap today between my 8 am and 12 pm classes. Right now there are fire inspections going on at the dorm. I usually don't dream at all, but i did dream during this nap. I dreamnt that on three different occasions the fire inspectors came to Leroy's and my dorm room. On each occasion they found a violations (of course none of these existed, but were all fabrications of my dreams). ",n,n,y,y,y

2002\_285967.txt," Ok so my roommate is sleeping & I have til 5 when my scuba class is started to do whatever when I am done writing this. . . I think I'll get online & talk to people like I normally do. . talk to my friends in RR since I haven't met too many peopel down here. . . well I've met them, just haven't gotten to know anyone. So I'll get online & listen to music. . . I hope I can get another job offer since I want to go camping on the 13th-14th & my training for the Frank Erwin Center is o nthe 14th. . man I don't want to tell everyone to go sat night & tude on sunday because we already talked about going friday afternoon. . of course even going friday afternoon they have to wait on me to get outta class at like 2 I believe but still. . tehy'd hafta wait til I got out at 6 pm on saturday if I did get a job at the Frank Erwin Center. I need some kind of job so maybe I should just go to the interview & try to get the job. . it won't be that big of deal if we wait til sat & I could even meet them up there if it's a problem. . . I want to work at Urban Outfitters though because I coudl get discounts on cool clothes & room accessories & it's closer & prolley less demanding that working as an usher. . Of course being an usher would be cool because of free concerts & stuff but at the same time I wouldn't be able to sit w/friends or anything at those concerts but it's ok. . . & starting rate for the FEC is $7 which is more than I was making at Red Hot & Blue. I think any job would pay me more than Red Hot & Blue. . except of course Cadiz but that's not a real job. . . Man 20 minutes is a long time. . Tru LIes was a good movie last night. . Ultimate frisbee was fun once half the guys left. . . I had no clue what was going on when there was 5 on each team but when it was 3 on each team I got better because there was less going on. . plus the guys had no choice but to throw it to me. . . There were only 3 of us. . we won though & I scored a point & assisted the winning point for our team so they couldn't have been that disappointed to have the girl on their team. . . I can't wait for the Two Towers to come out this winter. I'm so mad that Kim lost that book! Harry Potter 2 will be very good too & I know Jess is like counting down the days. . I can't believe Jess' mom. . Jess & I will always be friends despite the fact that I'm in college. Jess is gonn agraduate & come here anyways. . I need Jess to make me laugh. Bitsy is my giudence counselor friend & Jess is my fellow geeky to laugh w/friend. . you need both kinds & I'm glad I have both kinds. . even though Bitsy has headaches all the time which aren't her fault. . I feel sorry for her but at the same time, she's a wimp. . & her many boy problems & many boys starring her down do get annoying. . that was so funny when Kim noticed that after being w/her for like 10 minutes. of course she wAS TALKIGN a lot more than she normally does that night after working first night at Red Hot & BLue. . I was excited the first night Todd talked to me too. the boy is gorgeous! Too bad he had a girlfriend. . not that that would mean we would've hooked up or anything. . just would have been nice to know he was available. I am drawing a blank on what to write now. . this fan kleeps blowing my hair & it's annoying me but I know this room gets hot when you sleep so I'll leave it on for Cindy. . i NEED to put a tack in the bottom of that paper there because that thing kept me up for like an hour last night. . I was so tired last night. I can't believe it took me so long to fall asleep. maybe I'll just take Cindy's idea & take a nap for a bit before my scuba class. this scuba class better be good because I really wanted to take a karate class or a self-defense class. not for the actual use of self-defense like the wussy girls taking that class. . I want to know that I can kick someone's ass if need may be. . I think I could put up a pretty damn good fight if I really did get mad enough. . even my play punches are hard acording to others. . that makes me feel like a butch girl though so I don't appriciate it when I am told that. Use those arms Ugh! I shoulda stopped! Oh well! & the phone is ringing but she's asleep so she won't answer & there will be a message & that stupid machine beeps until you check it-good no message. . ",y,y,n,n,y

2002\_293192.txt,"Ok, well here's the first writing assnment. To begin with, i'm really, really hungry. As is the case, in many college student's lives, i only woke up about an hour ago, and so havent' eaten anything. I've already done laundry though, so I guess you could say i'm semi=productive. I've also talked to Road Runner because they came out the other day and installed the new cable modem in my apartment, but it didn't work. So i tried all the diagnostics that they told me to do, and it still didn't work so i called them this morning. As is always the case, it worked when they asked me to go to the internet, so I seemed like a fool. Well, as soon as we hung up the phone, i tried the internet again, and it didn't work. . I'm pissed. So now i have to use my roommate's computer and a regular internet connection, which is slower than anything else you can imagine. But on to other things. I'm going to play football with my co-workers from the club on 6th street (the VIBE). It's amazing how you never know when or where a friend might come from. It has always been my belief that a boss will never be a friend, even though it may seem so at times. . . it's really just business. But these guys are different. Perhaps it's the type of business, or maybe they are the one-in-a-million type, or maybe even i'm mistaken, but either way, we're going out to play football as soon as i finish writing this journalistic internet assignment. My best friend had his truck towed yesterday, and the day before he had his wallet stolen, so of course he came to me wanting to know if i'd lend him some money and take him to get his truck back. So, being the good friend that i am, i went to the bank and withdrew 150 dollars and took him to the towyard to get his truck. However, since he didn't have a liscense, i had to sign for the truck, wich only means that i could get into a world of trouble if he ever wanted to screw with me. Apparently by me signing for the truck, my friend could come back the next day and ask for his truck, and since it wouldn't be there, it would be stolen which meant i would be held accountable for grand=theft=auto. But i assured my friend that even though he is bigger than i am, i have a lot more friends that are bigger than he is. . you never can tell with people. So back to being hungry again, now my stomach is growling, and i wish i would have eaten before doing this thing. Of course, i am only half way finished, and i grow hungrier as each minute passes. I really shouldn't be playing football today though, because i should be reading all the assignments for my various classes, but what good would that do me?. . . really, i would be a unsocial. . . and besides, i like football better than studying. I guess that's wjhy my grades are the way they are, but who cares, i was a grade worrier all through high school. . i never got a B in my entire li8fe and graduated top 2% (14th of 720). BIG DEAL. I've realized now after 2 years of college that grades really don't mean that much. I mean, yes, you have to graduate and all, but how hard is it to make a 2. 5? I've failed a couple of classes now, and still have a 3. 2, so you obviously have to REALLY screw up in order to make below a 2 GPA. I guess i shouldn't talk that way, because school is hard for some people, but then again, htat's just an excuse, because i think that anyone can learn somehting, you just have to find the right way to get to them. It's like physics. I can teach anyone physics, it's just a matter of how you explain things. BAck in highschool, my physics teacher was horrible at explaining things, and everyone was alwyas confused, but i would re-explain using every-day examples, and then they would understand. I explained circuit-theory using the large highways in houston (where i lived) as the circuits . The cars were the moving charges , on-ramps were like batteries, and so forth. Using this method, all the people that i tutored on average scored at least a grade point higher. . give or take. ANyway, i just wish i had it in me to be a teacher because i know i'd be a good one. I just can't see myself teaching. I want to own businesses, and yezs, make a lot of money. I have a business eye. everywhere i go, i'm always seeking a new way to make money, or what business i could start that would flourish. Well, it's almost over, and i must say, i'm not as hungy \as i was at first. So thats it. There's my mind in a nutshell! ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_309031.txt," I just came back from the Texas Crew Meeting. I sort of want to try out but in the same time very scared. At the meeting, they kept on saying there'll be a lot of hard work and pain. First of all, I don't think I'm in that great of a shape to do such extreme rowing. The crew memebers said it doesn't matter because they will train you from nothing to something. Second of all, I'm a freshman and doing Pre-Pharmacy. I want a good GPA to start off of. I don't know how I'm going to adjust to waking 5 o'clock in the morning. I guess one of the reason I wanted to join is because to challenge myself and make some new friends. More than 100 people from my graduating class comes to UT now. Before school ended, I got very tired of many of the people. I felt they were very fake. I came to UT hoping to make some friends. I still wanted to keep my old friends though. I truly love them. They mean so much to me. What I'm trying to say is that it's hard to find friendships like that. Everyone on my floor seems nice. They smile at me and everything but it seems like they are always in a rush. Everyone has their own things to do and no time to hang out. Anyways, I'm watching American Idol right now and they just announced that Kelli as the American Idol. I never thought the show would be such a hit. WB used to have this show called Pop Star. Not that many people watched it so I wasn't expecting a great rating for this show. The time is almost up so I guess that is it for today. It was very nice writing. ",n,n,y,y,y

2002\_314490.txt,"The clock is ticking and I have to wake up at 8 o clock tomorrow. Lots of white space on the wall and on the screen, purple hat on the side, people walking in the stairs red trees falling off the building. It is difficult to speak continuously, perhaps there should be pauses in between words but then there would be no coherency but then there is no fluctuation in tone and all the mechanics of rules and boundaries rendering the sentences more honest than not. Difficult to type without thinking, every once in a while something pops into my head but prolonged thought disrupts the image and I forget what to say, and the thought of forgetting makes me think more about it, disrupting it further and pushing any sense of coherency into the deepest of abysses. Hunger stirs in my stomach, quiet thoughts in my head about simple things, nostalgia, reminiscing all things past, good and bad, because there can be no good without the bad, the contrast makes all the difference. Peter Parker was an extraoridinary young man as a result of his radioactive bite, I fail to have any of his special abilities, lacking in the radioactive bites. Does this make me less extraoridinary? Or perhaps I am something of a special person, considering all the different things that happen. Comic book heroes have nothing to do but save and do superpowers and shoot bad guys but in the realm of the real world i am an exemplary everyman with no superpowers making me different than Peter Parker. My computer is overloaded or maybe my mind is going crazy, but this has been an inordinate amount of time. 7 minutes into the assignment, it is difficult to type without stopping the train of thought im currently in. All I can think about at the moment is how different this assignment is compared to anything i have ever done for any class. Flowing and ebbing out of my mind like a loose river flooding the dam, breaking the barrier and drowning out rationality. Confusion and mayhem and all things in my head in disarray, unquestionably noisy because of my roommate, undeniably hot because of centralized air conditioning. Tired of typing, concerned about the method of writing , and if my stream of consciousncess is anything like the professor expects. Should words be spelled correctly? MAybe I should stop correcting typos and keep typing the letters on the keyboard. People are talking to me but i have managed to tune them out, a song is playing somewhere in the distance, or maybe it is right next to me. at this point it makes no difference. i am confused still, a bit baffled, left in stupor. finding the words to describe anything is tough. i visited home over the weekend and realized i didn't miss it too much. i appreciate my family and love them but the thought of a monthly visit home makes me cringe slightly. the blue cable running from my laptop to the resnet connection is coiled up tight yet loose, symbolic of my thoughts. it looks like its organized, but upon closer inspection there is nothing but chaos. few sockets not plugged in, one surge protector shared with my friend. i don't know what else to say. I have some worries about my future, whether or not I chose the right college, and especially whether or not I will have the courage to switch majors if i realize i am in the wrong one. the finish button stares me in the face, tempting me to hit it before the timer hits 20 minutes. 6 to go, I find that I don't really have a stream of consciousness, instead I have very few thoughts, or perhaps they are buried underneath the noise and nonsense i find myself having to sift through right now. occasionally pausing, because the only word i can think of would be a jumble of letters ars opposed to words that make sense. if everyone is having trouble writing this then im okay, but if i ask my friend tomorrow how she handled this and she says it was fun i will be in trouble. this is incredibly hard. am i tracking my feelings or am i tracking observations? what is the difference? philosophy in a 20 minutes stream of consciousness, unabashed, the sentences stopped making sense long ago. 4 minutes give or take. pennebaker is a professor of psychology, enrolled in psy301 i do not know what i should do with 3 minutes of typing. i type faster than i talk. i talk and often my thoughts move faster than my mouth, so that the sounds coming out of my mouth are made up portmanteau words, assemblages like fooding, eated, noteady, meaningless in the end. personally i think that soft drinks taste good, but i can feel them eroding my teeth with intensified sugar collecting around the teeth. science or engineering? i prefer to do the maths because my memory is not so good. business or engineering? i am indecisive, hunger in the belly, thirsty all over. shower and swim, run and jog. nothing to study but people seem to be studying frequently. calculus is different than algebra. too many courses in this college. they should combine them all into one super course. ",n,n,n,n,n

2002\_325630.txt," ok im not used to this whole typing stream of conciousness stuff. . but i am listening to the green day cd rite now. doookie. its a good cd. but i also smell this crappy banana smell because i broke a pop ice stick thingie. it REEKS in here. i hope i don't have to use correct grammar and punctuation. . cuz i feel that that is a waste of time. thats so funny to say that twice. im weird like that. i wonder who's reading this. because its ok. . im just QUIRKY. anyways. my roommate and i went to yoga last nite. it was rather boring. for exercise i need power and movement and upbeat music and stuff. no more yoga. the stretching aspect of it is interesting. but then id rather take a power stretch class for exercise. wow that is a hard word to spell. . did u notice that i am a really slow typer???. . yes this will b a short one to read. my roommate is about to start praying, so we had to turn the music off. but i dislike silence. . but a girls got to do wut a girl's got to do. yes so im starting to run out of things to say and its only been three minutes. . this is how vapid i am. i will write about how i am liking the college experience. its rather interesting. i wonder if im allowed to cuss. i think i will but i will stay away from the f word. is that ok with u?. . it better b. any how, yes the reason that im loving college life is that im away from my mother. . o boy this is getting me started all rite. its really dusty in here. my roommate is standing over my shoulder not praying tisk tisk. ok back to my mother. yeah she called me yesterday to bitch at me about my cell phone minutes and my credit card. . u know. . i told her i needed more minutes of my cell phone would b my only phone while im here. but nooooo 60 minutes for a whole month during the wkdays is just sposed to b ok for her i guess. . but then I've already been over 30 mins and its only half way through the month. so she changed it. . FINALLY. this should work out much much better. and then she sed i shouldn't eat lunch or some nonsense. . i guess talking to her frustrates me because for some reason i always start crying when she lectures me. . i have NO CLUE WHY. but that really freaked out my roommate. . shes never seen me like that before. but its ok she was really cool about it and there are more to come she she better get used to it. . this is nice that i live with her. yes. . so the dust is really getting to me, im choking up hairballs all over the place. i went to my RA but she wasn't there, and the front desk said that we have to go downstairs to fill out a maintenance request form. we'll do that when we go have dinner. dinner here at dobie really isnt worth the amount that we pay to stay here. its decent. . but i expected better. my hands are starting to hurt now. I've never typed this much straight before. this better b good for my forearms. damn man. i need to go back to the gym my roommate is done praying now i bet she's looking over my shoulder. . she's such an eavesdropper!!!!! dude. . ok now i pisseed her off. . hehe jk jk. . she really really wanted to do this assignement with me even tho shes not in psych. its really interseting to her. but it is to me too!!. . i really like this class. . ok. . this sounds like total sucking up. but don't worry i hate sucking up. . im totally honest. . it gets me into trouble sometimes. . i don't know who im sposed to b typing to or if im not sposed to b talking to someone at all. . well its ok. . its stream of conciousness rite?. rite!! i could go for some starbucks rite now!!. . i love that place. . i think with all the exercise i get from the walkin all over this freaking campus balances with the junk i eat. . but i think that for a college student. . i eat pretty healthily. like i eat fruit and bananas and i love milk. . ok i know no one cares. any how. . back to being homesick. the only thing i miss is the familiarity and the friends. but this will change. . austin is steadily becoming more familiar to me and my friends arenot at home anyway. . they all go to other schools. u know. . i really like how i have a movie theatre downstairs from my dorm. i want to see one hour photo with robin williams and michael vartan . just fyi to whoever is reading this I LOVE MICHAEL VARTAN AND I LOVE ALIAS. alias is this wonderful spy tv show that is on sundays. . its the best show ever. . smartly written good casting. good music. some things tend to b a bit unbelievable but hey its tv wut can i say???. . yeah im typing just like i would b if i were chatting online. . so pardon the weird spelling or abbreviations or puncuation. DEAL with IT!!! hahaha jk jk. ok. . im running out of things to say again. . hmmm. i want some water. . and the banana smelll is now gone. . but then. . i havne't been over to the sink in a bit. ok. . my roommie is doing the dishes. . its BOUT TIME!!. . uh oh. . some one is iming me. . o well. . i like this better its more fun. . hehehe. . its like the whole world is listening to me. poetic moment!!!. . im really not that deep of a person. . it occupies too much time. . but i see that i have approximatly 4 mins left. duuude the room smells now. . she just threw away this chicken stuff thats been inthe fridge for over a wk!!. . it reeks more than the banana. i hate bananas. . esp the flavor like in candy. but i do eat it for breakfast because theyre filling and healthy and cheap to buy. . duuude my mom gave me a frikkin BUDGET but not a reasonable one!!. ten bucks a wk. . how much does that suck. . damn man. i think i can do it. . i really don't buy that much stuff. . im pretty stingy myself. . and im not allowed to use my cell phone nemore. . unless its a wkend!!. . for TWO WHOLE WKS!!!. . thats going to kill me. . i need commmunication with others. . makes me human rite??. rite. . i really wish alias premiered sooner. . i really want to see wut happens. . that was one hell of a cliffhanger last season. . boy o boy vaughn is hot!!. . eys im not ath bad sorry. . i have one more minute left. . lets just say its been fun. . and ummm. . the class sounds interesting and pennebaker (sp?) is hilarious. . ok. ill b back in class on wed to make my final opinion!!. yes yes. . arms tired. . no place to rest. uuuuh. . . 15 secs. errrg. . sillyme trix are for kids. ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_362136.txt," Its hard to start anywhere I guess I feel like I'm being analyzed for what I'm writing, but I know that it doesnt mean anything, that twenty minutes of writing can't really say everything about me. class somewhat worries me, I know I've taken 7 some odd AP classes yet i still don't feel like i'm prepared, i just have to stay focused, i hope that doesnt bother taylor to much but he's just going to have to learn that it takes me a while to study and that has to come first. Its a sad thought really, that studying has to ever come first in life, isnt all you'll ever know what you truly experience, won't you only find happiness in yourself and other people? so why study so much on things that tend to affect you so little, why don't we interact more, shouldnt we be put into groups of people with different backgrounds and cultures, learn understanding and acceptance, that would save more problems. The worst battles are those that come out of ignorance, and people learn how to float the system of books and test, but it would be harder to ignore real human interaction, there seems to be so much misunderstanding in the world simply because people don't interact and learn who's really out there, so much of humanitys misery could be qualmed if only people spent time physically interacting with humanity. Its easier to disregard a text than it is to disregard a human. but i suppose not very many people see it that way. I wonder if this is where im supposed to be or if there is some greater plan out there for me, i wish i knew, but i guess thats life, the suprise of the future, the unknow of the big picture, everyone goes through it I suppose i just have to as well. I'm tired of pouring out my thoughts to a page, i want to talk to people, people who think like me, i think Maya Angelou is the most amazing person ever, her attitude toward people is superfluous with love. she just is the most beautifully person inside and out, she is a role model for the way to look and society and people, i hope to gain a lot of the knowledge that she has. I'll just keep reading her books, i need to check out the library and see what else they have, too bad i never have time to read what i want to and what really enhances my life because im stuck reading textbooks for hours. I hope i get to join the crew team it will be really exciting if im actually around athletic people, maybe it will get me off my butt, lord knows i need to. oh well, 15 minutes done, gosh that flew by, it was a nice writing assignment, i wish we could have more like that. This open your door thing next week is going to fabulous im exciting about people stopping by and meeting everyone on our floor. i swear that the strangest thing, its the second time I've switched the words our and hour, and not in the same way either, very odd. tonights going to fun watching the football game, i hope taylor enjoys himself tonight, it makes me so mad when hes upset about social surroundings, oh well he'll learn. i guess i have to get ready soon to go watch the game, i seem to always be running behind, i'll catch up soon enough, i hope my package from apple computer comes soon, im excited about my new adaptor silly really to get excited but what the hey, might as well enjoy life ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_368760.txt,"Its been 2 weeks now that I have been in college. I havent made that many new friends, but at least I have been trying. I go and meet new people, peobably most of whom I will never meet again, but it's fun still to just go and meet people. I look at my friends from high school, and they just sit around with each other. To me, they don't seem to be getting the new life experience, high school all over again. I think college will be a great time to see new things in my life. Maybe figure out what I want to be as a person. As far as girls, there are many on the campus, but I don't know how many I have a chance with. Sometimes, I feel like my religion holds me back, but I know its something that I want to keep. Its like a respect factor. I hope the girl is out there. I do regret sometimes when I know I should go talk to girl, but instead I just go somewhere else. Im not that shy, but I feel girls always think they're being hit on. THe better thing to do is to go for it anyway, and who cares what they think. THe things that happen during this time in our life, I wonder if this stuff really even matters that much. I mean how much is this stuff really going to affect me later on, or should I even bother with all this stuff. People tell me that it does matter and its all part of life, but I don't really know. I think sometimes I think to much about what other people are thinking. Like act differently towards different people, which something i don't like doing. Also, i think I judge too quickly. I finally opened the door to the my dorm yesterday; stupidly I didnt do so before. I met some people, they seemed pretty nice. I want to meet some girls though, so if nothing else, my confidence will be boosted up. I usually not really needing self-assurance, but what can i say, it is a bit different here. As far as Jennifer goes, well im trying to be friends with her. I think I can be, it doesnt really matter anymore. I think she finally realizes it as well. In life, I think we all make many friends, so it doesnt really matter that much I guess. Also, I noticed when I make a point I think about the opposite as well. Like maybe I should try to stay friends with her, what if she turns out to be a life long friend. I like it when Im just in a relaxed mood, when stuff doesnt bother me. Just chilling and not worrying about anything. SChool hasnt been that bad so far; I know I need to pick it up. Studying hard right now will pay off for me a lot. I guess writing in a journal does help. It makes me feel releaved of some emotions. I want to go to that party tonight, but I don't know how I will get there. Psychology class should be fun, I like the material we are covering, hope it's not too hard though. Im worried about calculus, that class is going to be tough. Sheena, well i don't know about her. She's cool, but I don't know. She's really hesistant, and I don't really trust her. Seems like she's really good friends with a lot of people. I mean I want to make some new friends, meet some nice girls, and make good grades. Simple goals. This 20 minute segment is really long. Im getting tired of writing. I want to go club tonight, i hope i can get a ride up there. I have study too, so if i don't i can always just study. All the same. ",y,n,n,y,n

2002\_371941.txt," I'm in a state of confusion. I'm in a library just staring at people as they walk through the door. I'm feeling sleepy, just sitting in front of a computer deliriously. My nose is stuffed up but I can still smell. I smell some type of perfume, not so great nor so bad. I'm feeling nervous, feeling like there is someone watching every bit of move I make. The wall is very white with few uninteresting posters, there are a lot of people but yet. so quiet. I feel like I'm dreaming, just sleep walking my way around. I feel nervous about everything that surrounds me. I sense the air full of intelligence and suffering from the people(student's) minds. As I type, I still feel nervous and confused about everything. I feel cold, mainly the lower body, it feels as if I am in a water full of ice. It's somewhat painful and somewhat a numb feeling. I suddenly start to notice the sounds of people clicking the mouse on the computer and I hear myself type as I stroke the keyboard with force and precision. I see a lot of books, mostly thick covered: don't know what they are used for though. The desk is filthy as if it had never been cleaned, it's full of dusts and paper wads. I feel lonely simply because I'm sitting alone but then again everyone else is sitting by themselves. I see a person staring at a book calmly as he stretches. Everything around this place seems strange even myself. It seems as if everyone is just here to kill time. They are just here to amuse themselves. Perhaps I'm talking about myself. ",y,y,n,n,y

2002\_372240.txt," tj just got home and made his coffee. It smells good. I should have made coffee instead of drinking 3 cupsof Earl Gray tea because after two cups I have to pee every 10 to 15 minutes. Is it going to flood again. Looks like it is going to rain more. Ihope the tropical depression doesnt stall causing flooding again. We were sooo close last Nov. Itis about time for a nap. all this reading to do toady. That has to be completed today. My school schedule sucks. My work schedule sucks. Added together = triple sucking. I have NO reading time. I need to settle mom's affairs to that I don't have towork this semester. Rick will help me if the probate isnt over. He is truely manic depressive. His birthday upsetting him so he bought his 57 inch TV and now after the New Orleans deseaster his new Mercedes. Could it be from his Zoloft that he is taking for his premeture ejaculation condition? If your mental state is fine and you takean anti depressant for a medical condition (non mental), can that cause a mental condition itself? Was he trueful with me on the ture purpose for taking Zoloft? Or, is he a scheemer? The plane flying over triggered my thought that I can't beleive that it has already been a year since that traumatizing pictures on TV of 9-11. I have to pee already but I can't since this is timed. But I need to really badly, now that I thought of it. Dinner. What shall I make? Should I save my time and just order Pizza? I hope that my wallet that was stolen in New orleans arrives Monday. I hope that the receipts that I need to return those books are still in it. I am soo thankful that there are still good, honest people left in this world and that one found my wallet. He said that there was no money in it but what other stuff that was in the bill compartment is still there. I need to send that guy something as a thank you for your trouble to send it back to me. What should I send him? Money for the acutal cost of sending my wallet to me and maybe a gift certificate, but from where? I was soooo careful, making sure that my back pocket was buttoned at ALL times, almost like an obsession - constantly checking the button. Leson learned though, don't have your , never mind, strangers shouldn't have to read that thought. I hope nothing is wrong with my niece. I hope that she is not upset that I couldn't chat with her while typing this. Only 5 more minutes left. my laundy is ready to be taken out of the dryer. 4 minutes left to keep typing. I may have to restart the dryer to keep my clothes from wrinkeling. Why did I stop ironing all my clothes all the time. But it feels soooo good to not worry about little stuff like that anymore. I am pleased with the present me; although it is a VERY differnt me. Overall, I am pleased with the present. Getting over Moms death is comming along nicely. Still have my mommy moments though. I guess I always will. Im just glad that the urge to call her every sunday, like I have for years, has stopped. That was VERY irritating every sunday not getting to hear her voice. I miss her. But, thats the consiquence of love. Losing them one day. But man, the number of people that I have lost is astonishing. Damn you Reagan!!! so many deaths on your shoulder. ",n,n,y,n,n

2002\_372968.txt," My throat hurts really bad these past two days but I kind of like it cause when my voice is scratchy it makes me feel sexy. But the problem with that is two-fold, one- why should i want to feel sexy if i already have a boyfriend? does that mean i want a different one? and two i shouldn't be kissing my boyfriend if my throat is scratchy so it doesn't matter if i feel sexy. that whole situation reminds me of the friends episode when phoebe had a cold and she was a super good singer because the phelgm made her feel sexy, but since i'm not a singer i really don't have any useful outputs for my cold and it just makes me feel gross. what i'm afraid of with all this is that i'm thinking about what to type and then typing it rather than just typing thoughts as they come. hopefully you won't have time to read this though so you won't know about my concern of how honest my stream of consciousness is really being. sometimes i want to be an artist because i think that it's really incredible to be able to depict what you think something resembles. but i could never do that because my hands don't have the talent that my mind does- so i think of great things but then i'm never able to really express them, that's probably why most artists are insane because they can't perfectly match their impression of something with their depiction of something. right now our neighbor guy is playing classic rock really loud and it's kind of distracting me. i would go tell him to turn it down but i don't want to interrupt my stream, and also i think he's creepy because he touches my stomach a lot and he gives me these really intense stares and i'm like whoa?! but another creepy thing happened today, my ex-boyfriends mom sent me this clipping of him in the paper and was like just thought you might want to see this clipping about anthony in the navy. e-mail me to keep up and good luck with classes! weird. one, i only met the lady like twice, i didn't even get formally introduced to her. two, how did she get my address?? and three, lady your son and i broke up. let's move on with our lives, shall we? there's something about the taste of sick in your mouth. a sore throat or something, but when i coughed jsut now it reminded me of halloween. strange. but that's probably got something to do with all this crazy stuff in the brain that's going on. man it just boggles me. my roommate is in the shower and i just heard this crash of bottles and she laughed. it reminds me of something i do everyday. i just laughed, she's a really great roommate. just like i have a great family and a great boyfriend. if i make the crew team i think my life will be perfect, even though i know i shouldn't depend it on that. it just seems like a dream. after being depressed for so long it's really nice to be alone and realize that i'm happy. i just have a ton of stuff to be thankful for. sometimes i think about the things i would change about myself and i would definately make myself more grateful, and i would be more prude about kissing. i think kissing is really trivialized and it makes me sad. sometimes i want my life to be like a movie and have incredible kisses that you can just hear the music start up with. slow ones that really communicate something. ones where you're not thinking about how the guy's tongue feels or if he has good breath but all you can think about is how good he makes you feel and how much you like or love him. i think the reason why i used to be depressed was because i wanted everything to be perfect like a movie and slowly i started feeling like my life just didn't stack up. but the truth is is that in the grand scheme of things it's like DAMN! i've not only got two legs, two arms, and 20 fingers, but on top of that i also have the great roommate, great family, and great boyfriend, great friends, a great mind, and not too much sadness. i think people always dramatize things because they don't know what they're looking for in life but they figure that people will suddenly pay attention to them and they'll figure it out. almost anyone wants attention- that's why people try to committ suicide, why people cry, it's the explanation for so much. how weird is that that okasy i lost that thought but i'm still typing. i'm a die hard stream of consiouicness writer, i breeeze buy typos, not a problem for me. but the classic rock is. i'm ready to destroy his speakers i think. music should say stuff- not just be a bunch of noise. music should be stream of consciousness because it would reveal truths in life. isn't that what it's all about? the ttruth? now i sound like my ex-boyfriend who was obsessed with plato and searching for the truth. he invented this kissing thing called the euclidian vacuum. it was way creepy. i want to talk about my cat willy cause i miss him. i miss feeling his little cat body sleeping on me and purring. college students are depressed cause dorms won't let you have pets- that's really why. that and the whole loneliness of sin thing. when it comes to sinning, you try to find other people who have done the same thing as you, but it just ends up making you feel worse knowing that there are other people in the world that mess up like you. i want to have some famous last line here but i think i'll settle for i just looked at the clock and i don't have time! MARSHMALLOWS! ",y,y,y,n,y

2002\_381292.txt," I want some ice cream. I will go get some as soon as I finish typing this. I wonder is someone is reading this because otherwise how can the computer analyze this? Tomorrow is going to be a busy day. too much studying to do. Maybe I should have done this on Friday morning. Oh well, I procrastinate too much so maybe this is a good thing. Gosh twenty minutes is a long time, especially when you are waiting to go get ice cream! I'm not even hungry, but I haven't had ice cream is so long. Why do the guy floors in this building keep serenading? Seems kind of odd that guys would do that for strangers. I like my room. It's very colorful, but I would still like to add more decorations. Perhaps more butterflies because it is a unique touch. Gosh, only a quarter done. I want my ice cream!!! Aww I can hear people yelling. how annoying. I would study in the library, but it seems kind of scary. This morning was scary. Yeah, I am never going to run by myself anywhere at 4:30 in the morning. I don't know if I want to make Texas Crew or not. It seems really cool and I got a rush just from exercising this morning, but on the other hand, it is also tiring, expensive, and I have to go through the trouble of finding a ride every day so I won't have to walk all the way to First Street again. Hmmm, I'm having trouble thinking of stuff. Oh I did not like today's quote of the day . It had something to do with God making the Earth round. I wanted to erase it, but I figured that might be a little rude. The sign should say Monica's quote of the day since I don't really care and I don't choose which ones go up there. I should have a Drawing of the day or something silly like that. Yeah, maybe of the week so I won't have to do so much. I prolly shouldnt' have typed that bit about today's quote, considering she is standing like a couple of feet behind me. Man sometimes I am so evil, but deep down I believe I am good. Oh my goodness, I am only halfway done. Do I have to keep writing like this? I'm not sure if I really think about stuff this often. I may be just searching for topics to write about. Kind of like small talk, which by the way I cannot stand, partially because I am no good at it. I can't wait until this weekend's field trip to Port Aransas! I havent been on a field trip since like elementary school. Well, on a good field trip. Maybe that's because there is nowhere interesting to go in Texas, er Houston. This weekend is going to be so much fun, hopefully. I like a lot of the Women in Natural Sciences girls. A couple of the white girls seem kind of cocky though. Like my next door neighbor. She is never smiling, and she only comes over to talk if she wants something, such as markers. She came over the other day to ask for markers because she didn't want to use her sharpies because she said they would run out. Um, okay. so it's okay if other people's stuff runs out? Geez, and I see her talking to the professors alot trying to suck up. She annoys me already. Whoohoo only a minute and a half left! That's really what I'm thinking. Also I want to play ping pong downstairs with Edwina and Athena, but I probably don't have time because I procrastinated this weekend. Dang it. okay I will just wait for the time to run out. 10. 9. 8. 7. 6. . 5. . 4. 3. 2. 1. yay ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_387292.txt," I really don't know what I am thinking at this moment. I am in a state of emotional turmoil at the moment. I can't believe they cancelled Farscape. I see no logical reason why that was necessary. I mean, the show had decent ratings and Scifi had already agreed to pick it up for another season. It has to be something that doesn't concern the show. If I were paranoid I would say it was a big government conspiracy to see how people react to great emotional turmoil. I can't believe this is happening. There is no reason for it. It can't be financial difficulties. Farscape is the highest rated series on the Scifi Channel. This is completely unbelievable. This is a major flaw on their part. They cannot possibly be sane or sober. Maybe all of the executives are are currrently in the process of overdosing on crack, coccaine, heroine, and ecstasy. They have to be mad. There is no other logical explanation for this. It is freaking stupid. Complete idiocy. This only further proves that the Scifi Channel and USA Networks is truly run by a bunch of apes who have no grasp on reality. This sucks. They might need to be tortured to see the error of their ways. all of them. I wonder if the police are goign to get a hold of me for writting some of this. oh well, at thist point i really couldn't care. i really have no idea why i decided tto write this now, i guess i j ust needed a distraction from my own thoughts on this tragedy, at least a tragedy in my mind. Damn, this is so fucking stupid that they are doing this. This really sucks because i just realized that the time counter thing on this paage that keeps track of how long i have been writing is not working. So i have no idea how long i have been writing. I am quite aggitated now, i have to write for an even longer period of time to make sure that i write at least the required 20 minutes. i hope a new network decides to pick up Farscape. I really hope so. It really sucks taht it is being canceled after its current season. This is totally screwed up. THERE IS NO LOGICAL EXPLANATION. Every CEO and executive HAS to be high on something to come to this decision. I wonder how long i have been writing? I guess i t started a t about 1:44. Taht is only a guess though, i reallly have no clue when I started this. I hate not having controll over a situation. I hate that there is not a whole lot i can do to reverse the fate of Farscape. I hate that i don't know how long i have been writing this thisn. My leg hurts. I hope all the letters i sent to all of the higher brain function deficient Scifi and USA Network execs can see the error of their ways and NOT cancel a great show. I would like to boycott the channel but i also watch another series on it. DAMN ME FOR LIKING STARGATE: SG-1!!! I wish i didn't like taht other sereies so i could wholeheardedly boycott the sons of trelks. My sister hates math, she jsut asked me a math question. I don't like teaching people things, i get easily frustrated when i know something and have explain to others. If the Scifi Channel was STUPID enought to cancel thier highest rated show then no other program is safe, the will probably cancel Stargate nec (the assholes) and then i would REALLY have a reason to boycott. i wonder how long i have been writing this? Alll of the Scifi execs and USA Network boneheads should be tortured for thieir stupidity in this matter. I would like to be a major contributor in their pain at this moment. Those bastards. how can they do this to me? how can they do this to my sister? This blows goats. Damn them. I wonder what it would be like for them to scream in uninhibited pain and angiush, does this make me a bad person? I don't think so, not at the moment. They deserve whatever the get. My sister would tie them down for me so i could get to the torturing without fear of them escaping. I think that time has run out. I don't know if it has. The damn counter is all screwed up. If i submit this and i don't get credit because i didn't write for a long enough period of time, i will be pissed. It's not my fault that this damn time thing isn't working. I wish they would reevaluate their decision to cancel. i hope this has beeen and adequate amoutn of time. Well Hell, I'm getting more angry writing about how wronged i have been, like everyone else that they are canceling what is possibly the greates show on the air. ",n,y,n,y,n

2002\_415181.txt," I am listening to Tracy Chapman, The Promise, and this song makes me soo sad. I think about Toby, and how this song completely makes me want to do what the song says. I want to find my way back to Wisconsin. I am actually going through a very emotional and frustrating time right now. I don't know how many things are going through my head but there is alot to think about. I don't know what I want to study. I have no goals, and that in itself is sooo frustrating. I want to be able to start working towards something. I love being able to definitely have a plan. I am not someone who can handle doing something unexpected. But I am starting to cope with. Another thing that I am dealing with right now, that I constantly have in the back of my mind, is the fact that I am in love with someone sooo far away, that I've spent a week with. I learned last night in my meditation class that love is the key to everyones happiness, or anunda. Everyone desires love; everyone wants to find and experience love. And once found, then nothing can become a barrier. But for me it is my parents money that is a barrier. I've never been on my own, and they are paying for everything right now. They pay for my apartment, schooling, books, and they give me a sum of money to live off of. I doubt that if I wanted to be a full time student that I would be able to have the luxuries that I do now, and have a job, and support myself. However, I want to experience my own dreams. I want to be able to say and do what I please with no strings attatched. Man it feels good to say that. I only wish I had the courage to actually do what I am thinking. I want to travel and find love, and discover who I am before I can make any decisions whatsoever about my future. I am soo completely lost in the ideals of my upbringing and the conflicting ideals that I feel are more important. I fell that my parents have not experienced true happiness because they have chosen to live a conservative life full of restrictions both imposed by society and imposed by their own ignorance of what is True (with a capital t) I want to get away from it. Howeveri t is going to take much courage on my part. TO part with everything I have grown up believing. Well, not entirely. I still posess the same morals and ideals of what a person should be to stay peaceful and good. However, the materialistic impositions that I have lived with, the restrictions of what I can do, and the expectations that they have of me that I will never fulfill. I can't speak to my parents without them shrugging or belittling my desires and aspirations. Obviously they are not letting me be who I strive to be. I want to have a guiltless consciousness. I want to be able to express myself without thinking of what my concervative and rude to say the least parents might think. I just decided that maybe I would enjoy being an elementary school teacher, and they shrugged and laughed, saying that I was taking the easy way out of college. However, if they had taken the time to listen to my reasoning, they would have found my reasons to be much more altruistic than that. Also, the fact that I dropped a biology class that I am not interested in and have not time to study for (considering my schedule at present) made them cringe. I had to listen to how all I am here for is a good time and how I am only taking 13 hours when my dad struggled with 18 hours. I am not them, and I don't believe in their repression. I am indeed repressed frrom becoming an individual and I am just now starting to climb out of my shell. I am looking for inspiration and motivation however, and I think love is my answer. I believe that whether it is not the True love, it is my steppng stone to following my dreams. Friendship is another thing that I treasure and that I despise in turn. My friends that I've grown up with are much different from me and we have been feeling the repercussions of these differences growing exponentially since we've all come to college. Sorority life is not my cup of tea, however, they are all very enthralled with sorority life and sisters, thus creating somewhat of a breech between us. Music is such inspiration and is the key to expression and life. I wonder how many people are truly affected by music. How many peoppe let music into their heart. It can either devour you or bring you up. I find that itr can create certain moods, it can create certain sensations, and it can create certain motivations. Music can make you or break you in my opinion. I don't know what else to write. I am soo exhausted of thinking. It feels like I have been soulsearching for eternity, actually only the past couple of weeks. Since I found love, since I found myself. This may sound cheesy, wait no. It is not. It is me. And it is truthful. When I said it was cheesy, I was thinkging of what my parents would thingk. They would say that I am too young to love or to know what is right and what is for me. But I say hell no. I am not going to put up with that anymore. I knowwhat it is like to experience this. I was just interupted by these boys dopwn the hall who are really fun but who i havn't gotten to know so well yet. We wnet to dinner tonight,but it is only the stepping stone to a better relationship. I can't read them yet. For instance I don't know what they want from me. Some of them act a little shady. I don't know what kind of relati ",y,y,n,n,y

2002\_423774.txt," i don't know what i write i mean am i supposed to write . . whatever. . pete sampras is strugglin, tv is good i like watching tv, i ahte it when it runs crap shows though, it's just no good man. pete sampras is leaving andres agassi in the us open finals. i haven't played tennis in a while. . pete sampras' wife is pregnant. . wow. . she's the teacher from billy madison. my roommate said he had dreams about her. crazy. i hope pete sampras wins. he hasn't won anything for the past two years. tennis players grunt a lot. im trying to think about what to write. it's not too bad i guess i'll just try to keep on typing andy roddick is gay. i would like to be rich some day. i get good grades in economics? but i don't know what to do in the future. i've never even had a job before, i don't know what im going to do. i think the stock market's going to crash again. . a second dip, oh well. it doesn't matter anyways. things like that happen all the times. im tired i just ate barbeque, there are some leftovers but they're all mixed up with potato salad and beans and beef and it's just a bad combination. i would like to go to europe sometime. my speakers on my computer suck. i want to play videogames i would rather do that than do this now but i need a good grade this semester i have to get a 3. 7 gpa at least to get into the business school it's going to be so tough i mean, this year with the largest damn freshman class there's going ot be so much competition ig uess. i like to play golf i haven't played golf in a month i would really like to do that right now i think i figured out what i was doing wrong before now i would like to try out my new grip that'll be cool if i could now. a few of my friends have a show at fitzgeralds next weekend, it's their forth show and they're missing a lead singer, i think they kind of want me to do it but i don't really want to,b ut should i make myself want to? would that help me in life, as in taking more chances and be more social? im not a very social person i would like to be but i just can't. i think i have somewhat of a low self esteem but not low enough to make me hardcore depressed like some people. . eh i have 10 more minutes to go this isn't all that bad. i forgot what i was thinking, my friend hongpoo just came over he's watching the tennis match on my computer as im typing this. i like music music is good sampras is ripping some serves, he's got like 32 aces but he's got 13 double faults. the crowd's cheering. billy madison was a good movie. my roommate says sampras' a lucky bastard. ted? head? oh hongpoo hates head. he says they're bad rackets. which way is a better way to spell racquet? racquet or racket? im going to play some tennis after doing this assignment i hope there aren't questions after this four all!!!!! maybe veronica vaughn just got fat maybe she's not pregnant afterall. iu would like the sampras forehand, it's freakin amazing. got him. got him good. alskdjflasdkjfksdjfahhhhh! hongpoo's going to write the samething about me, what is he thinking does he think he's smarter than i am? i i think im watching tv because i need thoughts i don't really think i just kind of chill and don't do much. sick! im going to listen to some weezer now they're a pretty good band, not amazing like some other bands but they're good agassi double faulted. yeah agassi's pretty damn good. i would definitely like agassi's backhand it's freakin awesome sampras has a 1 hander, but i don't know i like agassi's better, sampras has a better forehand though it's freakin flat and fast it's awsome say it ain't so? yeah . i need to learn how to play more songs on the guitar i have a nice guitar but id on't play it enough, sampras is going to win the us open he's pretty good. he needs to win he's going to win. yeah i hate macs, they're so stupid about things like how they're all overprotective about their technology and stuff that's why they suck balls. pc's are better not because of their performance, but because they're so loose about everything like i could make one myself actually i did built my own computer so that proves my point. elvis is the man. i want to play tennis too man. tv card on the computer is pretty cool it's like having a tv but not. pete sampras is going to have the most grandslams . 13 yeah. . im done ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_425417.txt,"i can't believe what i just did i wrote my thoughts all in that process of stream of consciousness and realized i didnt' put my social security number or name. it got sent though, so i don't know what to do now. all these problems are so fixable and avoidable. just in case i'm going to do it all again anyway. i guess i'll just type what i wrote last time unless i have a big interrupting thought. it worries me that i don't know where i'm going in life. when i get an idea i start doubting myself an thinking i'm not competent. friends seems msasrter than me. am i just too analytical or self conscious to break out of my shell? i need to eat i'm so hungry and i have to go to rowing meeting in an hour. am i capable of going to medical school? can i openmy own practice someday? will myrace hold me back? is it an advantage or disadvantage? both? whycan't i look like everyone else? i'm different. i wish i was unque. i'm a walking contradiction. one day i want to be different the other i just want to be like everyone else. i mean i where GAP like evvvvery day and that's the most mainstream you can get. i miss thomas. i miss the way he always made me feel like a good person. i loved him. now i love him more like as a friend but i definitely miss the fun times we've had. i wish i had a boyfriend like him again. excpet a bit different for variety. i hate angela. best friends since 5th grade and look what she did to me. she hurt me sooooo much. she punched me over and over. and i knew i could kick her puny ass but i loved her too much. now i look back and wish i never even associated with her. she's such a punk. i bet she'd like me more now if she saw me. now i'm more liek her. more bitter, more volitle. did i spell that right? i miss her though. we had good times. church camp. haha, imagine her at camp now. she'd set us all on fire instead. it's only been six minutes and it feels like an hour. i can't believe i did this assignment wrong. it's not one of those things you put in the right answers because if that's the case, i wouldn't have to wait a whole 20 minutes. i like this assignment though. psychology is the first class that didn't put me to sleep. i'm glad. it's going to be my major probably. except those dumb blondes kept commenting and chatting about everything. so annoying. for the past few minutes all i've been doing is bitching and moaning about how awful i feel and how awful life is to me. you'd never know i was considered freakin' beautiful, popular, social, likable, homecoming princess, varsity athlete since frosh year. damn, i really had this act going strong. what's with christina aguilera trying to act all ghetto now? she's freakin blonde blue eyed little shrimp with a big voice. don't let your careeer go down the ghetto tube like freakin sleazy mariah carey! is she still in the hospital? poor thing to think about, she's so pretty and got such a wonderful voice, but ever since she split from tommy mattola she got yucky. celine dion is so tantelizing. is that the right way to use that word? i used to be so religious andf now i'm not at all. damn school course religion and philosophy. now i'm lost man. lost as a freakin fish in a bowl of nothingness. haha, am i getting bad and poetic? i wish i had a way with words like some gifted talented folks. i wonder if i'd be this unhappy if i lived in oregon still. i miss oregon. i don't miss the bullshit with that crowd but i miss certain things about it. i hope dad gets a raise soon because he deserves one. i hope diana finds what she's looking for. she said she's depressed. michelle thinks she's bi. mom said she wants to kill herself. this 8 minutes is going to go sloooow i'm telling you. people aren't as friendly here. liz is so perfect, funny that she's so down on herself. she's a perfectionist that's why. she became anorexic. she stopped getting her period, her skin got bad, and she became socially inept all the sudden. she is another one of those people who are surrounded by people but might feel very alone. i heard that psychologists have a problem stemming in their own life and to help other people is a subconcious way of letting that go. i believe it because i'm like that. i want to help people feel good, i want to listen to them. i'm one of those people who constantly remind themselves to ask about how the other person's day was since i find myself focusing on myself too much. i ask questions that i want asked of me. that's so selfish. ok i think i'm nearly done, but this is taking so long. ahhhh. . devon, left the group . good thing too. but she's hanging out with the wrong crowd again i think. matt marino is such a pothead. i wish he was here too so that we can hangout. i want a car. i want that white jeep back. i wish i had a sweet car, a cell, and computer. a fully-paid tuition grant whatever. i need it. there's so many people that don't but oh well. i think that's all. ",n,y,y,n,y

2002\_438589.txt," Today I had a very busy day. At work I had to sort the payroll checks while my co-worker was on the phone and internet all day. I then quickly changed for school and I almost missed my bus. I have to ride the city bus to campus from work. I work downtown, not very far from campus. My first class today was Chemistry. It seemed like the class wa never going to end. I learned quite a bit, but I was tired of taking notes. Then I went to the Gregory gym to work out. I did very good today and I didn't get tired very fast. I couldn't do my normal 30 minutes on the machine because others were waiting. I did start on the exercise equipment, trying to work out my legs and abs. I think I am going to be sore tomorrow. I really need to lose weight. I need to get skinny like all the girls on campus, so I can wear low cut jeans and tank tops. Anyways, I am getting off the subject. After the exercise, I went to Jester to get something to eat. I didn't realize the food was going to be processed. I don't know, it just wasn't what I expected. The pork chops were okay, but I was very hungry. I finished up my economics homework and went to class. I had to call and remind my husband to pick me up at 8:00pm tonight. When I got to my Economics class, my professor didn't show up for class. What a loser. She preaches how we need to be in class on time and how every class is important, but this is already the second day she missed. You would think she would lead by example. Well, what do you expect from a first year professor. And the thought that she can conduct experiments in a class that has more than 200 students. What a joke. I turned in my Lab Report, it was really difficult, but I think I did a very good job. I am proud of my Lab Report, I hope I get a good grade. I met this girl in my class today. I am not sure what her name is, but she was really nice. She is from Dallas. But when I told her I was married and had a daughter, she kind of freaked. Well, she didn't ignore me or anything, but she stopped talking to me as much and she gave her number to the girl sitting on the other side of her. Am I not good enough to giver her number to? Because I have a husband and a daugher. Well, who cares, her loss. I am going to do really well in this class and she is going to be lost! That is why I don't talk to anyone on campus. I just don't want to get close to anyone. That would mean I would have to entertain them or call them, or they might even try to use me. Make me do all the work and they get a free ride. I am going to do really good this semester. Of course, I am going to make the connections I need to bring up my grade. You know, go to office hours, SI sessions, ask questions. Meet people who really want to study or just ask a quick homework question to. See, I like that kind of a friendship. Someone who can help me on something I can't work out on my own, then not want me to spend time with them. Maybe I just think of this as high school and its not. I am pretty sure everyone else is here to get their educaiton and get out, not to make friends. Well, after Economics class, I went to the SI session for Psychology. Now this is going to be a hard class. There is just not enough time to study. I want to spend more time studying, but I can't. I try to make room for studying at home, but my daughter makes it really difficult. I wish I would have finished school before I had my daughter. I can't even tell you what I did with my time before her. I really do hope that after I complete school, if I do, that I will be more financially stable. I hope that all this struggling and time away from my family will be worth it. I really hope I made the right decision to put us in debt over student loans for my education. I really want a college diploma. I really wish I wasn't a loser and I could get into the school of Business. But, I have accepted that I will not. But once I get my Economics degree and I become a CPA, that we will reek the benefits. I want a big beautiful house and I want to be able to pay off our credit cards and save money. I don't think that I am asking for much, but I guess everyone wants these things. More about my day, during my Pschology session, I noticed that I really don't know much about the material. I really need to get to studying the chapters. I hear the tests are really hard. Pennebaker seems like a really good professor. He makes us laugh and makes me listen and not fall asleep, but he also gives us a lot of information. (I am getting tired of typing. My hands hurt, but I like the practice in typing) I want a lap top. I really think that if I get a lap top that I can get a lot accomplished during my study time. I could go to the library and type and not have to wait to use one of their computers. I can't even use our computer at home because my daughter gets in the way. Alex, my husband, doesn't pay any attention to her when I am there. It makes me wonder how they are when I am not around. I bet he is on the computer downloading music and she is in the living room getting into all sorts of things. My things. Or she is sitting in the other living room watching shrek. ",n,y,n,y,n

2002\_464678.txt," i don't know well, why do i start with i don't know? i still don't know, haha. this is kind of fun, just like i'm typing with friends. but anyways, it's gona be a stressful day, or week next week, cause, well, schychology, however u spell that. it's gona be tough, 2 for the price of one, where's my other A then??? hehe. anyways, it's gona be alright. i think anything can be turned into a song, or just regular poems, they r lyrics. all lyrics are is that they have a tone to it, or a beat, or something like that. they are fun, and good way to show off little talent =) well, i guess it's kind of weird, first time when i have to type what i'm thinking off for a grade. what's up with that? and while i'm doing this, i'm thinking what to type, and what not to type, things that's too personal definatly can't be on here, but seriously, who's ever gona read this crap anyways? stream of concious, i'm gona wear my fingers out before some body stop me --Mask. haha. thinking about movies, it's kind of cool, thinking about girlfriend, and all the relationship i've had, which is quite interesting. and now back to school work, i guess. bus. major, tough deal, don't really know what i'm gona do, i really want to travel, make money, ofcourse, can't forget about the girls. but how am i going to succede when there's tons and tons of people just as talented as i am if not smarter??? what advantages do i have??? advantages, intersting. well, i'm smart, a little bit, and thoughtful, not too much of that times to times. adaptive, then whateles? i do love people, still think it's gona take a little time for me to acually get into the social scene. i'm built, have a good sense of humor, like to dance, a little bit of a show off and well. i'm thinking, it's kind of hard to be so complimentary towards self???. is my concious getting me??? haha. never!!! what's concious anyways?? is it the things which never been said out of mouth, but knows deep inside? or is it personal truth of somewhat??? then questions come up, does everyone have a concious??? or is it just me having too much, haha. oh my. i looked up, and i can really type, or i can really think, or i can really think and type at the same time, and i make really terible jokes!!! haha. i laugh at myself, or such confidence yet pockets of insecurities. now i'm thinking, am i revewling too much on this thing? well, again, to emphasis on this point, NO ONE'S EVER GONA READ THIS!!! i do like psch, but never thought it be this way, i think i like philosophy better, yep. but then, it's kind of fun to know how i think, because i'm human, and i'm interested in everything about how it works. well, guess i'll take a break now, then to color, what color do i like? black, it's cool, it's dark, mysterous, and it's just a sense of honor, and sharpness to things. why am i talking so much about myself? am i self centered? am i selfish?? why!!! no. . . i don't want to be like this, i'm not, i refuse to be. . haha. well, why don't i use the rest of times to write a song, it's raining outside my mind suddenly flies across the mountain and over the ocean well, maybe not, only 2 mins left. let's just leave it as that. to sit at my rhe. class, looking at the trees outside, i ask myself, are the branches moving, or is it this building. basically, i'm questioning my own truth, and my belief. or is it just that it's fun to be weird times to times??? but think about it, how do you know that water ",y,n,n,n,y

2002\_478832.txt,"Ummm. haven't done this since 8th grade. Thinking always gets ahead of the recording. Allergy's in the air, uncomfortable contacts. Gregg's still here, said he was going to the store. Grammar's gotten lax. Cats on the couch. At least they're not playing. Place is messy-I should clean but I probably won't. Twenty minutes is a rather long time. Is that to get to the truer feelings? After getting too bored for anything else in 10? I had a feeling that was the purpose of the 1. 5 hour questionaire. I don't know if I spent 1. 5 hours, but it took forever. And I started the questions too late at night. After answering pages of them I didn't want to back out. Have a Foam Party experiment scheduled Friday. I'm peeved that they didn't give you any idea what you were signing up for. Is it necessary not to fill in the participants? And my vision isn't 20/20. It's not terribly far from, but I hope they don't check and kick me out. I never use this desk (the one at home) and it's filled with papers and trash that isn't mine. I hate stacks of other people's paper. Filled with cryptic scribbles. I don't feel like I can throw it out, but the odds of it being valuable are pretty slim. Strip Tease with Demi Moore is on cable tonight. I've never seen it, but I watch 20 minutes of it tonight but decided to turn it off. I'm trying to watch less crap tv, but it seems like that's all there is lately. I wonder when the new season starts? I should try to watch something other than Fox this year. It's easy to get locked into one network if you only see that networks commercials. But if I'm only going to watch one, I guess it should be something other than Fox. My typing has gotten pretty decent. I used to type 35-40 wpm, but typing at work has improved that. Most of my practice though is personal email at work. I waste way too much time online instead of working. It's just so easy with the way my computer faces. I wonder how obvious it is though. I'm rambling, but I feel like I'm suppose to be talking to someone. I say used and supposed . I'm fairly sure that's wrong (but not sure, which is sad). I always say it, and I can live with that, but I type it too, and can never decide if I should make a change or not. Gregg said he was going to the store. I'm paranoid about him reading it for some reason. He just walked up behind me and started to read some, and I asked him not to. It's silly-there's nothing in here that he doesn't already know. And I ramble just like this to him frequently (probably too frequently) and don't have to screen my thoughts much. At least less than with anyone else. But I've always been shy about my writing. I wouldn't even let my parents read the dryest of papers that I wrote, much less one's that were on personal matters. Fish tank in the room, we let moss grow pretty heavily before we bought a cleaning fish. The fish has done a good job though. And it's a good thing we only have neons and guppies, can't kill 'em. Boredom, boredom. Only 5 minutes to go. I wonder how many of these will be read through, and I wonder how many of these wonder how many of these will be read through. Are all people boring like me? Even witty, entertaining people? Are there thoughts more exciting? Does being on mean acting like something, not really being one's boring self. Strange itch it my back. I know it's silly, but lately I've felt creaky, like the very mild beginning twinges of getting old. I should excersize. I know I should. I get winded going up a flight of stairs, and I can stand to lost 15 or 20 pounds. I try to diet even though I know the sucess rate from dieting alone (calorie restriction) is dismal. And the Atkin's diet thing. Although it evidently works for many people, it's obviously targeted diet in my opinion. That may not be fair, but from my own observations women are much more likely to eat a carbohydrate based diet, while men like to get more calories from meat. Atkins calls a carbohydrate diet unnatural and unhealthy. And that's ludicrious. Perhaps his diet is healthy, but it doesn't follow that the other is not. Only five seconds left, does the timer stop by itself? Went over time, but couldn't resist finishing the sentance. Shave and a hair cut, two bits. ",n,n,n,y,n

2002\_483303.txt,"Anyagreene started Instant Messenging me randomly a few days ago. He wouldn't tell me who he is. At first, I did't have a problem with not knowing who he was, because the mystery is exhilirating. But after a while, he started to talk like Russell. He even knew about Russell's death. I loved Russell. That night, I dreamed about Anyagreene, but in my dream, Anyagreene was Jeff. I was so happy to see Jeff. I was glad that Jeff cared enough to IM me despite his heartless character and heavy workload. When I woke up, I wanted to fall back to sleep. . I wanted to fall back into the world where Jeff still cared about me. It's also a world where Russell was still alive. He was alive through this Screenname. Jeff and Russell were the same character in that dream, or at least that's what I thought. I often dream about Russell, thinking that he's still alive, only to wake up crying in the middle of the night because in reality, Russell hasn't been in this world for a while. After talking to my roommate last night, I realized why I loved Jeff so much. Jeff was unattainable, just like Mr. Big from Sex and the City. It was exactly his unattainability that attracted me. I thought Jeff was my soul mate last year. I've never had that kind of of connection with anyone else in my life. To say the least, I don't think I'd ever be able to forget Jeff. I hope we'll be able to go to the same graduate school together. I believe in soul mates. I don't think all soul mates are fortunately enough to end up with each other for the rest of their lives, but they do exist. Mine is probably jeff, but due to his bisexual tendencies and his lack of willingness to commit, it didn't work out. How sad it is to thikn that I've met my soul mate when I was sixteen and I missed my one and only chance? My mother's soul mate is not my father. THey love each other, but there's this other man that was my mother's best friend and first love. He had such a great impact on her life. Just like the way Rusell changed my life. But I think in a way, besides the period of depression, Russell changed my life for good. After dating him, I got into Simon's Rock, and now I'm a 17 year old sophomore in college. I saw him again this summer and it was hard not to patronize him because of how pathetic he looked. Neal and I showed up in his house when he was selling all of his worldly posessions so he could go away with the girl in the picture who's passed out. I admire his passion, but I would never do something like that. Like I've always said before, the reason that he did that was beacuse he could. He has the ability to turn his world upside down and still come on top. . or at least that what I think. Back to jeff. . I miss him. but I think transfering to UT was the right decision. I could nto have accomplished anythign with him in the same school as me. I am only productive when I am single and not distracted by boys. I should think about boys less in general. What are the chances of any one of them doing any good to my life? I would much rather listen to play that funky music white boy on my computer, write in this as an effort to be productive and go to PCL when I'm done with this. Speaking of PCL, i really need to finish doing my organic chemistry reading, homework. . review/preview genetics and get some physics done today. I guess I can do other stuff tomorrow. I don't have a whole lot oftime left though. I haven't been productive in a LONG time. I am worried that I won't be able to do what i want to do since I've been so lazy lately. Maybe my brain is rusty. but I still have faith in myself. I think i WILl be able to finish these things. I'm goign to ball room dance tomorrow night. That should be fun. I hope I won't be a wall flower. I need to work out too. I am tired of looking like a loaf of bread. I don't enjoy looking at the fat on my legs. but it's not like I can't change that with an hour inthe gym everyday. It just takes some effort. I need to make some changes in my life, but the good thing with being human is our abiilty and capability to change. ",n,n,n,n,n

2002\_484135.txt," I know this guy that lies. When I met him, he lies about himself to fit in. Being the gullible person that I am, I believed all of his lies. After all, they're not that absurd--maybe they are. He said he worked at Best Buy when he was fourteen and had a cell phone. He said he was the on call technical support personnel. Dan Nguyen and I still teases him about that. I guess because of that, I didn't believe he got a new car when he actually did. His car is quite a looker. I wish my car is like that. It just needs a lot of work. Perhaps more money is needed than work. I need to work to get money. I have no idea when or where should I be working. I think the work load of UT is enough to stress me out without working. If I work, then my free time will be taken away from me. I really cherish my free time; I could work out at the gym or play video games. Something I never had free time to do. Well I also have to read a lot of materials for my classes. Today is September the 11th--one week from my birthday. I hate my birthday. Bad luck always happen on that day. on my 17th birthday I got my first speeding ticket. Three days later, I wrecked my car totally. September of 2001 was the worst month of my life. I guess I always expect to be happy on my birthday since it's supposed to be a good day. Maybe that's why it seemed even worse when everything wasn't going my way. I love my friends. They're people who really care about me and my life. I do the same for them. I, however, do have a problem with keeping girls as just friends. In my opinion, friends of the opposite sex who don't really care about your life are just as bad as some person you had a small talk in the elevator. The only reason I have those so-called friends is because they're my buddies' friends. We belonged in a clique, a group, if you will, back in high school. I don't like the idea of a group . Maybe things will change as life goes on. My roommate, Jeff, and I were best friends in high school. We are roommates for almost a month now, and we haven't made each other mad. I guess that's a good sign. I heard about stories about sour relationships over something stupid. I have a mello personality. I can compromise. ",y,y,y,n,n

2002\_494571.txt," Well it is about 1:20 in the morning and i have been up studying for a few of my classes. I keep weird hours on my classes rather than try and make time for them during the day. I guess i enjoy my leisure time as well as my study and i try and make time for both on the weekends. I almost feel like i should have a big sign in my room somewhere saying hey you should be studying something! ha. . well maybe not but i like to keep atop of my studies and i don't want to slack off on any of my assignments. The joy i get from lounging around is multiplied by ten if i fall behind on an assignment or if i feel that i might get a B or C on a test rather than an A . I like the fact that i know i will get what i deserve out of my class by what i put into it. So because of this i try and make sure to do the studying. Right now my grades are very important to me. I feel that in the long run they will distinguish me from all the other people who are just trying to get thru college and then maybe find themselves in life. Where as i have already gone the route of finding and exploring myself as well as rationalizing the things i do for quite sometime now. My success i know will not just depend on my degree or simply finishing college but also many other things that i feel i might be able to control. Understanding the aspect of control early on or trying to get a grasp on my life made me realize that there really is no control on life. You must prepare yourself for the best that life has to offer while along the way being happy in the process. Right now it is to be the best that i can be and to get the things i want. So in order for me to do that i must do well in school and in Business. My happiness is might be put off alittle right now by my 15 hours of school but the sacrifice to myself will pay off in the end. It makes me wonder who really is going to read this and what you must be thinking at this point. Ha. . what a character. Well no not really just a determined man. I like doing things that people have told me i had no chance in doing. When i moved here from Colorado i had an agenda and for the last 3 years i have checked off everything that i have set out to do. It gives me comfort in doing what most people can only dream of and never make the attempt or the sacrifice to get it. Blink. blink. don't know. . haha. . Feeling the affects of sleep deprivation right now. . my eyes are feeling alittle heavy and the distant sound of a car alarm is making my mind drift. I see soft white cotton pillows floating around in the back of my mind with baby blue sheets. Man i need to get some sleep. I took this writing assignment as a challenge to be honest and type whatever came into my mind and i guess that this is what i am doing exactly to the T . Many different things keep up at night, school, my grandmother in the hospital, the different appointments that i have at school and the week coming up about 9/11. Wondering if my grandmother will be around then and if she is what state of mind will she be in. Which is wrong for me to say seeing as how she just had a stroke and part of her brain is not functioning. The doctors say that she does not feel a thing. I really would like to believe them. It seems unfair that she should live this long (92 years) only to be let to die a little every day. The doctors say that she has a strong heart for age. . well hell we have always known that. . but this one time i wish it was not so strong. . i miss her laughter and knowing that her mental capacity was just as strong as her heart. I miss her already even though i know that she is still with us. Bright red eraser. . why did they make them that color? why not white or blue or yellow on the end of pencils? It seems to me maybe it is the properties of how they make erasers that cause it to be the color that it is. Trying to stay with the typing and trying not to drift off. . i was hoping to get another experiment done after this one but i think that maybe i might try and sleep. I have got to get up earyl and get one of my vehicles registered down town. Maybe that is part of this writing experiment. Have us write this with the knowing that eventually we will turn it into something that we know or think that someone will read. So when we write we eventually get to that point of writing. The mind is laying out a thought process or maybe it is all just random and i am thinking out loud with my keystrokes. I read somewheres that in a thousand years the English language will be dead and that new ways are being created to keep individuals away from any toxic or harmful waste that might be around. So they are trying to create a visual sign for them that will be some kind of universal signal for danger or trouble or death. Hmmm. . seems weird that in time our language might go the way of the Egyptians. . times up. . night. ",y,n,n,y,y

2002\_496623.txt," I am a little irritated right now. I just did this thing for about 5 minutes and then my computer just like shut off! I cannot believe I just spent those five minutes only to just have it all erased. Things like that irritate me a lot. I always just hate having done something and then it being useless. I guess that could be kind of an insecurity but yeah. I am not going to psychoanalyze myself. I guess since this is one of thise things that could do that for me. I wonder if this will get picked to be read. Probably not. Its getting done way early. I can't really see the reasoning behind the whole stream of consciousness thing. I mean yeah you can track your thoughts but couldn't you do that just by paying attention to yourself? I dunno. just one of those things I guess. Moving on then. I'm eating a rice krispeys treat thing. I get hungry when I am irritated. I have to wonder how evolution made us that way. What is the point of eating when you are irritated. Shouldn't you want to do stuff? that would make sense in the whole flight or fight mode sense kind of way. I am glad i have an apartment it doesn't smell here and the neighbors are really nice. Of course you don't make a forced acquaintance like you would if you lived in a dorm I guess but this is more private and I can work on the bills and homework alone. Maybe I'll go out tonight with one of my new friends. I don't have plans and I'm not really interested in going to the game, as if I had the money to go anyways. Money is going to become an issue later. I should try and get a job this semester but i just don't want to get burnt out on my first semester. I don't really need the money but it would be nice in case of an emergency. And who doesn't like a little extra spending money? I don't know i need to find somewhere close to work but i don't want to have to work as a cashier again. I hated doing that. Not as much as working as an area host(janitor) at a certain theme park. Not at all fond memories of the sausage shack and the bathrooms accompanying it around high noon. Its stupid how people have no real common sense when they go out to have fun. Honestly, who doesn't realize that a urinal is not made to be pooped in. It would hate to know the person who didn't understand what a urinal . URINal, is for its use is right there in the name c'mon people! But yeah my lips are chapped really bad. I should find my chapstic otherwise I'll smile at someone and then make a weird face because I split my lip. Eminem is on now. Repeat of the MTv Movie Awards. He's not really a bad rapper assuming I can even even judge that music. But he honestly is about the whole shock value of his music probably. Just like many of his little fans. I have a really nice view of the septic area behind the aparmtments an dthe little balcony shows a wonderful scene of the vagrants coming out of the woods. I got that last part from a couple of my neighbors. The one seemed really witty, another was very . bubbly, and of course there was the one with a boyfriend. They are really nice I hope to get to know them more. Wow its almost time to stop the whole stream of consciousness. Just four more minutes. My nipples itch. I think its because of the new shirt I'm wearing. Wow that was kind of out there. You know what's funny assuming you were a person and could reply that is. I hope I don't become one of those people who just talks to themselves all the time. But the funny thing is that I have a pencil sharpener in my room. Yet I only have mechanical pencils That seems kind of pointless. Oh that is kind of punnish. I really need to find a book to read. I hate not having something immediate to do. Doing nothing is just not a strong suit. I miss my family now that I think about it. I think I'll give them a call today. I don't want them to think I don't care about them even though I'm away. ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_497579.txt," I'm sitting in the library not much is going on in the building or in my head. I was hoping to have more to type, to be more prepared, but this is the best I can do with how ready I am now. It's very quiet, just the hum of my computer and that of one other guy's, people coughing, talking below a whisper, throwing things noisily into trash cans . . . or perhaps it's only apparently noisily, as this is a library, I've been here a while and thus am habituated to the relative soundlessness. Habituation is interesting, it's as though any noise could be going on for a day or so and after the first couple hours you'd hardly pay attention anymore. You'd only recognize it again once someone pointed it out, then it'd fade. So much is like that, for instance, it is only through feeling sad that we can fully appreciate our times of happiness. Only through experience of evil that we can differentiate good from it. That which makes things most apparent is contrast. I could draw you a picture of a polar bear in a blizzard or a black dog in the middle of a dark forest and you'd probably see a white sheet of paper or a black sheet of paper, respectively, but if I drew you a picture of a grizzly bear in a rainstorm or a green dog in broad daylight then I'd have to actually have some artistic talent, which I don't, but once again, it's only through viewing my doodling and bad sketches that you can recognize the masterpieces of van gogh, rembrandt, escher. Escher's an interesting one, his pictures representing in 2 dimensions that which is impossible in three, or simply tesselating objects that wouldn't normally be juxtaposed . . . it's like listening to bach, the crab cannon, sorry to use the stuff straight from GEB, EGB, but it's a great book and the several recognitions today of godel's theorem in action around me have brought it to mind. Even if you're prepared for everything, even if nothing can catch you off guard, something will. With any logical system that is sufficiently complex, all theorems within that system are not derivable using the logic of that system. The anomalous terms, numbers, theorems, whateveryoulike, are put into a new group, and labeled, still underivable, but at least named. But what is to name something? Very far from actually understanding it. So we separate those out, create a class for them, etc, and say we've rendered godel's proof useless, but he answers, pulling yet more whateveryoulikes out of your system, causing it to constantly divide, in infinite schisms rendering scientific method, mathematics, logic, thought, computers, money, the world senseless, but hell sartre, camus, kafka all did that in their own ways. Murphy and Godel, two sides of the same coin, one the observationalist who saw that the other's mathematical explanation of Murphy's law was true. I hope that makes sense to someone besides me. How can anyone ever trust words? They give us so little to go on. Try describing an experience you had to someone else. They'll hear your words, take them to mean something, then perhaps if your experience was interesting they'll attempt to pass it on to someone else, but all they have to go on is your original words, remembered imperfectly, thus if they're asked to elaborate they cannot. Divorced from your own head, your own experiences this same thing could happen to you as an individual as opposed to spanning people. The impossible to deny separation of the observer and the observed defies the unity each of us feels exists in the world. I am the universe and I act in the universe. I can view only so much of it and wow this has gone to quite an odd part of my head. Let's try some meditation. You hide, they seek. Sound should precede action, light should precede all, but that is not always the case. Instantaneous data transfer thru entanglement disrupts causality. This is as true now as it will be now. Hahaha. oops. I don't know what it means. My ass hurts. I should shift or something. That's better. I think I forgot what I was supposed to be thinking about. Don't take points off, please, haha. I still don't know what it means. Any of it. I've done this type of thing before but the time I remember best the words that came out were absolute nonsense. The goal was to choose your next word based on how it sounded being connected to the previous words. Phrases like 'other ear' came up, each word having a similar 'er' sound in it, and other odd things like that, and that one I was handwriting and somehow, I still can't explain it, I just got stuck repeatedly, perhaps recursively, writing the letter ddddddd ",n,n,y,y,y

2002\_503062.txt," Why I'm I here typing when i could have gone and eat? When does my next class start? I hope my mom left me some food for tonight. I got to call my friend to go work out. My stomache is growling. That girl over there look so cute, i want to go up to her and introduces me, but i'm scared. Maybe i'll have the gut next time. I can't wait for this week to be over with, but I'm not ready for the exam next week. what do i have to do for tonight? Do i have to pick up my brother today from football? What time is my fraternity interview. I hope i get accepted. What's the guy next to me is doing? This writing assignment is so long! I don't know what else to write. Oh, tomorrow is the one year anniversary of the terrorist attack on the world trade center. What i would do to stop terrorism and Bin Laden. I can't wait for the fall semester to be over with so i could go to Californnia and visits my cousins and relatives. I missed them so much. I'm so exhausted from weight training class. I'm so tired. What worse is I have to walk all the way from Gregory Gym to the Union going up so many steps. I walked so much. Why does all my classes have to be so far apart? Ten minutes left. hahaha. When does the fall semester offically end? Hmmm. . Another pretty girl just walks in. Of all the student at UT, how come i only a couple of cute girl? Why is that? I'm i in the wrong building or at the wrong place or something? Where is all the pretty girl at? Oh. the cheddar lover combo from Wendy's sound so terribly good right now! I can't wait for this assignment to be over with and go get one from the Union. I wish i have some kind of super power sometimes. Maybe the power to go to the future, be back in time, super strenth, be invisible, shape shifter, be able to fly or have super power eye sight. I wish i have all of those, hehehehehe. Hmmm. three minutes left, what else i'm i thinking. This assignment doesn't seem so bad after all. I wish all the assignments is like this! My body are so sore. I'm gonning to go to sleep once i get out of class today. Man, i got a lab to do right after class!! That suck. Oh well, got to go. ",n,y,y,y,n

2002\_516812.txt,"I really don't know which house I liked best. The first one was alright but I don't know if I would like living in a duplex. What if they are annoying or out of control? I liked the second house a lot more. It was huge and nicely kept but it was a little pricey. We would definately need at least like 7-8 people to live with us to bring down the price. It'd be cool if Emily and Singer would live with us but I don't know if their parents would like the idea of them living with guys. It would definately hook us up for meeting girls and what not. Better parties for sure. I'm so tired, getting up early for that stupid ticket drawing that got sold out really sucked. And now we don't even have tickets so we woke up early for nothing. I have so much reading to do in all my classes but I know i'll be fine. I need to call kathy back too. I wish she could have stayed up here longer but that's not possible so there's no reason to dwell on it. I wish i had more time to take a nap before our next meeting with the other realtor. But i am pretty excited to see some more houses. Supposedly there's a nice one across from the frat which would be ideal. We need one close to campus too because i don't know if i can afford a car next year. I'm going to have to find myself a big paying job this summer. Damn my head is killing me. I really should try to take a nap. I'm really pissed about my phone. I don't understand how a top of the line phone can lose its battery in 10 minutes of use when it's supposed to have 4. 5 hrs worth of talk time. If this new battery doesnt work im going to lose it. I don't have the patience to be dealing with this crap. I need to take a shower before i leave tonite because there won't be any time before the party i don't think. Why does my room not get any cooler. I'm sweating and im just sitting here typing. I have a horrible taste in my mouth, i should go brush my teeth or rinse my mouth with listerine. How have only 9. 5 minutes passed. I'm starting to get a little tired here. I really didnt like that first realtor. He kept rushing us and stuff and he just seemed annoying. But if he has the house we want i won't deny him the business. My blisters finally healed so wearing those boots won't kill me anymore. My cold is starting to go away too which is good. I hope Emily is taking good notes in chem because i just couldnt make it today. Way too tired. Whatever i'll give her a call when class is over and see how things went. It's not a bad class its just really basic and easy stuff right now that i remember from high school. Plus it is a pretty long walk. Ok 8 minutes to go, not too bad. I'm pretty hungry now that i think about it. I would love some spicy wings from pluckers. But i have to cut down on expenses so there goes that thought. Casey was hilarious today when we were trying to get donations for charity. I couldnt stop laughing. That was fun. I need to get my plane ticket for winter break. They are so damn expensive even though it's so far away. I should do that today or tomorrow so that they don't get any worse. OK 5 more minutes it's almost over. My fingers are starting to cramp up a bit. And my hunger keeps growing so i hope these minutes go by fast. I hope everyone still takes the bus to dallas for the game because at leat that will be fun. Rima said we may be able to stay in her when we go so that would be a sweet deal too. Craig just got out of the shower. I need to take one too. I need to do some laundry as well soon becaus my basket is starting to fill up. I got to find someone to do it with so its not so boring. OK im too hungry i need something to eat now. Twenty minutes is definately longer than i thought but i guess it is almost over. About 1 minute to go. . nice. Josh got some really cool things to hang in our room today. Definately gives the room some more character. 30 seconds left. 20 seconds left. 10 seconds. 5. 4. 3. 2. 1 bye ",y,n,n,y,y

2002\_517265.txt," Today is September 11, 2002. Exactly one year since the attack on the twin towers, the attack on our country occured. Today is a day of sorrow, of mourning, but also a day of pride. As I watched the news today and say story after story of all the people who were killed and of the people who risked their lives to save others I was deeply touched. Atfirst I was sad as I thought about all those who were killed and their families that they left behind. But know, as I have watched as our country has come together, I am extremely proud. I remember at this time last year, American pride was so awesome all across the country. People had their flags out and people just helped each other. People began to think more in terms of our country rather than my country. Today the same thing is happening and many people are uniting to show their pride in their nation, and to remember those that were lost and those that fought for them and lost their lives in the process. I can remember exactly where I was when the second plane crashed. I was in my creative writing class and a girl, Emily Momburger, walked in late talking about how a plane had crashed into one of the twin towers. My teacher turned on the TV and we all watched in awe as it was burning there and people were dyeing. And then out of nowhere the second plane crashed right before our very eyes. We were in shock and I remember I got the chills. I think that I will forever that moment and that feeling inside of me. I remember watching the news as people cried through the streets holding pictures of their loved ones, looking desperately for them all over, just hoping that they weren't in the crash. Today, is a day of remembering though and also a day of forgetting, trying to go on with our daily lives and overcome the terrorism that has overtaken our country. College life besides the horrific event that we are remembering is going well. I joined TriDelt and am in the greek system. At first I didn't really want to be a tridelt and was disappointed, but now I am really happy. Our pledge class is so amazing and a lot of the girls in it are really cool. We participated in this field day event last saturday and it was really fun. I got to know a lot of the girls better and we bonded. We also went on our pledge retreat that night as well which was a good experience. We were all really exausted but we tried to socialize and get to know each other. Last night I went to this praise and worship thing called Escape. It was at this guys house and there were so many people there. Usually there aren't that many people who go, but last night so many came that we had to go in the backyard. It was awesome even our in the heat. It was so reassuring to see that there are other Christians on this campus and I felt very close to the lord there in that backyard with complete strangers and the dog barking in the background. It is so easy to lose focus here on theis campus, and last night was so helpful for me to really remember what is really important in this life. I sometimes feel myself getting lost in school and in sorority and greek life, that I'm like I just don't have enough time for my quit times. The fact of the matter is, He should be my number one prioroty, and l;ately he hasn't been. I am working on it though, and we just have to do the best we can. But, I am really excited to be here more and more each and every day. I am meeting so many new people and having so much fun with the old friends that I came here with. We just do th ",n,y,y,n,n

2002\_517301.txt," I was a little nervous about writing for this assignment because I've never really done anything like this. So i decided to put it off until the last minute. It is now twelve twenty-three on the night before its due. Im really beginning to get nervous about the whole college experience. So far I havent really met any new people that I would actually fraternize with on a regular basis. I think the main reason for this is that so many of my friends from high school are attending UT. It is a lot easier to just hang out with them all the time than to bother with the trouble of making new friends. Although I know in the long run this will not accomplish one of my goals in coming to college, which is to make new diverse and long lasting friendships. I don't know I guess will just have to see how things turn out. One thing that I am really happy about is the fact that my girlfriend also goes to college here. In fact she is a mere stones throw away in LLD. She means alot to me and during this time of insecurity it makes things a little easier. I mentioned LLD well that is a girls dorm, near LLB which is my dorm Whitis court that I now call home. Whitis is a nice little community although I don't much enjoy some of the company here. The rooms are nice and very spacious unlike in Jester. However its still kind of hard to think of this room as my own. It seems like a room in a hospital or some mental institution, with its industrial white painted walls and linoleum floor. I guess its just one more thing Ill have to get used to. Not only is the new college experience making me uncomfortable right now. I am also planning on joining the Marine Corps and going to the PLC course this summer. It is a big step in my life and im a little unsure about it right now. My father was a marine and his father was in the army and I feel somewhat obligated to serve my country. One thing that I would like to accomplish in my life is making my father proud and i think that is perhaps one thing that could. Me and my father didnt have the greatest relationship this past summer before i went off to college. It seemed like he was pushing me away and out of the family. I know he loves me but i guess thats just the fathers way of letting go. Hopefully this time apart will do our relationship well. He came into town for a job interview the other day but i didnt get to see him, it was a little upsetting. I really do love and care for my family but I believe they think much to the contrary. I guess I don't show it very well, or give them much common courtesy. This short time away from home has made me realize how much they do for me and how much I miss them. ",n,n,n,n,y

2002\_517848.txt," well i guess the first thing or the thing that i am sort of forcing myself to now think about is what i was thinking about before. and that would be how much i miss my best friend. i was eating at Wendy's and i was really hungry because i hadnt eaten anything all day and it was already 5 by then. so i ate a jr. cheese burger, medium fries, and some orange juice. then i went bak and got a salad, frosty, and some water. but i dint really know anyone there because the two friends i came with went to a HOSA meeting so i was by myself for a while so i started thinking. and my thoughts were many but they sort of led back to my best friend Rakhi at Texas A&M. i don't really know exactly what i was thinking or what i am thinking but i know it was something along the lines of i just really wish i could spend some time with her. i guess i'll get bak to her later when i think of more. my cell phone just rang so i guess that interrupted my train of thought. and iM guessing its most probably Amit because it said unknown for the caller ID which most prob. means that its him because his phone is the only one that does that. Also i am really use to pushing Ctrl S and i can't really do that here because i am not writing a word document - i am glad i have developed this habit because it ensures that 90% of the work i have done is saved every few minutes because i really hate having to redo work. now i guess i was just thinking of the clock. i was sort of seeing how fast it would go - like i am sort of surprised that it is already 7 minutes. i thought because of what Monique said that it would take quite a bit of time but time seems to be going by fast enough. my eyes are burning i think because of my contacts because i have gotten enough sleep since i sort of woke up at 2 o' clock today. Once again. i guess my mind - - she just called and it made me feel a lot better because i just told her that she was going to live a thousand years since i was thinking about her. and she was like awwww I Love You in the cutest little voice and hten i told her i had to finish this and i also have like no daytime minutes due to a family plan. and now the dorm phone rang and Arpan called. i guess we don't have too much peace and quiet in this dorm. lol. but ya it was really cool that she called. and she is stored on my cell phone as 'princess' so its really cool seeing that pop up on my phone! Well besides i guess really wanting to see and hug her i don't know much else that i am thinking about currently. i guess maybe finding out how much a Greyhound ticket to A&M costs since i would love to go there. Well i guess i also need to figure out what i need to do for the remainder of the day such as finish my MIS homework, chek the emails from Dell, check out the Sprint family plans so i can see how to get more daytime minutes, read some Eco, go over Eco notes, read some Philosophy, and the Philosophy book, read the beginning of the Psychology book, and finish Chapter 1 of MIS, and finish reading Developing You Into Me of Ba101. wow i guess i have quite a bit of reading to catch up on. so maybe i should take care of that for the remainder of the day rather than wake up at 2 o' clock. i really need to wake up earlier and get my homework done. it would be really beneficial to me if i started doing that. Besides all that, Sid, my roommate, also suggested a movie at 9 playing for free at the Union so i may look into that. besides all of that i think i need to use the restroom after i am done with this and i don't really know why i just wrote that down besides the fact that it says write everything you are thinking about and so i was thinking about that so i thought id write it down - just like i was thinking about writing about thinking about going to the bathroom - so i did write it. now my mind is just free i guess. in regards to tom. which is Friday and now the phone just rang and now 20 minutes is over but i was just thinking in regards to tomorrow and the rest of the weekend what i am going to do - whether im going to go home or just stay here but i guess i'll think more about that later ",n,n,n,n,n

2002\_519780.txt,"My fiance is making me do my writing assignment now. He just pushed me in front of the computer. This is my third time to try and do this thing. I'm really hoping that it works this time. It gets kind of frustrating. Jesse wants to read what I'm typing. He's making me nervous because I don't want him to read this, but I'm sure he'll figure some way to see it. He says that I don't trusthim because i don't want him to read it. I don't like loud noises, especially from things like vacuums. Jesse is vacuuming right now. I don't like it when people play music loud either. It just bothers me. I love Jesse, sometimes I just don't get what he expects from me. I am so tired. I haven't slept since I came to Austin. Thats probably because my bed is broken and no one has come to fix it yet. I'm really thirsty. I just walked back to campus from the capitol. Jesse bought me one of those glowing necklace things. September 11th makes me sad. I was is my chemisty class at Maypearl High School and the principal made an announcement for all of us to meet in the cafeteria. I didn't believe it at first. Why does Jesse always bug me. He likes to see how much he can annoy me. I love him, but I don't like to be bothered. I'm starting to get really sleepy. I don't want to go to class tomorrow. My freshman seminar should be a really easy class, but I don't do well speaking in front of people and I'm not very creative. I'm probably the least creative person on the planet. I want to go home. I can't wait until friday because I get to go home. Sometimes I think that I can't stand my family, but when I'm in Austin, I wish I was home with them. My roommate is out with some weird guy she met on the internet. I swear she's with a new one every day. I'm afraid something bad is going to happen to her. Raquetball is fun to play. Jesse and I were supposed to play yesterday, but we forgot. Its really hot in here. I'm usually always cold. My contacts are bothering me. I think I need to put in a new pair. I'm really thirsty. I wonder what other people are writing about. I've always wondered what other people think about. I wonder if people think as weird of things as me. Sometimes I think really weird things and have no idea why. I really like cranberry juice. Its pretty good. I need to clean my room. My roommate and I are both really messy. It looks pretty bad. I really like frogs. I have so much frog stuff. I feel like I've been typing forever. Time seems to be going incredibly slow. A Walk to Remember is a really good movie. Sometimes I miss working at the movies. but I hated working there too. I guess that's just the way it goes. My fish are pretty cool. There salt water fish and are very pretty. I don't like it when Jesse touches me in certain places. I just don't want to be touched there. It doesn't make me feel good. But if I say anything to him about it, he gets mad, and thinks that I don't love him and don't want to mess around with him, etc. I really don't feel good. My trashbags smell like vanilla. They smell pretty good without the trash in them. Three minutes left. Yay. Jesse freaks out over the strangest things, especially anything star trek. I don't like that show. I'm don't like most things that are sci-fi. I used to though, I'm not sure why I don't anymore. Time goes by really really slow. Work is boring. I never actually do much work. Making copies isn't exactly exciting. But I'm not exactly exciting anyways. I also have no sense of humor and can be incredibly boring at times. Yay!! I'm finally done. That took forever. ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_523940.txt, I'm tired but i want to go to sleep. im listening to music that i really like its new but i like it i like country and this isnt country music does something to me i can't explain it it gives me a feeling i can't decide what to do this weekend i really like to drink sweet tea in a nalgene i found it camp i like it there this weekend i can go camping but i don't know if i should go she talks to angels i want to stay in austin and hang out with some friends and i don't want to leave but i think i should go my roommates are gone eating they like to do fraternity stuff im not in a fraternity im not really the type for a frat but i think it would be good for me but i don't agree with some of the stuff that they do i can't really do a fraternity thats how it is im excited about next week i really like friends i like to spend time with people especially people i am close to i really like to just hang out with the guys i got so much sleep the other day and it was great im not tired today and i only slept four hours i don't want to do homework i fear growing up and going to work every day all i want to do is play golf and have a good time listen to music and not worry about responsibility but i don't think that can happen its not real i wish it could happen but it can't but life would be very boring if i did that so in a way i guess its good that i can't do that i like listening to really random music music that no one listens to i try to get people to get to listen to the music i listen to but they don't like it it frustrates me because i think i listen to good music a lot of the people are hypocrites they talk about how christian they are but they are not its almost a lie but who am i to judge i am wrong for that i don't like to eat the food it towers but i have to because i don't have enough money i wish i did though i really like to eat good food that is one of the only nice things that i like my shorts came in today and they were wrong i exchanged them it frustrated me i really want to play golf i havent played in a while and i want to play i want to get good really good i want to go back to camp it is fun there that is where many of my friends are from my room is messy and i need to clean it up but im just too lazy what am i going to do about this weekend i need to call austin i need to figure out who i am going to hang out with in college i need to find my group of friends i think that i have my group but i don't know if it is right for me i like this song it does something for me something intangible something awesome i can't explain it but it rules my high school friends did frats but i am the only one who didnt i wonder what that means i guess that i am different i know why but i wonder if they do they don't seem to understand my ways i different and i wish everyone would understand it but i don't know what to do i wish everyone could just figure it out we are all the same and different i don't like my schedule it sucks straight up i hate the smell of towers but i love sweet tea and golf making tea is awesome it gives me something to do and i like making it for other people i would like others to think that i am a good guy i don't know if that is good or bad i think i should be nice just for being nice but i want people to think that i am a nice guy i can't help it its just the way that i am and i guess that we all are I sometimes think that i like movie soundtracks they are good i like sweet tea its good my roommate doesnt like my music i like to play guitar its good ill brave your heart swiss watch bagpipes things like that nalgene bottle music rocks i need a new car but i don't know if i will get one whistling to music a texas hat and abercrombie shirt a chief perhaps my roommant tank he is gay according to my roommate i overuse that word chief but its a good word my roommate is acting like a chief he calls me a chief for calling people chiefs bob dylan rules but myy roommate is a chief for not liking him i want to play guitar but it is out of tune ,n,y,y,n,n

2002\_524226.txt," ever since my boyfriend got this new job as a community assistant in an apartment complex, it doesn't seem like he has any time left over to spend with me. also, since he is a higher rank in rotc, he is even busier. so i question. what's going to happen to us? i ask him over and over again and he just gets upset. what am i supposed to think? every time this happens, we end up in an argument and threaten to break up which really hurts. i mean, he can't play with my emotions like that. it's not fair that he can have me waiting for him and giving up all my other plans in the hope that maybe this time, he'll come see me or make plans with never happens. it's not fair how he can just have me on the side when it's convenient to him. why is is that he seems like a totally different person now. not the same from the guy that i met more than a year ago. how can someone just change overnight? i am upset that when he does come and see me, it's is timed cause he says he's trying to squeeze me into his busy schedule. it make me feel like i am in prison and getting visitation rights or something. relationships shouldn't be like that. it was never like that in the begining. but he says he's a different person now. he just called right now and hung up on me because i told him i couldn't talk cause i was doing this thing for the psychology class. he's mad. but what am i supposed to do? after all, the reason i am here, is to go to school and learn and stuff. if he expects me to understand everything he does why can't he understand that i need to do this thing. i feel like i'm gaining a little bit of weight and that bothers me a lot. yet, i'm too stubborn to get into a diet and too lazy to go excercise at the gym. i am sooooo stresed out. not just from the crap i have to put up with my boyfriend but also because of school work and the crap i have to put up to with work. work does not seem fun anymore. it was in the begining when i first started working there for more than a year ago. maybe because it was my very first job and i was getting paid more that i thought i would be. or maybe it was cause i'm new in town and was meeting lots of people then who are my age. but now, it seems like work is just a drag. maybe i'm jealous cause my boyfriend has this wonderful job or may be it's cause a lot of the people and managers that i started working with left to another state or for another occupation and just wanted to get away. i need the money that is why i am still working there. i applied at the hospital a couple of weeks ago but they haven't called me back or anything. then last week, i decided i wanted to volunteer at the children's hospital and when i called to inquire about it to see what i got to do, they told me that they were good. they were good? how can that be. they're a hospital. i thought they always needed help. and i was going to do some services for free. it's not like i was going to ask pay or anything. it was going to be free. my boyfriend's roomate's mom works there and the roomate had told me that he was going to ask his mom to give me a job and he did and she said that all i needed was to give her the hours that i can work. i mean, i can do that but it would be really awkward in my position because the mom is my boyfriends ex mom. i just didn't want to be in that position you know? and i really need to start working in the nursing field and get out of being a cashier at heb because that's my major, nursing. that's another thing i was worried about. what if i don't get accepted to nursing school next semester? then what am i going to do? maybe i can switch to pharmacy just like what my friend did. but i don't think it will be any easier or anything. it was funny because one of my friends from my apartment complex is also a pharmacy major and was sucking up really bad to his pharmacy teacher so he ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_524643.txt,"I wish that I could type more quickly, so that I would be able to follow my thoughts. I should take a typing class like don said he did. That makes me think of my trip to Mexico, look. there is a picture of that trip on my desk. I am glad that I got into san jac!Hopefully the spirits will accept me. Man, I forgot to put my name on the back of that picture. I hope that they do not disqualify me for that. I don't want to get rejected. I cannot believe that I got those scholarships. I am glad that I did, because Lauren did. I got more proportionally than she did. It shouldn't really matter. Well it does. I can hear the movie on behind me. I love the 80s movies like this one. I like the kevin Smith movies too. Jay and Silent Bob was disapointing. I liked Kate and Leopold. I wish that I could have true love. I do not think that I really believe in it any more. I want to, but I can not trust other people enough. I think that it is my father's influence. He always says that you can fall in love with anyone that you choose to love. I Hate that. I hate that he told me that so many times when I was young. I hate how my parents fight all the time. I hope that they do not get a divorce. That would be horrible for ray ray. Poor guy. I do not even know if Daddy cares about him. I know he loves him, but he does not really like him. I can try to make up for that. If we were orphans I would take care of him and lauren. I think that i wish that we were orphans sometimes. Just so that there was something worthwhile in my life. I have not done anything in y life. There is almost nothing different in the world because of me. This is a depressing line of thought. I should try to be happy. I always think that unhappiness is a weakness. Another gift from my dad. He does not even know that I think about that stuff. Xena is awesome. I wish that I had some kind of powers. I think I might be able to have paranormal dreams. Maybe I just want to so badly. I wish that magic was real. I would give alot to have some real magic in my life. I think that I am starting to doubt my faith. I do not feel very bad about it either. I stayed up till six am last night. I hope that I can sleep tonight. I am going home next weekend. Some people are not going home for a long time. Just at Thanksgiving. MMMM thanksgiving rules. I am glad that my family loves and misses me, and that I can miss them. I hope that I can meet alot of people while I am here. I want to be in love. I want to have adventure. And I want everyone to know it. I wish I could be famous, I wish I could be a hero. I hope that I am strong enough that I could be a hero. I am afraid that I am not strong enough. Should I keep acting strong, or be what i am. I am afraid that my friends will find out that I am not what I seem like. I wonder if they are really what they act like. I should not lie anymore. Not, actual lies, but weird ones. I love some of my friends. I used fatty. That is wrong. I have to be a better friend. I used her to make friends with her roomate. They do not like Teresa anymore for some reason. I hope that I do as well as I can here. Ihope that as well as i can do is enough. ",n,n,n,y,y

2002\_530975.txt," i hope that i can finish my genetics homework by the middle of this week. and i hope that i can somehow get in touch with my genetics teacher and TA. that's really important to me. i also wish that there was something like key club i could join. so that i could go do some community service. preferably with children. i love kids. they're so cute. today i saw some 1 and 2 year olds playing in the playground outside of church. they were so incredibley cute. ben knew right away that i wanted to take them home. whenever i say that, i'm not actually SERIOUS. i just meant that i wish i had some kids, even though i'm only 18 and i plan on staying in school for at LEAST another 6 years. plus the 3 years of residency after medical school. i hope i do well on my mcats. i should probably sign up for that class at the princeton review. either that or i need to start taking time out in my day to practice in my mcat book. and i'm almost positive that i'm going to make it into medical school. there's almost no doubt in my mind. although there is a little, because of some of the statistics that people have been telling me. something about how only 200 people from UT make it into medical school a year. i wonder if it matters that i'm not using hardly any proper grammer or punctuation marks. i almost forgot how to spell punctuation. i used to be a really good speller. and my vocabulary used to FANTASTIC. seriously. it's gone down though, because i just don't read as much. i wish i did. i wish i've read alot of books that daniel has, then we'd have more in common. he's so much like jenny's daniel that it's freaky. they look alike, talk alike, and they even act alike! alike. same. my asian american studies teacher says that those words don't mean the same. i just used that word to describe itself. i'm pretty sure that that's not right, but i guess there's nothing i can do about it. janet's been gone for an hour now. it's alway so lonely without her in the room, but i don't mind it so much. that way, i can actually get some work done. not that i don't get anything done when i'm with her, but obviously she'd be a distraction. and since i get distracted so easily, the less people to talk to, the better. am i supposed to just stop typing at exactly 20 minutes? or will the screen change for me? and what's the point of this anyways? i wasn't in the first class, so i don't have any clue what this is for or if it's a grade. and now i'm listening to some weird music that i downloaded. i guess it really isn't weird, i've just never heard it before. it's kind of like rap. or a mix of some sort. interesting. it keeps repeating i'm a freak, it's a little annoying. hopefully the words will change. if they don't in. 15 seconds. i'll change the song myself. oh what do you know, now it's adding like 3 more words or something. hahaha. does it count that i typed myself laughing? does that even make sense? oh goodness, i'm changing this song. it's getting to me. AHAHAHA. as soon as i finished typing that, the song ended. that was pretty funny. wow, i've already been typing for 10 minutes. i guess i shouldn't be surprised, i don't ever have a problem just rambling on. my back hurts from hunching over, so now i'm sitting up really straight. i like the rain, except that i don't like the humidity. i just thought of that because i looked out the window and it's getting dark. well, it should be getting dark anyways, because it's almost 8. speaking of the time, why hasn't andy called me? he said he'd call me when he went to go eat dinner today. he always does that. i miss hanging out with andy and ben so much. they're always doing their own thing now, and i guess that's a sign that i need to go out and make my own new friends. but i just like hanging out with them, you know? and i like their friends. especially daniel. i'm always wondering what he's thinking; that boy is so quiet. i wish i knew what he thought of me. i really really wish that andy and ben were more. what's the word? protective? of me. i'd really like it if they called me to do things with them, or just to hang out with them when they're not doing anything. that would make me so happy. i haven't seen thi tran in a week. i wonder what she's up to? i should have called her, but i don't know why i didn't. i had a headache like 20 minutes ago, but after all this random writing and stuff, i've almost forgotten about it. i want to watch some disney movies. i haven't seen one of those in a LONG time, and they're all so great. i saw part of harry potter yesterday. i love that movie. i talked to daniel though, and he said that he likes the book better than the movie. which i guess is true. book to movie translations are never good. my phone just rang. some lady wanted to know if i had any junior girls and senior boys in my family or something. i have no idea what for. something about research. that was strange. tonight i'm going grocery shopping with janet and steven. she really likes steven. and he really likes her; i've been telling her that all week. it seems that me and janet are really going to get along. i hope so. i love her so much; she's so much fun. oh yeah, so about the book to movie translations. i HATED the count of monte crist movie. the new one that is, i've never seen the old one. i mean, the book is my most favorite in the world, and in the movie they had to go screw around with things. and they left out alot of GREAT parts too. it made me so sad that i cried. priscilla and stephanie and josh thought i was funny when that happened. ben and andy were watching black hawk down when we were in the other theater. it's funny how i remember little things like that, but it takes a bit more for me to remember the things that i need to. for example: things i need to do, what to study, things i've studied. and my 20 minutes are almost up. there's 30 seconds or so left. so i suppose that this is the end of my writing assignment. i hope this is sufficient. or i'm going to feel silly. oh well. no time to change it now. BYE! ",y,n,n,n,y

2002\_534467.txt," I really don't konow waht to write about and I have already misspelled like a lot of words because i am a horrible typer. Man i type slow. I havent done anything all day adnd it has been quite great. I was in this exer experiment and a it was totally boring. It was called I'm on fire , but it had nothing to do with fire. I sat in a little room. You know for days I have been thinking to myself about e what I was going to write on my paper and actually it is a lot easier than i thought. We read Faulker senior year and we had to write in the stream of con science so that is why I am not correcting my mistakes because she won't let us . She said it would stop our train of thought. The people next to us have to loudest music. I am in my room adnd I can totally hear the music perfectly. Good thing that they listen to music I like. Twenty minutes is actually a real long time because I have been typing for awhile and it is like only 2 minutes in to the thing. I think I miss hiome. I am from a small town and Austin is huge. It is different a,and I do like it. I get sick of people asking me though. Do you like it here ! I mean I have only been living here for what like a two week time period adn already they expect me to know if I enjoy it. I haven't even gotten out and done that much. Is gotten a word. Oh well! I really feel weird in some of my class too. I mean I graduated with 171 people and that seemed real big to me. I knew everyone and it was nice. I came to UT because I wanted something different. i wonder who is at the door. I t is John. He owes me money. He is from Paris too. Oh I'm rich i got ten dollars that is sad. Bye John ! It was our friends birthday adnd and we spilt how much we gave him. I gave ten adnd John gave ten. Anyway this is boring. I thought this would go by much faster. My room mate Valerie types fast. I can hear her as she talks on AOL messenger. I moos every time she pushes return. That is a little annoying , and I think it is funny because she laughs at the screen. I know she is laughing at what someone is saying , but it is funny. What am I going to wear tonight to my Lonestar meeting. I want to look nice ,but not too nice you know. I am talking to this computer like it is a person and not where I do assignments. I am also typing like I talk and not how I write which is a little weird. I think it is funny because I'll be typing one thought and another thought will pop in my mind. Last night my Kiddie Lit class was fun. She read us children's books which is awsome. I think it would be cool to write a children's book adn draw pictures for it. My hands look funny when I type because I have to hunt and peck. I took a typing class one summer ,but it didn't help. That sucks because I paid money to learn how to type. MOO MOO is all I hear and that does get old. I hope JHohn did not think I was rude since I didn't stop typing. I bet he understood because I said it was for school so he probably doesnt mind. I wish I had one of my mom's cookies. She is mailing me and my friends away at school cookies. She said she put them in the mail today. My room mate is funny. She makes funny sounds like EEK and eats foods I have never seen before. Oh Well. I typed my mom an email today to give her a bible verse because she sends me one everyday. My room mate just left to go to class. I am glad I do't have class today. I hate grammer. i never know where to put a comma dn and when I stop to type a word with a comma or some form of puntuation, I forget what i was going to say. Hey you can back space on this and correct mistakes. Oh well to late now. One of the girls in class said she backed spaced and had to start over , so i thought you couldn't do it. It is weird I just now wrote down that you could back space when i just backed space like forever ago and didn't think anything of it. I am thinking nothing. Is that possible? I did not think your mind could just quit working like that , but it is possible to be blank I guess. Well, I like this assignment. it does not require that much thought. That beep on her clock really hurts my ears . It is like a dog whistle i think. I can't hear a dog whistle ,but is what I think one probably sounds like. I wish I could meet more people. At my school back home I know everyone. i am the funny loud girl ! Here though I am all quiet. I wonder why? It might be that I have known the people at home for a long time , so I am comfortable around them enough to be crazy and be be me. Here though I don't know any one and I think i actually smile less. Is that normal ? I hope so or not . It really doesn't matter since that is just the way it is . I keep thinking about this boy too. I guess I'll write about it. i have been trying not to think of him, but I can't help it so here it goes. There is a guy here that is like eight years older than me who is from my town. He is like best friends with my cousin, Will. They both decided to come to UT, but Will has already finished and Jobie hasn't. Oh my I said his name and I hope no one sees this. This is kind of like a journal which is weird to me. If people read my real journal they would think I was crazy because I only write in it when I am mad usually. I write sometimes when I am sad or happy, but I usually write or draw when I am mad. i was mad at my ex boyfriend one time and I drew this crazy picture. He saw it and said the person on it all beat up was probably him. He was trying to be smart to one of his friends or funny. Whatever he thinks he is. Sometimes I wonder if I still like him a bit even though I should not because he is a liar and a cheater. We used to be best friends before we went out. Don't ever date your best friend because it always ends up bad. I thought he wouldn't cheat on me even though he has cheated on other girls. i thought he wouldn't because he would have respect for me. i think it is funny that every time I write the word respect that I have to sing the song to get it right. Oh well I guess he didn't have any respect for me though because he did. That is wierd that I can still get mad about this and it has almost been a year since we broke up. I'm glad that we did though even though at the time it sucked. Matthew Cass is fine. Where did that come from. Both my ex boyfriend and Cass go to my church ,so it does kind of make sense that that thought popped in my head. Haha! I have liked Matt since the 4th grade when he lived down the street, but then he dated my sister. THey are the same age. She was like 12 ,and she broke up with him by playing an Ace of Bass song. That is like froever and a day ago. That is weird what you remember. I can like hear the people around me. these walls are super thin. The guys above us do the weirdest things like they make weird noises. It sounds like they are taking golf balls and dropping them on the floor. It is weird. They do it at random hours in the night to which is always funny but annoying I think. Most of my friends are guys so I don't find their stupid things that annoying because I would probably do it too. i am not like a tom boy or anything though. Hey i only have like five mintues though. My two guy friends that came with me down here joined a frat , so we don't really get to hang out as much as we used to. They are at some party getting drunk or on some camping trip. before we came down here , we all agreed we didn't want to go Greek ,but I guess they changed hteir minds. It doesn't like make me mad or anything it is that I feel a little left out sometimes. It is not their fault. i don't really want to go to the parties though because I don't drink. Is parties with and i or an s ? Oh well! I don't know about going Greek. I mean I am sure it would be fun ,but I am not sure it is for me. Sometimes I think I am too fat to join a soroity because all you see is really small girls pledging. It is like trying out for cheerleader. i am not huge or anything. I used to be though. I lost like sixty pounds in high school, but I am still fairly a big girl. I look a lot better than I used to though. My sister has just lost weight and now she calls me fat and tells me I should lose more. She doesn't always come out and say it , but she will poke me or laugh or tell me that i can have her old clothed because they are WAY to small for her. She says they would fit me because I AM SO MUCH BIGGER. That makes me so mad. I wear a 12 usually and that is not that big. Marlyin Monroe wore a 12 and people thought she was beautiful. i am real curvy like her too , so some clothes look funny and it can be hard finding the right fit. It will either fit in the boobs and be too big every where else or fit every where else and be too small in the boobs. Oh well I really don't care because I usually wear blue jeans and a shirt from the goodwill. I love that store. Sometimes you can find the cutest little shirts in there and save money. I haven't shopped in awhile though because now I am a poor college student. I like college though it is different than high school in a good way. The professor here are so funny because they can say what they feel and classes aren't that hard. i am almost finished because I have like 20 seconds left. I thought I would never finish and my fingers would fall off. I tried to write fast at the end ,but now time is up , so I better quit. ",y,y,n,y,n

2002\_536911.txt,"Well, you can tell it's Friday because there is no one in this computer lab. I'm very tired and ready to go to my car and go home. I don't know why I am so tired because I didn't do anything last night. I just got finished with my communications class. I am kind of worried about the interview because I'm not really an expert on anything. And we have to dress up. I walk around this campus all day and get gross, hot and sweaty. I don't want to dress up. My parter is little genius boy with a plan II and finance major. That kind of depresses me because I like to think of myself as smart, but everyone elses major seems much harder than mine. It's still a lot of work, but I just don't think I am as smart as I used to be. I am supposed to go home this weekend, but just don't feel like driving for two hours. Then next week we are going to Louisiana for Dad's birthday. Corey is thinking about going and I just know that Mom is going to cause a big stink about us staying in the same room. And then what if they don't like Corey. I know they won't like the earrings and they'll think he's too old and he works at the bar. It's just one thing after another. Never ending. I gave the lady that hit me the estimates for the damage. six hundred or fifteen hundred dollars. Which one would you choose? That's another thing. I just got my car back, barely had it for two months, and some country club bitch that can't drive has to hit me. I don't even care about my car anymore. I don't feel like waiting for it to get fixed. I used to obsess about my car, but too many things have happened to it. Today is Friday the 13th. Kind of spooky. Sometimes I am more superstious than other times. I still want a black cat thought. Wednesday was the Sept. 11 World Trade Center anniversary. It was a sad time of course, but I'm getting tired of thinking and hearing about it. I know we just can't forget about it because it's on every t. v. and every newspaper cover every time you turn around, but I think people are too worried about it. I know I was somewhat scared that something was going to happen on wednesday. Rory keeps calling me and I haven't answered the phone yet. I feel bad because he keeps saying that he just wants to see how I'm doing and if everything is going o. k. , but I really know what he wants. Booty call. It's a good thing to still have those connections, but I so over that right now. Right now I'm into Corey and I don't want to do anything to hurt him. I've already done that enough. I'm still shocked that he was married. I knew it in the back of my mind, but now that he admitted it, it's different. That was such a long time ago. When he was 20 years old. I was in the seventh or eighth grade. Sometimes you just have to make mistakes and learn from them. David wants me to call him this weekend while I'm home. I might. I'm not sure about that either. He's a great friend, but he tries to hard sometimes. Of course, I have't told him that I'm seeing any one either. We'll see how that goes. I'm really worried about my essay for my art history class too. I haven't read any of the book yet. It's a really boring book, but I have to do it. Add it to the list for this weekend. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_537905.txt," It's 11:30 and my roommates still aren't up. Do I like them? Do I hate them? It's goes back and forth. I'm sure they have their good qualities, but damnit - it's 11:30. I am now feeling the sensation of eye drops in my eye, and dripping down my cheek. I have pink eye - who gets pink eye except little kids? I guess I do. Thinking, what am I thinking. I am hoping I do not gain weight at college! Last night was fun, it's nice to meet new people even though some of them were scary! I can't believe that guy got beat up! I hope I don't fail out of college in my first semester. Rumor has it, at UT they give you the first full year - then it's tough luck. We'll see. Maybe my homesickness will vanish before it majorly appears if I m home after a year. Home - I hate home. No I don't, I love it. But some of the people I had to escape. Andrew, I thought I loved him! He loved me! What the hell happened? Why won't he try to talk to me? I'm not a bad person - or am I? Jesus, I tell you - I just don't have a plesant history with the men. I need to brush my teeth. The Raisin Bran was really nice though - I can still taste it. It doesn't taste as good when the morning breath is mixing with the flavor of such sweet cereal. I wonder what my brother is doing. What my friends are doing, what my parents are doing! I hope everyone is OK. I hope my parents are doing well. I hope they're adjusting to having no kids at home. I really miss them, they're the best. I have to do well here for them. I wonder if they'd let me move back in with them. I could do housework or yardwork for room and board - sure, they'd like that. No work for them, just plesant little Beth home again. No, I'll do fine. It's up to me to do what I need to do. I wonder who's going to read this. I wonder what they'll think of me. I hope I don't have psychopathic tendencies! That would be great - there's that girl Beth, PSYCHO! Haha, I wonder if that's what people think of me now. ISn't it funny you can go through life and never know what another person is thinking? I mean, sure, you can say you know - but the bottom line is you never really will. That's so crazy. Most of the time I don't even know what I'm thinking! Wow, this world is really crazy. This assignment is making me philosophical. I kind of like it. Do I sound like a genius? Oh, IMs are popping up. How nice it is to be able to speak to people over the internet. It's kind of sad though. I'd much rather talk on the phone - or would I? I suppose it, like everything, has it's ups and downs. I wonder what Andrew is doing now. If he's met a new girl. Or even if he's hooking up with my friends. Or should I say, friends . Craziness. You think you know a person. What am I talking about? I knew him for four days. But he'd never had a history of being an ass. I wonder what'll happen when I go home. WIll anything? Everything happens for a reason. I'll just keep believing that. I wonder what tests I'll get into for this class. I'm interested in the experiments. Hmmm. I am tired. I can't smell a damn thing. Or can I? That smell of nothingness. Is that even something? It has to be, otherwise it wouldn't be there. Yes, I am smelling nothingness. It's not too bad. It would be awesome if nothingness had a wonderful smell, like cherries, or fruit. But then I wouldn't appreciate the smell of those things otherwise, so I suppose nothingness is better. Wow, God was smart. He had it all planned out. I wonder if he's watching me now. I hope I'm not disappointing him. Sometimes I think I'm a disappointment. But, I'm not so bad I guess. My roommates are still sleeping. Who are these people? Am I a bitch? I can't help it - they're nothing like me. NOt that that's bad, but we share nothing in common. I wonder if they hate me. That would be funny. Another story to tell the kids. Crazy Beth and the roommates that hated her. I am so weird. I am so tired. I will go to the gym. I will lose weight so I will go home and be sexy and hot. No, I'm not doing it to go home, I'm doing it for me. I want to be confident. I wonder what it's like to be confident. My stomach is grumbling. Wow, along with smelling nothing, I am hearing nothing. Well, that's not true - aside from the clicking of the keyboard I am hearing something similiar to silence. Even though it's not silence - there are faint sounds of insects shirping and doing their things, but it's close to silence. Or is it? I don't think I've ever heard, or experienced silence. You can't hear silence can you? If a tree falls and no ones around to hear it, does it make a sound? How the hell am I supposed to know?! I would like to sit down and have a little chat with God one of these days. Maybe I should go to church more often. Well, maybe I should go to church period. But I've been before and it never answered my questions. It just made me wake up earlier. I used to be scared of Church. I think I was 10 years old and questioning my existence - is that healthy? I know it made me different. Wow, I am an interesting person. I'm so suprised that I've typed to this extent. I hope all goes well and I get credit. I really like this psychology stuff. 500 people in a class - that's crazy. And I know no one. I will meet people. I can't imagine standing and talking in front of 500 people for an hour and a half. Jesus. I don't know if I could stand up for an hour and a half let alone talk that long. 20 seconds. That's all I have. Well, God Bless America. God Speed. ",y,y,y,n,y

2002\_538120.txt," let's see. i love him? maybe. he told me he loved me, well, that he liked falling in love with me. wow. this is new. i love being held by him. i miss him when i'm not with him. i think about him when we're not together. i don't know what to tell him. nothing needs to be said though. we like each other. love may come, develop, whatever. it's a good feeling to know that you are loved, not having family and old friends nearby. he makes me feel like i am at home. now that i do have a new home, up in oklahoma. speaking of which, he said he wanted to come with me when i go up. wonder what the parents will say??? oh well, nich likes him and i know they will too. he's hard not to like. so busy, not enough time. should i stay home this weekend to spend more time with him or is that trying too hard? what's trying to hard though, if my feelings are this strong then it shouldn't matter whether or not i try to be with him. obviously he has the same feelings, he only called me every day like five times in the past couple days since he has been busy with his fraternity business. ahh, the good old fraternities. i wish i would have rushed, but then again i am glad i didn't. there is always next year. wonder if it is more difficult to get in as a sophomore?? we shall see. i mean, i don't think greek life is that important. but aparently to some it is. i guess i need to make more friends that are girls. i really do want to become more involved as well. it's just the whole rushing process that i wouldn't like. the getting all dressed up and basically trying to impress some girls. not to mention the fact it seems like competition. one of my not-so-favorite things. i don't really understand it all. i just couldn't be fake like i know some girls are. why bother? i mean, be who you are if they don't like that, then what on earth are you doing? there's no reason for them not to like me. i can't decide whether it's an acceptance thing or not. i don't think i am scared of being rejected. sure in a sense i am. but i think i would take it better if others didn't have to know. i like the perks with a sorority, they seem fun. a lot of time commitment though. i guess i just think that i would see him more often if i were in a sorority, if not that, then i would be just as busy as he is. i mean, i have lots to do now, probably should be doing even more. but still. it's different. poor erik, i wonder if he is still bitter towards his parents about not letting him pledge. it suprised me when my mom said they would pay for it. does she realize the cost? i know she really wants me to get involved as well though. well, i guess i can just ask casey and lauren and other girls how it is. that is if they can say. blah blah blah. nothing on my mind. oh i wonder if lk got the tickets to the live concert. i want to go. but it's such a hassle to drive to katy and back. plus i would probably miss a few classes. let's see, that friday is my homecoming. haha. won't that be great. very unusual for sure, but it will be fun to see everyone. i wonder if they have changed. i know i have. i mean, i haven't seen these people since may. coming here over the summer was one of the most life-changing experiences. strange enough to say, it is very true. i met so many good friends. i met my baby, who. i love. . yeah about that. we've been together for sometime now and he is seeming to settle more or less. which i might add, i thought could never happen. ok, but hold on, we're like 18, no settling allowed. yeah he asked if i would marry him. that was funny, jokingly, luckily. haha. no, funny thought to think about though. marriage. ahh. i really can't wait, no can wait, but i look forward (much better wording) to having a family. i want a happy family and a loving father/ husband. wow, i wonder what guys think about this stuff. i never used to even care about family and husband and future stuff. but since he came along and we've been together. it just makes ya think. good thoughts, nothing too serious. man i love him though. i hope he knows. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_538196.txt," So right now I'm trying to hold myself together. I have so much on my mind that its actually a relief to do this assignment even though its holding my back from a deadline. I recently tryed out for Texas Sirits and shockingly I made the first cut. Wow, out of 300 girls I was one of the eighty to be chosen. THe bad news is that I have to do another creative project which equals time and money, two things that are in low supply right now. I hate money. People always say, money can't by you happiness but I beg to differ. If you have money then you don't have to worry about finding a place you can afford that isnt 10 miles away from campus, or where you're next meal is comming from. It really is the little things for me though. I would like that extra size ice-cream. or another UT t-shirt. However, Mr. Budget steps in {A good friend of my dads} and prevents me from enjoying the extra perks of life. I'm sure I'll look back some day and laugh or maybe this is just one of those challenges in a certain stage of our lives life. Maybe if all the college kids were well off it would disrupt the order of the world. Ramen Noddeles would go out of bussines. Taco Bell would close down. And sadly second hand stores would be no more. Wow i really need to finish my project! Its due in a couple of min. I feel like I'm allways rushing around. My life is one big traffic jam. How is this? maybe I take on too much. But other people take on just as much if not more and they seem in control. I wonder if people think I'm in control? Ha that would be the greatest prank of the decade! OK is ths almost over cause i really got to go. . yes almost. ",y,y,y,y,y

2002\_552990.txt,"Today I got a new washer and dryer. I know this is kind of corny to write about, but I am so excited. I won't have to use the laundry room for the apartment complex anymore, because now � have my own washer and dryer. It cost one dollar to wash and one dollar to dry, in the wash room. My clothes didn't event come out dry. I was so pissed. I am very very thankful for my parents. I would not have this BRANDNEW washer and dryer if it were not for them. God has truly blessed us as a family. My family is a strong, close family. They are always there for me and my sisters no matter what happens. Right now my nieces and nephew ar living with my mom and dad. My sisters are in the Navy,so their children stay with my parents. My mom loves it, but I know it is very hard on her. It is hard on me when I go home to visit. I never get any rest. I am always up around 7:00 in the morning. Someone is always crying at one time or another. Especially Zac, he cries around three in the morning when everyone is asleep. I love going home, but man I get so happy when it is time for me to com back to Austin. This typing thing is going by pretty slow. I swear I have been on here for ten minutes already. I don't even know what else to type about. I could type about my ex-fiance, that would take more than twenty minutes. I am still paying for my foolishness behind him. We were together for a long time, then he proposed. yeah, that same old traditional, only the right way to go kind of things. Anyway, we were together for a long time, about 2 yrs. He proposed in front of my whole family on Dec. 23, which happened to be the day my family celebrated Christmas that yeat. I cried, I said yes . Then all of the drama started, he wanted ot hang out with his friends all of the time , and I just got tired of all of the foolishness. I guess he got tired of all of it too. SO, he broke up with me. I cired for a little while, but my mom helped me out a lot. She told me, Every woman has her heart broken at least one time, and baby this is your time . I didn't want to believe it but it was true. I faced the facts, picked up my heart and moved on. It's not time yet!!!!!!!!!!!!! Ghosh the insanity. I guess I will type really slow so time will go by really fast. I never knew twenty minutes would take this long. Time flys by when you're having fun. I guess this is not one of those times. I'm almost there though. I wonder what everyone else wrote about. You know, I feel like I'm talking to myself or some kind of imaginary friend. This seems so funny. Well I guess I'll take these last few minutes to say my goodbyes. I'm just playing, wasn't that funny. No, I didn't think so either. It's only 9:57, I thought it was eleven o'clock. I did that eleven o'clock to waste time. TWO MORE MINUTES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I can almost see the light at the end of the tunnel. It's so delightful. I guess my fingers needed the workout. Poor fingers. Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm what to do, what to do . 10, 9, 8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1, ",n,n,y,y,y

2002\_556484.txt," WEll college is something i was definetly not prepared for. In high school we got by, by showing up and doing work every now and then inorder to pass the class, but now that i am attending the University of Texas, I go to class because i payed for it and because i want a future. So far in the during these 2-3 weeks of school i have been trying to keep up with the readings, one way is by perchasing the books, which by the way have been giving me back problems. Which leaves me to consider that perhaps I should buy one of those rolling back packs. The readings so far have been tough to keep up with, because so far i have found that if it isn't interesting i will intend to forget what i just read, unintentionally of course. Although some chapters, here and there, in this class and that class, have been rather interesting. I really hate the food i must eat while i am on campus. Always relying on fast food is disgusting. A person could only take hamburgers, french fries, chicken nuggets, tacos, and even sandwiches for so long. Which is why i am so thankfull that i don't live in a dorm. I have no idea what i would do if i had to eat out everyday. Because not only is it not healthy, but so far eatting on campus is burning a hole in my pocket, not to mention the books that are costly and the longhorn souveniers i can't help to buy. The peole i have met so far all live in dorms around the campus, which also makes me feel left out. All they talk about is parties they have gone to and will go to together now that they know someone else on campus that lives in the same dorm as them. My classes are a bit overwhelming as much as the readng is concerned, but trying to make sure i pass my classes is what worries me the most. I believe i can do though. I have not been able to sleep sonstantly though. I wake- up at 6:30 am inorder to get ready and to take my sister to school. She, for some reason won't consider taking the bus, so once i drop her off around 7:20 am i am off to UT. Once i arrive on campus the time is 8 am, and i meet a friend for breakfast. Our first class doesn't begin until 10 am but the hastle of finding parking escalates as the morning goes on. By the time i leave the time is my class is over the time is 5pm and i get home at 6 pm, and this is where i find myself so exhausted that all i want to do is sleep. But i realize i must read a chapter for Rhetoric or one of my other classes that i stay up until 12am, and once again i only get about 6 hours of sleep. This system is not working for me, feeling drained of energy, having back pains and wanting to sleep all the time does not sound like what people lead me to believe what college was all about. I see movies and tv sitcoms, about the joys of college, how it is the best time of a persons life. Makeing new friends, going to parties, and going through new experiences, but so far as a freshman i have hardly had any time to dao any of the above. Actually all i have done so far is meet people in classes, which i tend to lose by the next class day, since the classes i have are so large. I don't even have time for old friends, but i know they hardly have time for me either, because of jobs and school. This makes me happy that i don't have a boyfriend as well, because when i did all my time seemed to go to spending it with him, and a realtionship is what i have no time for. ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_578490.txt,"Man, i have to do this writing assignment. what a waste of time. i could be sleeping right now. i am so tired. stupid 8:00 classes. i don't want to go to class anymore. that door is really loud. i wonder if the cleaning woman is done cleaning the bathroom. i really have to go. oh well, i can wait 20 minutes. i wonder why 20 minutes is so relative to this assignment. sigh. i can't think of anything to type. pretty blank right now. what's on tv. looks like some big guy doing a hefty exercise. OH MY GOD! that guy's huge! picking up kegs. that's strength, right there. i wish is was that strong. that would be really cool. too bad it takes forever to develop that. results would be nice. all that working out at the gym. that's a nice looking road. oh, union pacific. oh, lindsay's responding to my aim. she fell asleep. figures. she's always tired. why am i so bitter about this breakup. i mean we said we were going to be friends. if we're friends then why do i find myself mad at her all the time. i think she doesn't like being around me anymore, despite what she says. girls are so complicating. she could at least be up front about it if she didn't want to hang out anymore. i think this whole ordeal is destroying our chances of getting back together. whatever. i miss her though. or is it her that i really miss? maybe i just miss having a girlfriend. someone to hold and appreciate. i wonder if. what are you talking about josh. whatever. where was i. oh yeah, girlfriends. world's strongest man. raise your hand, you kow it. raise your hand. damn, this tv's too loud. i can't think. raise your hand. 100 percent. if you're sure. chicken tenders. kick out of dinner tonight. tonight on sports center. what makes realationships so complicated. i see my other friends who are couples and they appear to be fine. steven and katy look like they'rein love with each other. that'll never last. steven't shouldn't be treated like that. and katy needs someone more independent, not a luzy hobo. whatever. at least they have a relationship. man, jeff's got it good. he just picks up girls so easily. people like to be around him. plus he's got erin back home he can go back to for some loving. i miss loving. those were some good days. that's prob why things never worked out with lindsay. she prob wanted something more in the relationship. but what? i always took her out on dates. . made her feel special. and i slip up one time on my birthday. damnit. why did i have to act that way. i hate when i do that. but one mistake was all it took for thing to go sour. pennebaker?. yeah that's his name. uh. damnit! i'm so bitter. i really should cool down if i'm ever going to get back in another relationship. who knows how long that'll be. there's a couple girls in band. my gracious! they are hot! that would be some sweet loving there i must say. but then there's the guilt of lindsay. there's a neverending trap. what if she still wants back into the relationship? i know she told sarah that it's a possibility later on this year, but should i really wait for her? did she really mean that much to me? of course she did, or i would've broke up with her a long time ago. but why do i feel differently now? what makes now so different than the past. i guess things get old over time, and changes must be made. looks like i took the first step by breaking up. i guess i should just move on. we'll see. oh, time's up. oh but i can still write. hmm. well i guess i'm done. i want to sleep before band practice anyway. man, why do we have to go off campus. they make things so difficult. ",y,y,y,y,y

2002\_584034.txt,"Wow. I reall don't like the color scheme of this page. It looks kind of gay. Oh well. hmmm, I better not diss the webpage, I might get a bad grade. I hope Mr. Pennebaker, doesnt read this one. hmmm. is that how you spell it? p-e-n-n-e-b-a-k-e-r. sounds right to me. I wonder what kind of name that is. i mean like where its from. im not very good with names. i only have 4 classes and i still don't know all of my professors names. i like the way my dorm room looks. i decorated it yesterday. someone told me its important to get to know each of my professors on a personal level. that sounds good because thats what i want to do anyway. i usually enjoy classes better when i have a personal relationship with the teacher or lecturer. psychology sounds cool too. pretty much what i envisioned it as. like the topics we cover and stuff. im excited. oh man, i got a lot of work to do today. i need to get done with my computer science assignment. whens it due? hmm, i think its next friday. but i want to get an early start so ill do that when im done with this. i hope rachel and i get back together. it ticks me off now that shes with that matt kid. hes such a dork too. oh well. its funny because i really am over her, its just sad because i know shes really the most perfect person for me I've ever found. its amazing how she admits that too, just isnt attracted to me in that way. oh well. i am over her, it just sucks sometimes because i get all ticked off when i think about the mistake she made. i hope tennis is on tv later, theres a rain delay right now. haha, blake almost beat hewitt. that was tight. too bad he didnt, i really wanted him to. man, only 6 minutes are up. yawn. hmm, i need to check out some more of the places to eat around here. I've been hangin out with a lot of upperclassmen, and they have several suggestions. i really liked the hot wings from pluckers. im going to try to find that place later and check it out. angel is a cool guy. i can't wait till tennis tonight with him and that other guy. i need to give nathan a call sometime too. that was fun playing volleyball at the jester party thing. about volleyball, hmmm. i need to talk to angel and finish getting our team together for the intramural stuff. i need to sign up for everything else too. hmm, should i talk to amanda or ericka about the mixed doubles tournament. maybe ill just find a new girl to play with, the tennis club starts up soon enough im sure there will be someone there. we'll see. im still tired. i got in pretty late last night and had to wake up pretty early to get some work done. hunter had the tv on early so i couldnt sleep anymore. grrrr. oh well, ill live. i guess i needed to get this stuff done. i hope my shoulder gets better soon. its been a long time since i hurt it. i need to play ping pong with barney later. . or maybe with cabo and whats his name. mark? yeah, i think its mark. haha, it was funny yesterday when hunter thought the sticker on my computer was a magnet. that would be stupid of me. especially as a CS major haha. i hope i get to use my alarm sometime. usually i just get woken up by other people walking around in the morning. gosh i wish nat would stop bothering me about everything. i can't be working with him anymore, im in college. . guess he just doesnt seem to understand that. hunter just put on the texas fight song or eyes of texas or whatever. reminds me of the game last night. man we schooled north texas bad! we had a pretty bad second half though. oh well. i hope i get to go to the A&M game. id like to go to the OU game but its in Dallas so id have to find a ride. that shouldnt be much trouble though. i guess the main hard part would be getting tickets. my feet are cold. man that was sad in the ESP seminar the other day. . i couldnt remember how to do half the calculus stuff i was so awesome at in high school. i mean, what happened? i was the star calculus student at the academy. . oh well, itll come back to me. i guess i should study some more later, just to refresh. i wrote it on my things to do list but im not positive ill make myself do it. man, im getting those sleepy eyes you get when you stare in front of a computer and type for a long time. great assignment mr pennebaker -\_- just kidding. im still just so tired from last night. that movie was tight though. enemy at the gates. my dad would like that, ill email him later tell him about it. haha, someone was telling me. oh, austin, austin was telling me about this guy that gets a monitor tan lol. he just sits in front of the computer all day and night. austin says he glows. hahaha. he needs to get out more. oh man, austin is a really funny guy. mayo ice cream with french fry chunks. haha. angel food, itll send you to heaven lol haha. that was great. i need to IM him soon and talk to him. hes so funny. haha marsha is cool too. ill meet up with her later to play bball. ahhh, need to do laundry. completely forgot. i guess i could do that today or tomorrow. i need to think of something else to transition. i just say oh well all the time and im sure its revealing some deep psychological secret or something. oh well. AHH, again. stop it. ok, less than 3 minutes left. what else what else. hunter is on the phone, hes been on all morning. i had to call nat a couple times. i hope his site works out. novotrix will probably die off though. TAC will be ok though i think. as long as he gets the snakes in he keeps saying he will. hmm, hunter is talkin to some girl. i can hear him on the phone. probably his girlfriend or whoever that girl is on all the pictures on his board by his bed. coach moore was a good coach. wow that was random. i should go visit the ridge for regionals this year, but i probably won't be able to. at least ill be there for state since im already here. ahh, times runing out. im trying to type faster, why am i doing that. i should ask on the message bored. jeez. that really is wierd. time is running out and i feel nervous or something and really rushed. everytime the second digits change i feel something in my stomach. ",n,n,y,y,y

2002\_593941.txt," So, I'm supposed to be wtiting something. hmmm, looks like blank for now. that lady at the library help desk is really talking fast, or maybe i'm. i can't believe my sister didn't call me back, we were supposed to go grocery shopping. i keep hitting the back slash butten and then i have to stop and delete it. la dee da. biology note. now that woman can talk fast. she's just out of school too. and she has a good job. hope i can find a good job once i get out of school, of course that first means that i have to get out of school . when ever that is. nice pants. actually never, i don't really like heather grey. my mom always says that makes me look washed out. whatever that means. blank. another blank. i hope that the timer on this computer doesn't go out berfore the writing assignment timer goes out. writing assignment. library online. i have so much work to do. . wendy's that's sounds goood. i;m wearing a lot of blue. i always wear a lot of blue. . blue pen, blue spiral, blue notepad, blue mouse pad, even the E for internet explorer is blue. too much blue. hmmmmmmmm. keep writing don't stop. this will be jam packed. oh yeah. i wonder what tthis is for too. oops mispelled this. should i go back and change it. ha ha , when i type i saay everything so slowly. at least i haven't mispelled more words. finally got my bracelet back. Ben. that was wierd seeing him again. what was even more wierd was seeing him wearing my bracelet. jerk off. oh, i wonder if it ws okay for me to say jerk off in this writing assignment, oh well, too late. finish button. can't wait to click on you. i crack my knuckles a lot. i hope i don't get arthritis. that would be a nice addition to the collection of future annoyances. hey that guy ws kind of cute. never mind! he turned around. mark is cute. yes he is. i wish he would call me back, but he's busy at work. raaaaaaaarrrrr. wait a second. has it been twenty minutes. am i supposed to keep track of the twenty minutes or does the computer automatically cut you off after twenty minutes? it's got to have been more than 15 minutes. at least. i wonder why he said set the right key set the right key to what? right, right. ",n,y,y,y,y

2002\_595268.txt," Right now I am sitting in my room. my TV ison and I'm actually feeling a bit nervous about this incoming school year. I have never been away from home and i have never been on a university campus that had as many people as UT does. Right now I'm here in my dorm room, it kind of smells like B. O. , but I think that's because we prolly haven't cleaned up the mess that my room-mate and I have made. The TV is on right now and it's kind of distracting but I'm not going to say anythign because I would consider that rude. Is it bad that I put other peoples concerns and feelings ahead of mine. Dosen't that make me a less ambitious person?to tell yout he truth I really don't care what others think about me. All i care about is what I think of myself, and whether I'm happy with myself or not. At this point I'm happy that i actually got out of my home town. I miss it though. I really don't think that I was ready to go, maybe in another year or so. Is it bad that I don't like school?I know that it's only going to benefit my future and get em a six figure income with a house, three kids, two cars, a cat and be able to spend money and not worry about it. it sounds pretty sweet doesn't it. People don't really consider all the work that has to go into it but that's only to be expected. It does not cost anything to dream. I'm sure that it's all worth it though. having completed something that has put you farther ahea in life then the next guy. I'm sure that there will be plenty of oppotunities to make really good money with a degree, or two for that matter. I think that i'm really just nervous about living up to my own expectations. I set really high standards for myself and if they are not met then I have a total break down. I feel as though I am a failure and I probably will not amount to anything. If you can't tell i don't have that great of a self-esteem. I'm sure that by now you can tell that. I'm very intimidated by stadium classrooms. I'm very much more comfortable with a 35:1 ratio classes. I'm only hoping to pass all my classes with the very least a B I would say A but that goes back to my really high standards. Instead of being dissappointed I would rather achieve something that I know that I can probably complete. I think that this kind of puts me in a comfort zone because then i will never find out what my full potential might be. I will always wonder if I was ever able to fufill that A that i wasnt but never really went for. Does this make me a bad person? I think not. I'm really considering going to a university back home. I'm here in the college of Fine Arts in the Dance department. What can you really do with a BFA in Dance? I'm sorry but you can only dance for so long, and what happens if you have an injury? There goes your career and you have nothing to fall back on. I think that it's rediculous that you can't minor in dance. I'm very dissappointed in the dance department here. i actually thought that it would be better than it came out to be. I understand that UT isn't a specialized conservatory in the Arts, but if you are going to offer a major in Dance, at least offer an emphasis or a concentration. I am really considering majoring in Psychology with a minor in Dance. The university back home, University of the Incarnet Word, offers a minor in dance and a major in Psychology which sounds like the perfect program. I was also thinking about Mass Media. I was thinking about being a talent agent. I need to do something that i can see myself doing for the rest of my life. I'm not sure what that is right now. ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_609940.txt," When is this college life going to get any better. I have been promised a vehicle by my father after i get my license, maybe things will get better. I always thought that college was lots of crazy teenagers doing what they do best, going to partys. Sixth street was fun last saturday, maybe i'll do that again. But i miss the summer where going out and having fun was no big deal. In Europe drinking is part of the lifestyle, no matter what age you are. Every summer since I was 15 i would go out. And even living in New Jersey last year, I would make it to New York on saturdays and they didn't care in the City. Here things are strict, really strict. Not only do i want to go back to Europe, i also miss my family. I hated Jersey last year and couldn'twait to come here and now i'm leaving next friday to go visit my brothers in the Northeast. Its all a big mess. I really don't know what to think. Maybe when I pick up the Audi next week my life will become a lot easier. Atleast I will have a car to get around in. The only good thing in my life right now in Austin ids the fact that my roommate is one of my best friends from high school. We chill all the time and thats makes things easier. This is all I think about these days. New Jersey, my family, my classes, and now my new car. That dps booklet for studying the texas road rules is long and tedious. I don't think i'll ever pass with those crazy questions. It really isn't that hard. I need to stop intimidating myself because its not that hard. Maybe when i get my car i can drive to caly where Guy lives and chill with him. Its been a year since i have seen that bastard. that would be cool since i love the Audi A4. The interior is amazing and the car drives really nice. jUst the leather makes it comfortable to sit in and the stereo system is unbeleavable. The only thing in my way is that stupid driving license. When i get my actual picture i. d. and some insurance i'll be chillin. Maybe I could drive to miami during thanksgiving instead of caly. There i could visit Murphy and go to south beach everynight, where they also don't care if your under 21. The Beach was amazing last year. when we used to fly down from jersey into Miami we used to have the time of our life. Things will get better soon, i hope. ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_610093.txt,"well it's 13 min. into my writing and somehow i erased everything that i had. sorry. anyhow where was i. I wonder if i should stop hanging around with sisters this semester. That would be really hard I don't think i could do it. I need to be around them. I wonder who i like the most right now. Is it abby? Yobel? still caroline? I wonder if abby would ever hang out with me like one on one. I'm pretty sure yobel would, but she's so young. It doesn't matter to me really but to other people it's such a big deal. I wish all that stuff i had written hadn't of disappeared. what did i do to make that happen? now the reader's going to think i was goofing off while i should've been writing and made the whole disappearing thing up. i wonder if it'll let me go on for more that 20 minutes. why would it have a fishish button if you were supposed to write for the entire 20 minutes. do some people write shorter. I want to find out but i don't want to push the button cause i may not be able to go back. I wish i had't burned my tongue yesterday. I hate it when i burn my tongue. I wonder where yobel is. I'm starting to get if for her i'm afraid. And when i get it i get it bad. can't i just go one semester without liking somebody? time's almost up. well i guess i'll contunue writing a little longer since my first part got erased. how did yobel's legs get so muscular. They're awesome. I like the way they make her walk. I wonder if i should've sat by her on the bus today. We could've talked for twice as long. I'm glad i waited for her afer i got off the bus. It probably hinted to her that i like her though. nobody else knows that. should i keep it that way. can i keep it that way? i hope so. It was horrible last semester with caroline. everybody knew. I hate that. i got to keep this one in my head. in my heart. Maybe i can teach her volleyball and she could teach me soccer. she seemed pretty impressed when i told her about my volleyball class. I wonder if she likes me. Maybe she thinks i'm too old. I don't look old though. I bet peter hogan looks older than me, and he's just a year older than yobel. If anything happens that wouldn't be too much of a problem. I wonder hwere peter hongan is now. why did he disappenar after he got his breakfast? well if i'm not going bowling i guess i can spend money on breakfast. I wonder who will be there in the cba . i wonder if yobel is there right now. i guess i swing by and see. I'm sure i'll see somebody there anyhow ",n,n,n,n,n

2002\_612369.txt," So this is my first writing assignent for college. I keep forgetting that I am actually in school, and not on vacation of some sort. I just got out of bad and am havign a lot of feelings right now, all about non-important things, like boys. I am mad I lost my earing last night, mad that i still have feelings for my ex-boyfriend in a way, and mad that I don't know what to do about people here. It is just a totally different experience then anything else and I wonder when I will get used to it. I think i also need to learn how to type better and use punctuation! IMs never need punctuation or capitilization. or even correct spelling. Roommate is still gone, staying with her boyfriend, and its ok because i like him better now. Before I thought he was boring adn not as nice as David, but he is quite goofy and is always nice to em, though soemtimes I get the feeling its because he feels that I am a dork who just goes wherever Jerry goes. People kept telling us that rooming together would be a problem, but so far we have only had issues once, right before school started when we were spending way too much time together, and that was not good. That one night she left to stay at Steven's and walked out saying, have fun, made me want to punch her, because obviously I was just going ot be hanging out in the room, alone. Now that I am meeting people on my own out of the group , its much easier to do things and feel like I have a life. I still need to meet more people in my hall, and in classes, but most of them are so big that just being there I feel like not really participating. Going to the lake on labor day was quite an adventure, and one I am glad I had without Jerry. and jumping off the cliff was one of the coolest things i have done in a while. It also made me glad that no other girls went off the 50 foot cliff. I like doing things that girls normally don't do in these group situations, like the firebreathing and the shotgunning a beer. . but having done it once, I don't need to do that again. but I stil almost beat that guy when we did it, hehe. I don't understand why people drink beer- it tastes horrible and I have heard that after about 2, you don't taste it anymore. . but that means you have to drink 2 of them and then you must be getting pretty mindless to keep drinking somthing you don't like in the first place. Then it seems more like somthing people do to be cool , or whatever else people think they need to do. I have seen less of that in college. people seem more laid back in general about all sorts of things, but then again, there are still sorority girl types out there. I can't get over my dislike of the idea of sororities, probably because I don't know many girls well who are in them. I have been mostly meeting the guys in Steven's fraternity, and they are all nice, and not all mindless drinkers (mostly c. s. majors or engineers) and I am gald that i got to meet them all. . but they are all older then me. I used to love to tell people how young I actually was because they were always shocked, saying things like, oh, you don't look/ act however old I was at the time. My birthday was just over 2 weeks ago, and that sort of blows my mind because of all the things that have happened so far. Its like every phase of my life is separate from everything else that has happened in my life. its hard to even think of middle school anymore, and even freshman year of high school seems like someone elses life. Its also hard to belive that everything with Jason just happened last month, that we broke up in August and now its just September, barely, but it still feels like forever since it happened. OH CRAP. the phone just rang and it was some one asking me to go to the co-op with her- yeah! no more looser-dom! But then somehow I hit somthing that made the site go away and now that I'm back ,the timer has started all over again. Well, I think I have about 10 more minutes. So, all I have accomplished today was sleeping until noon, which has to be my sleep limit, I NEVER used to do that. and now I guess I will go to the co-op to return a book and hang out with Yashoda, and then. I guess I have to get ready for my date , I guess thats what it is. I am not looking forward to it anymore after last night, I don't know were we are going or even if I want to go anymore. So yesterday Jerry was telling me about her comparitive values seminar, and how they had to come to class with somthing to share that they were absolutely certain about, somthing not-ohysical that they could prove. jerry said that I am me , and that seems certain enough to me. . but another girl said that she is a woman, and they just picked that apart in class because really, how can you be certain of that? I think the point of that class is to weird you out and show you that nothing is certain. . so as if you werent already clueless enough at this point in your life, now you have some class where they tell you nothing is for sure. Besides physical things, what makes me a woman? The way I act? Why do I act the way I do? Those questions could go on forever with no answer, but it really made me think about the whole gender thing. Possibly I am a gay man trapped in a woman's body? Oh, the lady in the cafeteria-place today called me sir . I can't believe that happened, she said she couldnt see me around the sign or sneeze guard or whatever was there in front of her but. she called me sir! Brings back not-good thoughts of Jordan thinking it was funny to call me butch and Dawn telling me that I am just one of the guys . yah, maybe some gender issues here. I am a woman! Even if its not totally certain according to all this deep philosophy stuff, I AM a woman, and I happen to like boys, and I am pretty sure I don't resemble a guy (even with my upper-body buff-ness from swim team) but it is still a sore topic for me. It doesnt help that I am tall. oh! another phone call. I think my time should be up but the timer is all off, so I will say that this is 20 minutes and that is that! ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_618490.txt,"Excersise really does work. it does release happy chemicals. i feel reasonably energized now. but at the same time, i feel like it already peaked. its wearing off. jealousy is funny. chris and harvey met three girls while i was gone. i feel left out. i have a girlfriend, and i love her more than anything. i miss her. id give anything for one of her hugs now. but perhaps just the fact that they are meeting people and I am not is making me jealous. but. if they had met some guy, i don't think i'd be very jealous. its girls. i like girls. girls make good friends. i seem to have more close female friends than most with girlfriends do. i always thought this was a good thing, but lately, given my reaction to this new college environment im begginning to wonder if it is. im begginning to wonder whether i just want to meet girls, and have the romantic tension that will never amount to anything more. the romantic tension makes me feel good about myself. shouldnt my girlfriend make me feel good about myself? she does. but i always want more. It's impossible to do this assignment without sort of planning it out. i want music now. i still feel jealous. but while writing about it, some of it has subsided. i feel guilty for being so jealous of my close friends. in fact, my best friend. my roommate. i don't know if he considers me his best friend. it would flatter me more than anything to find out he did. if he ever told me. if i died, i wonder how many people would say their best friend died? i feel like im a best friend to many people. i feel guilty for this, because best friend usaually implies an exclusive position. Now that i think back, there have been many instances where one of my friends would tell another friend that they were my best friend. i considered the friend they told my best friend. and i felt like i had done something wrong, like made the person who wasnt my best friend feel to close to me. i like close friendships, with anybody. i don't like going to parties. i like hanging out in small groups, or just talking to one person for a long time. i think i have made a lot more close friends this way than people that go to parties. I think a lot of people are jealous of me, because i manage to maintain intimate friendships with so many people. its odd how oblivious i am to this jealousy. im constantly insecure. I've questioned repeatedly how anybody could like me. i never want to meet anybody like me, i could see through them to everything i hate about myself. even as i tell myself now that people will jealous of me, im sure something will happen tonight that will make me forget that. When im jealous of someone, i don't understand how they could be jealous of me. i'm constantly jealous. for my freshman seminar on concepts of sin, we have to pick our own sin to write about. my sin will be envy. the one i can't control. other sins don't give me as much trouble. im a very restrained person. i think restraint and balance are more important than anything else. especially in love. i say that because i remember a word my teacher was talking about that meant to love your spouse too much. she said it used to be a sin, but its not anymore. it began with a j. i wish i could remember it. im sure ill look it up soon. its a word that relates to me a lot, and i bet i'll sound very smart when i use it. people will think im a very educated person who not only understands himself, but also uses big words to describe his self understanding. anyway, i agree that loving your spouse too much is a sin. my spouse type figure and me seem to have a mutual understanding about this. its odd how at times i love everything, and at other times i love nothing. i wonder if the aderall i take affects that. it seems to stimulate my emotions. sometimes when i take it late at night so that i can focus on studying, i start crying from pure emotion. heh, well, obviously not pure. harvey aays its okay to take because it was prescribed to me. i still think id feel better about myself if i wasnt on it. this band makes me feel better when im troubled. its odd, because theyre lyrics are very meaningless to me. but the music has this sleazy, yet upbeat sound that somehow taps into what im feeling. i wonder if they created this sound on purpose. i saw them live in austin, it was a fun show. i remember a drunk man who was extremely happy jumping up and down a lot and yelling right next to me. that was the first time i ever wondered if i should start drinking. i think I've still decided no. ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_619916.txt,"Before i came to University of Texas, I have always thought that i wanted to be a doctor. I did not know any requirements of getting into medical school. But after I came to University, I started to hear all hardships that make people give up on medical school. My major is biology. I thought that I have to have biology major to be a pre-med, yet it is not true. I can have any kind of major as long as i take all classes that are required for medical school. I want to get high GPA this semester or this year so that i can change my major to biomedical engineering. If i have that major, i would not have to worry about not getting into medical school, for they have other kinds of job even though you don't get into medical school. Actually, if i keep my major, i do not have to worry about taking extra classes, because i need to take a lot of biology and chemistry classes to get into medical school. If i have different major than biology, i have to take more classes to get into medical school and get my degree of that major. I think that I always have dilemma in my life, as i am experiencing right now. Even for little things like choosing between going home or staying at school. For example, I want to go home this weekend, yet I am going to be too tired to work anything on Sunday for preparing for classes, if i go home. On the other hand, if I don't go home this weekend, i will not be able to go until all the exams are finished, which is beginning of the October. My parents and I were separated for more than 2 years while i was in highschool in America. April of this year, finally my parents came to America to live with me. But I came to University, so we are separated again. I miss my parents very much. Sometimes I think it is good to be separated from parents, and live by myself. It made me more a mature and independent person. It is the first step of getting in a big society as adult. In here, no one tells me to what to do. But sometimes that makes me feel more scary. I need to manage my schedule wise and control everything that happens to me. I don't have any person to depend on besides a few friends. Friends are helpful and cheerful to me, yet i can not find same comfort from them as I used to find from my family. I hope that I work hard everyday no matter what kind of situation I have so that i can achieve my goal that is to go to medical school and be a doctor. ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_619972.txt," What I felt for last few weeks was depression as I do today. I have been depressed for several reasons such as adopting to the new environment, meeting new people, and keeping up with all the works that I have never done before. This writing assignment is another thing that makes my feeling depressed. My hands are getting sweat, I feel my face burning, and I can even hear my heart beating so loud. Since the time I started to write anything, I always had fear of writing. Actually I am not a good writer and writing makes my feeling very nervous. More than that, my boy friend is about to call me, and I really hope he would not call me until I finish writing this since I only got 20 minutes to do this. Well, even though he calls me, I don't think I will answer it, then call him back later and yell at him. Also I hope grammer and spelling mistakes won't be counted off from this type of writing. Now iI just touched my nose, and smelled cigarette on my finger. I am storongly thinking that I should quit smoking, which I am trying very hard to do. But this moment, I feel like to smoke really bad. Smoking always help me getting calm down. I feel totally lonely here, people are talking to each other, and they look like they all got their own friends. I am totally alone here, writing this paper. I felt lonely since I started to live alone. This is my first time to live myself, and whenever I try to sleep at night, I just feel some fear. I do not know what exactly that is. I just can't briefly breath, and now I feel same thing as writing this paper. I think my fear about dark and death started since I was in 5th grade. Because of my mom and dad who both had jobs, I had to live with my grandmother. Worse than that, I read a book called I didn't belive recarnation -well, actually something like that, when I was in 5th grade. That influenced me a lot in bad ways- fearing dark, and death. I am not actually scared of death at this moment since it is bright outside, but I feel similar fear right now. Now my hands are getting worse, and my fingers are sliding on the keyboard, and I really don't like that since this computer already has bad keyboard which is very hard to type on. I was not sure if I wanted to do this writing today since there were so many bad thing happened today- internet at home started not to work, I got a bad computer in communication building, and just this moment I pushed wrong key and keyboard did not work for last few minutes. I think I get very easily distractive since I am keep looking at someone else's sreen to see what he is doing on the internet. Anyways, it is such great experience that made me almost cry, and now I will count off ten until this page shuts down. Is it usual that I don't remember what I listed up there? Well. its been over 20 minutes, but it says I can keep writing. But I am not going to write any more since it is promise between the direction and me. Hope I am a few of people who are honest. ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_631016.txt," I was so excited about coming to UT and I still am but alot of things just over whelm me. For example, people in Austin are not a friendly as college students at other schools. Basically im talking about the girls its all about what frat your in and bullshit like that. I am always so nervous about screwing up in class like for example Psychology I am always worried that im gunna forget to do something and I am always worried that im not taking the right notes. What it really comes down to is that im always worried about grades and wether my parents are gunna accept my grades. I always woder wether they would really take me out of school but im not gunna ever see because i won't let my self be that bad of a student. I worry alot way to much i just wish sometimes i could just say F\*\*\* it and do my own thing but i know if i do that then i will fall behind and never be able to catch up. I think one of the real reasons that im always worried is because im dislexic and i feel that sometimes that holds me back from being a great student. I nother thing that bothers me are bad room mates like my room mate now he has a 4. 0 in buisness honors and basically i thinks that he is right on everything. That really pisses me off because he has no common since and living with him has not been the best thing because i can already tell that his parents have done everything for him because he never cleans up after himself and he is always trying to blaim me for plates and food that gets left out and it is always him. I know that sounds stupid but i don't forget to put food back in the frig because i love to eat so food is important to me and i would not for get it. One thing that i don't like about living in Austin is that it is so expensive to live here. Every place on campus is between 700 and 900 dollars a month not including the electric bill, gas bill or telephone bill. I really wish the weather would get better it is so hot right now that walking to class has been killing me, i hate to sweat and i swear thati walk into class looking like i just got out of the pool. One more thing that is really bothering me is my ex-girl friend like we were only together for all of july and august and i broke up with her because she goes to tcu and i got to ut and i would not work out. But i always find myself wanting to call her and she always calls me but everytime we end up getting in a fight and and we never ever faught when we were together. I wish life was easier because if she went to school here i would not ever have a problem except for guys trying to talk to her. That is one of my biggest flaw with her is that she is so hot and guys are always trying to hit on her right in front of me and she always tells them that she has a boyfriend but i always wonder if she says that when im not around i really worried about that this summer. And now she calls asking about girls and weather i was dating someone and i really think that she is one of the perfect girls that changes in different scenes. For example, in Dallas she is the best beautiful and kind and the best personality but everytime i went with her to TCU i felt like i was with a different person and that really bothers me because i hate fake people. My goal is to find a girl that never lies and i will be happy for the rest of my life with that girl. I can't wait for that day that i get a great job and find the women of my dreams. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_631686.txt," Okay. . now what? I thought I new what to write about, but not too sure anymore. I am doing this right now instead of studying because I forgot my books at home to study from. I am really trying hard not to waste time time semester, so it upset me a little when I forgot my book. My feet are cold right now. I should of worn tennis shoes. I want to work out later, but I think I should study to get on top of things. I need to get caught up at least, if not ahead. I am going to Miami with my sister in three weeks and have two exams the next two days I get back. It would be really really nice not to have to worry about school when I am on vacation. I didn't really have much of a vacation this summer. I had a good internship with Boeing Aerospace Support Center in San Antonio. I have a returning offer next summer, but don't know if I really want to take it. I guess I should because it is a good opportunity and can have big rewards when I graduate. I need to talk to my counslor about my degree plan. I just changed my major from Engineering Route to Business to Finance. I still don't know if this new major is right for me, but it seems like the one that fits the best right now. Speaking of Finance, I have Finance homework to do tonight. My stomache is growling right now. I don't know if I should get a little bite to eat right now before my 3:30 class, or if I should wait until I get home and not spend any money. It's hard to see that distinction with me because I do not work for my money (my parents have always helped me out) and therefore I think that deep down I don't know the real value. Sure I have had jobs, but it was never for survival, just for extra cash or for the experience. Thinking back, I have had several jobs, ranging from Pizza girl, to lifeguard, to clerk, etc. I really don't know why I started working so early. I started my first job when I was 15. It almost seems not right because my parents always supported me, they didn't even want me to work! None of my jobs, however, lasted very long. I think that was due to my schedule when I was younger. I was so involved in sports. Sports, sports, sports. Sometimes I wonder what would have happended if I would have pursued soccer. I could have played in college. One thing is for sure, I would definitely be physically fit like I used to be. Now I struggle to keep my weight down, not that I am overweight, but it is just not easy like it used to be. I used to eat everything and anything, junkfood that is. I never ate healthy food when I was younger and that is one of my problems now. If I like salad and vegetables, I would eat them all the time because they are healthy. But I love bad food too much. Like pizza, hotdogs, and fries!! Okay, maybe I will get a little bit to eat after this. Nine minutes left and now my fingers are freezing. This used to happen to me when I am was at work, typing alot. I guess the blood doesn't circulate too much to the tips of your hands when you are typing. Maybe I am just making that up. I wonder if I should have tried to add drop before it was too late. I think I like my Tues/Thursday schedule because I get out at 11, even if I have to start at 8am. Early classes aren't so bad as long as you get a good nights rest. Which I didn't do last night. I stayed up late because I knew I didn't have to wake up until 10. My first class today is at 12:30, then my next one is at 3:30, that's Psychology. I guess it's a tradeoff. I have late classes on Monday and Wednesday, but that leaves my Fridays free. Hopefully on Fridays I can get alot of stuff done that I didn't get to during the week. I can't imagine how this semester is going to play out. Being an officer in a huge organization on campus has its work cut out for you. I figured that yesterday I spent at least four hours working on HBSA stuff (Hispanic Business Student Association). I guess that sounds about right. Nine officers trying to run an organization that almost 200 memebers take part in. When I was running for my position last spring, I was thinking that maybe I could run and be President my Senior year. Now I am not too sure I would want to pursue that. I think I would like to take it easy. Just concentrate on school and not worry about the hustle and bustle of everyday life. (The words in the quotes is the name of a painting that I learned about in a class that I had with my boyfriend this last semester. ) Those were fun times. Going to class with him and going home after that. I wish he was here again, but he had to go start his life in the real world, which did not include Austin. Austin. . . . . . . . that is where my life is now. I can't imagine going and living in San Antonio again. Mayb ethat is why ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_637171.txt," I am sitting hear at my desk in the dorm listening to Ashley in the kitchen. I hear the cabinets shutting and bowls that are clanging together. I wonder what she is eating for lunch It kind of makes me hungry too. Now I'm thinking about when I'm going to eat . I have my discussion class in another 40 minutes across the street. I'm worried that I won't make it to the psych SI meeting afterwards because there are so many things to do. I told Katy and Jenina that I would go with them, but I really want to go by the party on the plaza to see all the clubs and organizations. I'm not sure why I want to go by there. There are so many different organizations that I want to do and I am feeling so stressed out right now with all the options racing through my head, but i don't want to overcommit because then what if I can't handle the coursework and my grades drop. That also worries me. I have three tests coming up next week at least in my huge intro classes. I am so confused as to what they will be over and how closely I should be reading and what I need to pick up on. That is why I really need to go to the SI meeting today. Hopefully that will help. So now I am thinking back to what organizations I want to join. I am already feeling so overwhelmed with having to squeeze in 10 study hours a week for Kappa Delta. I don't think that much time is unreasonable, but it's just that I have to walk to the house and that takes time and then I might run out of reading to do and just end up sitting there. If it weren't for the rowing team, I would be able to spend plenty of time there, but it just so happens that I row in the afternoon, so I can't really get anything done for a solid length of time. That sidekicks meeting was fun last night, but I really don't think I can go to the party tonight because I need to sleep. I always falll asleep in that RTF class at 8 am and I need to be alert. Oh, and I have that spanish composition that I need to learn vocab and the verb forms for. There is so much to do and I'm worried that I just can't do rowing because it takes so much time, but maybe I'd rather be playing a sport then watching it liek the sidekicks organiztion. I just don't know. I also want to play volleyball, but I can't decide what level to play on. My FIG is starting a team, but will that be frustrating because we won't be good and I want to play competetively or will it be relaxing and fun. I can't decide! I really want someone to tell me what will work best because I just want to enjoy college. Ashley just flushed the toilet so that water is running. I wonder what is wrong with her. She's been so upset the last few days and it's weird that she doesn't stay here some nights. I think it's boyfriend problems, but she won't say. And I think it's weird that Tim was over here when I walked in last night. If I were Diana I think that would weird me out, but I guess I shouldn't worry about that. He seems nice though. I miss everyone so much. I love Anna and my KD girls, but life just isn't the same. I don't want to be home, but I want all my friends to be here with me. No one understands me liike they do and I miss all the closeness that we had together. I especially wish jennifer and Becky were here. I need to be harassed by Becky in her caring funny way and I need Jen's crazy overexcited guess what every now and then. I hope Ashley is doing well. She's probably in London right now. The T. V. is on in the next room and I hear a motorcycle outside. I hate those things so much. They are so dangerous. I can't decide what to do tonight. I want to go out and meet guys, but I really shouldn't. I hope that Paul guy doesn't call this weekend. He's the biggest player. Oh I wonder if I have OU tickets yet. I can't believe they're only giving out 2,000. I really need to get to class. I feel guilty after all the september 11th stuff yesterday and not going to the candlelight ceremony, but I just get so depressed after seeing it over and over and then not being with the same people I was at this time last year makes me sad. I miss everyone so much, but now I need to go to class. ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_637194.txt," I really like music, i think its really cool to just get on the computer and be able to listen to any song, at anytime. it really bothers me when you turn on the radio and they are all on a commercial at the same time. It's very aggrivating, but this world is run by money so I guess there is not much we can do about it. When i listen to music, I like to day dream and imgaine that there is a story to every song, which usually there is, but I parallel the stories to my life and see how they impact me. I also just like to fantasize about certain things that a song might talk about that are a little far fetched. Music helps me go to sleep also. I can never really fall asleep to it, but I will catch myself doozing off and then wake up and turn off the songs. Speaking of sleeping, why is it that you never really remember the good dreams but the nightmares and the ones that are just really weird. I've also thought its really weird that you ususally forget your dreams if you don't write them down as soon as you have them. Why is that? Usually my nightmares involve harm coming to my family but no matter how bad they get, I also manage to either transport or take my family to safety just in time. I still wake up in a cold sweat but just the fact that I know they are ok, makes me feel better. Even if I keep going back to the same part of the dream I try my best to get them out of danger. I have a very strong family background. When I was in high school my friends used to make fun of me saying i had the perfect family and that nothing could ever go wrong. I always thought it was weird that even though i had a strong family background most of my friends didn't. Their parents were either divorced or had really bad problems. One of my friends got kicked out of her house, well she left actually but she had gotten in a really bad fight with her mother and her mom had called her a slut. I don't think I could handle my mother calling me a name like that. I think I have a very good relationship with my mother but I know that I don't tell her everything that goes on in my life. I've noticed that I have most of my secrets spread out through a bunch of people, like no one person knows all of my secrets. I guess that is because I'm afraid to trust one person so much, but I don't think that is a bad thing. I just think that I'm afraid that if one person knows me totally they will turn on me and tell everyone my personal business. I guess that is because in junior high I had a group of friends that turned on me and I don't think I ever forgave them. I went my own way in high school but to this day I still think of their betrayel and I can still feel the pain from it. Even though I haven't always had the best friends in the world, if I have a falling out with a friend I usually will make up with them later on in life. We might not be friends again but the air will be cleared and we can be civil to each other. That also works for my ex-boyfriends, it seems like after about a year we will begin to talk again and everything is ok. I've always been able to make friends with guys better than I have with girls, I really do not think I'm that much of a tomboy but I just think they are easier to get along with and cause less drama. My first year in college was the first time I think I made more girl friends but that also might be because I'm in nursing and there is a serious shortage of men in that field. I don't mind girls I just think they have more issues than guys. I also think it's really weird that I haven't found that one single person yet either. Everyone says that in college is when you find your husband and - or wife, but I think I'll just let it happen when it happens. Like even if I like one guy, there is almost always another one. I think I like like four guys right now and its terrible. One has a girlfriend, but is going to dump her in a little bit, apparently she is being a bitch. He doesn't know I like him but his friends do, it's crazy. I think I've been boy crazy all my life, seriously. If a hot guy walks by I just turn to mush. I think the ideal guy would be about my height, not too tall or short, with dark hair and either green or blue eyes. He would have to be tan of course and have the best sense of humor either. He would also have to be a talker, I'm really into having good conversations. Don't get me wrong there is always time for silence or just having fun but every relationship I've been in has failed because of some communication issue and I think I've just learned that as long as you keep the communication channels open things will be good. I think I am a good communicator fo. r the most part, I know I'm a good peace maker and keeper, coming from a family where I had two sisters and one brother I guess its no surprize. I've noticed that people like to tell me about their problems also. I can just be sitting somewhere and someone will start talking to me and telling me their life story and I think it's just because they want someone to listen and that's exactly what I do. Not everyone wants advice, sometimes they just want to be heard. I've noticed that people in the hospital like to talk to anyone who walks in the door. I work at childrens and parents will also be eager and willing to talk to me. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_643046.txt," College. . humm. Its strange that I'v made it this far. I always viewed college as a date in a book that i would eventually reach, but not now. There is absolutely nothing familiar anymore. My days are completely different. I guess change is good though, I mean there is no place I would rather be in life than right here. So why am I so worried all the time? Constantly tierd. My eye has developed a slow twitch, very strange. I miss my cat. I wish I had the ability to purr. If only I were a cat. The weirdest thing about college is waking up. Every day of my life until now I have woken up in my bed or some state of comfort. Now when I wake up there is that small period of time when I think I am still there, safe, but then reality smacks me in the face. My roomate is really good at that in the morning, helping me realize that im not at home. Very annoying! I wish i enjoyed my roomates companey, but I don't not at all. She smacks while eatting, very inconsiderate, keeps the room at 34545 million degrees. Ah What am I going to do, not a whole lot, I guess its a good learning expeirence. I must say I have met some cool people though, which make the ride all worth while. Counting Crows,, ahh, for some reason they know exactly what I am feeling. They hit the nail on the head . I wish I could talk to Adam Durtz, and spell correctly. The thing that I have noticed about college is there are more headachs and less sleep. more headachs, less sleep. I really should deal with this problem. It seems impossible with all the things I have to get done but eventually I have found that everything works it self out. Time, time , time. I do not believe in time. There really is no point to time. Well at least keeping track of. I mean time is good for healing and new stages in life. But why do we put it on such a small scale. I mean it should just be a concept, like infinity. I mean I wish I could not say at this exact moment it is . . 12. 01. 01. There should only be moments and nothing more. We all live in one big moment. Another thing thats been on my mind is something A friend and I were talking about. He said why does society make squares out of everything. I mean think about it the majority of buildings in this world are in the square shape, rooms are square, tiles are square, I think I might go out in the square hallway and take a drink from the square water fountian. It is exausting. Why would someone go to such detail to make a square out everything. The name square even sugessets boring. Why not an oval, or better yet an amiba. No one can box me in. I also am frustrated with the fact that everyone wants to have a career,Example, Yeah I'm pre-med, ohh yeah well I'm going to be an engineer I really have to desier to make something of myself . What my career will be is sitting in Italy,no preference really any where in Italy will do, with a big family,lots of animals, and friends walking around soaking upp all the history, looking at the arcitecture, and most importaltly just being happy. I could just learn the rest of my life. with no money , which is a square by the way. . ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_643142.txt," I wonder what this stuff is suposed to mean. What can i possibly learn about my self by writing incohearant thoughts for twenty minutes. I'm not a very good typist for one. None too good at spelling either. I hope who ever or what ever machine looks at this can read past any spelling and punctuation mistakes. This computer screne is far too birght. i wish i had thought to fix that before i started this. I wish i could read some other students writtings. Maybe i'd find some insight to how i'm doing in this rat race. Maybe i'd figure out what the girls around here are looking for. how vacant can my mind be? how many mental diseased is this going to uncover in me? i hope there are drugs to fix it. I wish i were at the lake right now. no books, no tv, no phone, just a hamock and a cold drink. Maybe a seadoo. A little bit of water sports never hurt anyone. Accept the ones that crash. God i hope never see anything like that again. Why did that have to happen, all those kids had to do was go a little bit slower. All they had to do was look around for boats. They could have avoided it and now they are dead just beacause they couldn't understand that a jet ski isn't a toy. A goddamn toy! how could anyone play with their life like that. I hope i go in my sleep. i can feel the propeller slicing through my leg right now. those poor bastards. i guess id rather be one of those kids than the poor bastard that hit them though. i could never live with that kind of baggage. they didn't even know where their parents were. for the love of God, what could they possibly have thought when they got that phone call. MRs smith, your daughters are dead. There was nothing we could do, i guess these things just happen. and how could the parents not blame the draver of that boat?? how coul anyone ever admit that their childs death was their childs own fault? that all seem a bit bleek. Maybe i am ill. maybe i should get a bike. I could get around alot faster. Maybe i should just leave early, then maybe i could loose some weight. mayeb i've got it all wrong though. maybe they don't even care about that. I should loose some weight anyway. its unhealthy. Who ever reads this thinks i'm a nutcase. Hello out there. welcome to the inner sanctom of my mind. its cold in here, but you'll get used to it. watch your step, there are some loose screws here and there. don't poke at that, i'm affraid it might fall apart. don't trip on that, its allready fallen apart. i know its messy in here but i'll get it all organized sooner or later. i need to hire an inner sanctum of the mind cleaning lady. I hear they are very affordable. I guess cheap labor is just a byproduct of his whole immigration mess. maybe that mess has to do with our economic mess, or our terrorism mess. or our youth mess. or our drug mess. who in hell is going to clean up any of these messes? can you do one at a time? or are they all linked together? certainly some are. i'll just let trusty george W. handle it. err, imean cheany ",n,n,n,n,y

2002\_647168.txt," Well, let me see, i have a lot of stuff to do. got to write this, then i got to go to the soccer meeting, then i have to try and figure out stuff for the plane tomorrow. Im kind of hungry, not really but kind of. Man, i want some chicken strips. i want the light to be turned on. My friend here is playing a cool computer game having to do with terrorists and stuff, he just told me he was doing awesome on it. . Were waiting for Rachel, she should be here soon hopefully. I don't know whether i should go out or stay for the intrasmural soccer meeting . . hmm, im going to try and see if anything important is going to be said at this meeting. I also have to take a shower. . It's funny how college life is, its like real life, dependent, you have to be self-disciplined which is hard. College is actually a challenge, it is hard to stay focused on books when you have so many parties and activities to go to, and people to talk to. 10-1, thats pretty good. Jason's getting good at that game. . . my friend's calling me . . ahh distracted. kind of cold, hmm wait, no its good actually. I don't know what to write for this. This is pretty hard. . 10 minutes passed already. . im going to dallas tomorrow, yay! happy. i love austin but i also love going back home. Eat meat and good food. Going to a Cowboys game on sunday. . i wonder if they'll be any good this year, i don't think so. UT football now thats something else. Man, too bad i donmt have the sports package, damn. I feel like having Skittles but im too lazy to go get them downstairs. . :) yea im hungry definitely. Wish rachel would get here already. man, 5 min left to write cool. can't wait til im done with this assignment. . so that i can go already. Oh, so its stream of 'consciousness', i kept on saying 'stream of conscious' thinking that was the right thing to say. . man, dumb hahaha. Typing is actually fun. kind of tiring at the end though. . hmm 30 sec left! ok this is it, fun stuff now ha! yea 3, 2,1 ",n,n,n,n,n

2002\_650332.txt,"Right now, I am trying to figure out how I can sign up to volunteer at the Metz Elementary reading program because I cannot get in touch with the coordinator. Anyway, I think that something must have happened to her because she has not responded to me. Now I am wooried about where I am going to volunteer and get my hours by the due date. I am watching TV and thinking about the studying that I have to do for my classes. I am trying to find a way to feel involved in this university and make my mom think that I am doing okay so that she will not worry. I am worried about my mom, sisters, and brother because I miss them terribly. I do not want to wish away the time that I have here but I think that I am feeling like there is nothing familiar around me that I can recognize. I feel a lot more calm these days, and I think that since the long session has started I feel a lot more useful and busy. Mostly, I am worried about making good friends because I feel like the friends that I left are still my real friends and that I am on some sort of vacation. I want to have a good future at this University with good classes and good friends but I think that I am doubting my ability to succeed. I wish that I could bring the people that I care about around me every once and a while because I did not realize that they were part of the strength that I had to live my life. I think about my grandmothers a lot lately, what they would have said about me being in college, and how they would have wanted me to enjoy myself and not to worry. I think that I am in a constant state of speeding up and slowing down because I do not want to get too excited about something because I may become dissapointed or upset. I think about potential disasters that could occur in my life and am always second guessing the decisions that I make. How can I be the best person that I can be without scaring myself into anxiety. I wonder about all of my friends, and what they feel like, and how they are doing and if they feel the same way. I worry that I will not feel as secure as I did at home in this big place, but I know that if I just give it time, I will feel like I belong. I am constantly aware that God is in control of my life and that I need to learn what God is trying to teach me and lean not on my own understanding of my life. I worry that I sleep to much, but I do not feel tired in the daytime, however I guess that it is necessary to get enough rest. Mostly, I feel void of emotion because I miss my mom so much. I do not feel that I took her for granted when I lived in her house but I miss seeing her persistance, and love and support. I am learning to be my own support. I wonder if she is as lonely without me as I am without her. It was a comfort to be in the house with her at the end because she was feeling much calmer and in control of ther life. I am excited to be here, and I want to count the blessings that I have because of the many people that want to be here. I want to learn to depend on myself, and not feel like the things that I want are not right for me because I am trying to learn that what I want is right for myself. Oftem throughout the day I doubt the things that I do or the feeings that I have, ",y,y,n,y,y

2002\_651690.txt," Im sitting in my room at the towers, and I have to admitt that the room size isnt half bad, ecspecially compared to my older sisters dorm room when she was a freshman. However I do have one complaint, and that is that the room are not taken care of in the least bit. And if I had to approximate the last time this place was renovated, my honest guess would be nineteen ninety-one. Yet I can live with a rather filthy room, but the worst part about living in the Towers has to be the food. The cooks here should go down in the Guiness Book of World Records for being the first people ever to make chicken taste bad. And everytime I go in there i seem to be asking the cook what exactly the food sitting in front of me is. Which through my experience translates into something that is not a good thing. As I look around my room I can't help but notice the fact that my side is far more messy than my roomates, but to be honest this is no concern of mine. Because he eats all of my food. I went pot luck in the towers for my roomates, which means that my rooming assignment is totally random. I havent really decided what my true feelings about my new roomates are due to the fact that we havent really spent time together. This fact is more my fault than it is theirs', because for one thing I am in pledgeship right now so finding time to spend with people is like finding a needle in a haystack. But every once in a while I do get to spend a little time with them, and from those few experiences I can say that Tony, the guy with whom I share a room with, is a very nice person and I believe that we will get along very well. So far the one thing that has kind of tied us together is that fact that we have the same taste in music, which is a major relief to me. My other two roomates who live across the living room from me are both going through pledge ship. And Campbell has been really nice as well, though he seems rather reserved. Yet the one guy that I am not to fond of at this time is my third roomate Joey. Its not that there is hostility between us its just that I try to be as nice as possible to him and try to start conversations with him every time I get yet he just won't seem to respond. Maybe its just a difference in the way we were brought up or something. Because I know when I was in high school this new guy moved in from Chicago and he really kept to himself along with his parents. But the more time I spent with him the more he opened up and now we are really good friends. But the funny thing is that all of the football parents thought that his parents were rud because they didnt really talk a whole lot. And i had to remind my mom that thats how people are in Chicago, and just to give them time because they are really good people. ",y,n,n,n,n

2002\_651875.txt," Well, my first psychology writing assignment, actually my frist real psychology assignment ever, in college. So technically this is my first assignment in the major of my choice. Stream-of-conciousness. Like weird Faulkner stream-of-conciousness. That was weird. Hopefully my thoughts arent as weird as that character, well I can't even think of the book or the characters at the moment. So it didnt make that much of an impression upon me. I really am mad that I can't use my own computer for this assignment. Smoothies on keyboards don't make for easy using of all the keys. So here I am, in this girl across the hall from me's room, using her computer, trying to focus upon my thoughts and whatnot while people are playing loud music, opening boxes of poptarts, slapping me for writing about them in my first psychology assignment, etc. I can't work when its too loud. Of course the main problem with this whole stream-of-conciousness assignment is that now I am think about what I am thinking about. Take a minute on that one. Am I really writing what I am thinking about or what I want you, whoever is reading it, to read. Ok now to focus more. This is one of the weirdest assignments I've ever done. But I will confess, I've thought about writing a book in stream of conciousness style before. Faulkner, Joyce (he wrote that way didnt he?) and Russell. It can't be too hard, but to be honest when your thinking about the things your smelling and feeling and seeing, its not just whatever on the paper. ) Ahhh, the smell of poptarts wafting through the air. Definately chocolate, maybe s'more. It smells so warm, and inviting and delicious. It even makes the delicious stir-fry in Jester. i had stir fry today. The chicken was gross, the vegetables stale, almost a chore to chew it. So I did what all reasonable people would do, threw it away. Despite all the starving children throughout the world, etc. Money is going fast here. Faster than I thought, its going to be a pain to call and ask the parents for some more cash. But its not like it will be the first time, or even the last. Theres just some things in life that are expected, and one of them, is asking the 'rents for money. I hope my stream-of-conciousness writing is psuedo-interesting. I mean of course it won't be Faulkner, but after all who is. Would I want it to be too Faulkner? I don't think so, I would probably become more of a study in psych than a student. I wish I wouldnt have known anything about Faulkner before this assignment, because in the back of my head, I see his dashes, random . . things, and mine isnt looking like that. Oh well. My hand is beginning to hurt a bit from typing non-stop. Oh well, in the name of science! Okay, people here are starting to talk to me while Im trying to concentrate. Talking about dust, and AC. And yes, of course when you use AC, dust increases. Its a POSITIVE correleation. People are starting to laugh at me and call me Faulkner. All in good fun, yes I know. I'll show them. Haha. I want this girl to play Howie Day, and she wont. Stubborn thing. Music, its funny to think about, there are so many kinds. Wow. I know about. 100000 songs. I think its safe to assume that. Whenever you assume, though, it makes an ass out of you and me. My old psych teacher used to spit those sayings at us during senior year. She was a little off her rocker. She worked at Dorthea-Dix, but I think she used to be a patient there. Either way it was funny to watch her. Mrs. Cheek, the Cheekster, Shivers. Wow. She was wild. Coco the Gorilla. That's all the lady would talk about. It was like CoCo was her damn gorilla or something. Haha, wow. Everything related to Coco. Funny old woman. And she would knit, all day, during class during lunch. She was odd. But who's to say whats normal? Im starting to think of this one time, when my mom told me that 6% of the world was sane. First off, that means there are a heck of a lot of crazy people running around. But then you start to think, 6%, holy mackeral, which side am I on? And then you finally realize, you arent one of those 6% whose 'normal'. Either way, its fine. I love psychology. Its bad, like cool bad, not bad bad. I worked two summers ago with a research psychologist in the VA/Baylor labs at the Medical Center in Houston. I saw all kinds of interesting things. Brain-slicing and the likes. This doc that I worked with, Dr. Kunik, was a card. I went with him to rounds. Mr. Rogers. The man, about 86, called me Michelle Pfiffer, and claimed that birds and horses around his house told him to kill the Jews, and his wife. The thing was, his wife was dead. Either way, it was interesting. There were so many like that. It was wild. Then, came the multiple personalities. Not for me, but I learned about them in psych class and read 'Sybil' and then I was off. I read 'When Rabbit Howls'- whoa. How interesting though! Oh no, I only have 2 minutes left, I want to keep talking about multiples. Anyway, then I read 'I Never Promised You a Rose Garden', that threw me off. She was a little weird. But hey, don't forget about that 6%, we all are. This wasnt so bad after all. I didnt really focus on things I was smelling or feeling, well kinda. Just mainly what I was thinking, which was enough for me, and I mean after all, I'm no Faulkner, thank God. ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_652482.txt," yeah so i really don't want to be doing this but oh well. i really actually enjoy the psych class though sometimes i wonder how exactly anyone can figure out what a person is thinking. who came up with those experiments in the first place. im so relaxed right now cause i just got back from having a one hour massage. it was kind of weird at first cause i had never had one before but after like 10 min i was asleep. i so needed a massage, and i always seem to be tired even though i feel i get plenty of sleep. i don't think im typing as fast as i should be because there is this little voice saying you mispelled a word, go back and correct it. i guess that means i don't know if im actually completing the exercise correctly. but he never did list whether things had to be grammarically correct. i feel that im like this never ending jutebox that won't stop talking. right now im typing like those really annoying people that you never want to listen to that you are just like SHUT UP. haha. yeah so i have alot of stuff on my mind lately. i would like to actually call this my vent session because i have all this stuff in my mind thats just really been bugging me and i can't tell anyone because my best friend is so far up my roommates butt, because they are boyfriend and girlfriend, that i can say how i REALLY feel. my roommate can be such a jerk sometimes. and he does the stupidest things that just totally piss me off. like this one time i got back home from houston and he was like its your turn to buy the groceries. but i was the one that bought eighty-eight dollars in food when he only bought thirty. he was like well I've finally caught up with you now and I've spent one hundred and eighty. and im thinking, well jeez im sorry to put you out but i barely ever eat. i swear he eats like there is no tomorrow and i think that I've narrowed it down to how many times he eats a day. like 5! it just really pisses me off. and he tells ME how i do nothing. im not the one who has tuesday and thursday off. not only that he sleep all freakin day. hes SO LAZY. i just want to say to him, hey im not the one that spends 50 freakin dollars on the lunch meat you pick out and watch them cut. come on and give me a freakin break. on top of the whole grocery issue, my parents have ME on a strict budget and so i can't spend all that much money. he goes out and buys a three hundred dollar tv because he feels like it. what can you say to that. his dad is working his butt off to pay for all the crap my roommate uses. dang the phone is ringing now and i can't concentrate anymore on what i was saying. anyways. yeah so i just want to be like, why don't you get off your lazy, pardon my language ass, and get a freakin job and stop mooching off of all your daddy's money. its not like his parents are rich either, he just thinks he is. on top of that he is sooo vain. everything on him and around him is so perfect. sometimes i wonder if hes a girl at heart or if he just LOVES looking at himself in the mirror. god if only i was brave enough to tell him how i really feel. it wouldn't be so bad except for the fact is that its my freaking apartment too and my best friend, though i love her to death, is living with us. its like nightmare that never ends. you know those feelings when you are a third wheel and you just want to get the hell out? can you imagine it like 24/7. its horrible. it just makes you want to crawl in a hole and die. come on i pay for the freaking apartment the least she could do is STOP mooching off of us and possibly go home? jeez. on the topic of being a third wheel. i have this issue with two guys. im seeing this guy in houston that i like alot since my last boyfriend who totally broke my heart. lets say the guy im dating now is bob, and my ex is paul. so bob is like so sweet and hes alot older than me and i miss him a whole lot. at the same time paul who NOW goes to school with me, the reason we broke up is a long story, well we are becoming good friends. i never expected the thing with bob to actually happen over the summer and so now i have this like guy who i don't know exactly what we are but is considered a long distance relationship. bob has been nothing but sweet to me and i love him, actually wait another thing he doesn't want me to tell him that i love him either. i mean maybe i do and maybe i don't. so yeah, me and paul have become best friends again after our whole breakup and his cheating on me with the girlfriend he had, but then calling me to tell me two weeks before school started back up that he had broken up with her. come on now, i haven't talken to paul in like forever then he calls me to tell me hes broken up with his girl friend. strange yes. but I've told myself that I've gotten over with him after being his girlfriend for two and half years. thats a long time to spend on one person. so yeah he came over yesterday to hang out with me while i was waiting for the time warner roadrunner dudes to come over and me and paul started watching a movie together. he started getting closer and closer to me but i was like woah arent we just friends. so i get up to get a drink, come back to my room and lay down on my bed. paul sits on my back and starts giving me a friendly back massage and all the while i was thinking that i really miss him and that i wouldn't mind getting back together with him. at this time bob hadn't called me since sunday night and i was getting really worried. so i started relaxing and having a good ole time with paul. later that night bob calls and hes like hey sweetie, i miss you and im sorry i haven't called you but I've been really busy and i tried sending you and email but it didn't work. yeah so now im caught in this situation that i can't seem to get out of or fig ure out. should i go after my ex that is here in austin. or should i go after bob whose been nothing but sweet to me, but is back home. i don't know what i should do. and on top of all of this im sorta lonely, and i have alot of school work to take care and if i WANT a social life that not only that i can't seem to find ,and i have to work. i think that im slowly going insaine and this is too much things to think about for a person at my age. woah so yeah im going to stop now cause I've actually typed past the twenty min but i kind of feel better though ",y,y,y,y,n

2002\_652604.txt," Well i just got back from Houston, where i live. It was weird going back. Kind of like this isn't my home anymore, even though Austin isn't my home. It's just my temporary home. It's weird though seeing my parents, knowing that I won't see them for a long time. It was good to see them again. I hope I'm not going to make myself too crazy up here with school. School is my number one priority. I want to have a good life after this, i don't want to end up in a job i hate. Hopefully i figure out what i want to do with my life. I don't know if i want to teach, or work for a record label, or write for the rest of my life, or do something with crime scene investigation. I think being a criminal psycologist would be a lot of fun. I bet it would never get boring! I just hope I'm not getting in over my head with this class. I've always been interested in psycology, and how people act and why, and what causes it, but I'm afraid i will be over my head. Hopefully not. It seems like it will be very intersting despite the hard work I know will come. It's very strange being in a class that's so huge! I'm used to being in classes with no more than 30 people. I guess all freshmen are though. I still feel like I'm kind of out of place sometimes here. Luckily I've been making friends with the people on my floor. Everyone here seems really cool. There are a few girls down the hall that are soo cool! I could see myself being friends with them for awhile. I hope so at least! Everyone here seems very nice and friendly. (At least the people on my half of the floor does. ) The other side seems very anti-social. We all have our doors open on this side of the floor, but I never see any of their doors open down the hall. It's strange, but i don't really miss many of my friends. I don't think this makes me a bad friend, I just think i was ready to separate from them. Some of them at least. But I thought I was going to miss some of them SO much, but in reality, I don't miss many of them. Especially some of the friends I was supposedly best friends with. I sometimes wonder if I'm missed. I wonder if I was as good of a friend as i thought I was. I don't know. One of the girls down the floor just got back frlom out of town. She's one of the girls i think i could be good friends with for awhile after this year. She's a lot like me! Surprisingly. It's hard to find people who don't really drink, and have more fun just hanging out, and going bowling, or going to the movies, instead of going to a frat, or a big party. It's cool though that she's like that. It's nice to find someone who likes the same things you do, especially when they're so uncommon around college kids! I've only been back for a few hours, and I don't miss my parents! I thought i would miss them more. I think this means I'm grown up now! haha, grown up. That's weird to think. I don't feel like I'm grown up. I still feel like the same old nerd from Houston. haha. I finally threw my flowers out that were sent to me, and washed the vase. They were starting to smell a little funky. Danielle, my roommate just got back from the grocery store. I hope she bought good food! hehe. The food here is pretty good though, surprisingly. Not like home, but good enough to eat. Some of it is really good though, you just have to pick the right things is all. I could talk about food all day! haha. I can't wait to watch Sex and the City tonight with some girs from the floor. Since we don't get HBO here my mom taped the last 2 episodes and I brought them abck for all of us poor girls with no HBO! Hopefully Emily gets back from dropping her boyfriend off at SW in not too long. I have an early class in the morning, and i don't want to miss it. Especially since it's a class of 14 people, it would be hard to go unnoticed. I think it will be a fun class. It's Jazz and Literature. I love listening to jazz, but there's going to be a lot of writing and reading. Hopefully the writing will be fun. I love creative writing and writing like this, just writing whatever comes to my head. But essays and stuff aren't that fun. I don't know anyone who likes writing them though. My rhetoric class is going to be a lot of that not fun writing though. Yuck. Oh well it's a class I have to take. Hopefully I'll enjoy it though. Otherwise it's going to be hard to drag myself to the class every Tuesday and Thursday. ",n,y,y,y,n

2002\_653140.txt," Right now I am sitting in my room at my apartment on 1000 W. 25th street. The apartments are called the Chelsea, and I live with two other people in the apartment number 208. I have been stressing all day about when I was going to find the time to do my psychology writing assignment. I honestly feel like I have not had time in the past 6 days to even sit down for twenty minutes just to type out a stream of my thoughts. This is a pretty neat assignment. I am thinking about how I missed my metals class last Thursday from eight o'clock in the morning until noon. Since I missed the lab, I have to go in this Friday from like eleven until my two o'clock government section. Right now I am so tired I can hardly even think about my day on Friday. I am also thinking about what I am going to do tonight. I wasn't really planning on going out, but one of my friends in my Government class today asked me if I was going to go with her, so I ended up having to go because I would have felt bad saying no to her. What about the pre-testing I am going to do after this writing assignment? I hope it is not hard because I think my brain will just about break down. I really like psychology. I was talking to my dad about it on the phone yesterday, and I was asking him how I wondered why I never took a psychology class before. My high school offered psychology classes, I just never thought to take them. I took Sociology instead, and I actually didn't even like it very much which is weird because I ended up taking it once again before Psychology in College. I was actually thinking about my schedule for next semester. It is crazy, but I am actually already stressed about things for next year, like where I'm going to live, what classes I am going to take, make sure I live somewhere close to a bus stop. My bedroom is up the stairs in my apartment, it is pretty cool because me and one of my best friends live upstairs, and my other best friend lives downstairs. It is so cool because we have a great location, I mean, we are close to anything there is fun to do on West Campus. We can walk almost to any fraternity party, and to other of our friends' apartments who live around us. I ride the bus to class everyday, even though I could walk if I wanted too, but of course I don't. Plus, all of my classes are at the Art Building, and the West Campus bus takes you directly from almost the front of my apartment complex to the front doors of the Art Building. Three out of four of my classes are in the Art Building. It is kind of weird because only two of my classes actually involve art. Two dimensional design and Beginning Metals I. My government class is also in the Art Building, and I think it is because that is one of the few buildings on campus with an auditorium in it. I get really sick of being in the Art building, even though I run into the same people almost everyday and I know where just about any classroom is. I almost changed my major as a matter of fact, just because I was so incredibly sick of the whole art scene. But, I thought about it for a while, and i realized that designing jewelry is what I truly want to make a career out of. It is really frustrating though, because all of the art classes are four hours long, twice a week, AND i only get three hours of credit for them! It is crazy! I was going to actually apply to get into the Design school, other than just studio w/minor in metals, but I went to the seminar for Design and it is totally not what I had in mind. They do things like design posters, building, add things to computers in clip0-art and such and use things like digital cameras. We had to use digital cameras in my two dimensional design class yesterday and it was pretty cool. Although I had no idea to what my teacher's motives were behind the assignment I actually had fun. She paired me up with someone in my class that I don't think I ever talked to until yesterday. We walked from the Art building to the Tower twice! Well, actually, we walked their twice because the camera we checked out said we could take 139 pictures. Yet, after only taking five, the camera said our memory card was full. It made me so mad, but it was okay in the end because we ended up getting our assignment done on time. I keep glancing up at the timer on the top of my screen I think almost every time I finish a sentence. I actually like this exercise because, even though I am timed, I actually am making some good points to myself. It is so weird how writers find themselves writing their best work, when they are not even meaning to or realizing they are doing it at all. I am definitely not saying this is one of my best writings, but I just remembered somebody telling me that a long time ago. I wonder what I will be doing after I finish writing this. Right now I keep stopping every five seconds and checking the timer to see how much time has gone by. I am really hungry. I have not eaten anything since I think around 1030 this morning. I definitely should have grabbed something to eat before I started righting this, but oh well. What will I have for dinner? hmm. i have no clue. I think after this, I will go ask one of my roommates to see if she can fix my computer because the AOL doesn't work for somer reason. We just got our internet connection today, which is another reason why I am just now doing this assignment. ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_653595.txt,"Twenty minutes is a very long to\ime to just be typing about nothing. I don't know that I can come up with anything to write about. I really should be studying for spanish becausse that class is a lot harder but I guess I don't have to do it right now. Tomorrow is Tuesday so I don't even have to do this now but I guess it will be one less thing to do later. Somebody is moving furntiture next door and it sounds like guy's voices. This is an all girl dorm so they are breaking a rule. No boys in the dorm!! That's a funny rule- like it really keeps people from doing stuff they shouldn't. Wow two minutes already! I guess it is going a little faster that I thought it would. I'm really tired - I need to sleep more. At least my room is really clean. My fish is staring at me. His name is Moby like from the book. I don't even know what the book is about-isn't that retarded that I am in college and never read moby dick? Our educations system today. . I need to get deej a b-day gift soon- I think her b-day is on thursday. Shes getting up there in age really fast. I wonder what my mom is doing right now. She is off today because it's labor day. I feel like I have a lot to do but I guess I really don't. This week should go super fast I'm hoping. I need to do Math homework too that is really important. Jill should be back ssoon. I wonder how I'm going to talk to her and keep typing at the same time. I wonder what all this means. I bett this stupid computer is going to tell me some deep psychological thing about myself after this is done although I have discussed nothing profound. I'm tired of typing. I could go a head and stop and just let the timer keep going but that would be cheating and you probabably know that. I need good grades. This is so boring my eyes are drooping!! I want sleep on my nicne new soft bed. I bet my mom spent SO much money on that bed. I have to do my defensive driving thing soon before I get halled off to jail. I don't know when I'm going to find time for that. I need a job. Their were so many cute clothes at the mall today. I need to shop but I don't want to spend money. I'm cheap. Oh, well. I'm really worried about my cell phone bill. Maybe the verizon webpage will tell me some stuff. Man I'm not even halfway through with this assignment. I wonder what the purpose is. I'm really tired and I'm falling asleep right now. Ahhh! Hurry up! I don't want to do this anymore. I wonder what people do who can't really type. Our refrigerator is really noisy. I think it would be funny ot read someone elses thing. this is going to be REALLY long Sorry, I need a drink on pepsi. I had to take a breather. I wonder if those reabate things really get you money back. I'm glad that I'm going to know my course load down to only 14 hours. 17 is really to many. Modern will be relatively easy and I m thinking I can do well in this class if I really try hard. I wonder if I could get a job at one of the hospitals or something. I really need to call Aunt Doris tonight. I sjhould make that a priority. I need to also find out information about the dance stuff I want to do. I will have to diet this week. Yuck! I am bored bored bored. My room is really cute now. I like my fish and picutes and the colors. I musht admit that it is way cute. I have so many picutes. I like the ledge along my wall- that hlp a lot. I want to decorate my bublletin board too. Maybe I can get some stuff this weekend. We need a full length mirror for out room. We need it really baddly too. they do really crappy paint jobs in here. It looks terrible!! the can't evin keep it on the wall. My desk looks brand new though. It is really cold in there- I don't like it. My fish is staring at me. I think he thinks I'm and idiot. I fed him today but maybe a little too much. I know you can over feeed them. I'd love to get more but I think they kill eachother. Myabe I could get a female and they could breed fish. That would be really cute. I could sell the babies for 5 bucks a piece. Yeah!! I'm almost done. My lege hurts- maybe I have shin splints. I have been running so much latly. I need to go tonight. I should have read the part of the book that corresponds with this lesson so that I would know what all this means and WHY we actually have to type for so long. ONly one more minute left. Jill isn't back yet. Oh hurry up I want to be DONE. My fingsrs are numb it is so cold in this room. I want my bed now!! only a couple more seconds and I will be done with this assighnment. I hope I like this class! ",n,y,y,n,n

2002\_653762.txt," I wish travis would stop switching channels on the TV. actually i wish my internet was hooked up already. then i wouldn't have to be over here in his getto room. granted he is like my best friend from elementary that boy needs some help. or maybe its just because he is a boy. i have a few other friends that are guys that have issues with cleaning their rooms. but for the most part by this time in thier life i would expect them to be able to clean up after themselvesm. maybe my expectations are too high. i know they can be to high for my self sometimes but if they werent then i wouldnt' be here at UT. i would have just stayed at home and gone to community college. So in that respect i am glad to have standards that are maybe too high. it keeps me interested in whats going on. ok so travis is talking to the tv, now i know for him this is normal but still it seems odd to me. For a 19 year old i wouldn't expect him to be watching nick jr at 10 in the morning. i mean he was the validictorian of my class shouldn't he be studying or watching something educational or at least more mature? i dunno. i think he is going to the game with me and some of my friends. im a little concerned with how they are going to treat him. he doesn't come off as the straightest guy you've ever met. infact he doesn't come of as straight at all. although he claims he only likes gals. i don't really believe him and im kind of just waiting for him to come out. in high school he was the only male cheerleader in the history of the school and its a small school. he wasn't good at it either but the school couldnt' say no to him because they thought he might sue if they didn't let him in. so they did. but then when he wasn't allowed to dance with the female cheerleaders he threw a fit which really didn't go to his straightness accredation. but i know one day he will just be like kendra im gay and i'll be like i know its about time and then life will continue just as it always has. ha reading rainbow is on. i haven't watched that show in forever. i didn't even know it was still showing. i knew mr. rogers retired. i grew up on that show. i grew up on all of PBS. i was really big into it and my younger brother just wasn't so when he was old enough to say what he wanted to watch it was something like power rangers or ninja turtles. he would throw a fit if i was watching pbs. he didnt' learn to read as fast either. im sure their is a correlation but i think its mostly because i was an only child when i was learning to read and my brother always had me getting in the way of his alone time with mom. but luckily for him he gets all the alone time with her that he can handle and he's in high school too. i think its just too funny. now mom's retired and always home and while i used to be jealous of the time they spent together -her always helping with his homework she would always go to his class parties and such - now she follows him around just so she won't get bored. i mean i know how often she calls me just to make sure i've been locking the doors before i go to sleep. i almost feel bad for him. almost. except he gets more parental funding still being at home and never having a job. i never asked for money like he does. i can't understand where his money goes either. he doesn't go anywhere he can't drive. but still he has no money. other than food i don't know where it goes i think he just puts it in a shoe box until he can afford a video ",y,n,n,y,n

2002\_654278.txt," why am i nervous about this assignment, it can't be wrong, i feel like i'm writing so randomly, i'm usually so structured, or am i , i really haven't been lately, i'm so lazy sometimes, like today i didn't want to go to physics class and i just didn't wake up, i think i turned my alarm off, but i'm not 100% sure, i really don't like early early classes, it's such a bum to get up for them, on and on and on, and even if they don't go on like that, it's just such a pain having to get up for them, i mean it's so blessed early, 8:30 in the blamin morning, i mean come on, who wants to be studying physics at that time of morning, it's way to early, way too early, and u'd think that with all the money the university has, it could get some professors who speak good english, not that they don't know what they're talking about or anything like that, it just seems a little out of place, that's all, this place sure is a mixing pot, names i've never seen before and many i'll bever be able to pronounce, so many people, so many names, just going down the hall and meeting some random person and talking for hours, and bam! u have a friend, or two, or 5 as the case may be, i mean sheesh, this is the place to be, there's just so much to do that u never feel like doing your homework, except this assignment, i actually like this one, it has purposed guised beneath it's apparent randomidity, i really should reconsider my major, i can't stand to get up for calculus, i dread physics and i loath chemistry, but when it comes to things like psychology, government, history, english, i can't wait to get to class, i don't despise having to get to know enough to pass the blamin test, i teach it to others, spend spare time to find the little intricate details that so intrigue my intellect, the adjectives and grammatical spurts that titilate the mind as opposed to the numbers and inferences that wear on one's nerves like grating concrete on your skull, one's a vacation and one's imprisonment, i really should get more sleep, i'm having trouble typing straight, or maybe it's just the rediculously small amount of space i have to write on this little desk with my frankenstein computer, how am i going to afford my chem book,no, not chem, my philosophy book, whoops, great one to put on here, they now think i'm horrible, no i really love psych, i even had it in high school, just haven't gotten the book yet, have to go to the financial aid office to get my mess straightened out, then got to do my blinkin physics homework tonight, jeez, and i've got to get the stupid dart transit thing worked out, they really need more hours in the day or some thing like that, everyone wants money and almost noone will come to dinner, people say they'll call and never do, people say they'll stop by and never do, do i need a message board? will anyone actually use it, or will people erase it if they do? am i paranoid? it's possible, in most cases i'm just prepared and my wrists are getting a little tired from typing in this awkward position, that is with this numbskull desk here, i'll probably get carpal tunnell or something, see even my spelling's going, that's what too much math will do to a person, i honestly don't understand this new calculus course i'm in, since when do mathemeticians make INFERENCES, in these problems we're having to make a whole string of INFERENCES to come a concrete answer? i think not! math is supposed to be about numbers and certainties and the correct technical notation which my TA and professor seem to think is unneccessary, IT IS NECESSARY, i mean come on here, u can't just start putting stuff down and have it be correct, if u don't define it right it could mean anything, i've seen sounder arguments made against abortion in philosophy class than i've seen arguments made for what some limit or sequence is, i thought math was supposed to be the one infallible, untouchable truth because it relied on cold hard unchangeable numbers, but NO, i'm in stinking cal 2 and i've hardly seen a solid number yet, most of what i've seen is shifty half arguments that if used in a court case would set a criminal off scott free, and they claim it to be the language of the universe? if that's so then it's just a confusing and complex a language as english because there's always some exception, some little thing that messes you up, some minor, minute, miniscule tidbit that u miss that makes the entire thing false, give me a break people, and as if it were easy to pay attention in class anyway, with the shorts and shirts the fine UT woment wear, it's a wonder any studying gets done at all, and in the one class i do have a relatively subdued female population, i have a professor that seems like everybody's grandpa and does nothing but write formulas on the board and make side comments about important rules that are already supposed to be common knowledge, NO they are not common knowledge, maybe to u, but u already HAVE your stinkin PhD, we haven't even gotten a bachelor's yet, so stop your assuming, jeez i'm thirsty, u'd think i'd been yelling all this at someone for the past 20 minutes for as dry as my mouth is, in all honesty if someone took the time they could probably findout who wrote this if they really wanted to, it's not like i haven't given enough clues already, well i'm just in the hope and confidence that they won't, oh look, time's almost up, well that was a productive venting section, now if we could only fix all of these problems, oh well, life is life and that's the way it goes, we'll just have to deal ",y,n,n,y,n

2002\_654785.txt," Just as i moved to this page my roomate came into our apartment and it appears that he has brought some food back from the grocery store. That is always a good thing. Now I'm thinking about how I can possibilly type my thoughts for this amount of time with out taking a break for some snacks and whatnot. Today has felt like the longest day that I can remember and I can't figure out why. When I was in my math class at 11 in the morning I for some reason it felt to me as if it was 5 in the evening. Now I am listening to the tv in the background and amthinking about how much I disagree with the news man. What is going to be typed by me in 5 minutes from now is flooding me with curiosity. I hope that this week goes by much faster then it is right now. I can't wait until Texas plays North Carolina this Saturday. Horns football is one of the top three reasons why I applied to The University of Texas and I am very glad that I got in. Now I am looking at a picture of the roadrunner from wiley cyotte however you spell it and it makes me think of apples and oragnges. That kind of scares me that random things like that just kind of pop up into my head, but oh well. Now I am wishing that I had started some music to play as a was writing this because I am almost always interested in listening to music. Yes my roomate is talking to me and he didnt know that I was home this entire time what a silly bastard. Now I am listening to Whiteny Houston who is a supposed crack head butthat doesn't really bother me because she can sing ok. I wonder how many times she does crack cocaine a day or use too. Sometimes I wonder what it feels like to be high on coke but I have never tried it. The reasons I haven't done coke is probably because most people I know that do coke are lost causes. My roomate thinks I'm an alcoholic because he heard me say I was drinking punch and I am but he thought it was trashcan punch which means his mind was on alcohol so maybe he is the alcoholic. I am not excited about having to go to three classes today because I am so very tired that I could easily take a nap and enjoy it a 100 times more. I have about 4. 25 minutes left, that makes me think about how much faster this writing assignment has gone thean I thought it would. What my life will be like 8 months from now is a random thought that just entered my mind. I wonder if I will still have my girlfriend, and I hope I do and I wonder if I will be less depressed than I am right now because at the moment I am at a time where very little makes me happy and I really didn't have that problem at all over the summer unless I was thinking about school again. I don't know exactly why but school changes my state of mind dramatically and quickly. I know I should be thankful to even go to school but how can I help the feelings that I have. now there are three two oh times up. ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_654953.txt," I suppose I should go to the Student Health center tomorrow to see about this stupid blocked up ear of mine. I walked in there today, but it looked like there was a division for international students or something, and I, as usual, didn't bother to ask around. I'll just give them a call or something to verify before I trek over there next. I wonder if Rick checked in at Target for that television shelf mom saw. I'd like to go check for it and hang around with him this weekend, but I may be going back to Houston. It'll be good to see mom, dad, and Anna again. It's great up here, but it's obviously considerably different than it would be staying in the bed I've slept in for eighteen years. It's funny how that sort of thing works. Something so simple as a bed or a rug that has always seemed inconsequential can suddenly seem important once it's gone, though I suppose that's the way it goes regarding most things. Taking things for granted is much easier for most people. I really wish this bloody ear would unclog itself (bloody being the British exclamation, mind you. I have a tendency to drop into foreign exclamations some times, and I'm sure a writing assignment such as this wouldn't be particularly indicative of the situation surrounding the term. Yeesh, I rant quite a lot). I'm sure that last sentence is probably improperly punctuated, but I'm going to let it slide this time. Anyway, now I'm coming to the problem I expected would happen. I have nothing of real substance to put into the paper, though in essence that in itself is enough to fuel the writing. This is a stream of consciousness, after all, and noticing that being unable to come up with anything to type is just as fulfilling (and even as clich�)as any other topic. Huh. I seemed to have remember the alt command to activate the accented 'e'. Ahh, the little oddities one remembers from the subconscious. I find it incredibly amusing that I am typing this as though I were talking to someone as opposed to writing my traditionally lengthy essays. English class has taught me well, it would seem. Okay, I love this Coleman fold out chair and all, but the positioning at my desk is somewhat irritating. It's just a bit too low, so I have to set my ketboard in my lap to type, and the annoyance is exacerbated by the fact that my arms are bent when typing. It's uncomfortable, but not so much that I cannot type. I am going to arbitrarily place another paragraph now. This one has run on for far too long with out a break, irregardless of the fact that it is nothing but constantly flowing ideas. There, much better, even though I momentarily forgot that tab changes the command field in Internet Explorer. I had to space over to start. Oh well, this is better now anyway. It's sort of a strange quirk I have that originated from my junior English class. Mrs. Eppich managed to ingrain certain formats into me, though that is not necessarily a bad thing. Hmm, scalp is itching. I think I want to go to the gym in the basement tonight. I haven't been in awhile, and since my ankle is better now, it will make things much more productive that my last excursion. And my computer just skipped on my Nightwish CD. That is annoying, though I supppose it's to be expectedf given the fact that I've got a few programs running. Five hundred and twelve megs of memory can only support so many applications. Listening to this music is great, though. There are so few metal bands with lead singers worth a shite (yes, there's another term from the British Isles I like to incorporate)despite the fact that many of them have very talented instrumentalists. Most symphonic metal bands have superb synth and guitar parts, but I have a grudge against bad vocalists. That's why I like Tarja so much. I mean, you can't go wrong with an operatic soprano and good instrumentals. Hansi K�rsch is also good. Never before have I heard a growling voice with as much musicality to it. Okay, I took a rather long pause there to serach the character map to find the command for the 'u' with an umlaut. I like to spell things properly, and Hansi's last name being German, I figured it deserved to have the proper notation. Language is important. It is the tool we use to communicate ideas, therefore I think we should respect it and use it properly lest we forget how to speak to each other in a distinguishable fashion. It is for that reason I dislike dialects of English that butcher it. Those dialects are more about the attitude of those who use them than the language. My time is running short, so I'll just type this last sentence until it's out. Oh, hey, look at that. It's not strictly a twenty minute paper. Well, as much as I wouldn't mind continuing this, I do have some work to do elsewhere. I prefer to direct my writing and creativity towards my novels and stories anyway. I'll finish them one of these days. Really, I will. &lt;/excuses&gt; I really ought to just sit down and write them. Oh, I suppose not everyone will recognize that command in the brackets up there. It means 'end excuses', basically. It's a habit I picked up in IRC, which is an internet relay program. Technically, though, it's part of writing HTML. The backslash is the command that signifies the time to turn a variable off, or something to that effect. I could be wrong. I never really got into HTML or any other sort of coding. I don't have the patience for it. Heh. Look at that. I've already continued typing well past the timer. Anyway, I suppoe as a final note it should be said that all my 'ahh's and 'heh's and so forth are just onomatopoeia. And now my machine is gritching about IE. Bloody stupid Microsoft. Ahh well, I suppose I'l just submit this now before I get shut off and lose it. ",n,n,n,y,y

2002\_655082.txt,"Well, well, what to write about? I'm sure this topic comes up often in a stream of conciousness writing assignment. I really wanted to complete this assignment a few days ago. I had an interesting dream that I think probably had some significant psychological value. I'm not sure if I can remember much of it, but I'll try to recall. Nope, sorry. Ha ha. Let's see, it said to write about your current observations. Here's what's happening: music is playing, room mate's music is also playing. I guess I should try to find a song that might be relevant to our next discussion topic in class, but I'm not sure what that is right now. It really makes me mad that I actually tried to go do a load of laundry and all the machines are full. I can't believe that the entire dorm of Prather is supposed to share only four washing machines. That really sucks. I hate doing laundry as it is, but I refuse to wait in line. So, I decided to come do this assignment and figured the line would be gone. This is a good song, 311 - Amber. This is a slooowww twenty minutes. Last night was pretty boring, I didn't know of a whole lot going on. I should have called that Mila chick or that Meggie girl. They're pretty hot. Wonder if they're interested in me? I just met them, guess I shouldn't really wonder about that yet. They're cool to hang out with, except Meggie's friend Michelle is a BITCH. I can't believe I took them out and they left with some of their friends. Ah, Counting Crows, Mr. Jones- good tune! I think I'll call Mary Beth later and see what's up with Mila. I wish I would have eaten lunch before I started this. pretty hungry. Wow, a whole 13 and a half min. left to go. Ha, Will just walked in here to see if I thought his hair was cool. Jack and him are crazy guys. I wonder what I should go get for lunch today? I guess I'll ask Ian what he feels like. I wonder if there's a length requirement on this assignment? Probably not. I bet some people will be half-ass'n though. I need to figure out what other homework I need to do this weekend. I know I have some math to work on if I have time, but I really need to read that Philosophy first. The last book, Plato's Phaedo, was somewhat interesting, but was disheartening to learn that he was wrong at the discussion section on Friday. I just need to look at my PDA, I put all my assignments in there on Friday, I think. Man, I hope I can get some tickets to the UT and A and M game. Or the UT OU game. I don't understand the concepts of the draw exactly. The little draw sheet says I need to check out a website to get a wristband for the draw. I wonder what's going on back in Corsicana? Probably not a whole lot. I guess I should call Mom here after I get done. I forgot to call her yesterday. What else do I need to do today? I'll feel better after I get done with this, it's been kind of hanging over my head since it's been assigned. I really feel sorry for whoever might read this, it's probably incredibly boring. I wonder what anyone can tell about me by stream of conciousness. Let's see, Ian just walked by and wanted me to type Zestfully Clean. Guess we'll go eat in about 5 minutes. He thinks I should just be typing randomly instead of in sentences. Oooh, only four more minutes. I wonder how long this will be. I think those chairs we bought at Academy for the room yesterday are going to work out pretty well. I really like the table too. I just hope that after we buy the carpet that the room can be rearranged into a more efficient arrangment. That would be cool if this thing had spell checker on it. I'm impressed by the HTML timer though. I should learn something about HTML programming. I think some class I had said we would, can't remember which one that was. Wouldn't that be cool to get to a length limit? Let's see, back to things to do today. Eat lunch, do laundry, do homework. Call Mom, call Gary back, call Jon and those guys back. Maybe I should call Mila or Meggie? I don't know, I just talked to them the other day. Might not be the best timing. Guess I should anyway. Man, I need to stop spending money. I want to add up my receipts and see how much I have spent. This is goin to be a killer Visa bill month. Time's almost up! Yea! ",n,n,n,n,n

2002\_657022.txt," Today is a dreary day. The clouds and rain almost reflect the strange mood i have now. I think my thoughts have changed today. after thinking about what my mom said. I almost feel guilty. although i'm just supposed to be happy. I don't really know if what i am doing is wrong or if I just think it is because that is what i have always thought. I want to be quiet. silent. Reflective because I need some time to think and not be social. I don't want to waste any time but i don't want to look back on my time here and feel that i never had any fun. I think i am doing a good job of planning and not doing too much, but i just want to be balanced. I need to go to that church that Kelly went to , but I don't know how to get there and I feel bad that I didn't go today, even though I went to bed at 4. I need to do a better job next week. I really am begining to miss Omar and my family. Living in Austin is fun but I think I am going to get sick of it if I don't take charge of my life now. I want to do things that make a difference and not just flow with the college life. I want to be different and I haven't found exactly what I'm looking for. I still haven't found what I'm searching for. It is really hot in here. I wish I could turn the air down. but Katy is asleep. She is so crazy. I guess I like her as a room mate, it could be a lot worse. But i don't think she is at all a good role model and if anything she will bring me down if I am not careful. I really want to go shopping but I don't have time. Maybe tomorrow. I want to buy so many things. I have so many ideas but I have no money. Whoever said money does not buy happiness. was wrong. I could have so much fun if I had a whole bunch of money. I would go to all the vintage stores in Austin and have the cutest clothes and the greatest room and everything. I think then I would be more confident to go out and have fun and meet people which would bring happiness. right?? I wish that I was bulletproof. I wish Omar was here. We could have such a wonderful life if he just lived here. We need each other. He can't do anything unless i'm there to encourage him and give him advice and help. And i can't do anything unless he is here to give me inspiration and comfort and something to be joyous about. It would be so great. Oh well, i don't think that will happen. Last nite was soo crazy. But I am glad I went, just because I need to experience all that I can so I can really know what I stand for and am comfortable with. If I just stay here and do things I know, then I will never be sure if I am really being real, or just what I think is real. I need to try everything so i will know what I'm not missing. or what I need to get more involved in. I hope Heather, Athena and I can hang out more and do things because we haven't and they are my best friends. I think it is weird how we are all here, but we never see each other. I can't belive I cut myself on my bed today. That is so retarded. And it really hurts. I think Allison is soo sweet. . we are so alive and it is so funny how Omar and Ramses live the same kind of girls that live in the same house. Haha - we live in the same house, and they live in the same house. that is so crazy. I can't belive it. I love Radiohead. it is so comforting. At least I don't really have to do chores here like at home. i am definitly free. It is a strange feeling but I really like it. It's like, i can do anything and no one will know if I don't want them to. That is a eerie and almost scary feeling. Sometimes, when I consider what tremendous consequences come from little things. I am tempted to think there are no little things. I hope Omar will write me a song sometime. He really needs to. I can't belive we had that whole talk about little things, and i ever cried! and he still hasn't done anything. I wonder if I just stopped calling him and sending him e-mails, if he would even notice. I would think that naturally he would, but then again I can rarely predict him. He would probably not even mention it, not even miss it. That is sad. I really wish he would be different . He has such potential to be a wonderful , prime boyfriend, but i don't think he really tries as hard as he says he does. Ahh. ohh well, it will work out. I am glad i have him, because I don't want anyone else,. . no one. I a very happy with him and i know we will be so happy together when we finally figure out what we are going to do. Well, this is almost the end. The end of my moments, and feeling. i want some ice cream. . yea i do. I have so much to do today. I love this music. I want to paint. I need to create something beautiful, and be productive. This is actually the beginning. not the end. Here I go. this is going to be one great year. I have promises to keep. and miles to go before i sleep. ",n,y,y,y,y

2002\_657764.txt," I always pride myself on my ability to be creative but lately i feel restricted. I am spending more time absorbing everything around me than actually reflecting. I also feel lonelier than usual. I know this is normal, so I don't feel strange for the feelings. I am used to being surrounded by chaos and people I know. All of a sudden, I'm in a school more than twice as big as my town and a dorm more than twice as big as my high school. I am deep down enjoying the experience. On the surface, I am just caught up in reorganizing everything. I am also still recovering from last year. I keep thinking that things will pick up and that I will meet people. I don't know if it is just a slower process than I expect or if I have high expectaions. All I know is that I love Austin as much as I miss New Mexico. I miss the scenery and the openess but now I get to enjoy a more vibrant and colorful scene. More than anything, I am excited to be around new music. I am listening to Grateful Dead right now- as I have for the last year. Right now, I feel that my scene suits the music more. I also am excited to be around live music. It has a better taste. I think I miss good New Mexican food (burritos) almost as much as I miss my old room. I miss being able to walk down the street without running into another person if I feel like it. I miss my friends. I miss being able to have inside jokes and laugh without even talking. I think I have more potential for good friends because Austin appeals to a particular crowd including myself. In NM, I made friends with the peop[le that were available. In Austin I will make friend with people that I hve common interests with. That is why it takes more time. I am not used to the freedom that I have recently obtained. I want to experiment with the limits of my freedom, but I just haven't found good opportunies. I haven't done much since I've been here. I can't tell if I'm lazy, timid, or just in the process of figuring out my niche. Education is more interesting when it is by willpower. I like learning when I have the choice to go to class. I also get the idea the teachers in college enjoy teaching more. That may be a generalization. I'm a bit scared aobut tests. I don't know how to study yet. I actually was scared yesterday, but not today. I bought a to-do list yesterday and wrote down everything that I need to do. Even though I haven't checked off much, I feel so much more organized knowing that it's written down. I actually fell more compelled to check stuff off (that's why i'm writing this now). I hope I don't fall victim to my lack of self dicipline and poor study habits. I truly enjoy being disorganized and careless. I think it gives me more personality and a more colorful life. A reckless and wild life has its o elegant motion. More than anything, I think having careless adcventures (i. e. hitchiking home from a party) makes me more creative. All I want to do in life is to write. Well, I want to do more, but that's my main ambition and source of happiness. I think adventures inspire what I write just as much as education builds a foundation. All of my college experience will be relevant. I get excited writing about what I want, but I then look back at the time I've been here and feel a bit unaccomplished. My wrist keeps popping when I type, and it really hurts. I have to slow down. I should probably start working out again if typeing at my computer is strenuous. My roommate is cleaning our room right now. She is a bit cumpolsive, but I'm glad that it inspires me to stay organized. Well, I'm organized on the surface. My closet and drawers are a different story. I love how I decorated my room. I think interior design is next on the list to writing. I wish I could study it, but I don't think I could make it into the school of architecture ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_659246.txt,"It's late and the fan is on it keeps spratically blowing on my arm. My arm is getting kind of cold. I have been reading for about an hour now and my eyes are kind of lazy. I have some catching up to do on my homework and i need to go get a book tomorrow, the one i got online was the wrong one. today was a long day, i'm glad it's over. three classes and a long work-out session. i like it though, the working out, it make me feel. . . good. i like to feel good. tomorrow is going to be an easy day. ony one class. my nails look bad i sure need a manicure. the fan is really relaxing with the blowing and the hum sound it makes. there is no other noise, usually there is a radio playing but not tonight, homework was the important thing. i want to do several things this week, attend some meetings for soccer and for this business fraternity that i want to be in. i think it will be fun to be involved with the school. i sure wish i could find some information on the football or baseball spirit groups. thats really what i want to do. i love watching ut play no matter what sport. i was athletic in high school i wish i would have listened to my dad when he said you should practice, you could get a scholarship i could have, the demand for girl golfers is pretty high. i didn't listen oh well can't cry over spilt milk. i miss my parents, i know they miss me. my mom calls alot but im glad she calls me because i would fell kind of foolish is i always called home. you know, everytime i visit i get teary eyed. i know that sounds stupid but its getting better though. i love this school though, the only school i ever wanted to go to. been a fan forever. everyone else in my family is an aggie. i will be the first longhorn in family history. pretty cool i think. i wish i could do more with my room. its too small and my closet. man i have no words for that. but i like it here, its close to school and everything else for that matter. the walking across campus kind of sucks but thats ok because its ut campus, that makes all the difference in the world. i can't believe i got into the business school. i still remember finding out like it was yesterday. i was completely speachless. literaly i had to go outside, it was one of the most liberating and self gratifying moments of my life. i am smiling right now. i have alot of pictures of my friends in my room, i miss them too. mainly my best friend kristi, she is getting married in november and i hate that i am not there to help her out with all the wedding stuff, she calls and i always do what i can while i am at home but its not the same. we were neighbors you know. for the better part of out childhood. i am usually not this depressing sounding. i guess its the long day and all the prior homework setting the mood. my arms are starting to hurt because i am typing with my comp on a stool by my bed, sitting on the edge. its a strange position but i havent yet got me a desk. . like i said the room is small and well my comp desk was big. well good night. ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_659290.txt," My room is so dark and cold right now. I wish my roommate didn't like to sleep as much so that I can have lights on and have the blinds open. I call my room oppressive sometimes. But I like my roommate so I am willing to compromise for her. So far, she has proven herself to be a good person and above all, a good friend. Today, when I needed someone, she was there for me. Well, today I found out there was more to a story that my boyfriend told me. I was so hurt and tearful and angry. And I felt alone. He is one of my closest friends but I can't go to him now. And so I went to her. She was there and comforted me and gave me food, which is always a sign of good friendship. She gave me advice and stuff. But I am debating whether or not I am going to take it. See, I love my boyfriend so much. I can't see myself living without him. I don't know what to do. I feel likke he has deceived me and I honestly can't trust him anymore. Trust was the thibng that I sough in him. It was the thing that I could not find anywehre else. No one but him made trust available to me. And now that feelign is gone. I really do love him though, and I am hoping that love will get me through this, but it can only go so far. I have to think of my own feelings. I have to think of what is good for me too. I shouldn't be in a relationship where trust isn't there. I shouldn't put myself in a position where I will be hurt again and again. But on one note, this is the worst thing he has ever done. He loves me so much and cares for me so much. He wouldn't hurt me for no reason. But he didn't have a reason. well in a way he did. He didn't want to tell me the truth of the situation cause he knew I would get upset and be hurt, which is the way I am now. I just wished he had told me the truth and been honest with me. I always enjoyed how we were so open and honest with each other. Now, I feel like it can't be like that. I feel it will be like that not cause we want it to be but because he knows I don't trust him and therefore he has to be honest with me so I can trust him again. Depsite all of myfeelings for him, I don't know what to do. I don't know whether I shoudl forgive him completely, give him a third chance, or just dump him. I love him to much to let him go completely so there goes option nubmer 3 but I cannot forget what he did. It will always be on my mind. I will always recall the time he deceived me. I don't like feeling deceived. It makes me feel used and disgusted with myself. I honestly feel like curling up in bed with the lights off. But then I would be doing as my roommate does. I wonder what he is thinking now. I wonder if he is really sorry for what he did. I wonder if he cares about me as much as he says he does. I can't fathom what is going on through his head. He is always thinking about stuff. He denies it but you can tell. YOu can alawys tell with soemone like that. I really do love him. I really really do. And my heart tears every time he does bad stuff to me. But this is his first time to do anything this bad. Usually he makes small mistakes like neglecting to do something. This is big. He hid something important from me. Well. . yeah he did lie to me before. And I forgave him cause it was not really that important of a lie. It was jsut the fact that he lied to me that hurt. It breaks my trust and ruins all of the faith that I have in him. I have faith in such few things. Like, I love all of my high school friends, but I know that they weren't the best to me at times. THey would leave me out and ignore me at times. My boyfriend has always proven not to be like that. He is there for me when I need him. Maybe we should be friends instead of boyfriend/girlfriend. But we tried that in the beginning and eight months later we are in love. It is probably inevitable that if we do become friends again, we would fall in love again. Our personalities are like that. We are really good together like that. Everyone says so and I feel it. I feel a connection to him that I have never felt with anyone else. It is the strongest bond that I could ever have or ever will have. I can't tell anyone how much he means to me. If they do ask, I tell them that he means the world to me. Oh God, I think I've turned to one of those codependent girls that I've always hated. Ugh, I hope not. I hate to be like. Hopfeully i am not. ",n,y,n,y,n

2002\_659436.txt," Well, I think that I need to practice working on my team games more. My teammates and I have very little coordination amongst ourselves, we always just end up doing things individually instead of as a team. Zendt usually ends up spamming huntresses by himself in a corner, Travis makes a few footman and then techs to knights, which usually then get killed, and I try to scout or tech myself. Their is no over-arching strategy to our game, which is the problem. In a one-on-one game, I only have to be concerned with what I am doing and making, and only what my single enemy is doing or making. I have decided to dub the name of our team Team Suck , because we are that terrible. Oh well, I can still tower rush the newbs on battle. net any day. Amazingly enough, I don't have a lot of work to do tonight, aside from this assignment I'm doing right now so that I can go ahead and have it out of the way. Hopefully, I won't have any work to do this weekend when the fam comes to visit. And even if I do, I will just do as much as I can on Sunday night instead of burdening myself with it while they are here. It's not that I don't have a work ethic, it's just that I prioritize doing things with them above reading out of a textbook, which I will be doing all the time while I am here at UT. They are only going to be around for a few days, and then I may not see them again until the next break. I wonder when it will start getting cold around here, I brought my jacket, but I shouldn't need it until October or so I believe. My bathroom is quite the feces-infested cesspool right now, I should probably do something about that. It's beginning to get kind of nauseating, but perhaps if I can out-last the guy next door, he will do it before I do. Pretty sick, I know, but I did it when I first got here and I'll be damned if I get to do it every time. I should also vacuum the room, that is getting pretty disgusting as well. Crumbs and such will attract all kinds of vermin eventually. I wonder how often (if ever) they spray for bugs around here. A couple of times I've gone into the bathroom and found one in the tub or on the floor. One time I actually stepped on one before I knew what it was in the dark. That was quite nasty. There Zendt goes, IMing me while I'm doing my writing assignment. must not answer it. must continue my non-sequitious train of thought. i wonder if I spelled non-sequitious correctly. If i spent a few seconds checking it on dictionary. com it shouldn't cut into my writing. aw screw it, who cares if the prof or TA or whoever reads this thinks im an illiterate boob. I don't think they are checking on spelling anyway. I bet there are other stream of consciousness writings by students who have trouble writing in english because they are from other countries, so why should I care if i have a few typos. I could pretend I'm a foreigner from Germany or some crap, even if it did matter. Except now I've written it in here, so they would have incriminating evidence. Wow, this is too much digression into an idiotic train of thought. Must think of something else to type about. . . . . . Um, i think I'm losing my focus a little now. man, my nails are dirty, look at that. That charcoal I've been using is a damn mess. I hope that we don't do too many more charcoal drawings now. Those blind contour drawings are so much cleaner. I wonder if they will egver get more cups in the kitchen. I am getting pretty effin' sick of bringing my own cup to dinner. that is pure bovine-cacka. I wonder if they care about me typing cuss words in here. better not do it just to be on the safe side. Must try to maintain some false sense of professionalism. time. is. almost. . . up. . . . . NOW ",n,n,n,y,n

2002\_659456.txt,"Right now I'm sitting in my dorm room. The TV is on and the band called The Calling is playing. I really like they're music, they kind of soothe my thoughts and put me at ease. Music plays an integral role in how my attitude is for a certain day or time. Many times I'll listen to something that is very hard and angry and it will put me in a bad mood, however, that rarely happens. I'm really kind of worried about my laundry at this time. I have honestly never washed any clothes, so it presents a particularly daunting task to myself. I have just realized how long 20 minutes is, and it seems a lot longer than what i figured it would be. Although this task isn't particularly challenging, it's interesting to try to think about what i'm thinking about. Many times I think the things I'm thinking of are reflected by hearing as well as sight. I've noticed this because I'm listening to music now and the song is a mellow number that is making me really relaxed. I need to make some Gatorade, because I drank all of it yesterday. Reese Witherspoon is really hot, there's a picture of her in front of me, and she is beautiful. Now there's two songs playing at the same time, and that is sort of bothering me. First of all because i like them both, second of all because it's hard to keep up with both of them. Earlier I mentioned that my laundry was bothering me, well that is really a trivial task. More precendent on my mind is making good grades in my classes. College is easy so far, however I haven't had any tests and just one quiz, in my Spanish class. I think i fared ok on that quiz, so I'm happy about that. However, I'm still very curious as to what I actually made. When i first got to Jester my allergies acted up really bad, due to the inordinate amount of dust in the room. After the first week I got acclimated to it, I guess, and now I'm doing just fine. I had an appointment at the SSB to get my allergy shots this afternoon, so I treked over there after I ate lunch. When i got there the lady informed me that she had double booked the nurse in charge of giving shots. She was paranoid that I would be mad at her, but of course I wasn't mad. It takes a lot to get me mad, and something like that is just a minor inconvenience to me. So I just went about my way. I am also happy that I got my computer problem resolved. Seether put on a great show at Ozzfest on Saturday. Their lead singer sounds a lot like Kurt Cobain, who was awesome. All of Seether's songs were really great, they impressed me. Chevelle put on a good show too, as did Lost Prophets. Wow, I find myself continually looking at the time above, to see how close I am to getting finished with this assignment. I'm really thirsty. Another thing that perplexes me is the experiments for this class. I suppose I'll try to sign up for something after I finish this typing assignment. I'm really kind of worried about getting all those experiments done and all that. I guess that worry stems from not knowing that much about the experiments. Lately my feet have started hurting a little bit, well, i guess it's not really a hurt , but more of a burn. Perhaps my soles are giving out. Wow, I'm almost finished, I have less than 15 seconds left. This was really kind of cool, the 20 minutes went by pretty fast, bye. ",n,n,n,y,n

2002\_663634.txt," For the past two weeks, I've been down here in Austin, TX, home of the largest university in the nation, and while I thought that I would have the time of my life, I cannot seem to move past the feeling that I am completely alone in a world of 50,000 students. I had wanted to come to this university for five years, but now that I'm here, im constantly thinking of ways to either get out or somehow to get used to it. The fact is, I left my friends. Although this is something that everyone going to college is faced with, the friends I left were the only ones that I had kept for more than 4 years since my family moved around often. And this time, leaving them was actually my decision! I continually tell myself to just give it time and I will find my place. However, as I struggle being in a new city by myself, it seems that everyone that I talk to is having the time of their lives: the time that I wanted and expected to have upon arrival in Austin. Wanting to transfer closer to where my friends are occuppies much of my thoughts each and every day. I just can't move past it. It's as if the world is moving on without me. I feel as if I'm lost, and I don't know how to find myself again. Either I stay here and attempt to find the dream I had expected, or I find a way out of the city. Everyone seems so happy. Why can't I be like them? I miss everything about my home, but most of all I miss how familiar everything was. I knew what was going to happen every day, and here, I don't know what to do with myself! Anyway, I really wish my roommate would come home every now and then! I hardly see her. I miss my boyfriend so much! I sound like such a typical teenage girl in saying that, but it's true. I miss my life before college. I hadn't realized how happy and lucky I truly was to have such amazing friends and family close by all the time. Perhaps I just need to get out there and truly find someone to talk to, but it feels like I've tried that already. I wish so much that I could just meet someone and right away have a friend! It's ridiculous to think that way, but honestly, the world would be a much friendlier place! Okay, so now it seems like I'm just rambling on. I should go running sometime soon, but it's extremely hot outside!! I cannot wait for this weekend because I have a ride home. See, I continually come back to this topic. I desperately hope that I maintain the same relationship with my friends. I feel so stressed out lately. I don't know what to expect yet from college, and calculus is absolutely killing me! If I don't get an extremely high GPA, I might HAVE to transfer universities in order to get accepted into business. Why couldn't my life have just stood still during my senior year of high school? I loved it, only I didn't know that I had the life I always wanted until I was forced to leave it and start over. I sound as if my life is falling apart, and it's not. Sometimes I just feel too overwhelmed with making new friends and meeting new people, keeping in touch with everyone and wishing they were here with me, and then there's the little fact that I'm supposed to decide what to do with the rest of my life at some point soon! Business is just so general, so I thought it would be a great starting point. Who knows? Definitely not me. I'm so confused right now. People are outside running right now. I should get out there and attempt to keep in shape. ",n,y,y,y,n

2002\_665348.txt,"so , i am supposed to write what i think. thats sorat hard, because everytime you think a thought, it has disappeared by the time you have finished wirrint it. but at the moment i would like to talk about the one thing that is on lmy mind: my mother yes, she is my mother, and yes, she is extremely overprotective. but i am in COLLEGE now . that is a wee different than high school in the sense that you have ot be. o whats the word. . independent will do. yea you have to think for yourself, stand up for yourself, be yoursefl. except if your mother is preventing you from doing that, what are you supposed to do? if she doesnt let you come home later than whatever time she setss (which by the way is not very late at all) then you are basically in 9th grade again. do this, do that. and the worst part is, she never directly states what is on her mind. she starts out by asking questions. where were you all this time? i was worrying? why didnt you tell me? i did ma. i don't remember well thats too bad . i have to go tomorrow as well where? when? till what time? who what where when why and how, she might as well be a journalist. she instilled morals and values on me. doesnt she trust her own upbringing? doesnt she trust me? trust is anothe issue and overprotectiveness is another. or at least i think she is being overprotective. maybe to her indian standards she is extremely liberal. maybe. but this isnt india! this is the us, land of freedom. not that i'm going to go off and elope with some pierced stranger. i just want some privacy, some freedom. and most of all i want to move out. that in itself would solve so many problems. first of all, i wouldnt have to listen to her critisizing me one moment and loving methe next. she also would be liberated from my constant bickering and un called for interruptions. i wouldnt be too far away and yet not close enough to be distracted. everytime i try to study, she comes in every 15 to 20 mts. unless of course if she is taking a nap of 3 hours or so. but i feel guilty. i feel guilty for the way i am thinking. she deserves that nap, every second of it. if i worked as hard as she does, i would be half unconscious by now. but she finds time for a full time job, for being a single mother, for paying bills, for making food, for everything you would want a mother to do, as well as everything you wish she wouldnt do. she is the epitome of motherhood, in all its glory and grime. she has her pro's and cons, and i love her for that. but sometimes she can be a real pain. enought about her, i still have 12 minutes of writing left. what can i write about. lets see, college. yes college is most definitely on my mind at the moment, because i am doing a college assignment. i also have a bunch of homework to do after this and it is already 10 pm. i am not too good at doing all nighters. the latest i have slept is 5 am. and that was not study related. that was lets have a girl cousin talk thing. but that aside, college seems to be hard, but not as hard as i had thought it to be. i am not completely clueless as to what is beingsaid in my classes, but at the same time, i am quite amazed at the amount of reading that has to be done. its not the reading actually, its the note taking that is required in intense detail and that takes up a whole lot of time. i am trying to think of what to think and it isnt working too well, so i'll just write about my family. well theres my brother and i could go on and on about him. personally i think he's a spoiled brat. he has as much potential as his fourteen yr old cerebrum can handle, but that potential is over ridden by his spoiled bratedness. he is plain spoiled , by my mother mostly. when i was his age ( now why does that sound so familiar. . i am not that old, am i?) i was super disciplined by my father; the beatings, the cruel and unusual punishments, the whole package. yes, so i think i am definitely more responsible. whereas my younger sibling, he has the disadvantage of being not only a spoiled brat, but an extremely lazy spoiled brat. he reads a lot, and thats pretty much the only good thing about him. another controversial curse in the form of a blessing is that he can phase out the rebukes of my mother. now one minute ago i was critisizing him and now i'm commending him, but not really. it only seems to be a boon at certain times, like if i really did not want to hear my mother tell me how all the other girls my age are doing jobs and iam sitting around and my legs are gettin fat andn how i should exercise more. because she has already said it 10 times that week and wishes to say it once more, as if i couldnt hear her say it 10 times, whereas i actually could. that didnt sound like it made sense. but yea. this stream of consciousness thing, i did it in senior yr ap english. my teacher, mrs. lydic was one . . uh. . unique lady. she was somewhat crazy in the sense that she drank unbelievely outrageous amounts of coffee and had this almost supernatural smirk/ smile on her face. and her hair was always the exact same way. side parting with a big dome of hair on the top. yes i sound so shallow in this callow description of her physical faults, but it was that mingled with her personality that made the ap english experience not really unpleasant, but unusual. so after i discovered that i had to do a stream of consciousness paper in psychology i thought, i can never get rid of lydic. she will always be there. not that thats a bad thing. i suppose it is thanks to her ( and my own diligent efforts) that i got a 4 on the english literature advanced placement exam. but now i have less than 30 secons left and i would just like to say, this soc paper didnt really provide a catharsis for me. ",n,n,y,y,y

2002\_671391.txt," I hope I'm doing this right because I'm not sure. I feel so tired and I have so many things to do in such short time. I wonder if I'll pass all my classes. I'm afraid that I won't make A's and not make it into Medical school. I can imagine how my dad's sisters will laugh at him and tell him that they knew I wasn't going to make it. I feel lost, depressed, and anxious. Who should I talk to, well mayb nobody because what if people think I'm crazy or stupid or something. Everyone else seems relaxed and having a great time. I can't even walk out of my room because I either have homework or some quiz to study. I can't believe I froze today on my quiz and miss two simple questions. What's wrong with me? I used to take pressure fine now I feel like some crazy person. I miss Peter, my boyfriend. He understands me. The good thing is that he's coming down and if my dad brings my truck up here, I can go and pick him up at the airport. I want to bring him back to UT and show him around. It's going to be nice to walk with him down the Drag and just showing him the campus. I can't wait to see him. I hope everything goes well since tomorrow is Friday the thirteenth. I don't want anything to happen to him while he's flying over here. If anything happens to him, I'll feel terrible because I'm the only reason he's coming down. I hope I can have a good weekend with him. I want to spend as much time as possible with him. But with my parents, God, I can imagine them. They take things so seriously. I wish they weren't so strict and understand that me and Peter are serious about each other. I guess that's why I'm so shy. I could never go out or do anything. Now I can't keep a conversation with anyone because I think that they don't like me but oh, well I don't need them. I have such a headache. It's just all these thoughts I have in my head. I wonder who's going to read this. They're going to think I'm some kind of psycho, however you spell that. Life is so crazy for me. I can never relax or kick back. I hope to God that in the end this will pay off. I wish I was already in med school but hey it all takes time. Now I understand what Dr. Sladek said. That man is so brillant. I hope to be just like him. He does surgeries like nothing. And to think that he didn't make it to med school here in the US and had to go to Mexico. If he didn't make it with straight a's here at UT, what makes me think that I will. What did I get myself into? But this is my dream and I'm afraid to disappoint my family. I've always told them I was going to be a Doctor and if I don't they're going to ask me why, some will laugh at me, others will disapprove of me like Mr. Matthews, others will rub it in my face. How embarrassing? Agh! I even got voted most successful in high school. I can imagine everyone talking about me and how I thought I was so smart. If only they knew I had to work really hard for my grades. I was just like them. I want my mom to be proud of me and I want her to know that when she's old I'll take good care of her. I don't want to see her working hard anymore. Well this felt a little better taking everything out but now I feel like crying. Maybe that will help as well. ",n,y,n,y,n

2002\_672254.txt,"so today i went to class and i am really really tired i don't know why because in high school i was never this tired and i never slept that much during the day now i sleep a lot more i have breaks in between my classes and i don't like it because i don't do anything useful during those breaks i either eat, sleep, watch my suitemates tv or sit and stare at the wall, i think that i have a obessive compulsive shopping disorder because i always want to shop i like to shop and i always spend too much money i have the money from my parents but i should learn to save it but they did give it to me for clothes but i still shouldnt shop that much well oh well i like it so i do it i really like my dorm i want to decorate the living room more but my roommate and my room is cute and everyone says that it is homely i hung up all my picutes the other day and i like it alot i really like my stuff i think it is extremely cute it looks like a model dorm room it should because it took me forever to pick out what to buy and i got frames for all my pictures to match and my mom is making me a lamp to match it is going to be awesome well now my boyfriend is going to come over and we are going to watch a movie that should be fun oh i forgot that are suitemates are having movie night oh well we can just watch it with them i never get pimples but i have a really huge one right now and it is aggrevating me to death i guess that i am really concerned with my physical appearance but i can't help it anyways i don't know what else to write umh the elevators at dobie are extremely annoying because they take forever and i always have to take the stairs from the 12 floor i hate it but i never take them up maybe i should to work off calories oh that reminds me i really need to start working out again i have slacked off since summer school ended and fall started i should start running again too i could go with my friend i will give her a call later well something is wrong with my labtop because any time i type too fast it stops and sends me to the upper portion of the page i hate it then i have to use the mouse to get back down to start typing again i think that i am a true perfectionist it even shows in this writing assignment because anytime i spell a word wrong i have to go back and retype it the right way i wonder why i do that oh i miss my car because i put it in the shop yesterday and i can't get it until tomorrow it is no big deal i don't drive it that much down here anyway but i just like to know that i can drive when i want to it is going to cost like 270 dollars to get the oil changed and the brake pads changed and the rotars grinded down they also had to give me a new ignition for something because of a recall i have a 98 honda accord (it is so nice i love my car fully loaded and everything all the extras) and they recalled the ignition because it can just stall out when you are driving that is scary my stepmom called me and was worried because if i was driving on the freeway and it stalled it would not be good i said hey if someone hit me and maybe i would just get hurt enough so that i could sue honda and get enough money to pay for college and be able to drive my bmw and go on shopping sprees with my sisters, and mothers and all the time that would be nice so i havent talked to my sister in awhile she is very sick not sick in a flu way but in a internal way like the brain and heart i love her so much and i am going to call her as soon as i am done with this so that i can tell her how much i love her and when i go home we can hang out and i will take her and some of her friends to a movie and to eat i think that i need to get a job my dad does not want me too and he gives me money but i want to you know ",n,y,n,y,n

2002\_672547.txt," It comes easy just to type out what I am thinking, I am used to keeping a thourogh journal. It didnt necessarily have written sections like a dear diary but had many ideas and thoughts expressed in art. I really do love art. The communications school has a fantastic creative program which I hope to become a part of. It a rigorous comittment that i feel fully qualified for. That is my own concieded thought. Anyways, college has been everything I expected for and more. My professors are interesting and the social scene is very entertaining. I still find myself getting sad at nights because I am not with some of my closest friends. Lauren Nagler, Stephanie Miller, Adam Gutmann. . some kids that are really special to me and its really sad not seeing them everyday. I also see myself getting sad that i can not see my parents everyday. I talk to them quite alot but its not the same. It kind of scares me too since my mom is going through alot, and batteling cancer, and my inconsiderate brother takes no responsibility in the family. It was supposed to be my year at college my time to be off duty and my brother thinks its appropriate to go and work in the Netherlands. I have such ill feelings for that boy. Besides that. I mean life goes on. You can't get stuck in a rut. you got to live each day as it comes. There has been some drama in my new life here at UT. It is all a bunch of dumb girls who think they know what they are talking about and they really dont. I am a pretty chill, I am not a competer. ill quit before the race begins just because i don't care about things that much. And especially with guys, I am not the type of girl to be a homewrecker. And for Petes sake I am only 19- a freshman- its not like the people we have found this week are going to be our soulmates for life. Anat- the girl whose giving me the worst vibes in the world thinks she can call dibs on every guy- who is she to do that??? whatever- again i don't compete- take them all and be happy- i am too worried about my grades and other things that are improtant to me. This writing assignment is actually pretty cool. Its like a way to vent out whats on your mind and get a grade for it. It is really hot in my dorm room right now, and the cd i was listening to is over, Lynard Skynard, what a good cd. I think my car phone is broken too and its like the fourth one i have gone through- I got these cute pictures today at tops photo. i am really getting into the swing of things here at UT and its really comforting. I came with alot of friends. some who i didnt reallly want to hang out with some I did- I have met alot of cool cool peeps and i am definatly having a good time. Its really hard to find something to talk about with there is one minute left---- ",y,y,n,n,y

2002\_672631.txt," Today is Friday and I am feeling sad because my I had been hoping to see my boyfriend Justin this weekend. Actually, originally I had planned to see him next weekend because this weekend he was supposed to be going to La Grange. But then his trip to La Grange got cancelled and I was hoping that he would be able to come up and visit me. But it just wasn't going to happen in this short of notice because we had too many other things going on this weekend. But next weekend I will see him because I am driving down to Houston next Friday. I am so excited because by then it will have been three weeks since we last saw eachother. Next Sunday, September 15 is his brothers' birthday. He has two brothers, they are twins. Their names are Jack and John. They will be turning 11. This weekend I am going to buy them birthday cards. The only problem is that I'm not sure which name to put on one of the cards because now John wants to be called Hunter for no particular reason. So I want to be nice and call him by the name he wants to be called, but I also think that those kind of nicknames are dumb. By that I mean nicknames that are derived from nowhere. A nickname should contain at least some semblance of the person's actual name. But I want to be nice to his brother. I am very tired right now. I didn't get enough sleep last night, I stayed up late talking to my roommate about the most random stuff. I had planned to take a nap after my 10:00 class, but I got sidetracked, and I had that guilty feeling that I should be studying. So I went to the library and studied a little bit. And now it is 3:00 on Friday afternoon and I really have nothing to do. That has been a common theme during my two-week college experience so far: having nothing to do. My roommate is one of my best friends from high school, and all senior year we were so excited about coming to college. And I really like it here a lot, but I guess it takes awhile for things to pick up. But I have been meeting a lot of people in the dorm and some people in my classes. At first I was unbelievably homesick, it came in waves. I'd be ok for awhile, and then all of a sudden something would remind me of Justin or home or my parents or something and I'd feel like I wanted to cry. Now that things have settled into sort of a routine I feel better. And I know it just takes time. I can sort of gauge everything that happens to me during college to what happened to my brother, because when he started college he was in the same situation I am in - he was in a long distance relationship. But he went to A&M. Also, his girlfriend was still in high school, and my boyfriend is the same age as me. But he was miserable, I remember how sad he was. He used to come home every weekend. But he was in College Station, only about an hour from home. Anyways, I wouldn't even want to be like that. I don't want to seem like I can't handle things and I have to run back to Justin all the time. But I really miss him and I have this lost feeling, like I'm not sure what to do with myself. My roommate went downstairs to get her laundry. She had a little package slip in the mail too. Justin said that I should check my mail today and I did, but I didn't get anything, so I don't know what he's talking about. It's a very cloudy day today. I am supposed to do this homework assignment for my astronomy class where I have to observe the sky and measure the angles of different stars. So I hope it clears off later. The other problem is I can't find a place from where I can do it. At first I thought I would just go to the top of the Jester parking Garage, so I did that last night, but it wasn't tall enough - I couldn't see the horizon behind all the tall buildings and stuff. So I'm not sure exactly what I'm going to do about it. It is actually stressing me out, because I just don't know what to do. I hope I will figure out something this weekend. The homework is not due until Thursday. But I'd rather get it over with. My roommate just came back and said that I did have a letter from Justin. That is weird because I checked the mail earlier and there was nothing for me. So I'm excited now. Now she is folding her laundry. I did my laundry yesterday. It is so expensive, 75 cents a load. That is why I'm going to take my laundry home next weekend. ",n,y,n,y,n

2002\_672697.txt," I'm feeling that I miss my girlfriend in San Antonio. As we do this i feel that she is my everthing i can't get her out of my head. what else I can't get out of my head is this music that the dorm next door to me is playing, it is making me really frustrated because i can't think quite as well. I hope that Jess is okay, i worry about her a lot. She doesn't sleep too well, and that kind of worries me but she is extremely strong so i'm not too worried about it. I am kind of worried about what she just wrote to me in a letter i got. I know that she loves me but this college stuff, being apart and all is quite difficult. I don't like it and neither does she, and she wrote something that worries me, that she kind of wishes that we never met so that we never fell in love and therefore never have to endure the hardship of parting. I miss her a lot. My days primarily consist of me waiting around for her to get to her computer so I can instant message her, and communicate with her, truly the highlight of my day. The rest of my day is that of school, college that is, and I feel somewhat like a hermit but not too much, because I have her. She really is my everything, and I know that we will be together, forever. One thing that I do feel uneasy about is the fact that she is a christian and that I am an Atheist. This hasn't played a part in our relationship, but I'm afraid that one day it will. I am a pacifist Atheist and therefore will usually ignore most people's idea's, I know that that is wrong but oh well it's the way that I feel. I really don't want to destroy her sense of spirituality either, I've done it before to other people and it really makes them feel bad, and lost. I don't ever want to hurt Jess, I love her, in fact I feel that I have to protect her from everything. I miss her, I don't like the fact that I have to be here in Austin and she is nearly by herself in San Antonio. But there is a glimer of hope, we might get an apartment together next year. I really hope that we do, that would be so great. I can think of nothing better than waking up to her smiling face everyday, and thinking to myself that I am the luckiest guy in the world. I hope that that happens, it really does help to have something that you can think about while you are away from someone that you love. All I can think about is how great it is when I make my bi-monthly trips during the weekends to see her. In fact I'm trying to plan something this weekend for her to make her feel as special as she really is. I think the world of Jess. I don't know what I'm going to plan yet, I just can't think with this music, it really does irritate me quite a bit, I'm thinking that after the twenty minutes are up that I will go over there and tell them to turn it down. I love Jess. I wish that I was with her right now, in fact sometimes I wish that I didn't have to go to college, just stay with her were we used to work forever. Just being together with nothing to stop us, no one to get in the way, and no time constraints placed upon us. I love her very much. Wow, I just looked at the clock and I have used 17 minutes already, only three to go. Man, my fingers are getting tired from typing so much. I can usually get about 30 words a minute out, but I'm out thinking my typing, I want to write something down, and then bam another thought is in my head, my fingers can't keep up. I sure hope that I finish soon, because I see that my Jess is online and that I want to talk to her real soon, this is the stuff that I wait hours for, just a chance to talk to her to be with her always. She is my everything, and I care for her deeply. I do get to see her on Friday and I'm really happy. I hope that she will have as much fun as I will. I can't stop thinking about Jess. ",n,y,n,y,n

2002\_672755.txt," Well, here goes. I'm listening to all of the songs i've fuond over the last few days and am slowly getting tired of them. I'm worried about my typing skills too. I've gotten worse and i can't figure out why. Maybe it's the keyboard, or maybe it's the desk. I doubt it's becuase i'm always in a hurry. Why would that be it? I really like this next song though. I hope my roommate is able to get to the movie tonight because i don't want her to miss it. I'm glad that i found someone to go with though. That would be horrible if i hadn't! I'm getting really frustrated that i can't seem to get this Welcome Package! Really, who locks their doors when they know everyone has to get in!! Maybe i'm just really weak and can't get in. No no. . that's not it. They locked their doors. I'm going to have to ask Sarah to go with me. I also need to call Amy. Grr. i don't want to do that , but it would be rude not to call her. What else? I need to go to the gym, but that's another thing i don't want to do alone and sarah's to lazy to go. I'm really excited that there are going to be 5 fred movies in a row this month! What luck! And a road movie!! It just proves that soemtimes dreams really do come true. hahha. well, maybe. I just hope i'm able to go home to see it because it comes on really early in the morning and i don't think my roommate would like me to much if i woke her up to watch a movie. Of course, she is a heavy sleeper, so she might not even notice. Man, my arms are getting tired. i don't why that is. i guess i should relax and just sing along. i'm singing in the rain! hmmm. . that's not working to well. I really wish i could go home more often because i do not like what the water is doing to my hair. It looks horrible, but i shouldn't care because i've never cared before. Of course, my hair has never looked to so bad before. I'm really tired too. I want to read something interesting for once. I wish I had my Entertainment Weekly already, but nooo, i have to wait till Sept. 27. That's a long time! I don't know if I can wait that long. I need something! I'm dying over here without a book! I have cable now, but that's no substitute. I am glad that the cable has TCM and Cartoon Network. It's weird how my taste changed this summer. I never thought I would be into the PowerPuff Girls, but I am. i really always thought they're name was PowDerPuff Girls. Oops. It's a cute show though. I can't decide who i like the most. It's just one of those shows where the jokes are really subtle, so it makes me feel smart when I get them. Not to many shows can do that nowadays. It's like the movies. Not to many movies make you think anymore. I really wanted to ask Stacy today if she had ever seen Charade because that is a good movie. It makes you think because who would have suspected the guy it was? Of course, once you watch it the second time it's not as good, but that first viewing is great! There are other movies too. The Game was a good one! The one with Micheal Douglas right? That's what the movie is called i believe. I was so shocked. . in fact it's been so long since I've seen it taht i really don't remember what all happened, i just know it made you think. I wish people would come out with more of those movies. Why don't they? Did they decline in popularity? The same question goes for musicals? Why don't they make dancing movies anymore? Of course I've seen some of the more recent dancing movies and they didn't do well at the box office. Maybe the plot could have been better. Plus, today everything has to do with sex appeal. If a movie doesn't have that at least in one spot it's a flop. Ginger and Fred never had to have that. I think the idea of sexual tension helped them out enough. Of course, people used to go see movies just for the actors. People today go for the actors and actresses but they also go for what happens. Why did people go see Fast and the Furious? Because they knew Vin Diesel would show off his body and everything. The movie itself was crap. the plot was zilch. Whatever happened to good comedians too? I'm listening to Jack Benny now and although I don't always understand the jokes, I can tell he was a man many people loved and admired because he's so clean. It doesn't take much to make people laugh, but today the jokes can be so dirty that it's not always funny. I admit i laugh sometimes, but you can't help but feel bad. I hope the movie tonight is worthwhile. Everyone says it's great, obviously because it's a box-office hit. I think it's so great that there's a place where one can view movies for free. Who knew that college would be so nice? I miss my family a lot but i like being able to go out and do other things without having to ask first. I do feel like i have to ask but something stops me everytime. Mom doesn't have to know everything. haha. I hope everyone comes up here soon. Ok, the sound effects man on this episode is rather annoying. After listening to a radio show once you don't want to listen to it to often. The same goes with songs, but i can deal with that. I need to find a Tv guide so i know when Seinfeld and Raymond comes on. It bothers me that i'm missing those. I don't like the guide on the TV, it's hard to follow. Plus, it would be nice to have the guide like at home. ",n,y,y,y,n

2002\_673275.txt," My sandwich tastes really good! The pickle in it is a little too zesty, though. I don't think I'll buy those from HEB anymore. I wish I had more time to watch TV. I really miss Big Brother 3, but I really can't find enough hours in the day. It makes me sad :( I have a latin quiz on Friday, I don't know how well I'm going to do. I have flashcards for the vocabulary words, and they seem to be helping, so I think I'm going to go back and make flashcards for all of the paradigms. That's the hard part! The paradigms aren't very different than spanish, but they are. I get them confused sometimes. I'm upset that I went to College Station this weekend and missed church. I really wanted to go this Sunday, but instead I went to Mass with my friend at College Station. I had fun in CS, and I definitely didn't want to stay here with my roommate, but I would have rather been back for the service. Oh well, I can go on Sunday. I start my job tomorrow!! I'm kind of nervous about that. I've never had a job before. What if I really screw up?? And what if I'm not able to get from my job to my classes on time? On Tuesday and Thursday, I'll have no problem, but what about Friday? I work from 9-1, and I have a class at one. on the other side of the campus. I wish I would have just told her that I'd like to go into work an hour earlier on Thursday and then I could get out of work an hour earlier on Friday morning. That would have been perfect. But oh, well. What doesn't kill you only makes you stronger. . I took the pretest for the psych experiments and it seemed like it took forever!! I didn't think I'd ever finish it. I've only been typing for 6 minutes!! 14 more to go, lol. Does anyone actually read these things? Like, is it ok if I stop typing for a couple of seconds to take a bit of my sandwich? I think I'm going to, hold on. . YUMMY!! It's good, but those darn pickles. . Oh well. what exactly are we supposed to talk about. What we see? Or feel? or smell? or whatever. Well, I'll tell you what I see. . WAIT! No, I'll describe my side of the room for you: on my closet door I have a movie poster of Ben Stiller's movie Zoolander . It has a great big, lime green Z on it and has Zoolander written at tht bottom in purple letters. It also has Ben Stiller sitting kind of funny (I'm not sure how to explain it) in front of the Z. At the top it says 3% Body fat, 1% brain activity. I've never seen Zoolander, have you? I just liked the poster because I thought it was funny. Beside it, I have a movie poster of Orange County. It has Colin Hanks on it with oranges for eyes, and Jack Black has an orange in his mouth. Jack Black is gross. . all he did the whole movie was run around in his underwear. 10 minutes up! Halfway done. Ok, back to my posters. The next poster I have is of Audrey Hepburn in Breakfast at Tiffany's, my favorite movie ever. She's wearing the black dress that she wears at the beginning when she's looking at Tiffany's in the morning. Remember that dress? She also has one of those looooong cigarette things, I'm not sure what it's called. \*sigh\* every girl should watch Breakfast at Tiffany's. It's the best. Another poster I have is of Rat Race. Everyone on the poster has big heads and little bodies. On the poster there's: I think his name is Breckin Meyer, he was on Clueless, too. There's also Amy Smart, Seth Green, Whoopie Goldber, some guy who's name I don't know and can't relate another movie to him, Cuba Gooding, Jr. , Jon Lovitz, and the guy who keeps falling asleep throughout the movie. He's my favorite. I'm win-ning! It's so funny! Ok, I also have an Ocean's Eleven poster. It's read with white writing on it. In the front are the hotties George Clooney, Brad Pitt, and Matt Damon, and in the back kind of faded out are the rest of their little helpers from the movie. Beneath the title of the poster (Ocean's Eleven, hehe) It says They're having so much fun it's illegal. I think this is my favorite poster in my whole room. I also have a Spy Game poster on it. The only person on it is Robert Redford, and it says It's not how you play the game. it's how the game plays you. Very cool. What else? Oh! I also have a little picture, that is once again from Breakfast at Tiffany's. It has both Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard looking in the window at Tiffany's. She's wearing the same dress that she's wearing in my big poster and George is wearing a coat and pants, with a skinny tie. He has his hands in his pocket and is laughing abut something silly that Holly Golightly has said. At least, that is what I assume. I have been typing for 16 minutes and 50 seconds so that leaves me about 3 minutes left. Hmmm. . what else can be said. I have to save some describing for later, I don't want to give it all away in this first time. What will I talk about next time? Are there ever going to be subjects for you to talk about, or will it always be like a mad journal thing? I understand this mad journal thing, though, because what if you gave me a subject that I didn't really have much to say about. What would I say then?? So, I guess this is good, just mad journaling. . I'll think about what to say more next time, so I'll be a little more prepared and won't bore you out of your mind. 18 min. 48 seconds. . 1minute and some odd seconds left. 19 min!! woo-hoo. ok one more minute. What about this war GWB wants to have with Iraq?? Is he nuts! That'll be 2 wars (or at least fights) that we've had while he was president. How sad. 20 seconds left. what to say, what to say. . 10 seconds. Well, I'll start my good=byes now. Goodbye!! ",n,y,y,n,n

2002\_673433.txt," so i don't know exactly what im supposed to write about here. i guess whatever is on my mind at the moment. my roomate is watching some wierd movie right now and the lady in it is screaming about something going wrong. and her husband is talking on the phone to another woman. maybe he's cheating on her with this other woman. who knows? so it's 4:22 right now and I don't want to what else to write about. . i would really like to be listening to Dashboard Confessional right now. they are such an awesome band! i really am getting into them lately! Chris has got such an amazing voice. . plus he's gorgeous! i went and saw DC last month. that was a great show! i want to see them agian. tehy need to come to Austin soon. they would have a great turnout if they did! last night i went to a concert. . it was at the Austin Music Hall. Jimmy Eat World, Sparta, and Cave-in all played. . Jimmy was amazing! Sparta was a lot better yesterday than the last time that I was them with Dashboard and Weezer! I actually kind of liked their music! And then Cave-in was alrigth too. I had fun watching the drummer's ab and arm muscles move around and work as he played bis drums with his shirt off! it was nice! why is it that all drummers play with their shirts off? i guess they just like to be topless. and have all the girls stare at them. or maybe it's just a sweat thing as Baxter says. who really knows? Baxter is a cool girl. im glad that i met her at orientation. . i have soo much fun hanging out with her. . but chris is great! he is soo funny! and hes so sweet too! i hope he gets my email about wanting to be study buddies with him for french class. . . that would be a great help! plus you know i'd be able to see chris more often. . wahoo! he is soo adorable. but really. i do need the help in french. thats one of those classes that you really have to work hard at every single day in order to get good at and stay good at. . he seems to be doing pretty well in there. especially since he took french longer than i did. maybe a year more. but who really cares. he is better at it than i am. or so i think. i hope he wants a study buddy too for that class. because i really want to do better on my next test in there. i want to pul my grade up from a b to an a, which i won't be able to do unless i get help from someone else. and chris would be the perfect person to get that help from. anyway. im getting tired of typing everyhting that comes into my mind. . . but i guess thats exactly what everyones blogs are about. just them randomly typing waht they are thinking about and sharing it with everyone!!! john sur is good at that. he always has something interesting or intellectual or funny to say in there. . its great! i am soo glad that we became friends. he really does seem to make me feel smarter just because he teaches me so much! especially and my faith. . he really has influenced me and helped me out so much with that. . i don't know what i would have done without him. his everlasting questions and curiosity have made me wonder and become more curious myself about my own faith and i thank him for that. also for him and holly inviting me to the bible study back home! that really helped me out tremendously! i don't know what i would have done without that group of people. some of them have become my best friends this past year and i don't know how my life would be different without them!! they really do make me feel like a better person for knowing them. . and i thank them from the bottom of my heart for them always being there for me with all of the neverending support! i miss all of them soo much here at college. but at least i ahve a few of them here at UT. John and Chris are here. and I'm glad about it! they really make me feel more at home here even though i may not see them all the time. . they are such great friends!!!! oh and my fig! its amazing! im soo glad that i signed up for it. . it truly does help you feel more at home here in school and make UT feel like a smaller campus. because i really don't think that it seems like it is as big as everyone says it is. i mean. i see people i know everywhere. . . wheter they are in my fig. i went to high school with them. . middle school. orientation. camp texas. or i just know them from something else. i see poeple that i know everywhere and I'm glad of it it sooo nice to be able to that! ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_673493.txt," So I started my college life about two weeks ago. It has all gone pretty much as to what I had expected it to be like. I live in University Towers which is an off campus dorm and I have met tons of new people. I live with four girls whom I didnt know when I first started school. Some older people at the University set us up. I really like the fact that we are all starting new with each other. We get to experience our new life together. We get along great and do everything together. I am also really enjoying the fact that I get to make all my decisions on my own. Not having parents around all the time has its up's and it's downs. I mean I don't have someone annoying me all the time about finishing my work I have to realize when it has to be turned in and different deadlines for tests and projects. I have however found it kind of difficult to really take on a full schedule and truly realize everything that has to be taken care of in one full day. I have noticed that there aren't enough hours in the day to get everything completly finished. With homework, reading, running errands and outside activites there is so much to do with so little time. My roomate and I have had grown very close over the past two weeks. We have developed many habbits that we both enjoy. We realized that it takes the longest for the two of us to get ready and we love listening to music while we get ready because it pumps us up and gets us excited. I feel that the two of us are only going to get closer as our college life unfolds itself. We both experienced Texas Recruitment together. We both wanted to join the same sorority so that we could have another aspect of our life in college together to be the same. We accomplished another goal of us and we both got bids to the same sorority. I feel at home whenever I am at the house. Each and every girl is excited with open arms to welcome all 63 of the new pledges. I am so glad that not only are we roomates with each other we are sorority sisters as well. Other than my social life and living arrangements at school, the most important aspect is my education. I am taking 4 classes which comes out to 14 hours. I chose the classes that I wanted to take and the first two weeks have gone great. The work load started off fine and I think that I am going to be able to handle everything. I was a little nervous at first about the large classes because I came from a high school that was a decent size but the classes ranged from 10-35 people. My classes at Texas on the other hand were quite large. I didnt know if I was going to be able to concentrate during a lecture if there were on average 100-300 people in the classes. As soon as one day passed I knew it wouldnt be a problem as long as I got to class early so that I would have a decent seat and be able to listen as closly as I could. As these last two weeks have flown by I have realized differnt tecniques to make the rest of my experiences at Texas even better. I have learned from my mistakes and I have gained from my experiences. ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_673962.txt," Why do people always seem to stress out over the most petty and unimportant things? It seems as though when we leave the mundane routine of college life and enter the college atmosphere that our perceptions and opinions of people and things become all the more important. When my roommate and I went shopping at the Galleria mall this weekend these petty issues seemed ever present. Girls shopping beside us charging obscene amounts of money onto daddy's credit cards. Have many teens forgotten about the value and importance of money? I also this weekend began to wonder why some guys are so hung up on their appearances and homophobic. My new friend Kenny happens to be fixated on getting dates/girlfriend and there is this guy in his complex who really likes him. The entire time at the mall Kenny asked my roommate and I if random people were hotter than he was. This relentless insecurity and constant echo of self degredation was honestly quite draining. Why can't people just accept that they are who they are and be happy at that? Society's fixation on appearances and wealth have truly begun to mask what is ultimately important in friendships and relationships. Most people seek relationships on all levels with people who share the same interests and personality traits that support their own beliefs and that can reciprocate other ideas that they themselves may not think on their own. Why is love and relationships always such a larghe chunk of a teen's life. I myself have realized recently that I've spent a great many years in relationships loving someone and being loved in return. We as a society place so much emphasis on dating, relationships, and marriage that our thoughts and actions always seemed aimed at such goals. I mean look at the fixation that many college age individuals have on dating shows. In high school many an AP Calculus class were spent discussing Elimidate and the trashy or sexy guys/girls that were on the particular episode. I myself admit to watching the trash, but for some reason society has aimed my eye to these sort of shows. Since I arrived on campus dorm life has truly agreed with me. I worried for months that my roomate would be just dreadful of that we would have little to nothing in common. Fortunately, my roommate and I have a great deal in common and are turning out to be great friends. The University has also provided me with many unexpected opportunities. Besides the rec center, I'm signing up for rock climbing, the music school has turned out to be unexpectedly positive. I have played the violin since I was 8 years old . In the past year I have realinzed that I genuinely desired to teach music in elementary school. When I arrived at UT on the first day of school I was terrified of auditioning for the UT Symphony orchestra. When I arrived outside of professor Noe's office I was greeted by many unfamiliar faces of musicians much older than me. My nerves seemed to overwhelm me as I walked in the room. All I could think about was trying not to rush or let my nerves get the best of me. I felt that the audition went well but I was forced to wait the entire weekend for the results. As it turned out my audition had gone as well as I had felt. I was seated 10th chair in the orchestra in the 1st violin section. I can't wait for tomorrow to start yet another exciting adventure in my college career and meet more new and exciting people. Alas, I have to go to work and spend my entire weekend hosting, babysitting, and waiting tables. Hopefully everyone will come home from college on Friday so we can catch up on all the new happenings and just relax and enjoy each other's company. ",n,y,y,y,y

2002\_674784.txt," thank god the day is almost over. Today was the draw for tickets to the OU game. It was an incredibly hectic day because all of the pledges of my fraternity had to wake up early to get to the stadium so we could draw tickets for all of the actives. Not to mention all the walking we had to do which was especially painful for me because i slice off a huge piece of skin off the back of my heel so it hurts every step I take. Lacrosse practice is also tonight and the gash on my heel is going to be extremly painful tonight when he have to run. I am also still sore from tuesday's lacrosse practice. I am glad that I finally sat down to complete this assignment because i have been putting it off all week. Tomorrow I am going to Houston to visit my parents. I am extremely excited to be going back to Houston especially since we have a new dog. My parents got a weiner dog puppy. It has short hair on its body and hairy ears, i cannot wait to play with it. All i can think about is how i have been running around all day today and even last night. My pledge brothers and I had to go around to other dorms and knock on random people's doors asking them for their UT ID's so we could use their sports packages to draw tickets for our fraternity. I am also pledge class president and have realized that it is going to consist of me doing alot of crap. The pledge trainer talked to me today and talked to me about my responsibilities and I have a feeling that some of my pledge brothers might let me down. I went to bed at 3 this morning and woke up at 630, I am so tired, i just wish i could go to sleep right now, but i can't because i have to go to a mandatory BA 101 lecture in an hour. I am also going home this weekend so that i can have my parents do my laundry because i know that they will do a much better job than i would. I am also going to see some of my friends in Houston who are now seniors in high school, including my old girlfriend and a couple of other pretty girls. I haven't seen them in a while and it should be a good time. My suitemate's cell phone just rang and I imagine that it is the fraternity calling him. He is my pledge brother but he is kind of annoying, we just let him as to pad the numbers since we were a few pledges short. My leg muscles are still aching from lacrosse practice and my heel injury is haunting me. I am going to be late to practice because i have my BA101 lecture til 630 and practice begins at 6, which is good because that means i will not have to run the compound, which is a lap around the fenceline of the intramural field complex, it is one hell of a run. Since i have been here I have not really watched much television so I am falling behind on my favorite sports teams, especially the astros. The texans won their first game last weekend and it was one hell of a game. Me and my buddy ordered wings and that was the start of our ritual for texans games. My roomate just walked in and wanted to know if i wanted to go swimming but the towers pool is disgusting and i will never go swimming there. Two girls just came to the door to get their IDs which i had to use to draw tickets for the OU game. I had to throw on a shirt because i was half naked and they were gone when i came back, but oh well. One of the girls who came by is my date to the OU game. OU weekend is going to be extremely fun, It will basically consists of getting trashed several nights in a row and watching the horns kick OU's ass. Our fraternity rented a charter bus and it is going to be a good time. I am about to get dressed and ready for lacrosse practice so that right after my lecture i can catch the bus to the field. THe bus i have to catch is the IF bus and i have no idea where it picks up so hopefully i will be able to make it to the field at a decent time. If not, i would be perfectly content going back to towers and sleeping. But i have calculus homework that is due at 3 am so later i have to have my buddy help me out because i do not understand somne of the work, i am a little over half way done but it should not take very much longer. My roomate is awfully weird, why the hell would he want to live in towers his sophomore year. It would be much cheaper to rent an apartment with some friends rather than live in towers and deprive me of the chance of making a good friend out of my roomate. He is just so boring and always is around, even when i bring girls home, it is freekin annoying. the problem with this assignment is that some of the thoughts i am tracking are thought about what i am going to write next which makes this seem artificial because i have to think about what i am thinking about. I have had 3 hours of sleep in the last 40 hours are so and i am damn tired, i need a freekin nap and i think i am about to hit the snooze button for 30 minutes ",y,n,n,n,y

2002\_674833.txt," yes, here i am, finally. I never thought i would be doing this, ever. This is so weird. it's so weird, whenever i'm under any type ofpressure, i can never type well. it's so weird. but it's probably pretty common. everyone gets underpressure. i hate it thoguh. because i never feel like i'm a good typist. i never was though. even when first started learning in 5th grade. i was always the last one to finish my lines, or whatever. 5th grade. that was so long ago. i was just thinking about that the other day. i remember that was a grade of so many changes. i just realized that i'm very nostalgic. i constantly look back on my past. maybe that's becasue i was sexually abused as a child. it's weird. i just read a quote a couple of weeks ago that said life can can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards. That's so true. because i believe that everything in anyone's life, the way they are, their personality, their mannerisms, their characteristics, everything- stems from childhood. if someone is abused as a child, they will either become an abuser themself, or even worse, a serial killer, or they will spend the rest of their life dealing with it as best they can, praying to god that it will never happen again to them, or anyone else they love. that's me, i think. i'm obviously not going to abuse myslef, nor bacome a serial killer. i don't think. haha. no, i'm just kidding. don't worry, it's weird how one's thoughts wander, isnt it? i could never picture myself being a serial killer. i just hate dead bodies. they make me have nightmares. well, not really. but after i saw that movie, seven. . oh my gosh. i think my brain even squirmed. it was a good plot, though. i will admit that. that's another thing. you know how people criticize people like eminem and marilyn manson, and other outreagous people in the media? sometimes they can't help their success. sometimes they are just stopped on the street, and some exec says, hey i wnat to make money off of your emotions. and that's just what they do. they make huge names out of these people just so they can money, and then the stars themslves are happy because they can express themselves and they make money. so tehir success is just plain luck ,a lot of the time. so you can't always blame those peolpe for their success. blame the people that signed them. . okay, my 20 min are up, so i'm going to go now. wow, this was very theraputic , in a way. i'm goi g to make chicken parmesan tonight!! yum!! ",y,y,y,n,y

2002\_674956.txt," Right now I am listening to a great song. It is a song by Bob Dylan called HUrrincane. I really like and it is a true story. Bob Dylan is probably my favorite artist of all time. He is an amazing songwriter. And i love how he can play harmonica and guitar at the same time. I realize other people can probably do this but I just love to listen to Bob Dylan. In this song Hurricane he tells the story of a boxer named Rubin Carter who is framed for a crime he did not commit. His lyrics are really great because he plays with his rhyming and his rythm changes a lot too. I have seen Bob Dylan perform in three different cities. The best one was in Austin. I think Austin is just a great city in general. That is one of the main reasons I wanted to go to UT. I really liked the idea of living in Austin. And now that I am here it is working out really well. The school is huge but it is a very friendly, very beautiful campus. I am always surprised by how many people I run into in the course of a day. Sometimes I hadnt even known that the person went to Ut or even that they were in Austin. Yesterday when I was eating I saw a guy that I had no seen since eighth grade. He recognized me right away and said his name so that I would remember him. It was amazing that he recognized me froms so long ago. I thought that was really cool. And I love UT because there are so many interesting classes to take. I never thought I would be able to take a whole class devoted to classical mythology. I have learned a little about mythology in other classes but now I have a whole class for it. It is really fun to read about all the deities and gods and demigods in different types of myths. My roommate right now has a sociology class about juvenile delinquency. I think that is also very interesting. She is reading her textbook right now. My roommate is cool. I got very lucky with the pot luck assignment. Shes from San Antonio and her mom is a judge. Yesterday I met her mom and she is very nice too. She took us out to a really great Chinese restaraunt. It was one of my first non Jester meals since I've been here. I don't mind the food at Jester. Some people complain that Jester is gross but I really like it. The people on my floor are very friendly. Two girls across the hall always come over and hang out with us and its a lot of fun. I have lots of distractions from studying though so I have to be sure to try and concentrate and actually get my work done. There is just so much to do here. Tonight I am probably going to go to hear a singer play named Mike Nicolai. He is playing at Flipnotics. I have never been there but my brother tells me that it is cool. It is fun having an older brother go to the same school as you. He looks out for me. I sat with him at the footbasll gamme and it was really fun. I even got to go out on the field during halftime to help form the tunnel for the players. My very first UT game was a big success. The second half was very uneventful but overall I had a really good time. I don't usually watch a lot of football but I am excited about going to support the UT team. I even watched a girls soccer game the day after that. We beat Duke 2-1. It was pretty fun to watch. I love to play soccer but I have not been on an organized team since my freshman year. In high school I mainly played softball. But now that I am at UT I don't play that anymore. I am going to sign up for intra mural volleyball and possibly flag football. My roommate and I are going to try to be on the same team. It should be a lot of fun. It is coed so we got some guys to join our team from down the hall. When I was in eighth grade I played volleyball and I was a setter. I think that will be my job on this team as well. My favorite sport to watch is baseball. I like to follow the Houston Astros. My dad is a big fan so he has had season tickets to the Astros games for years. Now that there is a new stadium, our seats are really good. We sit right behind home plate and it is a great view of the game. Last time I watched one the Astros won. They have changed a lot of stuff about Astros baseball. They used to have cool rainbow uniforms and an alien guy for a mascot. But now the colors are navy blue and red or something like that. ANd the mascot is just some bunny thing. I like the old, vintage uniforms better. I wish I still had my old Astros tshirts because it is very hard to find that stuff now. I had a big poster of Orbit the old mascot. ",n,n,y,n,y

2002\_675006.txt," well today was an ok day i guess. i had to wake up at 7 and then got to class. then i went to the gym and ran 1. 55 miles. i was really proud of myself at the time, but then i ate all this food and now i just feel really fat. oh well. i feel really bad about my friend josh. steff treats him like crap and she doesnt want to break up with him but she doesnt like him as much anymore. he wants to marry her so i don't know how THATs going to turn out. i was really proud of him tho because he confronted her about it and i hope she realized what shes doing to him. well imean, she knows but she doesnt realize that hes a person. to her, hes just this guy who follows her around and worships her like a goddess. you know, which is nice, but he can't please her anymore. shes picky about how he stands and if she doesnt even want to see him no matter what he does she gets mad at him. its really sad because hes a great guy and hes a good friend of mine. we havent really been able to talk much lately because hes busy worshipping steff and not looking for time to spend with me. but thats ok im not bitter. im kind of scared about my classes too. i havent has any real work so either im missing something very important or its all going to pile up on me later and kill me. like a mudslide, its going to be ugly. i do have that calculus homework that i could be working on right now but im so un-motivated to do math right now so im writing for my psychology class. how nice, i know. my aunt sent me a care package in the mail today. it was so exciting to open up my tiny little mail box and find a pink slip saying i had a package waiting for me. she sent me cookies and icing and 25 dollars to target. lots of cool stuff at that place, target. maybe i can get more workout clothes for when i go to the gym. maybe if i ever feel like i don't wnt to go anyore, ill just stare at all my clothes in the closet and feel guilty about spending money on them and i might as WELL use them. i love how i know how my brain will work. i miss my boyfriend a lot. hes a year younger than me and hes still back in san antonio. i know he misses me too. and he has a car but he can't drive it because it doesnt work. which is even worse because i want him to drive up to austin and see me! but alas. i have to wait to see him when i go back into town. which is like every other weekend. but also my parents are selling my car so unless he gets that car fixed, i won't even be able to see him then! its so sad. i like cookies i got a new alarm for college that has a really big display on it and has dual alarms (one for monday/wednesday classes and another for tuesday/thrusday classes!) but the sound it makes is sooooo annoying! it makes this click right before it goes off and thats what wakes me up, the sound of dread. i could recognize that click anyday and it would strike a feeling of loathing into my heart. also the snooze button is really small and close to the alarm shut off button so i not only have to look for the button but to be careful how i smack the machine. i have a 12 pack of highlighters that i havent used yet. well I've usd them but only for coloring things and un-highlighter like things. also my friend russell is having girl problems. i don't know the whole story so i can't go into that. yeah and my roommate thinks i like him. she makes a big deal of it, so i think SHEs the one who likes him. but i dunno. hes really cool. i have another friend who is having girl problems too. this is really weird. i don't know his story either because he wouldnt tell me. but he will sooner or later because i can beat it out of him. why are guys having problems right now? i have a cow from chic-fil-a sitting on my computer monitor and hes wearing a sign that says chikin on a bun. pure geenius and his arms are like lopsided because hes a cheaply made toy, but it looks like hes waving to me. like hes saying eat some fooooooood. you haven had enough to eat todaaaaaay. fooooood. but luckily for me i can contain myself and say no thank you mister cow, but im fat. moo. 20 minutes is a lot longer than i thought. im running out of things to say. maybe i should type slower. my fingers are cold from typing. its relly cold in my room. do people atully read these things? i mean, what if someone wrote about how great the sex was with their girlfriend? would the writing czar be offended? or would they publish it and read it outloud. how do i know that the writing czar even cares about what i think. if i were in high school still i would say this is busy work, but i guess ill give you guys the benefit of the doubt that you know what youre doing and since this IS a psych class that it must prove something. i just hope i can be enlightened when this is over. i want to sit back and be in awe at what this tells me about myself. kind of like those tests and thespark. com. those are fun to do. can we do that for another writing assignment? they have IQ tests and personality tests and any other kind of testyou can possibly imagine. they even have a test that will determine what sex you are based on how you answer certain questions and past test takers and such. but since this is a psych class imsure everyone already knows about THAT. ",n,n,y,n,y

2002\_675023.txt, I thinkIdon't know what towritebutby thinking that i actually have womethingtowrite. in is hot and i am hungry. The lights on the computer keyboard are bright. I wish i could type faster so that I could keep up with my thoughts. oh how am i ever going to type for twenty minutes straight. I wonder why I spelt out 20. i wonder if my laundry willbe done soon. my nose itches . i want to eat pizza pretty soon. i hope this time goes by quick because iam real hungry. What all homework do i have to do. Roman Civ i need to read. I need to clean and do all of my laundry. I need to call my neighbors son so that i can get help in astronomy. I wish the other computer was not so loud because the word womp game is annoying. oh my gosh i am only a quarter of the way done. the fan sure does feel good when it finally hits on me. i need to go play some pool. speaking of pool going swimming sure would feel good right about now. my truck is dirty and i need to put some gas in it. thats a neat gold plaque with a golf ball on it. I can see the other side of the room through the reflection. Oh i think my butt is going numb. WHy is the TV on CNBC all theat is on it is the stocks going across the bottom. why does the gateway box have a cow pattern on it. I wonder where that business card is from. I might watch a beautiful mind tonight i see the dvd case beside me. oh i am getting tired of doing this. My backspace key is the most used key on my computer. I can't typew very well so i am using this time to practice on my typing as well as doing my homework. the mouse pad is from centuryinter. net and century telephone. i wonder how many staples can fit in that stapler. my neck is starting to hurt it feels better now since i popped it. i wonder why people like leather so much. my knee is hurting. thereis some sort of law exam book beside me of the desk. i wonder what that wooden block over there is used for it lokks like some sort of picture frame or maby a name plaque. oh i am tired good i only have 3. 5 minutes left to type. i wonder if chris is going to call me and let me know if his business is going yet. I know the laundry bags are ready. i like the logo its a hanger with lines to the right of it like its moving really fast. and says campus exppress laundry service or something like that. i don't know if iu want pizza i have had double daves the last couple of days i don't know what sounds good though ooow i know chick fil a yes thats what i want i feel really hungry now only 10 more seconds 5 4 3 2 1 no i think i'll quit ,y,n,y,n,n

2002\_675309.txt," Wow I have no idea what I am supposed to be doing for this assignment. I knew about a book that I was supposed to read in English class last year that was supposedly written in stream of consciousness but since i never read it I have no idea what it was about. Instead I read Crime and punishment. that was probably the most depressing book i have ever read. right now I'm reading a tom clancy novel, which is much more exciting. I can't wait to go back to dallas this weekend to see my family and girlfriend. they are all so excited. plus i get to see my grandma and actually get some real food. Man the food here sucks. sure there's variety, but half the time they don't even have something green out there. I mean how the hell are we not supposed to get that freshmen 15 if they aren't even giving us some friggin green beans. My allergies are killing me. i think i almost died last nite i was coughing so much, and i'm sure i kept my roommate up. but i don't really care. he shafted me. he was going to give me a ride to dallas this weekend but instead, he made his girlfriend come down so now he won't take me. He could have just seen her down there, but he didn't want to have to be around adult supervision for that long. oh well, i'll get him back. hehehe. yeah so my arms are definitely starting to get tired. i definitely haven't done this much typing since fourth grade with mr. colonna. that was the year that I was introduced, and subsequently failed fractions. damn i hate fractions. with mrs. hatch. evil lady. there is so much reading that i have to do for my classes but so far i am really liking them. i took five pages of notes today in my architecture class, but at the end i was ready to take more. we were talking about hitler and the nazi's, but mainly about the architect that hitler hired to build his sets for his speeches, and the headquarters of the nazi party. I'm now listening to pink floyd and i feel as though i'm on a space ship. this is some crazy stuff. i use this cd to put me to sleep every nite. and usually by the second song i'm asleep. it is so cold in this room i'm having to crap, somebody's knocking on the door. ok i'm back;. now where was i. ah yes my toes probably have frost bite now i could get up and turn up the thermostat but then i start sweating profusely and that's definitely no good. it's been very hard for me to meet people in my dorm so far. i'm in the new dorm, san jacinto, and it's like a hotel. since everyone has their own bathrooms no one really has a chance to mingle, because they're always going somewhere. everyone seems like they're on a mission and they'll kill you if you get in their way. i'm not exactly the most outgoing guy in the world, so let me tell you it's more than intimidating. i had such a close, great group of friends in high school that i could tell anything to. and they felt the exact same way. now, i have no one to talk to except a few of my friends that came here. The problem with that is, i just know too many people here, so there's always someone to hang out with, we just don't get new people to hang out with. and it's also kind of pointless if you sit down and think about it. because the odds are, if you see someone somewhere and introduce yourself to them, you very well may never even see them again. I mean, how much does that suck. ooh this is my favorite part of the song. shine on you crazy diamonds. wow, that just made me think of band banquet from last year and i have absolutely no idea why. unless it's because my date was wearing a gold sequine dress and was definitely shining. yeah, that's prolly it. oh lord my hands are tired. i'm so out of shape. i've definitely lost like 20 pounds of muscle over the summer. and now, everyone here is huge. i was big back in high school, but comparatively, i'm a stinkin shrimp. and i really don't have any particular skill at any sport. i played soccer in high school, but i played goalie and i hate it now. i'm average at any sport but i don't really excel at anything in particular so i'm at a decided disadvantage. ",n,n,n,n,y

2002\_676062.txt,"I have been feeling so different when I arrived here at UT. I just can't believe that I graduated from high school and now here at college. The atmosphere is different here. I feel like I belong here. When I first arrived here at UT,I was scared. I was afraid about how am I going to get from class to class. It's just different here. I'm worried about the exams. There's only 4 exams per class. I'm not used to that. I guess I'm used to spoon feeding from high school. UT is just soooooo huge. I didn't know that UT was this big after orientation. I'm just afraid of my classes. I'm afraid that I'm going to fail. I feel like I'm slacking off. I do my homework and read, but I still feel like I'm failing. I guess I have high standards for myself. I want to score the best that I can get. I'm just afraid that I'm going to drop out of UT. As long as I push myself to stay on top of things then I'll be ok. After the Gone to Texas , I feel like I choose the right college. I definitely felt like fit in. My major is Nursing. I kind of lost in finding a major. When I was a kid, you would dream about what you wanted to be. I always said that I wanted to be a doctor. Now, when I think about my future I don't know what I want to be. I volunteered in a hospital and I notice that the nurses are so nice to they're patients. I want to be one of those. I want to be the one who helps out and put a smile on the patients. I want to work with children. After nursing school, I want to become a nurse practitioner. It's just like a register nurse but higher. A nurse practitioner gets to prescribe medication. That's almost like a doctor. Everybody is like why don't you want to be a doctor? I'm afraid of malpractice suits. I'm just My dream is to work at the Texas Children's Hospital in Houston. It's close to home and I like working with kids. They are so much fun. I just hope that I can make it through school. College life is just so different. I miss my parents and my brother. I went back home during the Labor Day weekend. I miss my mom's home cooking. What's weird is that when I left college, my parents got a little puppy. ",n,y,y,n,n

2002\_676085.txt," I don't understand many of the girls on my hall. They are all so immature and obnoxious. I want to meet mew people but I have a hard time giving any of these girls a real chance. I miss my little sisters and worry about them. My mother worries a lot about all of the things they may get into that are bad for them. I kind of screwed things up for them. I shouldn't have gotten into so much trouble in high school. It was fun though. I am so far away from anything I am familiar with. I have been away from home many times and it does not bother me. I did not realize being in school would disruot my comfort zone in the way that it has. I want to experience Austin but have no on to experience it with and am afraid to go out alone, especially at night. I feel full and I love ice cream. I am very tierd for no reason at all. I am worried that I will not be able to find some really good friends. I am excited. I got a really good wristband for the OU game. Hell yeah!!! I went to dinner with one of my neighbors tonight and I just know everything she said to me was a total crock of shit. I don't understand why people lie like that, maybe she is an obssessive compulsive liar. I hate computers, I hate how the entire system of life is now dominated by them. They are just machines, not people. American's are so detatched. September eleventh is tomorrow. The last stream of conciousness I did was about Jimmy Buffet and Peeps. I love Peeps. Why do they only make them at Easter. Just like egg nog at Christmas. You can only have egg nog at Christmas though. It's like an overload of egg nog if you have a lot of it. Moderation is important. My roomie is nothing like me. How in the hell did we end up living together. It's because my mom altered my questionaire. The lack of freedom!!!!! I think it is awful that they put animals into zoos. That should be illegal. They could have rehab clinics for the ones that they rescue but they shouldnt make their mony off of people coming in to look at them. I talked to a guy that was a Comp something or other major and when I asked him what that was he said he didn't know!! How can you not know what your major is??? That is just wrong. I think he was just messing with me. I went to ground zero, it really impacted me in a different way. I never know if I am ding stream of conciousness writing the right way. There is no right way though. I HATE COMPUTERS. Typing was invented by the devil. The home keys??? I just hate them. Music is so important to us. I wish I had a larger vocabulary. Why do people use people? I only have a little bit left. When I work out only 10 seconds or a single repetition can last forever. I guess I'm feelin' alright. It's all going to be good in the end. ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_676095.txt," The library is so boring. I can't stand more than two hours of library a day. Daily discussion sections can be really useless in the long run for easy classes, one would be better off studying. It is hard to write a stream of consciousness when typing and especially being in a library with other people around you. There are too many distractions and I believe this particular writing assignment to be more effective on my behalf in a different environment. Time is tricky in that it seems to move by faster than expected when it is divided into units, I divide my day into units of time rather than just saying that I have to be in class for an hour, i consider this one unit of time and everything just works out as planned. I wonder if people have a preference on which computer to use when they enter a computer lab, I mean location of the computer, I have a preference for the computers in the back corner or at least at the end of the row. I have am uncomfortable with people sitting behind me or even next to me when there is a chance I may be watched. I am not really following the rules of stream of consciousness because i am using punctuation marks and there is no real stream with punctuation marks. It is hard not to, may be there is something psychologically wrong with a person who uses punctuation in a stream of consciousness one thing is for certain is that the person may be a little occupied by trivial matters. a beautiful girl just walked in so she is on my mind so since she is on my mind i will write about her, she is wearing a black dress, knee high and a tan beld with tan shoes, i wonder why she dressed like that to go to the library and use a computer, awesome she is now sitting at the computer next to me if i wasnt in a stream on consciousness may be i would talk to her, probably not i am not good with those type of situations anyway, i guess i shouldnt write about her when she may glance over and see my writing about her enough of that, where was i in my original thoughts before this incident occured, i believe i was talking about time and how controlling it can be when dealt with in the wrong way our whole society is so structured on this intangible object its amazing when you dwell and also can get confusing. i think i may just move to spain where time is not that big of a deal, at least thats what my high school sociology teacher told me, she was an attractive lady who had just got out of college and she really liked me, not in a sexual way, she had a wonderful family, and her child was very beautiful, i hope one day i may have the chance to have such a nice child. anyway, our relationship was good, she even invited me to the movies and many dinners at her house, it was awkward, but i soon became kind of close with that family, she knew my mother was living in austin and wanted to just kind of have the experience of a teenage son i guess i recall those two years and i feel extremely happy and encouraged by that woman and she helped me deal with not having a mother ",n,n,y,y,y

2002\_676992.txt," I just got home from my boyfriends house. He is so wonderful. We have so much in common. I love him so much. He is a Christian and so am I. When we spend time together i feel like i am on top of the world just as happy as could be. That is how i am feeling right now that is why i am writing about him. I think about him all the time. When we are not together i wish we were. i can never be without him and not be missing him. He is just so funny, hes so cute, hes so wonderful. I wish he were here with me right now. He is caring and loving and we have a great time when we are together from when we are kissing to hugging to playing board games with his family. When i came home from his house i was going to try to send a card to my friend for his birthday, but when i was looking online for cards to send i was beginning to get frustrated that i could not find any that i liked so i started looking at other cards like pictures of cute babies that people had sent. I love to be around children and they seem to like me too. I hope to have some of my own one day. but that will be after college. I want to wait til I am married, that is very important to me. Even though sometimes i have to admit it is not easy. Me and my boyfriend have talked about getting married one day. I really wish he was here right now. but hes at the store with his mom shopping because she does not feel very well right now. I love his family so much. His parents are 2 of the most awesome christian people and the cutest couple you will ever meet. If me and my boyfreind do get married i want to be just like them. They have been married like 20 something years and are still completely in love with eachother like they had just started thier relationship togehter. YOu can see in in how they look at eachother how they talk to eachother just eerything about them. Davids sisters are amazing too. They are truely a lot of fun. They are 28 and almost 31 years old. So they are quite a bit older than he is. Whenever i go over to his house they always joke around with us talking about inlaws and stuff like that. I think they think we will get married some day too. I hope we do. When i first started dating him even within the first couple of weeks I could already sit in his house and picture bringing the kids over to the grandparents house. His parents would make awesome grandparents too. They are also really good with kids. His sisters would be really fun aunts too. His middle sister Amy is getting married in december or january when her fiance gets back from Germany with the VISA. Hes really cool too. I just got really happy because my boyfreind just sent me a message saying he was home but i had to say be right back so i could write more about him. He is the last thing i think about when i go to bed and of course i dream about him and hes the first thing i think about when i wake up. Another thing that is really neat about our relationship is that we do a bible study and devotional together every day. It really helps up to grow closer to eachother and to God who is number 1 in our relationship. My Christianity is really important to me. I was raisedin a Christian home and brought up in church. I am so greatful for my parents and all that they have taught me. They are also still married and i consider myself very lucky to have them since most people now are not as fortunate to have thier parents still together. Me and my mom are very close and i tell her a lot. We have a very open relationship and can depend on eachother for anything. She even gets these gut type feelings about things for example when I started dating David and he spent some time here at the house she told me one night that she had a good feeling about this one. meaning she really liked him and could see this relatioship lasting a long time. And so far she is right and i don't see her being wrong any time soon. I am glad that i still live at home while i am going to UT because I don't know where i would be without her. I am not very independent but i am working on that because i know i can not live at home forever. The good thing about living at home besides free food an laundry is that my boyfriend also lives at home with his parents and he only lives like 5 minutes or less from me. ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_677203.txt," How necessary is sleep? The past few days, I have been going to morning swim practice and then my 8 A. M. classes. Is only four to five hours enough? I know that there are plenty of other students that are also recieving either this amount or even less. But is the amount of sleep affecting them to a certain degree, or can a person simply get use to it. Right now I am feeling somewhat tired, but know that I have enough homework to get done to stay awake and complete. Will all of this suddenly crash down on me, or will I get use to this kind of sleep cycle. Also I wonder if I am organized enough to do well in most of my classes, not just to barely. Are my notes as good as they should be or should I be taking more during class? I write down most of the important or interesting points that the professor comments on, but do I need more details in order to do well. The past few days I have recieved two different parking tickets, that I thought were unnecessary. I double checked all of the signs in the area, and even asked the front desk of my dorm, concerning that location. The signs indicated that I wasn't parked illegally, and the front desk said that it was perfectly alright to park there, if I could find a spot. But after two different parking tickets from the exact same spot, I guess I now have to pick a different location. I wonder though if the tickets will be able to be dismissed because of the lack of indication for this site. I wrote a couple of e-mails to try and appeal both tickets, but have recieved no word back. The front desk said that the people in that department would only drop one of the tickets, if either. This is mainly because of the lack of evidence that I have, which I think is incredibly stupid. ",n,n,y,n,n

2002\_678172.txt," So, i'm like, I have NO idea what to write in a stream of consciousness for 20 consecutive minutes. So, I guess, I'll just start off with a recap of the week. Nothing. You've got these 15 minute classes (woo-hoo), then a whole day afterwards to blow. That goes on for a few more days, then. Hey hey! A three day weekend. Blah, like I really have much of a life to actually spend those 3 days having much fun. But, it was a break, nonetheless. The last break I'll ever see in my given lifetime. Well, I headed home. That was the plan. Head home, leech off the folks one last time for a while, then I'd get back to my studying . Well, suffice to say, I'm back, and I guess you could genuinely call this studying . &lt;Changing mp3&gt; same auld lang syne . What an awesome slow song. Mellow. Sad. Right, so. I'm boring you. A computer. A simple man-made machine apt in dealing with 90% of my socializing. THANK YOU AIM. I've got stupid art history to read up for. Thirty something pages I do believe. God, I hate being sick. Just my brilliant luck, I get home, and the sniffles begin. Then a drippy nose. Then the stoppage. Ugh, Vicks is my new best friend. This song is making me sad. i got to sne3eze. \*whew\* Violent. Gosh, I hope i can succeed in college. Off to a pretty bad start. Me, uncertain of what major I'd stay in. Writer's block sets in, here. The song's almost over. Hehe, It's kind of funny to think about. Ever since I got here, all i did was sit in front of this computer and downloaded away at my heart's content. I got movies, I got Jap Crap (the beloved japanese anime), and i got music. Did you know my music collection is about 2 Gigs right now? I've got another gig stored away on CD. Hah, I'm such a loser. My self-defeatist attitude can't be good for me, but it helps me get a laugh. You know, it really pisses me off when people have no sense of humor. &lt;song change, brb&gt; Another slow, mellow piece, by Jim Brickman. He's an awesome pianist. I like to play the piano alot. When \*secretly\* i do it to please people. Wahaha. My (un-)superior piano skills gets all the chicks. Don't i wish. It's not like I'm that good either. I had what, 9 years of classical training (which by the ways sounds pretty good on a transcript), but it's not like the teacher was all that great. Grr, I really hated her. She made piano the mainstay of what I should be doing. She really didn't care if I intonated that I had some project due the next day. I had to sit through stupid hour-long lessions, only to come home all feeling defeated. God. It's not like I ever really practiced either :). I lied a bunch when filling out practice charts. It's like: Oh, yeah. I really DID play those 50 minutes every day. What total BS :). Oh, Am I supposed to curse? Can I curse? I swear to myself everyday not to do it, but it's really starting to creep into my vocabulary. hah, I've been typing so long, and constant, I bet my roommate is wondering What on EARTH could this guy be typing for that long anyways? Hehe, oh well, he's cool, not much to worry about. Man, I was worried all weekend that strangers I didn't know would pervade through the room and take my stuff. I'm paranoid that way you know? Some unfortunate event from the past always haunts me. Stupid burglars. They stole my stuff. I've been scared since. That's a story I tell everyone. Man, I have some major psychological problems. Hope this class sheds some light. You know, ever since I took Psych in senior year, I've had this very strong fascination towards this field. Heck, if I stayed on this course, I could become a doctor! Study interesting stuff, AND get lots o MONEY! But, I guess, I shouldn't let my ambitions get too far ahead of other pressing matters. Sixteen minutes and 30 seconds past. This assignment goes by pretty quick. This is really fun. You know, sometimes I really DO do this. Sit down, and just talk and rant about nothing for an extended period of time. It's fun. it's enlightening. Sometimes it's downright hilarious the things i write down. Hmm, I wish I were funnier. My friend Jonathan has the best wit you'll ever see. Awesome with satire and sarcasm, he's the best guy to turn to for a laugh. Hah, just thinking about our antics I crack a smile. Oh boy! an IM message. Too bad I can't answer it. Ok, well, i'll take a peek. Hey, we're playing basketball at gregory. I'm still feeling sick. I wonder if it's wise or not. I could just walk on the track some. I really don't feel like running around, aggrivating my sore throat. Ok, ten seconds left. Make the most of it. Hah, cya later. Sweeeeet! I can still write after the 2o minutes. But I guess that they'll only grade the first part. Ahh, this assignment has really brightened my day. Fun as heck. Well, I'm out. Later. ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_678269.txt,"I just woke up and decided to do homework this morning. Getting psychology out of the way seemed to be a pretty good idea. Right now I'm thinking that 20 minutes is a really long time and that I type pretty fast so this is going to be a really long essay. I woke up this morning feeling extremely cold and with a headache. I can't smell anything around me because my nose is congested and I can't see well because I haven't put my contacts in yet. I bought a spray paint picture off 6th street last night. It's really nice looking. This is probably one of the worst essays I have written because its just choppy sentences. My friends came to visit from ACU. Because there is no right answer in this essay, I feel weird because I know I'm writing about the right topic, but it feels like I'm just writing random things. I've never done anything like this so its all new to me. I'm typing on AIM and writing this essay. Its only been 4 minutes and I still have a lot to type. This is insane. Im hungry so while I type im going to eat a brownie. That brownie was good. Im still hungry so I'm waiting for this to expire so I can go eat Castilian food. Lets talk about college food for a little bit. Castilian is supposed to have the best food on campus. It turns out that the castilian food is really greasy but pretty good. Although it tastes good, it screws up your stomach. I don't think my stomach is used to constant fatty foods like that since I usually eat Chinese food. Write now I'm thinking that I need to go home and get more school things such as clothing. I have determined that I suck at packing. I didn't pack enough clothes and I didnt' pack any boots. I need to put my contacts in and I need to but some clothes on. Doing homework right when you wake up sucks. I need food. So far psychology has been different. I have never been in a class like that. It makes you think a lot more than you ever would in other classes. I have pyschology in the afternoon so I'm pretty worn out when class starts. Last night on 6th street there was an asian frat that got kicked out of the Roxy I think. A lot of cops on horseback rode down there. It was weird. 6th street has a lot of weird things. There was some guy in a g-string there which was disgusting. There are also a ton of places to club and to get stuff pierced and tattooed. Only 3 more minutes! What can I write about. This morning there were a ton of sirens that woke me up. Fire trucks hauled butt down Guadalupe for some reason. I hope everything is okay. I got one more minutes on this typing thing. I have a lot of homework this weekend. I really need to hit the books. I need a 4. 0. I hope I do well in college because I need to in order to get into Medical school. My friend from ACU is whining about ACU. He shoulda gone to UT. UT is the best school ever. ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_678520.txt," here we go. i don't think my typing can keep up with my thoughts. the palm reader said a few weeks ago, that i was very mentally busy. anyways, this red hot chili peppers is pretty good, although i don't like that cabron song. i wonder if you get penalized for not writing as much. should just take the easy way out and claim i am a slow typer. so this is what college is like. doesn't seem so bad right now. i heard the first year was easy. this class could be a little tough, but the professor seems to know what he is doing. i wish i could type without making mistakes. that would be cool. i wonder if lisa will call me today. we seemed to really hit it off the other day, and she does seem interested. i wonder if that is just her personality to be really nice or what. hard to tell if she has a lot of other guy friends or not. my roommate got back quickly from houston already. kind of pathetic only going for one night to see his girlfriend. i don't know why that makes me upset, i guess because she is still is high school and he talks like a moron when he calls her on the phone. back to lisa as usual. i can't believe she likes all the same music as me. i wish there were some concerts coming up this month to go to. i don't know what there is to do for a date without a car. especially since we are not the party types. twenty minutes is ridiculous. it has only been 6 right now, and i am spent. oh well, glad to get this done with. i have a feeling the studying and assignments and what not are going to be piling up soon. is that how you spell piling? doesn't really look right, but whatever. i'm kind of curious what the next page says about what i have writen. i should finish my reading today, that should only take a little while. here comes my favorite song on the cd. i wonder if they will release it to the radio. i bet the next page says something about if you don't capitalize your words correctly, you are this type of person. this email writing and aol instant messenger has left me with some bad habits. oh well, no big deal. i don't really the red hot chili peppers that much. kind of too much funk in their music for me. it sounds good, but their lyrics are a little shaky. i'm really glad i got these headphones though. i hope calculus tests aren't that hard. the ta seems really nice, and hopefully he will know what is going to be on the test. i still don't think the teacher knows what he is doing. we're up to 11 minutes. not bad. lisa. can't believe how this is working out. i wish i remembered more about her from elementary school. i'm kind of worried about her being smarter than me. it shouldn't be a problem, i guess i'm not used to it. makes me think i have to act smarter around her. not smarter but smart. she doesn't get in to that intellectual stuff that much. kind of crazy, i think about this girl like i have known her for a long time, and also that we are dating. i think what i said constitutes as a date proposal. we'll see pretty soon i guess. i don't like how i say i guess all the time. it's in my im's all the time. got to mix it up a little bit. 5 more minutes to go. i wonder how long the average one of these is. 500 kids in one class is huge. there were at least 6 people from my high school in there. god this is getting lame. the writing lady went to northwestern. kind of cool my best friend is going there for journalism. much better than arizona state or wherever economics lady is from. wonder where pennebaker went to school. can't tell from looking at him, had to be in the east though. probably isn't the best plan to do this while listening to music. kind of affects your thoughts alot. especially rhcp, they say some messed up stuff. the new cd is good though. they have kind of mellowed out. i wonder if i will see them when they tour. kind of an expensive ticket. but it would be cool to say that i've seen them. well looks like we are ending ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_678622.txt,"Its really hard to write what I am thinking about because when I am asked to do that, I think about what to write. I then go and think of other things that are on my mind and really don't need to be shared with the general public. What I am physically feeling right now is heat. Our house is hot although we have the a/c running non stop. Mentally, I am confused. The thoughts that go through my head at times make me think that I am crazy and that I should seek help. I am not the only one who thinks that but my family members and my friends also think that I should get some help. But truthfully, there is no help. Who controls the mind? Ones self controls the mind. All I really have to do is concentrate and I can control myself. Powerful things can be accomplished with mind control. Its odd how sometimes I know what people are going to ask me before they ask me. It happens allot. Then people look at me in an akward form. I don't know how that happens. It just does. I can also go through the thought process of other people. Sometimes, when my friends perform certain actions, I can think the exact same thing they were thinking at the time they were doing that. The only time this thought process causes a problem is when I am reading the news and read about acts of violence against children. Its not that great when you can place yourself in the shoes of the aggressor when you really don't want to. Its all invouluntary. This would be allot easier if I was writing in pencil. I think faster when I am writing things down. It helps me organize my thoughts. When I speak to people, I like to confuse them. Sometimes I confuse them so much, they believe that a conclusion was reached at the end of our conversation but when they think about it, they find out that I only caused them to think of more questions. I don't know why I enjoy that. When we think, what do we think about the most? What is easier or what needs a solution. Writing about what I think is hard. I am not sure if I think of too many things at once or just don't think at all. I do just stop thinking and drift off into my own world and just stay there, thoughtless? Feelings: mixed feelings. Not sure what to do with my life. Would prefer not to be in college but know that sucess comes with knowledge. Psychology has interested me since I was a child. I like knowing what people are thinking about. That is what I do; I observe. But observation comes with a price. Since I play the role of observer, it is hard for me to actually detail what is going on in my day and not others. People think that I really don't want to talk much about myself (which is true to some extent). What really happens is that I don't know how to organize my daily activities to be shared with others. Silence is my audience when I am by myself. But when I need to concentrate and do my homework, I need noise. I can not concentrate where it is quiet. The silence distracts me. When I read, I listen to music. When I do other homework that does not involve reading, I listen to music, talk to others, and also do the homework of another class at the same time. I need distractions to concentrate. Another physical pain came to my mind. I have back pain. Most times, I take pain killers to ease the pain. The pain killers I use arent that effective and they are stong pain killers. I take Hydrocodone and Naproxen 500 mg each. I sometimes take two naproxen and one hydrocodone or vice versa. That does very little to ease the pain. Since they are so effective, I just don't take them and deal with the pain. Thanks to my servere back pain, I am now not affected by other types of pain. I need a new body. I also have knee pains. I have joint pain. I am overweight. I need to do something with my life. Something new. I would like to skydive. Life is not worht living if you don't take risks. I ran out of things to write about. I lost my stream of consciousness. I need the weekend to be here so that I can catch up on my homework. I procrastinate too much. I have talked to a psychiatrist before. It really didnt help. Nothing helps. Once must deal with their problems themself and keep them to themself. Contorl them with ones mind and keep them undercontrol. ",y,n,n,n,y

2002\_678839.txt,"Wow! This has been a crazy day! I am really overwhelmed by everything. I'm sitting in my dormroom right now and and all I can't think about is last night. I'm still really really mad. All of these rude girls were running down the hall at 3:00 in the morning, screaming, yelling,and slamming doors. I got only a few hours of sleep. This really sucks especially since I came home early from Waco just so I could sleep. I could have spent the night there and hung out with Grant, my boyfriend if i had known that i would be kept up that late. Oh yeah, I really miss Grant right now! He's supposed to call me today when he gets out of class, which was about, uh, two hours ago. I could just call him but first of all, i am typing this right now and can't stop for about 14 more minutes, and second, i am trying that stupid oldfashioned stuff where you let the guy call you. The tv is on in here and i kind of want to change the channel because they are talking about Sept. 11th. That's so depressing and I think that I am depressed enough right now with all of this new stuff in my life. I liked my house and my room in my house and my town where i knew my way around and my tutoring job that payed well, and my cozy school where I have gone since kindergarten. I miss my mom and dad, and friends, but most of all I miss my dog! DID I TELL YOU THAT I MISS MY DOG, MOLLY? She is the one who undepresses me. How can you be upset when she is begging for your approval and looking at you with that puppy dog face that is that is the ultimate model of pure love. Oh yeah- I just heard something about American Idol, that t. v. show. THe girl who won, Kelly Clarkson, is from Burleson, a small towm outside of Fort Worth. That is where my boyfriend is from, which just brings me back to the fact that I miss Grant right now. Now all i can think about is the fact that I am such a typical girl; all i can think about is my boyfriend! oh well, it's better tan thinking about the mean girls that i have to live with. They are so unthoughtful. My brother told me to live here and that i would meet some of my best friends for life here. Yeah right! I hate all of these girls. All of my friends live somewhere else. I pretty much always take his advise because he is really smart and after all, he is my big brother. But i think he was wron on this one. I guess I am finished. Yeah, i better get ready for dinner, but this is pretty addicting to write all of this down, even though none of this make any sense to you. Oh well, bye bye. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_679216.txt," I just ate at Miltos with my dad. Why is it that I feel like crying everytime I see him but I could care less about seeing my mom? I guess I've always been a daddy's girl. I am waiting for my roommate, she's kind of helpless. Actually shes extremely helpless. I try to be understanding but shes clueless sometimes. Like hooking her computer up, maybe since my dad works for IBM I have an advantage over other computer-illiterate people but really- red cord matches with red slot, green with green, etc. I feel like I have to take her everywhere with me. For instance, the reason I am waiting on her is because I'm going to my boyfriends house and she wants to come with me. I wouldn't mind except that I don't get to see Ian (boyfriend) very often and when I do she wants to come with me. I feel bad for her, I mean in that she has no car to get around and I do but still I guess I am selfish like that. I am desperate to know why I sometimes want to shot Ian- part of me loves him deeply and the other part wants to shake some sense into him. I guess I should just listen to my brother when he tells me Ian's not the one and I shouldn't stress over it. I know Ian's not Mr. Right but he sure is Mr. Right Now and thats fun too! He's just super inconsiderate. We went to the same high school outside of Austin at Lake Travis, its a 30 minute drive and he NEVER comes to see me, I always have to go see him. Thats not to say he doesnt tell me hes going to come out. He always says sure baby I'll come see you tonight but never follows through. I don't like dating Ian that much I am just paranoid of being alone I guess. (plus TA in psychology class is kind of cute. ) I HATE the singles scene. I wonder why that is, I come from a stable family environment- my parents have been happily married for 20 years yet I find myself falling so hard for every guy I date! Its pathetic. I think that I crave positive attention. See I was always the ugly duckling in middle and early high school, then out of the blue, my junior year, guys started wanting to date me, it was a total shock to me. I guess I grew into my fat cheeks. I desperately seek someone who will tell me I'm beautiful even if I'm not the perfect blonde hair, blue eyed, tan, sorority girl. I often feel as though I was born in the wrong generation. I am so into doing things for yourself and not for others, yet I care deeply about our environment and the human race. I listen to bands who were inspired by the Grateful Dead, and the only time I truly feel like I fit in is when I am at a Widespread Panic or String Cheese concert surrounded by a ton of free-spirits. Everyone is so loving and accepting at those events (partly because they are on so many drugs they don't know the difference but also because they were like me, they were the ones who got teased in middle school. It took me a long time to stop caring what other people think about me. I mean, I take care of myself, I bathe and everything, and I take pride in my own appearance yet I don't let anyone elses opinions guide my decisions. Wow stream of conciousness writing is hurting my fingers. If I get carpal tundral syndrome I know who to blame, pennebaker! Eh I suppose if I was going to get it I would have gotten it a long time ago. I am stuffed. Really wonder if purging isnt so bad after all. Well I think I will save that for when I don't have stiches in my mouth. I just got my wisdom teeth removed. hurt like hell. Actually it hurt worse when they were growing in, the first week of college. ",y,y,y,y,y

2002\_680513.txt," No heather I did not put your picture up, I don't know why! No I didnt wash it. I really like Fight club, I don't know why, actually I do. Why did I even say i don't know why, itsd amazing the things you get use to saying so that you will fit in. Anyways, I am trying to meet people, and its cool. I use the xcuse that other people haven't been open and maybe they were not, but at the same time, I knowe I am not as openas I was last year. Ireally liked my senior year, it went by pretty fast, and I got to do alot of the things that I like to do and wanted to do. I also have really wanted to see my girlfriend and, yea, Im debating wether I want to stay at our status of going out exclusively, or whether or not, we should also see other people. Would marrying her be all that bad, maybe, or maybe Im just sexually attracted to her. I have been playing computer games alot and I have also been studying alot more. You know something that interesting, is that people are always looking forward to stuff and never enjoying the present. Do we ever really enjoy the present. Sex is cool in the present, and I guess you look forward to that and you also look forward to eating, so maybe we are more like animals than people think. Maybe we really arent that advanced. I wonder how much different we are from animals. Which brings me to evolution, evolution makes so much sense to me, doesn't it to you? Do i need peoples approval on everything?!! we are very gregarious creatures, how can therebe a GOD, how can there not be I don't know, but I doubt it alot of the time and take things that people might set aside as miracles as simply co incedence. I wonder if Im studying enouph, or is there such a thing. Do I just want to mak the grade or do I actually want to learn. I think knowing, I mean really remembering all that you study would be aswome. I think the coolest characters in story are highly intellegent. Like Grand adimeral thrawn, the most intelegent, incredibly intellegent bad guy. HE could wipe out whole civilizations and even galaxies, by simply outhinking them, by studying their psychological weaknesses and then exploiting them to take control of them, He did so by being incredibly knoledgeable on his subject matters. He knew something on every topic, and wasd therefor nearly undeafeatable, he didnt need to see the future, he could see it through their minds and the way they reacted to different sittuations. Are women evil, is all they care about is guys, I mean really what is there purpose in the grand scheme of things. All they ever do is complain, there is always something wrong with them, they only care about themselves, and they backstab each other all the time. They're frekin evil. They're all about appearences, nothing is as it seems with them, I mean what the hell is wrong with them, don't they have any loyalty towards each other, all they evercare to do is kill each other over. Are people only angry at the people like them, because they can see through them, they see what these similar people are doing, and hate that they exploit people the same way that they do. Is that all we do, exploit other people, is there such a thing as love. Or is it just made up, or is love just a selfish thing to benefit yourself. I mean I want to be unselfish and I want others to be unselfish, is that even possible. Is everyone like everyone else, are there any individuals, or is it just a giant struggle to be unique and cool. Why are we here, is there a purpose to this big mess, I mean what are we supposed to do, what is the purpose of having life if all you will have is eventuall death, why did life create itself, and how is it that your cells retain thoughts. I mean how do your cells keep your thoughts, I don't understand that. I mean how do they work together to keep your thoughts and memories. The brain is such an interesting thing and it is very amazing indeed, and I would like to know about everyone elses brain sooo I could, use that information, I would like to have as much knowledge as grand adimeral thrawn, but then again who would'nt isnt that interesting, how alike we really are, and that we are in deed a product of our parents enviroment. ",y,n,n,n,y

2002\_680572.txt," Well here I am sitting down prepared to type for twenty minutes. The first thing that comes into my mind is how slow I type and it is not any easier typing on a laptop. I wish my regular computer waS WORKING. OOPS I JUST PUSHED THE CAPS LOCK BUTTON. thats better. I also can't help but think how hungry I am. Maybe I should go down to the cafateria and get a quick byte. Than again I could just make something real quick that taste much better. geez this bracelet doesn't make it easier to type either. thats better. Maybe if I move the laptop onto my lap. eh. . somewhat better. My girlfriend should be comming back soon. I am glad she joined a sorority. it gives me some space. I wish she would understand that I need my space. oh well that will just be an ongoing argument between the two of us. there goes my stomach again. My suitmate should be leaving soon for a fraternity event. To bad erik's parents wouldn't let him join a fraternity. this song is catchy. but it is played out. I am so mad about my car. I don't understand how a brand new car won't start. At least I got it into the shop quick. I hope I get it back tomorrow. Linkin Park's new cd is so amazing. I wish jennifer didn't give me such a hard time about putting it on. I think I will listen to it aftter I finish typing. I am half way through. This assignment is pretty cool. I never realized how much I could write in twenty minutes. my psychology class is huge. I wonder how many people are in it. It has got to be at least 400 kids. It is so different seeing a teacher standing infront of all those kids. they even have a microphone. Those huge projectors that are built into the wall are so awesome too. I hate commercials. . I wonder when I will get to use my checks for the first time. I have never had to use a check before. I think I will like going to UT. Its only been a week and a half and I love it. It is so stressful living at home. Always having to do somehting. I know that my parents do everything for me, but they always keep me busy. I wonder what I can eat. I wonder how long I can last without eating. Maybe Jennifer will get back soon and make me a great meal. She is so good to me. I really do Love her. I hope my dad gets me those Incubus tickets. I really want to go. Eminem is always on the radio. . I wonder what he was talking about at the vma's the other night. Something about punching a guy with glasses. I wonder if evereybody thinks the way I do. I know that my mind is really weird. I don't even understand my self sometimes. I jump from thought to thought so quickly. I hope I learn something about myself in psychology. I wonder is college is going to be hard. Well I only have two minutes left I think I should see what other homework I might have. 30 seconds left and all I can think about is eating. 9. 8. 7. 6. 5. 4. 3. 2. 1. . ",n,n,y,y,y

2002\_690231.txt, my room is so cold i have so much to do and not enough time i need to go home soon how will i get tickets to the parents weekend game? im so busy i wish it was christmas already this semester is already too long i wish i hadnt been to summer school i wish i would have been able to stay home and gone to the beach i am so full i shouldnt have had that big meal this movie my roommate is watching is really wierd kind of scary i need to do my laundry and clean my room i need to start readin g and i am scared that i am going to get bad grades and my dad will be mad at me my grades from the summer werent good enough i need to bring up my gpa i miss my friends i miss my boyfriend i need ot get his birthday present and i need to figure out when i am going to go home again i need to go see my friends at college station next weekend molly is coming in october i am really excited i wish jeep went to school with me i miss him so much sometimes i think my roommates sleep too much and talk on the phone too much one is obsessed with her boyfriend but she cheated on him? i don't understand how people can do that to the people that they love i could never do that to jeep it is just too heartless i miss michael he is so cute i am really happy that i went tri-delt i love the people that i pledged with im glad im not a theta i really don't like allison sample she is so annoying sometimes she really really bothers melike she tries to be my best friend even though she knows we arent god she annoys me and she tries to pretend that she is friends with all my best friends i don't tihkn im going to make a very good grade in my media class i don't know what to do im kind of scared i hope that everything works out between jeep and i and i hope that we don't break up im really scared that it might not work out but i really hope it does i love him so much i don't really think i fit in with alot of people here and i don't have that many guy friends here which i miss and i miss dave alot i don't like not having any guy friends here it is really wierd without them they were the only people i was friends with i really hope that our apartment thing works out next year i think it could be really fun i am really scared that i am going to gain the freshmen 15 god i do not want to gain any weight i need to start exercising i need to start eating healthy i need to send these thank you cards to mrs stanbery and minnie and catherine god catherine is so wierd i can't believe she is related to me she is very socially backward i feel bad for her and i feel bad for their whole family god my back is hurting from sitting up so long i thikn i have back problems katie is so wierd sometimes i don't get her sometimes i probably should go to the time management lecture it would probably help me out alot since i need help in that area i need to get myself motivated to do work i did alot of work today and i feel like i got alot accomplished i did my laundry i did my chemistry i did my psychology i did my architecture and i did some media journal homework i want my cd burner back these actors are really bad ,n,n,y,y,y

2002\_690292.txt," my mom is so silly or mabey it is th eway I say them she just gets things wrong. But I love her and dad and sister they just anoy me. She tells me too much info and I get kind of too rude. Like the homecoming thing oh I am so glad that I got a rideI don't know If I should tell them or not. godd thing I get to see Dave soon I miss him so bad I have to go to the dang chem review I am going to get so hungry take a snak. Good thing Stephanie is gone so that I can concentrate and think. I need to look up the bus routes. I need to also take a typing class I'm am in college now time to grow up. I am so shaky from the vitamins toosensitive to stimulants. I relly do hope that i lose weight that will impress Dave an dpossibly his friends good, time 2;37 I am so glad that I got an e-mail back from Casey relieved because she is so nice after I opened up I still need to hear back from shelly this is a good time to do this because of the energy . The class is so great because I have had it already But it is my chance to make the A that I desired . apples nutition so so good too I already know the material. I need to go swimming even if it makes me fat. kt I need to call her sometime soon htis is so wierd I can't really tell if I mean to say whatever or it just comes to my head this jus tcame to me. I am glad that this is not strict because of all th emisspelled words. Oh a baggie for the pills I need to remember. My bike I hope that it doese not rust in the rain good time s Casey I t would be the same if we had a sleepover like good times every one would be hilarious like Mrs Ward yeah you know silly. those kid s were cut e. I will probobaly be like my mom like when I was growing up. man that girl is skinny I wonder how much she eata Big is beautiful. Too bad that I did not get to see Tamara. I a =m going to be nineteen soon sat will I get preasant . It is toobad I can't look ut the screen and type at the same time I never learned Oh I love spanish I should major in it Dave should give me anouther ring this time diaomond I can not spell I hope punctuation does not matter too much. I think htat I could have fun decorating an apartment tlike cute artsy. Flowers there would have to be dried flowers oh the rain Stephanie enjoy ti so much she is crazy. The board is gettin g hard to touch I can not believe the time went by soooo fast call mom ",y,n,n,y,n

2002\_690395.txt,"Right now I am thinking about September 11th because i just got out of music class, and we discussed the emotional impact that music has on people. I never really thought about how emotional some songs make me feel. When my music teacher played Amazing Grace after reading an e-mail from a New York firefighter, I felt myself get teary eyed. It has been about 20 minutes since I've been in his class, and I still have that heart ache feeling thinking about the diffrent songs he played for the class. I also feel homesick. I keep thinking how i want to spend the anniversary of September 11th at home with my mom and dad. I am already homesick, and Wednesday is just going to intinsify my home sickness. I feel worried about my school work. I have so much homework that i need to get done that I'm starting to feel stressed out. I wish i would have study more these past two weeks instead of leaving the huge load I have now to the last minute. I don't think I'm ever going to catch up! I am really worried about Biology. It's an advanced class, and I have no idea what I'm doing in there. I still have an 11 paged packet that I must have done tomorrow. It's too hard though. I really wanted to go workout, but I don't feel like I have time. I want to go tanning but I have class at 3:30 and I needed to study inbetween my classes. I am really hungry. I want some buffalo wings. I think after I'm done typing this I'm going to order some Pluckers. I am also really thirsty, but I'm too lazy to go downstairs and get a coke. I'll just wait until I go get food. My room mate won't stop making noise which keeps breaking my train of thought. I really miss my nephew. I havn't got to see him in months. I hope when i go home this weekend I will be able to see him, but I doubt it beacuse his mom is such a psycho. She never lets us see him unless she wants something. I am going to call her and tell her I want to see him this weekend. I think I'll buy him a UT shirt before I leave on Friday. I put your picture away, sat down and cried for days. I can't look at you laying next to her. I wonder how Jess is doing. I havn't talked to her since i came to Austin. I hope she's doing better than when I left. This song sure does remind me of her. I hope her and Michael are talking again. It smells like clorox in my room. I need to spray some Lysol on here. Plus I need to clean my room. It's starting to get really messy. I wonder if that's bothering Crystal? She would tell if it was. Well, I'll clean my half just to be nice, and so I can be more organized. I need to do my laundry. I guess i could do it later. ",y,y,y,n,n

2002\_690992.txt,"Well, let's see, what am I thinking and feeling? My thoughts are actually really scattered right now, but this is due tomorrow, so, here it goes. I guess what's really on my mind is this day and this week. It's been really, really stressful. The only thing more stressful than having a lot of stress in you life is the people you love having a lot of stress in their lives too. The week did not start off well, as I lost a really cushy job, and it was just because I procrastanated and that made if even worse. Then, I got an interview, off campus 15 min of course, that was probably going to suck anyway, and I had all kinds of problems trying to print out resumes and work study verification forms because one computer had a printer and one had the internet and of course neither one would work with both, so I was frantically trying to get them to work and had no time for rest or lunch, didn't know where I was supposed to go and was freaking out. I could have cried. Right before I was about to walk out for my interview though, on chance I called back a lady that I had left a message for about a really cool job having to do with my major at an art museum on campus. It was my dream job but I was sure it would already be gone. Just my luck though, I impressed the woman enough she hired me on the spot and I got the job! It was really cool, but the stress leading up to it sucked. So things got better after that but today things were just shit. One of my friends is having all kinds of family problems because her father was being a selfish jerk. My other best friend's grandmother died and needless to say he was very upset. I cooked dinner for them though, but there is still so much drama around me and I hate drama. I guess I can't complain though, my job is great. I love working with art. The lady I'm working with takes time to tell me about everything. There were just a lot of jobs cut though and I feel really bad for her because I know she has a lot of stress because a lot of her help just got fired. But my other co-worker is really funny and I like her a lot but I'm really sad that she might be going away soon to Washingtone, D. C. Everyone else seems really awesome though and it's really laid back and flexible. Let's see what else. Oh yeah, of course boy troubles. Boys suck, that's all there is to it. Sometimes, I wish they would all just die. Or at least those that suck. Not my friend da Byron though. I love him. He e-mailed me another of his famous funny e-mails and it always makes me feel better. :) Also people who criticize you for stuff that's none of their business. Know what I really need? A break from all people. I just want to be alone. I want to jump on a plane and go some place thousands of miles away with a different culture and everything. I want to go to a dig in Greece and get away from everything. I hate feeling I owe something to other's feelings. I guess I'm just tired. The minute you get caught up in others lives you invite so much drama and pain into your life. I guess I'm just tired of that. It would just be great to start all over again, but I know that I can't regret the past and that I learn from everything I do. I have to keep reminding myself that my life is really not that bad after all, I mean I have awesome classes, great oppurtunities, a man that really does love me, and friends who really do mean the best even if I do want to choke them or run away from them sometime. In the end, I guess it's worth it because I know how lonely and boring life would be with out all of them there. It's just what you have to put up with. I only wish judgement from those you love was not so harsh or deep reaching. Well, I'm about out of time (thankfully my shoulder is hurting) so this is my great rant, but I'm done now and writing all out really does make you feel better. :) ",n,y,y,n,y

2002\_691745.txt," Im not sure where to start at thinking. Of course I'm used to thinking and all. I guess. I am really sleep right now. I am always sleepy. oh, and im so used to not doing the correct english thing. like with caps and punctuation and all. i hope that doesnt take off from grading. oh well. when i first signed in my native instinct was to sign onto aim. i always do that. i love talking to my friends. i miss them so much. im sure ill find some here that are great and i will never want to let them go. but for now, the computer chat thing will do. oh!! im so excited because one of my good friends that i met probably one month before i came here is suppose to visit right before thanksgiving holiday. he'll probably stay here for two nights then come back to longview with me and my sister. hopefully. im really excited about tonight. me and two of my friends from high school are going to the concert thing at 7:20! i can't wait. i can't wait. there are so many things i need to do. like set up an online account for my bank, check status on my sister's book that i have to buy for her, do the pretesting for psy class. i wonder what that is about. im almost hesitant to sign up for experiments but i know it will be good for me. haha. when i told my friend, his name is bryant, that i had to do this writing assignment he told me that it was going to be just his name over and over again. good thing its not. one of my favorite things to do in longview is to go to book-a-million. i say i don't like it to some people but i really do because i am surrounded by books. there's so many of them. i love looking at pictures! the way the earth comes together as a whole and works so well. it amazes me. its so quiet around here. there's just the sound of typing and i think someone is moving back in forth in his/her chair because there is an occassional thud. oh well. i hope other assignments are as interesting as this one. good thing i can delete my mess ups because im making tons of them. i'm so used to having the computer fix the caps or the right punctuations. yeah, the teachers probably shouldnt tell kids that are learning in school that the computer does that or theyll become lazy. like half of students. i wish i knew some great jokes to tell. add some spice into this. uh, assignment. well my sister did tell me one the other day but i can't remember some of it. i hope everything is okay with judy. i know it must be hard living in laredo with so much of nothing to do. haha, she called last night when me and christina were watching VAN WILDER, such a great movie, and she wouldnt shut up. so me and christina would joke around that she was being like mom. that was good. i love being able to joke with my sisters. theyre so much fun. well two of them. anyway, i keep looking at the finish button and i read it over and over again. so its difficult to think when u read FINISH constantly. my wrist are hurting. stupid edge of the table. they should really see about fixing that. im sure it could cause some kind of danger to computer uses in the far future. woops. i just kicked something. hope it wasnt important. what to think? i not sure. i look around and i see a scanner, a white, plain wall, many letters and numbers, some monitors, a sun(picture of a sun that is) a pen. it doesnt really smell much like anything around here. so whats going on with the clear mouse? i don't understand it. i mean i do but whats the point. its like a high quality ghetto mouse. it pretty much only has one clicker, uh button. speaking of button. i was suppose to do something with autumn. oh yeah, she said no because i was with someone she doesnt get along with. oh well her loss. i wonder what the people in lview are doing right now?blue, i think that is one of my favorite colors. of course its always been. ",n,n,y,n,n

2002\_692554.txt," okay. my thoughts and feelings. I have now attended all of my classes for the semester. The first couple days I guess are all just intros and basics and the how to's. Interesting, but I think more interesting is the possibility of what they, the classes, offer for the future. My roomate just left the room to go over to one of her friends rooms. I haven't but briefly met anybody she would have refered to as a friend before she came here, but i think that that would probably give me a better understanding of what she is like. I wish I could type faster, it seems like decades since my typing class in the seventh grade. I can't believe that I am finally 18. It seems like I was the last one of my friends to turn into adult hood or whatever 18 makes me. hey I can vote now, I still can't legally drink, ummmm I have to pay more for admission to things like ammusment parks. It reminds me of when I turned tweleve and they wouldn't let you eat of the child's menu suddenly. Yeah your still not really old enough, they just call you a teenager, or an adult and take away priveledges without really adding any benefits. My ex boyfriend and I are friends again. but still way weird around each other. my mom just helped me fix my computer after a virus invaded at 10:59 this AM. I was not yet out of class because my tour of the workshop in design class ran just a bit long. one of those oh my god are the seconds actually moving backward kind of ten minutes. Don't worry, I surrived. whooh hooo it has now been ten minutes. That makes this the hump minute. i guess. My best friend in the whole wide world yeah look at that alliteration always called the fourth hour in our shift the hump hour because we were on the downward side of the hill, over the hump, more than half way done. We worked in a child care and i absolutely thought that it was like the best job for eight dollars an hour ever. I love playing with kids, and in fact enjoy acting like one most of the time, but if I was ever tired or not in the mood my only real responsibility was to keep them from hurting themselves or each other oh and take out the diaper genie. speaking of genies. like the one in the lamp, i must have watched Aladin 50 times this summer, a close second to the little mermaid which is still a favorite of mine. I think it would be fun to animate disney movies except I have a major problem with all the second sequiels I suppose you would call them yeah this doesn't really have spell check so I guess that will just slip by, or auto correct for that matter, which though often anoying is very helpful or hurtful for the bad capitalization habits it creates. dun nun nun nun i am excited about my first year at ut and about architecture and about meeting new people. My roomate seems nice, very considerate, always a good thing. I am not totally thrilled that i didn't get to move out of Austin given that I grew up here and in fact lived on the same street my entire life. It is different riding the bus instead driving my car around. I feel like i have so much new freedom, but that the car being out of the picture took away a very different freedom. I know navigation by roads, however not so well yet by capital metro numbers and colored lines. . hey its free it only took me an hour start to finish to get home today. it was about six oclock. that means some of it was traffic, but i estimate it takes about 35 to 40 minutes longer to get ala me casa. ",y,n,n,n,y

2002\_692681.txt," wow i am so tired i really just wish that i could go to sleep. why do they put a philosophy class in the law building i will never know. i can't believe that i just walk for 25 min just to get back to my dorm. i wonder what there is to eat tonight. i hope it is good. the last couple nights the food has been pretty good. man i really have alot of homework tonight i hope the fraternity doesnt keep me late tonight. it is such a pain to have to walk all the way to the house just for a meeting. wow i am really thirsty. i really want a glass of water. i wonder what everyone is doing right ow. i bet they are still in class. when is that girl going to get down here so we can study for math. i need to go get a map of the bus routs. or a map of where i can park so i don't have to walk anymore. oh man its only been 5 min. i wonder who im going to ask to go to the OU Texas game. i wonder if i will even get tickets to this game. my band isnt very good, i better go try and find someone that has a better band. oh yeah i have to go buy my tops pictures that i took. i need to go get a hair cut. i wonder what i will look like when i can't cut my hair or shave for 6 weeks i bet i will look really funny. man my palm really hurts i wonder what i did to it. maybe it was when i was doing gymnastics tricks for people. i wonder if ut has a gymnastics team or what intails being a cheerleader. i really liked it at that last game when they did all the flips. i really hope that ut wins the national championship this year. that would be so cool to win in swimming and football and baseball all in the same year. i wonder if any other school has done that before. aww im so glad that i am done with classes today i don't know if i would be able to make it if i still had to go out and sit in another class. hey my roomate just brought me mail. wow a letter from my parents how exciting. my roomate keeps talking he doesnt realize i don't care. hahahaha he is talking about his macintosh. and his knew program. wow he has a really low band for the ou game. maybe he can get me a ticket. he is telling me a story about our pledge trainer and how he made a stupid comment. it was actually a good story im surprized. wow i think alot. i wonder when it is going to start to get cold. i don't know if i can take this heat any longer. i really want to go watch the simpsons. wow what a great show. my roomate still is talkign about his computer. i still don't care. my roomate i have decided does not stop talking. wow im almost done this wasnt as bad as i thought it was going to be. i think that stream of conciousness is really ran ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_692908.txt," What to write about? I don't really know. Should I talk about my fears of not successeding in life. Of my fears of never finding the true some one. Or maybe about the sadness I feel when I think about my past four years in highschool. The friendships I made and my heart that got broken more than once. Or should I talk about my family. One of my little brothers that we have a connection that is so strong I miss him very much. Or maybe I should talk about the hopes of a good year. Or maybe I should just concentrate on my work here and forget about the emotional stuff, maybe that will help. I came here for a reason, to kae something out of myself and make alot of money because of it. I also came to prvoe and show off to people that I am some body. I don;'t really know what to say. My head keeps going back to the first person I let in my heart that ended up breaking it. Why I don't know I got over him but when you hear that he has a new girlfriend it just hurts. But then I think I must lose weight so when I go back I can make him regret it. But what do I care he is not even thinking about the future. I want to have a good job with alot of money, with a loving and faithful husband, and two great sons. I guess I want boys becasue I really never got along with any girls. Me and my sister really don't have that close of bond becasue she betrade my trust and I don't really know if we can ever have the same bond. However, I I do have a great connection with my cousin who is a sophmore in highschool she knows everything about, just like my mom. My mom knows everything about me too. People think that it is weird that I tell her everything, but I don't. I can't tell my father everything because he has this vision of me that I never ever want to disappoint him. He sees me as this smart girl who can do anything. I don't see it. I believe that I can make anything out of myself, but I don't know if I can actually do it. Is it going to be to hard? I really can't tell. My dad says he will love me even if I don't make it but he says it is nonsense to think that I won't I have to prove this to myself and family and my so called friends that I left behind. None of them have really kept that much in touch only like 2 or three. Am I being selfish to think that my friends can't even email me. But I am glad I left. Most of my friend were under class men in highschool becuase the senior friends that I had were never really my friends I just hanged out with them once in a while and when ever i did I felt like such an outcast. I sometimes feel like that once in a while. But I guess everyone feels out of place once in their life. I think I just have to let go of my past and MOVE on. I have to start my life here make new friends. I haven't even made one yet. I have to break out of my quiet shell and just take the risk and try to meet people. This is my time to live on my own on my rules, I justgot to wake up and do it. I have to focus on all my goals and then just do it and after I do this I should look at the end of the tunnel and see my future the things I am destined to do. Hopefully they will be great and my life will have happiness and success. Now if my roomate will stop talking to me i could write more. Mut time is ending and I must leave now. ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_693141.txt,"Well im listening to Dave matthews , what do you think he means by that line lucy loves thisd song she really loved it when i placed i love that part it is so pretty but now i wish hed just end the song wow thisd assignment is goofy i just really want to sleep sleep my head hurts i wondser if this is just me being crazy the medicine shouldn't work that fast should it, am i doing this right, i jusd misspelled right but thats kind of funny because thats what im supposed to do, write. I really wish I wasnt this sad, I left class early today just because i want to be bymyself, i hope they clap that much for me at Steamboat, what to write next Caroline loved this song a lot too, this was our song, whatever she was crazy, that the name of the song, i love the song though , she didn't really love me or she would have shown it. i want a beer right now but all i can drink is water or else ill get really sick, should i be caring about typos I don't think i should be i can't help it, i want to correct them someone knocks Ian wants to chill, but I tell i loved this part am i rightside up or upside down. Am i upside down. Tim Reynolds, go timmy, wow he's really good at guitar. ian really threw me off i don't know where i was thinking a Caroline she did love this song. We had good times with her and we got together on Sept 11 that day brought us together and i said that i worried soooooooo beautiful just another mistake we'll beat bback this pain and ill beat back this pain and ill be me ill be jsut me and it won't matter about friends or college or lax or fraternity i would give you back? what does that mean? Well i just don't know i looked at the clock , i think will weaver is coming back in so many Wills my brother Garner and my roomate too many we should kiull a few. accoustic i want my guitar to sound like that. whats my favorite drink probably vodka with orange juice, crazy, whats crazy Dave is crazy and he can make me smile but now the national anthem plays from somewhere and i can't help but think about the day and the laughter outside in the hall, i htink will is back in the hall with the neighbor Ian and i wonder is this country completely fucked or is just some fucked individuals in chargfe or are we all just stuck in the fucked up circle since the day we were born and i just typed nad instead of and and i smiled again. But now im thinking about thinking and thinking about thinking about thinking, will got mad about me not getting the wristband and i really don't care about the wristband but i wish he wasnt mad, i wish that we would get along better, we need more friends, i think b ecause i love this song so much i sing it lower i hope i feel like this tonight when i see lucy, she can either make me feel incredible like the high life and then others she can make me feel awful just because i want her so bad, but she doesn't mean bad because if she did i would havec nothing to do with her, the typos annoy me so much because i fix some and other i dont. Im feeling better just typing but i felt like death this afternoon. Its kind of scary because the medicine has a warning about suicide attempts i really hope thats not me and it just the placebo that im feeling now, i actually getting sick of typing now i want to lay down and play guitar and think about what im going to do but that would make me depressed again. I think i will have a beer though, then i will have some water. that will even out i hope, will came in he seems cranky still but i don't give a fuck he's being a dick about the whole thing i offered him a place to stay in Dallas and he was completely ungrateful, but whatever, i just looked at the time and thought i was done because i saw the 20 min at the top but really im 15 away im typing what i thought and not what im thinking will in the hall i wish he would just chill out hes so fuckin pissy right now still whatever i wish it was 8 then i would be with lucy i glad she dropped that class now i might get to see her, she doesnt much care for the 911 stuff, i wish that light would stop blinking because i can't reallyk answer right now but it just down there blinking blue then grey is it blinking grey or blinking blue i don't know which its so messed up to think of stuff like that, like when you look at your own name long enough it begins to look like a shape or something Srv so fuckin good the crowd seems to like him too john mayer liked him and played Lenny bob schneider is so different but so good but i just want to play baseball right now. im done with this i think now im going to talk to nat now ",y,y,n,n,y

2002\_693429.txt,"i feel really weird HAVING to write something. Pressure? Yeah. My dormmates are so loud. I can hear the tv blaring through the door right now. They woke me up this morning (on several accounts. ) I have to get used to this (or they have to SHUT UP! :) ) my dad called right as I started this. I would really like to talk to him, but I turned my phone off. Hopefully I can get through to him after I finish with this. I'm a really fast typer, this thing will probably be really long. Maybe I should slow it down some. I was really suprised that my dad called. I thought that I sent him a pretty nasty e-mail last night about paying for my books (i'm really just mad at him because he hasn't made the effort to come up and see me yet. ) but he sent me back another e-mail saying that he would give me the check for my books tomorrow. when he came up for lunch. Damn! I hate it when he does that too me. Just when he fits the perfect category of a bastard father and I have a legitimate reason for hating him he pulls some shit like this. Also, looking back at my e-mail it wasn't nasty at all. Why can't I just tell him how I feel. It's a shame that no one in the Psych department is going to read this, because I'm sure that one could do some serious psycho-analysis on the way I feel about my father. I would really love to do research on girls from families where the father abandoned the family. See how they turned out in their romantic/sexual relationships, how they relate to other men. I know that I would probably be the perfect sterotypical i don't have a daddy girl. Insatiable sexual appetite, emotional codependency, needing to constantly be reassured that the ones I love most won't leave me. It makes me really sad what my dad has done to me. I don't think it's ever really angered me (i don't know that I've actually ever been REALLY angry at anything), but it makes me almost stiff with sadness. My roomate just walked in totally throwing my stream of consciousness off, but I think I was probably done with that thought anyway. I don't know what I'm going to do with my college education. There's just so much that I could see myself being really happy doing. I would love to go into print journalism (write for a newspaper or a magazine), psychology (what I talked about earlier), teaching (i don't know why. i just love kids and i feel that i'm a really good teacher), then there's politics. I could really see myself getting into a campaign. BUt last night I had a dream, so real that earlier today I couldn't remember whether it had really been a dream that I just HAD to get into the College of Communications. I wonder if that holds any weight to what I really want to do. HOw logical does it sound to make a career descision on a dream? Some might say that it's very logical, like Mom. I love her so much. I remember when I was a freshman in high school and brainwashed by FBBA, and we would get into these huge religious debates. Now I think that there may be more truth to what she thinks than what I believed. I miss her and Austin so much that it hurts. I'm cryng now just thinking about it. After the divorce, we became a unit. NOw I can't help but feel that that unit is slowing crumbling. I miss how Austin would always make me laugh. He's so goofy. I remember when football was on he would pile up thed cushions from the sofa and dive into them. I feel like a little piece of me has died, even though he's only 2 1/2 hours away. Who is this close to their brother? But, Mom was never home and for the past 2 years I've kind of raised him. I remember when he and I would commisserate about how much he and I hated Roisin. I feel realy bad for not being able to get ahold of her before I left. I guess I probably could have tried harder. That's my problem. I get so close to being a good person, or being a sociable person as is the case at school, but I never follow through with what I say I will. I wonder if that has anything to do with Dad never doing the same thing? I am so excited about American Idol coming on tonight. LEss than 2 hours. I really hope that Kelly winds. I miss Kenny and Bevin. I'm not really sure that she wants me as her bridesmaid, or if she's just doing it because Kenny asked Richard to be his groomsman. When I call them she never seems to want to talk to me. Oh well, she asked me and there's nothing that she can do about it now. Well, I guess there is. I want to get married. To Richard. And I want to raise a family. I want a dog. I want to be happy. I want to watch our 4 kids grow up and have kids of their own. I would really love to be in Huntsville with him right now. I wish that I could life the UT campus and set it back down in Huntsville. I mean, I love UT but I hate having to be so far from Richard. It was really fun this weekend staying with him. I do feel really bad about giving that guy my number. he called last night and he talks as if he was really slow. oh well. i know i won't follow up on it. and why would i? i'm in a very serious, very committed relationship. and i love richard very very much. i really believe that he is my soulmate ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_693614.txt," Relax, formation of thoughts energies retentions obsessions. dreams are an internal future, awake, shake dreams from you hair my prteey child, my sweet one. I hate the doors, overrated. haha. no time for mourning no time for myself, ah no time. I have fingers, delicate pulse wandering after to and thorugh away from the day. think about money take time for god, thats funny god. you prankster you. they are watching, everyone and everything is watching us wait, scream, die. take a life and flush it down, need to blow my nose, dont't have time. portability, portishead, pause, leters, phrases, extenuationg circumstances. ending crashing into denial. green shirt, fuzzy vision, orange face, ugly decision. computer labs, laptops, screens, sucking, good or bad? I sthe computeer alive, does it feel, how does it know, so much more thatn you and I/ back slash, back flash how did I get here. laet me out of here i need help. don't read the past, just keep on truckin. someone should really rethink the design of a keyboard. Heonstly, who made these things? I wish I could write with a pen, Ir doesn't even feel like I am writeng, more like I am manipulating, words are simply appearing before me with strokes on stupid square buttons and blah. I need a lead pencil and some one hundred percent recycled paper, yes. jobs, havoe none. arms, mobing, my brain is telling them to do these things, but my brain operates on cruise contrl for the most part. I have a special softaware program gong on in my own personal computer, if you know what I mean. hehe. music is my love, I don't need men anymore, all Ineed is somethign soothing in my ear, and maybe a kiss on the cheek. wow, I really am pathetic, dearest me o me o my. jump around tinker toy thought to thought, mind wave and magistrate. optiplex, I always needed one of those. stupid dell. are artists really happy? I wonder, they must be right? how could they not be, seems most fulfilling. jsut laying yourself out on a canvas, ina pot, ona wall, ina shape, object, form, song, so on and so forth. yadda yadda, bulgaven. electric, electronica, ecstacy, love, adoration, wants and needs, I need attention, I am the first to admit it, I crave desire and love, as I should. who needs tacos? I'll have one please take it down, my one, be thine own creation. love yourself, be intoxicating. That has got to be the number one compliment. Imagine if someone says to you , you aer intoxicating good lord. must be nice. u are not alone, I need to get out. make space, show reason, study, create, imagine, juxtaposition of arms and legs, entangle a bodies own desire, the fetus cried last night, opt for internal discussion on top of the moon's clocktower, beings of all size, noble vixens and vultures, float and hum a sweet, sad song of remonition ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_693916.txt," Today is 911 and it has been a whole year since the tragedy last year. I remember that day being in first period and hearing of a plane flying into the tower. Obviously, that was all the people at school talked about that day, and the shock was great. It surprised me so much that my teachers didn't take out time from classwork to talk about the event. This is the biggest most memorable event of our lives and i thought it deserved more. so much more than just the acknowledgement. Yeah, the principal came on, but it didn't seem like enought. I would have liked to discuss it with my class. Actually, yesterday in my rhetoric class this guy in my class made this annoying comment that he thinks the president took advantage of what happened on 911 to ask the nation for volunteers. I was outraged at what he said, how can you be so stupid (to put it bluntly). . that isn't very nice for me to think but our nation is in a time of need and this past year was a very unique time. The president totally has the right to ask for volunteers and was in no way taking advantage of 911. It bothers me when people speak about that things when they should take more time to think about what they're really saying. . . yeah, so anyways. 911, everytime i hear one of those songs about the event it gives me chills up and down my body, the chills are uncontrolable and it makes me feel good though that it happens. I always get chills when i really really enjoy or care mostly about what i'm seeing or hearing. That is so interesting how the body works that way. I don't think about getting chills but they just start running up and down my body. Although, i get chills i don't usually cry. I'm not a very emotional person, but all depends on what's going on around me. Lately I have been pretty stressed out from the this huge change in living, change in schedule. And, I can cry easier probably because I've been so stressed. I find time to take it away, like when i run, i am not stressed. i could think about all i have to do while i'm running but the thing is i'm not stressed while i'm running because i know i need to run and i can't study while i run so it doesn't stress me out. Does that make any sense in the way i wrote it. In other words, if i was watching tv, and i know i have to study, then i would be stressed because i know i could be studying instead of watching tv. I am very good at managing my time so i know that i will be able to accustom myself and get used to my schedule better. I've just been so used to my routine at home that it is hard to change here. What doesn't help me very much is that i have late classes, no earlier than 11a. m. and the other three days are at 1pm. Therefore, I usually sleep until classes where if i had 9 or 10 am classes i would be up earlier and more time to study during the day. I like to get my homework and what i need to get done out of the way. . . i don't usually find myself as a procrastinator. I've definitely learned my conservative ways from my father and probably picked up most of those traits from him. although i'm not as simplistic as he is. Everything to him is simple. simple. period. it bugs me sometimes how simple everything has to be but i've picked up on some of those things because i see myself doing the same things he does. and it bothers me when people are too loose. I like to clean, organized, in order and when people i know are late and too loose about what they do it irritates me. yes well, i was just thinking about this song i was listening to today called make yourself it has great lyrics and you can probably tell from the title what its about: not to let other people influence your ways maybe in the sense of copying them but do what you want to do and feel. make yourself. And, there is another song that addresses t ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_694049.txt," It amazes me that I have known about this writing assignment for a while now, and yet I wait to do it until the night before the deadline. I don't procrastinate too terribly much but sometimes I guess I do. I'm really tired. I stayed up until about three in the morning reading for my government class. Then I had to wake up at about seven. I don't even know why I woke up that early. We entered the draw for the OU football tickets and everyone I talked to said to get there early. So I wake up and drag my self down there, with only a few hours of sleep. I was pretty irritated when I found out that it was by number order, so it actually didn't matter. I must have misunderstood when they were giving the instructions. I guess it's just one of those dumb freshman things. I'm actually not as nervous as I expected to be. I came from a town of 2000, smaller than most people's high schools. Everyone told me that I was going to be sad and cry a lot. Suprisingly I haven't been upset once. Sure I miss my mom, dad, sisters, etc. but i've been pretty good. I do miss my boyfriend. He's great. That was pretty hard. I cried more when I left him than my parents. Don't really know what that means. I was just use to seeing him everyday and now I hardly get to talk to him. He's still great though. I hope it all works out okay. I know it will. What's meant to be is meant to be though. I've sort of learned the hard way that I can't decide my own fate, I've tried to change things but they still end up the way I worried they would, but they ended up okay. I guess He does know what he's doing. He's pretty good at it. Yesterday was kind of hard. The September 11th memorial service and hearing the story was sort of difficult. I got to go to New York this summer. My mom took me and my sisters for my graduation. Pretty Nice gift. She and my sisters have had it planned for over a year. It was my middle sister Leslie's idea, but then she was paniced after the attacks and almost didn't go. She was worried that she'd never see her little girls again. It was real sad, but we forced her to go. We had a wonderful time, yet a time that actually makes everything real, and put it all into perspective. It was truly amazing. In my dorm we have a connecting bath. It's pretty nice but has an awkward smell. It took my roomate and I a very long time to figure it out and it's not jusr the regular bathroom smell. We've been watching our suitemates and figured it out. One of them drinks coffee and has been washing her dishes in the bathroom. Wierd, but I'm glad we figured it out, it was really starting to get on my nerves. I've really been getting sick. I think I've been sick since I moved down here. I'm sure it's because I'm in a new setting and I don't sleep near as much as I should, but I guess I'll adjust. I called my doctor and he told me I needed Orange Juice, which wouldn't get me well but it would make me feel better , and some sleep. It's hard because I still use my old doctor. He's the only doctor I've ever had. I guess it's that comfort zone thing again. I've lived in the same town, on the same street, with the same neighbors, in the same house. I've had the same friends for eighteen years. It's sort of odd to be gone from everything. The coolest thing happened to me this past weekend. My boyfriend got me tickets to go to Pat Green so I went home. There was a get together before the concert so we went over to one of his friend's house. As I was walking in, this girl was coming out, she just looked at me and smiled, so naturally I smiled back. Then she said, are you Allison Bruce? I was like Yeah. She looked at me and said, I'm Crystal. I was thinking okay?? then she said your best friend. She was my best friend from Kindergarten to Second grade. She had to move to Alaska with her family. Then she moved to a little town, lifeguarded in another town where she met her boy friend Weston, who happens to be one of my friends cousins. It's such a small world. Gary and Weston hang out so he has known her for a while. It's so exciting. ",y,n,n,n,n

2002\_695597.txt,"As I sit here in front of my laptop, visions of the past 3 weeks of school flash through my mind. It has been a crazy, eventful, and stressful beginning to my college career. UT is the perfect place for me. The diversity of the students, the quality of the education, and the variety of extracurricular activities available are some of the many reasons that I chose to come here. Although I am completely content with my classes, my roomates, and my social life, today has been rough. Today, one year after 9/11/01, there have been strong feelings of sadness surrounding my thoughts. I cried this morning while watching the news, and again tonight at the ceremony at the tower. How will the families of the victims ever heal? My family experienced an unexpected death 2 years ago, and I know my Mom still cries at night. That sick, depressed feeling will forever haunt thouasands of people that were affected by the tradgedy on September 11. I cannot even contemplate their pain. I saw the different reactions of students tonight on the main lawn, and I know this tradegy affected people in different ways. Well, September 11 is a day that I will always remember and the families of the victims will always be in my prayers. However, in my religion, the one year anniversary of someone's death is observed and signified as a time for closure. It is my hope that on this one year anniversary, the United States will accept closure, but continue to express the pride and patriotism that we have been so boldly expressing throughout the year. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_695757.txt," 311, I never actually listened to them. man my eyes itch. wow, Im supposed to be typing instead of talking to Arturo. Man, this song is so melodic and soothing. It reminds me of sandy beaches and sunshine. Well anyway this is college, dorms filled with all of the decor of people's personalities and homes from their towns. Sometimes I wonder why people are the way they are. It's quite complex and difficult, but I'm sure their environment had a lot to do with their personalities and social qualities. I truly believe that social qualities mean a lot. People need to understand that everyone is different and because, don't read this Adan. The song has changed into a classical melody and by the same band, oh no, Tool. Music, is a language everyone can speak. You can't go wrong with music. It's a huge part of my life. wow, Aenima ( tool song) is redone with orchestra instruments. Aenima is an interesting song about Armageddon. Speaking of Armageddon, is God going to come to Earth, or Jesus for that matter. Biologically, we are just organisms living out our lives. And for what? To not sin and go to heaven? There are so many religions out there, I mean, controversy is going to be a given. Why is John reading this. Is he interested in what is on my mind. Well anyway, Respect for other's religions is something I find extremely important and essential to understand at the University of Texas at Austin. Instead of looking at a muslim and saying holy shit what's up with that just think to yourself how they see your religion and judge yourself. Live, and let live. Have respect. I feel as though people close to me in my home in Rockport do not realize the respect I have for them. They never realize, is this the same orchestrated song by tool, hold for 1 sec please. Alright some middle time AFI, their a gothic punk band, that can be described as purity in darkness. They are one of my favorite punk bands. Sometimes I wonder what the lives of Davey Havok and Afi are like. They seem as though they are really nice people. Having taken a picture and briefly and nervously talked to them. Yeah Bob Marley, a legend. Now thats good stuff. I mean who doesnt like Bob Marley? His music flows through your body like the many pints of blood do. You just want to sit back and enjoy a nice beverage, for me preferably corona and a nice tequila of some sort. Not partying or whatever; it's wierd how we use party as a verb. Buffalo soldier in a war for America. Bob Marley used his fair share of pot, but he did not die from it. Who dies from cannibus? Is it really that bad? Should we legalize it? Nevada's police force seems more concerned with other crimes than Marijuana. Personally, I believe marijuana is better ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_696024.txt," I cannot wait to go and see Emily this weekend. Nanny is coming into town; I love that woman. She is a great person, an amazing person. It has been awhile since I have seen her. I wouldn't mind not going to the OU game. It would be SO nice to have this place to myself without anyone else ere for a weekend. even if there ws nothing to do. I could catch up on reading and homework or get ahead. But then again Lne said that most people would die to go to the OU game and that I should accept the offers I receive. I rejected the first. The second one is someone who I just met last night. and I want to attend the game and this is the best way because tickets are so hard to get. But I have to stay in a hotel room with this guy. I guess I will just say I have a boyfriend. Speaking of. I like Chad. He is very nice looking, very polite. He did everything right. I wonder if he likes me? I wonder if he will call today. only time will tell. I hate Michael for what he did to me. No I hate what he did, I don't hate him. I don't hate anybody. Jenny and Emily have become two of my best friends. I talk to each of them several times a day. The weird thing is, they have been friends for 7 years. And now, over some guy, Emily hates Jenny. Emily has done the same thing to me that Jenny has done to Emily. I do not really feel sorry for her. It feels weird that although they do not speak to each other, I speak to each of them many times each day and usually the other is not mentioned, and I dare not bring up the other, I do not want to stir things up or be in the middle of it. So I am going to see Jeff this weekend when I visit Emily. I know he will want me to stay the night with him. But so will Emily. I wonder if she would care. I don't want to do anything with him. It is just hard to put out old flames. We cannot start anything again. I just got a computer a few days ago and now it is not working! I am taking it home tonight to have someone work on it. Sam is always in our dorm room. Last night everyone and their dog were in my dorm. I have 8 AM class Mon through thursday. I could not get to sleep until 2AM. Then I turned off the two larms I set and my neighbor called tomake sure I was up at around 7:40. Yikes. I hopped out of bed, brushed my teeth and ran out of my room. I want to see a movie. That is what I feel like doing today. right now. Maybe a nice sappy movie with lots of sweet romance-not corny though. Or a thriller or scary movie. but I only like to see that with a guy. Hmm. Or one with Vin Diesel. Now Vin is definitely not usually my type, but after seeing Fast and the Furious and XXX, he definitely does it for me. He has such a sexy voive and attitude. Usually I do not like guys that built. I need someone more my size. He is the exception. All 18 year old boys are assholes. I have not founf the exception to that rule. I will not even give one the time of day or a chance. I don't have time for that. But I think Chad has already been through his stage. I think this one is worse than the terrible two's. I need to call Holly. But I am afraid to tell her something I did with Michael. I do not want her to pray for me or look down upon me. No she won't look down for me, but her heart will heart for me. But I am not really in the wrong direction. I pray. I know what is right and wrong. But no one is perfect. I also need to call my sister-I wonder how Chad and Kaycee are doing. Those kids are absolutely rotten. I hope they grow out of it. It is just that they are beautiful and Kaycee is so cute that nobody ever can remain angry with her. I hope that they are beautiful in high school and i know they will be-not just because they are my nephew and neice, their mother is beautiful. But I hope that they are not the snobby kids. or the rude kids. I hope they are humble and compassionate. High school kids do too much damage to other high school kids. It's awful. I wish that highschoolers could lern to look at things on the grand scale. I wish they could think more term and not so much about the situation. Realize that it doesn't matter in callege. No one knows nything about you. It is a new start. ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_696715.txt," Today has been such a long day. I am not a big fan of tuesdays. Physics makes me feel so stupid. I feel like everybody else knows exactly what he is talking about in that class except for me. This is kind of weird writing to a computer about my thoughts, kind of like an online journal. I really need to start writing in my actual journal every night. I did last year, but ever since I got here, I just haven't made the time everynight. Kristen and I have been getting along great. I think we are going to be great roomates. I've been thinking a lot about me and Patrick a lot lately. I'm not sure if I can handle another 2 years of him living in Dallas and me in Austin. I know we've done it since March, but I think it is getting harder. I wish I knew how to type. I think my entry is going to be 1/3 the length of Kristen's, but I guess it doesn't really matter. Man I've got so much to do tonight. I need to read for psychology, interior, art history, and figure out my physics homework before Thursday. My mom and I have been getting along really well lately. I think we are going to be much better friends now that we don't live under the same roof. I'm not sure when I'm going to be able to go see my grandparents. Gosh, I haven't seen them in forever. Maybe i should go somewhere to study tonight instead of trying to study in my room. I never feel like I accomplish very much in here. What really stinks is I can't read my art history anywhere else but in the room. those stupid reserves just won't print out right. I guess I could try that adobe business that girl was talking about during class. I'm not sure if I'll have to buy that or iff my dad could just put it on my computer off what we have at home. I can't wait to watch Friends later. It's been fun lately because they've been playing a season that I've never seen. It's always the small things that make me the happiest. Oh no, the phone is ringing. i guess the will just have to wait for 3 more minutes. It was probably Kristen at the grocery store. I'll just call her back in a second. i'm glad tommorrow isn't as jam packed as tuesdays. I couldn't take two in a row. Now my cell phone is ringing, what's up? ",n,y,n,y,y

2002\_698229.txt,"I just came back to my dorm from Hobby Lobby. I went there with my friends Lauren and Rachel to get crafts and other supplies for our Nothing Books. Nothing Books are like scrapbooks, and we have to make them for our sorority, Alpha Epsilon Phi. I think it's a really cute way of making sure we remember our pledge term. Rush week was maybe the most hectic week of my entire life. First of all, we got to Austin on move-in day, and we spent all day, I mean all day long moving into University Towers. It was crazy! We took a break to eat lunch, but the day was insane. Everyone moving in with their boxes and crates, and the move-in equipment that was supplied was hardly efficient. So that night, we started rush, after all that mess. I was so tired and worn out, I could barely walk to the meeting. The rest of that night is kind of a blur; I think I came back to Towers after the meeting and went straight to bed. The rest of the week we had to dress up. The events got more and more dressy each day, and I could swear that the weather got hotter and hotter each day. I think I probably sweat more in those 5 days than I ever have. ever! It was honestly just gross. Really, the whole process of Sorority Rush at this university is ridiculous. I guess I am being a hypocrite, but when you think about it, some sororities will cut you without even getting to know you at all. You think they like you, and they're cheering in your face like they love you, saying all kinds of things, like we hope to see you tomorrow , and the next thing you know, they've cut you. I guess I am making it sound like it's an awful experience, when in reality it really wasn't so bad. There were some very entertaining events during rush. My favorite was probably Skit Night, where we were allowed to go back to a maximum of five houses, and at each house they performed their own unique skit to try to get us to come back to their house the next night for Pref Night. Pref Night was probably the most emotional night of the whole week. All of the seniors in the sororities were crying, either because they were excited to get new members the next day, or because they were sad to be leaving. It could have been a combination of both. Immediately after we went to our last three houses that night, we were on complete silence . We could not speak to anyone, not our friends, our families, not even people that weren't rushing. It was supposed to be our chance to think about the entire week and to make a decision based on only our personal feelings as to which sorority we wanted to be in. We went back to our group meeting areas for the last time, and we ranked our choices. It was not very hard for me, because I pretty much knew which one I wanted to be in. However, there were tons of girls crying that night, torn over what they should do. I am just glad I was not in that position. That next day was Bid Day, where everyone found out what sorority they actually got into. There was even more crying that day. All around me, girls were screaming and crying, because some of them hadn't gotten into their first choice sorority, and some were just so happy with their bids that they couldn't contain themselves I guess. It was crazy! I was very happy, and when I got out of the building and saw that all of my friends had also been put into my sorority, I was even more ecstatic. Our pledge class is made up of 62 diverse girls who each contribute something different to the sorority. I know I am going to love being in Alpha Epsilon Phi. What I don't know is how I am ever going to balance being in a sorority, making good grades in my Communications, Chemistry, Psychology, and Hebrew classes, and partying at this extremely social school. Not to say that I am a real party girl, but I like to go to all the events, and it gets very difficult to stay on track with everything coming at you from different directions all at once. I am glad that I live at Towers with almost all of my friends, because it gives me a chance to not only be with all of them, but also to meet new people. I didn't know my roommate before I came here, and I have met so many people on my hall, or at different sorority and fraternity parties. I like everyone I meet, but I guess at a school with 50,000 students you can't go wrong. I know I made the right choice by going to the University of Texas at Austin. It has everything I could want in a college and more. I love it here!! And I especially love my styrofoam orange longhorn ears that I got at the co-op when I was visiting during orientation. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_699374.txt," Well, the biggest thing that I have been thinking about is of course, my boyfriend! He is in San Antonio, and I miss him so much! I was fortunate enough to see him the past two weekends. This last weekend I got to see him play in his first college football game at Trinity! It was really exciting, but it stunk because unlike in high school, I wasn't on the track cheering for him. I was also super happy because I have been able to see my family. I am such a nerd, because I miss my mom so much! She has always been there for me, so it is actually kind of hard to make my own decisions. But it is also good, cause it is definitely time for me to grow up! My brother came in town for the first time in several months and I did not get to see him, but it didn't bother me, because I know he didn't miss me. He was away for the Navy, and I wrote him a letter, and he never wrote me back. He has put my family through so much crap, that I don't know when I am going to be strong enough to see him. Thank god the rest of my family is so caring and sane! Life goes on, and he will soon realize how important his family really is, especially after all we have done for him. At first, I was extremely nervous about school and Sorority rush, but now everything is getting better. I was so glad when I became a Zeta because that is what I wanted from the start. It was just kind of hard because when we were practicing for Phi Psi field day, they tried to put me up in a stunt, and made me feel soooo fat. I am already so self conscious about my weight, so it really hurt me. I really don't want to have an eating disorder, especially after a movie being made about my aunt and her failure as an Olympic athlete because of balimia. Well, now after almost eight minutes, my arm hurts so much, and all i am wondering is when this is going to be over with!!! I also hope that my studies turn out ok because I really have to study to get good grades, like REALLY! I am just not smart like everyone else, or at least that is how I feel. I mean I like all my professors except for Pre-Cal, which really pisses me off because I took pre-cal and calculus in high school and aced them both. but this adjunct teacher does not teach at all. He goes over the basic formulas, which I have known since like eighth grade, and then gives us the most difficult homework, which he has not given any examples for or ways to understand in class. He also words the problems in the most bizarre ways. All the students are so confused, and it makes me feel so stupid, because it is just Pre-Cal! So, today I went to the University of Texas Learning Center, and it really seemed to help. I think out of my class of thirty, there was three of us at that moment in there. So that already says enough about our teacher. Also, I emailed him about it, and he made me feel even stupider. I mean if he wants respect from me, then he needs to respect me! He told me he couldn't pat my hand to make me feel better, etc. , and I was like, yeah, but you could try and teach us, instead of going over 8th grade algebra!!! But oh well, I am trying to fix everything! I just decided that I am going to be on top of all my studies, and try to keep up on the reading and all my math homework. I hope that I never forget about any important tests, or assignments, or papers. I am super glad I am in a FIG, because hopefully that will help. I am just super horrible with tests, because I have a major test anxiety. That would explain my horrible SAT score. But whatever, it is all good, I mean look, I made it to UT, didn't I~! Well, since psychology is my major I hope this class keeps me super interested so I don't switch majors like five times, like every other college student! I just want to know what I want to do with my life, besides marry my sweetie, and be successfull with my family and money. But, so far, I am so glad I have chosen UT, because I absolutely love it, and even though there have already been those times when I have felt so fat, or so overloaded with sorority stuff or reading( which I am also very slow at!), i know everything in the end will turn out just how it is supposed to, because God is here carrying me through out all my good times and my bad! I just hope I can figure out this pretesting thing, because that would be awesome if I didn't have to do five hours worth of experiments, ya know!! ",y,y,y,y,n

2002\_699655.txt," i'm thinking about how if i do this all the way through, i'll be late in meeting my girlfriend because i still have to shower and change. my clothes are in the dryer, getting wrinkle free because i'm too lazy to iron them. i'm thinking about last night and how leah and ia have been having some weird moments lately, but i think that i can attribute them mostly to stress. yesterday in dr. boetcher's office, she mentioned dana and him being the one that leah was dating. cat's out of the bag. i know, of course, and i've known for a while, but still to hear someone else say it. i wonder why she never told me right out that dana was her ex? its not like i'm stupid and i wouldn't put it together. alicia is IMing me. . i haven't talke to her in a while. i wonder how her friend fran is. she was cute. alicia says that she's well and that NT hasn't changed. i don't miss it. or denton, really, which makes me wonder why i'm going back there this weekend to visit. i guess i just miss the people, but somehow i suspect that it will be weird to see them. to be so removed from them for months, it will all feel alien to me. i can't imagine myself there anymore. and teaching today. . ugh. i'm not really looking forward to it. i'm afraid that i won't remember my shit, that i won't be able to help these kids, which is what i'm getting paid to do. its kind of silly to worry though, after being surrounded by math and science for the past two years, i hope that i'll remember something. and i'm hungry. it weird seeing tamsters around school. its almost like they shouldn't be here. like when you see random people in a dream that creep you out because they don't seem like they should be allowed to invade your mind. i'm not used to all this reading in school. i wish i had a snickers. i'm used to math homework and bs like that, not actually having to read and digest stuff like that. i like it, just not used to it. i need to shower. i'm worried that i won't be able to finish this. ",y,y,n,y,y

2002\_703402.txt,"I am an adult person who has a culture, good background and origins that I'm proud of. I am an educated person who have attended full time school since 6 years old. I've traveled a lot and know lot of things around me. I am a ambitous person and very confident of myself. However, I've been feeling down for the last couple of years, I am not sure anymore where I'm going and what I want to do with my life. I have the feeling of wasting my time and being worthless. I've been living here for 3 years which is long but it seems to me it was just couples of months ago. MAybe because I have not seen any progress in what I have been doing. I feel like I'm waiting for something to happen. I used to be a very active person and very energetic, full of joy and ambitious. But I'm not sick, I'm still a healthy woman, well that's what the doctors say! Sometimes, Ithink the reason is I think too much of the future and I don't give time to the present and enjoe it. But then when I do so, I feel like I'm wasting my time and I'm not being serious! It's like vicious cercle!! In the other hand, sometimes I see myself of thinking bad things that I'm not supposed. I try to reject it and take it out of my mind but it doesn't go. Those ideas are like thinking the death of someone I know and who is very close to me, or a bad luck to her, or his,. I really don't wish that but the idea comes to my mind often and always feel guilty of it but I have hard time taking it away. ",y,y,n,n,y

2002\_708914.txt," I thnik that after this I'll do my chemistry homework and get it out the way. It will probably take me forever eventhough it's only 10 questions because I still need to read. My Incubius CD is ending. I need to ask Christina to start it again. I am wonder how I'm going to really learn how to speak Latin. I know I'll be able to read and Write it. When is my computer going to come in? I feel like I'm intruding on Christina everytime I use her lap top. I'm drawing a blank. Get up Tina. I'm never good at this stream of thought stuff cause I'm always thinking about the stream of thought like in english class last year when Mrs. Posern asked us to do it for. . I guess it was ten minutes. I miss her. I miss Clinton and Pakey. I wonder what Pakey's doing right now. Probably out somewhere in Houston. I love this song. I really want to play guitar. I hope I make the band next year. That dream was wierd last night or this morning or something like that. Singing would be so often for a living. I've always liked being on the go constantly. I'm so organized and yet never organized enough. I wanna' here my song again. That's so wierd, when one song is on you can't think of another on. Those girls next door were really loud earlier today. What were they doing? I don't dress up very much. I still don't understand how people can where heels to an amusement park. Six Flags was fun this summer. I love this song. I'd love to see them live. I wonder what there like in person. He has such an amazing voice. I wonder how my voice would improve if I were to take lessons. I need to exercise more. That would definitly improve my lung capcity and my playing. I'm so upset I didn't make the band. I'm proud of myself though because I sightread music while everyone else had had their music for a whie. What am I going to play next year for an audition. I don't know. I need to practice again. Is my music here? I need to send the pool key to my mom. I also need to find a church before my mom kills me. I want to go see My Big Fat Greek Wedding. Maybe we'll go sometime this week. I don't know. How much time left. Okay. Um. I did a really. times up. ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_710314.txt," oh my gosh, my body hrts so bad. every time i move its like my muscles are tearing, crying out for me to stop. man, im hungry too. can't wait for kaye to get done with her class so we can go eat. i don't know how much good that is cause i don't like the food in the cafeteria anyway. oh well. the sun is so bright today- wlking around campus was really hot, but when there was a breeze, it was definitely nice. i saw some really cute squirrels out by the water fountain, and i wish i could have stopped to watch them, but i had to get to class on time. man, try outs are so hard. i don't kow if i can keep up with teveryone else for the next few weeks. it will be hard. especially now, until we get to start rowing. then i know i can show people up and do my best. classes are getting harder. there is always reading, reading, reading. it nevere ends. some of it i love while some of it drags so much when i try to read it. math is surprisingly understandable, so i feel confidnet that i will do well in that class. oh, im nervous about tryouts. i bet kate won't continue with them, she seemed to not be doing as well last night with the body circuits. i will push her a lot today at practice. mabey that will motivate her to keep working hard. so hungry! only 1 hor until i can eat. i miss emma, more than everyone else in my family. she is always so funny, and cute. i know she is doing well in her school but i want to be there to see her and talk to her about it. can't wait to go home and see everyone. my parents seem so happy about me rowing. this reminds them of crosscountry. i miss anne and hallie too. everything beautiful is far away. the yellow flowers stephanie gave me are beautiful. i love them so much. my room feels more homey now, and yellow brightens it up a lot. i don't know what to do about simon. he frustrates me a lot, wether i show it or not. guess ill just try not to think bout it for awhile, and see what happens. no use in thinkng about it, it only makes me upset. matisse's art work is so beautiful. . i can't wait til we talk about him in art history. the figures he cuts out catch my attention so much. why did ross call last night so late. woke me up, couldnt go back to sleep. ended up oversleeping for 8 am class. but test went ok, glad i studies yesterday and did not wait until this morning to tackle the job. would have regretted that a lot, and done poorly on the test. i want to find some new music to listen to. something that is not mellow, omething with energy. ohhhh. im so sore it hurts to type. my family looks so happy in this picture. awwww. everyone is smiling so genuinely, its not one of those posed pics where everyone is forcinf a smile, ot just smiling for the sake of the camera. only one more class left today. and then its the weekend. will be nice to relax. have to get through running tonight, but i don't mind that, kind of looking forward o it. get to see the boats for the first time too. i hope kates mom is doing ok, i havent seen her in so long. i should tell my mom to go visit her, they gt along well. i like it when our renst hang out together, esp our dads. joey is so funny. i didnt realize how great of a person i had right under my nose for so long until he left. i hope he comes home from germany and doesnt like it too much out there, even though that is selfish to think. we all miss him too much- his upbeat personality and sincerity towards life. hope he comes home for christmas, or sometime soon. this weekend is goign to be busy, i should make a to do list so i can get all my homework done. the week days are so busy its hard to get everything done by the dead lines. i hope my mom sends me a letter from emma soon. she said she made me someting last tie i talked to her on the phone. my dorm is annoying me again, they want everyone to be so involved with everyone else, going to movies together, and eating dinner together all the time. i don't like it at all. i think i can only really push myself to be social and meet new people for the imes that i am out on campus. and when i come home to my dorm, i want to be by myself, not cnstantly hanging out with other people. i feel bad to an extent, because i know the ras put a lot of time into organizing that kind of stuff. but that is just not sometihg i am interested. 5 hours until practice time again. ohhhh. but then i have the whole weekend to relax. ",n,n,y,y,y

2002\_712420.txt,"Ok. I don't like to write, but I guess this isn't really writing. there is a hair stuck between the keys. Ans I can't get it out. it is bothering me. Why are my dogs barking? Maybe my sister is home from school. I don't know what to write. My nose itches. I am hungary. I want to go to chilli's, but I don't kow if I can. I am so bad at typing. Man, I wish that I had my computer. I can't beleive that no one was here when it came. I better get it by this weekend. ok, i guess my sister isn't here. Then why were my dogs barking? When is she going to be home? She should be here by now? What time is it? Ya, she should be here. Josh's sister is home allready. Is thst how you spell allready?, or do you spell it already with one l? ah, it hasn't even been 10 minutes left. I think that I burnt my tongue on that kolache. It wa sgood though. I want that other piece of it. I miss my little kids from la petite. I wander if I should get a job there on just fridays. But, I don't know if I will have time to work and get all of my studying done. Probibly not, because I am already a little behind on my reading. I hate Chemistry. I really dread going to that class. I don't understan it at all. It's like the profesor just skips over the basics. How am I suposed to remember all that crap from sophmore year in high school. I should have goe to that help session thing. well, it would have helped if I knew where it was. I wander what Josh is doing. Hopefully he is done with his interview and is on his way here. well, I know he isn't because he would have called me. Did he take Tish out to Taylor with him? bla bla bla. Where is Kristen? I am getting worried, I should call mom. Maybe she stayed for tutorials or she missed the bus. I hope she is ok. I need to call my mom. I really want shrimp pasta stuff. That would be really good. I need to read. I have so much reading to do for biology. I don't want to take Amber to her school. What a pain in the but, I am never going to be able to finish reading tonight. I don't have time. ",n,n,n,n,y

2002\_712619.txt,"Today is September 11th. It's kind of strange. Everyone is hurring to get to parades and festivities to remember this significant tragic event. Where am I? I am in a friend's dorm doing a writing assignment for professor Pennebaker. This is kind of hard because I have no idea what else to write. September 11th is just the number one thing on many people's mind right now, since it is 9/11. I really don't know how to feel. I'm saddened of course, but a little tired of all the ground zero footage. It it's so sad, why do they keep airing it over and over and over and over again? It makes me more sad to watch it. I haven't been able to watch T. V. all afternoon because of it. I don't know what else to write. I wonder how i'm going to get this stain off of my white star wars T-shirt. I was trying to unwrap a passion fruit starburst with my mouth only, and it sliped out of my mouth. Weird. My roomate and I tried to see who could unwrap it the fasted. It was sort of a tie, because neither of use could get the wrapper off. I wonder if they lit the tower up yet. It's supposed to be red, white and blue tonight. My foot kind of itches from a mosquito bite i recieved earlier today. I need to put something cold on it. I don't like Britney Spears too much. Her music is kind of weak. She has nice shoes though. I guess she couldn't be all that bad since millions of people mindlessly buy her records and posters like my friend who has it religiously taged up on his wall. He, like every other teenage boy ranging from the ages 13-18 adores her. She's not that bad. Oh man, I've only been typing for nine minutes and 14 seconds and I can't think of anything else to write. This is the longest 20 minutes of my life. We used to free write like this in a rhetoric class I was taking at my highschool. I was taking it for dual credit with a local university. We used to write for 10 minutes strait without stopping. My teacher was a nice 50 year old woman who sounded like a 90 year old. Her voice was so soothing, sometimes. I hear this whisling or hissing sound coming from the bathroom down the hall and a couple of guys laughing outside the door. I can't stop writing. Let's see, what to write about. I think I'll write about my day. Today I was late for Chemistry. again. Our teacher is this French woman who has the thickest accent. She's sweet though. After that I headed back to Jester West to grab a Freshen's smoothie. I got strawberry shooter. It was pretty good. A little icy. This guy behind me asked what i recomended, and I said the pina colider or the the passion fruit. I like passion fruit, but not as much as I like pineapple. I didn't really enjoy the strawberry shooter because it had to many seeds in it. After that i headed to my History of Rock and Roll class. I love that class. All we do really is read and listen to blues, jazz and Tin Pan Alley music. It's really fun. I came home at about 1:00 from class and fell right asleep, them watched queen of the damned. That movie has a good sound track to it. Some of the songs that were in the movie were not in the sound track. That was weird. Wow,only three minutes to go. It kind of seemed interminable at the beginning, but now it's not that hard. I guess it's easier to just think rather than to think about what you're thinking. What is that called? Oh, yeah. metacognition. I learned that in my rhetoric class also. THinking about your thinking. Only 30seconds left. I guess I'll write my name for the remaining time. Wait there is no time. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_712631.txt," For some reason, I have been feeling really tired lately. I have been getting plenty of sleep, but it's been hard falling asleep. It feels like there have been a million random thoughts running through my head recently. I haven't been able to understand many of them, or why I think them in the first place. Sometimes, I feel like I have ADD. Ever since I stopped smoking marijuana, my grades haven't been what I expect of myself and my motivation just has not been there for anything. My mom persistently assures me that I don't have it, but I just want to get tested so I know. Before I moved off to college, I couldn't stand being at my house for more than an hour at a time. But now, I want to be there all the time, even though I can't. I know that many kids feel depressed right after they move off to college, but I don't feel like anyone is going through what I am. I never understand myself. One minute I miss my ex-girlfriend. I was the one that broke up with her, but why do I miss her so much? I went home last weekend, an I ran into her. Right after I left, I understood why I broke up with her, but I am already back to thinking why I broke up with her. I don't always understand her either. Sometimes I feel that it's her clinical depression that makes her that way, but other times I feel like it was always me. I remember hearing the phrase, there's someone for everyone. Well if that's true, who's my someone? I hate waiting around and I just want someone that I can count on being there. I guess that's why I decided to break up with her in the first place. I never felt that I could count on her always being there for me. My dad told me that my grandfather was an alcoholic, so does that mean that there is a good chance that I will be one too? I wish things were the way they were before last summer, when I had a girlfriend and had my friends that were there for me. I understand that college is all about experiencing new things and meeting new people, but I really haven't had the urge to do either of the two. Maybe this is just a phase that everyone goes through. I hope so. I have had no will to meet any new girls, which I expected the complete opposite before leaving. If I miss my home and my parents so much, then why do I never have the will to call them and just talk? Why can I not just gain a little weight? No matter how much I eat, I can't gain a pound. I know these are supposed to be the best 4 years of my life, so when do I start counting? I love math and everything, but it just seems like there is something out there that I would rather be doing instead of Mechanical Engineering. ",y,n,n,n,n

2002\_713375.txt,"Ok rigt now Iam a little unsure of what exactly I should be writing. I am trying to concentrate on this assignment while my roomate is getting ready to leave. The only thing I can hear is the soungd of her opening drawers, people talking in the hall, and the refridgerator sound. Before i started writting this I just finished my last class of the week and now it is offically the weekend. Suddenly I feel the stress of the week almost evaporating from me. Even though I know the weekend will be packed and probably just as stressful it seems easier. Right now my room is very cold. After I finish this assignment I will be packing for a retreat and calling my parents to speak to them before I leave. The fact that I will be on Lake Travis all day tomarrow excites me. Austin is georgous and I can't wait to see the Lake. My roomate just left the room. She went to play racketball with her friends. My roomate and I get along very well and for that I am very grateful. It would be hard to live the whole year with someone you did not like. I actually like my whole hall I live in Jester East on the 9th floor. The girls in my hall are all fun and we seem to hang out with each other. Eww I hope Casey locked the door when she left because a stocker has been spotted on my floor. I've talked to a few girl who said they have had encounters with him. They said he knocked on their door and asked if he could hang out with them while he waites on his friend. There are pictures up on the walls of him everywhere saying to not approach him if they see him. Last night the police were outside of our dorm and I think it was because of him. My hand is starting to hurt. Yesterday I feel flat on my face and scraped up my hand. It was actually kind of funny. My friend and I were racing to get in line for OU tickets and i triped and slid to the ground with only my hands stopping my face from hitting it. Everyone standing in line saw me. Yesterday was also my brother's birthday. He turned 20! -which seems crazy to me. 20 seems so much older than 19. It's crazy how time flies so fast. I can remember when me and my brother were young and just played all day. I wish I could have seen him yesterday but I had class and he's at Southwest. Since were only 30 minutes away it seems like we've grown closer. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_714486.txt,"My name is Kate Mayer. Right now i am feeling extremely uneasy. Lately I have been stressing out about everything, from school work to social matters. For instance, this week i have some type of homework due everday this week starting Wednesday. Last night I worked for five hours straight on homework. I had to make myself take a break and go to Kin's Corner and eat because I hadn't eaten lunch or dinner, there simply just wasnt enough time. Anyway on Wednesday I have this huge english rough draft due and the final paper is due on Friday. I have a Geology test at 8 in the morning on Thursday, and I do not work well in the mornings, especially when I am stressed. I try to run in the Kinsolving gym to take some of the pressure off me and it helps a little. I just get on the treadmill and go. thinking and making plans for the week and how I can manage my time wisely. I keep thinking that once the weekend comes, I will be okay. I'm going home to visit my family and friends and all my worries will be left here in Austin. That scares me a little because I'm afraid I will be dreading coming back here because Austin is my home now. That's another thing that gives me a little anxiety. Right now I don't really feel that i have a home per say. I know that I am always welcome in Victoria (my hometown) but I have a hard time considering it my actual home. Kinsolving is my new residence but i feel uncomfortable calling it my actual home. I guess I just have to get used to it. Even though i feel anxiety about this small issue, I do not feel much homesickness that freshman are supposed to feel for their parents and friends. I do miss them a lot but I have not been upset by the fact that they are not going to be around me for support or whatever I might need from them. I guess in a way I am really enjoying my independence. I was scared before I came here and i realize now that I am okay alone. There are a lot of times that I need to be with people and socialize but leaving my comfort zone is the best thing that I could have ever done. I have discovered so many things about myself that I didnt know I even had in me, such as my need for independence. Right now my roommate just walked in. Most people I have talked to tell me that they have spent about two hours with their roommate. I do almost everything withe mine. She is my best friend here. We think alot alike. Our room is just the way we wanted it, if not better. There are 11 posters of famous celebrities like Marilyn Monroe and Bob Dylan. Our room smells of perfume cause we both spray it non stop, not because it smells bad but because. well I'm not exactly sure why. My mind is going blank. thinking. okay there is no air condition in our room or if there is, it is extremely hot in here and we have a fan blowing ALL the time. I live in supplemental housing so this isn't an actual dorm room-I think it is some kind of storage room-but in any case, I like it here. It feels cozy besides the temperature. Im thinking that if I still live here in the winter, I will be okay because it's always hot in here. who knows?! Anyway I am extremely tired, it is so hard making myself get up in the morning and go to class. The only reason I get up every morning is because I'm so afraid that I am going to fall behind. Actually, I feel that I am always behind. I do not procrastinate, or at least I try not to, but there's just something inside me that makes me feel that there is always something that needs to be done and I cannot slip up and get caught behind. I always leave extra early for things just so I will not be late. I have a math class right after my rhetoric and composition class, which is all the way across campus. I am always late for my math class and it bothers me so much. It scares me to miss the first few minutes of that class because I might have missed some important information like homework or some change in the schedule. I guess you could call it paranoia, I don't know. Well, I think that since I've always been this way, I work well under pressure. I don't really like it but, but I'm so used to it. Maybe that's a good thing coming to a big university. Time's up!! ",n,y,y,n,n

2002\_715289.txt," ok im sitting on my bed. i kind of wish i was at home on my bed. i like my new room a lot, and i like my new bed a lot but i miss home. i am not sad here but i just miss my old way of life and my old setting. i wish i could go back to elementary school. those were the good old days. i love my old neighborhood. i definitely want to send my kids to my elementary school. i miss the scots football games the most. i have been going to them since 5th grade, maybe? i love the atmosphere. everyone is happy and excited it is friday and you get to talk to everyone and its so fun! i like watching my friends play football and the feeling after we won. after i made belles, the scots games became even more fun. i can't explain that feeling, waiting to line up and dance on the field. you are so nervous and anxious and shaking. then the lieutenants bow and you scream for them and then the music starts. we strut out and its such an out-of-body experience. you are standing before thousands of people, and you are smiling so big and bright. not because you have to, but because you want to and you can't help it. i don't think its possible to not smile. then you get ready to dance. and you start dancing and its the best feeling in the world. you feel so weird. and you don't want to mess up. and when the music stops you are so proud. of yourself and of your team. and you stand up and strut out towards the crowd and all the fans are standing and cheering and clapping and smiling and you can't help but smile too. because all the parents are truly amazed. and all the little girls, the little girls that you used to be, are staring at you in awe. they want to be you so badly. because everyone in the community looks up to you. and you represent so much positive energy in the community. and the little boys want your autograph. and they want to date you when they're in high school. you feel like a celebrity. its your moment to shine. your fifteen minutes of fame. its ineffable. i can't describe the feeling, but its the best. i miss those days so much. i would give anything to go back to that. but i cant, and thats what kills me. i can't wait to go back to the scots game in a few weeks. it will be so weird to see my younger friends dancing. to my favorite dance ever. to my first dance on the field. it was the best dance anyone had seen. and the sad thing is, i won't be a part of it. it will be one of those bittersweet moments. i love those moments. i live for those moments. they make you so happy and so sad at the same time. it makes me so happy to reminisce in my favorite days. i don't know how i will feel when i go back to that stadium because it will be so different. most of my friends will be gone. i like my new lifestyle in college. its fine. but i loved what i had. i don't like getting older. im fine with where i was. i feel like my life is going by so fast. i feel like my best days are behind me. i can't believe how fast high school went by. if i could, i would go back and do it all over again. exactly the same way. i would make the same mistakes and everything. just to relive those incredible four years. they werent always fun, but it was a good experience. instead of reliving them, i would like to just watch it all on video. watch everything I've ever done. i miss camp too. i learned everything about life at camp. it makes me so sad to think im not a camper anymore. thats how i know im old. thats how i know my life is going by so fast. camp is pure happiness. all of my favorite things in life are behind me and i don't know what to do about it. i am really enjoying school here. like the classes itself are so interesting and im really enjoying them. but the work is becoming overwhelming. and i don't like going out at night. i don't like socializing with superficial people. i feel surrounded by sin. by people who only care about being cool or something. i just love the days when everyone was innocent. and it didnt matter what you did on the weekend. it didnt matter who your friends were as long as you were happy with them. everyone was nice. and on friday nights we would eat dinner at jacks and then go to the scots game. when everything was perfect. and you didnt worry about anything. seriously, stress wasnt an issue. school work was nothing because it was so easy. everything was done for you. you went to soccer practice and you went to school. that was it. it was so simple. did i realize that then? did i thoroughly enjoy it while i was there? or do i just love it looking back on it? i don't know why i like living in the past. but i enjoy dwelling in it. it makes me happy and sad at the same time. my best friend is the same way. she is the best person i know. i don't know how i will survive the next four years without her physically by my side everyday. she is the only person that fully understands me because she is me. she feels the same way. and how many times have we talked about these good old days? the elementary school that we loved so much and the scots games that were the highlight of our weekend. every chance we got. and i could do it again and again with her. even if we repeated the same words. just as long as i got to relive it for those few minutes. i can't believe life in my community is going on without me. i know my home is much quieter now. and i know my mom is longing for the days she walked me to elementary school, probably as much as i am. i wonder if when i leave college in four years ill be longing to go back to the beginning. should i be spending these moments living in the excitement because soon these will be the good old days? i can't see how they are. i like my dorm a lot. i can smell all these flowers. i can't believe im a pi phi. thats how i know im old. if i had chosen anything else, i would be denying my past. my mom is a part of me so thats why i chose what i chose. i have been waiting to be a pi phi for as long as i can remember. only i assumed i would be at smu. did i choose the right school? i didnt really choose because i wasnt ready to go and i don't think im ready to be here ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_715297.txt," I'm not really sure what exactly I'm supposed to do with this. There is some guy in my room that keeps trying to talk to me and I don't know him. I wonder why he's in here. Theres a really old song playing on the radio. I havent heard it in a while. it reminds me of 6th grade. Every song does that, takes me back to a different place in time. Now this song reminds me of my friends Jason and Doug. I wonder what they're doing right now. I miss my old friends. I'm really excited about this weekend. Miami is going to be a blast. I just hope that everything works out. I really want to suprise John, but if I have to tell him I'm coming I guess I will. I really don't want to. That guy won't shut up. I'm thinking I might just take a cab from the airport to the university. My dad said theres a tropical storm. I sure hope it disentigrates before I get there. I hope everything works out with John, though. I think this weekend is going to be the deciding factor of our relationship. Things are so tense every time we talk. I want to go back to that last night at his house. . it was so amazing. We stayed up the enitre night watching the meteor shower and talking out on his balcony. one of those moments I will never forget even when I'm old. I wonder what I will be like when I'm old. I want to be a cool grandma. I want to live in a big old house on some land but drive a really badass car and cook good food for m grandkids and spoil them. I guess b efore I have grandkids, I have to have kids. which I don't want to do. I was watching the learning channel and MAN having those babies has to hurt. I could just have a c section. Thats what my aunt did. But then she died of cancer. Maybe I shouldnt have one. This cough is getting really old. I always get colds. Last time I had one was before me and John met though. HE brought me flowers for the first time. White dasies on the red tahoe outside of my room. I miss that. The note said he didnt have any soup. flowers would have to do. I love that. If I could right now, i would fly to miami and marry this boy. i remember the day my sister got married. It was the most beautiful thing i've seen. OF COURSE I WOULD DO IT DIFFERNETLY IF IT WAS MY WEDDING&gt; OK NOW MY COMPUTER IS FREAKING OUT&gt; UMMM I don't KNOW WHAT I DID BUT IT won't QUIT! OK THIS IS GOING TO BOTHER ME SO MUCH&gt; I HATE THAT WHEN SOMETHING HAPPENS WITH YOUR COMPUTER AND YOU don't KNOW HOW TO FIX IT&gt; SOMETIMES THESE THINGS ARE JUST TOO SMART FOR THEIR OWN GOOD&gt; MY EYE ITCHES BUT I can't ITCH IT&gt; WIERD&gt; I WONDER WHY YOU can't ITCH INSIDE&lt; BUT IT ITCHES ANYWAYS&gt; HMM&gt; I WONDER WHY YOUR FOOT WILL JUST FALL ASLEEP ALL OF A SUDDEN AND YOU can't WAKE IT UP&gt; WHY DO THEY SAY IT FELL ASLEEP? IT SMELLS LIKE PEANUT BUTTER IN MY ROOM BECAUSE MY ROOMATE IS MAKING A PB&J SANDWICH&gt; I M HUNGRY NOW TOO&gt; I COULDNT EAT AT OLIVE GARDEN EARLIER BECAUSE I WAS COUGHING TOO MUCH&lt; BUT NOW ITS A LITTLE BETTER&gt; I SHOULD TRY TO EAT SOMETHING&gt; I WISH THERE WAS JUST A PILL THAT YOU COULD TAKE THAT WOULD BE FOOD&gt; IT WOULD BE A UNIVERSAL THING&gt; FOOD TAKES UP SO MUCH OF OUR TIME AND LIVES&gt; WE WOULD LIVE CHEAPER&lt; HAVE MORE TIME TO DO OTHER THINGS&lt; AND PROBALY WOULDNT HAVE SO MANY OVERWEIGHT PEOPLE&gt; THATS A GOOD IDEA&gt; I THINK IM GOING TO COME UP WITH ONE OF THOSE&gt;&gt;&gt; ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_715655.txt," As soon as I am done with this I plan to go over to my friends, maybe to the gym. I don't really feel much like working. My biggest concern for this semester will be motivation my self to do the requried work. My telephone just rang. My air conditioner seems louder than all of the other ones that I have heard. Right now I am rather thirsty, having just walked the campus with my uncle and cousin. We ate at Wendy's and the food was salty. I wish I was in a cold swimming pool right now. This weekend was fun. We went swimming in the lake. College is kind of wierd not having my family around all of the time. I dont' miss them terribly, but I just feel strange without having them around to talk to for a few seconds of joke with. Classes have not been that hard these first several days, and I am wondering if they will pick up greatly as far as difficulty is concerned. Now I seem to have nothing on my mind. I am just staring at the computer screen. All I really need to do tonight is work on a few calculus problems. My neck is still a little sore. I will take some aspirin later. I will check my mailbox later today. My bare feet are getting cold on the tile floor. Now I am not really thinking of much. I feel like resting on my bed for about ten minutes before I head out of my room. In fact, right when I am finished writing this I am going to lay on my bed. I am ready to get into the full swing of college classes. Only about 90 days until Christmas break. ",n,n,n,y,y

2002\_716179.txt," Today has been such a long day. I thought it would never end. Right now i am really energetic. Im watching tv right now. IM listening to the music video by Styles. It is awesome. i just finished submitting my cal homework. im glad that it is over. My roommate is playing different songs on his guitar. I look outside my window and all i see is darkness. i see the lights around the stadium, since i live near it. when it is game day, i can hear the roar of the crowd in my room. i finally received my poster that i have been waiting for. it is a scarface poster with the quote, say hello to my little friend. i smell chocolate and soap in my room. its probably because i just had a protein shake and just washed the cup. i wonder whats going on at my home in Pasadena. i wonder what my friends are doing. i have to drive home tomorrow. i hate driving long distances. but then again, i will have my sister in the car, so i guess it ok. im really thristy for some cold water. i hear the music video by michelle branch. i want to watch the movie scarface right now. i love to watch that movie. it is the greatest movie ever made. i wonder if i should do the frat thing. i think i would really enjoy it. i just wonder what the pledge process would be like. oh well, i pretty sure i can handle it. i met so many people this past weekend. i had so much fun going out and hanging out with my friends. i just heard my roommate say that he thinks he should me a singer. i think thats pretty weird. he can't sing at all. he sounds like finger nails scrapping a chalkboard. i have an itch right now. my roommate is over here complaining about his homework. he says he doesnt get the formulas. hes doing the frat thing this semester. his pledge process has already started. i think he is going to have a lot of fun. i wish i could type better. i need to figure out cal. im doing ok in the class, but i want to do better. i need to by some milk when i get back from pasadena. im so sore from working out. i can tell that i won't be able to walk in the morning. i need to take out the trash. it doesnt smell or anything, i just want to take it out before it does start to smell. i need to sign up for a tutor for cal class. i think i will be able to do a lot better when i get one. i need to get a new cell phone. im not getting real good service right now, but then again its prolly because im always in a building on campus. i never really understood the levis commmercial where he dumps a car into the ocean but then swims back down to get a book. i also need to fill the water. i love the brita filter. man i need to go to bed soon. it kind of cool how people are able to tell so much about a person from what they write. i need to start working again. i want to get my job at best buy again. i had so much ",n,n,n,n,n

2002\_716298.txt," Well, I'm here in San Antonio visiting Ty. I love it here. I wish I didn't have to go back to school on monday. UT's fun, but everything reminds me of how alone I am. I feel loved here. Even if there isn't a constant stream of people through the room here, like at UT, I'm entertained and happy. I think that the people coming through my room at the dorm is the only thing keeping me from breaking down and crying. I don't know how I'm going to get through a semester, much less a year, or even 4 years. I don't have depression (at least I don't think so), I think it's just the pressures of school. Everyone says it gets better after the first semester. I hope that happens. On another topic. Ty has downloaded some great guitar music. I love it. I'm going to burn a copy before I go back to Austin. He's working on his homework right now. I never realized how much I would miss him, even though we're only an hour and a half away. He's the only person who I trust enough to be myself around. And he loves me anyways, which is really the part I can't believe. I can't wait until next year when he's at UT with me. I should call my mom sometime. I've been home once, for a few hours, but really I haven't talked to my parents all that much. I guess that's okay, and honestly, I don't miss them much. They got me to a point of being pretty self-sufficient awhile back I think. Sometimes though, it sucks, because i want help, but they won't give it to me. I guess it has made me a stronger person. Ty wants me to help him with his physics homework. I had to remind him that I'm a business major, and that I nearly failed physics in high school. He makes me laugh. He'll make a wonderful engineer someday. So gifted in math and science. I wish I had his math logic. Unfortunately for me, I don't. Calculus is going to KILL me this semester. There are pretty posters on Ty's walls. There's a gorgeous one of saturn and 6 of it's moons. I don't remember, does saturn have more than 6 moons? I really want a Dr. Pepper. I haven't had any caffiene today because there isn't any in this apartment. I guess I'm kind of getting a headache from the lack of caffiene, but I'll live. We're going to go grocery shopping and get food soon. I can't believe it's only been 13 minutes. I've typed a crapload of stuff. As much as I'm dreading / not enjoying school, I do have to say I'm happy with most of my classes. Just getting professors that are fluent in English is quite an accomplishment these days it seems. I wish the cut on my foot would heal up, it really hurts. My favorite color is green. I just realized that I packed all green shirts for this weekend. And I think about half of the shirts I own are some variance on a shade of green. And I don't consciously buy green. analyze that. Well, the roadrunner man is coming this week to give us cable internet in our dorm room, so at least I'll be able to see ty on the webcam from now on. That's actually exciting, because the internet access in my dorm room sucks. Wow, I'm a dork. I think Ty's dorkiness has rubbed off on me. God, I've even started liking STAR TREK. That's probably a sign that I'm officially a nerd. All these girls in my dorm rushed for sororities, and I realized last week that I have nothing in common with them other than we are in the same species. And even that is questionable. They all spew off these greek letters and I'm completely clueless about who or what they're talking about. One of those situations that it's best to just smile and nod. And living on the 26th floor of the dorm is such a pain in the ass. Having to wait a good 10 minutes for an elevator to take you down every morning. Being the last to get off of a crowded un-airconditioned elevator. We have a great view, but I don't think that the hassle is worth it. I need a new stereo to compete with my next-door neighbor's guitar amp. He can't really play guitar very well either, so maybe I should just invest in some good noise blocking headphones. Or earplugs. Earplugs are probably the cheaper option here. oh the joys of dorm life. Time's almost up! blahblahblahblahblahblah ",y,y,y,n,y

2002\_716585.txt," I somtimes worry that my life is just some meaninless collection of random accidents culmintating in a demise that will be unremembered. thoughtout human history we have constantly tried to leave behind something that represents our existence. for example you have the great prymids of gisa where all the old pharros are barried. you have all the wonders of the wolrd that also represent the same thing. Another way that people leave things behind in the form of their children. I guess that having a child is one of the other things that i am worried about. I just hope that when I have one I can do enough so that they will grow up to be a great person. I did not really have a father when i was young because my real one left me when I was very young. I had a step-father so I supose that I sort of have an idea what its like to have a real dad. I don't know if me and my stepdad get along well enought sometimes, I mean its not like I hate him or dislike him or anything but sometimes its just like he gets on my nerves. My mom says that a son haveing problems with a father is akin to a daughter having problems with the mother, its some wierd behavior pattern or something that trys to get the child to strike out on its own or became the alpha male/female something. I have always been very interested in martial arts, I don't know hwat it is about it that draws me to it. Its just that when I see these small guys break 15 flamming bricks I feel inspired, its like if I could do something like braking 15 flamming bricks that I could do anything. Its like a martial artists have somehow trancended human limitations and have becomesomthing else. Its like that whole uberman thing that neiche talks about. I wonder if the statement about power corrupting is always true. Can you ake a decent person a corrupt them with power and completly change their entire outlook on life. I think that there are some people that even if given absolute power would not use it and would serve as a benevolent ruler. Just yesterday I was playing a game called DEUS EX and at ther very end you had the choice of merging with a super-inteligent computer and ruling the world, killing the current tyrant and ruling the world behind the scenes as a memeber of a secret organization called the illumiti, or blowing up this one building that you were in and completly destroy the wolrds global network which would reduce the world to a isoltated city state type environment. I did all three endings but non of them really struck a cord in me as being the correct action. ",n,y,y,n,y

2002\_717239.txt," I cannot believe that I am finally in college at the University of Texas, living the college life is such a tremendous change from the life that I have previously been living. Before I moved to college I lived with my mother, my father, and my younger brother Jeremy. Also living with us was our many many animlas, whom over the years grew and other times shrunk. My all time favorite however would have to be my cat Magic, whom i was very upset to leave. Magic has been my cat for about 13 years now, and he has been there though so much. Good times and bad times. The happy and the sad. More recently, about a two years ago, we had a new addition to our home. My dog Rocky, who I miss incredibly. I never thought that I would get so attached to an animal, much less a dog, becuase dogs never were my favorite pets. In fact I never really cared for dogs. But however it happened, it happened. I am totally infactuated with my dog Rocky. I would take him everywhere with me if I could. It is so hard to be at college and away from him. It is almost like he is my son or something,I often feel the need to dicspline him, and however it happens, I find myself talking to him. I anxiously await the holidays that I get to go home to see him. However, even more than my cat magic, my dog Rocky, I miss my dad. My dad has always been the most important person adn thing in my life, for as long as I can remember, I have always looked up to my dad, admired my dad, and wanted to be just like my dad. I can't stand to part from him. We have been more than just father and daugther, we have been best friends. We hung out together, laughed together and cried together. I could always trust him and tell him everything, as I still can. He always believed in me and had the most faith in me, and most important he always trusted me and my judgment. I was the one who always cooked for my dad, and ran arrands for him. I would do anything at the drop of a dime for my dad, as he would do for me. It has been hard moving to college and being away from him. I talk to him everyday, but its almost like i don't know what to say. I hate the fact that I am missing out on whats going on in his life, and he is not here to see whats going on in mine, It just not the same hearing it over that phone. I no longer know where he is at every second, and its a hard change. I am happy to be growing upp and moving on with my life, but i don't want things to change between my dad and i. It hard because the more i grow, the less i need him, and i like that i need him, and that he needs me. Although it is hard being away form my dad, and the rest of m family, it makes the move and change so much easier having my boyfriend of 9 months, here at college experiencing the change with me. He lives in the same dorm as me (university towers) on the same floor just down the hall. It nice to have someone who i love so much be here to support me. We are lucky to have all the same classes and schedule so we always have a familiar face a around. we spend all of our time together, which i love. Every morning I make him breakfast ( i love to cook) before we go to class. I actually cook every single meal every day for him. But i love it. Its like we are married which lots of people may not think is a good thing at this age, but its perfect. I love him so much, and he is a wonderful guy. OUr parents have become best friends in the time we have been dating. Our paretns are even going to Hawaii this winter togetrher. This summer, Paul and I (my boyfriends name is Paul) went to Europe together, it was the graduation present to us from our parents. It was an incredible vacation and expereince. I had the time of my life. We went to Lonodon, and a few places in France. . . Nice, Cannes, St. Paul, adn my favorite Paris. I love the shopping. My parents love Paul and as far as I know his parents love me. It is the perfect relationshop and hopefully one day will be the perfect marriage, I know its a long way off, but hopefully not to long. I know that we can be together forever, however if things change, I will be okay to, I am always ready for change although I don't really like it too much. Its hard that we have still so much to go through being as this is just the beginning of our college lives, I hope that we can make it through it together. I have to work on not being so jeolous and controlling, and really just going with the flow. I don't always have to have things planned, and if he doesnt want to do things with me, i have to be okay with that. I am working on builing my own life separate from his and then i can improve my life with him. I am so anxious to start my life and be with him forever that i forget sometimes that i am only in college and a lot can change in the next four years. I am looking foward to the next four years. I just got in to the sorority of my choice (AEPhi). hOwever i am not even sure whether or not i definitely want to be in the sorority, i am not sure if it is really my thing or not. i am happy with my boyfriend, not looking for new guys, and i have never been the type to have a lot of close girlfriends, i think it may be good for me to associate more with girls. so i am going for it. if i change my mind i can always drop out later. well tomorrow is our first sorority party it is the Phi Tie party, Paul is going to come with me, I guess i will see more how i feel about this whole sorority thing tomorrow, well i have to go, my time is up. ",y,y,n,y,n

2002\_717530.txt,"I don't really think there is much of a purpose to this assignment. Granted, I realize its purpose but do not find it to be entirely essential to this course. I do realize, however, that this experiment is to be able to tap into the minds of students for a multitude of reasons. One, assuming the student submitted factual personal information (i. e. name and social security number), then certain concerned faculty members can tap into the minds of students they, a) don't like, or b) about which they are concerned. Of course, this can be helpful to understand a student better, or should that student be suicidal, intervene in a timely manner. Unfortunately, if these submissions are not read when they are first processed, then the suicide could take place without due intervention. Of course now, whoever is reading this is probably evaluating my deep psychological reasons for even mentioning suicide. I am sure that this is being analyzed as my subconcious admitting to facts that my cognizant mind would never release. This, however, is not true. While one must accept the fact the subconscious and conscious directly interact, rarely does one prevail over the other. Granted, we have absolute control of the conscious--or at least, more control than that of the subconscious. I am sure, that by now, for a 17 year old college student, I have begun to come across as some sort of pyschological analyst who has put entirely too much thought into this essay and that, for the most part, this is a typical essay and those who submit similar writings are merely trying to impress the reader with their psychological knowledge prior to and INTRODUCTORY course. This is rediculous. As an instructor, s/he probably does not care how much one particular student knows or what their analytical take on this assignment is. And thus, I shall switch from this entirely too practical frame of mind to a more entertaining frame of mind. Why don't we (yes, we. As in, the poker players inside my head. Actually, I'm not a fan of poker, so we'll say that we're playing four-man Chickenfoot (dominoes). Please note that the use of four-man was not a sexual comment, but the use of man was simply to imply that there are four /participants/ in the game of Chickenfoot in my mind. As long as we're discussing dominoes, how about a little trivial information? Afterall, one does not know when s/he will appear on a radio quiz or a game show. The dots of dominoes and die are known as pips. You may recognize pips from the rock-n-roll band blah-blah-blah and the Pips. This, obviously, as my age has already been discussed, was before my time, and thus, I cannot recall the name of the lead singer, but merely the Pips. ) discuss my roommate. What to say about Patrick? Well, I should not attempt to sum him up in words because it would do him no justice. Not that he deserves justice for his unsanitary, habitually lazy style of living, but he is human and our Declaration (let us be patriotic on Sept. 11th) so demands that every man (please revert to prior parenthetical insertion upon the proper intent of the usage of man ) be allowed the same just (the root of justice) opportunities. Patrick has found that his calling to life is to frighten or shock people by the way he dresses. I assume that this is a phase, though its onset was around three years ago. He likes to present himself as a very demonic, Gothic rocker. Upon conversing with his girlfriend (aside from her abhorance of this behavior) he does it merely to get a reaction from people. His sole intentions are to be noticed. In fact, that later branches into his very strong desire to be famous some day in life. According to Erin, his girlfriend, he won't make it because he doesn't have the personality. She said he's too submissive. I can completely agree with this as he has wrapped himself (by his own will, mind you) around Erin's stubby little finger. Inside of him, somewhere, he has the need to feel wanted and maybe to a degree where he needs to feel submissive. Who knows? Let's not talk about Patrick. We're going by fives. 2+3+5+10 = 20 points. I'm kicking butt. Reverting back (as I like to keep my segways under control) to the comment of let us be patriotic on Sept. 11th, when will this day be commemorated as a national holiday? Do not you think it will be soon? Afterall, if we have D-Day (whenever it falls) why shouldn't we have a day to observe the day when international terrorism (or so we assume it was) attacked America? It will happen--soon. This is my prediction. I don't think that the day should be so sad. Afterall, people die every day. We don't celebrate all of their lives. Granted, this is on a broader spectrum and affects the patriotism of this nation, but there is no need to mourn eternally. Ahh. Bah. My 20 minutes is up. More on this later. rux at mail. utexas. edu for more thoughts and opinions. ",y,n,n,y,y

2002\_717531.txt,"During the weekend, I love to go to mall. To buy something that makes me feels good. If I have a chance to go in the mall, First, I would like to eat something in the restaurant because I get starve. I love to eat Chinese food. Sometimes I choose sweet sour chicken and fried rice. That is my favorite food. If I have a second choice that it would be pepper steak and white rice. When I am full, I start thinking of what I need t shop around other place to buy what I need. At this time , I need to buy fall season cloths. All I have right now is one pair of jean and one sweater. That is not enough to wear for the rest of the season. All I need is one more extra sweater and another pair of jean. And then I would like to buy something to decorate my house. I would like to have of book holder because I have lots of books. Whenever I see interesting things on TV I would like to go to the mall and buy it. In my kitchen, I saw a microwave is not working anymore. On TV the commercial shows they are having a big sale in JCPenney. It cost about only sixty dollars. I think that is a good deal to buy a microwave for sixty dollars. I try to get a new laptop. But my budget is not enough to buy another computer. They are a pretty good deal for a Dell computer in a market place. The computer market is having a pretty good mark down of price now. But when I get everything together, it cost over one thousnad dollars I need to spend all of it. I think the computer is popular consumer in the market. But i make a mind that I don't want to spend not much money, because it is not worth it. Spending is not the way to feel better. How are you going to control your mind is better way to concern it. We are so busy living in collage life. Everyone needs a rest in the weekend. Shopping in a mall is good subject of good things to relax your mind. Control you're budget and thinking of controlling your mind is the best way to think. ",n,y,n,y,n

2002\_718305.txt,"I don't have too much on my mind right now, and if im worrying about anything, it may be about classes. This class in particular is not too troublesome, but this is my first year in college, and im noticing that the style of school is in many ways different. And its not that i don't think i will be able to adapt, but i am a little intimidated. The laid-back style of college allows for a lot of distractions and freedom. So i believe that if i set a pattern now to get everything that i need done, i will be much better off. Not only, are the classes here different, but my whole social life has been turned upside down. I don't know whether i should let go of most of my old acquaintences from high school, and dive right into new friendships. or to hang on to the people who i feel know me the best. I loved my high school years. I loved the people i grew close to, i loved the environment, i loved the things i was involved in. And now, i don't have any of those things to comfort me. I loved theatre, i remember all the plays i was in and all the fun times and great bonds i made with people. Including the director. He was like my second father, someone i could really talk to, but also someone who taught me a lot about myself. And the things he taught me really can't be put into words, but rather they can be applied to my life right now. I feel so much more grown up after growing close to him in 4 years and feel like if he believes in me, there is no reason for me not to. That may be my one biggest flaw. At times i have somewhat low self-esteem. Well, to refine that statement, i doubt myself and my worth at times. Never at a dangerous level, im not anywhere near depressed, but i do tend to put others before myself. I care so much about people in my life, and i expect the same from others. But that isnt the way it is most of the time. I put my heart out there, and often it gets passed over. And on that subject, that is the main reason why i broke things off with my high school boyfriend. There were other contributing factors, but this past summer, i finally put myself before him and realized that i wasnt getting what i wanted out of the 8 month old relationship. I loved him so much, and deep down, i know he loved me, and still does. but he didnt try hard enough. And he says now he realizes that he didnt treat me as good as he should have, and i knew that he would eventually see that, that is why i broke it off--to make it obvious something was wrong. And it took him a long time to see that. We were best friends, and maybe that is why it took me so long to say something. Because i had so much faith in someone so close to me, i was sure i was exaggerating things, being selfish. But after enough people telling you that you deserve better, it really starts to make you think. I would always be the one putting forth the effort, i would always aplologize, i would always go out of my way for him, i would compliment him, etc. And ultimately, he wanted an easy relationship. He didnt want to have to make me feel special, even if he felt it deep down. And now he tells me this. and its very unlike him to see that he was insensitive for so long. He usually doesnt see things like that clearly. But maybe losing a girlfriend and best friend made him see things differently. I miss him though. I was the one who made this decision, i should be strong and not rely on him. But i miss him and talking on the computer to him everyday while he's at A&M lets me see the guy that i fell in love with. . especially because he is so nice to me lately. He claims that he's going to wait around for me, and that we will end up together again someday, but im not as sure as he is. I mean, i would love to be his girlfriend if he could treat me better. but we are so far apart, it seems silly of gaining a title of being a girlfriend, but being just as lonely. I need to be on my own for this new experience i am going through, and not attatched to his arm. I need to see who else is out there, this is college for goodness sake. But no matter who i meet, i will always compare them to him. I never thought of it that way, but he was my first love. Its weird to imagine that i really was in love, i never thought it could happen. But its very obvious that it was love. But for now i have to be strong, and just keep on the way things are. no matter how much i miss him. Because i don't want to get hurt again, not yet, not this far away. Im afraid things will just go back to the way they were, and i'll be 10 times more lonely. And its hard enough to meet friends here, there are so many people- i don't need to make it harder by being cooped up in my room all day talking to my boyfriend miles away. This school is funny like that. There are almost too many people to make friends. Everyone is doing their own thing, and its really easy to get sucked into hanging out with your old high school friends and not make new friends. But thats not what i came here for. I came here to meet new people, new open minded people, and have new experiences. and to redefine who i am as a person and a friend. But that doesnt mean i have to cut old ties alltogether. hmm. i wonder if its been 20 minutes yet. i think so. ",y,y,y,y,y

2002\_718663.txt,"what am i thinking? that is quesiton i sometimes ask myself when i'm things that are out of this world. thinking, to put the mind to work and have conversations in your head about whatever is on your mind at that moment or to ponder over a serious of questions or question such as this one. right, now i'm thinking of what to write, and as always not being able to think of anything worth writing. its not my thing to write out of the blue without having prethought what i was going to write. I'm sitting in front of my computer, cold and tired from a very long day. my dorm room is always to cold so i have to sit here shivering while i type. the cold may be affecting my train of thought since i'm preoccupied in thinking how i'm going to keep warm after this is over. i should have put on a sweater but for some reason i let myself remain cold and keep complaining about it. it's my fault really,i should just get up and put on a sweater or wrap a blaket around me. what stops me from doing it, i don't know. it could be because i have to stay here for twenty minutes typing or because i'm to lazy to actually get up and search for something warmer, or it could be because it won't be long after i put in on that i will have to take it off to go to sleep. i never found it comfortable to sleep with a sweater on, except of course in the extreme cases like when i used to go camping out in the mountains in the middle of january. i like camping, its the one thing that i love to hate and vice versa. during the day it nice to going hiking and stuff but during the night it can be horrible having to take a bath in the freezing cold and make dinner by fire and lamplight, not to mention the cold hard ground and the paper thin tents that are suppose to protect us from the 30 degree weather. i'm don't really like the cold but then again when its a hundred degrees outside i wish winter would come. people in general are never content with the weather. its either to hot or to cold,like food almost. we blow on soup to cool it down and hold ice cream in our mouths till it melts before swallowing it. my radio is on and so is the tv which has nothing to do with anything but we are suppose to write continuously for twenty minutes, so i thought i'd write that. its relaxing to be listenting to the radio, cause even when i'm down there's alway a song to cheer me up. right now i'm relaxed happy to be ahead in my reading but aware of a test i will have to take this friday. people always have the ablity to walk in at the wrong times. someone just knocked on the door and i shouted to them to come in and in seeing me at work they left but they did disrupt me which of course is always inviting except when i have to do something where i can't be interrupted like this timed writing. in 30 seconds, never mind i'm done. ",n,n,y,y,y

2002\_718733.txt," Boredom, music, bump my air conditioner makes a really funny sound the whole time. so glad my parents got me in the castillian. dip, dip cup, i hope someone drinks out of the dip cup someday. Whitney. Berry gatorade, spit. email, my dad, helpful. mom also. my computer is really great, my parents are so awesome. i wonder why things have such long expiration dates. frisbee football, weekend, what am i going to do tonight? zelda. halo, i can't believe all we ever do is play video games. jeez someone is playin music really loud, i think its rock music, i can't tell through the wall, all i can hear is bump. i should call someone and go somewhere, i wish my roomates didnt have class on friday, so bored! What are we going to do tonight, im glad that i went to school with so many people from my high school, im glad i have so many people to depend on here. I wonder who UT plays in football this week, i hope my fantasy football team does well this week. I hope the eagle defense does better than the steelers. I hope troy brown does better than eric moulds. i don't know if i should start plaxico or keyshawn. tough decision. Water, no expiration date on water, kroger. they gave me a kroger plus card for nothing, i don't even shop there, i wonder why they did that. stupid bins. I wish the carpet wasnt so dirty, i wish i had a vacuum. going home next weekend. real fun, get to see so many people i havent seen in a long time, I miss home. I like it here, but i miss home. someones yelling in the hall. haha. too loud, turn it down, i guess someone is trying to study. louder! wow, can't believe how much bass is coming into my room, music stopped. guess the yelling got to them, i wish my neighbors werent so ugly. dip, spit. cigarettes, yuck. where should we eat tonight, cook steaks? ooh, marinade, got to think about where to get marinade. I wish that I had my moms kitchen here, all i have is easy mac and ramen noodles. ramen noodles, yuck right now. fraternity. man i can't stop thinking about why i would want to join, but i still think i wanna. really good deal they are giving us. too much work though, building stuff, having to be at the house all the time, parties, parties. don't know why i wouldnt want to join, lots of cool people, neil and coby are going to join if i do. too much trouble, i wonder if that guy called my dad to talk him into it. its not really his decision though, i say it is so they will think that i really want to join for right now, but who knows. girls coming into town tonight, i hope i don't have to share my bed. my bed! so comfortable, man my mom is great. Laundry, man i miss my mom. dip, spit. dip cup. loud noise in the hall now, this place is never quiet, my schedule is so great! library science is such an easy class, 9 mins! thats it? i feel like i have been typing forever. I hope that psych isnt too hard, im kind of worried about psych. other classes might be easy. Calculus, uggggghhhh. gosh i thought the first homework was easy, but this second one sucks so bad. 10 mins, jeez, now the clock is goin slow, wonder where daryl is? i should check my mail, ill go do that after this. apogee, gosh our internet sucks here. i love the view, i can see the towers. dip spit. someone just came in next door, someone is home, nicks home. nicsk talkin, baseball hat. hes talkin to me, i told him to leave me alone, he says sucks, he gave me a mean look cause i said i was writing about him, he left. man nick was a good guy back in the day. Frontier! i wish i could go back there, i wish i had stuck with being a good kid nicks phone. gosh cobys phone is so annoying, i leave my phone on vibrate, my phone is so crappy. I hate it, at least i got a cool blue strap on it. calculus, jeez i got to do more homework in that class, this sucks. im glad my weekend started early, but fridays are so boring, at least i got a lot accomplished today. dip, spit. i need to take this out pretty soon, i wonder if the timer will get mad if i go away for like thirty seconds, i wonder if there is a minimum on this writing assignment, i wonder what other people are writing, i wonder who is reading this? i wonder if anyone is reading this, tv is on, weather channel. i think a tropical storm is hitting friendswood, man i miss home. Allison, best flood ever. so much fun, i miss my old friends back home, its like a whole new thing here, its so different. i miss jimmys garage, security, so much better than here. Castillian is great, the cops in fwood. jeez i hated the cops in friendswood, i can't believe they would just walk in so many times. im glad i left because of that, i wonder if they will still remember all of us when we come back. money, man my parents are great, tropical storm. I hope it isnt so bad, my house doesnt normally flood, i doubt it will, coby is home, bitching about class, thats funny. he didnt know where his class was, hes talkin to nick, why are they still watching the weather channel. their room is so messy, i wonder if grammar and spelling and punctuation counts on this assignment, i hope not. i wonder if this all makes sense. dip, spit. repetition, i wonder what that means, sixteen minutes, wonder why i spelled sixteen that time, i am not very good at typing on this keyboard, i miss my old keyboard back at home. I miss home a lot, i miss having the upstairs all to myself, i wonder what my sisters are doin right now. coby is looking for me. they are still watching weather channel. just read allison at the top of this, best flood ever. I can't believe chad wussed out and wouldnt swim down the street with us, I wonder how mike is doin, i hope he does well in football, I wonder what virginia is like, i wonder what it would be like to go to school all by yourself, im glad i don't have to. should i proofread this? i don't think i will have time, 18 minutes. found the numbers that time. two more minutes, jeez i typed so much in such a short time, this felt like no time at all. dip, spit. whit, sarah. oh jeez, what trouble is that going to get me in. all that trouble is back home. last night, laundry, talkin on the phone, worst conversation ever. i can't believe i said some of that stuff, i wonder what susan is doin tonight, i hope we can go party with her and her sorority, i hope we show those girls a good time tonight. someone is lookin at away messages, we are all so addicted to instant messenger. everyone is, its horrible. nick mustve had a funny away message, people sent him a bunch of messages, i should change mine. what is that music, some theme song? ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_723345.txt," I wonder why I am so depressed. I don't know if depressed is the word I should be using, but I am down on myself because I am a freshman in college and I feel like everyone is way better than me. I didn't do well on the Math portion of the SAT test, so I needed a waiver to get into a UT Math class. I wanted to take pre-calculus, but the Math advisor didn't think I could handle it. So now I'm wondering if I really can or can't. I mean I thought I could because I took pre-cal in high school and did exceptionally well, but now I'm all confused. Am I really smart like I thought I was? Or did my brain turn to mush over the summer and I can't even hold a decent conversation now? I don't even think I belong here at UT. I think I only got accepted because I was in the top 10% of my high school class. I hope I do well. I feel like I'm going to fail and drop out. I really want to hang in there, but it's hard with 50,000 people, plus other colleges throughout the world. I know that's life, but i can't help feeling this way about myself. I feel like no one cares, and the only person I can really trust and depend on is my boyfriend of 4 yrs. I love Hector! He's always been there for me and continues to be. I'm lucky to have him. College is confusing. I can't believe I dropped out of their business school. But I figured if I wanted to pursue a career in the health field, I made the right decision. I just don't know what I want to do though. Everyone keeps saying that the first 2 yrs of college don't matter because you're just taking your basic courses, but I think it does matter because certain field have prerequisites and you don't want to waste your electives on things that won't apply to what you want to become. But what do I want to become?? I really hope I go the right direction because I do not want to waste thousands of dollars on a major I won't even pursue or enjoy. I either want to become an occupational therapist, dental hygienist, or physical therapist. I think physical therapy is too hard though. Right now I'm leaning more towards occupational therapy, so I hope I actually go through with everything. I keep hearing statistics of how a lot of freshman drop out, and I hope I am not so completely lazy to the point where I'm one of those freshman. I know my boyfriend Hector will make it because he's in the TIP program and has a lot of encouragement. But I am going to have to provide myself my own encouragement because I know nobody else cares about my standings. I need to start getting involved in community services and activities like everyone recommends. I don't understand how some people have time to be into everything, hold a job, and handle school at the same time. That is almost impossible for me. They are truly talanted. I think the homework itself is too much work. I hope I don't get fat. Ever since I graduated and stopped being in drill team, I feel way more lazy and I gained 6 lbs. I exercised a whole lot this summer and have not lost an ounce. I feel like everything I worked for in the summer meant nothing because I have nothing to show for it. I hope my boyfriend still loves me in return because I see so many pretty girls in college hoping Hector will not fall for them. He says he loves only me, but I am hesitant to believe him. I would be very sad if he left me because we have so much together. But then again he's always been such a wonderful boyfriend and i should have no reason to doubt him. I know I should be less insecure about myself but it's hard. I tell myself to do one thing and it's like I don't even follow my own orders. Hey, my cell phone is ringing. I wonder who it is. Probably Angela. I miss her. Ever since she moved to Arizona I don't have anyone to hang around with. come to think of it I haven't had a true friend since my sophomore year in high school. It's always been just me and Hector with no one else to call my best friend. Angela was my best friend until she found a boyfriend. But she's still my best friend and I love her to death. I came into college with intentions of meeting new people and finding new friends, but I haven't had any luck so far. The only thing close to a friendship was on Friday at the union when some guy who recognized me from his sociology class invited me to bowl with him. I would have but I didn't have any socks, so I watched instead. He was cute, but I feel guilty for thinking he's cute and having a boyfriend at the same time. I also feel guilty because sometimes I find myself attracted to the same sex. I don't know if I'm attracted to them or if I just want to be like them. I'm confused. But I try not to let it get to me. I'm curious about a lot of things, but it's hard to try any of them because my parents are WAY overprotective! Other adults say my parents are always right and that I'll understand them one day. I am very grateful that I have such caring parents, but sometimes I wish they would ease up on me. I hate when they try to pick my friends for me and forbid me to hang out with certain people because of their sexuality or the way they choose to live their life. I think I should pick my own friends. The people I used to hang around with were just fine. They didn't engage in drugs or anything. I liked them for them and my parents could not see what I saw. It's like they expect my friends to be perfect for them and do not consider the way I feel at all. It's frustrating!! Even though I'm 18 I don't feel like it all. My parents still treat me like I'm 14 and cannot think for myself. I just wish there was some way to get them to see things my way. I've already tried talking to them one on one, but they do not listen to me what-so-ever. They have a one track mind and feel that everything they say is right. I keep telling myself that one day it'll all change, but I'm scared that it may never change. I used to argue with my parents all the time because we shared a difference in opinion, but after a while I realized there is just no winning with them. I don't really tell them how I feel anymore because it's not like they're going to listen to me anyway. It's like they have to hear it from an adult rather than myself. Even then, they'd probably go with their own judgement anyway. ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_725541.txt," I thought that this writing assignment was going to be difficult, but it's actually not that bad. Actually, I kind of like it. It's kind of like writing a diary or journal. I feel hungry right now and am wondering what I am going to eat for lunch. I am tired of eating the same food at Jester again. The food there is always the same: pizza, chicken, burgers, etc. I can't wait until I go home to Dallas this afternoon and eat some real authentic vietnamese food. I miss my mom's cooking. Just a few more hours and I'll be on my way back to Dallas. I can't wait! I miss my boyfriend so much. His birthday's coming up and I still need to get him a present. I don't know what to get him. It's hard for me because I don't have a car at UT. I wondering what he's doing right now can't wait to see his face. My friend just burned a new DJ cd that just released and some of the songs are actually ok but a lot of it is not that good. I miss my family. Its funny how when I'm at home I wish that I was away from home because my family tend to annoy and get on my nerves at time, but when I'm actually away I wish I was home. My roommate just finished talking to this guy she's dating. He calls her a lot. It's funny because that's how it was with me and my boyfriend when we were 'talking. ' He would call me all the time. My friends are studying in my dorm right now. I feel so lazy. I'm behind in a lot of classes and I havn't been doing a lot of studying this week. I need to push myself to study before I screw up my GPA again. Speaking of school, it's only my second year in college and I wish that it would over. I mean I like college and all like the friends you meet, the parties, and the school spirit. I just hate classes and studying. My friend is singing right now and it's so hilarious because he has a monotone voice and when he sings you can't tell that he has a monotone voice and when he sings its like he gives it his all. Its so funny. By the way the DJ cd that we burned is called DJ Prada G. It's like the DJ is trying to make his name unique like making it sound like 'prodigy' but spelled differently. Hmmm. Twenty minutes sure is going by slow. I have an ortho appointment this Monday so I'm going to miss calculus which is'nt too bad because I can borrow the notes from my friend. I need to go shopping this weekend; I am so out of clothes to wear. Five more minutes. This assignment isn't too bad. When are we going to eat? I need to start packing. I am such a procrastinator, I wait till the last minute for everything. I need to stop that. I wondering what my boyfriend's friends are going to do for his birthday this weekend. I have a feeling that they are going to get him drunk. We are about to leave for Dallas soon since one of my friends decided not to go, so we don't have to wait for her. When are we going to eat? ",n,y,y,n,n

2002\_727946.txt,"Well to me I will be writting for a solid twenty minutews so I guess I will talk about a very cool event that has just befallen me in the past few day. Early this summer I recived the new student directory, a directory that shows the pictures and intresets of the new incomming class. Well, when I first got the directory my sister who is nine looked at it first. When I finally got a chance to see it I noticed my sister had left me a note that said, Girl you are going to marry page 32 named Nicloe Murphy. I looked att the picture of the girl smiled at my sisters innocent joy and put the dirctory on my shelf, and thought nothing more of the girl. THen on Wendsday of this past week I see this knock out walking down the escaltor. I was walking with some friends and in an effort to get a better look at this beautiful girl I told my friends to go ahead. So I tried to make myself, not that anyone noticed. ok pause I have killed like five ants while I have been writign this thing. any way I tried to make myself look like I was doing something until she neard the door. I then reached out and conviently opened the door for her. She said, Thank you, and nothing more but I felt great! Well as I wathced her walk away I felt something in my gut tell me to go up and say hi or something of that nature. Well, I am fairly confident person and I have been known on occasion to go tell girls I thought were very pretty, just that, that they were pretty. I don't really know why I say these things sometimes it just makes me feel better that I told them they are pretty. Ok number six just got it. Ok so I have this gut feeling to go up and tell her I think she is beautiful. So I run up to where she is walking,and I kind of get infront of her and say, Hi, I just wanted to tell you I think you are really pretty. Thats all thats all I wanted to tell you. She says thank you and kind of smiles. It must be wierd for her to have some random guy just come up and tell her that, but I just kind of needed to. Well now for the cool as heck part. I reach out my hand to introduce myself, Hi my name is Grant, and She says Hi I am Nicloe. What is your last name? I asked and she says Murphy. Well at this point I don't know if you can scroll back up to the begining of my story but, this is the same girl my nine year old sister picked out for me to marry! I couldn't believe it! Our conversation kind of ended there I said I would see her arounf and she said good bye. . I am almost out of time but I ended up talking to her on Friday and we are going to go out sometime this week. I couldn't believe how strange this whole thing played out but, I know I have prayed about it and I am just going to keep trying find teh right path and who knows, it might be something amazing. ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_730158.txt," My roommate is throwing gummy bears at me. My favorite flavor is the pineapple ones. My roommate is rambling. Pineapples make me think of he beach. The Bahamas. White sand, clear water. I am thirsty. I don't drink enough water during the day. I hear slaming doors, faint radio tunes threw the walls. My window is huge and the view is of a tree. I hear water flowing. My feet are cold. They are always cold. The enter key keeps getting stuck on the keyboard. I need to grease it I guess. I hate greasy fried foods. Dinner tonight was not to great in Kinsolving. I hear a cell phone ringing. I wish I had more minutes on my cell phone. I see the room phone ringing now. The door just opened. Tulips are my favorite flower. They only grow during certain seasons. I with I had tulips. They don't last as long as roses or carnations. Chi O's flower is a carnation. Carnations are funeral flowers. Why does it always rain at funerals. I haven't been to a funeral in several years. I can't spell. The shift key keeps getting stuck too. I hope I get to be on the Diamonds. I need to apply. I miss Cody. He is coming soon. I hope he gets here early. I wonder how Kristin did on her interview. I am sure she was fantastic. I hope she liked Houston better. I hear cars outside. My feet are freezing. I have socks on. my socks are dirty. There are grammer mistakes in this writing. I hope I get to go to church Sunday. I miss my old church. I need to pray more. Man Im glad we are still friends. The game is going to be fun. Do i need to get there early. I wonder where my cousin lives. I wonder what he would have cooked for us. What ever it was, I'm sure it would have been better than what I ate. I can't believe he called me. When will I go home. When will I find a place i like to study. When will this place feel homey. I need to cut my nails. It is hard to type. I need a pedicure too. Ther're my favorite. I like the chairs you sit in. They put me to sleep. I never know how much to tip the woman that works on my nails. My back doesn't hurt. I can't believe it. This chair is hard. I liked stud ",n,y,y,n,y

2002\_730515.txt," Currently my mind is drifting from one focus to another. Today is my 9 month Anniversary with my girlfriend and best friend in my life. She is the best thing that ever happened to my life. I want to by her a ring and I have been giving it plenty of thought. I have been experiencing a guilt trip as of last night. I thought about my grandmother, who is affected my Alzheimer's. I felt gult come over me when I thought of all the times I yelled at her. I live my grandmother but thats not the damn of it. I generally understand that I am not truely mad at my grandmother when I yell at her. I am mad at the disease. I don't want to loose her or any other member of my family. I got addmitted to the Business school thats the reason I am here. And I have been thinking that I have not earned the opportunity of a lifetime that I am living. I worked harder than most and I played 4 sports and still graduated 16 of 400 in my Senior class. But again I feel guilt when a prodigous amount of people introduce themselves and they mention their major. What should be a privelege to me is actually the most dreaded words I could say, I'm in the Business School. People look at me in dismay and in a downward direction which I can officailly say bothers me. I love my mom. . She called me today and gave me a few more pointers that should have stayed under 2 minutes in our conversation. She is so worried about me. Oh and this paper im writing is helping me to think of all the things that are roaming in this spaceous mind I have. My roomie says that I complain alot. . do I. My girlfriend has said the same but I disagree with them both. I just want to be the best at everything and I have to win or im not happy. Just knowing that my effort was not enough haunts me for days. God made me competitive and thats the way I live. Back to that Business thing. . I worked my butt of to get into that school and this college. See my parents had a divorce my junior year of High School. Thus, my lack of attending school cause my grades to faulter as well as my happiness. My dad left us and I can still see tears in my mom's eyes as we carried opposite ends of the furniture and tears trinkled down her face. Besides that I'm in love and I have the best girl I could ever dream of. Her mom says we can't be together but all through our Senior year we stayed together. Sacrafice, that is what makes a best- friend a best friend. Not loyalty and all the Universal answers to what makes a best friend. She sacraficed her family to be with me. Her mom said, either u have him and loose your family or you can listen to me and forget about him. She chose me in an instant. . For a long time I woundered why. . And to this day the only answer I could find is love. True love is what we share and today is 9 months. Love is like the wind, you can't see it but you can feel it. My grandfather had to raise me since I never had a father. That hurts me more than the world could ever know. Oh another thought came to me. I am suffering from sexual frustration. I'm not sure if I can say that but you asked for whats on my mind not what you want to hear right? Well me and my girlfriend have not seen each other for alomost a month and 1/2. Seems like forever but we will be fine. We pray every night for help and hope to some day get married. I nedd to buy a ring. . let me write that down. If i complain too much sorry. Thats just me right? ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_733150.txt," I am so glad that I am finished with that stupid test for psy. Now when I finish this I can take a nap. I need to do laundry and get ready for tonight. I need to get the money that Clint and Dilen owe me to do the laundry. I am not sure what I am going to wear tonight. I am tired. I hope that we get tickets to the OU football game, I really don't want to go stand in line and wait though. I hope that Stephanie and Adam will not be mad because I didn't get the tickets. I like Adam a lot. He is a really cool guy and I am really glad that we are friends. I like to have close guy friends. Clint is cool too. although I have to admit that I found him attractive at first. He isn't hot or anything, but it is something about his personality. I know that he has a girlfriend, but I have Ryan too. I love Ryan and I wouldn't mess anything up with him for Clint. I don't like him that much. My arms really hurt from being on the computer so much. My whole body hurts from exersizing so much latly. I want to loose weight so badly. I wonder how this will be graded, I don't suppose that there is a right or wrong answer, but what if I am writing about the wrong thing. I think I over think things. I wish Ryan was here. You know I think that, but I am really not sure if he was here I would like it. I mean there is a certian degree of independence without anyone here. I think that everyone follows their path diferently than others. I mean Ashlee is getting married. I know that I don't want to get married, but do I really want to stay with Ryan forever. I think so, but it just baffles me how I know that circumstances were different with me then I would be in a sorority and would go out and party a lot. Maybe it is good for me to not to have some of the luxuries that others have and it will let me make better decisions. I just don't understand why money makes a person. Maybe this is really steriotipical, but I think if you have money you can do a lot of the things that poorer people couldn't do. That sucks. I thought that all people are equal and God gave us all differnt abilities and in the end we are not all alike, but rich in differnt areas of our life. The more that I think about it though I am not sure that is the case. I mean maybe it is true and life isn't fair! That would suck too by the way. I personally think that some of my frinds grew up better that me and therefore they will turn out better than me. Kiley is very introverted and wants to go home. that is one thing that I have over her. I don't want to go back to Denison. I see Austin as a second chance for me and I will break out of the social barrier that I had at home. I mean don't get me wrong, I had good parents that loved me and always gave me the best they could, but my mom wasn't as involved as others were and I think that hurt me socially in highschool. I wasn't in the popular crowd and I am not sure if I want to be. ",y,y,n,n,y

2002\_733503.txt,"so I�m in the computer lab of my apartment right now yeah these people in hear are kind of noisy. yeah I really wish I had my own computer, I talked with my dad today and he said maybe by Christmas theses walls are interesting. they really need to put paper in the copier and printer. I have to go all the way back up to my apartment and get paper so that I can make a copy and print out the psych. notes. yeah no computer is really annoying. I�m thinking about what to write. what can I write that won�t be too ummmm what�s the word, I don�t know lol. I wonder if they�ll know what lol means. ha what a dork. yeah I don�t seem like a weirdo hmmmm. I think I�ll eat dinner after this. pot pies? hmmmm. oh wait pasta sounds really good right now and I have that ragu sauce in the fridge too. mmmmm. and then I can eat the Italian bread I got today with it too ah man I�m getting really hungry, lol. ah man, it�s only been 4 minutes. you know, time goes by a lot slower when your in athletics esp. track. Like you can run a lap in 6O sec. doesn�t sound like a lot of time but it really is. or lines in basketball. lines as in the ones you run. lol, that probably doesn�t make any sense if you don�t know what I�m talking about. there was something else I was thinking about writing too before going off on the athletic path. hmmmm. what was it something about time. ok I forget. ah man someone just interrupted me, they had a question about the printer, see what I mean about the no computer thing? Not having my own computer really stinks. So anyways. I think I�m going to work out tonight. I usually don�t like to run on the treadmill but the one at the apartment isn�t too bad. I think that�s because I can look out the window when I�m running lol, even as I�m typing this stuff I am thinking about totally different stuff than what I am typing. like when I was typing about the treadmill I was actually thinking about how my typing has gotten faster since I�ve been talking on instant messenger and that led me to think about how my roommate let�s me use her laptop sometimes so I don�t have to come down here, but her keyboard is a French keyboard and it�s really hard to type on because all the letters are switched. Ok, now my hand is starting to hurt well not the hand. more like that my forearm right below my elbow I fractured my thumb in fifth grade lol, that was out of nowhere well no, it was because I was thinking about my hand and then that led to my thumb. I remember when I was little and I would be riding in the back of the car with my family and I would just be thinking to myself like everyone does, I guess, well anyways. and I remember how I would go backwards on my thoughts and think of how I got to what I was thinking about. probably what this writing assignment is trying to do well anyways. ooooo those brownies sound really good too. maybe I�ll make brownies when I get back upstairs ooooo those sound so good. I am so hungry!!!! I don�t know what I would cook them in though. I don�t know if we have a pan I guess I�ll find out when I get back upstairs I�m almost done with my laundry. I need to start reading the psychology book too and taking notes. lol, I don�t think I actually think about all the stuff I have to do as much as this writing assignment may make it seem I really hope I like architecture. lol, that was out of no where too. well actually the truth is that I can�t type as fast as I can think and while I�m typing I�m actually thinking about other stuff than what I am typing. hmmm l4 minutes what made me think about architecture was that I was thinking about psychology and that made me remember how I thought about majoring in psychology (that�s really hard to type!), but that was after I had already made up my mind to major in architecture. I don�t know if architecture is just a phase or if it�s something I really want to do. I don�t know. we�ll just have to see how it goes really I wonder why the time thing is green anyways. I really, oh now I forgot. oh wait. I really hope it works out. I�ve even thought about government though so I can do something about women�s rights, I think that would be cool. maybe I could do both could I do both? I don�t know this is so confusing, how are you suppose to already know what you want to do with your life!!?? But of course Derek always knew he wanted to be a pilot. l7 min. now I wish I had more time I hate how everyone is oooooo ahhhhh air force academy. who the heck cares, its just the air force academy and no it�s not impossible to get into I could have gotten in if I wanted to but I didn�t want to I have no sympathy lol, yeah probably none of this makes a lot of sense since you don�t know what I�m talking about. but I don�t think that�s the point. it�s just to see how one thought leads to another and then another and so on. not really mattering what your thoughts actually are. just so you can see how one thing leads to another. lol, I am SO redundant!!!! ",n,n,y,y,y

2002\_734040.txt,"I am sitting in my dorm room right now and I just thought it would be a good idea to go ahead and do my psychology homework because I don't have anything to do and there doesn't seem to be anything interesting on TV. I was so stressed out earlier today because I can not hack it in my calc. class. I went to class though only to affirm what I had previously believed. YEAH RIGHT. I used to think I was pretty smart but being in that class made me see that I am not going to be able to excell in math or the college of natural sciences for that matter. Simply for the fact that math is required. I am actually happier though because now I have eliminated one course of studies and narrowed my choices. I like that. I like feeling a little more directed with college and the future. I am leaning towards transfering to the college of communications. I also added RTF 305 to my schedule. I am so excited for it. People annoy the crap out of me. Sometimes I wish I could just crawl into a box and never come out. Call me a crab but I don't really care. I am what I am. I feel chubby right now. I want to eat but then I don't. I know the consequences of putting food in my mouth when I don't truly want it. Wasters never want. . . good quote. Very true. I have come so far in my life. I can't believe I am finally at college. . on my own. There are so many things to be thankful for in my life and in so many ways I am lucky. It is hard to keep a clear perspective all of the time. That is the problem with being human. . . we are always failing. Falling short of the glory of God. It is so much more difficult to loose weight for the second time. I lost muscle and gained fat and now it takes longer and I also have more fat cells that will naturally hold on to the chubbs!! I will keep working on consistency and the important thing is to be persistant. I can't believe I used to sell knives this summer. Seems like 3 years ago but it was actually just aboout ago. One day, I hope there is an invention to where you can eat and eat and eat and it wouldn't matter at all. I would pay good money for that. I am sure every woman in the U. S. would do the same. I bet my skin has a lot of sun damage. I tan too often but I do like the feeling and I am not going to stop. ",y,n,n,n,n

2002\_734462.txt,"Thins are so different. THere are so many people everywhere. I knew that 51000 people went to this school but i did not realize the implications of having to walk around on campus with every single on of them. I was way excited to move to Austin, I mean. I came from New Braunfels. I miss my friends, I miss the parties, I miss 'drive-bys' and TJs and the movies. I miss Twister and Busdriver and Presidents and Assholes. I got in the hugest fight with my best friend in the entire world. It just seems to me like there are some things that just shouldnt be said. You say things in confidence and expect them to remain in confidence. I only told her because I felt obligated because shes my best friend. its the kind of thing you're supposed to tell a best friend. I never imagined in a thousand years that it would get to everybody and their dog in less than a day. She has never betrayed me like that before. I wonder why she did now. I want to leave this room, but everybody is out. in class or at some meeting or something. I've adjusted much better than I thought I would. Maybe because I was prepared to move on. I miss my friends, but all of us realize that the past was in the past. althought its going to be a helluva party come Homecoming. Thats another thing. I miss my dad, the funny man, the journalist who used words like helluva in his articles. I should miss my mom, I think, but I miss my dad more. quite a bit more. I guess because he never failed me. Aw and my dogs. Jonas is so adorable, hes probably lost without me. Man, I can just imagine how pathetic that sounds. 6th Street! A whole bunch of us are going to 6th street tomorrow night. I have no idea what to wear. Michaels all worried about what I wear. hey, he's in New Braunfels, theres no way he can tell me what to wear. not that i really let him before. hes just not here to watch over me and other guys anymore. Anyway. off to 6th street. I love 6th street. I could just stand there and look at people for hours. People crack me up. We took a picture with Leslie the transvestite the last time we were there. My dad loved it, he'd actually heard of Leslie, the mayoral candidate. I think I got lucky as far as roommates go. Man, my friend ( you know, the one who betrayed me) got the roommate from hell. They go to Baylor, and this girl is so rich. The only problem is that she knows it; I have never seen a more overbearing, holier than thou attitude. I told her I went to UT and she goes ''Ugh, public schools . I just about smacked her. I guess the only reason I didnt was because I didnt want to make things awkward for Elizabeth. even if she has gone and made things awkward for me. I think its funny how everyone at first sticks to their own gender. All the girls sit with girls and all the guys sit with guys. I love the girls I've met here, but i think its high time i meet some guys. Im sure Michael would love that. Hes not my boyfriend, though. As my roommate Ana puts it, he's my significant other , whatever that means. We really need to go grocery shopping, but both of our cars are in the middle of nowhere (aka. . the other side of hell. I35). It is such a hassle to get to our cars. I think we'd both just as soon starve. As soon as I can get Michael up here, hes taking us shopping. At least he's good for something. I don't think I've ever been so tired in my life. I think its because my sleeping schedule is so irregular. I'll sleep 5 or 6 hours one night and 9 the next. And weekends. man, forget it. Im lucky if I get any sleep at all. Im trying to make the transition with people. You know, that transition between just sitting next to each other in class to hanging out outside of class. Its a little rougher than Id planned. Im just kind of shy, I guess. I have a problem just asking them to hang out. kind of weird. I sat by this incredibly weird guy today in class. He noticed the strangest things about people. He wanted to exchange numbers and such to get up a study group, but we both forgot by the end of class. I can't decide if thats a good thing or not. seems like he would get kind of annoying after a certain amount of time. Oh. . I need to get my printer hooked up. There are so many computer literate guy geniuses I live with that I could ask. cuz I think Im missing some part or something. That doesnt really make any sense because its a brand new printer in a brand new box. What are the chances of my box being the one missing a part? How depressing would that be? Thats just an extra hassle that I don't need. Everything around here is computerized anyway. one of these days Im going to have to print something. Might as well take advantage of these computer geniuses. Ok, watching the clock. . yep. ",n,n,n,n,n

2002\_735375.txt,"the thought of everyone or anything making sense is no sense at all. people or things are living to be apart of the same things. to understand the most simplest of things is to want to understand the hardest of things. if we were to understand all that is around us then what? we seem as humans to conquer all that is unknown or well known as something we can overtake. why is this? if we understood everthing about ourselves then would we conquer overselves and in turn become so self absorbed that it turns out for the worst? maybe our own minds are the foundation and key to unlocking every mystery that lies in this world. that may be the reason that it is so complicated, since it does not want to be discovered in fear of damnation. we find ourselves seeking that which is not wanting to be sought after. maybe if we just left the hinding unknown come to the surface on its own then the world would be more peaceful than ever. we want to satisfy and gratify each other yet nothing is truly workin as a whole. in that case why don't we curse each other? would this work? there wouldn't be heroes without tragic situations that call on them. there wouldn't be compassion without suffering. this may be the other mystery of life. we suffer from all sorts of pains. anxiety, stress, and heartache. then this may be the key to how the world goes round. there must always lie a purpose or mystery to be solved or individuals would possibly goe mad. living without purpose. the sights that are before us lie challenges that we all must go through. . animal. man. all the same in our civilized , yet primal instincts. we find that the more of one thing evolves another becomes a mystery. we try to understand our primal side of existance yet this is where we come from. our strive to learn, succeed, or conquer friends and foes. the animal coming out of us? no the animal coming back to us. these triumphes or downfalls are the minds tricks on itself that keeps everthing from total damnation. if we did unlock the nooks and crannies of our world then what then. find a way to kill or destroy it. with everything else we have. from finding how the world turns, our habits have caused an imbalance of many levels. the people all around us are capable of so much together that the universe wouldn't stand a chance. but that may be the reason we coannot truly get the whole picture of how we really feel for one another. the thoughts that we have are very primal. we seek out our sexes to comfort a zone but not a domain. if we all truly united then our common strength could destroy rntire galaxies since we have already done fractions of that with partial unification. this may be the clue to how realtionships may work in general. we find ways to unite and ways to spread out. everything that may be silly to an outsider like colthes, sex, or religion. these pose for issues that seperarte us at the same time. the same that our animal instincts may tell us as they come back and not come out as many think. think about the possibilities. or the downfalls. mysteries of any sort are our key that may never be unlocked ",y,y,y,y,y

2002\_735955.txt," I feel tired and sleepy. I feel that I just want to go to sleep right now. I feel this assignment is making me sleepier. I also feel pain in my stomach and want to do something about it. I feel that I just want to get up go to sleep. I feel that this assignment is boring and really unnecessary. I feel like my stomach is going to explode. I also feel a little stress because of all the things that I want to accomplish today with the little time to do it. I feel that this assignment is never going to end and that my thoughts are just blank right now. I want to get up and go do the things that are really important. My body aches from moving around too much. My stomach still feels like it's going to explode and I can't do anything about it. I'm thinking that I want to call my sister see how everything is going. I talked to her yesterday and it made feel good because I have been feeling kind of homesick and depressed. She is like my life advisor because she is always helping me out with stuff. I feel like I've through a whole semester of school work and I just want to take a vacation and relax and play basketball all day long. Playing basketball is the only thing lately that makes feel good. I play a lot but I get tired quick so I can't always play to my full potential. Sometimes I just don't want to do anything else during the day so I could just play basketball I work on my game. I wish that I could play all day long and never have to worry about anything else. Right now I'm thinking if the major I chose is the right one for me. I don't know if I'm cut out for business. Sometimes I feel like I want to devote my time to writing screenplays and playing basketball. I feel like the whole world is holding me back from doing so. Sometimes I feel like doing something drastic and just drop out of school and live in southern California, a place that I absolutely love. I also wish I could transfer out of here. I never really wanted to be here. There's too many people with far different attitudes and goals than mine. I wish I was attending college in the northeast, but I would only pursue that if I were sure what I want my major to be. I don't a like a whole lot of things here now that I think about it. I was hoping my attitude about this stupid school would change once I got here but it hasn't. I knew I was going to feel depressed when I came here and that's exactly how I feel. Things are moving too slow and I want them to move fast. I'm impatient right now because I feel I have been patient for too long. Having an anti-social, computer nerd for a roommate doesn't help much either. His attitude and introvertedness sometime irritates me. I wish I had a different roommate. I feel that school screwed me with this. Now I feel that I really wish that I could transfer. I just want to be in a better environment, hopefully somewhere I could find people like me. ",y,n,n,n,y

2002\_736090.txt," Well, I'm in my dorm room right now and I just finished playing a computer game called WarCraft 3. It's a very addicting game and I think I play it too much. I should be doing more important stuff like studying, or I could read a book or something like that. I'm feeling pretty happy because today I really don't have any more classes to go to, but I know I have homework to do. I also have to go reset my business passwordfor my email account at the Millenium Lab. Even though I'm feeling fine right now, overall I feel pretty overwhelmed with me in college and all. I also have other stuff on my mind which worries me. Stuff that deals with my family and friends. I think I left a lot of loose ends back home in Houston. I really want to tie up those loose ends though. That's one thing about me I like; I may not finish doing something or procrastinate a lot, but I always end up finishing a job, which I think is very important. If you start something you have to finish it or at least that's how I feel. I'm listening to music on MTV now and I love listening to music. I would'nt feel comfortable if there was not some kind of noise happening in here. I don't like it when it's silent for some reason. I prefer when the TV is on, or someone is talking to me. For some people, relaxing means laying down in silence. For me, it's listening to my favorite songs. And I like all kinds of songs. Rock, Rap, Hip-Hop, Alternative, Classic Rock, and even some country and classical. I'm pretty well-rounded in my musical tastes. I think that reflects me as a person also. I am very accepting of all types of personal tastes that others may have. I like that about myself also. I wonder how my parents are feeling about me being gone. I hate to admit it but I really do miss them. I also miss my sisters and playing with their kids. My niece and nephew's are so much fun to play with. I wish they were right here with me right now. I would love to show them the campus. I feel really bad about my dad having to pay so much money for me to get my education here. I want to help out more. I hate it when my parents have to put up money for me. I usually try to stay independant of the them when it comes to cash. I need to get a job soon to help out money-wise. It will be hard juggling school and a job, but I did it in high school. I know college is different than high school, but it's something I have to do. It will make me feel better. I've liked my time here at UT so far though. This is a really neat place. I mentioned before that I feel overwhelmed, but I'm trying to not make it stress me out. I'm pretty good at keeping my stress level low. Most people stress about little things, and that's not good for you. I'm hoping that I get good grades and I'm really going to try to do my best here and not just play around. Tomorrow is the September 11th anniversary (1 year). I see stuff about it all the time on TV. That event really made me feel patriotic and made me very very proud to be an American. It got me mad that people would do that. In fact it got me really mad. I wanted to do something and thoughts about joining the army came into my mind but I never really took that seriously. Instead I went to go donate blood. I figured I would try to help out any way I could. But all in all, I'm proud to be living in the greatest country in the world. I'm going to try and go to the ceromony on the south lawn. I hope it will be meaningful. Basically I have lots of emotions running through me, but the trick is to balance them as evenly as possible. ",n,n,y,n,y

2002\_737137.txt,"Today I woke up feeling completely gross and sick!I knew it was a mistake to go out and party last night when I knew I was coming down with something but I couldn't stay in my dorm room for another second~! My roomate is already driving me crazy and I am sick and tired of all men! where do they get off thinking they can use me and other women at there disposal. Does ben really think his life is so much more important than mine or more difficult because he is going to med school. His life could be a lot more rough! Aah, what was I thinking he's not really even my type I don't have time for another boyfriend/heartbreak! How could he sit there and tell me I am the perfect woman for him but just not right now! Like I am supposed to sit around on my ass and wait for him, I don't think so. Gosh there is so much to do this weekend. Laundry, homework, visit with Sarah, suck up to my Dad and if that's not enough we had to add being sick and on my period to the list! Like I don't have enough to deal with. I wonder If Annie is ever going to quit smoking, you think that the prospect of having children would be enough to make her quit but it's not. I wonder why thats the case. HOw can smoking be that addictive that it can stop you from bringing another human llife in to the world? I wonder why she started smoking in the first place. It will be cool when she has kids of her own to see what they turn out to be like? I wonder if I'll be there cool Aunt Rebecca, I kind of like the sound of that! I'm still typing away in my dorm room it feels like such a sauna in here. Our suitmates our constantly turning off the air. What's wrong with them? Do they like to sweat. My roomate is such a rotten brat! It's so obvious she is an only child suffering from only child syndrome . She acts and talks to me like I'm her mother/maid. Oh well, I won't be seeing to much of her starting next week. Swim lessons start, and I'll be really busy studying and working. I still have a lot of reading to do for my children's literature class. It's such a fun class. Getting a grade for reading childrens books! The teacher cracks me up you can definetly tell she used to be a librarian. When she danced the other day in class I thought I would exploded! So my times almost up and I feel like I am rambling now, and my hands are begining to hurt. I'm not used to all of this typeing! I should probably call the woman at the SSB after this I have been meening to do that and just haven't gotten around to it! Gosh so many thigs to do! ",y,y,y,y,y

2002\_737822.txt,"RIght now I'm thinking about not that much. I'm actaulyl ratehr relaxed. I'm thinking about how I miss my boyfirend, even though he is jsut on the otehr side of the room. It's one of those thigns where you're just really happy about a person and you can't stop thinking about them. He's just sitting there playing a video game and I'm really excited, but yet I still miss him and think about him. It's a rather cool feeling. I'm also thinking about my writting assingment in my rhetoric class. I've been trying to find stuff for it all day, and it's driving me crazy,a nd I still have more homework to do for it later, so that is still on my mind. I'm thinking also that I want to listen to music. Music relaxes me a lot, and I really enjoy listening to it will I'm doing mindless things. I enjoy it at other times too. I'm also craving sweets a lot. I'm addicted to them, so that's not really that unusual. I'm trying to rmemeber where a resturatnt is in Houston. Prior to this I read an email from my mother telling me about wehre her and my father ate for their 30th weding anneversary, but I couoldn't really htink of where it is. I'm also trying to think about waht kind of food htey sereve. Earlier in teh day I watched hte first half of hte TExns game, so I'm also wondering if they won or not. My sister is also awayu at college, we're twins, and I'm wondering if any day things willl get better. It's the first time we've been apart and she's having a miserable time, so I'm wondering constantly how she's doing,a nd what I can do to make it better for her. Randomly I also think about my parents. I just read an email from one of htem, so taht's why they are currently on my mind. Normally I wouldn't miss them, but my dad had a heart attack a few days before I moved up here, so I think about him a lot more htat I probably would. My email from my mom realated to how they're eating, so that got me thinking on that. I'm also thinking about my math class. I have homework to do in tehre later tonight. I really don't like the calss. It's riddle math, so I spend my time wondering about how I'm going to get thropugh there. Currently I m trying to think of how to jsut get through my homework, muchless my tests. THer are no equations, so it drives me crazy. I really don't want to even look at my homework. It's about the only homework I've procratinated on since I ve been here. I'm also wondering what is wrong with me in my current medical condition. I have dizzyness problems, and I'm trying ot think of a time when I can see a doctor. My sister is having them now too, so it's on my mind a lot more. Now I'm starting to feel stressed. Usually I don't feel stressed, but then again I usually don't write out things that have been flowing through my mind. I'm wondering if I can think of things to talk about for twenty minutes. It's actually somewhat hard given that it's only me talking, well typing and there is no one or anything to converse with on the other end. I'm also trying to figure out when I'll have time to get my boyfriends birthday gift. I've spent all day, and all week,a nd the past montsh trying to figure it out. But now m going to go to a store tommorrow to finally get something. But I'm worrying about if the store will actually have somethign that I can get. I've never been to this store, but at 5 tommorrow I will find out about the stuff int ehre. According to my firned she says that I'll be able to find stuff there. Hopefully I will, otehrewise I'll have to rushdeliver something here, and that cost extra money,a nd I'm constantly worrying about money. I am botehrd especially when I have to pay for unneccessary things. Which the extra shipping cost would fall into that category. I'm also thinking about what position I would like to run for. Earlier today I went to an RHA meeting. Unfortuantly I missed the first half, so I didn't get all the information. I'm thinking about being something for my wing, which is good if I want to be an RA next year. THe other positions seem like high positions where I would have to campaign a lot, and I m not that type of person. I'm still worrying somewhat about if I would have to campaign for my wing thing. I really would preffer to do that, I just hope I don't lose to someone who just casually felt like running for it, and wasn't as into it as me. Kind of like the girls who I think of who voted not to keep the bathroom door unlocked. THose eveil people. Everytime I go to the bathroom, I really hate them, and wish they weren't so casual about their voting no. Everyone had to vote yes, otherwise it would remain unlocked. Rather unfair. But I really get annoyed even when I see them. I've been sitting in front of htis computer too long today doing school work. I m actaully quite frustrated with the internet. I needed to find a very simple thing, but yet the search engines would not co-operate and gave me horrible feedback for the sites. THe noise of hte video game in the background is rather interesting. I'm not much into video games, unless I get to shoot something, but I still wonder what's going on over there. Or how guys are entrigued for hours by a simple mouse or control set. The same screen, all day long. I've wondered if it actually fries people's brains when they play. Or if it interferes with their education, as in if they played video games their whole childhood. The noises on the video game are starting to remind me of hte noises that my boyfriend makes. I'm wondering howmuch time the wing representative will take. Supposedly it's only one hour, but I wonder if there's something hidden in tehre. I'm not sure if I'll be able to manage that, flag football, with practices nad games, and a soccer team with my floor. I'm not sure how to tell my best friend if I dont' want to play. I do want to play, I just don't know if I'll have the time. But I also wnat to meet peoiple on my floor and spend time with my best friend. So that is a rather hard argument. Why does life have so many conflicting htings, and not enough hours in teh day. I want to just expand time, and do everythign I want, and stop rushing through it and ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_738486.txt," I'm tired. I wish I did'nt have an 8 a. m. class everyday. I have so much stuff to do and i forgot again to call regarding to job to apply for. My boyfriends coming on Friday and thats all i can really think about. It feels like I'm not really thinking about anything. Maybe I should not have tried to do this so early in the morning. Oh well. It is too dark in my room now and I really want to turn on the lights but my roomate is asleep. Wow twenty minutes is a really long time. Who knew? Doo da doo. I'm bored. I really want to go do something active like outside but the weather is too bad. I hate when it rains. It puts me in a bad mood. It's actually cold in my room today maybe they fixed the air conditioning. I'm thinking about how i feel like i really don't have anything to say in this. I think my mind is like dead right now but maybe that's the point. I need to go take a shower, and do my homework for Economics and Ancient Greece. I wish I could be sleeping like Stephanie but no I'm awake writing this. I need to repaint my toenails. They're all chipped. No one wants to see that. Maybe I will do that after I finish this assignment. I miss Brad. It's crazy how we have only been apart two weeks and I am so incapable of being by myself. I need to make some more friends here in Austin. I do not want to only rely on my boyfriend for support. What if something happens? Agghh. Why do I say stuff like that. I miss my family and I miss how things were. I don't know if I'm ready for this whole college thing but I guess, maybe more I hope, that a lot of other people feel the same way. Everyone just seems so adjusted to the whole change. Why am I saying all this stuff for this assignment? I wonder why I keep looking at that tissue box? Seriously, I have like stared at it the whole time I have done this. I wonder if you all read these. I think we just get credit for completion but I hope this does not appear up on that big screen as like an example. That would suck. Still gloomy outside. I wish I lived in like California or somewhere with really good non-humid weather. My hair looks pretty bad today but it never really looks that fantastic so I guess it's not that big of a change. I feel really whiny or something. I need to call Michelle. Maybe I could meet some people through her. I hope so. No class until 3:30. At least I have a lot of time to finish my other stuff. Goodness I still have over five minutes. I sure do a lot of random thinking in twenty minutes. Why would they put such uncomfortable chairs in a dorm when they know that kids are going to be sitting there most of the time. I am so stressed out. Maybe that's why my face is breaking out so bad. Again I think why did I just say that. I'm sure no one wants to hear about stuff like that. I hope no one reads it and they just see my social security number and check me off on like some list. That would be good. Oh well too late now. That fan is so loud. I wish our air conditioning just worked so we wouldn't have to have all these fans. They are really annoying. My hands hurt from typing this much. I feel like I'm trying to make myself think of things to say. Why does my left hand or I guess wrist hurt more than my right. I love stretching. I wonder why that feels so good. I want to eat some sour candy. I like that. I still think about my boyfriend. ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_738727.txt," Today, i started the day with a serve headache. All day long this feeling has been with me from my first class to work to homework. In the early months i was told that i had a tumor near my pitutary gland. Ever since then I was put on some medication to help dissolve this tumor. Friday, i was schedule to have a MRI done, well today the result came back. As the doctor reported, i the medicine is working well. I just have to keep taking the medication. What a big relief. I felt great that i will not have to have surgery to remove the tumor. But lately, i have had headache that hurt realyy bad. When i toldmy mother, see thought i sgould get me eyes checked. She thinks that i need glasses. Who knows? I hope not. MAn, my brother is in the 5th grade and they required him to buy a recorder. Yes, he does not know how to play it. So it just sounds like a bunch of noise. This is what I hear in background as well as the loud tv that is showing commericals. I feel sleepy. Actually i don't know if there is time in which i am not sleepy. I work alot as a server and then get to come to do some homework before i fall asleep. So not much gets done. I wish there was just a day were i could relax, do something fun and not have to worry about what is due tomorrow, next week, in a couple of months get my drift. i know we just had a summer vaction. Well, i took summer school for the second half. so it feels like i have been in school for a couple of months. College is so much different from high school. Alot of responsibility is on the student. It is very easy to miess up. So far, i try to take one think at a time. It is hard to jugle 10 things at once, even if they are not school related. I deal with school, work ,friends, family and down time for myself which is usually the gym. One thing that i do miss is dealing with the boyfriend. After 2 1/2 yrs, i decided to break it off. I felt that i needed some breathing room. But there have been days were i miss him. At those times, i just want him back but then i see that i can't just go and come when i want too. it is not fair to him. Lately i have been feeling lonely, very lonely. Especially since i don't see my friends as often because i live off campus, at home. Which means that i have some what of a curfew. Plus to travel from my house to campus is 15-20 way. Any way i really don't have time. This guy took very good care of me. I know, so why did i leave. Well he treated our relationship as we were, married. I could not even talk to friends with =out him geeting jealous or us getting a arguement. He wanted to spend all his free time with me and expected me to do the same. Well, i appreicate my friends and he did'n see that. ",n,y,y,y,n

2002\_738926.txt," Lately, I have been having all sorts of feelings. All my life I have lived in San Antonio, TX and now moving to Austin feels so different. I feel so lonely because I barely have any friends in Austin and I am to shy to approach people. Hopefully my year will get better. I don't think that my roomate is too fond of me. I don't understand why she barely talks to me? I try to be friendly. All I do all day is read or call my friends back in San Antonio so that I don't feel lonely. It's odd really that I talk to my mom quite often on the phone. On top of that I have problems with my boyfriend. I don't know what's wrong with me, but I am having serious trust issuses. I have been with him for four years and I should be able to trust him, but he lives so far away and i don't get to see him much. How do I know if he's doing any thing behind my back? Should I even think like this? Does he trust me? I really do love him. Only recently did I discover that I love him. I wonder if the two of us will ever be together in the future. I really hate my culture when it comes to this kind of stuff. Why do we have to have arranged marriages? What is the point in that? I hope I do well in school this year. Last year I got good grades, but i really want to make my parent sproud. I feel bad fo rthem really. They pay so much money for my education and living. I feel as though I owe it to them to make them proud after all that they do for me. I really should get a job, but my schedule really doesn't allow me to. I'm not done with class till 5 everyday and I start the day as early as 8. Hopefully next year my schedule will be better and I can get a job and take on some responsibilities for myself. Living away from home is so different. It's strange really. I didn't think that I would miss home so much. I was so glad to finally leave and be on my own and have freedom. I don't even know where anything is in Austin and I hate bothering the people that I do know in Austin for directions. I don't know if it bothers them that I keep calling. Maybe I should join a sorority or something so that I can meet more people. I wonder if I can even handle being in a sorority with school work though. I can't believe I actually decided to change my major. From computer science to nursing, wow that's a big change. Well all I know is that I want to do something dealing with kids because I love kids and they usually love me. I don't want to be a teacher and not a doctor because that is way to much schooling for me. I think being a pediatric nurse will give me the oppurtunity to interact with children and help them. If only my mom would be happy with the decision I made. I don't know what her problem is anyways. It's my life, I should be able to do what I want and what make me happy. To tell you the truth about what i am thinking at the moment right now, I am really scared about this writing assignment my hands are shaking and I have no idea why. It should be easy for me like writing in my diary . I guess it's because of the fact that I am going to be graded on it. O well, hopefully I do well. I'm really tired and my back is hurting me and my time is almost up, so goodbye i'm going to sleep. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_741268.txt," I really want to wear my new clothes tomorrow, especially my pretty pink shirt but it goes really well with my new skirt so I want to wear them together but i don't want to wear my skirt tomorrow because it might rain and I don't want to get it all dirty. So may be I will wear my red shirt tomorrow and the skirt the day after depending on the weather. Or I could wear the pink shirt tomorrow and the red shirt on tuesday and the denim one on friday or saturday then I can wear the pink shirt again on next tuesday and I'll wear the skirt with it. I don't know what I'll wear wednesday, maybe I'll borrow something from Hahn. I can't wait until I turn 18 next month then I'll be able to go clubbin on friday and saturday nights and I won't have to hang out with David and Chris' losery friends all the time and go to there parties that really suck. I want to dance and get all freaky on the dance floor like back home. Then Alan can come visit or I'll go to san Antonio and we can party. He is such an amazing dancer, and so sexy, we would have so much fun. Hopefully I will get lots of money for my birthday and I will be able to buy lots of cute clothes and look even sexier than I aready do! I can't wait for my birthday. I geuss I will celebrate it the week before with my parents when I go home for the Homecoming game, and maybe I'll go tothe dance with Ross. Then on my actual bday weekend Brandon and jonny will come up and I will party with them at some club or something and maybe they will get a hotel room so I wonthave to sneak them into my dorm room late at night because that may not work so well. Then the next week Nikki and Karla and Tina are definatly coming up and we will have good times. I guess we could say that nikki is Katis and i'll register Karla ad Tina as my guests or we could just hav a big slumber party at hanh's apartment. Speaking of slumber parties, crystal and Jessica want to come visit for my bday weekend also and I don't quite Know how that will work out with brandon and jonny coming. ",n,n,y,n,y

2002\_747057.txt,"Am not in the best of moods right now. I have something bothering me at this time. But I take my mind of my problems by thinking of happier times or doing my homework. I am worried about some really personal problem which is killing me inside. However, life goes on. Am good now, or at least not feeling so down. This is my first homework am doing ever since the weekend. Sounds really bad, but I console myself by having it in my mind that, am better off than many others. AT this very moment Am listening to music while typing. I really like music, it gives me a peace of mind, makeing me feel better. And it always reminds me that, life is what you make of it. If you make it sad, your life is going to be sad and vice versa. I always try to think positively, that helps the mind grow. I decided to do my assignment now, because I was feeling down ever since last night, and because this is all the time I will have. So if I don't do it now, I`ll probably not have sufficient time. Guess what! Life in college is very stressing, so I always try to keep a huge distance from the college stress. I always thought that I was too young to get stressed out but now its happening to me. But hey, life must go on, so I am trying to make the best of it, even in times of stress. I like my life right now, I really don't regret doing any of the wrong things in my past because, I know that they all came a long way to make me a better person, what I am today is a result of my ups and downs so far in my life. I don`t type that very well, so there will be I hope not too many errors. Life is one of the best things we have. We can and should always try to make an impact in the lifes of others- a GOOD impact. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_750065.txt,"Well my experience so far up in this large city has been one I won't forget. I've several new people but most of the people I am with are the one's that I have known all my life. It's amazing how much you can share with your roomate although I've known her all my life. I just feel bummed cause I'm so far from home I miss my parents and most of my family. And of course there are boy problems too. John who I have liked forever doesn't even give me the time of day. Which totally bites. I just wish he would notice me and then there is my kind of boyfriend back home whom I need to let go but right now he is the only thing that is holding me up from completely losing it. It's scary up here. And being mexican really doesn't help either. I feel like an ugly duckling up here. I feel that people are looking at me different because i don't look like them. Or maybe I'm just very parnoid about meeting new people. It's funny though, i have been waiting for this experience for most of my teenage years and now that it is here I just want to go home to the normal for me at least. It is just so frustrating when your sitting in a classroom of more than 600 people and you have no one to talk to. I know i should start meeting new people and all but it's just very scary for me and I don't even know why. I evy alot of people up here. I evy those that can just sit next to a person and be like hey my name is becky or whatever. That just one of my many problems. I know they are stupid but they really freak me out when I start to think about them. SO most of the time i try to stay away from things like this that will make me think of all that is confusing in my life. What I do not know is if i can live here in austin and go to school here for 5 years. When I came to orientation at the business college they had posted in big letters Welcome Class of 2007 Me and my roomate were like what we have to be here 5 years that is crazy. Everyone that I left behind back home all told me that these were going to be the best years of my life. And that i was going to meet my life long friends. So far I truly believe that all of us from San Benito will remain friends the rest of our lives. I guess you could say that we are each others shoulder to lean. We always go out together, eat together, and just hang out together. I know it is against school policy and all but before school started we had a big sleep over and everyone just hung and enjoyed each others company. I liked that alot. I think it brought us closer and we learned to appreciate that connection we had with one another. I just know they will be there when I break down and cry about everything that I have been building up inside my head. Thank God i knew my roommate because my other girlfriend is having some difficulty with her roommate and I'm just fortunate not to have that problem. It's like Diana and me our soulmates we just didn't realize it til now. It's funny cause we share the same thoughts about most stuff. And we even spend countless hours talking about boys and other things bothering us, but it is mostly boys! I love her a great deal and I am extremly grateful for her. I also Have a friend back home who I used to work with and he is great too. He calls me and leaves me inspirational messages on my phone which always brings a smile to my face when I'm struggling to get to class in the blazing hot sun. But God blessed me with really great friends. ",y,y,y,n,n

2002\_750740.txt,"This seems kind of odd to sit and write to a complete stranger. I wonder if i should try to be grammatically correct, if I should capitalize my letters. Normally my mind is very poetic in it's way of thining. I can walk around daily thinking of poems, constantly creating poetry out of the world. Then there's the side of me that is analytical, am I typing too much? Why am I talking to myself? Damn a minute is a long time? There are always questions. I've always had a fascination with animals, this in turn make me grow way too fond of my pets. I believe it's personally healthy for me, but it is controversial. . (no i do not do vulgar things with my dog). I have a weenie dog, and she is the best thing that has ever happened to me. I got her when i was really sad and it is her that lifts me up. The breed itself is funny, their length is their personality. It is also amusing that I, a man hating lesbian, have a weenie dog. My room is really hot right now, i'm here thinking of leaving, not sleeping; I already sleep too much. You would think it takes longer than five minutes to think this much but oh well. I feel like i'm talking to myself but it's odd to know that someone will read this. What happens if someone says they will kill themselves. do you shrug it off, or do you intervene? I think i would like a job were i just sit and read peoples thoughts, i think maybe 20 minutes might be too long but it's not a big deal. It's like i'm turning paranoid, i'm starting to think of things to write, like my outfit or my hands, almost like when your senses are on high and you have acute hearing and taste and smell and touch. That's when you are precise, you know what you are talking about. There is alot of dissapointment in the senses. Our mind has such an imagination that we are often dissapointed by what it really feels like or something such as that. I also wonder what this expiriment is for. What is it that you are trying to get out of me? My age you know, my life you never will so what's up your cranium? That's a funny thing to say. My mind is slowing down and i don't have that much to say. i don't really think i can do this continous thing. Is it ok if i pause a few times. It's weird the things people are worried about, like what could you possibly do to me if i said vulgar things to you on this assignment. I watched a good movie yesterday, it had a cheater in it, something I now can relate to. It's not good to feel that, never will be most likely (unless jealousy ignites your desires). I only wish I never do that to anyone, for I know how it feels and it is from that that I do not want to hurt people. but i know i might not be strong enough to substain. so i leave my door open to things, to everything and i wonder now that it's the end of my time wether or not it automatically cuts you off at 20 minutes or can you finish your sentence. I guess that is just a common worry, but if it's not maybe i'm just paranoid. ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_751972.txt, how am i going to do with all my classes and am i going to make it through the next couple of years in college i just want to do well with college and achieve i do not want to mess up ar my classes going to be really tough and how can i manage my time to study for all of them right now i am not doing well and i haven't started off very good but i know i need to do better and set time to study for each class i just want to succeed and do well i just got an essay back from my last class and didnt do too well. will i be able to do better and understand what i'm doing in Philosophy? i am feeling kind of sad but i know i want to do well and at the same time i am happy to be here because i enjoy this school and it is very interesting i feel sad because i miss my friends back home im going back home but should i really go because i need to study here and should stay here to catch up on reading but i can also catch up on my reading at home although i probably won't because my friends are back home staring around just thinking of what is the right thing to do i need to make time for things and get organized i feel really lost right now since i don't have anything organized just sitting here thinking about going back home and school not really listening to anything but the people talking out in the hall it's not noisy but just hear a couple of girls out in the hall having a conversation it's very quiet in my friend's room and i'm not listening to anything just sitting in this silent room and looking around at pictures just kind of upset about the essay i just got back and thinking that i could have done a lot better if i understood the question better but now that i know what to expect on the grading i know what i need to do for my next assignment my friend just walked in and talked to me which made me lose focus of what i was doing but now i am just here alone since she went into the hall to talk to other girls where i can still hear them having a conversation and laughing looking around at pictures that my friend has on her desk and seeing that she has pictures of family and friends everywhere i miss my family and my friend back home that i want to leave right now to go back home because i just want to go and hang out and do the things that i would do with my friend every weekend i miss spending time with him and just always getting to hang out i should start studying though right now because i need to do well in my classes they seem to be very interesting but a lot of reading and i really enjoy them just here staring away at things not really knowing what to type anymore just looking around at pictures and out the hall still hearing the voices out in the hall talking and thinking that maybe in a while i'll go out there and talk to my friend and her friends just to see what's up or maybe i'll just stay in here and read or talk to a friend online not too sure what to do yet now it's kind of quiet since theres no one in the room with me and the television and radio aren't on except there are the girls talking in the hall still they are just going on and on and i can hear them but not really paying attention to their conversation just hearing the voices because the door to the room is open it's kind of good to be alone right now because no one is bothering me and it's not noisy it's just nice to be alone right now i have to go pack right now since i'm going home and i don't have much time left to pack because i'm leaving in a while so i have to go rush and do that ,n,y,y,n,n

2002\_752488.txt," Ok, here I go. I wonder what most people are thinking of when they are writing this. Probably all kinds of things. Well, I have a girlfriend, her name is Lauren, and today is our 10 month aniversary. I'm excited but I'm sad that I don't get to see her that much because she is still in high school. She goes to Clark in San Antonio just like I did. That's where we met. We were both on the cross country team. I'm kind of tired. I wish I didn't have to spend all my time reading the Iliad. It's getting really boring and I don't even think it's a very good book. They just like it because it's old. Like last night I spent several hours reading it and I still had to do more before I went to class today. Man, it's only been 5 minutes, I don't think I can actually think for a whole 20. I wonder what I would be doing if I wasn't doing this right now. Probably doing calculus homework or reading, heaven-for-bid, the Iliad. I can't wait until the weekend when I can relax some more. At least I only have one class tomorrow and it's really easy. It's calculus and this is my third year in a row of taking it for I shouldn't have any trouble with it. Unfortunately though it's all stuff I've already learned so it's boring also. Let's see, that makes two boring classes now. How about ancient Rome and BA101, those are also boring classes, but at least I like Rome so at times that class can be interesting. So that leaves psychology, that's definitely the best class I'm taking, because it's really interesting. Especially because many of the things don't have answers so it's just what you think. I'm probably biased towards it though, because I've always been a math and science fan. Math was ruined by one teacher I had, but I still love science. Hopefully, I can use the business skills I learn to start or work for something like a bioengineering company, that would be cool. Psychology is also fun because I know a few people in there. One of the guys in there I went to pre-school and kindergarten with and haven't really seen him since. Monday I met this girl named Jessica. She's pretty nice so I have someone to talk to before class. Bjorn just got home, I wonder where he's been. He probably was at class, I wonder which one. He really likes Cake and he just turned them on. I can tell when he's in his room usually because there is music on. He also likes the Beatles. I don't really like the Beatles but Cake is cool. I wonder who just got on AIM. I guess it was Rory because he just IMed me. I wonder what he wants. Maybe I'll have to tell him to go away, but I probably won't, because I'm not that kind of person. I don't like putting people down or causing conflict. I guess that's just who I am. I am, I think that's the best quote I've ever heard. It can be interpreted in so many ways and it's the only think that we know is absolutely true. ",n,n,y,n,n

2002\_756924.txt," I am so nervous about what I got on my economics test. I know that I spent a long time studying, but I will be very upset if I don't get at least a B. I can't wait till next weekend when I get to go to Lubbock to visit Ryan. I hope that the Chili Cookoff will be fun. It sounds like it will be entertaining. I am upset that I am not going to get to Sara, though. I wish I could go to Lubbuck this weekend, but I have two tests on Monday. I am so stressed out about those test. I am going to spend a lot of this weekend studying. After I get those test out of the way I need to spend a lot of time on my english paper. I feel like I can never get caught up. I am looking forward to the Phi Psi mixer tongiht. I hope that I can meet some really nice guys. Actually, I don't care if I meet nice guys or not, I am just looking forward towards getting to go out. Lately I feel like all I ever do is study. College is so much more stressful than high school because you don't know what to expect. I am not sure if I am studying enough. At least I will be able to tell after I receive my grades from all of these tests. I am so tired. I wish I could take a nap. Hopefully after class I will have time to eat, workout, and take a nap. I am really upset that I haven't had much time to work out lately. When I was in high school I had cheerleading practice everyday. I was always working out. Now the only thing my body is use to is walking around to all my classes. It makes me feel so out of shape. Britany Spears is the best. I am listening to her CD right now. I had so much fun at her concert. It was weird to actually see her in person. I am so glad that I have been understanding my Calculus lately. At first I was worried that I was going to have to drop the class. I am glad that I decided to stick with it, because now it isn't so bad. The only part that sucks is the homework. It takes forever to do because the questions are so tedious. I am really nervous about completeing the test in 50 minutes. I can barely do one problem in 20. Hopefully they won't be as hard as the homework problems. I am praying that they are a lot more general. I hope that Ryan and I have time to talk tonight. It seems like I am always busy with Zeta new member functions and he is always busy with his rush stuff. It will be a good thing for me to be able to see him. I need to figure out which airport to fly out of. I hope the planes aren't really full, or else I won't be able to go because I fly stand by. I hate flying stand by. It is such a pain. You have to arrive at the airport at least two hours before your plane even departs. I don't know why I am complaining. It is a lot better to fly than to drive. Once I drove to Lubbock from my hometown, Colleyville. It seemed never ending. Plus the scenery was not very visually pleasing. At least I was riding with Sara, my best friend. We kept each other occupied. That was so funny when we both started singing that one song. We could not stop laughing. Another reason I don't like driving is because it takes up time that I could be doing other things. At least when I fly I can read, do homework or even sleep. When I am driving I have to concentrate the whole time. I need to go over to the business school today before five. I need to change my passion panel registration times. I am so frustrated with that whole system. I wish I could just get in the ones I wanted. ",y,y,y,y,n

2002\_758960.txt," Man, what am I going to type about for 20 minutes. I need to do this in order to get credit. I wonder what the other writing assingments are going to be like. This song is good. Why do people like to fake tan? Isn't that unhealthy? This song is old school. I love it. I wish the longhorns were playing football this weekend. At least there are some good games between Miami and Florida, and Between Oklahome and Alabama. Damn I hate the sooners. They are jerks. Those guys at the cotton bowl last year were asses. I hope the 'horns' beat the crap out of them. I can't type today. i need to go to the SI sesion today to see whats going on in psychology. I should also look for a song to play before class. I love it when teachers put music on, or just simply do something out of the ordinary. It helps to remind students that the teacher is somewhat human. I hate it when teachers are very friendly or exciting. I wonder why teachers even bother to teach if they don't look like they enjoy it. Crap I can't type well at all today. Allright, new song. to slow. there we go. Good ol' Green Day. Damn they put on a great show this summer. It had to be the best concert I have seen. Blink 182 could have done better but their sound sucked bad. You couldn't understand them half the time. I wonder why the heck that is? They headlined the tour and they have millions of dollars. you would think they could have a good sound to them. I wonder if there are any good concerts coming up here in austin. Box Car Racer is coming. Don't have money to go. Crappy song. changing. I wish Jamie would send the title to the car so I can get it registered and actually drive it. Man i love that car. I can't wait to drive it. I am so glad I didn't hurt myself in my wreck. I love this music. Why do movies and tv shows put music to them. I mean in real life there is no music playing when you are running around and stuff. I wonder why it seems natural to us when we see it on tv. Man this is a long writing asignment. I am glad to be done with school for the day. Tomorrow is an easy day also. rock on. I want to go up to tcu to hang out with evan. We had a great time last year. I can't believe we bought a douche bag. . hahaha that was freaking hilarious. We were absolutely insane. I miss those guys. i also like it here though. Tcu wasn't as bad as I make it out to be. We actually had some good times. Derricks camaro is so freakin fast he scared the crap out me driving that thing. I hope my car has some pick up. I need to take a shower my hair is nasty. I hate when its all tangled and stuff. not this song. great tune. You got to love the Chilli Peppers. I need to see Jill tonight. We don't have much time to spend with her having night classes. She is a great girl though and very beautiful I can't believe I am with her. We need to go out on a date soon. When is our next break I am already tired of school I just want to be a bum for a few more weeks. Our walls need more stuff on them. natalie Portman is a total babe. She was so cute in Star Wars episode 2. Yoda was so awesome when he fought. That was the sweetest thing i had ever seen in a starwars flick. He totally kicked ass. I hope he does it again in the next episode. When does the next episode come out anyway. Isn't there a new matrix movie coming out soon too i can't wait to see that one also. That chick on american idol last night had a big but. She was a lot better singer than the guy was. She deserved to win I wonder how much money she is going to make now that she is a star basically all over america and the world for that matter. That would be so sweett to be normal and then one day be makin mad cash and being all over america pop culture. Not for me though I'll just be a normal Joe. ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_759236.txt," I am so glad it is Friday. I am going home because my friend is also going home and his parents are out of town, so he is going to have some parties. I know it will be fun. I am also going to get to watch my brothers football game. He is a senior this year, and from what he has told me he is doing good in football. I only live an hour away from Austin so I don't have a long drive. It could be long though if I-35 is bad. I just go North on 35 until I get to Temple so I am happy about that because I don't have far to go. I also miss my boyfriend who I will get to see tonight also. We have been going out for 6 months now, which is definately a record for me. I sometimes ask myself what in the world is wrong with me? All my friends and my parents also ask me that same question. I just tell them I have no idea. He is a real nice guy though, and will do anything for me. He pays for everything and takes me anywhere I want to go or do. I do not like Austin much, but i love UT. I know that is weird but I'm not much of a city girl. I hate all the traffic and the weird people. That is why I love going home because it is out in the country. We have trees and ponds surrounding us and not huge buildings. It is also a lot more peaceful out in the country and you don't have the sounds of cars or big rigs. I like the apartment I am living in this year. I have three other girls as roommates and it is a lot of fun. They are also from a small town so we get a long really well. Last year I lived in the dorms and I hated them. I lived in San Jacinto and they were real nice for a dorm but I didn't like them because I didn't have a kitchen or my own privacy. It really just didn't feel like home. My apartment is a lot better mainly because it is bigger. Well I wonder what I am going to do this weekend. Probably go to Cole's and do some homework and read. I want to float the river, I know I can talk Cole into doing that with me. Cole is my friend coming into town because his parents are out of town. He plays baseball for Howard Payne in Brownwood. His sister also goes there and she plays volleyball, and throws the shot and disk in track. There is also a guy from my school that plays basketball there. I actually live in Little River- Academy. Which is about 10 minutes outside of Temple. We are a 2A school and we won the basketball state championship last year. It was an awesome experience. It was the first time we had won state in any sport. We got second place in 1998, we lost to Krum by like 10 points. Well I think I am going to take a shower and eat and then leave Austin so I can get home in time to go to my brothers pep-rally. I talked to him last night and he said he was going to get to participate in the pep-rally so that starts at 3:00, so I'm probably going to leave in about an hour. That way I won't have to rush. This also seems like the longest 20 minutes of my life. I think I am going to have chicken strips for lunch and fruit punch to drink. I am very excited about next weekend. I am going to College Station to see my best friend and we are going to go to Ag-Kickoff. Pat Green, Cory Morrow, Roger Creager, Cross Canadian Ragweed, and other bands are playing there. That will be a lot of fun and I am real excited. I went on the big ski trip last year with all of them and that was also a blast. ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_759716.txt," Well I finally found the website for this place, and now Im not really sure what to say. Im sitting at my desk, and my room seems really warm. Im also very angry at my roommate Katie right now. Sometimes she just isnt very considerate of other peoples feelings. I signed up for an experiment thing in my CSD class, and I have no idea where the room is! All it said was Totten and the time and I have no idea what that means. I hope my teacher explains it closer to the time. Oh I also have to sign up for the experiment for this class too. I almost forgot! The ink on my hand is already wearing off, I should go write down the time on paper when Im done with this. I really like the class though, except my teacher is boring. But its cool because I want to major in communications. The lady from there never called me back! I should call her again soon. Well maybe I can get the application online or something. I wonder whats going on with the guys next door. They're always coming over here to say hi. I think Im going to ask Vinay if he wants to do his calculus homework with me! Hes pretty smart, and maybe he can help me. Poor Kris. I can't believe hes sick now because of me! I hope hes feeling better. This chair is really nice! Yesterday was pretty scary, I get really nervous about stuff like that. The bells at the Tower were really pretty though when they were playing God Bless America. I guess its a pretty historical moment, and Im glad I was here for that. Even though this wasnt my first choice I guess its ok. Its kind of big, but maybe I need that. Wow its been 8 minutes already. I don't know if this is due by 5 today. wait what is today. Ok I ha 3 classes so its Thursday and oh ok Sept 13. Thats tomorrow. This is crazy. I should get started on that map too. I wonder who will be analyzing this, or if it even gets analyzed. Yeah I bet it does. Why else would I be writing it. I think it said it was going to give me a printout of what I wrote and something else too. an analysis? I don't think a computer could do that. Wow tomorrow is friday already yay I get to see all my friends back home! I have to go see Peter and see how Forbidden Gardens is! He said hes still going to work there until the end of the year I think. I wonder what college he'll end up going to. He could get into Princeton, I hope he does. If not hs coming to UT so that'll be cool. Uh I can't believe this morning! Im so mad at her! I wonder when shes getting back! Should I act mad or just let it go? Its probably better if I tell her. Yeah I will. I think its bad to keep your emotions bottled up inside for a long time, or at all. Simply type continuously tracking your thoughts and feelings for the entire 20 minutes. I guess Im doing that. Kind of just whatever pops into my head. Oh feelings. wasnt I supposed to write about my surroundings too. I hate messing up and having to backspace! Well I still feel warm, but not as much, it was probably because I had just gotten home and had walked outside a lot. I wonder what chapter Im supposed to be on for this class. Oh man Chapter 2. Ok well I have 1 done so that shouldnt be too hard. Those notes took me forever! I need to think of a faster way. Well I could highlight like in my geography book, but I think I might want to keep my psychology book maybe for future reference or something. I hope nothing happens today! Thats just really scary, and who was it that told me that something would probably be hit today since everyone expected it yesterday. Its hard to type out all my feelings because I think faster than I type, so as soon as I think something, I start typing, but then my thoughts switch, so a lot isnt being recorded. Plus I think my mind doesnt complete thoughts all the time, so maybe Im not really recording exactly how I think. Hmm. gosh Im hungry. That breakfast was really good this morning! I thought it was going to be weird since I went down there by myself but everyone was there by theirselves. Thier Theirselves. that doesnt look right. Hey I have 45 seconds left. Uh! As soon as I finished writing that the time was already off. This is annoying. Ok well I guess Im almost done, this was pretty cool, it will be interesting to see what I actually wrote nonstop for 20minutes. ",n,y,y,n,y

2002\_759882.txt," I just took that Pre-testing thing for psychology and it made me think a lot about how I view myself. It kind of put me in a bad mood because I realized how much I look down on myself. It was interesting to learn that much about myself just by taking a test. I don't know if that was one point of the test but it made me think a lot. I realized how scared I was at one point about how I am scared to speak up for myself. I wish I could but I am very worried that I will make a wrong point. Even right now I am scared to write the wrong thing even though there is no right or wrong thing to write. I love this classical music. For some reason it make me more at ease, I can never work without some kind of distraction or something else for my mind to think about. I wish I could talk to people that I don't know easier. I was so scared to walk into my class late today. I didn't know if my TA was going to get mad but she saw me and so I had to go in anyways. When I walk around this campus I feel like so small and worthless compared to everyone. I got lost this morning and I was to scared to ask for directions because I don't trust they will give me the right way. I know it makes no sense whatsoever. It is wierd how different music puts a person in different moods. First, I was listening to classical and I felt peaceful and then alternative came on and it made me feel more awake and then jazz came on and it was soothing. I think listening to a variety of music helps a person be in a mood that they feel like being in. I don't know if it is the music that puts the person in a mood or if it is the mood that picks the music that makes them pick the music they feel like listening too. My classes seem to be discussing sort of the same topic which seems to help in understanding each one more. I never realized my mind jumps from one thing to another so much. It is like before I finish one thought I already begin another. It is hard to concentrate when my roommate is on the phone with her mother right now because I am hearing like four things at once. I am not used to having to share my space and have someone around all the time. I guess I am just going to have to get used to it. I am very jittery right now and I don't know why. I think I need to learn how to relax because I am already getting stressed out and I don't think that is a good thing. It is wierd I start to look at the clock and it makes me start typing more even though I am not thinking more it makes me just start typing more since I know my time is almost up. ",n,y,n,y,y

2002\_763964.txt,"I just got home from a friend's apartment today. As of right now I have so many thoughts going through my mind. I have a hard decision coming up to make. It is if I want to join a soroity or not. One of my really good friends is going to rush this semester. I'm not sure if I want to do if she is going to at the same time. I'm not sure it is the right thing to do together. However, I'm still tempted to do it. The question is if it is right for me. My parents would both flip out if they found out I wanted to do it. When they hear the word soroity they automatically think drinking and drugs. However I have met many people in different soroity's and they are all really good people. Many of them are smart and do not fit your stereotypical soroity girl. All of the ones I have talked to swear by their life that it has made them a better person. One of my really good friends is in one and she has improved in character in only good ways. I remember her back in high school, and compared to now she is much more confident. There are many other things that she says has helped her character but that is the one that stands out the most. I really don't know what to do. It's all up in the air for now. I should talk to someone else outside of the college atmosphere and see what they think. I'm trying to collect opinions, but they have all been negative so far. Those negative opinions prolong my decision making. I figure if I do it then I have to do it now or I never will. The bad part is that I want no regrets later. I don't want to look back and say I wish I had done that. I've made that mistake before and, don't want to do it time and again. I think a soroity is a great way to get involved with community activities as well. I know there are volunteer groups out there. I love doing community service and the events they do really benefit other people. Another one of my concerns is the time consumption. I know if I do this all of my waking moments will be dedicated to this one thing. I'm not sure if I can handle that or not. Plus I don't take rejection very well either. So I'd rather not risk it, but then again there is that no regrets thing playing in the process. Guess decisions will be made at a later time when I have more information about everything. Right now I like the college life that I'm living. I've met great people. My only complaint is about my room. It's so cold in here that I'm going to catch hypothermia and die before the semester is over. I can't feel my hands and I have to wear sweatershirts and slippers all the time. I doubt anyone can do to much about it. It's only been ten minutes since I started this assignment. I feel like it's been the full twenty. Another thing I don't like about my floor here in Jester is the fighting over the washing machines. For awhile we only had one working washing machine for the entire floor. I'd have to do my laundry at like 4 in the morning just to get some of it done. Now we have three but they always seem to be busy, and no one comes to take out their clothes when they are finished washing. As if no one else needed the machines. I swear sometimes I think I'm never going to have clean clothes again. I bought more socks just in case I didn't get clean ones for a long time. Sadly, I've only been here two weeks in Austin and I've already been to the Highland mall three times. Each time I really have no idea why my friends and I went. Only one time did we have something that we had to get immediately. All it was a white shirt for a party. The traffic down here gets on my nerves. I think Austin has the worst highway system in the world. How could someone construct such an awful system? Don't they see the danger they are putting all the drivers in. I think I've nearly gotten into like ten wrecks. It's crazy. It's so hard to get around. Just simply trying to get to a Walmart is a pain. Thankfully I don't have to go that often. Ever since I got to Austin I my nights and days have gotten a little thrown off. I sleep at such random hours sometimes. I'm suprised I'm not sick yet. With the cold room and the funky sleeping times. Oh well it's the price you pay to be at UT. I'm so scared that I'm not going to do well in my classes. I'm not the worlds greatest test taker. Since all of my classes are based on tests I'm worried. I concentrate and pay attention but I know that's not enough to make it. My study habits are bad too. I need to get some new ones really quick! ",n,y,y,y,n

2002\_765168.txt, atlast i m here writing this assinments which i was suppose 2 do long back. . i m wondering why am i such a late person doing everything at the last moment. i m just wondering why??i have become such a lazy bum don't feel like doing anything. i have become so boring. and why am i even thikin so much about it. right now i m more concerned about tmorrow. how is it going to be. who am i going to meet. am i going to meet new friends now thta i m in UT. sometimes i feel so intimated becuase its so big that sometimes ur just not noticed anywhere. what can i possibly do so that i make a differnce n people notice me and i make new friends. now that i m so alone. i really want to meet new poeple and make friends to hangout with. these days have been so bad for me. broke up with someone and i just got into UT and i harldy know anyone. i feel so alone sometimes. wondering am i really going to meet good people. sometimes i feel is everything going wrong with me only or what??i have not been studying lately just passing my time doing nothing. while i m writing all this how i wished i could talk to someone right now about what i feel. Its been a year now in this country and i still feel homesick. I still miss my friends back there. I really don't know what i should write. I m wondering what is this writing thing all about??what should i say i desperately want to meet people. Sometimes i feel so lonely in that big world. May be its just temporary feeling because i m just new to this place. Everything should be fine. I m just thinking about what i should be doing tommorow. Infact more worried about what i should be wearing to college. One another hectic day get up early in the morning. Oh god why this torture of geting up early in the morning. I really like that guy i met a few days back. Wish we become friends. I really find him interesting. I hope the bookstore has got the books i wanted. I have been going there for long time but they still don't ahve the book. Where can i possibly find some work its is really boring sitting at home doing nothing. And why is that again i keep thinking about the guy i broke up with. Well we didnt break up technically but its not workin either. Wish i could just make a decision about us. Why is it getting so hard without talkin to him since the last few days. We are just not communicating well. What has really happened to our relationship. I wonder what he must be thinking about me. Why do i feel even the most handsome guy on earth wouldnt be of any interest to me now that i miss him so much. why the hell anythign went wrong. Anyways forget about it. Just snap out of it. Lets see what happens. I don't want to take it seriously. It would work if it has to. Well thats the spirit. wish i could just relax and think ,y,y,n,n,n

2002\_765933.txt," right now im sitting here listening to dave matthews and my roommate is eating fritos with bean dip so i can smell the bean dip and its pretty nasty- ruffles with french onion dip is so much better but whatever- if thats what she wants to eat then thats fine with me. i think im going to go to the gym and work out tomorrow- the navy stuff hasnt been very much running or working out or anyhting so its kind of pointless to call that my workout for the week. i think maybe its because were just coming back from the summer and maybe people are out of shape and stuff or something because the navy should be a,little more hard core than its been. i think the new dave cd is kind of weird but its pretty good- the type of stuff you can listen to over and over without getting sick of it or something. this keyboard is so weird to type on- im used to my desktop keyboard and this one feels so weird because i like have to reac across it or something- i don't know what is so weird about it. i really wanted chick fil a for dinner today but it closes so early at the union- its pretty annoying- so i had to get wendy's which is good but its not what i wanted. when i was little i lived in north carolina and i used to get a number 6 with sweet tea- the sweet tea in the south is so good- and then i moved to new jersey and you can only get unsweetened tea and you have to put sugar in it and its pretty gross because then the sugar doesnt even really dissolve into the tea so you get nasty granules of it in your straw. i don't even know if you can order sweet tea down here- i havent tried but i doubt it. you have to dissolve the sugar into it before its cold because its so much better that way. now i want some sweet tea but theres no way im going to be able to find any right now so maybe ill have to figure out a way to get it for tomorrow or something. i think my cd is over now. no its not. i don't know why i always think its done right here but i always think that and its pretty annoying. oh well i guess its a nice surprise to still have a lot more left on the cd. my stereo stops after one cd instead of just going on to the next one. maybe i should figure out how to program it so it just goes to the next one. i feel like im typing really loudly and im distracting emily or something. oh well she can live. im really tired and its only like 9:45. probably because i woke up at like 5:30 this morning. this song is definitely the best on this cd. i love dave matthews- I've been to so many concerts and they were all awesome. ill have to find one down here to go to or maybe ill just wait until im back home and go to one then. that way i would be able to hang out with my friends back there. not that i wouldnt be able to hang out with them anyway. it doesnt smell like bean dip anymore- now it smells like air freshener. i wonder who thought of making up air fresheners- its so random. is this supposed to be in complete sentences and with good punctuation or anything? i don't think so- so oh well. my knee hurts. i think i should ice it or soemthing but i don't have an ice pack. i guess ill have to get that sometime. an ice pack and sweet tea. if i wasnt typing right now i would write that down somewhere but hopefully ill remember it later. this song sucks and im thirsty now becasue i was thinking about sweet tea. you can't even order sweet tea in the north because they look at you like youre retarded and then theyre like um are you retarded and then youre like no give me iced tea and some sugar packets but im not going to be ahppy because its going tp be nasty. i could go for some pizza- liek the good stuff you can get in real pizzerias- is that how you spell pizzeria? i guess it doesnt matter. i miss the italian food from up there so much. i can't wait to go home for christmas just because the food is so good up there. not taht the food isnt good down here- its just all mexican or tex-mex or barbeque adn who can live off of that all the time? i need more pasta. penne ala vodka is possibly the best food ever created. i think ifigured out the problem- im too short for this desk or something. you have to be like really tall to sit here and type forever because if youre not then you start getting all pissed off because its weird to type here. or maybe its just me. i doubt it. ill have to ask emily what she thinks at the end of this thing because i swear this is just a weird position to be in. hmm. im thinking about getting some phone books to sit on or something. haha how funny would that be? and im not even abnormally short or anything- its just weird to be here like this. im so ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_766324.txt," I am afraid of being here. I think that I am not smart enough or that I just don't have what it takes. I think about my boyfreind alot! he is my bestfriend. Sometimes I feel like I can't live without him. I hate feeling that way but i can't help it. my biology class is stupid. i hate sitting there for an hour and a half wondering what the heck she is talking about. i wonder what my mom is doing right now. my little sister is in school right now and is probably having way more fun than i am. i can't wait until october 4th it is going to be great. i get to finally see my boyfriend again after 2 months. gosh that seems like a long time. i wonder if he is thinking of me right now. i know he better have wrote a letter on sunday. i love getting his letters. they make me feel very happy and i read them over and over and over. sometimes i don't knwo if i am just kidding myself about our relationship but then i remember how much i miss him and how perfect we are together. is there actually soemthing out in the universe that is perfect? is there some object that can meet standards that to majority is perfect? i know i am not perfect. i am so nervous about gaining weight. i always watch what i eat but it always like too much no matter what i eat. i hate feeling that wat too. i love beanie babies. they are soo cute. i used to collect them but now I dont. not that its because i got older but just because i don't have the money to spend on them anymore. I wonder why people are the way they are. Some people can be soo mean but have no reason to be that way. I wonder if I am that way. I wonder if people see me as snobby or dumb. I always look around the room and i wonder if people are just as confused as me. I try to look as if i am not confused but i don't think it works to much. I want to move with my boyfriend. I want to be near him alwyas. I always think about him. Is that unhealthy? I like pizza. it is vrey good i want pizza now. i love fruit too. i think fruit can be better than icecream although i love icecream too. if i had to choose right now i would eat a peach. i don't know why but tomorow i would probably eat icecream. I don't think that i fit into this city. i think sometimes that maybe i shoould have stayed in killen. i love music i have to listen to it in order to make my day start out good. i love dirty south music but then again i love all kinds of music. how can someone only like certain types of music? i don't believ e that. they make themselves think that. I think that music is a form of expression and you should listen to the music before saying what is that,country? ewwww! I love anything that makes me feel good inside. I kind of would like to move to florida. my friend Argelis lives there but i went there for a band trip and i had such a good time. i was with my boyfriend and we did everything. evreybody told us that they sat around. we went on every ride there was. then before my boyfriend left to the navy we went to San Antonio. we went there all by our selves and did everything our way. no one to tell us what to do or how to do it. it was great. We saved all our money and made sure we had enough to spend. I loved the shows at sea world. My favorite was fools with tools and how they made fun of all the other shows. It was great. There too me and my boyfriend went to every show and eveyr ride although there werent much rides. I hope we don't have to read our papers infront of the class. I don't think i did my paper right. What if i sound stupid? oh well, i am probably not the only one that thinks that. i am not sure if i am going to switch my major becaus psychology is soemthing that i have always wanted to learn. my highschool teacher was soo cool. I loved visiting the Austin State hospital. It was so fascinating how those people could actually think those ways and believe everything they feel. I kind of felt sorry for some of them too. I don't know how to feel when it comes to people that are disabled, shoudl I feel sorry or luck to know them? ",n,y,n,y,n

2002\_769785.txt,"Why am I doing this? I don't feel like typing for 20 minutes. this is bound to be very boring. i'm already bored. i still have way too much time to kill. I'm really hungry. haven't had breakfest yet. i need to finish my homework though. I want to go out this weekend. my brother is also coming into town. I'm still bored. As usual, a song pops into my head when iu am really bored. I'm wearing no pants right now. its somewhat drafty. i'm going to look out my window now. no one is outside. i want some fresh air but i still have 16 minutes to go. I really should have taken a shower before i started this. Still hungry. my roomate is studying. i feel like bothering him. i just got offered a single room but i'm not taking it. I really want to listen to some music while i do this but i can't. we're not going to make it pops into my head. I''m now going to stare at the poster on my wall. I really should throw out the trash and make my bed. I still have to read my psychology textbook before i leave for my next class. I also need to workout. I need to learn out to type 80 words a minute. damn my fhand hurts. sucks to have tendonitis in both hands. 12 minutes to go and still extremely bored. I'm reaching my angry stage right now. I want to eat and i have to kill 11 more minutes, Might as well try some meditation. still have yet to decide if i want to finish my work before i go out tonight or if i do. I need to go meet someone tonight so i guess i better work. hey at least i'm halfway through. it would suck to be in prison. Now i jsut got a random word in my head. disestablishmentariasm. well then moving on. considering my week, its been pretty awful. I almost got mugged, someone got arrested for dealing drugs nearby me on that same night, and i accomplished nothing. i need to become more motivated. not going to school for a year does that to you. I really need to go learn judo. my sheets are looking pretty messy. i must go fold them in 7 minutes. i need to organize my books to and buy some new laundry detergent. Well if i am going to waste my time writing for 20 minutes i might as well make a shopping list. yesterday i watched orange county it was pretty amusing. then i went and did dance dance. yeah i really suck at that game. I really have almost nio hand to eye coordination. no wonder i took up pool recently. almost 5 minutes left. i think i should have made myself some green tea before starting this. eh i might go skip the crappy lunchs they serve at the cafeteria and go use my 5 bucks at pizza hut. i like pizza hut. its better than a lot of pizza chains. no pizza beats this one pizza place in greenwich connticut. i used to walk a a mile to get to eat it when i was `10. those were the days. man my trash is full. i wish we could open our window. this room has a weird smell. must be all the ants i killed. stupid dorm is infested. i want to go play some pool today. i've been practicing for 3 months straight to beat my brother at it. He took me for some money last time and this time i will dominate. well enough with my evil plans (insert dr evil laugh). i have 2 minutes remaining and i am still very bored. i need to go take my vitamins. i think i need to buy some good cologne all the after shave i use isn't quite that great. It burns like hell especially since i hate to shave. if there was electrolysis for the face i would do it. well only 30 seconds left. i better save this in case it somehow gets deleted. it turned out to be somewhat fun. well not really. and i'm done. ",y,y,n,y,n

2002\_770416.txt,"blue is a pretty color. this is a very simple website. i need to work on my website. i need to finish it. i never finish a wesite when i start it. why can't i finish anything? am i a failure? my parents are really proud of me. i love my parents. i don't want to let them down. i miss them. i want to go home. i don't like being away from them. september 11th really scares me. i was so worried on that day. i can totally remember where i was that day. i was in weinberg's class. i remember how he reacted that day. i went to history to get a sense of comfort. i didn't find it. i don't want to go to war. war scares me. why am i always so tired. 20 minutes is a long time. i'm very glad i've already finished my experiment requirement for class. those surveys were really boring. i wonder how i'm doing compared to other students in my class. i want to read my email. i need to do my astrophysics homework. i'm bothered by my lack of self-control in doing my homework. my finger hurts. i'm really sick right now. i think i may have the flu. i wonder why my head hurts so much. i really want to read my email. why does my neck hurt? i want to take a nap. i wonder how much i should type. is this enough? my arm is hurting now. i want some snacks. i need to quit eating so much. i need to lose weight. i miss my granny. why did jo have to scare her? she knew how much it would upset her. why did she have to cause her to die??? i want granny back. i really miss her. i made a fool of myself at the funeral. why can't i deal with this and quit obsession over it? was she proud of me? did i make her proud? i loved her so much. my fingernails are dirty. i need to take a shower. i'm almost halfway done. i know so much yet i don't know a thing. why is the smithsonian preserving pieces of the world trade center? shouldn't we leave it alone? i love kara. i can't wait until i get to wake up with her everyday. she makes me so happy. i hope i make her as happy as she makes me. i just couldn't handle it if she didn't love me. time is slowing down. i want to call kara. i want to see how she is doing on her writing assignment. i think human beings are extraordinary. how can we deal with so much? we deal with physical adversity as well as mental. my fingernail looks weird. it's been a nice day. my skin is peeling. i want to play racquetball. wow, it's already 525. weird. it seems like i've been here for an hour. i want to be more physically fit. i want to please myself and kara more. i want to be around for a long life. i'm tired of being fat. i want to help myself. i just hope i can. i want to daydream. i want to be in star trek. i want to have those kinds of computers and technology. i want to be a great commander. i want people to be liked by many. i want people to want to be me. i want to be someone that is liked and respected. i'm very insecure and have low self-esteem. why do some chemicals hurt people? i mean why can't we find some way to neutralize them? i'm done! ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_772200.txt," I was thinking about college and all the stuff that comes with it. college will be so hard yet so easy, i wonder how i will control myself. i don't want the fun factor to totally overrule the work factor. but then again, the classes seem pretty fun and not so hard. yet again, it has also only been a week of classes, so i could be sorely mistaken. we will just have to see what happens as time unfolds. i'm also a little worried because i have a boyfriend that goes to stephen f. austin state university, and driving distance that is 3 and 1/2 hours away!! how will i manage this?? we have been together for over a year and a half, so i can't just throw the relationship away, he means a lot to me. what do i do?? i guess i will give it time and see what happens. college is a lot to handle, and managing it all with a long-distance boyfriend is not easy. i don't know what i'm getting myself into. i'm also really pissed that i decided to stay at dobie, because after visiting friends in towers today i realized how much better it is, and what i rip off dobie is. the food sucks!! it drives me insane how bad it is and what a rip off everything is. towers is way better. i'm just glad that i'm rooming with my great friend shara in a badass apartment next year. yay!! we'll have our own rooms and all we'll have to do is take a short bus trip to campus every day. not that bad. plus we'll be more familiar with campus and won't get so lost, as i do here constantly. but it is my first year after all, so it can't be that bad. i'm also kind of nervous about my freshman seminar class, it sounds so ridiculously hard! a lot of writing and sharing your feelings, and all that stuff. i had to read like 15 pages just on how to listen correctly to other people. i'm 18 years old! i know how to listen! this is not kindergarten. it just makes me so mad. i'm really glad i met my friend shara, i knew her slightly my senior year in high school so we come from the same background and have a lot to relate to. i've gotten to know her so well these past 2 weeks that i feel like i've known her all my life! she's such a great girl. i like how she does not hesitate to compliment her friends for ANYTHING. great character trait to have. and i'm glad about all the parties that are here in austin, and the unique culture. walking around even with a friend at night is a little scary though, but i'll never walk by myself anyway so it's all good. and i love the music scene. i'm afraid i'll go too shopping-crazy though because urban outfitters is so readily available down the street and back home in houston it was like miles away towards downtown. i'm obsessed with spongebob! i have three spongebob squarepants posters on my wall in my dorm room, and i have spongebob band-aids. he's so cute! and the show is hilarious, totally my type of humor. i have the dvd as well, is that scary or what?? and you know what makes me mad? i got a heat rash here a few days after i moved in! that sucks! why here of all places? i think houston is MUCH hotter just because of the huge humidity factor. but NO i get a heat rash here. sucks. at least it's not visible, it's only little bumps you can barely feel. AND i got a popped blood vessel in MY EYE. what more could possibly go wrong? i guess a lot but it's so much to handle right when i get there! makes me so self conscious! i guess that's a psychology topic--why people get self-conscious. interesting topic. i would like to talk about it sometime in class. i think when i'm done with this i will do some physics problems and then just watch zoolander on dvd or something. yay. i'm so glad i have a tv, vcr, and dvd player! my room is totally pimped out, how great is that. i feel so exhausted. walking isn't easy in this heat, no matter what time of the day it is. i'm actually getting really hungry. i might fix myself a peanut butter sandwich. crunchy, but of course, what else? crunchy is the way to go. should i feel guilty about making plans to go to a party on a thursday night? is that bad? i don't really think so, seeing as on fridays i have only one 1 hour class from 12-1. wow that was a lot of 1s. god i'm so hungry, is this thing over yet? my hands are shaking. need food. aagh. peanut. butter. crunchy. does it matter if i'm coherent or not? it's just that when i get hungry, WHAM it hits me like a train and i get all hungry and can't help it. oh well. i hope this thing was entertaining for you, or whoever is reading this thing. i'm glad i got this over with early. yay im done. ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_773215.txt," So today has completed a very odd and trying week. I have finally gotten to sit in on a full week of school and WOW!!! I seem to find myself asking, have I over done myself? I am taking 15 hours of scool and working 30-35 hours a week and on top of all this I got TWO kittens that require a lot of attention. This, for me, seems like a heavy load because between school and work I have to make sure I am home every three to four hours in order to feed the kittens, but I love them. My roommates seem to have a qiute different approach and feel like I am way out of line and that my life is too busy to begin with to have two little lives depending on me, but what do they know? I am not trying to say I don't take their words into consideration but I believe life is what you make of it and one lives and he/she learns. This is a test for me that I hope I don't fail at but all I keep telling myself is that I must work harder if am am going to succeed( but not too hard=). I am also in the midst of wondering if my mom is doing ok. She found out a month ago that she had 3rd grade ovarian cancer, which is the most advanced cancer cell, and yesterday she had surgery. The doctor said she should be alright but I still worry. I really have no reason to write all this personal information but it feels good to let it all out. All I can conclude is that I have been set a full plate that I now must eat. Besides all the drama I just mentioned I have finnaly declared my major as Child Development/ Pre-Med with a minor in psychology. THis is a huge burden taken off my shoulders which I am very thankful for. I know it will be A LOT of work but I love working with children, but now whether I follow all the way through with Pre- Med is a different story but I know eventually I will get through it and go to Med-School. For right now I need full day just to relax and enjoy myslef, with no one there and no kittens to wake me up every three hours of the night. Another thing I am upset about( which is very trivial) is ther fact that I could have gotten two tickets the the OU game and I passed up the opportunity. There goes a couple hundred dollars I coould have gotten off ebay. Oh well, that's the way life goes. By the way, my boyfriend of three years, Zack, Took me out to a five star resturant last weekend and it was amazing. We had 12 courses in 5 1/2 hours, boy where we full and a little toasty(2 bottles of champaign ahd 12 glasses of assorted wine later). The cool thing is that he works there and our bill was only $60 =). Anyhoot I enjoyed writting and I will see you next time, bye. ",y,y,y,y,n

2002\_773379.txt," My roommate just asked me if I have any homework due tomorrow and I don't but yet I still feel as if I need to be reading or studying gor something. I'm afraid I'm doing what I sould be doing, what everybody else is doing, studying. I feel as if my classes aren't hard. I also feel as if everyone knows what they want to do in life and I have no clue. I feel so ashamed that I don't know. Before I came to college, I knew what I wanted to be and do so I was going to come here and work for that goal. I would rather do nothing else but be a teacher. I want to teach so much but there is absolutely no money in it. And thats terrible because teachers can be so influencial. I have had several teachers that have been awesome and make me want to teach even more. I want to help and to influence and to have that feeling that I was a part in that student's recieving and A on a test or a paper. I would want to teach either a math class or biology for highschool students. I was always tutoring and helping my friends or anyone that needed help and I enjoyed it so much. I graduated in a whole year early to get out of highschool. Don't get me wrong, I had a great time in highschool but it was time for me to leave. It was time to start my life. I am in a hurry to grow up, I'm tired of being young. I feel as if I've been the youngest in everything. I was the youngest one at all my family reunions, I was the youngest model. Yeah, I model. It goes on like that for a lot of things. And now I'm the youngest in college, its seems anyway. I graduated early for lots of reasons. Everyone asks me what made me decide to do it and I never really go in to it because I din't like to tell people my sob stories unless I trust them or they know my background. But since I have to write for 20 minutes, I'll tell you. It all got started when my parents got divorced when I was in 8th grade. I really feel as if I had the perfect life if thats even possible. Both my parents got remarried to other people within a year of their divorce. I went through a really hard time then, and I know its completely cliche but I would love it if they got back together. I think they're perfect together. The woman my dad married was a complete idiot. I mean, its sad being 10 times smarter than someone twice your age. But now they're divorced, my dad just wasn't happy with her. I'm happy she's out of the picture. The man my mom married is a big reason I graduated early. I loathe and despise him with a burning passion. I know its immature and selfish, but I will go out of my way to be a bitch to him. I think he's a horrible, miserable man and is completely wrong for my mom. A lot of people say, no youjust don't like him because he's not your dad, blah blah blah. But then they meet him and understand exactly what I mean. I think my mom was a little selfish when I she decided to bring this man into our lives knowing no one liked him. I have this wierd ability to pick out people I know are not good people. My parents had this friend who I hated since I was a little girl, the first day I met him. Later, when I grew up i find out he was a big cocain addict and was always calling my parents to pick him from jail or get him out of whatever mess he got himeself into. I never liked him. I get the same feeling with my step father. I don't even like calling him. I usually refer to him as my mom's husband. I feel so bad about leaving my little brother. He's 9 years old. I hate to leave him with at home with no one to defend him against my step dad. I always stood up for him shen Bert, thats my stepdad's name, would be rediculously rude for no reason. There's sometimes when my mom would step in and say something. My real dad is there, always around doing things with us, don't get me wrong. I have the greatest dad. I feel sorry because my dad is not onw for being alone and I think he's very lonely right now. Especially not that I'm gone, thats one less child for him to be with. I have an older brother too who goes to school at Vasser in New York. He's kind of lonely there right now and he's thinking about coming home and going to school in Texas. I love texas, I wouldn't want to live anywhere else. ",y,n,n,y,n

2002\_775925.txt," I am doing a stream of conscience assignment for pyshcology. Am I suppose to use correct grammar and punctation? I hope not. I still type using one finger, but I think I can type pretty fast foer using one finger. You think since I am using one finger that I wouldn't make any grammatical mistakes but that's not true. Oops am I suppose to time this? Oh, no you time it for me. wow 20 minutes is a long time. I don't even look at the screen when I type. just the keybopard. my hands are tired. my favorite channel is TLC. It's great. Right now a story about conjoined twins are on. My boyfriends is back in plano. my thoughts jump around faster than i can type i don't have any thoughts anymore ihad to turn off the tv all i could do was listen to it maybe that is why i ran out of thoughts maybe that is why people say tv frys (or is it fries?) your brains I don't think tv makes you studpi there are plenty of educational shows my sister learned to read through sesame sttreet, i don't miss my parents much is that bad? It was kind of annoying living at home with them my phone is rinignfg am I allowed to get that i guess i can call them back in like 15 minutes i think it is the guy I met from they gym who was calling. College doesn't feel like its satarted. it still feels like summer fore me. I only have class every other day so its kind of hard getting into tht study mode. am I writing too much. am I suppose to just write a few thoughts as I have them or cointinuously type. I hope its continuosouyl type cause that is what I am doing. Do ya'll actually read this? I wouldn't really want my real stream of consciencce read. Ithink thoughts and emotions are very personal and should only be expressed or shown in needed situations or with a person you trust. What if my real stream of conscience was that I wished somebody would blow up UT ( which it's not I promise). Ya'll would redflag me and secretly watch me, so I don't really like doing this assignment. I don't mind it actually. It's pretty simple and something interesting to do, I guess a way to learn about yourself. I don't like writing much. I use to keep a journal but I was too lazy to write in it all the time. usually when I wrote in it it was when I was pissed off, so everytime I went back and read it it seemed like I was a really angry person all the time. I wantred the journal to be like a memory book. But, if I was feeling any strong emoitons II didn't feel like writing in it. I guess I probably talked on the phone. My cell phone gets horrible reception here. It is hard to talk to my boyfriend back in plano cause he always breaks up. He's not really my boyfriend anymore, but he really is. I don't think that makes sense. Ten more minutes. so. my nails are shiny I'm tired of doing this. I don't get why we are doing this either. If mine is this long and there about 300 people in each class and say there are about 5 classes, that's 1,5000 papers. Nobody probably reads this. It is probably random spot reading if anything so this will get submitted and overlooked so I don't really see a point in this I wonder if everybody has around the same stream of conscience. I bet a lot of people are writing about how they have to do this assignment and they don't see a point to it really. I don't know what I want to be when I grow up. I wanto to make a lot of money. I was gooing to do psychology but everybody is doing it. 1 out of 3 people I ask are a psychology major. It is very interesting and I loved it in highschool, but future wise there's not much you can do with it as I see it. There is a teacher or a psychologist or maybe a social worker. And if 1 out of 3 people are doing it at UT and there is about 50,000 people, wells that's about 17,000 pyschologists and teachers alone from UT, there is still to mention Tech, and other schools where most people are doing psychology too. I think everyopne should take psychology though. but I think way too many people are majoring in it. Actually, I think majoring in it fine so that way you can get an extensive look at how human nature and the mind functions, but I think that knowledge should be applied to other fields. SO everyone should study pyschology, but not pursue a field in it. I really want to be a person who does case studies on dreams. I think dreams are so interesting. I had a dream about Roseanne the show and that I met the cast. It's really weird. I remebr thinking I should get their autographs so I can put it up on my wall. Sometimes, though, I think people see too much into dreams. I think people on drugs have deep dreams, or maybe they are having reaaly fake dreams. Like their brain is just so confused it is just sending randome imAages. I don't now. I think drugs let ypou tap into another side of your brain. I think they can open your mind. I think drugs like X can open your mind, but I think that you should learn how to open your mind without drugs. I think no one should do drugs on a regular basis. I wonder if a lot of philosophy and psychology teachers have done drugs. I personally think they have one time or another, and if they haven't I wonder what their thoughts and reactions would be like to drugs. Oprah did a show about X users, I only saw part of it. Some of them said that it opened their eyes and that if they were doing their work and had a mental block, the drug would help their thoughts flow. Oprah was still like that's very bad . I guess it is bad, they should learn to let their mind flows without drugs. It's sad if the only was you can open your mind is thru drugs. ",n,n,y,n,y

2002\_780856.txt," It is a rainy grey day and i am enjoying just hanging out around my house. just lazing around feels good. the print on my computer has broken. I tell you what there is always something. more money more money. i have always worked and being unemployed feels so strange and makes me feel like I'm walking on a tight rope. I hate the feeling of being cheap and worring about money. but so it goes the money chase. I will be getting back to work very soon. Its been a strange summer hit over and over. It feels so good to see Scott out of his brace!Man he took that whole thing well. I think we both took it very well. Its hard to see someone you love in pain also it can be plain hard just being around someone who is trapped in a brace. i know it would have been a nightmare to kick-it with me in a back brace! I would have been a emotional rollercoaster. anyway we made it through those 3 months pretty well. Free again,yes! my house always seems to become a mess, I just cleaned a day ago. It's been along time since i just sat down and wrote. I never seem to keep up with a journal I only write in them when I'm sad or depressed. What a shame i could learn so much about myself . my grandmother says you just have to force yourself to write a 2 pages a day. Speaking of my grandmother i need to write her she is such an amazing women. i feel guilty because i have gotten 3 letters from her and still have not written. ok,ok, don't talk about it just do it! Less talking more doing. That is so like me, I'm working on it but I love to talk about the things I need / want to do instead of just going for it. like working-out its silly . Ok I am just yapping about nothing and already my time is out. ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_790094.txt," As of this moment, I am thinking about my boyfriend and if he truly loves me like he says. I don't think it's possible for him to love me when he gets so angry, but oh well. I notice my textbooks which are collecting dust and have these bright stickers on them. I am also noticing a blinking at the bottom of my computer, which is an instant message from my boyfriend. I wonder what he has to say. I have this funny taste in my mouth after eating Taco Bell food. It isn't too pleasant. My refrigerator is making lots of noise. I think it's broken. Maybe I should get it fixed. No, I'm too lazy. I'm thinking about my boyfriend again. I think he'd make a good couple with his best friend, but I don't know why I am thinking that because I love him or atleast I think I do. How do I know when I'm in love? I ask myself this question everyday. I don't think I should be because if I was in love I would know. Love is very confusing. My boyfriend makes me really angry sometimes. I haven't had this bad of a temper ever. I think some of his temper rubbed off on me. The refrigerator is making so much noise still. I feel nauseous. I want to join a sorority, but I am not sure which one to join because I have heard bad things about the ones I am interested in. I also want to join a service one, but at the same time I want to join a social one. I think I'm just going to join this service one I heard about today and maybe join the social one next semester or next year. I miss Taco Bell. I used to work there with my best friend. I wish we were still good friends, but now she's weird. Sometimes I feel like she's only friends with me, so she can use me. She tends to do that. I'm worried about her though because she's madly in love, but I don't think the guy she's in love with loves her back. Well I know for a fact that he treats her bad, but then my boyfriend treats me bad. The refrigerator stopped making noise. Yay! I'm paranoid about me not being able to spell refrigerator properly. I'm confused about the directions. Are we supposed to write until the 20 minutes are over or when we finish? That is what I ask myself. I'm really sleepy. My eyes feel like they have big, black bags underneath them. I haven't gotten much sleep in a while. People keep staying in my dorm room and I can't kick them out because my roommate, my cousin, wants to chill with them. Sometimes I wish I could just tell people how I feel straight up but that never happens. I think it's because of my relationship with my ex-best friend. She used to get mad just because I told her the truth, so I feel like I'm scarred for life and can't ever speak my mind. Well this assignment was good. I got to speak my mind and release some stress. ",y,y,y,n,n

2002\_792236.txt," For labor day weekend I went home and visited my family. I had to go buy a printer today because my the one I have isn't working so my family came with me to help choose which one would be the best for me to have. They made me go to about five different stores so that I could buy the cheapest one, but the cheapest one was in the first store that we went into. I hate shopping and the fact that I had to go to five different stores to realize that the best one was in the first store made me so mad. I'm excited about coming to UT, but it's a culture shock with five hundered people in my class when I'm used to having about twenty-five. It's really exciting being here though. I miss my friends though. I get to e-mail them a lot, but it's not the same as getting to talk to them face to face. I really like the girls in my dorm though. They all seem to be really friendly and nice. I like my roomate too. I was worried that I wouldn't and would be one of those people trying to get information on how to deal with your roomate. I hear the television on in the living room at my grandparent's house. I wonder what they are watching? I need to figure out how to football tickets for the next UT home game. That would be a lot of fun to go to. I'm kind of stressed out with all this reading I have to for each class. I'm so used to getting worksheets from high school. It's so weird how high school and college are so different. Everybody says that, but you never believe them until you get there. I'm having hard time of thinking of things to write down. I'm getting tired from this. I think I'm going to watch a movie at the theater tonight. I love watching movies that you've never seen before; you never know what's going to happen. I missed my dogs since I've been away from them and that's only been a week. I'm so used to having animals around that it's weird to go to my dorm room and not hear a bark at some point. I have a minature doxen, a whippet, and a mut. I also have three cats, but I'm closer to my dogs. I need to go to Gregory gym and see what exercise classes I can take there. I also need to see if any one will go with me. I think my grandpa is starting to cook supper. It smells like hot dogs or burgers. I hope he doesn't put a lot of spices on whatever he's cooking. I hate it when he does that. I wonder where my grandma is? She should be back from town by now. Who knows. I need to e-mail my friends again before I forget. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_792967.txt," I am a little worried about this asignment because I don't type very fast, but I guess this is giving me good practice. I don't know if i should go run before dinner or take the excerisese class that is after dinner. I need to do something because I will get into the pattern of not working out,and then i will gain the freshman 15 like very one says you do. There is just so many other things that i need to be doing. But i know that i feel better if i work out. If i gain weight i will get depresed and i won't want to do anything. I can't believe Jason is so wraped up in working out. i am supposed to be the one worried about my figure. Ana has lost weigh too. How does she stay so motivated, and excited about runing. I would go take that class, but i have never done kick boxing, and i will problay look very stuiped. There are girls that just never shut up in this dorm. And some that always have the perfect hair and make up. That just seems so high school to me. I am excited about the chrisitan soriety. I hope i can find some girls that i like to hang around with. Surley their will be a couple that i will enjoy being around. I hope I enjoy the pledge retreat on Friday. I bet we will be up all night. That means that I will probably be sick again. Ana is coming down on Saterday, and I hope that Amy will come to. Amy has grown up so much in the last couple of months. I can't believe that she is being exposed to all of the Jenkins trama with Jims affairs. That is just a burden that she should not have to have. I know i think about it all the time and i did not have to listen to it as much as she did. It just amazes me how he could have done that. I wonder if he has some kind of mental problem. It would not surprise me, look at his dad. I just hope Graham is not like his dad. Surley Ana would know if he was. At least i hope she would know, for her sake. I think it is funny how Pam all the sudden likes to cook now. She is in her late fortys and is just now learning how to cook. Thats sad. I am glad that i grew up in a family who cooks, and eats dinner together at night. Or at least we did when we were little. Not all the time now that everyones off to college. It was so wird going home this weekend, it was almost like i had to get used to it again. It has felt so far away for the past three weeks. I don't want to go home too much. I want mom and dad to get the feeling that Im gone, and so then when i come home it is special. Jason made me mad this weedend, becuause he did not come and visit with my parents. I took time out of my schedule to come and visit his parents. His parents seemed weird this weekend also, i wonder what was up. Page seemed like she was jelouse that they were having to buy Jason some new cloths. That is so rediculous. She is a grown woman that can act like a small child some times. She can be very stingy. I can't believe that Jasons parents don't support him very much, i guess i am just used to having the best dad in the world ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_794270.txt," Well, apparently i'm supposed to just type for 20 minutes. Being that it is September 11, i suppose it would a good topic. Everywhere i look i see something about 9/11. Even the clock at UT is stopped at 7:46. All of the television stations are going on and on about many things dealing with 9/11. The first thing i did this morning was turn on the television, almost like i did so mechanically for a month after 9/11. Why? So i can see if we have been attacked or if we are now attacking someone else. It's almost a sense of deja vous or something. (i don't speak french). I really hate seeing all of these images of the towers though. I sometimes wonder what would have happened if the towers hadn't collapsed. Would everyone be okay less 500 people? I'm really ready to see us attack Iraq. Iraq is just a big problem. I've always carried myself with little opinion because why should I, ME, say whether we should take military action or not or whatever the case may be. I don't know much, all I know is what the news tells me. How can anyone say we shouldn't attack Iraq? If we do, I am confident that it was the right thing to do. People just need to accept that we are living a naive life when it comes to terrorism and if we knew what the people that make the calls do, we'd probably say the same thing. These new What if America wasn't America? commercials are really fascinating. I find them very effective. I mean, a man goes to the library, and wants to find some books, it doesn't even matter the topic, and he finds out the books have been abolished and then he gets arrested. I never really thought about that. I mean, I can go to the library, pick up a book on atomic bombs, check it out, and no one asks a word. It's just a liberty that we have that remains unquestioned. That's pretty cool. Actually, my favorite commercial related to 9/11 is the one where they show an building or an apartment area or condos or whatever they are, and they say: Terrorists goal is to change the way of life of America or something like that, and then it shows the next day US flags hung all over the building and says they succeeded. That is just a cool commercial. I remember when there used to be flags EVERYWHERE. Now you're lucky if you ever see them. I guess that's not natural to be so patriotic. I think we saw so many flags because we needed to be reminded that we all have something in common and we need to stick together. The news is starting to get on my nerves finally. What is really weird is me, probably like many other people, were wondering what today would be like. Would everyone stay inside and remain in their own personal prison? I even thought maybe they would cancel classes and more. What happens? Everyone just continues on with their life and just keeps 9/11 in their thoughts, but refuses to let it take them down. It seems we are too strong of a country to fall apart over something like that. For a while after 9/11 i was pretty scared. I wondered what was going to happen. I almost didn't even want to be in the country. But then, when thinking about what i'd be giving up, I realized that even if the US is under attack, it's still the best country in the world. Now they are doing the I am an American commercial. They are analyzing how the different people say it. Makes me wonder how i would say it if I were to be on TV. Would i say it proudly, or with anger in voice (toward the terrorists), sadly, or just normal. The different tones were amazing. I never looked that much in the to the commercial until now. Wow. I bet now most people would say it proudly, but what about a week after the attacks? Would you not say it with pride, yet more sorrow. There is just a huge amount of commercials on TV that deal with this situation. Although commercials are effective, I feel the commercials that are the most important would be the ones containing music. Music is so powerful. You know, when you're hearing that God Bless the USA or America the Beautiful or whatever you just have that proud feeling and it lifts your spirits. Similar to church I suppose. Whenever I'm at church I get that lift from the songs and just feel so moved. That's exactly how I feel when I hear those patriotic songs. Well, I suppose in many ways, God was able to turn such a terrible thing into such a powerful thing. The Sunday after 9/11 was the most populated church day ever at all the churches. I know I was at church. Everyone just needed to hear something good. I don't really worry about that stuff anymore. I figure it's like worrying i'm going to get the Red Nile Virus or whatever. I mean, they act like it's the terrible virus but it hasn't even killed 20 people. Heat kills more people than that. Let's go worry about heat now. No need to worry so much anymore, it is time to enjoy life. ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_795829.txt," I'm not sure about how to do this assignment. . if I'm doing this right or not. I guess I'm a little bit nervous about this. I hope that this isn't for a grade, but I guess it is because it's an assignment. Well, if it's for a grade, I guess that I can't really have a wrong answer because it's what I'm thinking, and this is what I'm thinking. I really like Rockwell Church. Charade is a really good song. I don't know if he's going to take off for um what's it called. grammar and whatnot. I hope not. I don't really know what to write. I hope my clicking of the keys isn't bothering ali. Wow. the song ended, and it's very quiet now. Good thing another one just started. Ooh Natalie Cole is awesome. I'm glad that there's the random functin on my mp3 player. I really love her voice. I wonder when Drew's going to call me. He said he would call me back a little later--after frisbee golf,and that was almost a couple of hours ago. Wow. it's only been 4 minutes. Twenty minutes is a long time to write. I hope it goes by fast. but then again, it's time,which is constant, so I hope that I can just write for 20 minutes. that's about 4 or 5 songs. I can do that. What if i have to go to the bathroom in the middle of this or I someone calls on the phone for me. what if drew calls for me in the middle of this. I hope he doesn't get mad if I don't answer the phone. This is probably one of my better assignments. It's very interesting. I wonder what Ali meant when she said, Oh, wow when I told her about this. hmm. frappucino. I think i'm a good speller. I wonder if that's just easy for me to spell or if I spelled it wrong. Anyway- Ali didn't know. I hope that doesn't change my stream of conciousness or something like that. people asking questions that is. I wonder if the genius writers wrote in stream of conciousness. I wonder if I could be a genius writer. probably not. hmmm don't know what to write. I don't really know this song. I'm glad my bed is near my chair so I can lean back in my chair and stick my legs on the bed. That's comfortable. I really like to sit cross-legged. wow. That's aweird thing to write. . but I bet that this isn't hte weirdest thing on the scale of weird stream of conciousness writings. I think I really like this assignment. Good one, Pennebaker! I wonder if people call him Pennebaker. Good ol Pennebaker. Unkie Pennebaker. haha. What a great name. Wow. sounds like I'm brown-nosing. ehh. . Oh well. . People can think what they want. I like the name. lalalalalala. . reminds me of Mrs. Blount. wow. She was a good teacher. I liked her a lot. She gave me good grades too. I'm so. so. I don't know. I think I maybe want to eat that tin roof ice cream in the freezer, but I'm not sure about that. Wow. my keyboard is really loud. I hope it's not bugging Ali. But it's ok. I think she's enthralled in her cutting out of magazines. That's the problem with random on the Mp3 player. It plays songs that I don't even really like, but maybe liked at one time, or it's a song that I don't like of a group I like. Always chooses the bad ones. I hope that people don't walk by the door and hear this music and think that I have bad taste in music. I'm sure that I know more than so many people on this floor who think they know stuff just cause they know artists who are really new but in reality have been out for years, who I've known about for so long. I wonder if i used the who correctly. Is it supposed to be whom? I wonder. I bet that the readers are having a hay day with this. what's that supposed to mean anyway? A hay-day? I actually don't really care about that. So. when's Drew going to call? I think I'm getting antsy because i have about 5 minutes left. and i think I can't think anymore. How would that be I wonder. If you couldn't think. I guess you would be doing nothing? It boggles my mind. and for that matter. you can't ever be doing nothing. Reminds me of that Phantom Tollboth book. . the kid was told to do nothing, so he just sat there. but by sitting there he was doing something. just not anything of great importance, i guess. Wow. that was a great book. I wonder if people realize it's greatness. I say wow a lot. Ali's excited because this song I'm listening to said Amarillo, and she's from little Borger. This is a nice song. The random function actually picked a good one. I wish I could do that little sound that people do with their mouths. the one that can call horses. . I can't do that. Ali just did it. Man. almost done. YAY!! I wonder if it's still stream of conciousness if you keep checking on the clock. . it seems like it'd be interrupting the stream by looking at it. I don't think that makes a lot of sense. but then again, I don't think that much I do makes a lot of sense. or say rather. I need to dry my hair. . and yes! I can do it in about. . 10 seconds. Yay! I'm free ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_796644.txt,"I need to learn better time management skills. I'm so glad that I can finally access all those crazy sites and forums in rhetoric. Oh wow! What's up with that teacher? I do feel sorry for her though. I know what's it like not to be able to do all that technical computer stuff. Afterall, I was only on the computer last night for four hours. And I can't believe I allowed myself to sleep for over an hour and a half this morning! But you know what? I figured out that I can get a lot of work done as long as I do it outside of my dorm room. I also figured out why people say silence is golden. (Though personally, I don't mind a little noise every now and then. ) Oh my gosh! I totally found a gift from God today! I was sitting in the study lounge in Jester only to stumble upon a study group for 408k. And it was definitely a blessing to finally get into Teranchi's class. I can't believe Theresa and my new friends are in there. Though the day has seemed slow, that was such a delight. Now I can email Theresa or maybe call up Katherine. (I talked to Katherine today infront of Jesta Pizza and she's taking 408k too. ) I got the phone numbers of two of the girls in the study group and both said they'd be more than welcome to help me with my 408k homework. The only thing I'm not quite sure if it's a plus or not would be the fact that Coco and Rubes are in this new class as well. I'm not sure if I'm at a stage where I could answer questions as I'm trying to learn them myself. And though it sounds kind of bad, I really need to get an 'A' in 408k. Maybe I can review it this weekend and then I might be able to help them next week. Oh wow, next week! I have tests coming out of nowhere! But today was refreshing considering the fact that I'm actually caught up on almost all of my classes. If I can do that in one day. time management here I come! It's pretty pathetic, the little that make you excited. Well once I'm done with this maybe I'll have a better feeling about the rest of my classes because that's one more assignment down. Oh yeah, uh huh! I kind of wish I was a speed reader. I wonder if I'd actually get to party a lot more. Dude, screw the parties me and Henna are going to build a fort. How cool is that? That's just too cool! Oh yeah, we're going to take the pillows from all our friends and were going to throw blankets over them and POW there's your fort. Oh and we're going to watch movies in it too! Oh yeah, people that hear about this one. jealous. ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_798304.txt," Twenty minutes seems like a really long time to do this assignment. I don't really feel like sitting here that long. I'm sleepy. I guess I shouldn't have waited until the last minute to do this assignment. If I would have finished it yesterday, (like I planned) instead of going to sleep, I wouldn't be sitting here now. Hopefully I won't fall asleep in class. Especially my history class- it's kind of boring. I didn't finish this week's reading either. The professor said we're not having a discussion, so I'm really not worried about it. I'm tired of typing. I know I'm just supposed to be typing my thoughts, but all that's on my mind is other things that I could be doing with my time right about now- like SLEEPING. I really want to go to back to sleep. I really don't have time to go back to sleep either because I have a class in less than an hour. I wonder if we're getting our accounting quizzes back today?? I don't think I did very well. It's completely my fault though because I only did half of the reading and half of the homework. I wonder how Julianne and Tiffany did? Tiffany's birthday is tomorrow. The other Tiffany invited me. I'm not sure what's going on exactly, but we're supposed to be doing something. Tiffany is a trip!! She's funny though. She lives in Jefferson Commons, but Mike and Porter don't really know her. I'm glad she came to choir rehearsal. She can sing. I don't think she needs to be in the alto section, but I don't think she's going to move either. Hopefully, she'll try out for a solo. I haven't heard her REALLY sing, but I don't think that Bless Me is too high for her. I'm so sleepy. I'm really excited about Innervisions though. I was glad to see so many new faces. I don't feel very well. I think I'm just tired. I should have gone to bed last night, instead of sitting up and talking all night. I didn't want to say anything because that's my friend, but his room smelled like old popcorn and feet. After I stopped and thought about it for a minute, I think that was pretty accurate. I'm only half/focused on this. I'm bored already. I'm looking up random people in the UT directory. Twenty minutes is a long time to just sit and type thoughts. My sister's birthday is tomorrow. I want to go home, but I really don't feel like driving. I talked to my mom yesterday, and she said that I didn't have to come. I want to go, I just don't want to drive. I may go home the weekend of my birthday. Initially, my parents planned to come to Austin, but I haven't heard anything about parents's weekend, so I don't know if that's still going to happen or not. Since it's 2 weeks away, I need UT to let me know something so that I can plan accordingly. I want to go home so that I can eat. I want some boudain, Court Buillion, and a fried turkey. Those things don't really go together (at all) but that's what I want. I want to go to Brady's Landing too!! That restaurant is the bomb. I would like to go on a Friday, but I don't think that's possible. I'll be teaching Pump da Word, so I won't be able to make it back to Houston before 11 or 12. Oh well, I guess I'll figure it out later. Yes!!! only 2 more minutes to go!!!! I'm not sure what to talk about for the remainder of the time. I'll just ramble for a while. Cedrick rambles sometimes. I love him, but he can talk and talk for long periods of time. I had lunch and dinner with him yesterday. It was cool. Cedrick is one of the good guys. He talks about his girlfriend all the time (I'm jealous). I wish I had somebody, but God is still in control. He'll give me my wife in His own perfect time. ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_798513.txt,"Does this writing assignment have to be in essay format? This whole electronic assignment is very new to me and I have no clue what i should do! I'm guessing this is kind of a journal type thing. As I'm typing, my fingers are shaking. The whole day has been very nerve wrecking because i feel so stupid in class! College is a completely different world and I honestly don't know how well i will do! Do i have to capitalize my I's ? I type much faster if I don't. so many things are going through my mind, like what should i write about? what should i wear to the party tonight? am i even going the party? i wonder if there will be any cute guys there. This 20 minute period is going by very slow. i keep making typing errors because i am trying to type fast, but my hands are shaking! my foot is numb! i am so paranoid! am i even doing this assignment right? im trying not to stop too much, but i keep making errors that i have to go back and fix. why am i shaking? my sister's wedding is on saturday, i wonder if its going to turn out right. she's been taking on all of the responsibilities such as flower arrangements, restaurant decorations, etc. i offered to help, but she declined. oh my goodness! its only been 7 minutes?! what else am i supposed to write? i remember doing something like this in AP Language. Mendrop made us go outside somewhere and type what we felt or things we observed in nature and relate somehow. i hope this is a similar assignment, if not then i am doing this completely WRONG! im very sleepy because i haven't gotten much sleep since school started, yesterday. i only got four hours of sleep on tuesday night and then seven hours last night. i'm pretty sure im not going to get much sleep over the weekend becasue its my sister's wedding and i have to help as much as possible. im only half way through with the assignment. i think im running out of thoughts. my classes really make me nervous. i felt so stupid in calculus today. i knew all of the questions he asked, but it took me twice as long as everyone else to answer! i don't think i made a very good impression on buskirk either. falling asleep on the first day of school and not following directions correctly the next doesn't actually give the professor a very good first impression. why can't i make friends with people? i don't think im very social unless people talk to me first. i'm getting very sleepy. my eyes are drooping as i type. will i get an incompletion grade for this assignment because i dotn kno if im doing this correctly. i am really taking this assignment seriously! my fingers and knees are shaking, but i think mostly because im so pooped. i miss home a little. i miss not having so many responsibilities like paying bills, college, etc. the professors i have are actually nicer than i expected, but then its also only the second day of school. i don't kno how much high school prepared me for college becasue i don't really know what to expect anymore. all of these online registrations to get your grades, do your homework, etc. is very confusing. i am trying to keep up in every class, but its so hard to becasue the class is so big. every day, i think, what am i supposed to do now? i try really hard to make good grades and all, but it doesn't feel like its enough. i think im actually a good student, but im a visual learner. im trying to think of what to say next, but nothing in particular is on my mind. i see things infront of me, but i have no thoughts about it. Britney spears is a great dancer, but she's got a wierd voice. i think the american idol should be kelly clarkson. she's a great singer. i wish i was that talented. i wish i was a genious who was pretty and talented, but instead im more of a moderately intelligent average looking girl who tries too hard. i feel like a loser. time is almost up. i didnt' realize how hard it was to keep track of my thoughts. i think its hard because when im thinking, its just a continuous flow, but when i have to actually pay attention to what im thinking, then i feel forced to think of something. its kind of like when someone asks you to sing. you can sing to yourself anytime, but when you are forced to sing, its like you don't know what to sing and you get nervous. i don't think i wrote much for twenty minutes. i did have to pause a couple of times though so i can remember everything i was thinking. it feels so much easier now, but i still don't kno if i got the assignment right. do you deduct points for punctuation, grammar, capitalization, etc. ? ",y,y,y,n,y

2002\_803852.txt,"Hmm. writing assignment in psychology class. And here I was thinking that this class would be fun and exciting and relaxing, EXCLUDING any sort of writing assignment like the history or english classes. Man I am making so many mistakes as I type, I couldn't possibly be nervous I know that for sure. Oh look, what do you know, only about 1 minute and 30 seconds have gone by; I really don't know if I can keep this up for another 18 minutes or so. I wonder if grammar actually counts, not like I would receive any points on it if I wrote it any slower with a timer right on top of me anyway. Hmm. think I will go back and read this message before I continue any longer. But, I guess that would kind of defy the purpose of writing in a stream of consciousness manner. Stream of consciousness, that term reminds me of my humanities class in 9th and 10th grade. It definitely reminds of James Joyce, the author of Ulysses who attempted to write an ENTIRE BOOK based on the method of stream of consciousness. Man that was quite painful to read, since he didn't use ANY SORT OF PUNCTUATIONS AT ALL. Maybe I'm not supposed to be using any punctuations either. I wonder if I'm destroying the purpose of this experiment. Writing this makes me wonder, can this REALLY be stream of consciousness? There had to have been some premeditation involved one point of another. I'm beginning to feel like my thoughts are premeditated as well. Heck, whatever gets me the credit and grades for this class. Dr. Pennebaker is one hilarious person, good at making fun of people. There is nothing better than public humiliation of individuals who like to stand out among his or her classmates. It is always a good laugh. Well, Friday's almost here, that means another week of my completely wasted college life has gone by. At least I get to go home for this weekend, I'm really sick of consuming the heinously disgusting American food at the Jester buffet or city limits. I'm actually going home for business training. Since I am an independent business owner, I should probably learn some management skills and as well as how to expand all the assets that I have. Speaking of assets, I just recently learned the importance of being able to distinguish between what exactly is an asset and a liability. Robert Kiyosaki is a very, very intelligent man. I guess why he's the multi-millioinaire and I'm not. Oh well, maybe I'll get to his place someday with the help of my friend. Weird, what was I thinking. I could've sworn I was talkin about goin back home for business training earlier. I guess this is what stream of consciousness is all about huh. Man, it seems like it's been forever, but only 10 minutes has gone by. Speaking of time, it reminds me of the different theories that people have developed over their life time. Some people thinks the time goes by faster if they stare at the clock. Personally, I think the clock goes by so much quicker if I'm not constantly staring at it all the time. I wonder how many spelling mistakes I've failed to correct in this writing assignment, oh well. Back to the business training, I hope the ninety dollars were well spent. I really hope that BWW has put together somethin good this year, something that all the BWW/QUIXTAR-Affiliated Independent Business Owner can benefit from. Man that was a pain to type, I probably should've just typed BWW/QUIXTAR IBO's for that matter. Anyways, most of my friends don't seem to believe in the business that I'm participating in, well actually, owning. I don't really get any respect from them at all, and sometimes I really wonder why that is. The only thing I'm waiting to do now is being able to handle my business correctly, expand it large enough so I'll have multi-million dollar returns. And then I think I'm going to come back and laugh at all of the people that has disparaged the activity I was involved in. Even better, the stupid electrical engineers that I call friends can work for me in the future. Just as Robert Kiyosaki says, an intelligent person hires people who are more intelligent than they are to work for them. I will be able to prove myself one day. Being able to beat them down is probably the only drive or motivation that exists in my life. Besides Daisy of course, she is the love of my life. Without her, I don't think I would've sanely passed through the toughest times of my life. I'm really hoping to get married to her one day, and make her the happiest woman on the face of this planet by providing her with everything that I possibly can. Looks like I better get rich quick. But, I doubt she's interested in me being rich, I truly believe that she's with me today because it was her choice. She's not the type of person that would regret any decisions she has made in the field of love and relationships, which is something I really respect. She always gives her all, always tries to put on a smile just for me even though she may be having the worst day of her life. I'm so lucky that I've found her, and I'm willing to treasure this relationship for the rest of my life. I cannot really express my love for her in words, nor in sentences, maybe not even an essay of this length. All I can pray for is that someday, she will be able to touch my heart with her hands and fully understands the kind of appreciation that resides within the innermost side of my heart. I thank God everyday for all the things He has bestowed upon me. Of course, besides eternal life, Daisy is the next greatest gift that I have ever received. Oh look, time's up, bye! ",y,n,n,y,y

2002\_804782.txt," I'm super tired but I don't think i'll be able to sleep. I have a lot of reading to do too but I'm afraid I'll fall asleep if I crack open a book. I'm really wanting some candy right now but I already ate a huge dinner and I don't really need anything else. If you eat 2 hours before you go to bed it makes you fat so I shouldn't eat anything now. ER's on and I hate that show it's super cheesey and unreal. Now Will and Grace is on and that's very funny. My younger brother just came out of the closet this summer so I watch it from a different view point now. He's only 17 and I'm wondering if he knows for sure that he's gay. I worry about him, I'm already super protective of him and this just makes me even paranoid about him because it's already such a crazy world out there and being in the gay community just makes it crazier. There are girls being loud outside my door, I don't really know anyone in my hall since this is my second year to live in the dorm I haven't really made any effort to meet anyone, neither has my roomate, we're justy very apathetic towards the whole dorm life now. I need to call my friends in a little bit and see what they're doing tonight anbd then decide if I should go out with them or not. I can read tomorrow during work, but that never seems to happen on Fridays. I also really need to work on my packet for spirits and figure out what project I'm going to do for it. I'm not sure if that's even really my thing. I was very involved all throughout highschool, but now I'm kindof worn out of all that stuff, and I would hate it if it turned out to be similar to a sorority because I hat ethat kind of stuff, it's so fake and i HAVeenough friends without having to pay for them. My roomate and best friend rushed this year but she didn't make it and I'm actually pretty relieved because it would have really changed her and I'd probably never have seen her anymore. ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_805223.txt, cold air quietness stress sad unreal computer pictures home stress family death uncle sadness vietnam feelings coldness alone isolation fear homework worry help not enough time catch up freedom working no homework looking for room to breath need help afraid to ask tired not enough sleep psychology subject intriguing need more time to do other homework need notes from other people tired weak wanting to go home don't want to stay here too long want to go back home miss the people back home friends family lost hard heat hear footsteps just a stranger wanting to go home chips smell like onions hungry but already ate about five minutes ago need time to study too many tests coming up need more time too tired want to go somewhere else but here feeling sick nauseous feel a major heading coming forth need time need time bored want to go somewhere else tired bored tired bored bored want to do something else ,y,n,y,n,n

2002\_809993.txt," I'm sitting here, listening to the hum of the air conditioner outside my window, on my balcony at University towers and I'm wondering the hell it has to be so damn loud. A better question would be why couldn't they attach it to another outside wall that isn't in the middle of my balcony. I've never felt so bittersweet about a single inanimate object in my life. On the one hand, I adore it because I'm from Chicago and am seriously freaked out by the hellish temperatures and hot wind here. If there was no air conditioning and I had to sit in the heat all day like the bums on the streets, which I've noticed an insane amount of, I'd flip out. Why are there so many bums here? I don't really know what to do when I pass them because I feel really really bad and want to help, but it's irrational and not possible for me to guive change to each one of them and then there are the questions like what will they do with the money and why aren't they getting off their asses and getting jobs in the first place. I just don't understand why they are so attached to Austin Texas. True, it's an amazing city, much of the reason I am here attending this school. It has music and culture and so many amazing oppurtunities and natural beatuy with two lakes with serene settings and beautiful stars right near by. It just has the worst heat I've ever experienced and I don't see why the bums won't save their change for a bus ticket and go 300 miles north so they don't sweat to death in the heat because they can't buy water and I'm sure that's not what they'd buy if they could buy anything and I really don't understand how their bodies are still living. Which brings me back to my air conditioner which is still humming. It completely ruins the balcony. There is no other place I'd rather sit and have a nice conversation on the phone with my girlfriend at night when it's cooler out or just hang out and smoke and talk with my buddies or some girl I'm trying to hit on than the balcony with an incredible view, but it is completely inhabitable because of this airconditioner and the pigeons and their crap all over it and I sometimes wonder how they fly so high up here because they always look fat and out of shape to me. I think pigeons remind me of chickens or something and that they shouldnt be able to fly. I can't really say why, but it is definitely weird to me that they can make it all the way up here. The Tv's on, we just got digital cable and it's pretty slick except for my dick head roomate is too big of a loser that he can't get any real girls and is forcing us to pay an extra 15 dollars a month for the playboy channel which is completely worthless because all they show is tits and it's soft core. True the girls are prettier, but is it really worth it? I think not. He's a bastard. All he does is sit on the first seat of the couch and flip through the channels all day only to pause on an infomercial and watch that for a half an hour. The kid doesn't move, he's a;ways there and he just sits there and eats food which he has purchased none of and say over and over again no matter what the conversation at hand is, no man, but it's cool, it's cool. The only time he's not sitting there bothering me when I bring a girl back late at night and making a fool out of himself and annoying the shit out of us is when he comes back drunk at 3 on a week night and decides he's going to study the one night that I decide to try and get some real sleep. There are 3 rooms in my apartment and he chooses the one with my bed in it, which I am currently occupying and sleeping in order to turn on the lights and sign on the internet and read a book. When I inquired why he was doing this and let him know that I actually was trying to sleep at the time his only respeonse was, No, it's cool man, it's cool, I won't keep you up. As if it's completely normal to sleep with blinding lights on. The time is up and though I wish I could go on, which I easily could, I'd like to say one last time that my roomate's retarded and so are the bums and thank you for listening, Gentle Creek OUT! ",n,y,y,y,y

2002\_810133.txt,"Well, it's been a long day. I'm really tired but I am not very excited about going to my last class, just because right after I get out I have to rush home, change clothes, and go to work. I can think of a million other things I would much rather be doing, ya know? But, hey, that's just life, right? It actually feels good to be working again. I always seem to get more accomplished in school, when I have a set routine. Last year, I was just a huge mess. All I did was party, never go to class, wake up and feel like crap all day. I'm only 20, but I feel like I'm already finished with my days where I don't remember anything or have a clue as to what's going on. It makes me laugh. Anyway, so it really annoys me in the library when people have their stupid cell phones on and they start ringing and then they answer it and just start chatting in a regular tone. Or on the bus! I don't care to hear everyone's conversations they have, but they talk like they want everyone to know what they're doing. I just thought about that because it just happened a few times in a row. But I'm not really anal about anything. I'm already thinking about what I want to do when I get off work tonight. It's the weekend, yea!! I hope Nick comes into town. I haven't talked to him in like almost 2 weeks. It's really weird. I can't even understand it myself. I'm crazy about this guy and I have been for about 6 months. He says that he thinks about me all the time too. It's just like some sort of connection I felt with him from the first time I sat down and talked to him. It's weird because we just hang out and are just like the same person. He's so funny too. But we never talk or tell each other how we feel unless we're just trashed and then we vaguely remember what we said. I'm usually not like that with guys as far as not being straight up, but right now I think it's just maybe not worth it to try to get involved because he lives in houston and I am obviously here. It's like, I know it's a mutual feeling, but I wouldn't want anything to ever mess up between us, I'd rather just wait until I know the time is right and then we can be together. Anyway enough about all that. I want to go home and hang out with my family. I love them so much. They're all just so cool. I would rather be with them than any of my friends I grew up with back home. My shoulders are so tight. It's from lugging around this heavy backpack all day. The first couple of weeks of school, I didn't even have a backpack so I hauled around this little pink Clinique plastic kind of hand bag with all my books. That was funny. I always had to laugh at myself, I'm laughing right now. I can just picture myself walking around campus. This cute guy just walked by. Well, I really just liked his hair. I love kind of long, messy hair with curls coming out of hats. They're so sexy. and dark eyes. I love dark eyes. They just seem to be so seductive. I have no problem whatsoever staring at anybody directly in the eyes. Sometimes I think I might even scare people. I feel like I can just see right through people. It's not because I think they're necessarily cute, or even that I want to talk to them. ",y,y,y,n,y

2002\_815739.txt,"I am thinking about calculus. I wish I could be working on Calculus instead of doing this assignment. I wonder if I am doing this assignment correctly. Do we need to write about what exactly we are thinking, or in question/sentence format. Well I made a decision at the very beginning to write it in sentence format because that is how I have been taught to write at school for so long. I am hungry. I should have made prepared something in the oven, so when I am done with this assignment I would be able to eat it. Now I have started so I must suffer the consequences and be hungry for twenty, or approximately 17 more minutes. I am thinking about what the purpose of this assigment is. I guess it is so you will think about what you are thinking. I want to type things in here as if I was talking to someone, but then again I quickly remember that I am supposed to be writing my stream of consciousness. How fast should I be typing. Should I think about it, then type it, or think about it as I am typing it, or is it a combination of both. Today, I have thought so much about thinking. A new concept entered my mind last night and it is pretty incredible. I can actually get a better grip on my thoughts and thus I am better able to control what I am thinking. This is good because the more control of yourself you have, the more control of every situation you are put in you can then have also. I think that sentence did not make much sense but I know that I know what I am talking about. I am still really hungry. I wonder how many minutes I have to go. Oh, its at the top of the screen, so far I have completed 8 minutes. What else is there to talk about? I don'e exactly know what Im thinking about right now. wait. ok. . I think I am thinking too hard. Well what would you like me to write about. what I think about really depends on what I am trying to think about. and thinking about thinking seems like it leaves my mind blank. But then again, it is not blank at all. I feel like today was a great day. Everyday that I am alive is a great day. I also think that I worry too much, but when I worry less I have time to think about the things that really matter. But what really matters? I am soooooooooo hungry. I only have 9 more minutes to go. This writing assignment has to be one of the easiest, requires alot less effort , than most writing assignments. But this assignment is different from all the rest in the fact that I am actually starting to see how this (thinking/ stream of consciousness) works. Once I master it, I feel like I will have accomplished one of the hardest challenges in the world. to find one's self. Ok. . now my stomach is growling. I will be so happy when today is over and I get to lay my head to rest. I am going to appreciate sleeping alot more now that I think about it. It really not only gives your body a break but it also gives your mind a break. Today I feel like my mind has been in overdrive. I have had at least three people tell me I am deep, and I met alot more people today. User's guide. this book sitting right in front of me. I guess I took a break in thinking, and that is what I saw. I am so tired. physically, mentally. I have not pushed myself as much as I did today, and somehow I know it will be for the better. I am so glad that my parent's pushed me to go to college. I think it is an absolutely great/priceless experience that everyone owe's to themselves. Knowledge is power, knowledge about one's self and knowledge about the world are two great tools when your digging through that thing called life. I love that college has brought to my attention some ideas that would have never crossed my mind prior. Well I just looked at the time again and I have approximately 30 more seconds. I ho ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_816194.txt," Right now I am just feeling really stressed out and angry. I have tons of homework to do and I don't know where to start, so I just started doing this. I'm also very mad because my girlfriend is being a real you know what, and she knows she is doing it and she just won't cut it out. Unfortunately, I live with her and I have to put up with this day in and day out. We also have a daughter together and at this time she is crying and crying and she won't let me concentrate at all. I just feel a lot of anger inside me, that is just waiting to come out. I'm ready to explode! Right now all I am hearing is my baby daughter crying and crying, and I am also listening to the Cowboys play the Texans. I'm trying to watch the game while I am doing this, but it is impossible. My mind keeps on going blank while I am doing this. I have no idea why, my mind is just going blank. I think that I may be going crazy at this time. At this time, I am also getting sick because of this weather. I got a stuffy nose and I cannot smell a thing. My throat is killing my also. It hurts and it's hard to eat anything. I wouldn't be sick if it wasn't for this weather. I'm thinking about a lot of different things right now. My mind keeps on going back to how I would be in a whole different situation if I was still in school and if I would not have gotten my girlfriend pregnaut. I love my daughter, but I don't think that I was quite ready to be a parent so early in my life. My girlfriend, well she just makes me mad all the time and she makes my life become more and more stressful. Sometimes I just want to leave her, but I can't see my life without her. I love her, but she just needs to change some of the things that she does. She also needs to learn how to cook! My eyes keep on moving and I keep on noticing this small little chair that we have that is decorated with clouds. The clouds are white and the background is a baby blue. I could stare at that chair forever because I love the color baby blue so much. Right now my girlfriend is washing dishes and all I can hear is myself typing and the water running. My baby finally stopped crying and she is falling asleep. I just noticed that the cowboys are losing to the texans which doesn't make me very happy either. I like the cowboys more than any other team, but unfortunately they don't have a very good quarterback. I wish that one day I could be the head coach of the cowboys. Maybe someday. My phone just rang and it was one of my friends from work. I didn't answer it because I am trying to write as much as I can before time runs out. Well the time is finally running out and I feel quite better writing down what I was doing and feeling. This is a easy assignment and I don't mind doing it. Well, thank god time is about up! 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_818242.txt," I FEEL REALLY TIRED NOW. I JUST COMPLETED MY PRE TESTING NOW,. THE TIME IS SO LATE NOW, I WONDER IF I WOULD BE ABLE TO STUDY MY PSYCHOLOGY BOOK TODAY. THERE IS NOBODY IN THE COMPUTER LAB TODAY. I THINK I AM DEVELOPING A HEADACHE. I HAVE SO MANY STUDYING TO DO THIS WEEKEND. I HAVE MY PHYSICS HOMEWORK TO DEAL WITH, MY CALCULUS 3 HOMEWORK TO WORK OUT, MY BIOCHEMISTRY HOMEWORK TO DO. GEES THAT SOUDS LIKE A WHOLE LOT TO DO. TODAY HAS BEING HELL FOR ME. TO START OFF, I LOST MY CREDIT CARD. I WISH I WAS AT HOME RIGHT NOW. I COULD WEAR I SMELL SOETHING BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS. I WONDER WHAT MY SISTERS ARE DOING NOW. I AM SURE THEY WANT ME HOME. BHUT I HAVE OTHER PRIORITIES TO TAKE CARE OF, LIKE STUDYING. I HAVE TO DO EXCELLENTLY WELL THIS SEMESTER, TO BRING UP MY GPA AVERAGE. SO FAR I THINK MY CALCULUS CLASS IS GOING ON FINE. My PHYSICS CLASS IS ALSO GOING ON FINE. I WONDER HOW MY LAB WOULD BE LIKE. I HOPE I DO VERY WELL IN THE CLASS. I JUST HAVE FAITH THAT THIS SEMESTER IS GOING TO BE GOOD. I KNOW IT IS. I AM GOING TO TRY AND DO MY BEST. I NEED A GIRL IN MY LIFE. HOW CAN I EVER GET A GIRL, WHEN I AM JUST TO PICKY. WHY NOSA WHY?I JUST CAN HELP THE WAY I FEEL. I MEAN IT IS ME, I CAN'T HELP IT. I AM LOOKING FOR THE PERFECT GIRL, NOT A SUPERFICIAL GIRL, NOT A FAKE GIRL, A REAL, BEAUTIFUL, INTELLIGENT AND FUNNY GIRL. SOMEBODY THAT WOULD MAKE ME LAUGH, SOMEBODY THAT COULD ACCEPT ME FOR WHO I AM. SOMEONE TO LOVE ME MORE THANANYTHING IN THE WORLD, SOMEONE THAT WOULD DIE FOR ME. SOMEONE THAT WOULD LIKE TO GROW OLD WITH ME AND STILL LOVE ME THEN. IF I COULD JUST FIND THAT SPECIAL PERSON, I WOULD BE THE HAPPIEST MAN OF ALL. IS IT TOO MUSH TO ASK FOR. I MEAN I AM A GOOG LOOKING GUY AND QUITE A NICE GUY TOO. WHAT MORE COULD A WOMAN NEED. I AM SWEET. SWEET AS AN APPLE PIE. I KNOW THERE IS SOMEONE OUT THERE FOR ME. MY SOUL IS SEARCHING TO FIND YOU. I JUST HOPE HER SOUL IS SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME. WELL BACK TO REALITY. STUDYING. I GOT TO GO STUDY. I FEEL HUNGRY AND SLEEPY. ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_818682.txt," my roommate is gone once again. to class i believe. he's a strange sucker it really befuddles me how he denies having whey protein and instantly changes the subject. i wish my hands weren't so swollen it might make this easier. speaking of psycology the professors lecture today was interesting to say the least, especially finding out that scientists sit around shocking rats to make the ejaculate and pass out, very strange. also strange is how someone whom i thought was one of my most hated enemies or deemed me as such is sitting next to me in that class . and how the girl that sat next to me comes off as much more a city person than she really is. my floor is really strange, they all just sneak around, the first week i only saw one other person that lived up here other than my roommate who is strange himself as previously noted, i feel compelled to change my major to pys so i can deconstruct him and make him paranoid of the world, mostly cause of the whey protein incident. grrr and he plays video games non fucking stop it's driving me insane, and he's s junior. i t hought he was s freshman the way his mother was helping move him in and such, my folks didn't even help me pack back at home, they said see ya next weekend we're coming down for the game' i do'nt want to do my economics homework, so i'm doing this instead as a more viable excuse than just sitting in front of the computer chatting and checking the weather. leastwise i'm getting something done cause i won't be here thursday or friday on account of me going to a horse show in springfield ill. where i'll be competing for 2 national championships and as i think in contention for both, so it could potentially be a very good weekend. i'm also excited about seeing some girl friends i haven't seen in a yr and i'm hoping they are equally excited, but we'll see. and i hope our trainer doesn't mess the horse up before i show considering i'll have zero practice because i show right after i fly in speaking of flying i hope that planes will be in the air and a similar thing to last year won't happen. we had to drive 16 hours as opposed to flying since all flights were cancelled for an indetermined amount of time. and the show's bad timing of starting on the 12th. and of course it's the same this yr too i hate it when my brother's girlfriend tries to talk to me and i hate it when people ask what i'm doing, if i'm on the computer i'm on the computer i'm not doing anything elsewise i'd be out doing it. man coke is good, the beverage of course. so much better than pepsi and r. c. and that ripp of stuff you get at supermarkets that have stupid names. i hate pigeons they really bother me the seem so unclean especially when you are swimmin in the pool and they are drinking and bathing in the other side i hate that and those grackels they just look dirty and so annoying but the squirrels are cool i've been tempted many a time to just grab one but i think that wouldn't be wise especially since i don't plan on visiting the health center any time soon, so i refrain, but it would be cool especially to see all the out-there animal rights and weirdos faces, those people drive me insane and all the christian rhetoric don't they have something better to do than harrass me when i'm walking early in the morning or if i'm carrying something the bastards set it on top, ggrrrrrr, very aggrivating, and the newspaper what up with that if we want one we'll grab it ourselves, they'd probably get rid of more that way because the second you call out to someone they instantly take a defensive posture even if it is free. it's this damn culture of telemarketers and wackos, you're constantly berrated to buy something or not buy something on grounds that somebody else or something else will benefit, without regard to the purchaser, but one day i hope to exploit that just like the other guy because with the right mind set and marketing ploy people will buy anything you tell them to and that my friend has been proved over and over again. . ",n,n,n,n,y

2002\_819430.txt," i don't know what to write. I think that the music next door is a little loud, and it always is at least when I'm trying to study. when you are trying to concentrate it always seems as noises are amplified, such as my roommate, studing, every turn of a page is very loud. She is studying biology, which is unusual because usually she complains about having to study, and now she is actually studying. I'm suprised she hasn't yet complained that my typing is bothering her. I hope it's not, but does it really matter. Anyways, I hope this is what I'm supposed to be writing about, and I really hope that grammer and punctuation are not observed too closely. I think it's time for dinner, well really I don't have a choice if I want to eat on campus, since everything closes at 7. It reminds me of my job at a retirement community, where everything closes very early. I wonder how my grades will be at the end of this semester. hopefully good, it's kind of difficult though because UT is so much different than my high school. I mean this class has 500 people tha's more than my entire high school, probably close to twice as big. But, it was my choice to come here and now I must adjust to my new life style. Being in a big city is so much different from a small town, the smell, the people, everything. Rather than the pleasent smell of trees, or the occasional smell of a BarBQ, there is a strong smell of trash and the numerous buses. But, again it is all okay, and with time everything will seem normal. Is that necessarily a good thing, I wonder. What am I going to do after college, no one can tell me what to do with my life, so I have to decide. But should we be forced to decide so soon, i mean we just graduated from high school. there are so many choices and paths to choose, and what if we choose the wrong one, will we be able to turn around and go back. I picked up a package today, my mom sent me some URHA gifts. It's a good thing I actually checked the mail. At home I used to check it everyday, but here I never remember. I miss home, my dogs and my family, but mainly being familiar with everything and everybody. It's difficult to meet people, well at least for me it is. I can't just start talking to someone I don't know, but how will i ever meet anyone that way. the streets are noisy, i think its all the college, probably male, students driving by, engines roaring and music blasting, it's okay if they do that, but i'm trying to think about what I should type. This assignment should be equiped with spell check, that way you would never have to use the backspace button, or key whatever it is called. I really don't know anything about computers, which is kind of sad because my mom works for a computer company. Maybe that's the reason, why do i need to know when i could ask her and she could tell me. I reallt don't know what else to say I'm thinking that I'm glad that time is almost up because there are not any other things to talk about. These desk chairs are quiet uncomfortable, another reason I'm glad time is almost up. I sure have watched the time closely haven't I. ",n,y,y,y,n

2002\_819526.txt," Today is the anniversary of the attack on the twin towers. i havent been thinking about this all day, images or feelings appear or become evident now and then. I sometimes feel very emotional to the point where my eyes my moisten up, and sometimes I feel a bit angry or nervous, thinking about what the world is coming to. We aren't safe anymore, at least the way we were before the 11th. I mean the nice safe world I lived in two years ago was a comfortable one. I didn't doubt the future of humanity, our country, or our safety. Now, I occasionally do doubt. And most of all, thinking about the 11th and how there seems to be evident hate, extreme hate, towards America, I am angry at the world, at people, I don't know who in particular just angry, that this the world my sister, who is 5 will grow up in. She is a very close part of me, I feel very close and love her very much. She's my little sis. And to think that she now has to deal with these new realities of the world and people and her country some day, is sad to me. I mean on ond hand I am thinking come on, nothing drastic is going to happen, you live in Texas far from the events, far from danger, she will be fine, I will be fine. And then I get this sense of coumminty and how we are all in this together and how I am American and she is American and we are hated by people who have the power to kill many people, to infiltrate our country and live among us without recognition. this is bad. Alyssa is her name, and she is so adorable, smart, funny, I would be devistated if anything happened to her, I would feel terrible if she felt scared or hopeless about the new world once she realizes what has happened. I feel that it's partially my responsibility to be there for her and educate her of the events and of the new ideologies that Americans have adopted. I am responsible to help her through these events these new realities as much as I can because I do not want her to fear life. I want so much the perfect, safe, comfortable world I grew up in to be the world she will grow up in, but I face the facts and realize that it most likely will not be. I find myself still in this private world of disbelief or like I am alternating bewteen a world where I realize the new threats involved with Iraq and the possibility of war. Just recently, I started paying close attention to the news coverage of Saddam Hessein and his disregard to UN weapons inspections and how he is a tangible threat to our security. Realizing this, going to war is more of a possibility in my mind. I relize the seriousness of the Iraq conflict, the seriousness of the 11th events, terrorists and all that now more than ever. Maybe because I am older or am paying closer attention to the news, reading more articles in newspapers. Nevertheless, I am bothered by this whole change in our world. I have a lot of homework to do, a girlfriend, tuition and bills to pay, a career to study for, I have plans of becoming a doctor one day and I have just recently realized how much work that is going to be. I never anticipated this much stress or responsibilities in college. I am 20, should this much stuff be present in my life? You know, I heard Amazing Grace today played at one of the memorial ceremonies on TV tonight and was emotionally moved. That song always does that to me. It can played on the trumpet, piano, organ, or bagpipes-it doenst matter, it always gets to me. I wonder what it is about that song that moves me so much. That was the first song I ever played on the piano and trumpet if I am remembering correctly. I miss my parents, mostly my little sister. I am going back this weekend, but I am starting to contemplate whether or not that is a good idea because I have mcuh homework to finish. I guess thats another struggles I am dealing with in my life currently. I started thinking about how much I love my grandparents. They live right up a little path from our house in San Antonio and I realized that they will not be on this earth for too much longer. I would see them all the time growing up and even through high school. Now I rarely ever see them because I am in college. I will, hopefully, have years and years after their deaths to study or do whatever, is it wise and the best thing for me to miss out on the time I have now to spend with them? Is spending time in college worth the sacrifice I am making. Why can't I spend as much time with them as possible now when we are here on earth together before they pass on. ",n,n,n,y,n

2002\_822358.txt," I'M REALLY FULL RIGHT NOW BECAUSE I ATE A LOT OF FOOD TONIGHT. I AS GOING TO GO OUT TO DINNER WITH OTHER FRIENDS, BUT JUST DECIDED NOT TO GO. TE REASON IS THAT IDID'T WANT TO BOTHER THEM. They are all guys, and I didn't want to be the only girl. Anyway, I found out later that there were some other girls coming, but I just eating at that time already. A guy I like went there, too. I was going to go there because of him, but just didn't want to make it obvious taht I wanted to be with him. I am worried that he may not like me, but I'm pretty positive that he at least is interested in me. I was very worried in the biginning, though, because I wanted everything to happen so fast. All my friends advised me not to be that way since the most stable relationship is usually formed after a long time of being together. I guess I'm too impatient and too negative. I envy a lot of people who are positiv and self-confident. They are very proud of who they atr and not afraid of doing anything they want to do. I want to be that way. Sometimes I'm just too scary to start doing anything. However, what is really strange is that I am self-confident. I am usually a leader among my classmates and always think I will do good at most of things. I think I'm not confident of love. Especially, whenever I have somebody I like, I never consider myself worthy for him. Usually, I will think he won't think I'm pretty and so on. All these negative images are pictured in my brain. I do that because I don't want to be so positive, What if I think of all these good things, and they never happen? What if something bad happens? What if he says he doesn't like me? It's much better to think of worse and let good things happen. However, sad thoughts make me really depressed often. I become so biased that I won't see what really is going on. I'd like to be so wise. I don't want to be biased or anything. I guess in order to be wise, I need to read as many books as I can. Also, I think I need more experience. Experience makes one mature and smart. When I was young, I didn't understand why people call the old the wise. However, as I grow, I realized so many things that I now started to understand. The longer I live, the more I see, hear, and think. I am so grateful that I'm still alive and anxious to learn more about the world. There are so many things I don't know, and that fact just makes me go on. I love learning, and sometimes, I get frustrated becuase I feel like there's not enough time for me to know all these things. It's just wonderful to see the world and all there different things within. Different cultures, people, languages,and all these other things are very fascinating. I wonder how and when I will be able to experience everything! It is my dream to travel aroungd the world. I would love to travel and learn many things. I wonder I will be able to get a job and still traveil while working. I hope that can happen. Maybe, I can travel during vacations, but that sounds not enought for me. I will like to travel several times a year. I really think ther's not enough time to see and learn. This is why I try to do more things everyday, but now I'm getting too lazy. College life is exciting, but also make ",n,y,y,y,y

2002\_822367.txt,"I needed to do something other than re-write re-writing a paper for my freshman seminar. Yes, although the new IMac was the #1 computer for college students, it has already failed me twice. I wrote the first copy of my paper yesterday, this morning I dragged myself in after a long Saturday night to continue where I left off. The screen was frozen, and my half-way written paper was beyond the reachable distance between me and my computer screen. My words are lost in the motherboard of this machine. And then it happened again. I rewrote the paper, without a harsh-word. In fact, my second copy was much more to my liking. It made more sense and fit together. And then I wondered how long my paper was. I have this tendancy to write in extra small font and single spacing so I'll surprize myself at how much I've written when i allow myself the viewing pleasure. When I hit the paragraph button, the application unexpectedly quit. This time I allowed myself a splur of profanity and allowed myself to make a few phone calls, since I'd had such bad luck I might as well run the long-distance up as well. But since no one wanted to talk to me, I turned back to the Imac. Not for my damn paper on the film Matewan again. No, not yet. But for my psych paper. With my luck this paper will also get lost in the matrix of the unknown. Those unimaginable invisble power lines, where my thoughts, words, and fonts flow to any other computer connected to this wired (and now wireless) world. Now I'm all caught up in these thoughts about the deep unknown. I've confused myself, my study of psychology and science isn't deep enough for thoughts that sometimes cross my mind. I should stick to the petty crush I have on my RA and practicing for my dance tryout tonight. While psychology is something that really does interest me, I'm not sure why. It's classified as a science. The science of the mind, I've done my readings. But I hate science. I hate math. In fact they're my worst nightmare. Numbers and equations jumble up in my head and I don't really care about the anatomy of ants or why the sun is so bright. It just is. I can settle for that. Asking something any deeper is frightening. No, it's not my thing. My thing? That would be visual performance and art. Specifically, design. The word excites me. Creation and design could be seen as similar. One could be a science and one and art, or one in the same. But the science aspect doesn't thrill me. It's the art. The color and the comfort. I love to watch, to look, and to experience. Not to calculate. Maybe it's shallow-that I won't to the shit work. But what's shit work to me is a dream come true to another. My time runs out and my mind races too fast to type my thoughts. If my writing is as confusing as it's made me feel, I blame it on the techno music that my roommate is blaring. Maybe the IMac doesn't like the music. ",y,n,n,y,y

2002\_830128.txt,"I simply don't know where to start. Having a timer count down how long i have to type is kind of stressful for me. I feel like I have to rush to write enough for twenty minutes. But then, how would the teacher know if I really did type the whole twenty minutes? What if I was a naturally slow typer? However, I am a good typer, so I will have plenty of stuff to write. I just got back from my chemistry class, and we learned nothing new. I am surprised at how well I seem to be understanding everything in that class, considering the fact that my high school chemistry teacher was a nutcase. I am like my current chemistry teacher because she teaches things in a nice, normal way, unlike my previous teacher. I learned about the basics more today, like density and specific gravity and all the other good chemistry stuff. On the way back home, however, I learned that my flip flops were not the best type of shoes to walk a long time in because they gave me blisters on the tops of my feet. The plastic that goes into the foamy part of the shoe made a sharp angle and kept rubbing into my skin until it was raw. I am now in pain because I was not very careful when choosing the type of shoe to wear to class. Today was the first day since I arrived in Austin that I have worn shorts. I finally gave in and accepted the fact that it's just too hot here to keep wearing jeans all the time. I felt like I was being a slob because I wore a big t shirt and cotton shorts. I felt like I should be going to the gym instead of chemistry. When I got back home, I saw some people sunbathing in the pool. I wonder why anyone would want to sunbathe now when it is already so hot and sunny all the other days of the week. How odd. I'm relieved that it is Friday--the end of the week. I can now relax and enjoy myself with my friends. Today was also a good day because I finally got internet service, which is why I chose to do my assignment today. I find myself not capitalizing any of my letters that should be capitalized because on AOL instant messenger, I don't need to punctuate or capitalize very well or accurately. My sister just got a call from a friend, and I am wondering who is calling. I really want to know but I can't ask her because she is still talking. From hearing her talk, I think the caller is one of our friends who is in her philosophy class. I am feeling a little hungry right now becuase I ate lunch at noon, and it's been a while since I fed myself. I had a few cheese nips before I started, but I regret leaving them in the kitchen because now I can't eat as I type. Oh well, that's ok because if I did eat while I did this assignment, the keyboard would get all oily and I would not be very pleased with myself. I guess I should eat after finishing this assignment. I see that still have seven minutes to go, so what am I thinking right now? I still feel the pain in my foot from my stupid shoes. I am also excited because I get to hang out with my friends this evening. I might see a movie. Speaking of movies, I am planning on seeing the Robin Williams movie One Hour Photo next week with my friends. I am excited because Robing Williams is a good actor, and I enjoy most of his movies. I am kind of apprehensive because it is supposed to be a thriller or scary movie. I hear my printer printing my sister's assignment, and I'm getting annoyed at it because it's so loud. I am wondering why I bought this printer, knowing that it was loud. In the Consumer Reports, it said that the printer was good, but loud, but I bought it anyway because it was cheaper than the one that I was looking at. Maybe I shouldn't have gone the cheap way. Oh well, it's a little late now. What should I eat for dinner? I want to eat out, instead of cooking for myself because I am lazy and I don't want to make something. I want someone else to do the dirty work and me to enjoy the results. I can't wait until dinnertime, but I can't eat anymore because I have eaten too much already. I am kind of tired today because I had to wake up early to wait for the cable guy. I think I will take a break after this assignment and sleep a little. That would be nice because then I will be refreshed this evening. Yesterday, I couldn't sleep, but I don't know why that was. It might have been the outside noise from people coming and going from the parties around here. I hate the inconsiderate people who don't think about how their noise affects others. ",n,n,n,y,n

2002\_830131.txt,"I am at work right now. I guess I'm a little hesitant about writing this stream of consciousness, because we never do this in school. We're always asked to write on a specific topic or something of that sort, and to write what we think is such a broad topic. I'm sick, and I don't think its because of those freshman jitters you were talking about. I was completely confident in going to school. Nonetheless, I got sick. . my parents say its because I don't have enough sleep or because the dorms have diseases. I don't live in the dorm, though, which is both a plus and a bad thing. I like living off campus, because it feels more homey and seems like there's a place to get away from school. Then again, a lot of my friends live on campus so I don't necessarily get to hang out with them a lot. Its ok though, because they always try to include me. Yesterday, I studied at PCL until midnight and my friend was so worried about me walking home alone that she made these two guys walk home with us. I have bad congestion and my mind seems like its under a lot of pressure, so if I don't make sense, that is probably why. I'm listening to music which seems kind of girly and I feel that the guy I work with might think it is too, but he hasn't said anything. No matter what I do, I like to have music on. when I sleep, when I study. Its a habit, I guess. The main thing I have on my mind is successively passing my classes. I have no doubt that I will pass. . but passing with A's is another thing. I am one of those girls who went through all 12 years of basic schooling with all A's, and have never had a problem with being behind in class or even worrying about getting a B. It might seem like the work of a perfectionist, but I wasn't always the most studious. I'm quite the procrastinator. Ever since I started college, however, it seems like I've had quite an interest in my classes and studying. Of course, there's the occasional partying, but it seems like college is an experience to do what you want to do. I like to study and learn and feel as if I've accomplished something on my own will. Its like reading. When I was little, I used to read a lot! As school started, they always made us read books, so I lost interest in the joy of reading willingly. This past summer, I read Uncle Tom's Cabin and it was wonderful. It was probably the first book I read on my own for awhile. When there's studying to do, and organizations to participate in, there's no time for leisure time like reading or watching TV. That is one thing I'm proud of since I've gotten here. I haven't watched much TV. I wish I was more of a news-person, but the news just doesn't catch my interest all that much. Its like everyday there's another child missing or a new statistic that everyone is obese. I guess shows like Dateline or 20/20 that show the in-depth look at stories are more my style. We were told a story in Mythology about how people used to have four legs and four arms and two heads, and it was like they were connected by their backs. Well, these 'people' became overly arrogant and so the gods decided to split the two in half so there would be more of them and they would be more efficient, and they wouldn't gloat so much. Then they scattered the halves all around the world, and that is why we go around searching for our other half. I like this story so much because I'm a romantic. Hopeless romantic is more the term I would use to describe myself. Even though I've been wonderfully single for 18 years. . there's this hope that there will be a special someone I will have sparks with and this higher connection to. I don't know if I've watched too many movies or have too many daydreams, but I guess I'm like most girls searching for their prince charming. Sometimes I look into the atrological signs, of which I am a Virgo. It usually always says that Virgos get bored quickly. I think that in a way, I am that way. Its horrible to say, but I think I'll tire of someone quickly if they don't keep my interest. Of course, I like to keep everyone as friends, but romantically speaking, there has to be something different about a person. There's a song by Ashanti that goes, 'I want to be like those girls in the movies, have a guy fall hopelessly in love with me. ' Now, that seems kind of selfish, but to know that a guy really cares about you and would sacrifice many things for you is a really different characteristic. Guys nowadays are so un-chivalrous. I feel like a little boy-crazy girl right now, but my friend had mentioned that I should talk about this in my writing and I guess it kind of stuck. Fortunately, I'm completely content with my life and I feel that I have a lot going for me. I am not at all ashamed of being single, but there's always those people who ask why there's no guy in my life. What do I say to them? I love being single. There's those girls who go blind by love, and I hope to never lose myself in the process of loving someone else. Its crazy. ",n,n,y,n,n

2002\_830353.txt," Ok so im sitting right now in my dorm room writing my first ever college assignment. College is not at all what I expected. Its pretty much highschool except you don't have to attend your class and theres no curfue. My dorm has been asssigned (some might call it imprisoned) in Jester. Its quite a new experience. I awoke last night at exactly 3:43am to find my neighbor blasting rap music. Now I am not one for rap music and especially not at night. Not knowing what to do I layed there in misery and ignored the 100 decibal speaker system which I was dreaming about smashing. Now that I think about it next time this happens i'm marching right over and banging his door down. College is such extreme independance in my life that at times I cannot handle it. Back in highschool I had a midnight curfew, now I can come in at 4 am and no one can say anything. I can eat cookies and chips and never eat actual food and theres no one to stop me . But this is not the reason I came to college. I was not escaping my parents, I came to UT because my views and beliefs are shunned and immoral according to my smal texas Baptist town. I remember recieving an F on an English paper in which we were told to write about our feelings and my feelings were inapprpriate. How can someones beliefs be inapropriate? UT is the most liberal college in Texas and even though I can barely afford it to me being exposed to different views and being able to share my views on life without being blacklisted are worth every student loan I have to take out. Now I do not know what I am not allowed to type in a college paper. Am I allowed to tell you that I am an aethiest? Am I allowed to tell you that I loathe culture. Well whether I am or not I do not care anymore. I cannot stay trapped inside and never know if others share my views. Its a horrible feeling to not be able to speak out. Its the worst kind of hell anyone can go through. I cannot express even to myself how much i find people who have religous beliefs stupid and ignorant. Religion is a sorce of comfort for the idiot and a powerful tool for a leader. Anyone with the slightest bit of common sense can see that the three main religions in the world , Christianity , Judaisim, and Islam are almost identical and yet they all are an excuse for war and money. Religion is bullshit, its all a story made up my a power hungry man who proclaimed himself the son of god to gain a following. If others are allowed to express their love for God then it is not wrong for me to express my hatred of him. I look forward to this class and intend to make the most of understanding the stupidity of some human pysche. Even though im an engineering major I find this subject interesting and intend on embedding what i learn in this coure in my mind for the rest of my life. ",y,y,y,n,y

2002\_833127.txt," I am sitting at my desk and the printer just finished printing the page of the Austin city limits schedule and I am looking forward to going and Galactic tickets aren't on saLE EVENTHOUGH THE AD SYS THEY ARE AND i DO HAVE LOTS OF HOMEWORK TONIGHT SO MAYBE i SHOULDN'T GO TO SEE bOB SCHNEIDER AT WHERE IS IT AT OH YEAH aNTONES BUT THERE ARE SOME PRETTY GIRLS GOIN G DAN IS SUCH QA WEIRD GUYBUT HE IS VERY GIVING AND HE WANTS TO GO TO lIVE WHICH IOS FUNNY OW MY ARM IS STARTING TO TIRE SI WILL TYPE A SECOND slower oh shit I accidentally hit the caps lock button i hope that is ok luckilky he is just spot checking, my feet are vbecoming warm and starting to prspire so i think i will take off my sandals. when is my mom going to call me back i need that info, she is always so slow if my cell phone rings i will know becausze my speakers start sending feedback, it is weird i hope punctuattion is important uhhh. my coffee is starting to get water down so i am going to drink it and come to think of it i amthirsty so it works out good. that was good i feel like lighting a candle. I lit three and it smells good someone is calling me it is m y friend sean and he is curios what I am talking about so I am trying to explain but he douesn't understand and he wants to know what im doing tonight i told him I don't know then he asked about the football game and whether I had awristband an told him no and he said he had numberf 80 and so i am going to give him my ID instead of my friend John who has83. I thanked him and he then brought up getting 6 ID's of people who arnet going and selling the tix on E-bay but whatever i told him that i call him later and like i said before when he called my speakers went crazy. My roomate is tryting out for the UT lacrosse team and I saw my friend Dookie Dan today and I hadn't seen him in a while my friend Tyler might make the UT football teAm as kicker thats crazy what to do tonight i have homework but i wqnt to go out what to do. Man am i good at getting beer int this place or what i am thirsty time to sip again. . shit i need to call alex and get them psychology lecture and notes from alex and i should call everyone else early before the concert so they can hear too. I meant to go to class and damnit i shoud have the house phone just rang it doesnt ring very often someone cell is ringing in the living room ha my place is so big and i am in room 420 thAt is funny anyways i don't think anyone knows i am here and it is probably better that way in any case the woman on the phone ws for some survey and i told her i was busy so she wanted to call back so i said fine why am i so nice on the phone #%$^ anyway i still have french to do and i need to do that extra credit as soon asa this is over i am getting out my things to do list and i am going to destroy the list not destroy destroy buit do everythiing that must be done then move on to the less vital things iww my right arm hurts maybe if i move and sit this way it will work better no now myleft shoulder hurts and it is bad for my back almost done and I am thirsty am I dehydrated no i have been drinking alot of H20 ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_833487.txt," i can't seem to picture anything but just seem to think of silence and the color white. It also seems to help me think of me sort of like a simple person and how my mind is thinking of my personallity and the color white as if i am a boring person. Then i think that it is not the color that best represents me because i really believe i am outgoing and that the color white is dull and really not me. I seem to be distracted by the air condition in my apartment as if everything i am thinking is interupted my the noise of the air. Blue pops into my head sort of associating the air with the color blue but now it seems as if that is impossible because you can't see air then why would i associate it with the color blue, maybe because it is the color that artists have used in the past to associate wind with. Now i have a song by Puff Daddy in my head and all i know is that i repeat inside my head the same verse as long as we're here we might as well shine together i wonder if they are actually his words because before he has been accused of copying words from other artists. Yet it is surprising that i am writing so much and not complaining, maybe because everything is just poping into my head this is different i usually don't think of anything. now i am thinking i don't pay enough attention to myself enough as if i ignore what my minds says. If once i could actually stop and think what my mind says like i am doing right now maybe i would be a better person and i wouldn't be in the position i am put in all the time and maybe just maybe i would'nt be in trouble all the time. now that i say trouble i think of my girlfriend and start to wonder what she is doing and maybe what she is thinkning. isn't it weird how we rather see what otherpeople are thinking rather than seeing what you yourself is thinking. i just thought that was weird but true. now i wonder what all this means all these mixed thoughts without no real sense in them. how can a test be made to tell me what or how i think that's weird. but then again that is the 21 century for you staring right at your face. Were there tests that could tell you how you thought 100 years from now or is this just something recent. that last sentence seems stupid like if i were asking the air and waiting for a response. it is raining outside and it is the first time i see rain in Austin because i am not from around here it is amazing how the sound of the rain makes me want to sleep but now after so long i found out that rain or the weather does not affect a persons mood. thats weird if there were anything that i was certain in psychology was that it did affect your mood or the way a person felt. just now i wonderd why do they say that if there is an eclipse it is bad for a preganant women. Just out of now where i thought that. Is it bad? wait a minute who am i asking thats weird how i still want to know something and rather than asking someone who might know something about the subject i rather ask myself to see i really can not come up with an answer. I wonder where my parents are if they are at work or if they are at home and if it is raining there too like it is here or my brothers where are they who knows we hardly see eachother anyways so it is as if i were home ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_833527.txt," Hello. I'm not quite sure what to think about this. I love to write, but I write in such a way that I can always go back and correct it. it's almost like I find myself having to check everything I do a million times because I never like it the first time. So to sit here and write for 20 minutes, knowing that it has to be continuously. . that's almost too much. And another thing. I don't really like not having a topic. I find it's not kind organized, and I'm not sure where to take the topic. Maybe I'm afraid of what I'll say the first time around, which could be interpretted to me that I'm afraid of my true feelings, but I think when I type that, everyone will think I'm only saying that because this is psychology. That's not true. I supress everything. Everything. I don't think anyone knows the real me, because I've never really let anyone in. I would love to, however. if I ever felt like they truly wanted to be let in, but as it stands, none of it matters. Man, I am sounding like a real nut. This is not cool. I am crazy, I think. And now, my mind is thinking about the cowboys game I was watching before this. It was in the 4th and it was going nothing but downhill for 'em. I like the Cowboys a lot, and I hope they win, but school is important, and besides, I couldn't watch them lose like that anymore. Boo to football. Boo to losing. It all sucks. And now, with that wonderful segway, I guess I could talk about other things. things not so trivial. Man, 20 minutes is a long time. I wonder if any of this will make sense, if it can even be read on a scale or whatever it will do when I click finish. Man, I wish I could click finish right now. No such luck. No such luck. No such thing. Isn't that the name of the song that John Mayer sings? He sucks because he's going out with Jennifer Love Hewitt. I like Jennifer Love Hewitt a lot and I like typing her name because it's so long that it passes the time. Jennifer Love Hewitt. Jennifer Love Hewitt. . and that makes me out to be a freak too. . how many times can I type her name. isn't that a waste of time. isn't cheating? Why am I talking this way? You know, I want to get a poster of Jennifer Love Hewitt for my bathroom. I've never really put up posters. But now that I have my own apartment bedroom, I think I should. It's a good expression of me, but I wonder what everyone who enters my bathroom will think. Will they think I'm this big horny toad who likes having her in my bathroom? Well, not having her, but you know. Speaking of which, I need a girlfriend! My shower curtain is so clear, and the mirror is right across the bathroom. It's kind of weird washing my hair to look over and see myself. washing my hair. Imagine the possibilities. Now, if I had that poster of Jennifer Love Hewitt, I could look out and stare at her. Only, it wouldn't really be her. I don't know what I'm talking about. I bet if I start talking about girls I actually know, when I click finish, I'll find out a lot of stuff. Which brings me to this girl I like. I don't understand how I can have so much with her. No, wait. I take that back. What I really don't understand is how a girl can have so much fun with me, and be so comfortable around me, and still not want to go out. I feel like the girl of the friendship. I want the serious relationship, and she doesn't want to be tied down. What is tied down? Why look at something so negatively. I mean, if you're happy with someone, why should you obsess over what might tempt you in the future. Planning out your future is one thing, but planning to stray or be attracted to someone else is quite another. I've been told I'm too young to love right now anyway, and I should wait, but I don't think anything changes. I mean, I know myself too well. and I know that I would be so happy to be in a relationship that everything else would subside; it wouldn't matter. Happiness isn't easy to come by, and I would hold on to it like nothing I've ever held on to before. So, yeah, I just. I'm just so confused about everything. I've never been in a serious relationship, and I've been told that's why I want one so much. I don't know. It's kind of like. of course it's what I want. We want what we can't have. That makes me feel even worse, but old sayings like that are around for a reason. I just. wish I had something to offer that could win her over. Something, besides everything else I offer to her, to make her see that it's all worth it. That she shouldn't worry about the future, because I will take care of everything. Of course, thinking about it like that, I have to totally become unbiased: if she is not wanting to go out with me, because she doesn't want to be tied down, then she is planning on going out with several guys in the meantime. I guess you could say that means I'm saving myself a lot of heartache, but it also means that even though she's planning this multitude of guys over the next few years, she still won't choose me. I'm still just a friend. I know guys hate that. I used to tell my friends that were in the same situation that being friends was great. You still have the girl as a friend. So what if you can't go out? You can still hang out, and you can still talk. Well, then I actually found myself in their shoes, and I understand. It's so much clearer. From the outside, it looks good. When you get there, not only does it feel gut-wrenching, it also feels like everyone on the outside is laughing at you, like they can't understand any of it. And I don't understand that, but it's like, you're screwed even though you know better. I knew better. I know I lose a friendship that is extremely important. and maybe it's a risk that I shouldn't take. I say that because I can't take it; otherwise, I would have already, and I would probably be somewhere crying right now. Not that I cry. Not that that's bad. I just. always find a way to hide my emotion, which may be part of my problem. I'm not crazy. I just. I'm a big fan of fate. I think what's meant to be is exactly that, so if this girl and I are meant to be then we will be. And if not, I'll just sit around and wonder why. 5 seconds. By the way, John Mayer is a cool singer. Just sucks he's going out with Jennifer Love Hewitt! The End. I went over. Wow that was fast. Bye. ",n,y,y,n,y

2002\_835051.txt," Hey, well, I am really very nervous, writing down all of my thoughts and feelings on this computer and not in my own personal journal. Because, atleast there I know I will be the only one reading it. But I guess I 'll start writing about what I really have on my mind. My boyfriend and best friend just took off on a long truck ride back home, which is about six and half hours away. They (Jeremiah and Lauren) came to visit this weekend and even though they have only been gone for an hour and fifteen minutes I miss them like crazy! Jeremiah means everything to me and I can't stand the thought of him being five hundred miles away. But then again I decided to come to Texas and not to Tech. Right? Well, that is one thing that is bothering me, the other thing eating away at me is that my new step-mother, who is only four years older than me, is causing some major problems back at home. And on that note it really ticks me off that as soon as I left home she has been on a rampage and really screwing up everything. I feel really helpless because I am over here in Austin and I can't help my sister or my dad go through their problems. I usually stuck up for them when I was home and now I just get to hear about them over the telephone. Which is even more bad because they may or may not be telling me the whole story. I know my dad can handle it but its my kid sister I'm worried about. Jessica, my step mom is such a pain. She is very very, immature for her age and I saw this coming the whole time. I just wish my dad did so he doesn't have to be going thru this right now. I really miss home. I even miss my dog, Homie. I bet he feels like I abandoned him. I was the only one who paid attention to him, but I hope Emily is taking good care of him now. I've only been in school for two weeks and it feels like it should already be november. Sounds pathetic, right? I'm wondering if this was the right decision. I sure hope so. I am a firm believer that God will never give me something that I could not handle by myself. So I just have to take this with a grain of salt and leave it at that. I just wish it was as easy as that. Gosh now it has been one hour and twenty minutes since Jeremiah has left. I keep looking at the clock like he is fixing to get here instead of him being on his way back home. We have become closer ever since I moved. It seems weird saying that but I really mean it. We actually have conversations on the phone, we talk on the internet, and when we see each other it feels like it did when we first started going out, four years ago! It feels great. I love him and I can honestly say that I will marry him one day. Heck, I'd marry him tomorrow if he asked me. He is my best friend and I can tell him anything. He is smart and funny and really good looking. Better yet, he is perfect. He has never cheated on me and always makes me feel like a queen. Sometimes I'm not sure if I deserve him. But I do love him and I always will. It still feels like I'm writing in my diary, although if I was I wouldn't be as consious about typos and mispelled words! I really like this assignment though, it sure beats the chemistry homework I really should be doing right now. I hate chemistry. I hate homework! But it has to be done, right? I often wonder what would happen if I just said to heck with it all and quit. My family would freak. They are so by the book. If anyone was to go out of the norm their whole world collapse. I hope I'm not like that to my kids. I want to be different. I want to make a difference not wait for someone to do it and then say hey I helped them get there. I want to be the one to do something, something special. I just figure out what. I just know that whatever it is Jeremiah is there with me when I do it. You know what? Its hard to type when your nose is running! But I'm almost out of time so I'll keep on typing. I can do it, I can do it! Ha, ha thats kind of funny. Speaking of funny isnt if funny how when your onthe internet you mispell words on purpose and here I am trying really hard not to misspell anything, even when it doesn't matter if the words are mispelled or not. That is bizarre. Remember that song How Bizarre I hated it but Jeremiah always sang it and it drove me crazy. Thats funny ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_835543.txt," I don't know if I can keep up a stream of consciousness , maybe a trickle, but not a stream. Keeping my mind on one thing is kind of difficult these days, but I'm going to give it a shot for the sake of it. I guess, I'll just start rambling, I hate this commercial, Geiko is so irritating. I can't stand those talking animal -up front . spokespeople Why do they have to do that? It's got to be degrading to any gecko watching, that awful accent. . ugh. You know what else isn't fair. . asking if the class is hungry. Of course they'll be hungary. That's like saying, don't wiggle your toes!!! Won't happen. I know, because I had an algebra teacher in middle school who liked to do things like that. Don't move your toes, can't you feel the sweat in between them? Or even better: imagine your gym teacher in a bunny suit hopping backward around the track. Bad mental pictures I tell you. That's the problem with an active imagination. Mental pictures galore! I've got to find the picture for everything, and I mean everything! Can't get away from any of the mental pictures. I wonder if it's allowed for me to turn off the TV, it's not as much fun when you can't look at it. This background noise is not working for me, I'll type with one hand,truning down volume. . . . . much better. Oh wow, only 6 minutes in. It's like I'm putting myself on the spot here. Purposefully rambling. Doesn't that go against one of the major social filters in place? A rambler is annoying. This is very difficult because we're trained not to ramble on, and here we are having to skew the system and just flow . Ugh, continuing on, today was a good day. They've all been good ones lately. Going back to school after being gone for a year has really made me appreciate the university more. I've had such a renewed optimism lately, which is good because I usually have that cynical person out front for everyone to see. But I guess it's time to try something new and go for the gusto, grab life by the horns, see the light at the end of the tunnel, as it were. It's like the beginning of every semester is a new chance to start over. I like that, and Lord only know that I've been needing a jumping off point for a new start. This is it I guess. And what better way to start anew, than with a stream of consciousness?!? Maybee I'll learn something about myself from this thing. It'll be interesting either way, won't it? Why is it that you never get an itch until you start doing something that you're not supposed to stop? Good ol' Uncle Murphy. He's been really messing with me today. The bus won't come unless I've lit a cigarette, I won't get hit up by petitioners until after I've withdrawn money, all day long it's been this way (wow, that sounded like yoda. Tired, I am) Nothing like a little Yoda reference to set everything straight. Ok, blank mind, what do I do , la la la la la la la la la la la What should I have for dinner tonight? I don't want to cook, I'll think of something, and if not cereal is always an option. How about that KIN test tomorrow morning? I hope I do well on it. Correspondence classes are such a pain if the testing sites aren't convienient. Why isn't the UT DEC testing center on campus? Why does it have to be on Lake Austin BLVD? I don't want to have to go to Lake Austin Blvd at 8 in the morning to take a test. It's ridiculous!! What were they thinking? I guess I'm just ready for something to be easy for once, for things to fall into place. For the past 2 years it's been nothing but aggrevation and frustration and all of the other things that essentially mean the same thing but with many subtle variations. I'm so tired of having to worry about what horrendous thing is coming around the corner. I can deal with the regular things just fine, but the slaps in the face are just GRRRR, I hate 'em, life is not supposed to be so difficult, it's not supposed to be easy, but it has been ridiculous. . though I do think think things are turning around. Time's up, got a cramp in the back of my right hand and, boy is it hot in here! Time to go. ",y,y,y,n,y

2002\_835961.txt," I'm just sitting here in my dorm room wondering what exactly i'm supposed to do on this assignment. Will the professor scold me for writing the incorrect responses? I'm not sure. I can hear 2 things right now. One in my air conditioner. It sounds like a small, fast moving fan. A fast moving fan that doesn't seem to cool the room at all. I can also hear the neighbors' music through the wall. Now that I think of it, i can hear the soft hum of my computer as well. I'm looking at an award that's hanging on my wall I earned playing tennis for my high school. Now i'm thinking about my high school friends. Steph, Bree, Ki, Ashley, James, Niko, John, and Kenton were my closest friends. I miss them but I'm so excited about my new life. Ryan was my good friend in high school too, but I guess i didn't include him in that list because he's my roomate. I was going to try and not mention Annie, but that's really who I'm thinking about. I met Annie at Camp Texas about a week before school. She's a really wonderful person that I'm very attracted too. I'm looking at a Charlie Brown pez dispencer that she gave to me yesterday. Now I'm staring into my computer with because it has a large plexiglass window on the side. It's quite distracting, really. A jumble of customly installed wires is to me something like a low rider car to another person. Now i see a router that I'm going to use to hook up our network when we get road runner installed in our dorm room. I took 2 years of networking class in high school, and after the first sememster i was convinced that was what i wanted to spend my life doing. However, I recently decided that networking wasn't my true aspiration so I don't really know what I want to do specifically. I'm told that's okay and i will figure it out soon enough, and i beleive it. I think I'm getting kind of sick so i took some medicine earlier and have a bad taste in my mouth from the medicine. Now i'm thinking I should go work out tomorrow at Gregory. My friend told me that there's another good gym near Gregory but there aren't as many girls there. Now I'm wondering what i'm going to write about for my last 10 minutes, I really have no clue. I could explain how I put my computer together, or what each part does. I could talk about my high school tennis experiences, about my family, or about my high school hobbies. My roomate has arrived and i greeted him, he went to his bed and is watching TV, some sort of sports I'm sure. We went to the football game last Saturday. UT won 27-0. UT scored all 27 points in the first half, so the second half was pretty boring. It was still better than I expected for my first college football game. I really want to go see the OU game this year, but tickets are a hot commodity. After this assignment, I'm going to try to do some Economics, and maybe Calculus. This class, Psychology, is the class I'm most worried about this semester. I took Calculus in high school and I think with a little studying I'll be able to make a B in it. I don't know why but I have a great understanding for Economics so I don't think that class will be incredibly hard either. My communications teacher said that her class would be hard, but I think I'm better at communications that Psychology. I also have BA 101 and a Freshman Interest group class but those are pretty much participation grades, so a little time a effort will ensure an A. My schedule is incredible. None of my classes start before 11, and I have Friday's off from school. I find upperclassmen drooling over this schedule, so to find it as a freshman is pretty incredible, I think. As my time winds down I wonder what exactly this class has in store for me. Even college. Heck, even life. I wonder what big decisions I will make, what lucky breaks I will get, what major crises i will encounter, and what disadvantages I will overcome. All I can do is wish myself and my fellow peers luck and great success to find what we truly desire. ",y,n,n,n,n

2002\_836474.txt,"It's three thirty in the afternoon right now, and i'm working on my psychology homework. this is a very interesting assignment; i've never done one quite like this. it's actually quite easy--just putting my thoughts on this site and having it timed. quite fascinating. i'm excited today because i finally got my internet and cable installed!! it's been almost 2 weeks since i've been able to watch tv on my own and to use my own internet to get online!! i don't know how i made it, but i'm still alive. hehe. i'm glad that the time-warner people finally got the address right. the first time they came, the went to the wrong apartment complex!! how aggravating!! i've never been more miserable in my entire life!! but today, i'm feeling competely opposite!! ahh. the joys of modern technology. right now, my desk is hurting my arms. since i'm typing, the fleshy part of my arm is getting pushed into the edge of the desk, thus creating a groove in my skin which is sometimes painful. other than that, i'm ok. oh, but my chair is also making impressions on the back of my leg. i'm wearing shorts now so the back of my legs have a cloth pattern on them. my computer is working fine right now, which i am very grateful for. my friend stephen just instant messenged me, but i can't really reply back to him right now since i am doing this writing assignment, which is timed. i feel like i am writing a lot, but perhaps it is because i type fast. hmm. could be. well, i seem to be making many typos. i guess i should slow down and think of what i am writing before i write it. i sometimes get ahead of myself when i am thinking of what to write and it wreaks havoc on my typing. twenty minutes is a long time if you think about it. i mean, i've typed all of this in just seven minutes and twenty three seconds. i'm also trying to figure out which of my friends i should call to help me with the downloading of music. it's the greatest thing on the internet, but somehow i can't get it to work as efficiently as they can. all they have to do to play a song is click the list of songs that they have on the side of their screen, but when i want to play a song, i have to pull up a separate folder. bleh!! so i need to call one of my friends. but who should i call?? let's see. there's stephen, who im'ed me, rex, maria, sarika (she's going home this weekend though), mitra, lindsay (or is it -ey?), maria, her boyfriend zack, her boyfriend's friend stephen, ha, tahera, or jessica. i'm sure i know more people, but i can't think of them right now. the sad thing with the people i just listed is that almost all of them went to the same high school as i did. i need to meet new people. i can't hang out with the same few people every single day. but it's so hard to meet people when the classes have hundreds of people in them each. i go to class sitting next to a different person every single time. i rarely see the same person in my classes. i guess that's what i get for taking all the introductory classes. this stream of consciousness thing is cool. i'm thinking about my syntax (haha. such an ap english 4 word) and it's weird. i never normally talk like this. i feel as though i am babbling to myself or trying to sound intelligent as i babble. i guess i don't talk in an ignorant way, but i feel as though i sound more sophisticated than i really sound in real life. so i might go see a movie with my friends next friday entitled one hour photo. the ever so famous robin williams is in the movie, along with the very appealing guy from the hit show alias, michael vartan. the show alias is really cool--this girl named sydney, played by jennifer garner, is this spy/counterspy and she does all this cool stuff with all her high tech gadgets. and michael vartan plays her handler. now i'm talking on the phone with my friend maria. she called about what we want to do tonight. so we might play monopoly. apparently rex brought monopoly. or maybe it's rex who has it. i don't know. all i know is that now i have to call rex and see if he wants to play monolopy after his chinese bible study thing. i went to this chinese/taiwanese association thing the other night, and i felt so white-washed. that means that i don't feel like i'm as asian as them. i guess that could be a bad thing, but it probably was because half of those people were fobbish. fobbish means that they just got to the states so they're still really foreign-like. it kind of makes them stand out, but if they're ok with it, then it doesn't matter. i'm almost finished!! woohoo!! now i have to go call rex and see what we're doing tonight. good bye! ",n,y,n,y,n

2002\_836984.txt," I'm cold right now. I should get a blanket. I miss my boyfriend. I wonder if he's at work right now. It's 11:28 there. Someone's being loud in the hall. Maybe it's those weird girls that Melissa and I had to look at last night. They wouldn't stop chittering! And it was almost 3 o'clock in the morning! I had to wake up this morning at 7, but I didn't get up until 7:33. I hate waking up early. My eyes are all sleepy, and I couldn't keep them open in Spanish! I love my Spanish class. Prof. Montiel is quite interesting. Oooh! The 2nd season of Friends is coming out soon. I should get that. But I like Prof. Montiel. I like his accent. This morning he told us that we (8:00 class) are going to adopt a poor hispanic family in December for Christmas. What a good idea. I need to go and find a service organization to join. I think a sorority would be fun, too, but I don't feel like paying for my friends. My friend Heather took out a loan for her sorority at A&M. Silly girl. But it's typical of her. Yesterday was my birthday. I don't like being at school for birthdays, I've decided. You don't get as much attention here as at home. I felt kind of lost, in fact. My roomie brought me flowers, though. And mom sent 50 million presents. But it's not the same as being there. I don't want to go home, though. I like being away from home. I just miss my cat, though. I like having something warm and furry to come interrupt my homework. He's so cute! I also miss my dad. Poor dad. Mom's going to drive him crazy. Dad told me that he's going to start kayaking more often. Mom needs to get out more. All she does is sit at home, read, and worry about me. Definitely a disadvantage to be an only child. But I did have a pretty good child hood. I had enough friends. Too many, sometimes. I really like that Lucien character on Amelie. He reminds me of Joey. Only, Joey's not mentally ill. I would hate to have to wake up as early as Joey does every day. Four-thirty in the morning is insane! Silly Marines. what do they possibly get done that early in the morning? Don't they realize that the majority of their troops are ages 18-25? I've heard that people in that age group, and then teenagers as well, are prone to stay up late at night and sleep late in the morning. Makes sense to me. I would do it every day if I could. I like staying up late (when I have the energy). For some reason I feel like I can get more done at night. Like cleaning/organizing my room, for example. Why would I want to do that at night when I'm just as capable of doing it in the morning? That doesn't make any sense. I need to change the song on the stereo. I'm not in a very UB40 place. Righteous Brothers are good. But this song reminds me of Joey again. I hope that the Marine Corp. Birthday Ball goes well in November. I'm really nervous. What should I wear? Good grief, I never thought that I'd type that kind of question. How flaky. But I am still wondering what to wear. Would a gown work? And what color? This isn't like a school dance or anything. This is a real thing, where Marines and their wives/girlfriends are there. Older people, I mean. I always feel so much younger on the base than everyone else. I feel like they're all wondering, what is she doing with him? or she's way too young to be here. My hands are beginnning to ache. I keep backspacing my mistakes. Perfectionist. That's me. I wonder if I really am one. Maybe not. I wonder where Melissa is. I should look at her schedule. if I can find it, I mean. My feet are cold. How do I keep that from happening? And why is it that men's feet don't get cold as often as women's? Is it some sort of evolutionary thing? Or just another one of those differences? I miss my friends. Maybe not all of them---they're kind of flaky. But I miss Brandon and Lauren. And Mary. I couldn't believe that she didn't even call me yesterday. My mom told me that she has a present for me, but just didn't have my address. Whatever. She could still call me and wish me happy birthday or something. I don't get it. Sometimes I feel like she's the best friend ever. But then other times (\*most times) I feel like I'm being left behind again. Why do I get left out? I think I'd like me if I were someone else. Even when I'm with Brandon, or Lauren, when we're in a group, I'm not the popular one. I really wouldn't mind being that person for a change. ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_838530.txt," I am wondering how I am going to type because I do not type very well. I also think that you are going to think that i am stupid for misspelling words and what not. i feel anxious. i do not know why. i feel stressed beyond belief. i want to got to sleep right now. i am wondering what i am going to type next. i try to write in journals but when i write about my feelings i go off on tangents, like writing my stream of concsiousness (however you spell it) i feel as though my mind goes a mile a minute and i want o verbalize, write/type, etc what i feel or think but i think that my body is too slow. like i start to studder, or i am not able to formulate my thoughts completely, i don't type fast to keep up with my thoughts. i have a fear about writing, i do not know why. some insecurity i must have developed and know it makes me really nervous to the point of where i begin to sweat and feel . i do not know? today was the yr anniv of 9/11, i thought it weird that one of my prof kept referring sept. 11 as 9-1-1. i thought how strange is that, how strange that prof is in general. there is osmething about her that is really weird. i hate to be so judgemental, but there is somethiing weird there. i had a wonderful conversation with my mother today it was great, i love her we talked for about an hour. i talked about my fears and growth as a person. she seemed truely interested in me. i feel that people are not interested in me (except my bf, but he gets on my nerves) like i talk to people and i want to get to know them, i ask questions, and people just love to talk about themselves, but as for me, i do to, but no one seems to care (except my annoying bf, he seems to want to know everything down to the second. this is him calling me right know on my mobile, how weird!!!! i told you. he wants to talk to me every five seconds, he is like a girl or something, always wanting to know what the hell you are doing. i hope this has spell check on it because i know i have probably mispelled a lot of words. don't you hate it when someone sends you an email or something and there is a mispelled word on it? i feel really embarressed for that person, so i never want that to happen to me so I always spell check, but i guess i can't this time. i am not that stupid. or am i? well i have about 2 min left, it wasn't that painful i thought i was going to be staring at a blank screen wondering what the hell to write. the 20 mins went by really quickly 10, 9, 8,7,6, 5,4,3,2,1 yea!!!!! its over! not bad, eh? enjoy ",y,y,n,y,y

2002\_841476.txt," My mind is blank right now. I'm doing this late so i'm nervous that it won't count for credit. i went swimming today, but i wish i hadn't because then this would be on time. sometimes i get homesick, i called my mom today and she was talking about my cousin's wedding. she was surprised that i was willing to pay for my plane ticket there. i think i would regret it if i didn't go. i've never been to boston before. i hear that it's very historical. I guess they have good clam chowder there, that's what people say. I like clam chowder, but i've only had the kind that comes in a can, so i guess i haven't had real clam chowder. i like a lot of foods from a can. people laugh at me because i still like spaghetti-o's. oh well. they laugh at a lot of things I eat. I really hope this counts for credit. It's only an hour late. I can't believe I forgot, I'm usually so good with homework. If it doesn't count, at least i can still try to get good grades on everything else and maybe i can still get an A. i have to try really hard, i guess even harder now that i realize i am forgetting things, but i want to go to graduate school to get my Ph. D. in psychology. so hopefully i'll start remembering to do all my homework. i've been pretty good with keeping up with the reading in all my classes, but it's a lot of reading. i knew college would be a lot more work than high school, but i never imagined all the reading. i'm actually enjoying this writing assignment, i haven't written in a journal or anything in a long time. it feels good to get things out. i used to write poetry too. that made me feel a lot better when i was sad. usually it had to do with guys. they always find a way to make me feel bad. it felt good to be able to turn something bad into something good. i should get back into writing poetry, maybe someday it'll actually be good. i only let a couple people read it and they said they were good, but you never know if they're just saying that or not. i like a couple of them but i usually eventually decide that they're not very good after a while. my two favorite ones are lost somewhere. that really upsets me. i wrote them on a plane. i know i didn't lose them on the plane but when i packed to move here, i still couldn't find them. i wrote them in a spiral but i have a lot of half used spirals. i hope nobody took it. i don't like it when people read my poems. only if i show them and even then it's hard. i don't know why, i guess it's because they're so personal, it's like i'm completely open and vulnerable when people read my poems. they read my most personal thoughts when they read them. except for a few, some thoughts i just don't put on paper. some things that i'm really not proud of would really not be best on paper because then i'd have to look at them again, or someone else could read it. my parents go through my sister's stuff sometimes, so i assume that they go through mine too. i hope the don't find the pictures from the party at my house. i forgot to bring those and they would probably cut me off if they knew i had a party there. it was fun though. that was the best party. everyone said so, so i know it wasn't just me who had fun. people were dancing and everything and everyone was getting along, usually somebody gets in a fight at parties. boys are so stupid. wouldn't that be a funny last sentence? that seems to be a pretty good conclusion though. it always seems to come around to that. ",n,y,y,y,y

2002\_843716.txt," Today is thursday, September 12th. Yesterday was 9/11. I wasn't too scared about it cause I knew that nothing would happen. It was just kind of sad, I guess. Everytime I turned on the T. V. there was something about it. The sad stories, the encouraging ones about the heroes. By the end of the day, I was just kind of fed up with it. There was this one part that certaintly got my attention. On MTV, they were having this 30 seconds thing, where some people talked about something dealing with 9/11. THere was this one guy who had a long beard, and looked liked an Afghan, and he said that one day this guy just punched him out of no where, just because he looked like that. I think that is just so extremely stupid, he wasn't even an Muslim, he was a Shikh or something. I mean you cannot really blame the few that did that to the entire Muslim society. I mean there are 1 billion Muslims, they can't all be terrorists. But I don't really blame them, cause I mean even if I was in their places, I would kind of react the same way. Although, I would try not to. But, now things are changing. Not many people hate you just because one is a Muslim. Oh well, enough about this. I saw this cute chick on 9/11. She was in the biology class. She was just sooo cute. I should have talked to her, but before i knew it she was gone. Hopefully, i will see her next time. Today was the draw for the texas-ou game. I didn't get the tickets, my draw number was on the 80000s, and the tickets were sold out at 79450. This kind of . . I mean only 450 people got to get tickets, i mean, why they couldnt more tickets for the students. I was really disappointed. But i am still a freshmen so maybe next coming years. I am going home this weekend, first time after school started. I am really looking forward to it. Just need a few days away from UT. Its seems like I have been here more than 3 weeks. It should be fun. I also have test coming up starting next week. Hopefully i will do good. I really need to make as many As as i can. I have to transfer to the school of Business, which is the hardest to get into. Hopefully, i will get in. After i get done with this, i have to finish my Calculus homework. Its due tomm at 3 in the morning. What kind of time is that. Last week i didnt turn it in because i thought, it was 3 in the afternoon. I didnt look if it was p. m. or a. m. I was done with it too. I was sooooooo mad. I guess i learned my lesson though. BUt still, 3 in the morning, whats up with the time. I had a quiz in Economics today, it was soo hard compared to the one last week. Last week's quiz was a piece of cake. IT was sooo easy. I hate when teacher/sorry professors do this. THey make the first test/quiz easy and the second or the final exam are like really hard. Be consistent, you know. I have 3 minutes left, ummm, This class is kind of fun. I like Dr. Penebaker, if i spelled that right, his examples and stuff are soo funny. But my Economics professor is just as cool, Dr. Hamermesh. Both of the class are fun. Cal and CHemistry are alright, not as much fun. It is soo quiet in this lab, you could hear the roar of the computers. UT is weird, sometimes is soo quiet, while other soo crowded and loud. I guess i am getting used to it though. Well my time is up. It was fun writing this. Its kind of girly though, like a journal. ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_854190.txt,"I have never had an asignment like this before. It is hot in my dorm room. I always feel sweaty especially at night. It is difficult to sleep. Now that we are a few weeks in to school I can feel my self getting more and more stressed out every day. The workload is quit large, and I never have enough time to do everything i need to do. Actually right now I am between classes but i only have and hour to do this assignment, do some calculus, and eat lunch. I know I won't do one of those three. I probably won't eat lunch. Even though I am starving. i went to today and got a wristband for the OU game. The draw for tickets is tommorrow morning so i guess i am going to miss class to stand in line. If i do that and don't get a ticket i will not be happy. I wander where my girlfiend is right now i havnt seen her at all today. We live in the same building and I still rarely see her. Usually only at night, and even then we study so we don't talk much. I miss all the time we spent together when we still lived at home. We both went greek so between her sorority my fraternity and school there is maybe 30 min a day left for just talking to each other. Hopefully things will get easier later on in the semester. I live at Dobie so i have three roommates, and one of them is trying to teach himself the guitar. I am really sick of hearing his stupid guitar. Plus he sucks at it. i just accidentally pushed the back button on my computer, and when i pushed forward what i had already typed was still here but the timer started over. I wonder if that matters. I don't have time to keep tying for another twenty minutes. I am serously considering not going to my next class. I just want to eat lunch and take a nap. I just realized something funny my next class is pyschology. Oh well just because i am doing the assignment doesn't mean i have the energy to go to class. Who am i kidding i am to worried about missing something important so i will go even though i am really tired. During the last lecture i fell asleep for about 10 minutes and woke up really confused. I have so much work i have to get done before friday. Which wouldn't be that big of a problem but my fraternity has something going on every night this week, and since i am a pledge i am expected to be there. My time is just about up so i am going to stop typing now. ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_854684.txt,"In about 30 minutes I have to start getting ready for work. I don't want to go, but I need to make money so I can go out. My mom called me yesterday and said that my bank account was getting low and she wanted to know what I was spending it on. I was supposed to use the money for a stereo, but it's amazing how fast five hundred dollars can go in Austin. I love Austin so far. Tonight I'm going to a Corry Morrow concert. I should probably stay home and study, but I would like to meet more people in Austin too, so I'll probably still go. My mom also griped at me about how I need to study more. I just spent seven dollars today on washing clothes. This makes me mad because I can think of much better things to do with my money besides wash clothes. Four loads of clothes costs seven dollars. How ridiculous. I'm going home on Saturday because one of my friends is turning nineteen and they are having a party for him. I just went back home like two weeks ago, but I don't want to miss his birthday. I can't wait to see everyone from back home. My roommate is cooking her some Roman noodles and I can't decide if I want to eat some or not. I don't think so. I really wanted to lay out by the pool today, because I really need to get a tan, but I spent the whole day cleaning house and washing clothes. What fun! I haven't gotten any of my checks in from work yet and it's making me wonder because I have been working there for a while now and only one check so far has come in. I guess they don't realize I'm a college student and I need money as soon as possible. I really want to get a tattoo and that is probably the main reason I want my checks to start coming in. If my mom knew that I wanted a tattoo she would kill me. Oh well, I'll keep it a secret for a while, and then by the time she finds out it will have already been a long time since I got it. My roommate wants one too, but she's already talked to her mom about it. I really need to go to an audio store because my system in my car stopped working and I can't stand not having bass when I listen to music. It better get done soon. I really need to read this book for a freshmen seminar class I have. The book is pretty boring, but it's easy reading so I guess I'll survive. I'm really dreading going to work in a minute. I wish I could just skip to tonight and go out already. That just sounds so much more appealing! I have to go to the bathroom, but I guess I'm not supposed to because I have to sit here and keep typing my thoughts. My roommate has the T. V. on and it's kind of hard for me to keep my train of thought, but I guess that is the whole point to just write down everything that is going through your head. The drive home on Saturday is going to be so long, but it will be worth it I guess because it is going to be so much fun. It feels so nice to have a clean house. I just cleaned my room for the first time in about a week and it was getting pretty bad. My roommates boyfriend is sleeping right now and I have the music pretty loud. I should probably turn it down. We went out last night. We went to someone's apartment and it wasn't that fun. Oh yeah! I forgot the cops came. Good thing they weren't coming for us thought because that would have sucked if the party would have been broken up. I didn't even swim with everyone else because I didn't bring my bathing suit. I hope I remember to bring it next time because it looked really fun to sit in the hot tub. I'm fixing to pee in my pants. I wish this timer would hurry up and run out. I just took that pretest for the experimental requirement too and that had to be the longest testing thing I have ever taken. I didn't think it was ever going to end. I guess the hour and a half of credit they give you for doing it is well worth it. I'm getting pretty nervous about all the tests that are coming up. It seems like they are all during the same week. That is going to kill me I just know it. The more I think about those tests the more I think I should probably stay home tonight. Naa! I'll just go out. I find myself saying that more and more when I really need to stay home and study. I have to do good this semester though so I can keep my scholarships. I can't remember what GPA I have to have to keep them. ",y,n,n,y,n

2002\_855472.txt,"Gone with the wind I am and away I look out into the empty space of eternity with nothing. I awake into the morning darkness hearing the buzzing noises and look at thee General Electric alarm and press snooze while i squeeze in 1 hour of extra sleep. I watch tv and walk the whole day and then i go shit in my public restroom with feces flowing from my colon down to the toilet. Oh yeah i say as I struggle. I often have a tough time. No, i don't. I don't know why I am saying that. I brush my teeth and develop anger and excitement at the same time. Anger for what i ask to me as i am me but do not know who you are. Who are you and why do you exist i say? Then i look out the window and see big yellow neon lights expressing Wells Fargo. I take a shower with no showerhead pressure and I get pissed off! I want nice warm water and a nice showerhead. The force is strong as I see red marks become apparent on my not so hairy chest. I get the urge for herbal essence but see to see that I do not have any. Do you have the urge to say oh yes? I am away and out of the blue and in the light of things there is nothing. Darkness exists as a prerequisite of life. What is this doh Homer Simpson says. Donuts and coffee i must have soon. Soon enough to satisfy my craving for IHOP pancakes and a nice morning breakfeast at a nice restaurant. I go down the elevator. Stupid ignorant people who live on the first five floors are too lazy to walk down the stairs. I had a firedrill today. How annoying the pulsating noise was. And how tiring. I could not imagine how firefighters climbed up to 78 floors on that clear, but smoggy morning on September 11, 2001. My love for skyscrapers has grown more and more. Everyday, my passion and desire to see new and taller buildings arise grows larger and larger! I wait to see what will be done with the hollowed ground-zero. Perhaps nothing will be built, but i hope for something. Tennis is a very vigorous sport. The agility and the swift hits of the nice yellow ball that i throw around to my dog with. Oh I love my dog. Nice gold fur blows in the wind as i see a slow motion love seen in the mix of progress and then he starts to hump me. Humpty dumpty sat on a wall. but then he fell off. I forgot how the riddle goes. The itsy bitsy spider climbed up to window is it? Who cares? Not me, for I am no longer in kindergarten but in college, the USA's largest college-UT! WhoohooO! I have the urge to get drunk perhaps maybe have fucking good sex. Perhaps smoke something illegal or not? My room-mate has just farted and he says sorry. I don't care. The smell is of essence. Nice allure should be made into such a fragrance and entitled El Natura. Body works in different ways. My stomach is hurting. I have been having a bloating stomach the whole day. It is like a balloon filled not with oxygen, but with helium. If i could only float in the air and swim in the sea. Fly up in the air. Perhaps the ultimate luxury would be to eat tabasco flavored cheeze-its when I am perhaps high in the sky. Oh yeah. good 'ol times rock on forever. Forever i must live like that. Drunken little bastard i must be during this year. Ambitions thrive to do well, but will I? Parents constantly pester me with Do well in class viju-baba. Please do well. Of course the usual response is the usual for almost everyone else. I will, comes out of my mouth. Deep inside i have the heart to do whatever I want, but it is the concentration that I lack. I do not like being forced to do something that I do not agree with. It is simply at its upright most stupidity. Stupid is as stupid can be but who is stupider than stupid? Everyone is judged at different levels. Ignorance is bliss honey. Bee's fly around. I have never been stung by a bee or wasp. Speaking of being stung, I like the singer Sting. He is a good singer. Anyways, speaking of other things, i think things are the way that things are and that things should be left to the way that things should be. WHY? because they are things that obey other things, not stuff. Yes. I need to pee, but must I? Flaming whopper commercial's thrive in the background of my head as i feel the urge for el penetrado. Oh yeah. The music is playing and I must go now. Bye bye and bye! ",n,y,n,y,n

2002\_855878.txt,"Oh no! I wasn't ready! Oh well! This seems weird to me to write what I think. I think very random things. I really like school here but miss my family. My roommate is going out tonight and she looks cute. It is some kind of formal for a frat. I don't like the frats here. The boys make me feel uncomfortable. A lot of guys do that though. They don't seem to notice me in any way. It is kind of weird. All this time I thought it would be better once I got to college and the guys would notice me, but nothing has really changed. They all still see me as a cute friend girl. But I am beginning to accept and like that. I am beginning to kind of like being one of the guys ! Oh poot! I forgot to put an away message on my Instant Messenger. I hope no one IMs me. Maybe I should do that. It will only take a sec. Okay! Done! It feels like time is passing so slowly as I type. Maybe it is because I want this to be over with. I feel like I type a lot slower than I thought. At least I use all my fingers and not just my pointers. I feel sorry for the people that do that. If I were to keep thinking in this way, will whoever reads this think I am a huge loser? Am I a loser anyway for doing this assignment almost 2 weeks before it is due? Wait, I think it is two weeks and one day away from being due. Or 2 weeks and 2 days! I think. Maybe I don't even know the due date and am just getting ahead. I think that is right. I just scratched the scab on my arm and it hurt. I don't know how it got there. I feel like such a little kid! I fall all the time and have bruises all over my arms and legs and scabs on my elbows and knees. I am such a clutz! I need to adjust my screen because it is getting hard for me to see what I am writing. I hope I am not misspelling any words. I am not the best speller, and when I am typing it gets worse. I always spell because- BECASUE . It is terrible. I think people rely on computers too much to fix their mistakes for them. We now even can talk on the phone through the internet and stuff. That can help us fix relationship problems. My roommate is putting lotion on. She makes me laugh a lot! Actually it isn't hard to do. But the funniest person is my brother in law Jeremy. He is so hilarious. All he has to do is say one word and I will bust out laughing. I wish that I could be that funny. Laughing makes people feel good! My cousin used to say that it makes you live longer to laugh. I wonder if she is right. She laughs even more than me! My roommate just sneezed and I laughed because she did! See! I just had to go back and fix because, because I spelled it wrong! Anyway! Back to my cousin. She has become my best friend. (or at least one of them) I miss her a lot. Arlington and Austin are far from each other and since she is only 16 it is hard for her to be allowed to come down here without her parents throwing a fit. They probably are worried about me. I sent them an email today because my aunt is a teacher at Mansfield's SUmmit, and she used to teach at Grapevine High School, and I met a guy that had her as a teacher. He goes to South West Texas. That is only 30 minutes away! I am developing feelings for him. I went out with 11 boys on Friday, and I was the only girl. Ryan, the boy, was there too, and we hung out a lot of the time. He is really a great guy. I want to get to know him better. I saw him last night at our friend's house that introduced us, and he barely talked to me. I tryed to talk to him, and he was, I think, trying to talk to me, but this girl named Cassidy kept interfering. She goes to OSU and came down for the weekend to see all her best friends . Whatever. She kept keeping him from talking to me. He told me to follow him around at one part. He made me laugh a lot. I really like it when guys make me laugh. Another thing is that he makes me feel comfortable around him, like I have known him for a long time. That is another thing I look for in guys. Being comfortable and laughing is a good combination of things to be. It makes me happy. My roommate is talking to her sister right now, and it makes me miss my sisters. They are both older than me and I miss them. I actually hung out with them all day today, so I don't know why I miss them. I love them a whole lot. It is amazing how when we grow up, we all become closer even though we are 3 and 6 years apart. I guess growing up makes everything between my family better! Blake Felix is not cute and Sarah is crushing on him and she made fun of me. Jake Anderton is such a liar and a big jerk. I don't know what made me think I would have fun with him. HELLO!! Differing personalities TOTALLY!! I like musicals, for instance, and he doesn't know a thing about them. I want to be an actress one day, speaking of musicals, and I would love to do a show on Broadway! I want to go to LA, though, first. That would be awesome to make a movie. Courtney and her sister are even getting closer like my sisters are. WOAH! That was totally off subject. I think it is because I am now writing this and listening to Courtney talk. That is hard to do. Kind of like listening to music and studying. It is hard. TIME UP! ",y,y,y,y,y

2002\_856872.txt," Hi, my name is Heather Hughes. I am 18 years old. I am Catholic, I like to play the piano, I miss my family, I miss my friends. I do have alot of friends that came to UT with me, but I didn't really hang out with them much in high school because I had a boyfriend and seemed to live a totally different life than they did. They were on the debate team, I was on the dance team, I joined every organization there was in high school because it gave me an explanation as to why my grades were not so great. All my friends here are really smart, they all graduated in the top ten percent of the class. My cell phone is ringing now. I really want to pick it up, but I think it's just my cousin so I'll leave it alone. It kind of gets on my nerves that she calls my cell phone all the time, instead of my room number when I told her that when she calls it costs me alot, it's long distance. I still have the same number from back home, so my mom can call for free. I had a bad dream the other night about my mom. I dreamt that she had done something really sweet for me, and I didn't appreciate it. All I could think about was being with my friends. When I came to orientation this summer, I hated it! I called my mom every 20 minutes telling her that I would rather go to Texas Tech or Midland College, the community college in my hometown. But now that I'm here, I really like it. I don't miss her as much as I thought I would. I really miss my exboyfriend. I think I disliked orientation so much because we had just broken up. We had gone out all through high school, and he's at Tech now. That's where I really wanted to go. I got in, and into the business school too, but I really wanted to be in the honors program. I guess I was a little conceited and believed that I was smarter than the average student at Tech. Anyway, I had applied really early and hadn't heard from them, I waited and waited. I received my letter from UT but it didn't mean anything to me, because I didn't know anything about this college, none of my friends were going here, and Kit wouldn't be here. But my parents gave me a deadline and said I had to decide on a college by March 26 or something. So, I decided to come here. I think mostly because I was upset that Tech wasnt' as eager to accept me into the honors college, and I also thought, tons of couples go to different colleges, and if they can make it, surely Kit and I can. Well, prom rolled around about 2 to 3 weeks later, and Kit made prom court. We were both amazed. Because he made court, he had to learn how to dance and eat properly, and wear a coat and tails tux, which really didn't look that great on him since he was a bulky football player. So the day of prom rolls around, and Kit callls about 2 to say that the court got a limo. I thought Great, now we don't have to worry about transportation! But then he said there wouldn't be enough room for the dates, just the court. So I asked him, am I suppossed to go to prom alone? And he told me to have my parents drive me! I was so upset becuase later on I found out the court had a choice to ride the limo or not, and Kit choose to ride with people he hardly knew than to take me. I don't know if I'll ever be able to forget how awful he made me feel. Everytime I think of my prom, I'll always remember that. He also said during prom , that I had been acting weird ever since I choose UT. That made me even more upset, because he had never brought it up before, he had always said, do what's best for you. I didn't know that he thought what was best for me was him, and not a better education. I miss him so much. I tried to get back with him this summer,and he said he wanted to too, but everytime we'd almost get back together, he'd say no. That it would be too hard to have a long distance relationship. I'm really disappointed in him, this summer he went and got a tatoo, knowing that I dispise them, and right before he left for Tech he didn't tell me about it. A week later, I ran into his parents at Best Buy and his mother told me. Each time he does something like this I vow this is the last time, I'm through with him, but I keep going back, thinking about how good it used to be, and I fall in love with his memory all over again. I wonder if he's dating anyone yet. I d ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_857261.txt," I'm very worried about many things right now. I feel that i'm so far behind in my studies that i won't be able to catch up. I haven't gotten all my books and my classes are fairly hard this year. I'm usually a guy that stays on top of things and likes to have the headstart, but it seems like I'm not on top of things. I have to get my microeconomic book from my friend later tonight so i can begin reading for that class. I should be on chapter three already, but i have yet to begun. I'm in Houston right now, my hometown, and is about to leave around four. Home was a nice time to relax and enjoy my old friends again. Most of the time I was home finding myself doing absolutely nothing. I find that Houston is not as fun as it was. Things are starting to change. My views and my emotions are quite different than before. I view my parents and my brother differently. I appreciate their company more than i did before. I guess I just miss them an awful lot. My brother and I are very close, and i try to talk to him every night when i'm not living in Houston. I enjoy talking to him and sharing my thoughts and my experiences. I'm also kind of glad that I am going back to Austin later today. I missed alot while I was gone. A friend's birthday party, UT's first football game, and a Chinese Bible Study meeting that i was hoping to attend. I can gladly say that I don't regret comming to Houston and being back home. I enjoyed it fairly well. Suddenly, I feel like a sense of burden lifted from my shoulder. I'm not really thinking about my school work and homework that I should be doing, but I have a smile on my face. A sense of peace and a sense of sadness that I'm going to depart from this wonderful place I call home. Both my parents are home right now and my mom is making her best dishes for me. I can smell it from upstairs. I haven't quite missed my mother's cooking yet, but i know i will in the comming months. University of Texas is not what I had in mind. It is not as fun and exciting as I thought it would be. All my friends go there, but there seems to still be an emptiness. I guess things will get better as time progresses. I'm still not use to the freedom that I have and still not use to other things. I have also found out that I have not spoken to many of my close friends, or even hung out with them. I rather just be around those that I feel more comfortable around. The people at UT are nice thus far, I have met variety of new faces and do throughly enjoy their company. I enjoy making new friends and meeting new people. I have learned that friendships are very important. Since I use to move alot, from places to places, I have learned how to make friends and still be myself. I feel like I have lost a good friend of mine from high-school. I was very close to him and we were like brothers. Now, in college, it seems like he doesn't even want to hang out with me, but rather with his girlfriend. My friend has never dated before, but now is dating. He spends alot of time with her, and does various activities with her that i strongly disapprove. I really want him to continue to be my friend, but it just seems so hard when he doesn't put his efforts into the friendship. I hope this is not the end of our friendship, and i'm not going to give up on it. College will be a time for me to learn and expererience things that I will never experience before. Sceanarios that i have no idea how to solve and trials that will make me into the future Nick Chu. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_864597.txt," well Im starting this assignment and its hard to write what Im thinking because all I seem to be thinking about is what Im thinking and that is what I have to write also im sorta worried about the poor grammer and lack of sentences which is about to follow this its hard to type a contiuning stream with sentences so o well this is graded on completion so i guess im not getting points taken off for lack of coherency. . i really have no clue what the point of this is because since im writing it all i can think about is what I have said above which is writing this. Im about to drink some of my mountain dew next to me if that counts for anything? im trying to cram all of this junk for my classes in today because I havent gone this week for some reason. I really should have but i dident feel like it, i probly should be more responsible. but o well my pre cal homework is bothering me since i can't figure out if Im doing it right so im probly just going to give up im rather bored right now but tommorow at least I get to judge at the westlake debate tourny and thats always good fro 150 dollers or so sometimes my mind goes blank and it seems like Im having to force myself to contiually type, is that cheating? I really have nothing to write now Im not really thinking of anything i wonder what my girlfriend is doing right now my roomate is playing ncaa 2003 college football right now and its quite loud and sorta distracting me from this but I havent stopped typing yet but I guess it doesnt matter i wonder how long i can make this thing go with just type a non coherent rant about nothing this seems rather pointless to me but o well I don't need a 0 I've got enough of those in pre cal im thinking about dropping hmm what I just notice im typing this like Im typing this to some one, like Im complaining to someone about stuff there I go again another instance where my mind went blank and i had nothing to think about err I just thought about indians now for no real reason i have this banner that makes me money at the bottom of my browser thats not tracking my actions right now because it considers me inactive my buddy list keeps chiming with people coming online i wonder how much time i have left i just thought about the girl i met first day in psych class who told me when she did a stream of concenus it turned out about peeps and some band I can't remeber right now on a beach im about half way done now in time at least this is rather boring to I should probly do my anthro considering i have a quiz tommorrow and I havent even opened the book I don't even know what the cover looks like yet. Im a slaker i need to really get more self motivated to do my work but it all seems pointless to me that i have to be in some restrained system of pointlessness and have to take a bunch of classes that arnt going to to serve me any real purpose i want to be a debate teacher i would like to just focus on that and not have to take classes that don't have anything to do with it what does pre cal do for anyone anyhow nothing my mind keeps popping up with a lot of different random things but im not allowing myself to just start typeing random words Im finding it difficult to do this assignment since I can't just let myself go and type whats going on through my mind but rather i have several streams of thought going and im just choosing the more organized one i guess i could try to just start typng random words like sock monkey and donation tree but i had already thought of that before I typed them so i don't see how I can allow my self this is boring i just just give up coherency and type random things aoll qb get to confortable im worrying about typos im more or less tell you what im doing rather then what im thinking i just i keep deleting things and re wrting them because i hit the wrong letters I guess thats not good either since im obviously can't be contiually typing if im stopping to coreect typos im stopping now who cares if it can't be read its nothing to raead anyhow im just typing random rnams otnwoanm now I m going to rtong not to hit the backspace now but I don't think I can its a habit like locking the door i did it again a lot just now in that senstence i can't seem to stop myself i ve decied to not look at the screen when Im typing now so I can't backspace anymore but I don't know that it matter but hey its something to do I still have roughly 8 mins left I beklieve I don't know hmmm this is boring the keys the keys kthek eyes ching mouthani ntdw tddrinkn see that was horrible Im lookng at the scree n again I want top backspace some more and I probly will I wonder how mloogn aifniabhgoabhglbajklglfyfyilflgfvygflglgugglgklglkglkglkg i have about 5 mins left this is starting to annoy me i've probly done it wrong if thats possible but o well this is as well as I could do it hmmm I don't want to do anything but check out cross-x but I need to study which I probly won't end up doing I;ll probly take my antrho quiz but I probly won't turn in my math homework o well i gues s Im going to fail eck i have never failed so i probly won't but I really need to get with it work out snl hairy somethingawful. com is cool see I don't know how to do this my mind starts thinking random words and I don't know if im supposed to type them or waht it just doesnt mcdonalds shower in other apt across hall this is just incohrent like most odf this rant and annoying so im going to stop I think times almost up Im going to check about 2 mins left most of this piece seems like im struggling with myself because im indecisive about my own stream of consensaih cons err I can't spell but what ever the title my roomate just told me I left my cloths in the dryer I don't think I did so Im going to go check when this timer is done I need it to hurry up because he needs to do his laundry blah b lah blah moo this timer about 30 more seconds then I can finalyl be done and be roughly caught up with psych bah the days came by so fast hmm I think the timer is over now or at least like 5 seconds away 2 -1 do no I won't contiune my time is up. ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_870737.txt,"I really don't know what the heck this is all about but i guess I will just write stupid stuff that I am thinking about. I am a really slow typer and whenever I am being timed on something it makes me nervous and I mess up a lot. So, if someone is reading this I am sorry if i make a lot of mistakes. I have a ton to do toinght and i really want to go to bed early because i have a 9 o'clock class in the morning. as soon as i get finished with this, i need tot call this girl in my physical science class and get our lab assignment from her becasue i didnt have my book last time. that is going to be really difficult because i don't have her number. hopefull i can call around and get it form somebody. She is in my sorority so it isnt completely hopelss. my roommate is watching this movie that is really gettign on my nerves. the people are making these shorrible dieing noises. it sounds so gross. anyways, back to my to do list for tonght: after i do that i need to go pick all of that stuff up and tranfer all of our data to my book which will take forever and i have only been writing for 6 minutes and i really feel like this is a waste of my busy night but thats ok a t least i am getting it over with. I am so glad that is due this friday. for some reason i had it written down that it was due last friday and i was really mad this morning when i thought i had missed turning this in. because these are easy points that i definately need. i love classes that give you extra things besides tests because i am not always te best test taker, so anything extra really helps. i really like peenebaker a lot, except he goes really fast through the material and i get kindof lost, but thats why i like the discussion sessions. i really think that those are going to help me. i am froma small high school and so i am used to small classes so those discussions are very comfortable for me. i am from midland and i think on the first day that he said he was from midland but i couldnt really hear him. i know he made a comment about midland vs. odessa an i liked that one. i hate it when people always try to lump them together. it really gets on my nerves because they are so different. i went home to midland this last weekend because i got ina wreck on friday night. it really sucked because that was my fiirst wreck. i just backed into someone so it wasnt a big deal nut i think that it is going to be really expensive. it is getting really hard for me to concentrate because i am listening to one of my roommates talk ont eh phone and i keep gettig distracted and wanting to type what she is saying. oh my ogsh- its only been 13 miutes. this is insane. i don't know how much more of this i can take. my wrists are starting to hurt. oh now he getting off the phone. now i got really distracted because she was trrying to talk to me and now i have totally lost my train of htought which hass probaba;y defeating the whole purpose of this writing assignment. oh well. see now i can't think of anything to talk about. oh yes about going home this weekend. i had a wreck so i went to show my dad my car and ( i just got distracted again) and i went to my sisters football game. she is a cheerleader and this was her first varsity game to cheer at. she is a sophomore. i remember my first varsity game. i was so nervous. i was a freshman though. my year they let freshman try out for varsity bacuse of some conflicts the year before. so me and one other girl were the only girls ever to be on varsity for four years. it was kindof cool. i letter four years in a row. i was the only one that graduated a four year letterman because karah(hte other girl) quit her senior year. it was really sad. oh yeah i only have 30 more seconds left. i am so glad that this is almost ov ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_871615.txt,"Here I go, frist off let me think of a topic, how about looking at a country side in the Texas hill conutry. Useraly the frist thing I notce are the ceder trees, and while I like trees, there is something upsetting about ceder trees; they are not native to this part of the country, however they are well adattined to this climet. Sence ceder trees are evergeens they can feed themselfs all year round, which gives them avantivce over the trees that grow here naturaly, such as oaks and jupaters. Oaks and jupaters lost thier leaves in the fall, and both species of trees grow very slowly; aposed to ceder wich grow very fast. Thus the ceder trees have drowed out most of the oak and other native trees. This is upsetting to me because, while ceder forest is nice to look at, it is no where as impressive as an forest made up of old mujestic oaks and jupaters with there beatifull puple and white blossmues. Another thing about ceder is they grow close together and low to the ground, which makes it very hard to walk around in a ceder woolden area. Just think how great it would be to walk aroud in a forest of huge old oak trees over your head, that pervade shade, while still leting a cool wind througt. Yes, it would cerncely make the rolling hills of the hill conutry more beatuifull, and would surely enhace my beatitude, while walking through the woolds. ",y,n,n,y,y

2002\_873089.txt," I just got done taking a shower in the hopes that it would wake me up so I could read the things I need to read for my classes. The shower sure did wake me up! A girl living on my floor, whom I have never seen before, took all the best shower, along with all the hot water. So it took me twice as long to take a shower, which made me mad. This anger added onto my frustration from my homework tonight. So now I am here, listening to music and writing my stream of consciousness because I figured that this would be the best time since I have multiple feelings in me right now. In addition to the anger from the shower incident and the frustration from the class homework assignments, my friend brought up a topic that made me recall past emotions. He recently is taking a break with his girlfriend, and he has been telling me that he is sad and lonely, but the break was mutual. I told him, yeah, I know what you mean. I had to end things with a guy, but it was not mutual. So instead of just acknowledging it and moving on, he asked questions about my relationship with this past guy. It took me a long time to forget the experiences dealing with him. Talking about them just made me a little sad. Like I said, the break was really bad, so bad that I felt like there was no one who could understand what I was going through, no one could help me because this was the way my life situation is and no one can fix it. Strict parents cannot be changed on their beliefs. Anyway, I tried to shrug the subject away by bringing up other topics, and soon enough we were laughing over some dumb internet site that he sent to me. If only I could help him out with his sadness, but I know time is all he needs to realize that this girl he's been with is not the only girl out there. A break from a relationship will either make the bond stronger, or one will come to the realization that a world of opportunity is out there. I am content that I have no one tying me down, but I do miss the boyfriend/girlfriend relationship. If I do meet someone, then that is fine. If I do not, then that is fine too. When I entered college I promised myself that I would make smart, sensible decisions and still have fun in the process. A huge group of guy friends is way better than one boyfriend in my opinion. I have not even met at least five new people in all of my classes for crying out loud! There are plenty of fish in the sea. Yes, college is great so far; I recently joined kung fu. It feels so good to be doing something you love again. I had to quit due to, once again, strict parents, but now that I'm back in the sport, the stress is less. I love watching it, and there are really athletic people in the class too. Martial arts has always been a big interest to me. To be one of the few girls in the kung fu class is another bonus. Not only am I surrounded by athletic guys, I also feel like I am special in a way, like I am unique. And I am better than most of the guys already. Flexiblity and grace is key in wu shu kung fu, and I've got them both. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_875611.txt," I'm brandom. I type very slow right Now I'm watching ht ranger game. I love sports. Along with music they dominanate my life. I love the dallas maverics stars cowboys burn, and the texas rangers. Microsoft worl has kill my ability to spell any word correctly. I get terribly mad and depressed when the cowboys or the mavericks lose. I think it is because they mean so much to me and i spend alot of my time devote to them. I will check the internet aboiut two ofr three times a day. As for music i love music My favorite band is blink 182. People say the sold out and that theeir music change. It did. But they also change drummers and producer. Enima of the state was different. But take off your pants and jacket is right where it should be. think peoplee hate whats popular. and they hate change. Band alway change because they grow more talented and shiot happen in there life. But anyway i love blink Even if they would put out a polka album that is very very very horrible i would still buy. YOu always stick by what you love. I think the cowvboys will win the rest of their games. if they lose next game then they will win the rest of those. They will always be my favorite team whether they are 0-16, 16-0 8-8 what ever. I feel the same way about the mavericks. The other fwd sport I like but not love. I hate the map making bastard. I hate how it dallasFortworth but not fort worth dallas. Fort worth is a big city. I hat it when they only put dallas on the map. They will but clevland and mhashville bbut now fort worth. I alos hat abc, nbc and fox news because the news cast is all about dallas A fucking tornado has to hit fort worth to hear it on the news, but if an old lady's air condition breaks in Dallas the have live helicopter shit. I hCBS is base out of fw But they get an even dallas and fort worth news. I hate missouri because Grand pa simpson does. I hate Peple who say thing just to get a response. I love double stuff oreos. I only like apples out of fruits and potatoes out of vegtables. I've never had a strwberry or a salad. I have bad hand writing In the fourth grade my teacher said that they won't except my paper in the fifth grade. All my teacher in every grade always say that. I like chicken noodle soup. When I was little all the girls love my brother and told me. I said thanks for telling me. This followed me everwhere i go forever. If i step foot in CROWLEY the first thing someone will tell me is YOur brother is hot. I comb my hair or i wear a hat. I actually think alot about everything. Sometimes I put my self in a situation and i act ourt every little detail in my head. Sometime YOu can find me talking to myt self, But what I'm really doing is acting out the situation in my head out loud. I have no really wants and desire which bothers me because I graduate in 2-3 years. I'm content with working 60+ hours a week and just getting by. But my parents would call me a loser. The only things I want in my lfe is 3-5 kids (1st girls name is makenzi ann). A dog names mike. And a soccer mom wife who wants to work but I want her to stay at home and watch the kids. And she is content with that. I also want a house. I don't have to own expensive things or drive consistantly new cars. Money doesn't rule my life, but my parents want it to . I would rather my mom remember that I don't like a salad then pay for my college. I would rather my dad work less then live in a big house ",n,y,y,n,n

2002\_875628.txt,"I am sitting in my dorm room listening to my roomate talk on the phone to her boyfriend. I have just finished studying and everything i have just read is all jumbled in my head. I am thinking about the weekend and what I am going to do because my roomate's sister is coming to stay with us. She is a junior and has just come out and said that she is depressed. I want to take her out and make sure she has a good time. However, I went to my chapter meeting tonight and they told us that this weekend we were having out pledge retreat and a field day on Saturday. I have so much to study for and so much reading and I have to entertain a 16 year old girl. I don't know how I am going to get everything done. But I know that everything will work our because it always does. I am listening to little pieces of information about my roomates conversation and am very curious as to what is going on. It sounds very interesting. I am just thinking about everything that I need to do and all of the people I need to talk to. It is so difficult when you have to talk to all of your friends from your hometown and talk to your mother while trying to go to class, meetings, and everything else. It seems there are never enough hours in the day. My roomate is offering our room to a couple of her friends to come stay at our dorm this weekend. The girls are extremely annoying and I think I will have to find somewhere to stay. Hopefully our retreat is overnight. It has been alright with my roomate and I. He were best friends in Elementary school but things do change. I came in the other night and she was drunk and was trying on my clothes. It pissed me off but I can't say anything just because she is too nice. She left this weekend and went to San Antonio and stayed with her boyfriend. They got a hotel room for the night. It was nice having the room all to myself. I have my entire schedule with a boy who I went to high school with. I was shocked at first but now it is very helpful. We can tell each other and remind each other about assignments and other things. I went to my FIG class today and felt like I was back in the fifth grade. He assigned us a project where we have to create a shield. The usual what you like, a word that describes you, and other stuff to that nature. I finally talked to my ex-boyfriend today for the first time in a couple of weeks. We broke up because we were going to different colleges and he couldn't handle it. He is too much of a guy. Everyone went home this weekend in my dorm and I was all alone. Our room smells like chinese food because we can't take our trash out until Thursday so until then it stinks. I still have not done an laundry yet because out dorn is out of special laundry cards. I need to go to the grocery store to buy more folders and drinks. I will probably leave and go with a girl who lives down my hall. I am excited that I don't have class tomorrow until 2:00. We have a Theta mexican lunch tomorrow that I am taking my best friend to. Everyone in my pledge class is so caught up with Jenna Bush. I almost think people joined it because she is in it. She is just like every other girl in that room with the exception that her father is the President of the United States. At our meeting tonight the Secret Service was there. That part if kind of cool to see them. It gives you a sense of security that you are protected as well. All of the girl in my pledge class are really nice. I met the sweetest girl down my hall. I am going to her Grandmother's 75th birthday party in a couple of weeks somewhere near Dallas with her. My computer keeps messing us and the pointer is going to the middle of the page. My suitemate just made popcorn and is offering it to us. It smells incredible. ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_875711.txt," I was fairly apprehensive about beginning this assignment, as it is my first official college homework. I'm a little worried that I won't be able to fill the entire twenty minutes with my thoughts, however I've never had a lack of thought before, never been at a loss of something interesting or intriguing to ponder or speak about. However, I've also never been asked to trace my stream of thought for twenty minutes. Right now I'm feeling pretty tired and I guess a little thirsty. But I guess that's life. Life is also a board game by Parker Brothers, you know, the one where you buy 'House Insurace'. Life is sitting at my computer completing an assignment for one of my classes. Life can be a many number of things, such as a pony ride in Illinois, a state I've been to once to see Lincoln's birthplace but have no desire to return to. Abe was our 16th president, something I remember from AP US History. It was the best class I ever took in highschool. I haven't been on a pony ride in years. The girl across the hall from me in my dorm used to train horses though, and she talks of them semi-frequently. My roomate does a lot of studying. I'd say upwards of six or seven hours each day. It makes me feel guilty that I am not always making the best use of my time, but I figure that's what college is about. Not specifically wasting time however, because it in itself is definately not a waste. I'm almost done with classes for the week, just a philosophy discussion section tomorrow from 1-2. It's nice to only have one class on fridays, however I am disappointed that I got assigned that scetion. A 3-day weekend each week would be much appreciated, which I suppose goes without saying. My boyfriend is coming into town this weekend, which is nice. He attends the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical University (Texas A&M). Most people are shocked to dicover that I'm dating an Aggie. I guess I just haven't become a die-hard Longhorn fan, as of yet anyway, although I know I will never sever a relationship (as some people think I most definately should) over school pride and - or rivalry. I will however attend the UT/A&M game and probably wear orange. I will also eat some yogurt and get a lemonade as soon as these four minutes are up. I need to put some more of my photos up in my room. My roommate has put some up. They're small Van Gogh prints, which is my favorite. I'm pretty passionate about art, I did a lot of reading this summer on the history and pecific time periods of western art. However, my roommate just put them up for their aesthetic value. Oh well, you can't win them all. Most though, anyway. ",y,y,n,y,y

2002\_877267.txt," I've been thinking about relationships lately. As we speak my mind is bewildered with thoughts of my ex-girlfriend that i was with for over a year, and the new girl im dating. Im still friends with my ex, but she still loves me and im not in love with her any longer. This new girl means the world to me, she is a nice change of pace for me. It's something new and I like it, but I can't help but still have feelings for my ex. I think the reason is because I was in a sexual relationship with her for a year, my first sexual partner. And I think that keeps me tied to her in a way. And the problem is when I'm with this new girl, I'm very turned on and want to be with her sexually but for some reason I can not get aroused, if you nkow what I mean. It's not that I don't want to, because I do, but for some reason I'm just not able to. I wonder why this is? Why can't I just have another healthy sexual relationship with this new girl. Is it me? What can I do to fix the problem? Should I just stop thinking about it and eventually it will pass over time? Or will this be a chronic thing? Im in a bind because I don't want to offend this new girl by not getting aroused with her. I don't want her to think I'm not attracted to her. God, I can't wait to see her! She lives in Dallas still, she's a year younger, so I can only go back in town on occasion to see her, and what makes it even worse is the temptation from my ex, because she goes to college here with me. And she has already taken advantage of me when I was drunk. Should I tell this new girl this? What good would it do? I'm not going to volunteer the information to her, but if she asked me I definitley wouldn't lie to her. When I broke up with my ex I wanted to be free, I mean I was going to college and I wanted to see what possibilities there were for me without the weight of a girl friend on my back. But then just a week after we broke up, I found her!! And she makes me want to go back to a relationship state. She likes me how I am, but I like to try and impress her as much as I can. I find myself spending a lot of moeny on her! Plus, I'm taking a weight lifting class here to make myself look better, not just for her, but myself too, but I definitley want it for her because I know she would like to see me with more muscles. She's so beautiful! Her face pops up in my head everyday. I see her face on everyone I meet! Am I in love again? I hope not. I don't want to fall in love with someone I can't be with do to where we live. That would hurt too much. I have to be close to the person i love. So I will not let myself fall in love again. I can't let it happen. But I'm afraid it will, I know she is falling in love with me, but I got to hold back. I got to be strong. I can't wait till I go back in town in october. I'm taking her out to a haunted house, I love them , she hates them. Meaning she will be clinging to me like white on bread. I love when she puts her arms around me. I love when we're fooling around she takes my shirt off. She's very aggressive. . . god I love that. An aggressive woman is very attractive in my eyes, a woman who will take control is somethign rare, and she posesses it. I so want to get more physical with her, but I'm afraid because you see, she's a virgin. . . I'm not. I don't want to steal her innocence. She's so sweet and innocent, I don't want to corrupt that, especially when I don't know if there is a definite future for she and I. What do I do? I think she wants to have sex because of all the signals she gives me when we're fooling around but I'm not too sure. Do I go ahead and go for it? Or will that just make me fall in love with her, which I stated before I didn't want to do. Man, she makes me so jealous! I have never been jealous, but for some reason she makes me. I guess it might be because I'm not there with her, and i know she hangs out with all these guys, and osmetimes its just her and a guy. That pisses me off, I mean I trust her, but one of the guys she hangs out with is an ex-boyfriend of hers, who makes it very clear that he is still madly in love with her. So how am I suppsoe to take that? god!! I wish I wasn't jealous, I mean she and I are just dating and I'm already this jealous. I was never this jealous in my entire previous relationship. She makes me so happy though. She can do nothing wrong! She is my everything and I think about her constantly! I think I love her! ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_880165.txt, Holy crap I should hurry and type. This is going to be a long time. I am already bored. Why do I have to do this. My wrist hurts typing like this. What is this going to prove. Ouch. my leg itches. So does my neck but I can't stop typing because if i do then this will be a complete failure i wonder what is on tv my back itches i hope i don't smell bad should i be using punctuation oh well guess i won't this is really long i can't believe i have to do this i wonder how fast i can type i wish that i could watch tv later on im going to go and get something to eat what should that be i don't kow i think that i will have pizza more than likely that sounds good i need to use the restroom something smells good it smells like popcorn i wonder if there is a movie on i like watching movies remember that on time when i was at this movie with my friends and during the middle of the movie he said this game is over it was so funny i want to watch some cartoons like the transformers i wonder why that show is not on anymore i mean it was like my favorite show ever. my neighbor is blasting some excellent music. It sounds like it is punk which i enjoy very much. i want to stop typeing sargent door locks i want some milk i haven't had a good glass of whole milk since i have been here. All there is is 2% 1% or skim and those are all really gross. i can't see how anyone would drink that it is like watered down milk. but i guess not to many people really drink that. yes only 13 mins left for me to type. my hands are getting tired. it is quite cool in my room i wish that i was in jester and not in moore hill all my friends are in jester and that makes me feel bad that i don't get to see themall the time hey jerk face turn your music down it is making my stuff move on my desk. i hope that changing things into paragraphs is not required becaue if that is then i will probably fail but then again this just to written in a stream of total conscienceness so i guess that i don't really even need to stop to put periods in do i i need to take a nap this is really hard because i don't know if i am really even typing what i am think at least i don't have to worry about my laundry it was done yesterday. i can't believe how bad our team played on saturday we didn't even score in the second half that is pathetic why must this be happening i need to go potty but i can't because of this stupid paper ya know what cartoons are an excellent choice to watch i mean like aqua teen hunger force that show makes me laugh so hard i need to download some of those and the show undergrads that was excellent to bad it was taken off the air. i wonder how much useless trivia i know i bet it is a lot but when it comes to actual knowledge i don't really know that much i wonder why that is. i need to go swimming i like swimming how the water feels nice and cold it makes you go faster than warm water i wonder if i can swim at the joe jamail swim center how much more do i have to type shut that music off it is driving me crazy complete silence in my room is no fun hey gabriel turn on the tv so that then i can at least watch something while i type that would be a good think i wonder what those marks on my closet door is from i bet i have horrible grammar but excellent typeing speed that is all you really need. i hope that i get a good grade on this paper and that all of this was worth my time okay only four minutes left come on kevin keep it together you can make it through this i wonder how much i have typed because if it is a lot that would be really surprising i am so happy that this is almost over because i don't think that i could have taken this i wonder who just got on IM because that would be better than this i really need to do some studying i hope that the next paper is a lot better than this one because i hate just writing about what i am feeling are thinking because it feels so forced and like i don't ha ha that jerk next door has just left excellent oh well back to talking about useless trivia i bet that you couldn't name all the states in 10 mins it is really hard only me and my best friend reed have been able to do it and it took me 8 mins and him 9 and a half no one else i have challenge has been able to do it it makes you want to shoot yourself in t ,y,n,y,n,n

2002\_891066.txt,"tomorrw i finally get to go home!!! its homecoming and one of my friends running for queen. college is a great exerience so far, but there is a lot of reading, but on the flip side there is also a lot of parties. I've met a lot of fun people. oh my goodness, i get my hair cut this weekend!!!! i am so excited. this is as long as I've had it in a long time. im so glad to get out of my home town. its so small and so judgmental. every one knows every thing about every one in the town. just the other day an article was written to high school extra about how horrible the coaches in my home town were and some slandering was going on and now there are lawyers and police involved. oh well i guess im not involved in that, thank god. this psy class is interesting and thank god for that, because if not i would prob. fail the course. wow ntwenty min is a lot longer than i thought. im running out of things to say, and that is not usually the case. most of the time i can't quit talking and never find it hard to think of another subject to talk about. i don't have a boyfrien and thats because i don't like answering to people and thats what a high school relationship is. my best frien dane, he was almost a boyfriend, we could never decide what we wanted to do and until a week before he left to college and now he plays football there so i realy never get to see him. but we still stay in contact. foolish pride i guess. well that and i was never able to stay commited and i guess that was the real problem. i didnt want to be held down and i know thats what it would have been like so i just avoided it. scared of commitment? a little but who isn't. plus why just have one when you can have many and more. i sound like the typical guy, but i whos to judge. ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_892957.txt," I am waiting for Brad to get home. I hope that he's talking to Michael because they need to figure out what's happening before things get worse. I can't believe he's being so petty about this whole ordeal. Seriously, was he expecting us to pat him on the back and say how proud we are that he's started smoking pot. . not just a little either. . but massive amounts? I don't quite understand how on earth he can simply think that just because he's been on medications and is immune and he's sick and is in pain that that is a valid excuse. We all have our issues to escape from, while i'll agree that yes none of us face exactly what he's going through with his disorders and his back, we have our problems too. I hate to see him like this, feeding himself bs to justify it. He knows it was wrong, i honestly think he knows its wrong and he claims he regrets it but deep down i don't think he does. This is his rebellion. What kills it the most is that it shows just how hypocritical he can be. Maybe a year ago he was bashing one of his really good friends for doing something so similar. . the guilt trips, the icq away messages, the finger pointing. Its all the same. I know thats what scares brad so much about it, because michael is his best friend, and he can't stand to see him turn into benny. Neither can i. I've known one too many people who end up permenately stoned so bad that they can't remember anything past the last fix. Its so sad to watch them as they stop being able to function. I know, just know that one of these days i'm going to get a call from someone saying that one by one they're dying off. Its so sad. Some of my best friends have become drug addicts and have nearly lost their lives because of it, and yet they continue to use it. Now they might as well be dead. . they have no personality and they'll never be the same people they once were. Drugs make you petty. They've all become petty. I worry how this effects brad. He's right, Michael basically is his only friend, guy friend anyway. If Michael were to hold this against him it would definately kill him and would seriously screw with his future. Brad has a hard time making friends. I'm actually incredibly surprised we're even together conisdering his track record. He's the shyest drama major I've ever met. He won't talk to people. I have to talk for him sometimes, and he gets upset if i don't introduce him. Most people know who he is, they just don't believe me. When i talk about him i talk about either why he's got me frustrated or how great he is, and when he meets my friends nothing. . he sits there and stares. He promises he'll try and its not something i hold against him. . yes it kind of annoys me but i seriously don't hold it against him. Marked up as one of his quirks. I have so many i guess i can't really hold his agianst him since he doesn't hold mine against me. I can't believe that Michael would hold a grudge. . he's always gotten so mad at me for having my grudges since last year and always lectured me and i've listened and tried not to hold what they did to me against them, that whole christian turn the other cheek forgiveness thing. I'm trying. . honestly i am. BUT i must admit life is SO much easier when i don't have to be around them. No constant reminder of all the stuff that happened last year. Its a new chapter in my life and its so great that although they followed me here, they don't have to be a part of it. I just want brad to be happy. The old michael wouldn't have had this problem, but he's changed recently, and definatley not for the better. Almost makes me feel the need to return the favor. Just as they controled and manipulated and abused me last year, he is their victim now, and it makes me so sad. He's a great guy. He just should have taken his own advice and gotten out of there as fast as he could. Trevor would have understood, and if he's anything like they claim, he DEFINATELY would not approve of the life his friends have chosen. Drugs won't bring him back. He died its time for all of them to move on. I just don't know if they'll ever realize that. Some won't ever . . i wonder if we can make micael see that before its too late. ",n,y,y,n,y

2002\_896653.txt," Stream of Conciousness. hmmm. My mind is clearest when it's late, music in the background is soothing, it makes me think of Ted. The music playing is Ashley's favorite. It's amazing that one person can be such a pillar of strength. One person can change so much, by doing so little. Strength, Independance, Perserverance, Beauty, Power, Love, Intellegence, these are things that everyone wants, we all want to be everything, and the best of it all. Not even that we want to be everything, but we want to be precieved as everything. People in high school who were everything were really nothing. In life people who think they're everything are usually nothing. I want to be something. I feel really small, i'm waiting to feel big. Not physcially, but emotionally, big. I'm not fragile, but I'm not that pilar of strength yet. this isn't home yet. My bed isn't home yet. With time it will be home. When I walk in the door it feels like home, but every morning when i wake up, it's not quite right. It gets more right every day. Dashboard Confessionals, listening to them makes me feel comfortable, just quiet enough to hear, but not load enough to understand. So much to do, lists and lists. Why is it I procrastine always, always. Study habits are so bad, mom was right. I hate it when mom is right. Why do I always yell at her in my dreams? Dreams are always there, emotions are always there, I can't hide them in dreams. Rain is wonderful, it makes me breathe lighter. I love sleeping when its raining on the window, that was nice today. Sitting on my bed letting the skys fall. This life isn't a dress rehearsal, that is a poster on my wall. I'm never going to get a second chance, this is all i've got, never again will this moment happen, and look, i'm spending this moment typing like a crazy person trying to fill up this twenty minutes. I never realized how long twenty minutes can really be. The sound of the shower is a lot like the sound of rain, i like it. I like the smell of our room after someone is done showering, it's clean, fresh, it makes me smile. why are pictures so important? I have every important thing captured into pictures, who cares if you're really happy, when the camera comes, the smile appears, wheater you want it to or not. It's like when I dance, you walk on the stage and I become a totally different person, its not me. Dance is wonderfully curel. Twisting, torking, pain, stretching, then you walk on the stage and slap on a smile, like it feels good, pretending or lying? hmmmm. . something to ponder. My biology book keeps staring at me, screaming YOU HAVE TO READ ME SOMETIME! and God, is it right, i've got to. Dedication, it's what got me here, and it's the only thing that's going to get me out within the next four to five years. Biology - how could that motivate anyone?!?! The only thing that motivates me is dance, sad, but true. What would i be doing without dance? Living on the street corners of Guadalupe? I would if it made me happy - poor, rich, whatever, happy. Happy is what i want. 20 minutes is up - stream of conciousness. . hmmmm. . ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_897828.txt," Well, all I have to say is that it is very hot in here. The air conditioner is broken, and beads of sweat are trickling from the back of my neck down into my chair. I hate being hot. I would so much rather be cold than hot. However, I could never live in a really cold environment. Texas is my home. I would have to kill myself if I lived in Michigan or something like that. Just imagine, waking up at 6am to go to work, and having your car door frozen shut. That is my hell. I think the perfect place to live would be California, Southern Florida, or of course Hawaii. I am going to be one of those old people who move to the beach when they retire. My husband will have one of those fishing businesses where he takes tourists out for a fish in the ocean, and I get to laze around the pool all day. My grandchildren will come and visit me, because it will be an easy way for their parents to have some time alone, because every kid loves the beach. Oh the beach. I love the feeling of the sand through my toes. The salty air running over me, the feeling of the water on my feet. I love the ocean. I wanted to be a marine biologist when I was little, but then I found out I would have to be good at math and science. and that is DEFINITELY not me. I do love marine life though. I've been to Corpus Christi a few times in the last couple of years, and both times I have dragged my boyfriend to the Texas State Aquarium so I could go and see the animals. especially the sea otters, they're my favorite. I hear the aquarium in Monteray, CA has a bunch of sea otters. I would love to go there. I have only been to California once, and that was just for one night before I went to Hawaii the next day. What a great state Hawaii is. I don't know why the government doesn't pay for a family to travel there once every couple of years to make the stress go away. They do that in France you know. the government (or your insurance) pays for trips to the beach because of it's natural healing powers. America should do that. If we knew we were promised a trip to Hawaii every year if we didn't committ any crimes, and we payed our taxes. everyone would comply. There would be no more murders, rapes, robberies, or anything of the sort. And if anyone is ever pissed off at the government for anything. well it will all be forgotten after a couple of strawberry daqueries at a swim-up bar in a 5-Star hotel over-looking the Pacific. They say that having an aquarium releases tension, well just imagine going out on the ocean and seeing dolphins jump next to you on the boat, and whales splashing their tales. That'll do you good for 10 years! God I need a vacation. Just a little weekend one will do fine. Maybe just to San Antonio, or back down to the coast. hell I'll even settle for home--free meals and shopping in Fort Worth might cure some ailment. But I am pretty sure that the beach is my best bet. The best is late at night on the water. The stars and moon reflect off of the ocean, and everything is still except for the sound of the pulsing waves and the cooling breeze. I think I'll start packing my bag now. Damn, I don't have a swim suit. I'll stop at Target on the way out. ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_898153.txt,"Well, I don't really know what I am suppose to be doing, so I'll just do the best that I can. I have a lot of thoughts going on in my mind right now. I feel nervous, yet excited to find what college life has yet to bring me. I feel that I need to manage my time more, because I am so scared that everything is going to catch up with me. All weekend I've said that I need to do something, but just can't seem to figure out What I should do. I talk to my mom everyday, and it makes me really sad. Everyday I think of my family and how much I miss them. We are so close and my nieces and nephews mean the world to me, and everytime I talk to them on the phone it makes me cry. I even felt like just leaving, but I know that I have to stay here in order to succeed. My boyfriend doesn't really help out much in making me feel better. He just doesn't understand how it feels to actually miss family. He gets so mad at me just because I call her and he says by me doing that it doesn't make things any better. It's just that she is so sad because I am not there and she's all alone. She thinks that I won't ever come home again, and I know that's not true. I just wish there was a way for me to let her know that. She thinks that just because I left I won't ever see her again. I know that I will never move back home after I graduate, but it will always be home, and I know I will visit her. I also feel so pressured, in soo many ways. I just worry that I won't make it here. I just want it to all end soon. I want to finish school as quickly as possible, because I feel that I need to begin my life. I mean not begin my life, but actually start my own. I need to get out and see the real world on my own perspective. My mom has held this shield over me my whole life, so being here has opened my eyes a whole lot. I've learned so much, but know that I have so much more to see. I really wish I could experience more things though. I mean having a boyfriend holds me back a lot. I haven't gotten to experience all the things that I should. Sorry I don't know if this is going to work, but I realized I didn't put in my social or name. 462898153- Virginia Moreno ",n,y,y,y,y

2002\_904419.txt," Right now i am in my dorm room recovering from classes and preparing for an evening filled mostly with studying. My ears are receiving the wonderful sounds of Jack Johnson, Jackopierce & Dave Matthews, and also Ceili Rain ( a Camp Allen classic). I can not say that i am smelling anything particularly because my sinuses are acting up after a game of soccer last night. I guess there is just something about the grass down by the LBJ fountains that fires up my histamines. I am feeling a little anxious and stressed right now. I woke up at 10:00 this morning just as my first class was starting. This class is small and very much attendance based, so i could not simply skip it. I had to rush out the door and i believe that this rush has caused me to feel as though in race all day. The stress comes from the inability to finish a project for that class as a result of my oversleeping. I know the professor was not proud and i am afraid my grade will suffer as a result. I want to keep my grades up so that i will be able to easily transfer to any school because right now i do not believe that i will be able to cut it for 5 years in architecture school. For now i am committed to finishing this semester and evaluating things from there. My mind just wandered back to Psychology class today. Dr. Pennebaker really angered me when he suggested that one of the greatest christians of all time and that spirituality and religion are all frauds and conjured up by our temporal lobes. He said that Paul saw a vision of Christ after he fell on the road to damascus because he probably hit or damaged his temporal lobe. Well Paul saw a blinding light that caused him to fall and afterward he was blind, which would not be caused by damage to the temporal lobe. Furthermore, other people had received visions of what was to happen and to receive Paul into their homes as a result of the events. There i've said my piece. I just realized that the music i'm listening to makes me miss my friends. One is called Please Come to Boston and it talks about trying get together with old friends as this person is moving on with their own life. It has the same effect on me. I want my friends to come visit me on campus, but for some reason it would feel like a step back for me to go visit them. The other song is one from the christian summer camp i worked at for the past three summers. it just takes me back there with all of my friends and the summer love. We still talk occasionally, but only over the internet and not on the phone. I really prefer talking face to face if at all possible and then the phone and lastly the internet. It just seems so impersonal to talk on the internet with instant messages. Plus you can not fully express yourself; sarcasm for example is hard to decipher when written. Wow, i actually wrote for twenty minutes and enjoyed it. this was actually a little therapeutic to express myself like this. ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_906448.txt,"I don't know what I'm doing tonight. There's a Cory Morrow concert at the Midnight Rodeo place on Ben White. I have no idea how I would get there. Maybe I could get my ex-girlfriend to take me, but that'd be pretty weird. I was just looking online and saw that some OU/UT tickets are going for like $2000. I don't know what people were thinking when they didn't get reserved season football tickets. I just had to go up to the line once and got all my tickets for the entire season, including the OU/UT game. Pretty cool. Ya, Mike's getting upset at me cause I'm not going to College Station this weekend. Instead, I'm going to go see Jerry Jeff Walker in Gruene on Saturday. God, I hate this Nashville country thing. I got to change the radio station. It's upsetting. I wonder where my roomate Houston is. He was supposed to be back around 4:30 and he still hasn't showed up. Oh well. I got all of my calculus homework except for like 2 problems done, so that's pretty cool. I wish he would clean his side of the room a little more. I want to go play soccer tonight at Clark Field, but they're like watching American Pie 2 tonight. That's really cool. Oh well. Haha, it's only been four minutes? This is going to take forever. I can't wait to go back to St. Joe for homecoming. I want to go to the alumni party before the game. Supposedly, it's pretty fun. They don't really mind at all if you're underage. Haha. My leg is hurting because I'm pressing it up against the table while i write. What other homework do I have to do tonight? Hm. . . Oh, I have to print out some Spanish worksheets. My computer keeps humming at odd intervals. I wonder what's going on there. I can't find a decent radio station that I can recieve in my dorm. I'm going to put some music from Kazaa on. Haha, just kidding. Travis Tritt- It's a Great Day to be Alive just came on. Haha. I hope ya'll don't really care about grammar and all that because I'm just trying to write quickly without caring about that kind of stuff. This song reminds me of Garner State Park. That was a blast. They have these dances every night and most people at the park go there. It's awesome. My buddies and I met all these cute girls from Baytown, or something like that. All I know is that I want to go to Baytown sometime! haha. My bed isn't too comfy. It could be a lot nicer. I need to fix that somehow. Great, this song is ending. I wonder what's next. Haha, a little Kazaa is next. You ever listened to Me and Billy the Kid by Pat Green? Let me tell ya, it's a good song. I wish I could play the fiddle that well. I need to sign up for a music course next semester on how to play the fiddle . That'd be cool. I suck at it now, but being good at it wouldn't be bad. haha. Only halfway done. I wonder how much people write in these things. I bet reading them is pretty darn interesting. Haha i held back with the darn right there. haha. Anyways, I don't want to do calculus. The fiddle sounds really cool in this song. Here's the solo. IT soudns awesome. Seriously, download the song and listen to the solo. You'll like it. . . if you're a Texan. . haha. I hate Antonian high school. My buddy sent me a link to a webpage of theirs, and they were all proud of having made it to the state semis in baseball. Funny thing is, they lost in the first round of playoffs. We had the same records last year (need to change song again) but they went to playoffs because they had a better head to head record. We lost to them both times in the bottom of the last inning. You have no idea how upset we were. A freaking junior dropped a fly ball in the outfield to give them the tying run. I'm still pissed about that, but oh well. This song is awesome. Southbound 35 by Pat Green. It talks about coming back to Texas when he's leaving in Kansas. It's pretty cool. So what else. . I don't know how I'm getting to the OU game. I got to find a ride, maybe with Amy. Homework is no fun. Haha. I love it when they mention Austin in songs. It's pretty cool. I have to clean my room. I need to call whats that place. Midnight Rodeo and ask about the cover and when Cory goes on stage. Hope it's not much. College is quite expensive man. I love this part. Ya. . we were. soutbound 35!. . haha. New song coming. . I feel like a little Palo Alto, Naked Sorority Girls. The lyrics in that one are pretty funny. A Sigma Chi guy showed me this song during Rush Week. They're too expenisve. I think Delta Sig is the way to go. They're cool. This song has an awesome beat. Haha almost done. This actually went by pretty fast. What to do after? Maybe find someone who knows how to do those calculus problems. But when it comes to love, its all Greek to me! haha. . . I love this song. Well this has been fun. Adios till next time. ",y,n,y,y,n

2002\_911754.txt," i really want to lose weight, i want rob to look at me and want me. i wonder if he does? he says he does, but i wonder if he really does because when i want to be with him, he acts like hes got to do homework, or actually im not really that i don't know. he doesnt put me first i guess. id skip out on my homework to be with him. but i guess since hes a freshman, he doesnt know any better. however i am a junior, so he has to want me. this is a hard assignment because right now my mind is not wondering off of rob. i think about him quite often. hehe. . i wonder if he knows that. his hair. i love his hair. . his body, damn. junior boys do not have bodies like his. . whoa. . i have to take of my bracelets they are annoying me. i can't wait til im 21. i wish i could be laying out right now, but the pool is closed on mondays. i really want my hair to grow out. i have been growing it out for hmm. . . lets see. . years? no matter damnt. i have been trying to get it to get longer for so long, and it doesnt seem to be happening. its not like i cut it to my shoulders and then am like, okay, now im going to grow it out. its been this length for a while now. i need to relax. i have all this tensions in my arms and hands and its annoying me. i wonder if its cause im typing or if its just because im like that. i wish i had a dog here at school. i want a pet so bad, but not all the times. i wish i could have a pet when i want one, and then when i don't want to clean up the shit, it just disappears. i wonder if something else will happen soon with the terrorists. i wonder if the whole a-bomb thing is going to happen with sadam h. damnit, i guess im ready to die, but not really. i am just now getting into the swing of things of life. i am happy living alone, and i just want to do well in school. before all i cared about was my social life, but i suppose its obvious i don't care anymore about that because i have a thing for a freshman. i hate boys but i love them. i know i can get whomever i want for the most part, but everytime i let myself be all how i would like to be, i lose them. i wonder if i have done something wrong with the boy. i bet hes wondering if im crazy because im a junior. he always asks why im with him, or why i would even talk to him or hangout or whatever. but that was before. now its been a month and perhaps hes not interested anymore. oh why in the hell do i care? there are so many guys out there. i am so boy crazy. i wonder if i am normal. maybe its because im a scorpio. i didnt believe in all that shinnanigans before, but i recently read something that said scorpios are more horny or more into relationships or the opposite sex or something. that is very true in my case. what you going to dooo. i go crazy on you. i go craaazzyy on youuu. . i love music. i wish i could write better poems so i could write songs. oh man now i have to pee. . i wonder what i did that turned him off. we used to be best friends. . i wonder if he thinks of me. probably, obviously not as much as i think about him otherwise he wouldnt have let things go to shit like he did. i hate MIS. i hate homework. i wish they could just plug into your brain something, like a computer, like a little chip, so that learning or anything would be effortless because the chip would offer all the knowledge we need on a certain subject. like if you wanted to be a doctor, you just get a surgeon chip installed, etc. i want to be an actress. it better happen. i wish my parents could be happy. they don't seem very happy. i love to laugh. i don't wnat to get old. self control, self control. i wonder what is going to happen to me. what constitutes a slut? i know im not, i just kiss lots of boys, youre a slut if you sleep with all of them, and i don't do that. . . i hope i don't do that when im older. cause once you get started, its hard to stop. i wonder if shes doing coke? id hate to be her. shes so insecure and so untrusting, i don't trust anyone, but she really doenst trust anyone. id hate to be bipolar. gosh, i feel so bad, but i wish i could shake her and be like, snap out of it!!! quit it! stop! im getting hungry and i told myself i need to eat less, however, damnit, i would love to have some jalepano cheese rightnowww. . . yuummm. . i can't believe shes gettting married because shes pregnant. that sux. i would never do that. . well i can't say never because i have said id never do a lot of things that i do. i hate that. it makes me think i have no control overmyself whatsoever. i need to order some more zit medicine. 33, 34. . . i want to make a lot of money. ",y,n,n,n,y

2002\_912232.txt,"Right now I'm feeling a little stressed out and worn thin. I'm a real estate agent and a full time student as well. I've been to Round Rock this morning again for the second day in a row for a 9:30 appointment. I just can't seem to get everything done that needs to be done. I've got a ton of laundry to wash, my cell phone is ringing AGAIN, and tons of reading and studying to still do this week. I'm a little down because I had two deals at work fall through yesterday. I had to deal with another agent that was the most ignorant and unprofessional one I've had to deal with yet. His clients backed out of a deal on my listing and as a result I'm not closing on my client's new home. It's not a good time to be a real estate agent in Austin right now, but I'm trying my best and I guess that's all I can do. I'm not a traditional student and I feel a little out of the crowd in my classes. I've been working full time since I graduated over six years ago and going to school at night. I finally got to a point where I couldn't take any more night classes and here I am trying to finish up during the day. I've learned a lot and I value my experiences over the years. Sometimes I can't see the light at the end of the tunnel. It seems crazy I'm doing all this at once sometime, but bills have to be paid, I have to eat, and the cycle goes on. I do work hard, but I've almost forgotten how to relax and take it easy. I don't have time to watch TV and do a lot of things I really enjoy. I guess I'm more frustrated at the fact that there aren't more hours in the day than I am at myself for not accomplishing more. This is an odd assignment to do. I've never heard of something like this before. I am enjoying my classes even if I do feel like the outsider in most of them. I like to learn new things and have challenges I know I can get through and do well with. There are some nice people I've met at school, but most people I've noticed don't talk a lot and don't make eye contact when you pass by them. I haven't figured out why this is yet, but I'm curious. I'm friendly and smile and talk to people. It's strange they don't always respond. I was just brought up differently I guess. I'm not feeling really great right now. It's probably from stress, but I'm hoping it's just something in the air that will go away soon. I can't afford to be sick. It just won't work right now. My nose is all stuffed up and my throught is itchy, so I've been popping vitamin C's like they're going out of style. Let's see. . what else am I feeling? Well, I'm in love and very happy with my relationship. I came here to Austin a year ago because of him. We have a good relationship and get along great most of the time. Moving in together and moving to a new city was a challenge though. I was the most pathetic, depressed little thing when I first came here but I've moved out of that phase and am much happier now. I don't deal well with extreme changes. I set schedules for myself, but I don't always stick to them because I try to fit too much in. I've been late to everything it seems lately and I need to work on that. I don't like being late because it's rude and embarrassing. I don't have a lot of friends, but the few I have are very good friends. My sister just moved here this summer and I feel like a part of me that was missing before is back again. We grew up a year apart and were like twins growing up. We can do that thing where you talk without saying a word a lot of times. It kind of freaks people out, but it's fun. My cell phone is ringing again. I'm thinking about all the work stuff that I need to get done today. I haven't had time to get to my office yet and I've got at least six people to call back here when I'm done. I'm going to have a lot of weight lifted from my shoulders as soon as my deal closes on the 24th. I need the money for sure. That's my other stress, but it's getting better. Overall, I think I worry about things too much. I've always had enough to get by through good times and bad. Somehow I always make it through. I guess I'm stronger than I look. I'll be back to work in a minute. Maybe I can learn to balance my schedule better over the next few weeks. It'll be easier someday I'm sure. This has been interesting. I feel like I've been rambling for 20 minutes. Well, I'm back to work again. ",y,y,y,y,n

2002\_913549.txt," coming to ut has been a pretty crazy experience. my first week here i already felt like i was at home. it wasnt that way at the college i attended previously. that place took my two years to get comfortable. i think it has something to do with the fact that i have grown friendlier to most people. the one exception is my roommate drew. i don't know why we arent best friends, but i think it has a lot to do wiht the fact that we come from two entirely distinct backgrounds. he was the son of a cop, whos prents got divorced, and i was the son of a librarian, who parents always talked about getting divorced. also, here women seem to enjoy my preasance more, i think that has a lot to do with my radical overhaul of my diet and exercise routine. one girl in particular is named vanessa. she is an entirely charming girl, with a body to die for, but i don't know. how do we trully know we found the right one, is it that divine spark that fills our soul thew first time we lay eyes on a person or is it a familiarity that stems from shared time with someone that eventually turns to amore? unfortunantly i was cursed with finding love at frist sight with my fist girl friend. but being as young as we were, i cnat help but think what would hve happened if we would have met later. on this subject i have often wondered about my parents, i have a vague notion that theirs was a marraige of convience. i overheard one day that the last time they had sex was the night i was concieved?!?!!??! i don't now what that means, just came up. this i think is the point of life. the wondering, lust filled age we are in now, followed by silent impotent contemplation. no wonder why all people in power are old and white. they don't have the drive in their hearts to find romantic ideals the way youth does. in a sense i think i am an idealist. i like to see the glass as half full, but usually only with people i care about. this deals alot with social conciense. what a terrible thing to have. all of us who are educated are confronted evertday with the absurdities of our goals. i want to have a nice house and car for my family and i want to help the world. but would i accept lesser for those i love to compensate those i do not know?!?!?! off course not, yet high minded individuals lambast me when they are doing the exact smae thing. so in the end what does one do, pursue their own intersts or bang ones head against the system. i think it has to be a mixure of the two. because the more one knows, the more one knows that nothing in this world is blakc and white. tragis heroes are made from this assumption. we see how they are commended for making the right choice and getting awarded for it. but seldom do we see all the others who struggle to make the moraly right choice and are punished incesantly. growing up poor i saw this all around me, many of the poeple i know cannot afford to make the right descision. i myself have chosen to get a college eduction rather than have medical insurance. really in the last 10 years i have done a lot rather than have medical insurance, namely eating, having clothes, and living life. all this ties into the idea that there are not racial barriers anymore, but class barriers that are divided by check books. thats not to sya that the overwhelming majority of poor are not minority, but only looking at color doesnt diagnose the true problem, money. ",n,n,n,n,y

2002\_913929.txt,"So I'm in the room with 2 guys and another girl and they're having this conversation that's really distracting me. Not to worry, I'll soon be engulfed in my own stream of consciousness and I'm sure this will turn out really funny. Actually, right now I'm laughing because they were making fun of my job. Haha. Alright, back to business. This is one of my favorite things to do. My friend just distracted me by trying to read this. Anyway, work was long and boring today. Lots of restlessnes and paranoia. Haha, the people in the room are being really funny. This guy is telling a really descriptive story (which is how I tell stories) and the other guy is all like, get to the point! I'm avoiding trying to read what I just wrote so that I can move on to the next paragraph. Everyone thinks its funny that I'm taking this so seriously. Its really hard to concentrate!! Lalalala, why do people fall for people who are already in relationships? And why do I think I actually have a chance? I think I have a really big chance. But I don't have long term goals. Hmm. I enjoy anticipation and a challenge, and that's what the person I have a crush on is to me. Its really exciting. It got quiet all of a sudden. Funny how that happens. I like it. I like the awkwardness. Uh oh, they're talking about sex now! Got to love college kids. Ahhh! So, my throat is dry, I'm about to grab a beer. And I'm one of those who actually like beer for the taste of it. Just call me a beer enthusiast. I'm not even sure if I spelled that correctly. You know, I won the spelling bee in 5th grade. And in 4th grade, I lost because I got the word condemn and I spelled it c-o-n-d-o-m. And I didn't understand why the judges were laughing until 2 years later. Anyway, I have 8 and a half minutes left and the person I have a crush on hasn't called yet. She's supposed to come over and play Battleship with me and my friends. I really wish she could break free from her controlling boyfriend. But I'm not one to judge her relationship since I was the controlling figure in my last relationship. ::sigh:: Lets not talk about my last relationship, I'll go to that bad place in my head. No regrets, no regrets. Alright, so I am really tempted to call her now. Umm, how is this computer going to organize my thoughts? Haha, I work for a computer company. Actually, the biggest computer company in probably the world right now. But that's not really important. Not saying that my thoughts aren't important because I believe everything I say or think has some huge significance. Even if I can't understand them. I don't even know if that made sense. Its hot in here. I hate laptops. Tony just told his roomate to grab me a beer. I should tell them to call Lisa to get her to come over here. Sometimes people need a little push out the door, know what I mean? I wonder if these pants look too big on me, they're really comfortable. My nostrils are flaring. People think its cute. I am done. Ok, maybe not. I have to keep going for like 3 minutes. My friends are making small talk. Small talk is funny. Ahh yes, a beer. Except I don't like drinking out of cans. Why is that? I love bottles. And Dos Equis. I take after my father. But then again, I love white zinfandel, which is my mother's favorite wine. Woah, its almost 9:30 and she still hasn't called yet. I'm getting upset. Maybe a little obsessed. I make myself laugh. Now I'm listening to them talk about me. I like the attention. Count down. ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_916663.txt," As of now I wonder what will become of me at the University of Texas. These first few weeks have opened up many new experiences to me. Being able to make decisions by myself and not have to worry what my parents think is weird to me. My dad was the principal at the same high school as me which limited me to what I could and couldn't do due to the fact that he had a reputation to uphold in the community. Back in my home town people would associate me with my dad and hold me to different standards than everyone else at the school, but in college I don't have to worry about my fathers reputation and I can be the person that I really want to be. This is strange because my whole life I have had to worry what other people think of me, but these last few weeks my whole life style has changed. It is strange living away from my home town because many of my friends are there and I have lived there all of my life. I am sure I am going through the same things many other freshman are going through right now. Having to meet new friends and find my place in Austin is harder than I thought, but at the same time I like Austin a lot more than I like my hometown. My roommate is cool and it seems like we will get along fine over the year. I was worried that I would get a bad roommate because I have heard so many horror stories about bad roommates, but I guess it turns out that I was lucky. I can't wait for the next UT football game. I missed the first one against North Texas but I have my ticket for the one against Houston. Many of the people that I already know up here are going to be tailgating and have invited me to go with them to the game. Hopefully during this time I will get to see some of my ex-neighbors that I grew up with. The television is starting to get on my nervous because some dumb movie is playing and this monkey keeps making stupid noises. I find it hard to try and write for 20 minutes straight. To follow my thoughts is hard because it seems I try to hide them even from myself. I think this might be due to the fact I could never say what I thought when I was growing up. I always had to follow the norm and if I didn't my parents would scold me and tell me not to think that way. Since my parents both come from a more traditional up-bringing I don't have as many experiences as other kids have had. ",n,n,n,n,n

2002\_917507.txt," This assignment is cool. It requires no outside tinking. I can just think about what I want to think about. Man I've got a three hour drive ahead of me today and i made the same drive yesterday. It was soooo boring. I wish i could just warp back to Austin or something like that. But i like being back in Pearland. It's great to see my family and friends again. I miss them sometimes and the once or twice a month i get to see them are well worth it. But when my trip is over, I'm always eager to see my peeps in Austin again and just to get back to normal life. I've got a lot of reading to do this weekend and i don't want to do it. It's alll textbook reading and i would much rather be reading Dean Koontz or just not be reading at all. I wish i could type faster and that way i could type a lot. I've got to type as much as possible. Otherwise i won't be satisfied with my experiment. blankness. . i want some new CD's to listen to on the way back to Austin. that way i wouldn't get a sbored as i was yesterday. and then the ride would weem much shorter. wow i still got thirteen minutes left. i wish i could slept in longer today but i had to wake up to make sure that i would finish this in time. i don't mind doing it but i'm jsut so dang lazy that this is even annnoying to me. I'm just not good at doing things that i don't want to do. oh well. i talked to Nick last night and we talked about how things are diff. now because i moved to Austin. all he does now is go out with girls since andy is going to San Antonio and i'm already in Austin. things have changed since i moved. i can't just go over to his house anytime i'm bored anymore it's a three hour drive if i do. i miss those guys and my family more than i thought i would it's weird being back at home. the place seems different. my room seems foreign to me because my parents cleaned it up and moved things around the week after i left for austin. i hope i'm not getting carpal tunnel syndrome, my wrists are getting kind of sore and my arms are already sore from playing racuetball the other day. it was fun thought and i'm probly going to play again today or tomorrow. i'm looking forward to it. ahhh no more wrist pain. i hope my brother won't get mad at me for stealing his computer chair but it makes my wrists feel so much better. WOW my phones loud it just scared the crap out of me when it rang see there it is! typing is sooo much easier whne your in a computer chair and not a dining room chair. i wonder what you'll think when your reading this or if anyone's even going to read it. hmmmmmmm. i need to leave pretty soon so i don't hit Houston's rush hour but there is so much stuff i need to get done with here. wow the opportunity cost sucks. three more minutes. i only got a few more minutes and then no more of this mind to page thing. after that i can just think and not have to type it up or anything ike that. i hope Pearland wins tonight and moves up in Houston's rankings and AP state rankings. they are relaly good and deserve to be high up in all rankings. likewise i hope UT kicks NC's butt tomorrow because UT IS all that and a huge bag of potato chips. then maybe they could move ahead of OU in the AP rankings because everyone knows we're better than those north of the red river weirdos who cares about the sooners anyway. Hybl sucks and their second and third strigers are both freshmen and that's really going to hurt em bad. oh well we'll see on October 12th. GO HORNS!!! ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_917983.txt," Write now I'm very tired I just got home from Austin. I haven't been getting much sleep lately so I have really been dragging. I'm fixing to eat dinner with my family. I have alot of homework to do tonight including some calculus which is very frustrating. My house is very quiet the only sound in it seems to be me striking on these keys. This is an unusal assignment I have never done anything like this in the past. So far I am enjoying school at Ut it is my first semester and although it is all a little overwhelming I think things are going to work out. I have to comute back and forth everyday that is the only thing that seems to be gettiong old. I went to the UT football game on Saturday I had a great time but, wished that we would have played better in the second half. I love sports I have played them since I was five. I fact this is probaly the first time in my life where I havn't been playing sports. Now the noise in my house starts to raise a little as my brother gets home from tennis practice. He is a good kid I'm glad that he is doing so good in school right now. He tries really hard, and takes things really seriously. I smell my mom making diner. She works in Austin as well and has to commmute just like I do. My mind is drawing a blank now, I'm so tired it's hard to concentrate. I guess I am a little worried about school, I have to make really good grades this semester because I'm trying to transfer into the business school. I have put alot of pressure on myself to do good in school. I get stressed out when I don't understand some of the material in one of my classes. Calculus worries me the most. I have never been that good at math. I'm struggling right now just going through the review. I try really hard in all my classes but I'm worried that won't be good enoegh. Oh well all I can do is my best. My house has grown quiet again much like it usually is. Now I hear my phone ringing but nobody seems to be answering it. I'm looking forward to a warm bed to sleep in tonight. I have to wake up early to go to work though. I enjoy work at least it breaks up the monotony of being in school all day. Well my time was just up so. ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_918284.txt," It seems as though long distance relationships are destined to fail. With the constant talk being seperated and only available for a short period everyday if even everyday I feel a million miles away from my boyfriend, Andrew. September 7th is our 2nd month anniversary and for his birthday he asked for a trip to New York to see the finals of the US Open, which is amazing and quite costly, it just seems that I would want to come see him if given the opportunity to go somewhere. LIfe just seems a bit unfair at times. College has completely thrown me off, my sleep, my eating habits and so on. Not that I don't absolutely love to be here in Austin away from Dallas, I mean im exactly where I want to be, in Austin the greatest city ever, well in Texas for sure, I am thrilled to be out of surburbia ahh, It just like i have wanted to escape from surburbia for such a long time and now that im gone, im lost. I pledged a sorority and am so excited that I will have the opportunity to know so many girls on such a close level but it just seems so hard to get to know them i guess . Its just a struggle that im not sure i will be able to be comfotable with anytime soon. Tonight i went out once again with old high school friends to the gym, its just easier to be close with those who you are already close with. At the gym i ran into EX boyfriend who i just knew i would never see again, he wants to go to dinner, ahhh i just can't see myself going through being near him but not with him. So after talking to him i ran back to my comfort zone, my friends, and we headed out, they told me they were going to a meeting for Texas girls rowing, i was bored and decided to tag along, thinking there is no way i could ever want to be a part of that. but once i was there i just loved it, it motivated me so much, just as much as joining the sorority did, i decided i should stick it out and just go for it. Tomorrow begins the condidtioning for it, i am so excited, its just like soccer tryouts for club soccer when i was in high school. Wow i can't believe that I might possibly be on the rowing team, i have always wanted to be that little girl in the front of the boat, and a girl on the team said I was small enough, well obviously i have never been tall, to be that girl. Oh i forgot the name for that position but nevertheless I am pumped, and slightly nervous that I might not be able to pump up the other 8 girls on the boat, i think that is how many. Everything seems to cost so much these days too, i wanted to go with my sorority gals to NEw Orleans for the Tulane game but i really don't know that i have $100 to just throw away on a weekend, not like i won't remember it forever, but it just seems so costly since i am spending my own money on it, New orleans would be such a blast though. Endorphines, i think thats how you spell it, are running through my body, I am so excited about conditioning tomorrow and we have a date dash and I am taking a best guy friend, and then two other parties this weekend, i am so excited about this weekend because i missed last weekend. My dad turned 50 wow, that makes me feel so old, i remember him turning 40 i was only 8 but it was such a big party i felt like he was so old then, its just weird that he can register for AARP, i think that is hilarious, and my brother is 21 so soon, in less than a week, im glad i got his card and some money sent off today, that took some stress away, my days just seem so filled these days, boyfriends never understand especially if it is long distance that sometimes i just can't talk, maybe one day ill be single again. not that i want that at all right now, i just hate distance, and i know im not going home soon, i need to get comfortable here and that isnt going to happen by me leaving every weekend. My roommate is the cutest thing ever, she couldn't be any sweeter, but she is going home for the second weekend in a row, i can't wait to take her to a frat party with me, she needs to let go and show her wild side, im really excited about that. Is is bad to want to take friends with me who aren't in my sorority to frat parties, i just like to bring my comfort with me, maybe ill try and go with some sorority sisters some time, i don't really know much about the sorority im curious to find out about it, but i don't want learning about it to seem like a class, i want it to be fun and im really not wanting to take quizzes about it that does not at all sound fun. I wonder why the bums on the drag don't go somewhere else, but imagine all the different types of people they see a day, it just seems so hectic, maybe they need to feel busy and watching others in a hurry makes them feel that. maybe i shouldn't have senior pics of my friends up, i just miss em, and don't really have any new pics, my best friend at A&M , bad choice, is havin fun i think , i really hated it when i went to visit her for her 18th b-day, all the buildings are ugly, and the town is simply dead, i really think i made the right choice ",y,y,y,y,n

2002\_918671.txt," It's cold in here. I need to sleep. I'm missing my best friend. One more class until the day is over. Some time to myself. My head hurts. I need to study. My long distance phone bill will drive my mom nuts. I miss my boyfriend. He's so far away. One more month until I see him again. I need to make a phone call. Should I listen to what they say. I'm all alone. Finally. I'm sore. When will this week end? I had a conversation. Did he think I was dense? Should I tell Jacob? He shouldn't be jealous. What have I left behind? What lies ahead? There's something in my eye. I hate wearing contact lenses. When will my brother call? I smell like Listerine. I spilled it on the floor of my dorm. I wonder if my roomate noticed. Is she there right now? Did anyone call? Should I call home? I haven't called my mother. Is Joshua here? What about Joanna? What about Lilia? Are they here? Will I see them? I'm still cold. I want to go to bed. I should eat something right now. Nevermind, maybe later. What should I do tommorow? The day's almost over. One more class to go. Journalism should be fun. Hope I don't fall asleep. Why did her alarm go off so early this morning? Why didn't she let me sleep? I'm quiet when she's asleep. I don't throw my stuff around. Why did she make so much noise? Why couldn't I sleep last night? What woke me up? Why was I so scared? Will I be able to sleep tonight? I wonder what she thinks of me? Is she annoyed that I'm always on the phone? Does it bother her that I'm so quiet. I'm studying whenever she gets in. Does she think that's all I do? Is that good or bad? Will we get along? Has she said anything to her friends about me? Do I bother her when she's studying? Does she think she bothers me? It is so cold in here. I can't feel my fingers anymore. What are we going to talk about in journalism? I hope it doesn't rain tonight. I can't sleep when it rains. I wonder if it rained at home. Has anyone tried to call me? Has anyone e-mailed me? Did I take good notes in class? Why am I so tired? I wonder what Jacob is doing right now. Maybe I should call him. I have to go upstairs and get my book. I'm used to being alone. Talking to him gives me a reason to smile. He brightens my day. I hope they win on Friday. I need to get a job. I don't have any money. My phone bill is already too much. I've just been here a week. Every night I spend two hours on the phone. I wonder how much it is going to be. My legs hurt. I need to run some more. Maybe three miles tommorow. There's still something in my eye. It hurts a lot. The computers won't print in here. I'll probably be back later. I'll bring a sweater next time. I wonder how the band is doing back home. Are they outside practicing right now? Why hasn't Laura answered my e-mail? Is she too busy? I can't believe I gave that guy my phone number? What was his name again? He was really funny. I needed to talk to someone. Should I tell Jacob? He'll get mad. I know he will. He'll get mad and just not tell me. Its really cold in here. I want to go upstairs. ",n,y,y,n,n

2002\_919167.txt,"The one thing that amazes me the most is the complexity of the female mind. At one point, you think you know exactly what they want, but as soon as you can comfortably assume that, it all gets twisted around and kicks you in the ass. Also, when you are on the flip side of goodbye, you really start to understand the importance of relationships. If you are always on the winning team, you don't know what it would be like to lose. The more you win, the more you will think yourself invincible until you are brought down, and then you feel the most devastating emotion you have ever felt. The only difference is that with relationships, you never think about losing, especially if youre on a winning streak. True, some people will never have to experience being on the heartbreaking side of goodbye, but if you keep playing the game, eventually you will lose. No matter how much success you have after your loss, even if it is a bigger victory, you will always remember the loss you experienced and try to figure it out. I've found myself racking my brain to try and figure out something that I will ever be able to understand. The saying that time will heal all wounds is a load of crap. Time only allows wounds to fester and become infected. I think that relationships are more like getting drunk more than anything else. The more you drink it in, the better it feels. You know that the feeling won't last forever, but you keep doing it anyway, always hoping. Then it ends, and all hell breaks loose in your head. Reality hits you because you have nothing to swing back at it. The only way to lessen the pain is to start working on the next round. The old pain is still there, but youve managed to cover it up with something that will eventually add to the old pain. It may seem that i'm depressed, but in reality i just try to figure things out, and if i cant, i find similarities between two things that i can't understand. Somehow it feels like i've found a solution that way. That or it seems less pathetic. It's odd that when youre young, you always think that you'll be different from the stereotypes when you get older. When I was little, i always used to wonder why musicians would include foul language and sexual references in their records. My parents didn't like the subjects of many of the songs that I listened to, so I always told myself that if I ever became a musician, I would never include those kind of things in my songs. However, now it is apparent to me (through personal experience) that these things are boosters in the audience's attention span. However, I wonder if standards have changed, especially since the dawn of Eminem. I also think that people overreact to his music. He is simply writing about what he knows and how he feels, which is what i really respect in a musician. ",y,n,n,n,y

2002\_924957.txt,"I can't believe that I waited until the very last minute to do this. I've never beem so crazy stressed out of my mind ever in my life. I just couldn't find 20 minutes in the last seven days where I could just sit down when I wasn't totally fried. I hope that this dose not bode poorly for this semester. I think I can oull it out. This Festival I can't believe that Cinematexas is almost here in two weeks my life will be totally different. . Having only had eight days off this entire year is just insane. . I think I'm holding up but I feel that I coming apart now. I think that's what I scared about. This year I've really pushed myself tothe limit in terms of what I can do going jback to school crazy extra curricular stuph I've learned so much. Mostly about what kind of person that I am. What am I capable of. Which is some great stuff. But I'm not there yet I 'm almost there though. It's weird in my film classes when people look to me and vthink that I'm a T. A. or look to me for help. It's strange I guess people see good things in me. I like that annd I do the same thing. . I gues I'm just used to people being more aloof I hope that I'm not that way. some of the people that I have met at this festival have given me that instant companionship. That instant love and that's so great. . I guess when people are looking to me for answers wheither it's about their cameras of their relationships I guess that means I'm becoming the type of person that I want to be. . That's a great reward in itself. I smoked again two nights ago. I have to stop after quitting for two years I can't fall of the wagon and go back to that. . It was only a few cigs (one fantastic Nat Sherman MCD the very best) I can't let this girl. well she's not doing it really. I can't let the tantrum I'm throwing:) over this girl mess up what took a long time ito acheive I feel like a hypocrite when I smoke now. I don't know I just get lonely filled with self pity overwhelemed and I just want a catharsis. . smoking is sort of one. . I don't know I need ito stop again I don't think I 'll go back to the way it was but it's still scarey. I really think thigs are'nt as bad when I have a second to actually relax and evalute things I feel very good. . like the night before class tabling at the show I realized how many people I have met in the last year how many close friends that I'm making and have made and how important that I've become in certain peoples life and how much I'm going to be doing in the near future. It's all going to be worthwile I think I just feel impaitent it just seems like I've been waiting for ten years to get the chance to do what I want to do. what's going to be the best for me. and every BS class I have to take or everytime some jerk in Communications office is rude to me and everytime I'm treated crappy at work it's just one Bergman-esque humiliation after another. sometimes I hope that my artistic spirit doesn't die the death of a million pinpricks. . I really like this kind of writing it's been pretty theraputic, but I have to go ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_926472.txt," The past week I have honestly felt the most incredible feeling of being overwhelmed. I am so frustrated and annoyed by everyone around me and everything that they do. I so badly want to step forward and correct everything that these people are doing wrong but for some reason I keep holding myself back. This frustration only makes my head hurt and keeps me angry at the world. My presence then becomes quite rude and unfriendly. I'm not quite sure what to do about this little problem. I really don't think that it's me. My suitemate is about to push me over the edge. She never picks up after herself, never helps clean the dorm room, never buys and groceries (even though she finds its all right to consume mass quantities of the food that me and my two other roomates buy), and she basically is worthless around the room. For example, the other day she mentioned that we needed paper towels and bottled water. On most circumstances that wouldnt bother me, however, she makes these claims but at the same time takes no initiative to fix them. She just assumes that me or my roomates will take care of the missing items in the room. She is from Beverly Hills. Im under that impression that she had someone to pick up after her and do everything for her when she lived there. Typical if you ask me. I just can't handle her behavior or her attitude anymore. On top of that, I am homesick. I miss my friends. I miss being with Richie. He'll call me once and a while. Usually he'll call me non stop for a straight week, and then I won't hear from him for quite a while. I get so anxious to hear from him, but he acts like he could care less if he talked to me. That makes me so mad. My roomate aka my best friend since middle school chastises me everytime i talk to him. It just makes me so upset that she thinks that he doesnt care about me in the least. Sure, he may not show the normal feelings that most people show towards the ones that they care about, but I know that he cares about me. If he didnt care, he wouldnt bother calling me. Its honestly one of the worst feelings knowing that your best friend in the world is sitting there making fun of you and getting annoyed by the fact that you are in a complete state of happiness when you talk to the one person you care about. It really makes me wonder why she is the one person I confide in the most. Speaking of her, she is in this relationship with a boy whom I adore as a friend. He is so much fun to be around, but he is here all the time. I turn around and he is always there. I never get to sleep in my own room, I am constantly forgotten about or simply not included in activities that she would normally include me in, and to top it all off, the relationship is not even healthy. I find it ironic that she gets mad at me when I talk to Richie, and feels that she can make whatever assumptions or claims about my relationship with him, but when I make the smallest remark about her and her boyfriend, she flips out. It doesn't seem all that fair to me. But then again, what is fair? Is it fair that I want to be with someone that I can't have anymore? No its not fair, but thats the way that it will be. Sometimes I wonder if I will ever get a break; If maybe one day I'll get lucky and things will turn out the way I wanted them to, or if maybe Richie will wake up one day and decide that he wants to be with me and not with the girl he is with right now. Sometimes I wonder if my relationship with my mom will ever improve. She and I couldn't possibly be more different than we are. I can't even believe that I am her child sometimes. She acts so much like a child. If she doesn't get her way she mopes and she has to put me down to make herself feel better. She denies having made my sister depressed throughout her late childhood and early adultood. I think that its the subtle remarks about my figure, my study habits, my relationships that make me so mad at her. I want to tell her how I feel but she will retaliate and take something away from me that I need. She always used to do that in high school. If I told her what was on my mind, she would take away my car, or my privileges to stay out late. I can never win. Its either give up my priviliges or keep my mouth shut. It is a lose lose situation. I just miss Richie so much. That could be the root of all my unhappiness. My mom, and suitemate could all just be elements of my sadness due to my distance away from him. He called me today. Ironically I was lying in bed thinking about him, when the phone rang. It felt so good to see his name on my cell phone when i looked at it. ",y,y,n,y,y

2002\_928929.txt," Today is a very stressful day, I just studied for the first time and it makes me so mad because i am a perfectionist and when I don't understand something perfectly I get really frusterated. My boyfriend from back home has not called today because we broke up last night and it was for the stupidist reason. Why can't he just let me do what I want? I'm kind of homesick lately. People know all their friends from high school and I'm just alone from Wisconsin, besides Shane who is not being very nice lately. Well actually it's me not being very nice. It's really weird because my friends and I all have birthdays this week. Mine's on September 11th and it's not going to be a very fun birthday. It never really is. Two years ago my party got crashed by Richard and then last year it was 9-11. Hopefully it'll be really cool though with everybody remebering 9-11. I think it will. The fact that I have so many classes that day kind of sucks though. Oh well I think I've officially decided that I'm changing my birthday to september 12th. My friends and I are all going to Hardrock cafe that night to eat and then we might go to sixth street and party afterward. I called my mom today just to chat and of course she makes me mad and says basically that her and my dad thought I was going to drop out of school. They wanted to make sure that I had been studying. they don't realize that I am on my own now and that I can deal with my own problems myself. Janelle and I just found this new diet. You eat a lot of fruit in the morning and veggies and then at night you can feast and eat whatever you want. You have to eat in a certain order though at night. kind of weird and who knows if it will work but it better because I'm not going to gain the freshman fifteen. Thats going to be hard because the cafeteria food is so damn good and you can keep on going up for more servings. I palyed on a soccer team today. Our dorm got a coed team together and we all went to practice together. It was a good workout because it was so hot out. It was alot of fun, I scored three goals and I broke Darius' toe. OOPs! I feel kind of bad. I hate the fact that the last 2 weeks all I've been doing is having fun and not dealing with school. Now I realized that there's going to be alot of school wrk involved. I also want to prove my mom wrong and get a really good GPA. I set goqals for myself today because I was reading a book at Barnes and Noble and I said that I was going to do good in school and study at least an hour a night. Hopefully I can do that. I think I will be able to. I can't believe that Shane hasn't called yet. I either thought he'd call at 10am or not at all. Oh well there's more out there. I am having a lot of fun here though, so I don't really care if we break up. ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_930254.txt,"I M here in my room doing Psycology, Andrea is coming over tonight and I am a child of God, Homer Simpson is my drink coaster and i'm closing my eyes now so I can think with out interuption from the sight s of my room and computer destk. MY family loves me so much my father is the most honorable and selfless man i know, and my mom is like non other, my brother is so cool, i worry about him at times because he doesn't aspire to go to college but he is so cool and mabey he knows something i don't. God loves me unconditionaly , i regret arguing with my mom about the eybrow ring, that was stupic, andrea will be her soon and i'm typing there is a pencil sharpener on my desk, i wish i could see mary and carrie from highschool, i used to think the world of carrie. i'm so ashamed of sinning against God, but i know deep down that i'm so forgiven and he is in control and he loves me like i could never imagine. i wonder why im doing this writing experiment, there are still almost 15 minutes to type. i just poped my knuckles. God has plans for me, perfect preordained plans just for me, he wandt me to love him and seek to know him better, God in the form of christ perished for me but he is alive and Goc you are with me, there is a sprite can in my trash can, and my drivers licence is in my money clip, i poped a zit on my arm and it hurts, i used to have a lot of zits when i was a kid, men died for me in WW2 and vietman, i wonder how the enemies felt durring the battles. but the texas longhorns are going to win the championship baby, god you are with me and living inside of me i don't understand but i know and believe this, but i rebel so often father, i love nachos, and all kinds of mexican food, i can't wait to eat at El Charro's with my family in a few weeks if i go visit them. the lord of the rings and the hobbit are awesome, i can't wait to finish the 2 towers, andrea should be here soon, there is a texas rangers clock on my wall, i have seen so many rangers games, and Hennemen used to blow so many saves i want to catch some bass with my dad and brother in our new boat, but i hope we don't argue while on the water, i hope my dad finds a job that makes him happy, hand ball is a great game and i love keith like a brother, and my navs guys, puckett, nadig and so many others from the summers, god has blessed me with so many great friends and mentors, miami killed florida today and alabama nearly beat OU, i don't know who i truly wanted to win the game, i guess bama, i went to mobile for to summers with my uncles church and me my old girl friend, those were really neat times, god was with me then just as his is now, living inside of me and loving me and thats all i can say your love is unconditional, girls in tight jeans are so sexy, but i'm a child of god, why am i thinking those thoughts, god i pray you will protect me mind from sin, I've types about so many htins and my mind has been all over the place, my hair is in my face and is getting pretty darn long, after this i need to call my mom, and dad and jake and fred, the coolest dog ever, i had a good day, it was a gift from god, jeremy is getting baptised tommorow, i pray he will be an awesome man of god, OU sucks!!!!!, it feels good to have just taken a shower, my back itches, go loves me so does her, but who is her, who will i marry, do i know where ever she is i pray she is safe and i love you, was that a knock on the door andrea is here and she is walking in the room actually it is matt and i heard andreas voice, she brought me soup sheis ",y,y,y,n,n

2002\_930911.txt," well here i am, just sitting and typing. I've had a pretty long day, in fact. it was pretty horrible! thursdays are my really long days - I've got class til 7, what a drag. but the great thing is that im done for the week! hmm, but tonight was a letdown. i was supposed to go out with this really really hot girl, but i found out that she was working - i mean, not that we had this planned, but my best friend has been pushing me to ask her out because, according to him, shes 'dying to get with me' - whatever. shes incredibly hot, and every guy wants her, so why would she want me? thats what i think anyway. matt, my best friend, says that shes called me the hottest asian guy shes ever laid eyes on. i think thats a pretty big stretch of the truth. i think i really do have self esteem issues underneath it all. i just broke up with my girlfriend of 8 (or 9?) months. it happened over the summer. i was really in love with her. i could venture to say that i still am, but that would further jeapordize my . 05 percent chance of staying friends with her (sarcasm) - we were really good together, and when we parted ways for the summer we both cried. we had just said the big L-word that month, and in my eyes at least the relationship was just getting good. then the summer started. i was here, being back in school from a semester hiatus (to find myself, i guess. and it worked, because now i know what im doing) - thats a different story. things started out great, we would talk to each other on the phone and online whenever we could. then one day i noticed that it had been a week since we had talked to each other. this was test week for me, i believe, so my attention was elsewhere. but that isnt the reason we broke up, it was just the reason that i didnt see what was happening - when i noticed that maggie (my ex) hadnt called in awhile, i became worried and called her. she was very distant. it continued this way for another month, and i think i talked to her once during that month. then she came to visit me, and i was really excited because, while i could feel that the relationship was straining, i thought that once we saw each other things would go back to normal. boy was i wrong! maggie walked up to me with tears in her eyes. she was hiding behind a pair of sunglasses though. the shock put me into a state of complacency. first, i totally brushed off her crying and was oddly cheerful, then she said 'let's take a walk' and it hit me like a brick wall. but i wasnt ever sad, because. i coudlnt be, i coudlnt make an emotion at all. i think that it was the closest that I've ever been to being a vegetable. all i could do was tell her things i didnt mean, like how i loved her and just wanted her to be happy, and that i wanted to be with her but not if she wasnt happy, and i could only be happy if she was happy. basically, i said the exact oppossite of everything i felt. no, i did not want to break up, yes i wnated to make things work. her reasons. her reasons were that we never fought. that we never did anything. that all we did was just be with each other and nothing else. that she had been very unhappy and got into a self-destructive lifestyle that made her look as bad as she felt. furthermore, while she was at home she made a lot of new friends and for once she felt like she was accepted. i think i hit everything, im not sure, but all her reasons made no sense to me - ok, we never did anything, but 1) i always wanted to go out, and she was always too tired. she would crawl into my arms and we would just lay in bed, watching tv 2) she came over to be depressed with me, and she got what she wanted, i mean, there was nothing i could do to make her have fun. and she was unhappy, but so was i (i was kicked out of school!) - put 2 unhappy people together and. well you get the idea. but you know what? - i saw that too, and i wanted to make things work this fall, because i knew that we would both be better individuals (damn my optimism). and she said that she got into a self-destructive lifestyle (she meant eating takeout all the time and just sitting on our asses, doing nothing, gaining weight) - 1) maggie is incredibly good looking, very pretty, and i told her that a lot because its true. she has a very low self esteem, just like i do, so maybe im being a hypocrite. and the 'weight' she gained was easily lost as is apparent by the last time i saw her, about 2 weeks ago. and the last part is the coldest one of all, but i don't think i meant much to her, i mean, i was her first boyfriend, and i thought we meant a lot to each other, but i guess when i told her how great she was, it meant nothing. it wasnt until she had a whole bunch of random guys back home tell her that it sunk in, and i guess suddenly she saw all these other choices. really, all her excuses boiled down to the fact that she HAS her pick of any guy, and that all of a sudden her love and affection for me seemed, to her, to be misplaced. i just think that i was thrown to the curb for someone better, but who knows! im still in love with her, and im trying to chase after ashley for all the wrong reasons. just because i need a girl in my life. but more than anything, i want maggie back. god, were not even friends anymore, and thats what we were both trying to never ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_931069.txt, I actually have free time for once in my life! I'm never alone in my dorm because i'm always with my friend Cynthia. Wow this is so weird. I used to be by myself all the time over the summer and now i am never alone. i guess its cool. i really don't know what to write. . i feel dumb. i have my music on really loud. hmmmm. i am missing my television show because i am doing this. but i have to do it now because i am going to the mall once i'm done!!! im so excited! i got $30 in gift certificates so i can't wait to spend them! my email thingy keeps flashing because i have new mail. too bad i can't check it. i probably should have checked it before i started this. oh well. i wonder how much my ebay stuff is going for now. i am watching some american idol stuff and i want to bid on them. . but i don't know how much itll be. i hope its not too expensive by now. im listening to avril lavigne. im going to the american idol concert in dallas on october 13!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! i am SOOOOOOOOOOOO EXCITED!!!!!! we have great seats too. on the floor section. i've never been on the floor for an indoor concert. mosh pits are fun but i havent been in one for like 4 years. oh well. this song is so rockin. haha. i am so thirsty i am chugging a sunkist. weird. good thing no one is here to hear me burp since everyone thinks its gross! man! my other friends that go to UNT think its cool! i need to go see them huh. oh well. gosh its only been 5 minutes. . hmmmmmm. . my favorite song is on. its called 'i'm with you' its soooo pretty. i feel so dumb writing this. i only type nonstop when i am writing to my best friends. and even then i feel dumb because my emails are so random and no one really understands them. but now this is homework so this is a little weird. what am i saying. gosh. my nose hurts a lil. don't know why. i doodled all over my hand today because i was so terribly bored. this song is so cool. too bad i can't sing it on this. but i can type the lyrics. haha. . i'm with yoooooooou. . its soooo pretty. avril lavigne is so awesome. she is like me but cooler! hahaha. i wish i could play the guitar. i really don't know what i'm saying. im so glad i can type fast or this would be terribly frustrating. i don't really type correctly though. . but as long as its fast i don't really care. lalallaalla. i don't know what to say. is this supposed to be grammatically correct. because mine isn't. . i started off capitalizing and stuff. haha gee what happened to that. my nose is so itchy!!! i hate that! my friend cynthia i was talking about got sick yesterday. so now im afraid that i will be too. meh. lalala i don't know what to say. hmm. my best friend dominique is online but i can't talk to her since i'm doing this!!! man! watch her leave. way to go! my nose is so itchy!!!! gosh!!! good thing my hands don't hurt from typing or i would quit! sunkist is so good. . i went to the store last week to go stock up on some more. but of course they didn't have any!!!!!!! so upsetting really. this is my last one!! i need to go get some. . hmmmmm. my room needs to be decorated more. hahaha its funny because my side of the room is completely covered with posters. and my roommate brittany's side only has pictures on the bulletin board and thats it. all the wall space is empty!! and here i am trying to use every inch possible to decorate. . its so unfulfilling because i wish i could say something ab her side but i don't know her so thats mean! oh well. that dumb amazing xcam2 pop up ad keeps coming up and its so annoying!!!! gosh!!! i really want to change my major! i need to do that! man! i really enjoyed my advertising class. . too bad i'm too shy to ever say anything. . i need to sit in the front. . because im too shy when im sitting in the back and i see everyone turning around and stuff. so yeah. i need to get there earlier because all the seats are always taken. gosh. too bad the class is so far away. lalallala. 13 minutes. . almost there. not really. i really feel dumb by doing this! have i mentioned that yet!!! i really want to check on my ebay stuff gosh. too bad tickets for the OU game are selling for soooo much money on ebay. i saw 2 tickets going for $550-900. thats soooooooo much! too bad my friends waited in line because they were number 80-something but it had been like 3 hours and they hadn't gotten anywhere so they ended up leaving. hahaha! isn't that sad yet funny! i can't wait until this weekend! or really till after i finish this. . i'm going to go to the mall. and use my gift certificates. and then i'm going to watch about a boy!!!! with hugh grant! i can't wait because i wanted to see that for so long. . man. oh well. i don't know how i feel. tomorrow. . tomorrow. this song is so pretty too. . i really miss my best friend. she goes to UNT in denton. and i haven't seen her in like a month. we hardly talk really. its sad because i thought we would stay close. its so sad to think that we were so close but now its like ehhhhhh. she just seems so preoccupied. . and i used to call her every day. but now I've been telling myself not to because i always end up getting sad or mad or something. i hope i get over it soon. . that would be nice. how fitting. the song just said i'm not ready. maybe tomorrow wow. . don't you think that's a sign. . i have this thing and signs because i always see connections and it's just so awkward yet cool. . just like this. . i started talking about my best friend and then this song is on and talking about how tomorrow it may change . and i'm sad and depressed and how i want to move on. . wow. i'm impressed. . wow 20 minutes wasn't so bad. . i love this song too. i think you should get this album. its good. . ok well time is up now. . weeeeeee!!! ok. BYE!!!!!!!!!! ,y,y,n,n,y

2002\_932909.txt," The kitchen is so sterile and cold. I must say that this is a bit intimidating; writing your thoughts down on an electronic module for someone else to analyze and decide who you are. My mom keeps looking over at me. I can tell she wants to talk to me but I am avoiding her glare without trying to seem rude. It's really making me sad that I have to move back home from living on my own. I hate not having a space that is mine and I always feel like I am hurting someone's feelings with my disinterest in their daily lives. My dad calls like 5 times a day it seems whenever I am home and that creeps me out. I hope I don't end up like that. Very clingy. My feet hurt. I wish I could go change shirts because the kitchen is so cold and this tank top is not doing it for me but I am filling out this what-ever-you-call-it. I wonder what people make of me in general. Im sure their impression of me on paper is a bit different that in person. That makes me sad. I think I come off as more uptight than I actually am although I still seem like a hippy no matter how hard I try to suppress my bohemian leanings. My hair is so short I can feel the cold air on the back of my neck. It is so like my dad to keep the tempature of the house so friggin' cold during August that I want to dethaw in the heat. Susannah seems to have gotten along fine without me this last week and a half now that she has moved into the co-op. It hurts my feelings that she only cares about me when she has no other better option. I am her best friend though but still, I hate feeling like the backup. I am not the backup for Ian, however. He is so sweet. I can't believe he decided to drive all the way down from Colorado to come visit me. I miss him so bad and it hasnt even been a month yet. I feel like a hormonal boy, this is how much I miss him. Kissing is never the main part of our relationship definately but my body seems to be confused as to where he has gone. Where has he gone? I really don't see the good reason for him moving off to Colorado though and not even immediately starting college there. I know that whole band thing but I really think it has a lot to do with his family. Between those two huge families, god, that boy doesnt stand a chance as far as an independant existance. His mom, Kathy, is so fucked up though. I can't believe she left Jay for that abusive asshole. I hate that guy so much; such an ass. I am tired and I will be pissed off if Shyla doesnt call me back soon. She is leaving for Dallas tomorrow and has put off seeing me for two long of a period. She is no longer my best friend and I am no longer hers but she, for some reason, cannot accept this and instead always makes it out like I am rejecting her or something when this is not the case at all. If anything it is the other way. She totally ditched me this summer and then has the audacity to claim I am pushing her away. Ouch. Good thing we really arent close anymore or else I would want to cry. I can't wait to see Ian. Saturday night or Sunday morning? I wonder when he will come in. It would be so cool to have him come into the Cafe while I am working and surprise me. Well, I guess it wouldnt be a surprise if I secretly expect/ hope for it. I was so nervous today in Italian. God, can I type fast. My hands just can't seem to keep up with my thoughts. Much like my short legs can't keep up with my stride and thus, I walk in fast short steps, very embarrassed. Ian's long legs are a hoot next to mine. I think he is a whole foot taller than me. We also weigh the same. Talk about weird. He is skinny and I am vuluptuous . I hate that Clint thought that feminists were all whiney bitches. That's just like saying all Christians are homophobes. Simply not true. Damn, the phone just rang and it was my mom. She calls me even on her errrands just to tell me that SHyla called. How more nosey, clingy and in general annoying can you get? I am tired of mom and dad always calling every second they are away. Those are two people who do NOT need cell phones. My fingers are cold. Sometimes I wonder if I have bad nerves or something because my fingers and toes are always cold it seems. I am so nervous about my Italian One class. All that pronounciation in front of strangers and an intimidating teacher. It freaks me out to an extent that I can hardly even mutter prego. I am such a shy socially inept dork but I love it all the same. Okay, I was just imformed that the 20 minutes are up. Goodbye. For now. Until you enter my thoughts again. ",n,y,y,n,n

2002\_934039.txt," Well. I just finished my first week of college. I can't believe I'm already here, but I wish I was already out. There seems like so much to do but I'm starting to get things under control. I think. My friend Helen is at A&M and shes going to jump for the track team. She is an emblem of success. everytime I think of her, it reminds me of just how bad of a person I am. I guess everyone makes mistakes, but my mistakes seem to be a lot worse when I make them, because I know better. Hopefully I can keep up with all my reading assignments. reading is definitely not my thing. especially when I'm forced to do it. Tomorrow's reading time will be flled with the SI class, but that's okay I think I'm going to need as much help as I can get. Tonite's church. thank the Lord. Sometimes you just got to get filled up when everything seems so dry. I love church, but sometimes I feel so . . I don't know. not as good as everyone else. like nobody makes mistakes but me. I know that's not true. only I lie from the devil trying to get me down. anyways today in psychology class someone mentioned obessive cumplusive disorders. and I wanted to scream out. I've been caught in that trap beofre. Which I have and thank the Lord I no longer am bound by that chain. only by the grace of God did I get through some of the worst, tearful, confusing years of my life. Oh. El Patio sounds real good right now. not only because of the delicious food, but because I have to right a paper on it and I need to get some intricate details to make my paper a success! I can't wait to be home tonite. I've been up at school since before 7 am. only to realize that my 8 am class had been canceled. my next class was not until 12 noon. Oh well at least I got some studying in and I was able to finish my english homework so that I wouldn't have any tonite. Praise the Lord. Anyways back tonite. my boyfriend is suppose to call me about ten. man I hope he gets his own phone soon. I miss him. I wish could just get married right now. but my father might have other plans for that situation. . but I don't understand sometimes. why do you always have to wait 'til your outa school before you get married. . of course I understand the logical part of it all, but what about love. although love is suppose to be patient. I don't like preaching to myself all the time. it's like I know what's right but I wish things could be different. I don't know. right now my biggest concern is my dad letting me drive down to San Antonio and pick up Stephen (my boyfriend) on friday afteroon. oh Lord please help me to find favor with him on this situation. Wow. twenty minutes is a lot longer than I thought it was going to be. It's like writing in my journal on the computer. what Dr. Pennebaker said today about when your depressed, to write what your feeling down. I totally agree. I know no matter what I'm feeling it always helps to write in my journal and shed a few tears of course! I like journals soo much that lately, I've been giving them to my friends for their birthdays. my time is clicking down. I really hope I can find a job soon and hopefully my friend Lauren found one today. ",n,y,y,y,n

2002\_934127.txt," So here I sit in my room just wondering about this asignment and and what it is I'm really thinking, well. I'm thinking of days that seem so far from where I am, the hope of the past I guess you could say. I'm wondering about the possiblitys of the future, I'm thinking about what a friend once asked me not to long ago, what is your purpose for living? . I told her I had none. That today I awoke for no other reason than the hope of tommarrow. This was a lie of course, I have purpose, a goal, just one that I am now comming to relize I can't reach. So what do I do? I think thats what I'm think about most, what now. I'm also injoying a beautiful view outside my window of a world rolling by, sun shining, others walking by, and I wonder what story they have to tell. I need a cigeret. Hold on. God bless nicotine. It is wonderful drug. Many of my friends worry about me dieing because of it, but hey, what am I going to do today about it, nothing. I can fix it tommarrow, maybe thats the root of my bad timming, that always just wait for some other time. I'm considering what I should do about the Z delima, to go friday and just be in a state of medium pain, or to go do something else, something fun. God I hate her friends, and all there insocients and Nieveness, if thats a word. I really don't think I can handle there crap, and I deffinatly can't handle matt trying to be everyones friend, and the center of atention and honestly I don't know what to do. I'd like to go off on him tell him what I think of him and all his crap but I don't think it's my place, well not yet anyway. I need to go buy books. But I probly wait until tommarrow. hehe. Anyway. So there I was in the mists of a great opertunity and I didn't let it pass me by and yet I'm still here. Whats up with that. What is the point of endless philsphy of optimisum if nothing ever comes of it. A whole spewing of quotes just entered my mind, but I really don't feel like typing them. Ok. Now what. I see myself at a quite a problematic state in my life, no where to go, nothing to do, never felt so alone, never felt so alive. but then again. But there must be a way, a path, a right choice, but I just don't see it, no clear cut answer, well at least not one to my liking anyhow. A regular Kobi oshi Maro, no win sinerio. Well crap! What to do. I have very few options at this point, go no go, wait see, leave, forget remember, give, take, sacrifice, avenge. What to do? Well there is always another option, a path less taken. Away out. I just don't see it, I need to see it, need to free the mind of the wants and needs of myself, seperate, and ingage. What to do? Ok, best case sinerio I don't do anything, just go with the flow, and most likly I'll get shit. I do something and things are only worse. I leave, and I make everyone pissed. Give and I hurt, take and I hurt others, forget. If I could forget I think I would, but you know, that really never works for me. I can hide, I can wait, but to forget, to let go. never been something I'm good at. I have gotten lots of advise, all of it the same, wait and see. but that just doesn't work for me, though there really is no other alternitive. So I go, I say hello, I leave. Thats what I'll do, and then, I'll go get drunk, always a good idea, yes. Ok so now what. I'm think of writting, but still feel really burnt out after the summer of writting, and all that crap. I really don't have anything to say either. I mean really what is there to say, I'm sad, I'm not at the top of my game. But that will all change, and I think that frustrates me. That there are no absolutes, that given time everything will not be as it is. Some thing will be, but there is always the possiblity for change, the question becomes what do I do to influence change, how do I minpulate the forces that are present in my own life, ussally I'm very good at that, but lately, I guess it's just to complex right now, no conret ansers to what and when and where, and how. But I see them in other peoples lives, maybe I've lost disipline, I let go for to long, and need to take up the ",n,n,n,y,y

2002\_936431.txt," Hi, well. I'll start out by introducing myself. My name is Christina Acevedo. I am a Freshman here at The University of Texas. Just recently i got off the phone with my girlfriend. aahhh. i love her soo much. We have been together for 4 years and 8 months already. Except, just two nights ago we had a little argument, or should I say miscommunication . She told me some things that I really didn't enjoy hearing, and of course, I got upset. and reacted. At that point I didn't really feel like talking to her the rest of the night, or even the next day. But I fell asleep thinking about it. Which wasn't really smart because it made me even more mad. So, that morning I woke up at 8:00 AM to go to my first class. It was one of my farthest classes, so of course I had more time to think. After that class, I came home and wrote her an e-mail. I was so confused and I had so many mixed feelings towards her. I wasn't sure what was going on. Just that I loved her and that I still wanted to be with her. Well, needless to say, we talked about it afterwards. and of course, we're still together. THANK GOD!! :) So everything is going really well right now. And I'm glad because we don't live in the same city either, so its not that easy. I come here to UT and she goes to A&M in College Station. And I have to admit, long distance relationships suck, but when it comes down to those one or two or three weekends out of the month that you get to see each other, they're great! And I guess that's it for that subject. Right now I'm watching Shop Til You Drop. I remember watching this show and Supermarket Sweet a really long time ago. So, they're probably all reruns. Right after I get through with this I am going to go downstairs and have dinner. I'm pretty hungry even though I just had a couple of snacks up here in my dorm. I live at The Castilian. It is really a neat place. And it is a convenient location for me because my classes don't seem to be so far. My parents didn't let me bring my car over here to Austin my first year. I was pretty bummed out about that, but I wouldn't have used it to drive to school anyway. It would be parked here in the Castilian's garage, which by the way, costs $900 for the two semesters. Although, it would come a lot in handy on the weekends when I wanted to go out and hang out with my friends, or to go and visit my girlfriend in College Station. Speaking of which, I saw her this past weekend. (labor day weekend). Me and a friend of mine left here on Saturday morning, it took us about an hour and a half to get there, and then we drove back and partied here. It was a blast! Although my girlfriend got a little carried away drinking and ended up throwing up for some of the night. But it was ok because she was really fun before we went to bed. We also tried going to a club called BOYZ CELLAR, but my friend (Robyn), the one who picked me up, is 17. So they didn't let her in because you have to be 18, so of course, none of us went in. That pretty much sucked because I was really looking forward to that. I guess we'll just wait for another good weekend and we'll all go because her birthday just so happens to be about two weeks from now. And now about school. Let me tell you, the classes here at UT are not going to be anything easy, thats for sure. I am taking 6 classes (15 hours). I am trying to major in Biology, but. my strong point is absolutely not Biology. And thats because this semester I am taking Biology 211, Biology 212, Chemistry 301, Calculus 408K, Cardiovascular and weight training, and of course, Psychology with you. So, I'm looking forward to a pretty tough semester. I just know that I have to study a lot and listen in class and take good notes and hopefully everything will go my way. I don't really want to start off bad because it is not a good impression on the professors or anybody who is looking for someone to fill a job opening. My goals for the future would have to be that I want to live with my girlfriend, somewhere VERY NICE. And I want to be someone that makes pretty good money. And I want to have a couple of pets. Not too many. And I know that my girlfriend wants A LOT. she probably has been planning some part of her future in her mind. Like, at least what kind of house she wants, or something of that sort. I mean, she already has the exact ring that she wants when she gets married. She wants it to be white gold, with a big ROCK on it. Sounds pretty simple, doesn't it?! :) So yeah. and. well, I think my parents are going to come up and visit soon. I really didn't want them to come up here, I'd rather go down there. because I think that maybe I would feel awkward having my entire family in my dorm for a while. And then hanging out with them here on the weekend. I think I would be too tempted to just be like, ok. well, I'll see you tomorrow afternoon, and go out to a club or something. But, well. that's all for now. I can't really think of anything else to type. My mind has totally gone blank. I have typed everything that I am thinking and maybe even EVERYTHING that I have thought about the entire day. Well maybe a few exceptions. And the time and minutes on top don't seem to be moving at all. I don't know exactly how much time I have left to type. But the twenty minutes have seemed to go by pretty fast. ",n,n,n,n,n

2002\_938041.txt," well i am not exactly sure what i should be writing about but i guess it have no choice. i am noticing that my room is overly cluttered, that the tv is on and that my neighbors dog is barking i feel kind of warm althought that isnt totally weird i usaully am warm in this place. i have to be at work by 530 and i hope i can make it. i don't really like working there anymore because it is usually very stressfull, all the snobby rich people and the terrible managment, no my foot hurts probably because i have been placing my weight under it, tomorrow i don't have to work so i guess i can work out, i do like to work out its more the act of dealing with all the people in my way that i don't like. i don't like waiting. i hate when someone is just sitting on a machine or talking and isnt doing anything wastes my time. i also don't like it much when people talk to me in the gym, takes me away from what i am there to do. the semester has just started and i already feel a little pressure from all the upcoming events, the reading , the studying, the homework. sometimes i wonder why i am here, i start to think that maybe i am wasting my time when i have no idea what i am doing with my career, should i have known before i got to college? i don't think so, thats what its all about, learning about yourself, finding out who you really are. wow only 4 minutes have gone by. this is going to be a long assignment, i wonder how long eveyone elses assignments were. i am sure they were longer, seems like i never write enough or my writing is too vague. however last semester in government i did very well in my writing assingments. i tend to do better in the analytical process then i do in the creative process or at least thats how it seems to me, however some times i do have a very clever idea or unique way of looking at a porblem that enables me to break through. it usually invloves some one telling me i can't do something. that usually kicks my brain into over drive, i usually never tell myself i can't do it, just that i havent figured out how to yet. that makes it easier for me to look at that problem. this may sound retarted but when i was in highschool and my parents started locking the liqour cabinet, i remember looking at it and thinking wow how am i going to get around that. i don't see a problem as a barrier, but a wall to climb, so i took out the drawer on the top of the cabinet and reached my hand inside and pulled out whatever i needed, it sounds terrible but it was a very good solution to the problem of how to get the tequila out of the locked cabinet. sometimes i wonder what i would be able to do with harder real problems. i like thinking that i can defy others imagination, makes me feel like i am a little more clever than they have imagained. i always enjoyed upsetting peoples ideas of myself. or breaking stereotypes but putting my self into a place to be judged in that given stereotype, like when i shaved my head, i am in no way a skin head and i adopt none of their ideals or beliefs but i enjoy seeing the look of surprise on someones face when i can have a complex conversation on engineering concepts or hamurabi, or some eastern philosophy. its the initial look of dawning comprehension that i live for. like when i hide things from some one i want them to figure out where it is, just so i can see that burst of intelligence into their thought process that enlightens them to the location of their shoe, or where there keys are. even better then that is to have them have that dawning but then when they reach for their shoe it isnt their shoe, the sudden seize of thought is also as rewarding. or seeing if you can predict some ones actions but predict two steps forward so that when they realize you have predicted their action and begin to change you have predicted their realization of you predicting. the one thing i love of about the human body is its ability to change, to become something different then what it start out as, but in the end we are all the same, nothing more than complex organic molecules and one could argue that we really arent that complex just resilient. i want to make the human machine better, smarter, faster, stronger, but is it possible to perfect millions of years of constant evolution? who knows, maybe the next step will be to fuse mental ability with a better creature, something that man creates in his own image, we could build on the millions of years it took humans to become what we are. and in turn we could make the next level of human evolution, but this might threaten the entire order of things, we would no longer be the top of the food chain. and these altered beings would they be good or would they use their abilites for selfish purposes. i think that if i was some how better than everyone else then i would use my abilities for good, but isnt that asking alot of some one? what if they want to be self serving, just because they have these incredible gifts should they be forced to serve. Tis better to rule in hell then to serve in heaven. what would the world be like if everyone only looked out for themselves, we wouldnt have any firemean any policemen, no one would help others, or at least not without some sort of compensation. i enjoy doing something for someone when i don't expect to recieve anything in return, makes you feel better about yourself, and if they do give you something then it makes you feel 100% better then before, its not what you do but who you do it for i would rather do something great for someone else then to do something great for myself ",y,y,y,n,y

2002\_938191.txt,"Okay, here we go. This should be fun. I just got done eating. I spent 4 dollars on lunch. I am whittling away at my alloted 1200 dollar food stockpile. Anyway, i don't think that will last the whole year. Maybe one semester at the most. Anyway, my classes are all over today except for BA101, but that class is more of a joke. I was playing football last night and i jammed my right ring finger and it is extremely swollen right now. It feels like i need to pop it but it hurts too much for that. I also stubbed my big toe and bent the nail back about one third of the way. If you've never done that before, i fully recommend it. It feels wonderful. I should be taking a nap. Thats how I like to pass time. When i start reading, I usually end up falling asleep anyway. I have my first test of the year on tuesday. Its a microeconomics test. I seem to have a good understanding of economics so far. Maybe thats because I took it last year at my local community college. I was learning it pretty well until my teacher died midway through the semester. After that I learned nothing and my entire grade was based on a paper i wrote about rising gas prices for the summer. My finger is throbbing somewhat. I don't think I broke it, its just really swollen. I wish I could get a go-kart or something to drive to class. All this walking and such is tedious. I really should catch up with my reading. I have 3 classes that I need to read for regularly, and i am falling behind. I liked the weather yesterday. There was a grey sky, and it was rainy all day. I used to live in Washington, so I am used to rain. Its fun when it rains a lot, and you jsut have to stay in all day. Its not so much fun when it rains a lot, and it starts to flood. Wow, 20 minutes seems like a long time. Of course, if i weren't doing this, i probably would be sleeping. 20 minutes of sleep is nothing. Thats for amateurs. I go for hour increments. I withdrew $60 from an ATM last weekend and i don't really know where i spent it all because i only have 3 left. I didnt buy that much stuff i don't think. Oh well, its only money (right. ) I am looking forward to UT's next football game. The one against North Texas was crazy. People act so mob-like at those games. Everyone wears orange, everyone yells the same things. It almost like we've been brainwashed. Thats what TV does. Without us realizing, it plants little idioms and messages in our head. And another thing thats funny is how the least contributing people to our society are held the highest. For example, athletes, entertainers. etc. There roles in our world are purely excessive yet they control the wealth and are looked up to as if they are supreme. One thing i think is stupid is when people ask the famed for autographs. They are just normal people! Would you ask me for an autograph if you saw me walking down the street? Thats doubtfull. But when Frank from Survivor Africa is seen in San Francisco, surely people recognize him and ask him for autographs. People find solace in the stupidest things. I have ventured away from talking about how much time I have left and began venting. Now time is almost up. 15 seconds left. . 5 okay time is up and my stream of consciousness is beginning to fade. My bed is calling to me. ",y,n,n,n,y

2002\_939045.txt,"Twenty minutes seems like an enormous amount of time. I really don't mind it though at least this assignment isn't as boring as the majority of my other homework. oh, so much homework i don't think i was prepared for such and overwhelming firt week . i thought it would be a little more like lee college. Oh, Lee how i will miss your size and the personal connection i made with people there. In fact that could be one of the most significant places I've ever been. I mean after all that is where I met Ryan. He is so very important to me. Even more so know, being in this big city alone, I need him more than ever. That really worries me, I just thought I was beginning to not need him as much in my life and gaining a little more independance and now here I am falling back into the agonizing rut that was my sad little life for two years. I need a job, I feel badly that I've rejected offers that I've gotten, it makes me feel unappreciative of the little extra cash I could be making. It's just that i don't want to be stuck in some meaningless job that makes me miserable i can't help but want something exciting and interesting. I've been doubting my major choice lately and that is really troubling. I've never done that and it was one of the only things I thought I was sure of in my life. The doubt in that area of my future makes me want to question everything else. I need to just take a step back and calm down and try to enjoy the little things. Remember don't worry about the little stuff, and it'e all little stuff. This is a whole new life for you and an opportunity for you to find out who you are and hopefully grow to like that person. Austin is a growing place for you and the chance to discover new things. This has really turned into a depressing journal entry. Mom is probably going to call again while I'm writing, and God forbide I don't pick up the phone. I really do type quite a bit faster than I used to. It is really cold in here and I need to go running. I need to work on trying to improve myself again. Iwas doing so well for a while there and then I just stopped. I guess I felt satisfied for the moment or just became frustrated with the lack of results I was seeing. I hope Dad starts working on my bike, I would really like to live closer to campus and the take my bike wherever I wanted to go. I really wish he didn't hang out with Samantha and Anne whatever her name is. I don't want to be jealous but I can't help it. He should be jealous. I wonder if that was why I wanted Michael to come and visit, for the simple reason of a childish cry for attention. Most likely, but he's not coming so I won't be giving into that anytime soon. I feel like going home but I won't be able to until the 28th. I never realized how attached i was to that comfort and safety. They were right in wanting me to stay but then again I can't help but feeling maybe I needed to be here in this town at this very period of my life. I wish Emily didn't sllep so much. I don't feel sorry for her and the things that happened to her. I don't think she would have been a very strong person anyway. She needs to try harder, things aren't given to people who don't try. ",n,y,n,n,y

2002\_939162.txt,"I just got out of rugby practice. this is the first practice we have had with the veteran players. my body hurts and for some reason I can't sleep so i decided to do this. im too excited to do anything, but think about the next practice. it reminds me of playing soccer in highschool. we should have won state my sophomore year. we had the most talented team i had ever seen at that level. two of the players from that year actually play in the mls. I love rugby. I was never a very imposing guy until about my junior year of highschool and by that time it was too late to play football. so i kept playing soccer. but i've always wanted to just level the other team, and now I can do that. I missed biology this morning because is et my alarm for 7:30 pm instead of 7:30 am. I hate when i do things like that. I miss summer school at UT. It was so much more fun than the fall. Everyone hung out together, and we could all get in to any party no matter if we were rushing or not. Now I'm lucky if I see one of the people from summer just once a week. Fall was suppose to be better. A girl that was my best friend in highschool, and I am absolutely in love with is here now. we have been here about two and a half weeks and we have only spent time together once. All she cares about is her sorority. And when we did hang out all she did was talk about how she was tired of dealing with it. Why doesn't she quit? What is her obsession with being a part of something? I just wish that we were growing closer like we thought we would in college. Instead we are moving further and further apart. Every guy she meets ends up asking her out on a date. She always some how avoids it, and I don't know why. Suddenly, a guy with plans for a very successful career seems much more attarctive than just a regular guy that wants to have fun and hang out. I can't believe i just wrote that because I am one of those guys with plans for a successful career. Maybe thats not what she is looking for at all. She lives seven floors below me but instead of coming up to say hi, she just calls. We talk two or three times a day, and when we see eachother we always give eachother subtle compliments. She is the one person who can always make me laugh no matter what kind of mood I'm in. I guess thats what being best friends for five years will do to you. I never knew I thought about her as much as I do. I think I'll go and see ",y,y,n,n,y

2002\_941898.txt," I have just finished my first few days of classes at UT Austin. So far they all seem hard and I already have tons of projects, papers, and tests. I have gotten a chance to meet a lot of people. My roommates are all really nice and i enjoy hanging out with them. I also got the chance to join a sorority here. I think that will be a good way for me to meet some new people, expecially since I am from out of state. I can't believe how many people are from Texas here. It is very uncommon for me to run into other out of state students. I am also interested in joining some other organizations on campus. I just don't know how much extra time I will have though. I am interested in playing club tennis, as well as doing some community service. The people who live out here all seem outgoing and friendly. I still miss my family and friends though. I normally don't even get homesick. I think going to a big college has many advantages. There are a lot of new people that you can meet, there are many good clubs, the athletic teams are really good, and much more. However, I think it is going to take me a while to get used to the huge classes. Also, the bookstore, ticket lines, and other things are very crowded. I think I will get used to it though. My major is undeclared. I can't decide what I want to do with myself. I am very interested in medicene, but I don't want to go through all of that school. It seems long and boring, and I don't even like science. I am trying to find jobs that seem fun and interesting, but it is hard to know what you want to do. I know that I don't want to sit in an office all day, and I like communicating with others. I also know that I don't want my life to revolve around my job. It seems like everyone has a major except me. I met this really nice girl at orientation for UT. We already decided that we want to live together in an apartment next year. I am really excited to get out of the dorms, even though I have only been here for a week! My best fried is coming out to Austin to visit me in a month. I am really excited. I hope she likes it out here. She goes to University of Southern California, and she loves it. I think that I have a little cold/flu. My roommate has been sick and had to go to the doctor today to get medicene. My throat started to hurt and I have been coughing. I hope it doesn't get worse! I normally don't get very sick, so this is kind of weird. I went down to salt lake with some girls the other night and we had barbeque. It was the first time I have ever had texas barbeque. I didn't really like it, and everyone thought I was wierd because they all love it. I guess I am not used to it yet! My favorite resteraunt in Austin is PF Changs. I have gone to it 3 times already since I have been here. It is so good. lettuce wraps, spring rolls, chicken, and fortune cookies! YUM! My roommate slept through her class today on accident. I hope that never happens to me. I am planning on going to all of my classes so I can keep a good GPA. It is very hard not to get distracted from school work in college though. It is wierd without my parents telling me to do my homework or to clean my room. But my roommate tells me to clean my room because she hates messy things. She is really nice though, so I respect her and keep my room very clean. I am going to San Antonio soon with one of my friends to see her house. I think it will be really fun. I have never been there. I wish my family were only an hour away sometimes. That would be nice if I get homesick or want a homecooked meal or something. I can't wait to go home for thanksgiving! I will get to relax and sleep in my own bed! Well, my time is up, but I am looking forward to a fun year! ",n,y,n,n,n

2002\_950971.txt," There is to much traffic in austin. I am ready to see my girlfriend this weekend. I am glad it is almost the weekend. The buses outside are to loud it is annoying. I guess it is really annoying when someone srives by with loud music in the middle of the night or rotc marches by. I'm thirsty I think I will get so water. I like this deja blue container it works good to refill. On yea that nice and cold. I guess I need to study my spanish when I am done with this. I wonder how my parents are doing, I guess I should call them pretty soon. Five min. and twenty seconds this is going by pretty fast. Tomorrow is friday horray. I am not really sure if that is how horray is spelled. It probaly isn't in the dictionary. There are always car alarms going off if someones car acutually gets robbed no one will know whose it is. That would suck. I like my bob marley poster it is interesting. I guess I should go work out a little today before work. I'll bet work is really boring tonight unless there are a lot of people at the fields. who know. That water tastes good. This psychology is kind of interesting but I still don't know what I am going to major in. It really does bug me I wish I could figure it out. Oh well mabye it will just hit me one day mabye I should just have fun. I need a different soap I don't really like this dail. I wish I wouldn't of bought a big ass bottle of it. It will take forever for me to use it. I wonder whats on tv. It would be kind of hard to watch will I am typing. I want hook up my speakers to my computer, I need to find that damn chord. I need to find someone with a printer for biology homework. What am I going to do when I am done with this I don't know if I really want to study. I guess I have to since I have to work tonight. Wow it is eighty degrees in here. I wonder how acurrate that galelio theremometer is. It seems like it would be pretty acurrate. galelio was a smart guy so why not. looks hot outside im glad I don't have to go out there till later. although it still won't be all that cool. ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_951305.txt," Right now I feel kind of tired from schoolwork and extracurricular activities. Last night I felt cranky and could not concentrate much. I think it had something to do with having two tests on a given thursday. My nose is sort of stuffy and my eyes seem to be watery. I noticed today that the sky was a little cloudy as I walked to all of my classes. I thought that meant that there was high humidity or something. Possibly too much water in the air meant that there was more sweating and less evaporation of the sweat. I just came back from the student service building to get two vaccinations. One for meningitis and the other for Hepetitus B. I felt worried about diseases when I arrived on campus. In addition to the worries, I obtained a pamplet from the student services building recommending that I get the shots. My left arm feels a little different than usual. The nurse warned me of possible side effects but I was not too worried about that because I do not have any known allergic reactions. I think I try to type faster than I am able to and because of it I seem to make many mistakes in my typing requiring me to use the backspace key often. I think that when I was learning how to type I emphasized speed more importantly than preciseness or acuratcy. My neck and shoulders feel a little tight and cramp. My lower back pain has been giving me some trouble. I remember seeing the chiropractor about a month ago and he told me a little exercise would do just fine. I felt relieved knowing that my x-ray results were good. I came out to be that I had an extra lower back vertabrae. Not too rare but not particurally normal. My eyes are now feeling dry and probably red by now. Ever since I started wearing contacts , for about 3 years now, I've been worried about the dryness, redness, and clarity of my eyes. I might need to use some eye drops now. I think it might have something to do with my shots but the nurse did warn me about possible side effects. I usually don't think stuff like that will effect me directly. Although some things that i don't think effect me usually do. For instance when I got into my car crash about three months ago I didn;t think that it would happen to me. My parents would tell be to be careful in the rain but I would usually ignore that fact that I'll end up in an accident. I wouldn't rool me eyesor anything disrepectful, but I would just let the message slide. I would later realized that the message was important just made iinto a routine thing to say from my parents. I should really try harder to listen to people than to jsut make them fell good at the moment. I sometiems feel that people don't listen to thers anymore. they just try to make rapport with each other including nonverbal communications. Girls might do this more than guys. but i think i do it enough to make me feel comfortable. I would really like one day without realizing my lower back problems. It's not that bad but it;s annoying for me to worry about as much as i do. I crack my nect and back like every thirty minutes. I'ts becoming routine just like people reminding you to drive safely like at night. This is different though. I't what I say to myself. I wonder if that will ever be ignore. Probably not since it's not someone else controlling me but myself. Control is difficult to explain. I'm wondering when this will end. another minute or so. After a whild of this I started ignoring the computer screen and just started to stare adn my keyboard checking to see it my fingering is good or not. I don't think i;m a fast typer or a good typer. Just an average typer that makes too moany typing mistakes. Less by looking at my fingers. ",n,n,y,n,y

2002\_953034.txt," How I am feeling right now is interesting. I have slept so long for the past few days. I think that it could be that I just moved here from Corpus Christi, Texas. Walking all over the campus is extremely exhausting and tiring. However, this weekend I did not walk a whole lot. I have just been sleeping so much. I think that it could be that I miss my mother or family and my body could be going through some sort of physical depression. That, I have no idea about. I do feel that I am getting sick. I have had a minor soar throat the past two days, and I am upset with myself because I forgot to bring my Vitamin C chewable tablets. I really like the cherry flavored ones because they taste so much better than the orange flavored ones. I know that you can only purchase the ones that I like at SunHarvest. I am not even sure if there is a SunHarvest here in Austin. I do have a large gallon of orange juice, so I will just drink a whole bunch of that until I start feeling better. Or at least until I get paid so I can buy my vitamin C pills. I just got finished taking the Pretest that is required before participating in the experiments that we students must participate in before the Thanksgiving break to receive credit for this class. I thought the test was extrememly interesting. Some of the answers I were a little sketchy. In this I mean, I was unsure if the answeres I put really reflected myself or if they were merely just answers of how I want to see myself. I have a fear of aligators. That is what I meant if I had a fear of any type of animals. I have had bad dreams about aligators, but not recently. There was one that I had and then had that same dream reoccuring the months and even years following. Yet, I haven't had dreams of aligators in a long time. I anticipate this class, for I have always found psychology an interesting subject. Well, who wouldn't. My mother never wanted me to become a psychiatrist because she said that listening to other's people's problems all the time would make a pretty girl like me ugly. I hold my mother on such a high pedistool, that I never thought of majoring in the subject again. I am a biology major. I am still unsure if that is what I really want, or if it is something that I have been trained to want since I was a child because the field was promising. I am having problems in calculus, i really don't care for the subject in the least, but it is part of my major. I feel that if I change my major just because it has a subject that I don't care for in its curriculm, that I will quit anything, for that matter, when things start getting tuff. I feel I will be a quiter. I have never felt that way about myself before and I don't intent to ever feel that way. The class does scare me. I am terrified actually. I must keep an average of a 3. 0. This may not seem to be difficult, coming from an overall average of 3. 6 GPA at Texas A&M Univeristy, Corpus Christi. But then I was not on a Financial Aid Plan and I knew my parents would still pay for school even if my grades fell below a 3. 0 average. So I intend to persure my dreams with my mind focused and my thoughts secured on one thing, making an A in every class. Even though I know that it will be almost impossible in Calculus II, I am going to try my hardest and I want to make my parents happy. They have given my so much already. And to make myself happy, is to make my parents happy. I don't want to be the reason of my unhappiness. If I can't make myself happy, then who really can? ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_953283.txt," I miss my family. They mean a great deal to me and and love them very much. Without my best friend, Sam, here with me, I wouldn't be here writing this thing. I have never been away from home for more than 10 days and it is something that I know will take some time to get used too. This weekend I will get to see my family and one of my other best friends, Ben, and his family. Sam and I are going to meat them at Lake LBJ Friday afternoon. Wakeboarding, my family and friends, it will be great, I can't wait until Friday. Ut is a lot harder than the junior college I used to go to, its on whole other level and thats why I'm here. Its time for me to go to the next level and do what I do best, create. I have met a lot of really good people over the last 2 weeks, my friend Sam introduced me to RUF, its a Bible study for college kids, its good me and I like it. Sam also introduced me to Ultimate frisbee, its totally sweet, I'm thinking of playing intermurals, last year the RUF team won the damn thing. I feel more alone right now than I ever have in my life and I think I'm taking it pretty good. I talk to my family everyday and that helps, but when I walk in my door there isn't anybody there who loves me or who asks me how my day was it hurts. Its something that only time can heal. I'm at the age when its time to leave the nest so to speak and I've been ready, then questioned myself, then proved my readiness again. My desire to create and express myself grows everyday, as soon as I gain ascess to a darkroom my work will be some of the best I have ever produced to this date. I have never had these intence feallings and I think they will show in my prints. I also have the desire to write a song, my friend Garret, that I met through RUF, and is also one of Sams roomates, writes songs and plays the guitar. I know I can't sing and I know I can't play so writting seems to be a good choice for musical expression. ",y,n,n,y,y

2002\_953340.txt," Wow, I remember when my english teacher made me do this. It is kind of weird having to do it now. I don't think my teacher really liked english at all. What was the deal with the random acts of kindness journal anyway? John Mayer is a great musician. I should put his CD on now to break the silence. 20 minutes? I think I might have to piss sometime in the next 20 minutes. I guess I should have thought of that sooner. I need some my-size chicks in my classes. I see them around campus occasionally, but never in my classes. Actually, there may have been some in Psy. , but there were 500+ people. Damn it! I don't need to install any more MS stuff. Quit popping up that update! I said okay yesterday hoping it would cut me a break, but it is just like the Salvation Army . once you donate stuff, they never give you a break. Hoo Hah! Time for some Mayer. Man, I love the woofer on my computer! I have the best, phattest bass on my computer stereo. I think my parents miss me. When I call them, it is hard to get off of the phone ever. I hope that I don't get much homework in college. I like SNL, where Tim Meadows did that sketch with the SportsCenter impersonation. Right about now, the funk soul brother Boo Yah! Boo Yah! Boo Yah! Sweet sassy molassy! I can't wait until Dave Matthews comes back to Texas. His concert was cool. I need to keep on writing. Orange County was a sweet film. I really like the girlfriend in that movieGoddamn update reminder just froze up my computer!!!! Microsoft is an evil empire! They don't even give you a way to close the reminder so you just have to leave it there. Crapola! Don't even ask me when I want to be reminded of the update. Suck it, Trebek! I bet I seem kind of screwed up if anyone browses this. I love the Mayer song comfortable, even though it is a chick song. I wonder if these shoes make me look gay when I wear them with shorts? Oh well, they are comfortable, so whoa, I just spaced out there for a few minutes. I really should go change the punctuation of the previous sentence. I have always felt like I am missing out on something by never having a girlfriend. Westlake kind of sucked. Maybe it is like getting a car- it is cool for a week or two, and then it loses its glamor. I wonder why no one is sunbathing on Jester beach Damn it! I don't want to update my computer! I did it yesterday! I miss the good 'ole DOS days. Go to hell, Gates! Man, for a multi-billionaire, you would think he could get a friggin' descent haircut. It looks nice outside, with the warm sun rays blanketing the gently swaying oak limbs outside my grimy window. I wonder why people say it is a nice day outside, when it is actually better to have cloudy skies to block UV rays and keep me from having to squint. I think the people across the hall are kind of strange. Not Joseph and Demas, but their suitemates. They have all those slutty posters on their wall and whenever I walk by they are playing computer games. Dr. Pepper is the shiznat! Shiznat . he he he he he! I am such a friggin' loser! Criminy! I just lost it again for about 10-15 seconds. I only have two minutes to go now, so I think it is time for a new paragraph. My fingers are tingling a little bit, which is pretty strange since they should be getting blood from my typing. Oh, well. Maybe I should have kept playing guitar instead of biking. Racing is fun, but you can play guitar anywhere and you don't have to worry about crashing or winning or anything like that. You just can't screw up much while playing in front of an audience. I just copied most of my writing so I can see how much I did. ",n,y,n,y,y

2002\_953576.txt," This is a bad ass song. i wish Patrick were here so we could drink some beer and hang out. it is too bad he is in a gay ass fraternity. i can't stand his freaking brothers. at least Robbie isn't in a gay fraternity, we chill more than me and Pat ever will. i wish i weren't so fucking sick, i hate the fact that i have to blow my nose every 10 to 15 minutes. and no my freaking printer is going nuts, i hope it isn't broken, it is brand new. it looked like the actual scanner piece is jammed or something. that girl i met today in Economics was pretty cute, i think she was feeling me. i wish i hadn't broke that string on my guitar i miss her badly. i haven't played in almost 2 days. i don't know if i can go another day with out playing it. i am so glad tommorow is Friday, i need a beer. i just wish i didn't feel so bad, all i want to do is sleep. i sure hope this works tonight i didn't work lastnight. i want to be a rock star! that would the best job ever! just playing my guitar and singing my songs! i want to have a good time tommorow night just chill with some friends a drink some beer! i need a beer, i am defenately going to grab a cold one when this is over. so close. ",y,n,y,y,y

2002\_955033.txt," I feel as if my life revolves around a world full of unanswerable questions. I cannot seem to find what it is that I want out of life. There are so many options and turns where I can easily decide to follow, but I am so inconsistent of what I truly feel passionate about. I wake up in the morning and step outside of my dormitory daily smelling the fresh air. Everyday it seems as if there is something I have not witnessed before. I need answers to my life. I am a person that does not go through the day easily without understanding why things are the way they are. I am a first year student at the University of Texas and I have been bombarded with hundreds of organizations and choices that will lead me somewhere in the next few years. Not only academically has this burden faced me straight on, but I am confused about a girl I have met as well. As with the hundreds of organizations, there are hundreds of girls I see in and out of my classes. Do I really want a relationship so soon? And further, can I handle a girl that is apart of the Greek system knowing that I will never have a desire in joining one in the future? It is so hard to choose a path when you analyze your choices to death. For instance, if I decide to discontinue dating this wonderful girl just because I will not be able to tolerate her constant consumption of alcohol and nightly partying with other fraternity guys, will this decision have been the most appropriate one? Or is it possible I may be a bit too judgemental of her capabilities of being a loyal girlfriend? In addition to my social life, I have to maintain some arbitrary schedule which will be beneficial for my personal needs. Like many others, I have been set loose from the world I used to know and I am on a path where I control my line of travel. It is realistic yet frightening at the same time. All my life, choices have been easy. And if I was faced with an extenuating circumstance then I always had the parental feedback to support my decision. I am creating a life. It is not just any life; it is mine. I am on my own. I have waited for this moment for a long time. And now, I do not know what to do with it. Is this normal? Have I overlooked something? Is it humanely possible to beg and plead for an entity such as freedom and once it has been acquired to not desire its power as much? I am eager for the future and ecstatic for what is yet to come. I hope I am joining the right organizations that appeal to me. I also hope I will stay academically strong as I was in high school. And further, I hope I will have made the right choice with the girl I met. I have faith that I will be led in the right direction. ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_955372.txt," Today has been totally stressful!! Actually this past week has been stressful! College is very different from highschool. In high school I never even had to study, but I would still make high A's in all my classes! Now. . im not really prepared for all this studying i have to do in college! arg! Im pretty sure i can handle it, but im still freaking out over only taking 2 tests in each class the whole semester! and those two tests determine my grade. . thats just scary! Anyways, today in general has been stressful. My mom had to go get an MRI today, and that can't be good. Shes been ok the past few weeks, but something is making her sick! and today also, i found out that my uncles lung cancer is back, we thought it had gone into remission, but no, it came back. This has been really hard for my grandmother because she has to take care of my uncle 24-7. And my grandmother is not in that good health either, but hopefully she can handle all this. And it scares me because my other uncle, also smokes! even though his brother is literally deteriorating before his eyes! but he still won't stop smoking. that really pisses me off! its just so gross and. . blah. Oh well, he has to make that decision on his own, i can't make it for him. Anyways continuing on, one of my roomates is gettin on my nerves. I have 3 roomates in total, and we get along pretty good, but this one roomate, ahh! shes annoying! shes always trying to tell me that im not doing something right! and its always stupid stuff! like, she told me i wasnt cracking the eggs correctly?! or that my grammar on my english paper is wrong, when i know its right! and the thing that makes me mad is i didnt even want her to be my roomate. You see, i got a housing scholarship, for gettin good grades, so i don't have to live on campus. Two of my other roomates got one also. The girl i don't like happened to be a recepient also. She totally butted in and said she wanted to live with me! what could i say?! noo?! of course not! so i said yes. Then during the summer i was hoping she would forget and not transfer her lease over to mine, but what do you know! on moving day, guess whose face i see right as i enter my apartment door, none other than the annoying girl! ahh! this is something that is making my life even more stressful right now too! Sometimes i wish my parents could just tell me how to live my life, it would just make everything sooo much easier on everyone! But i guess thats the college life, its just very new to me still. Like, i enjoy not having my parents there telling me to study, or when my curfew is, but i do miss that parental aspect that i used to have in my life. College has a bunch of pluses. and minuses. Its not all parties and having fun like some people. Well i guess it is for some people, but personally not all that much for me. (Thats another thing about my roomate. . she is always partying! like 5 days out of the week! thats overdoing it just a tad don't ya think?!?) But anyways i guess i should write something about the psych class to get some brownie points. lol. I really like that class! its pretty interesting, and the professor is pretty cool and not so boring(like my history teacher who says. . and umm. . alot!!)Im thinking of changing my major to nursing, possibly to become a psychiatric nurse, or possibly a pediatrics nurse. but im not sure(once again. . something i wish the parents could decide for me) But yea, that class is pretty fun, i just wish it wasnt such a big class! thats another scary thing about college, your just a number! your just a tiny little fishy in a huuuge sea of other fishies!i guess its just cause im straight out of highschool where the classes are only 30 students each. Going from 30, to 500, thats quite a bit of a difference, and it can be rather intimidating for a freshman! But i guess i will have to learn how to deal with it sooner or later!! hopefully i can survive this year, my goal GPA is atleast a 3. 3 ATLEAST! ahh!! i would like to have higher than that. . but we will just have to wait and see won't we!! ",y,y,y,n,y

2002\_955576.txt," I am feeling very tired at the beginning of this strange assignment. What a long weekend, and day it has been. Rainy days always seem so long and dreary. It has just recently stopped raining but I wish that it hadn't. In my opinion, days spent studying are much better when it is dark and gloomy out than sunny and shiny. I actually love the rain and really enjoy rainy days. I would really prefer for the rainy days to also be cold but that does not happen very much this time of year. One thing that I have been thinking a lot about recently is this new season that is rapidly approaching. I love the fall more tham anytime of year, especially the month of October. What a fabulous month it is. October is long sleeve and jacket weather, football games, State Fair of Texas, and the time when the leaves change. It is always so pleasant and so comforting. I do not know why or when my obsession with October started but it did, and it has been a part of my life for quite some time. This will be my first October away from home though so my expectations could very likely NOT be met. That would be a dissapointment but it would also serve as a reminder to me to not expect anything. I really wish that I would never expect anything from anybody because I am always setting myself up for a dissapointment when I do that. People that do not have really high expectations from others or situations must really benefit from life because everything that happens to them is better than they though it would be. That is actually probably not always true but, its a thought. I tend to have too high expectations from people. I have a big imagination so I will usually get worked up about something before it ever happens, and spend time imaging what it might be like. When I do that, I always find myself dissapointed when things do not turn out the way that they are supposed to. I am about to be distracted from my stream of conciouseness because my roomate and friends keep talking loudly in the hall and I can hear them. It is late at night so I did not take my medicine to help me focus so I hope this does not become too much of a problem. It is very hard for me to concentrate when I can hear one distinct conversation in the background. It is a strange thing, but I could write a paper in the middle of a crowd if it is just useless, background noise, nothing clear, just a lot of muddled voices. If I hear a conversation though, a really clear conversation among a group of people, it becomes near impossible for me to focus. Why is that? I really do not know. I hate that I am so easily distracted. It is a joke sometimes to even attempt to have a conversation with me about one topic unless I have taken my medicine. I have had ADD for a long time so I do not mind telling people that it does not come natural for me to stay in one, focused conversation for extended periods of time. It is really very sad at times actually because I feel like I am hurting feelings when I do not give a person my full attention, but I don't mean to be. I just have trouble staying on one topic because almost every topic easily flows into a new topic. What a mess I get myself into. I really do amaze myself at times. People probably think that I am very rude but I am not, I just can't stay focused. Right now I am getting a sore in my mouth and it is really bothering me. I think that it has formed because of the amount of sugar that I have consumed in the last two days. Someone gave me an enormous sack full of candy as a gift and I have consumed about 1/2 of it in the last 48 hours. That is not something that I normally do. I do not feel good about eating candy, or anything unhealthy most of the time. I am actually proud of myself for indulging though. Everybody needs to treat themselves every once in a while. I have a sweet tooth also so I have to satiate it from time to time. I just hope that I never turn into a glutton. How does one become a glutton? I do not understand how someone could just sit around and get ",y,y,n,y,y

2002\_955716.txt," i'm sitting at the pcl library, i can hear the computers humming, i'm typing kind of fast so i'm worried that people will find this annoying, because i sometimes do and sometimes when i click the mouse too fast some people get annoyed. my feet are really hurting from the bruises i think i got from the car accident on wednesday, i'm wondering if i should go to the university health center and talk to someone about it, but i don't know if i'll have time to go up there, and maybe there's nothing to worry about and bruises will fade by themselves anyway. now i'm thinking about the calculus quiz that i did yesterday, i did really bad on it. i ran out of things to say, i'm really sleepy. my uncle left today i feel bad that i didn't say goodbye but he left so early in the morning back to lebanon, i don't know how long it will be until i see him again but he wasn't as friendly as he was a year ago. i remembered last night that it was my 2 friend's birthdays, it was my brother's too and i didn't get him anything. . i really should have, i should go today, but i'm so concerned about how much money i've been spending lately, i don't work anymore and i'm running out of money i should be careful how much i spend, what will i do when i run out, i can't keep asking my dad for money everytime i want to go out for coffee. i just talked to my friend outside she got married last weekend and i was at her wedding and her husband's best friend really liked me and now he asks about me all the time and he wants to drive down from san antonio to see me but i'm so afraid of it, because i was so attracted to him at the wedding, and i thought about him so much after that,and i kept feeling that i wanted to be with him even though i knew i shouldn't have because i have a boyfriend and i must be loyal to him so that i can allow him to trust me because he's insecure sometimes so i don't know what to do. the guy's name is nathan and he's the kind of guy i would love to have as a friend but i don't think he's going to want to settle it at that and i'm afraid that even if he did, i might want more, which would be horribble because of my boyfriend. i'm not sure about my feelings anymore, i'm so afraid that what happened with my last relationship is going to happen all over because i'm so indecisive about my feelings. now i just want to go to sleep. i'm meeting my boyfriend after i finish writing and we're going out to lunch. i'm not that hungry. i know i should watch what i eat like i used to, but i don't anymore. it's becoming bad for me, i'm not even exercising like i used to. i don't know why, i just feel so tired. i got mad at my mom this morning and i feel bad, because it's not really her fault. well maybe it is, i just don't understand why she can't seem to help me out in the morning when she sees that i'm late, why can't she make me a sandwhich so that i can eat on my way out the door, instead of leaving the house with no breakfast and starving because i don't have time to do it myself. it takes her practically no effort, i don't understand. she must think it's a matter of teaching me to do things on my own but i think that's ridiculous, i just need a little help and she wouldn't do it. i'm looking at the time on the screen and i never realized how slow time can be sometimes. this spacebar on the keyboard is really starting to piss me off, what the hell is wrong with it. i'm getting to impatient, i hate it when it sticks. some people are typing really fast, too, i wonder if they're doing the same thing i am. i can't see their screen. a girl is listening to her headphones, it's a good idea. i wonder if we're allowed to burn our own music cd's, i saw a lady doing it at the ugl library and i really want to. but i asked my older brother and he said we're not allowed because those computers are used only for the scanner. supposedly. i'm swaying my chair right now, it calms me down. i want to listen to some music, the nice relaxing kind i listen to on 95. 5, i love that station. they put old music and it's so relaxing. yesterday i was seriously thinking about wearing a scarf. oh. . no that was today, in the shower. it's starting to bother me the way men look at me, as if i'm existing merely for their viewing pleasure, it's disgusting. i've realized lately that i've become very much less concerned with displaying my feelings, for example, if i don't like someone, i can ignore them and i don't care if they notice, or if they know that i don't like them. i never used to do that, i always used to fake it. but now i don't. maybe it's rude, but i'm tired of putting up with things i don't like. i've also noticed that i'm not as open minded as i one was. time is almost up i feel better, but i wonder what i'm going to go do now. i want to lay down somewhere, close my eyes. i feel like cuddling with someone. but my boyfriend won't do it, he'd just want to make out. i don't, i just want someone to hold me. suddenly i feel like crying a little bit. i don't know what's bothering me. a girl sat next to me who looks like jennifer the si instructor. those sessions are helpful. ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_956743.txt,"Well this is the first time that I have ever been told to write for twenty minutes straight about what is going on inside of my head. Anyways, yeah it is early in the morning and I just got back from calculus, and I am extremley tired. The reason that I am tired is because I did not get a lot of sleep this weekend. I really wanted to catch up on my sleep but it did not really happen. The reason for this is, that on Saturday night I did not go to bed until like four or five in the morning and then I needed to wake up semi-early to do some necessary homework. I really am a night person and I do not ever mind staying up late even when I have to wake up early the next morning. Well anyways, school has been its usual self. I am really enjoying the college life and the freedom from my parents, but I miss all of my friends so much. I really wish we had more vacation time so that I could spend it with my friends. The person that I miss the most, is of course my sister. We have grown up our whole lives together, and now that she is actually maturing and becoming a normal person, I am not there to see it and it is kind of sad. Anyways, also I miss Kyle a lot. I mean I realized how good of friends we were, but since we have both gone to college, I realize it even more. He is the one that can always put me in a good mood when I am upset. He can always make me feel so much better about myself. I can never get mad at the kid, even if he says the rudest things or the most inconciderate things. He is a great friend and someone that I will always want to be in touch with. I mean saturday night we talked on the phone for like four hours. I mean that is a lot of talking. I never thought I could talk on the phone that much, but with him the conversation is never boring, never worthless, never repetitive. It is always something new and great to hear. Yeah we have our moments where we say somethings to each other that normally if anyone else said that stuff we would get really angry, but we know that we really do not mean it, and that we are really good friends. Well enough about him, he already occupies enough of my time. Twenty minutes is a really long time to type, considering that the first time I did this my computer like froze or something when I pushed the finish button, which really made me mad. Well I also have this other friend named Matt, whom I have known since like sixth grade and have like since sixth grade. He goes to school here and we hang out a lot, but he has a girlfriend in New Jersey, whom I hear about every freakin day of my life. Oh well, nothing I can do about that. I really want to meet some more people. I have been here about two weeks and I have not really met that many people, which is kind of sad. I am used to having a lot of friends and a lot of friends to do stuff with all the time, and for the first time in my life I do not have a lot of friends and it is kind of depressing. I mean I have no trouble meeting people or even talking to random strangers, but when it comes to really becoming someone friend I am having a harder time than I thought I would. I know that I just need to give it some more time, I can not expect to make everlasting friends within two weeks. I give out that advice to a lot of people, but I do not ever really listen to the advicec myself. Wow, I have like seven minutes left and my left hand is really starting to cramp up and it is getting harder and harder to type as each secong passes. I really wish that this would just end. When you are told to type about what is going on inside your head, you really have trouble. I usually do not have any trouble telling people about things I think about. . Oh my gosh this is so random, but last night around four in the morning or something like that, I woke up with a major cramp in my left calf. It hurt so incredibly bad. I tried walking, but I couldn't. It hurt so bad that I was crying until it went away. Even though it only lasted a short period of time, the time that it did last was torturous. Anyways, back to the analization of how I can not write when someone tells me too. I really wonder how people can take what a person writes and interpret it to mean something totally random. I just find that absolutely bizzare. I do not think that I would ever have that ability. I have two meetingts to go to tonight, and I do not know how I am going to do this, because they are both at the same times. Yay I am getting excited because I only have like two and a half minutes left to go. This really shows you how long twenty minutes is. I always thought that it was a really short time, but when you have to do something like this where you watch the time tick by, you are able to see that twenty minutes is a real long time. I really do not like Mondays and Wednesdays. I do not like the fact that I have classes in the morning and then I have a huge break, and then I have classes in the afternoon. We had open door night last night, and our room won cutest runner up. I do not know who won cutest overall, but we were happy with what we got. It is finally about to come to and end and my hands are in a lot of pain and will be relieved when they do not have to type anymore. Well less than thirty seconds and it is all over. I am way pumped over here. ",y,y,n,y,n

2002\_957362.txt," In doing this writing assignment I was unsure of what i would be writing. I am having a pretty good day and I hope that it continues to be good. Transfering to UT this semester has been a great eye opener. This is my first time to live by myself and be away from home. There seems to be so much pressure right now with school and bills. It is hard sometimes to be alone, but I was the one that begged my parents to get me an apartment to myself. I wish sometimes that I would have lived with roommates, so that I would be more familiar with the people and things around me. I like having my own space and freedom, and I'm sure I can adjust the the loneliness. I have been feeling the depression kick in during the last 2 weeks. It is hard, and my phone bill is high, but I know that this is only the beginning of my life. My goal is to get my bachelor's degree in Accounting and then have a great job offer before graduating. Life seems like a blurr sometimes, even when you think you have it all planned out. I don't know what I really want from life besides being happy. I may be greedy, but I want to make a good amount of money, so that I will not have to worry about needs. I have a lot of pressure from my Dad. I have never felt like I can please him in what I do. This is probably why I have such high goals for myself. I've got to come to the realization that I don't need to make my Dad proud of me, but instead make myself proud of me. That is a hard thing to do. I am very critical of myself and if I don't do the very best, sometimes I feel like a failure. Hopefully someday I can feel pleased with myself and my life. I'm not sure what else to write. Well, I miss my friends back home a lot. My two best friends are both far away. I can't really go seem them on the weekends now because of my part-time job. But hopefully we will keep in touch regulary. Psychology is going to be lots of fun this semester. I love the way Mr. Pennebaker teaching. It's make the classroom environment much more relaxed and fun. I hope that I can also learn more about the emotional and physical behaviors that I possess. I often worried that I am crazy, jusk kidding. But there is a point where everyone has their own bit of craziness inside them. There are times that I feel like two different people. It happens very rarely, but I can see at times the difference between how I act and who I really am. It's scary, but I think normal. I sometimes feel like I am putting on a show for others to see and approve of. I have been told that I am a very nice person, but when I see the difference I feel like I am just acting that way. I don't know exactly what I mean, and I may never understand myself. There are numerous questions that I have about life and people. I don't have to know all the answers, but to understand most of them would be meaningful to me. I came from a divorced family, and when I was young I was physically abused. I didn't know the extent of my abuse until my older sister would tell me about it. I must have blocked it all out because I can only recall the moments before and after I was hurt. Which it scares me if I may someday have it all come back to me and it may be too much to handle. When I grew older I was raised in a strict Christian household which has an affect on who I am. I believe in God and Jesus Christ, but there are many questions that I can't answer. But I don't think that life is about knowing all the answers. I just want to understand them. I am just going on about whatever. I kind of feel like I shouldn't have been so personal about my life ",y,y,n,y,y

2002\_958061.txt," Ok. . i;m sitting in this computer lab of this co-op I'm supposed to like and really bond with. Unfornuately, I don't like the people very much,it smells, and the kitchen always wreeks of too much garlic (like a disgusting amount. ) Oh well. But I really like this keyboard. I think typing on a good keyboard is very important. It can really effect your typing and writing experience. It also has this great squishy thing for my wrists to sit on. All I want to do is pinch it all day. But there are other things I have to do. :) ok. what next. well some say I'm very neurotic, but my boyfriend was supposed to call around noon and I've called 3 times already and he hasn't picked up the phone. It kind of worries me when he's that late at returning my phone calls. THEN I think about this really great hair iron I just got a week ago and how wonderful it is. It's so wierd that something could make your hair look so healthy when it is actually so damaging for your hair. Get this. it get's so hot, that i've had serious burns on my hands from just barely touching it. They don't like to sell this iron to regular consumers (I guess I know why) but I got a special hook up. Now here's where I get neurotic. I'm really scared that I DIDN'T turn off the iron this morning before I left and I wanted to tell Chad to check when he wakes up. BUT what if he hasn't woken up because the whole upstairs is on fire and he's lying there unconscious or even dead????? See what I mean? I'm a huge worrier. Sometimes I feel that I could strech my brain so far that I could litterly make myself crazy with worry. Well, my feeling is. what if it were actually true? you know, bad things have to happen to sombody. Why does everyone think they won't happen to THEM???? Well, technically, If I were to leave the iron on, it would probably just deconstruct itself and melt the plastic tub underneath it. But it could get hot enough to start a fire, I guess. you never know. Well now I'm getting hungry and I'm trying to decide how to spend my time before going to Psychology at 3:30. I have to put a note on this girl's door so she can help me find a replacement so I can get out of the god-awful place and then I have to check my labor assignments and then I have to check the phone book for the nearest cell phone provider so I can get a phone charger replacement. Whew!!! quite a day. Oh, and I have to cancel an appointment with my dad because I just want to spend a few hours with my boyfriend. It that so wrong!!!!???? I saw my Dad for 3 hours yesterday and he still wants more time the following day!!! Sometimes people just drive my crazy. ",y,y,y,n,y

2002\_958137.txt,"I wish polygamy was still legal. Well, not polygamy, but i wish i could take more than one girl to texas OU weekend. i have like 4 or 5 girls that i would enjoy taking,k and who are all expecting me to take them, but no matter what i do, i am going to piss like 4 girls off. It kind of sucks. I am glad that i can at least take one date, but it is a complicated matter when it comes to toying with peoples, especially girl's emotions. I think i have pretty much decided on who i am going to ask, but i heard that she has a boyfriend, so im not sure about it any more. While this kind of makes me angry, i guess it helps me out in deciding who i am going to ask. I don't even know, there is a girl who lives down the hall from me, and is actually in this class. I am sure it will all work out anyway. I guess when it comes down to it i am lucky to even be here. ( at UT ). A subject that occupies my mind a lot of the time is what happened to me this summer. Basically i went out to fraternity rush party, had way to much to drink. I wish to God someone had been there to take away my keys, but no one was, and i got in my car, drove the wrong way and ended up putting my car into a lake. When i say putting, i mean a 30mph plunge down a boat ramp. I realize that i have almost died and i have spent many hours dwelling on what happend, what could have happened, and thank God, where i am now. The only real problem is how i live now. Any other person would have sworn off drinking for good, but i continue to do it, even though i told my parents i wouldn't. This makes me feel guilty, and upset. I don't really know what im going to do about the whole situation, but i am determined to make my parents realize that i am as responsible as ever, and not to disappoint them. I miss my dog like crazy, which is weird, cause i don't really miss my parents that much. I guess its because i can talk to my parents, but i can't call my dog and see how hes doing. I wish i could have my dog here with me, cause he really is my best friend. I love dogs, they never smart off to you, and they don't stay mad at you. I love college life, fraternity life, and everything else, i just hope that i don't get too bogged down with partying, and stuff, that ill be to busy to study and do well. ",y,n,y,n,y

2002\_966552.txt," right now I'm thinking about my poor roomates because one of them, Lauren, just found that her little sister woke up this morning to find a bullet hole in her window! If her bed would've positioned different she would've been dead! I'm also thinking about my other roomate, Anna, she just found out that she didn't get the job that she wanted because she doesn't have time to go through training. I'm also kind of stressed because one of the reasons I came to this school is to do crew and now I'm nervous I'm not going to make the team, aghh. I also am stressed because I have a lot of homerwork to do right now such as reading for psychology and writing my english paper. It's also hard because I miss my family and wonder why I'm here, but then I think how I wouldn't be happier anywhere else. And then I'm wondering about who's going to be reading this and wondering if they think I'm a psycho and then I wonder, is anyone going to be reading this? go figure. I'm also really excited to be here be because I hate the snow in Wisconsin (where I'm from) and am so excited not to be cold here this winter. But I miss all my friends and hope they are happy where they are to. One of my best friends sisters said that in your first two weeks of college you change in ways more than you could ever fathom and you are such a different person the day you walk into your dorm and the day that you walk out. At college you have time to discover who you really are, and that is really cool you, or at least I, can discover who I am without the distractions of my family, my responsibilities, and my friends. In Texas no one knows who I am so I can reinvent myself to be whatever way I like, I can take time to discover if I really like myself and if I don't I have four years to change myself into the person that I want to be, wow I really like that it sounds nice. I just hope that I meet all the people I can and I hope I can get some best friends, I also worry about money and the fact that I'm spending it and not making it. Sometimes I'm so stingy. I also worry about how my family is going to survive without me (I know that sounds selfish) but I do a lot of things such as being a peacemaker between my sisters and cleaning up after my dog who isn't potty-trained and driving my sisters around and running errands for my parents, I'm sure they'll be fine I just in a way hope that they aren't so that they miss me. I hope that this writing piece doesn't seem self-centered because I'm just writing about myself. I just don't know what else to write about. I'm also listening to Etta James, I love her voice it is so awesome. oww my hands are sore I could never be a secretary. My major is actually elementary ed with a minor in psychology. I'm really excited to be a teacher but sometimes I wonder how I can be so excited about it or if I'm setting feminism back because I will be happy in such a traditional role. But hey whatever floats your boat right? Sometimes I get so excited about the way I'm going to decorate my classroom and the curicullum I'm going to teach. I'm also very excited to take all the classes that are required for my major. They should all be very exciting and hopefully the professors will be enthusiastic because how could they not be they are training us to go into their profession. It's so exciting how college is the step before my real job my whole life I have been preparing for college and now I'm in college and preparing for my next step, my job. ",y,y,y,y,n

2002\_969641.txt," Alright, so this is my second time to do this, which is kind of weird. It's kind of draining to type out what you are thinking. I'm still worried about what I am going to do for my object exercise in Acting I. So many people have taken my ideas. But since we are all the same age, we pretty much have the same issues and experiences so I'm just going to go with what comes natural to me. Ugh, I still can't get ahold of Jay. Unfortunately, openning night for his play falls on OU weekend which really sucks. Ugh, it seems like everything going on in my life conflicts with everything else. Speaking of OT game, the things they make us do just to tickets to some game. I mean, first you have to wait in line to get a wristband and PRAY that you get a somewhat decent number. And then you have to go back and wait in line for the tickets, that is assuming you even get tickets. It's crazy and aboult a million people came up to me today asking me to get them tickets. Geez, I never thought going to a football game would be so stressful. On top of that, this week is the anniversary of September 11th and so now everywhere I go I am reminded of this horrible tragedy. I'm proud of our country coming together, but I don't think we should dwell on the bad things. We should move on, remember, and renew. For example, this morning I flipped on my TV and the first thing I have to see the images of 9,000 American people losing their lives. It just hasn't been a good day. Hopefully, Friday (yes, Friday the 13th) will be a bit better. Could this week spell hell more than one way? Actually, tomorrow should be a pretty good day. Although it's going to be hectic, tomorrow night will at least be the Alpha Phi Fall Crush. OH YEAH! Go Alpha Phi! I'm excited since David gets to come too. It's going to be tons of fun. And this week is Big Sis week so I get a lil gift everyday too! It's funny how little good things can measure out the big bad things. Oh and plus I am going home this weekend. Going home this weekend is just the thing I need. I miss my family and my dog sooo much. Aww, my cute little Pepper. I can't wait to see her. And my mom can wash some of my clothes for me! WOOHOO! Oh, and Friday night is callbacks for the play Helen. I am soo excited because I actually made a callback on my first audition here at UT. So that's one more good thing. Wow, maybe I should go over all the good things in my life more often. Then maybe I wouldn't feel so overwhelmed and stressed out as much. hmm, after this I better start reading biology. For being such a somber day, today (weather wise at least) was actually a really beautiful day. I have a great view of the sunset out my window. And since there is a church right across the street, the sunset lights up the huge cross so beautifully. Maybe one day I should take a picture of it. Oh yeah, I need to buy some more sticky tape to hang my posters with. You'd think something called Poster Putty would do the job but aparently the posters made out of paper are toooo heavy. And what's the deal with not being able to hang dorm lights. First of all, christmas lights are a dorm tradition, and secondly the package says Dorm lights so technically they aren't christmas lights. right? ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_972172.txt," Well, today is September 11, 2002 and that of course means that my day was filled will deep thoughts and feelings and constant reminders of the tragedy that happened a year ago today. I remember exactly where i was the day the Twin Towers collapsed. I had just woken up and was on my way to class when i bumped into my boyfriend at the time who was on his way up to his dorm room. He stopped me and said did you hear what happened? Puzzled i scratched my head and shrugged i had been asleep up until like 15 min ago and now i was in such a hurry to get to my class that i had been oblivious of my surroundings. I now looked around the lobby to see that every t. v. had a cluster of people around it with their mouths hanging open. There was a whisper and constant murmur in the air that i hadn't noticed before. What happened? i asked. He started blurting about this and that about World Trade Centers being bombed or something to that effect. I sighed and said really, that's terrible , then i scurried off to class. Little did i know that what i had dismissed as simply government/political jumble would have such a severe impact on America and myself. When i walked into my class i was met with the same constant murmur, it seemed to be everywhere. I sat down in my seat(front row) and looked up to see that CNN was being shown on a huge screen at the front of the classroom. My mouth dropped in horror and terror filled me as i watched with my very own eyes, one of the planes slam into a huge tower. It was then that i realized how serious this thing was. Then the second plane, and after that the third. America was being attacked. That phrase played inside my head fueling the growing terror inside me. America was attacked and would never be the same again. It was then that i realized something else. My mom was out of town. She had left on a business trip for the week to. was it Virginia, West Virigina? It was an annual trip and i remember her saying it was 20 minutes away from D. C. Wasn't that where the Pentagon was? I remember thinking i needed to call my dad as soon as possible to find out where my mom was. After class i ran to my dorm and found i had a message i pushed it and was more than relieved to hear my mom's familiar, and now beautiful voice telling me not to worry that she was okay but might be late coming back home cause of flight delays. Even now i have tears in my eyes thinking about how lucky i am to still have both of my parents and my family. I couldn't even imagine losing them especially in such a tragic way. Then this makes my feel so sad for the people who weren't as lucky. I pray for them and even though i have been extremely busy and overwhelmed i made it a point to go home to visit my family because you never know what could happen. My family is not a very expressive one and we hardly ever show our emotions for each other show, but yesterday i left my mom with a genuine i love you and a hug. ",y,y,y,n,y

2002\_972407.txt,"My name Is Keely and I am a Freshman here at UT. Moving away from home has been a difficult task. I have really been lonely here. I have noticed that it is getting easier though. I do have two brothers that live here in Austin. My oldiest brother also attends UT. He is in his second year of law. My other brother Josh doesn't go to school, but hopefully he will decide to one day. Classes have also been getting more difficult. I have been really stressed out because of all the reading. I am really nervous about some of the upcoming tests. Hopefully I will have prepared myself for them. I have a boyfriend named Jacoby. It was really hard to leave back at home. I miss him very much. This coming weekend is our year anniversary. I really want to go home to see him, but I don't think I'm going to be able to. It is very difficult to be here in Austin without all of my friends. When I'm bored there really isn't anyone to hang out with. My brothers are working a lot so they don't have much time to hang out. My parents were sad to see me leave for college, my mother expecially. I am the baby of the family. My mother is extremely emotional. She often cries and gets depressed now that all of us are gone. She also calls us a lot more and e-mails me all the time. I feel sorry for her! The only person she hangs out with is my dad. My dad isn't too bad, he just is set in his ways. He sits in his recliner and watches nascar all the time. My poor mother has to sit there and watch it with him. That really doesn't sound too fun to me. Anyway, I know that I will eventually get used to it here, but it will take some time. I just try to keep myself busy so that I don't have time to think about how homesick I am. At least I have my brothers here. I couldn't imagine being here all alone. I would drive myself crazy! My roomate is really cool. I got really lucky with that. We have soo much in common. She has the same since of humor as I do. Also, we have all the same classes together, which is really helpful. Now it doesn't seem like I'm alone all the time. I have her there going through the same thing. Another thing is that the bus stop by my dorm takes me straight to my brother's aptartment. This makes it very convinient. I can get off campus and try to get away from it all. Well, I seemed to have come to a block. I can't think of anything to say. I'm trying to keep typing though. Oh, I really am enjoying psy. class. It is really interesting! I know it is only going to get better too. Psychology is my major (at least for now) so this is my type of thing. ",y,y,y,y,y

2002\_972796.txt," My nose is really stuffy right now and I had a fever earlier today but I think it's gone now. I hate not being able to breathe. I can hear the television right now. There's a commercial about honey barbecue wings. I can also hear my room mate typing and clicking her mouse. It's really cold in my room. I'm glad I decided to put my sweater on or I would be extremely cold. I can't really smell anything because of my stuffy nose. My stomach is growling. I have a craving for pizza. Maybe I'll go get some as soon as I finish this assignment. My room mate seems to be frustrated right now. I just heard her sigh. She has a test tomorrow that she needs to study for. She is mad because we weren't able to get football tickets for the OU game in Dallas. I kind of wanted to go and was getting excited about going to it. The television just mentioned something about getting pizza. Now my craving for it is increasing. I can taste it now. It's hard to type for 20 minutes straight. The phone just started ringing and distracted my train of thought for a while. My room mate just left the room to go open the door. I can watch the television from where I am sitting in front of my computer. My room mate's brother just walked in. Now all I can think about is what he is saying and I can't arrange my thoughts now. I just gave my room mate's brother my graphing calculator and showed him how to use it. I can't think of what to type any more. I am quickly running out of ideas. Time is passing really slowly. Typing for 20 minutes is really hard. My room mate is still talking about the OU football tickets. She is getting rid of her wristband and now I am thinking how I need to take mine off too. What other homework do I have? I don't feel like going to my calculus class tomorrow. It is the most boring class I have because all we do is work out problems. I should go to the discussion session today, but I would rather go shopping with my friend. I keep sniffing. I still wish I could breathe. I think that not being able to breathe is the most annoying thing in the world. I feel as though I want to chop off my nose just so I don't have to feel congested any longer. Is this feeling normal? Wanting to chop off my nose? Everytime I get congested I feel the exact same way. Now I am starting to think that there is something wrong with me for wanting to chop off my nose. Oh well, I bet it is a perfectly normal feeling when you are sick and frustrated. I wonder what caused me to become congested. I heard that a lot of people have been sick today. Maybe something is going around. I always get sick. I have the worst immune system. My stomach keeps growling, but I am not sure if I want to eat because I feel as though I shouldn't eat because I want to lose weight although all my friends say that I am crazy for feeling this way. They keep telling me that I am perfectly fine the way I am. I still don't believe them because they don't see what I see in the mirror everyday. I've been told that I have a contorted way of looking at myself and that when I look in the mirror I see something different from what everyone else sees. But isn't that true for a lot of people? Don't a lot of people see themselves in the mirror and not like what they see? I think that it is perfectly normal to feel this way. What isn't normal though is acting upon it. Oh well. I can still hear the television and sometimes it distracts my thoughts because I begin to pay more attention to what is on the tv rather than my own thoughts. Now I want goldfish because I just heard the commercial. I can't think of what to type again. I think that this assignment causes us to think too much about what to type and that it puts us on the spot so that we freeze up and are no longer able to type what we think because we keep trying to type interesting things and not simply what is really on our minds. My room mate just laughed. I wonder why she laughed. I can hear the people out in the hallway. These walls are really thin because I can always hear what is going on outside. The refrigerator noise is really annoying. It's so loud. I feel sick still. I just want to go lay in my bed and sleep forever. I never get enough sleep. I always end up staying up really late and then I feel dead in the morning. My foot is falling asleep as well as my hands. I have the worst circulation in the world. Why is it that my feet and hands are constantly falling asleep no matter what position I put them in. I think it has to do with the fact that I don't get the proper nutrients. My hands are starting to get tired now. I can't wait until I am finished typing. I have about 2 minutes left and actually it wasn't really that hard to type for 20 minutes consecutively. I wonder how long everyone else's writing assingments are. I bet some of them will be longer than mine because a lot of people can type faster than I can. Oh well so much for that because it's too late now to start typing faster. I could try but then it would just seem pointless. My contacts are getting dry and it's getting hard to see the screen. I hate sitting at my desk and now my arms are starting to hurt because they are in a weird position. I am almost finished now and almost time to stop. The window just appeared saying that I am finished now and I can stop typing. ",n,n,y,y,n

2002\_972972.txt," I'm uncertain what to write, I can feel my unwashed body because I just woke up and i'm wondering how to put my words into the correct phrases and i'm focusing on how to follow my stream of thought, the refrigerator i had trouble spelling that word is making a blanked out for a second a very fuzzy kind of comforting machine noise everything is quiet kate is my roommate i feel like i have to explain it to you even though youre a computer or something a program i guess crap im digressing well shes asleep i didnt know that i had so much trouble typing when i was tired and what time is i don't know has it really only been 2 minutes or so what am i supposed to type about i think i'm stressing out scientolgists expelled me they told me i was too stressed i guess i am the stress test that was free my elbows are stiff went ballistic when i tried it only 2 minutes this is harder than i though stream of conscious makes me think of finnigans wake only 4 people in the world know exactly how to interpret finnigans wake its the hardest book in the world tim introduced that book to me he tried to read it stupid cheating bastard i hope language isnt a problem i curse but this is a school assignment grr i feel dumb and thats not good i shouldnt feel dumb neck is getting stiff i guess my train of thought is confusing who is going to read this and why and should i be using punctuation neil is asleep too i should eat my stomach grumbling breathing in and out this totally doesnt make sense what makes a really good stream of conscious writing i guess it doesnt matter thats not the point of this excercise i really like psychology its really interesting dumb scientologists told me that it was a overrated science and that more people were killed in the era that psychology was born i wonder if it was because more people were killed that psychology became more important i thought more peeps were killed because technology was greater potential to kill was greater scientologists are creepy they are so cultist i wonder if they are as brainwashed as i feel they are and im just rambling but i guess thats what we're supposed to do my hands are just doing what they normally do when they type i kind of am randomly putting punctuation does stream of conscious require punctuation? i hope not. this is getting rather tedious but i have to finish it my feel are getting cold and im getting kind of bored i think i should raise the blinds to let more sunlight in and put on a sweater the ac is really high in my room antartica aruna calls it i love aruna she's such a great sister is this a narrative or a record of my thoughts and feelings i feel like i should be telling about what i'm doing but maybe i should just put down what i'm thinking what am i thinking ear itches got to scratch it and my hands are like a separate entity they keep on continuously typing and my mind is just running in a completely different direction i guess it is easier to do this sort of thing online and on the computer if I was writing i would hate this it wouldnt flow as much wow so i think i'm lining up thoughts in my head to put down on paper is this what i do in essays maybe thats why my essays arent very great i don't really think them out i just blurt them out on to paper like i do in conversation thats a bad trait i type kind of fast how long is this supposed to be i'm glad i'm getting this down im curious as to what the results are and i really want to do well in this class its really cool too bad i had to sit in the very back last time i feel sort of like an outcast do i feel like an outcast in other situations i used to wanted to be a psychologists why did i decide against that again and am i getting down the connections of why i'm thinking this thought then that thought should i be writing that down that this makes me think of that and thats why i said this i guess thoughts just spontaneously came to my mind and i write them down maybe this makes me more impulsive in my regular life am i weird am i blanked out for a second i keep blocking out the sensation of my body except for the feeling of my elbows continously rubbing against the table the the palms of my hands against the keyboard crick in neck again i wonder if i have trouble studying because i get into uncomfortable positions and thats why i can't lose myself into the words on the text like i do when reading novels itd be interesting to hear or see other peoples stream of conscious writing if youre writing a novel in the stream of conscious way can you go back and edit it i guess so thats a dumb question its a novel meant to guide you through the stream of conscious not actually a stream of conscious writing thatd be messed up if you did a story i don't think i know what i'm trying to say next topic 14 minutes wow i didnt think time was flying by so fast 1tym with that song is good i wish i could understand korean good songs what does this stream of conscious say about me i keep shifting and my butt's going numb and little patches of skin are itchy i have to go at 4 to port aransas i hope its worth it i have a lot of catching up to do i had so much fun yesterday i wish that that could happen more often allen is awesome too bad soap operas and stuff happen too bad . i like both guys is that a problem who wants to hear about this not me, it's just a bad cycle of thought better think positively scientologists look all blank behind the eyes very creepy as if their cultish mindset has washed all personality way and they are all clones or machines programmed to thinki and persuade in a certain way that's too weird i can't believe i almost bought into it actually i can, i just want to be a better me who doesnt that easy solution they provide is really attractive if it works but look at them they are creepy and give me strange vibes only 4 more minutes yay i'm not depressed like they said that's really sad i just like to analyze and see why people do morbid bad things i just like listening and now i'm all defensive i shouldn't do that i have nothing to defend against no one is attacking me silly i'im just writing down my thoughts i guess that whole experience traumatized me and i have more stress because of it my hair is tickling me its so quiet i heard a door slam i wonder who that is i need to talk to more people on my wing i guess i can do that this weekend but i should really focus more on studying i have such a distracted personality but i guess i have charm so its okay thats what im told but what do i want ? i have to figure that out my legs are crossed it's a cool feeling but at the same time i can't hold that position for long my mind really makes some strange leaps but what about geniuses how do they think do their minds differ all that much? I wonder if they really have a different brain wave or patter oon 19 minutes ooh 30 seconds i'm almost through i wonder what they have to say this is exciting very cool very very cool i should have solved math equations that would have been cool but that's not the point of this i'm such a nerd do i FINISHED SWEET!! ",y,y,n,n,y

2002\_974654.txt," Right now I am actually thinking that I am not sure exactly what I am going to write about during this twenty minutes. I was actually feeling a little nervous before clicking the button to start this assignment but now I am just thinking about what I am going to write. I just thought that if I think about something that I normally would not want someone esle to know, should I write it here. I still stuck on what to write. I just decided to think about what I have to do today and that will give me something to write about. First I have to finish this assigment, then I have to sign up for testing and hopefully finish the pre-testing before the deadline. Then I am going to make an outline for the first three chapters of my managerial accounting textbook. My train of thought was just interrupted because I started worrying about whether or not I can type fast enough to have enough written down for this assignment. Actually, I am not even sure if that matters because I am not 100% sure about how these assignments are graded. I heard Professor Pennebaker say that all we have to do is turn them in on time and we get full credit as long as we take them seriously. So that should free me up to just write. I think I might stress to much about grades. Good Lord, I am thinking that this writing assignment is not going as I pictured it. I feel a little awkward about what I just wrote. I am thinking write now about what to write next. I am thinking that I want these next seven minutes to go by quickly. I'm feeling stressed about all of the school work and outside work i have to do. I am wondering how I am going to get all of it done and when I will have time to relax or if I will have time to relax. I am now thinking that this 1st writing assignment is not going so well. I am now thinking that I wish my phone would stop ringing because it is interrupting my writing. Iam still thinking that I worry too much though. I wish I didn't. I feel like I could of done better on this writing or that I had a done it another time it might have been more up beat. The time is up. I hope this is o. k. ",n,y,y,n,n

2002\_975468.txt,"This will be an interesting writing assignment, especially fro you readers. Typing out my stream of conciousness thoughts is not exactly something I'm familar with, as you may notice through all my misspellings and everything else you'll notice wrong with my paper. I'm listening ti the Lord of the Rings soundtrack right now, and my room is freezing!! Brackenridge, even if the rooms are spacious and it's in a convient location, had the most frigid, uncomfterabel environment to live in. Half the time I walk around bundled in every layer of clothes I can find-- I feel liek an Eskimo!! of course I wouldn't be in my room so much if things at UT were going a little better. Sorry, usually I'm not a whiner, but this past week has been extraordinarily rough. I feel like I don't know anyone, which I don't, and sometimes I 'll go through whole days on just a couple of words spoken to my room mate. A feeling of total isolation isn't exactly the easiest to deal with. I'm usually a pretty social person, actually, i just have trouble meeting the people. However, once I get to know them, I 'll open right up. Yep, I'm an oyster or something--once you get 'em open. My parents haven't called me, which is only a little troubling. I thought most parents wre supposed to hang off onto their child's every footstep as they walked out of the nest to college. My sister has called me a couple of times and actually planned a visit, which I am definitely looking foward to. So, instead of going out with friends or talking to people that care about me, I do my homework. I must be the most ahead inmy studies of any student at UT. Spanish is actually the hardest class for me right now, and probably the least interesting (which might contribute to the hardness factor). Philosophy, Poesis and Psychology are definitely tied for most interesting class of the semester award. I knew I loved English, suspected I'd enjoy the biology and problem-solving of Psychology, but I had no idea I'd find Philosophy even slightly interesting. Right now, I'm reading about the Hindu religion. I love the idea that I'm getting education!! Psychology and Philosophy fit so well together, too. Usually I study one right after the other because of the overlap in some of the topics that the two classes discuss. While Philosophy ponders the idea of mind in a very abstract, ideal form, Psychology makes more of a direct pursuit to it's functions and how it works. It's amazing to see the two find out the same things or how a discovery in Psychology will back up a wispy thought in Philosophy. Now I'm getting really tired of writing those two class names. I read something interesting the other day that reminded me somewhat of this writing assignment. There was a young girl who was enchanted with this actor that people put her impassioned essay towards the man up on their web site and voted her fan oif the week. At first, her writing started out very structured, in fact, it seemed almost hesitant. However, about half way through her writing, some flood gate in her mind broke and the emotions just splashed messily on the page. She gave up on complete sentences and punctuation and ideas just flowed from her mind in a very sad, sad stream of obsession, desperation and tears. I clicked it away feeling very depressed. She was actually in love with the actor. However, I realized just how powerful this form of writing can be--it allowed me a peek in her mind, into her passions. Reading this, I'd say my passion was homework. That's almost just as distrubing. ",n,n,y,y,y

2002\_979377.txt,hmm. . . well oh my gosh i ate alot today let see i had taco bell this morning and then jus like three hours later i had the buffet at Mr. gattis but that was really good. jamba juice sounds really good right now maybe i should have taken christina up on her offer to go get some jamba juice. thosee are really good smoothies i really don't like smoothies . but jamba jucie smoothies are really good. hmm i wonder when sunita gets off work so we could go study at barnes&nobles i really like studying there it not to quiet but not to noisy either and i do get alot done there. the PCL is to quiet for me sometimes. hmm what do i need to study for i need to read finsh reading for psychology . oh check on the expirments i did the one pretest online but i forgot to print out the last page . umm the prof. said it should be fine though i hope so. hmm i wonder if thats sunita on the phone. oh yes it is. okie well anyway . ok i need to read for psychology and then i need tofinish my math homework and oh i keep forgeting study for spanish i feel so bad i really need to get that workbook for spanish. i feel like i go there everyday and they tell it will be in tomorrow everyday i really getting tired of going there. hopefully they will have it tomorrow. hmm . . maybe i should eat at home tomorrow but i really can't i have class from 9 to 5 its not like i could come home and go back to class. i really wish i was living on campus it would so much less stressful. i would only have to carry on book at a time for one thing . i hate carrying the baack pack it is so heavy and im a little person im surprised i can carry it. man i can't believe the doctor told me i was only 86 pounds. i really thought i was going to be at least 90. man i hope when i get older i just don't gain a bunch of weight. that would be scary. I've been skinny my whole life. maybe i should start working out maybe that will help me have more energy to walk and stuff on campus with the heavy back pack. i really need to figure out a way to get my back pack to weigh less . how does everyone else who drives to campus do it . maybe i should drie to campus to so i have a place to store my books. i jus have to go really early to find parking on west campus. man that would be realy early i already have a hard time waking up . hmm i wonder why i been waking up so early the past two days . i woke up at 3:00 last night and then again like every ten to twenty minutes . i think i will have jambe jucie tomorrow but man i really need to sart saving money . hmm do i work tomorrow i should go check my schedule. i wonder if sunita is home from work now . shes probably at home . oh man im going to have to change to go to barnes and nobles . im comfortable to . lets seee oh i have only 30 more seconds i wonder if it going to stop or if i have to stop it . i guess i will see . okie well buhbye . it wnice talking to myself. oh perfect . i have to stop it . hehe . oki e buh bye maybe i should start a diary i like talking to myself. i know im weird. bye . ,n,y,y,n,n

2002\_979598.txt,"I am sitting at my desk at work. I should be doing other things. I'm angry for having to work today. This should be a day off. I could have taken it off but then I wouldn't get paid. No paid vacation for part time. I am tired even though I got a good amount of sleep last night. I really shouldn't be tired. I don't feel like going to the gym this afternoon but I wil. I go the gym five days a week and I don't know why. I really don't see any real difference in my body. I started going really to improve myself but I have noticed no change in the several months I've been there. Never the less I still go everyday. I guess I'm just hoping it will pay off. I would really like a nap. Even if i skip the gym and go straight home I can't take a nap. I have homework to do. Not really required home work but reading and prepairing for classes this wek. I am realy trying to stay on top of all my classes this semester. If I slakck off I'll have serious problems in some of my courses. I'm not really sure if this is what I should be writing about. I'm just writing about what I'm thinking about as I sit here tyoing away. The more I think about it these are pretty normal thoughts for me. Most days I am tired and want to skip going to the gym. And most days I still go to the gym. Despite not seeing results I'm not what I would call discouraged. I never think of quiting going to the gym, I just wonder why I see no difference. And everyday I think about all the things I have to do at home that evening. What checks I need to write for bills. I need to write my rent check tonight. I also need to elt my roommates know that the electric and water bill is due soon. I need to change the elevtric and water bil out of my name because I am moving. Thats another thing I have to do when I get home tonight. I havve to start deciding waht I can fir into my new apartment and what I have to store or sell. These are all really basic thoughts for me. I'm always thinking ahead and planning what needs to be done at night or tomorrow or nex week etc. I am very organized, maybe too much if there is such a thing. I dion't really know anyone who is as organized as me. My mother doesn't call me organized she calls me controlling and anal retentive. I prefer organized and in control. I'm not always in control, but she doesn't know that. I don't tell her how out of control I feel in my relationship with my boyfriend. This is also another normal daily thought for me. Why I stay with someone who doesn't feel the same for me as I do for him. Or at least he is not sure. I often wonder if I'm stupid for staying, or is it just him who is tupid because he can't figure out what he wants or what he feels. Maybe its both. Thinkng about how much time I give to my boyfriend and how to limit that time is also a normal daily thought for me, at least lately. I am a planner, I like to know what the plans are for tonight or tomorrow night or the weekend. He doesn't make plans with anyone until that evening arrives. I've gotten to expect that from him but I can't say I've gotten use to it. I wish he would tell me his plans ahead of time but I know that he won't so I'm learining to adapt. I guess it is probaly good for someone like me to be with someone who makes her just relax. I know that everything doesn't have to be planned but for some reason I do try to plan everything I can. Controlling the caos I guess, or to try to control the best I can. I am really out of daily thoughts. I don't know what else to say. writing for twenty minutes straight is hard. My thought are just normal. I am listening to the radio and I don't know this song. Not that it matters I just leave the radio on at work for some background noise. Oh wait, I do know this song. I just didn't recognize it at first. I have a lot of reading to do tonight that I'm not looking forward to. Biology mostly. M developmental calss looks like it will be challenging but possibly very enjoyable. Who am I kidding, by the end of the semester very few classes are enjoyable they are just over and I am always glad just to pass. As orgainsed as I am I sometimes feel overwhelmed at the beging of the semester trying to get everything organised and figure out what classes to give studying priority to. I usually study first the class I have next. I will fo home and read biology before I read psychology because I have biology tomorrow and psychology is not until wednesday. ",y,y,n,y,n

2002\_979646.txt," oops i don't know what i just did. But back to that, i always feel bad for the customers because who wants a server thats all sweaty? I would be so Thank god Alright im not really sure what to do now. I just typed for a complete 10 mins then the side of my hand hit return. Soooo i guess i'll type for ANOTHER 20 mins to make sure i get the credit. Im not an overachiever either, but i might as well just type. We're going to light some candles in our room now. My roommate just said our room smells like shoes. . mmmmmmmm. Luckily though we bought tons of candles for our room to light and smell fresh(er). Thank goodness we knew eachother before moving in so we could plot out our room and make it sooo pretty! Alright i feel a headache coming. I think because im hungry. I ate, what. maybe 4 or 4 1/2 hours ago?? aaaaah im hungry!!! Morning seems so far away. Alright my roommate just reminded me of how frustrating it is that i just typed all that beforehand and have to do it again. thanks!!!! yes i am frustrated. stupid hand!! its because i type fast and don't pay attention to what im hitting so much. I just get sooo into this, haha. hey her vanilla candle smells better than mine. oh well mine looks prettier. Ok i need a date book. I just started thinking about the football games and when im going to go. I want one of our good friends from Chicago to come in hte weekend of the A&M game. that would be fun for him. But problem. I think thats the day after Thanksgiving. The morning after actually. Shit. My friend Jess will be in Chicago until Saturday, and I know im going to Lubbock. . But i can always drive back in time thats no big deal at all. But what to do. Because Austin honesctly doesnt compare to CHicago. So i need something fun for him to do while hes here. I mean besides 6th street because he is a club freak. But its great, because hes so much fun to go out with!! And even better, he knows everybody either doormen or bartenders or owners or all of the above. So essentially he can get us in with no problem (not like theres much of a problem anyway being girls) because all the fun ones are 21 and over. Shhh don't tell my mom I told her i stopped going to them! She found out once because of jessicas crazy parents. oooh i can't stand that. But we still continued and had a jolly time. Everyone there knows us and that we're underage. Its great. really the chicago cops, the whole town is nuts. Everyone thinks texas is laid back, which it is, but really the chicago cops really just don't give a shit. There are so many undercover cops at the doors who know us, and even ones who work outside just patrolling the streets. But they look for more trouble than just underage drinkers. Kind of funny. One night about 8 cops were leaving this really big club downtown CHicago and stopped us on our way out and started asking questions. Like hold we were and blah blah. but they were all drunk and laughing, and traveling around in a paddy wagon!! We said we were 19, we're 18 i don't know why we said that. And they asked for our numbers and offered to take us out with them. But thats just how all of them are. Its sooo weird. But unless you know people its not so easy being underage, Chicagos not a big underage drinkers fest. Which i really do think the law is ridiculous. If the drinking age were persay 18, then i don't think there would be such a huge binge drinking problem for kids when they leave to college. Because if kids are allowed to drink with parents supervision (which in IL its illegal) then the parents can monitor it and teach their kids. That way leaving for college isnt such a huge shock and kids won't get buck wild because they can drink without parents grounding them. Most of my friends parents were real laid back about that issue. All of our parents but one was kind of anal. But im glad i went out a lot in highschool and learned how the manage liquor because now i have no desire to try to get wasted and stupid like the rest of the freshman i see around here falling over themselves. Its really not that bad though. There are just a few dumb ones who arent used to it. I would honestly rather stay in my room during the week and keep up with my classes than drink a beer and get fat for no reason! Ok 6 more minutes of reading my typing. Im sorry for whoever does read this, hope youre not getting too bored. I really do enjoy psychology though, it interests me. I just wish i could have switched into an earlier class because i get out so late every day of the week but fridays!! I took a psychology course my senior year. It was really easy. We had a new teacher so she didnt know much what she was doing, but we still learned. I really wish i took the AP Psychology because they were honestly pretty much always at the same page as us and i heard it really wasnt that hard at all, which i thought the regular psychology was just too easy. At least i could have earned some credit from the AP test. WHoa listening to the fast typing sounds so weird. All of a sudden it just goes rapid fire and real fast! I feel like such a nerd. Im about to go crazy typing for the past 20 minutes straight. Ok someone keeps making noise out there whats going on. I have other work i could be doing right now!!! At least this doesnt have to be edited. That would be awful because i never do the right punctuation when it's not a formal paper. even letters to friends im so lazy. lazy americans. 30 more seconds!! this went by pretty quick though i guess. I still want to eat. I hope i can just fall asleep soon, what movie do i feel like watching? im stuck. ok im done now!!! ",n,y,y,n,y

2002\_987315.txt," I'm just sitting here by the computer thinking of something to write about. I just finished my Inorganic class, met a really nice guy who is now my partner for this, however he is married. Two of my friends are sitting in this same room, talking about math problems. Man, am I glad my math requirement is over and done with. I'm also so worried about my med schhool application. Is this what I really want to do with my life? On the other hand, do I not want to go ahead and try? Will I regret it if I give up? Will I regret it if I don't? Sometimes I think all I'm afraid of is hard work. When I think about applying to grad school, I start to worry about how hard it'll be to my phD dissertation! Talk about borrowing trouble. I don't want to disappoint mama, she does so much for me, but no matter how hard I try, I feel that she's never satisfied with who I am, even though she always says she is. I'm glad she came to visit me this time, but I'm also so scared of disappointing her. If she ver knew I got that C for math. ! I keep thinking about Sulanka a lot too. Mama said continuously that he wasn't the right man for me, deep down I know that too, so why am I still with him? He always puts me down, and I know half his compliments and lovering is not sincere. Maybe it's the sheer convenience of livjng together. Although sometimes I wonder what the hell's so convenient about it! He makes me spend my money like there's no tomorrow, I've cried more times with him than at any other time of my life. However, I've also spent the last six and a hlaf years with him, so there must be something I need that I'm getting from him. It's hard to let go of something you've had for so long even if you know it's not very good for you. I like meeting other guys though, and it comforts me to know that even if I did leave him, I needn't be alone. Sometimes I think I'd rather be a little prettier than a little smarter - like I have a choice! But if I did, I think pretty girls have an easier life than the smart girls, for the simple reason maybe that pretty girls don't have much to think about. I used to alwasy envy the pretty girls at school, even if they were younger and dummer than I was! It was a shock to realise a few years ago, that they had all been jealous of me. I sure do miss high-school. Sometimes I think that was the happiest time of my life -even with all the ons of problems I had. Living at home with mama and Poppa was so hard sometimes, but I had my friends, and it seems as if even Sulanka loved me more at that time. To be fair, he also didn't see me 24 hours a day when we were in high-school either! I loved hanging out with my friends, I've never laughed so hard as when I was in highschool. It was nice being known by everyone. I miss my click, I can't wait to see Ash and Ramee and hopefully Sashi in the winter. I'm sure Senny must be going through the same things now. I feel so bad for him, but being a tyypical boy, I can't ask hi to talk to me, his sister, about any feelings. Then again. even if I did, I'd have no idea about what to do if he broke down. That boy's badder than I thought he was! He always looks so innocent and sweet, but deep down, he's a real bad-ass! And mama and Poppa think I was the flighty kid. Sometimes I wonder if I really am happy with what I've become. I don't dare talk about it to anyone because everyone thinks I'm perfect. My bosses, my parents, my friends and co-workers. If I try to talk to Sulanka about these feelings, he just belittles me, so I really have no one to talk to. I could talk to mama, sometimes I wish I did, but then, she expects so much from me, and I'm so sure she'll scoff at my worries. She treats me as though I was still an impetuous child, in need of being humoured. I wish I could make her see me seriously someitmes. So many people are expecting me to do well, they depend on me to do them proud. I feel like my grasp on things os slowly slipping away. What am I going to do when I graduate? Will I ever amount to anything? Will I ever make mama happy with me and feel as though I have fulfilled her dream? I miss Poppa. For all his bluster and old fasioned ways, he's a lot simpler to please than mama. And daddy, dear daddy, he just wants me to be happy, but them, I feel as though he doesn't know much about me, and daddy isn't the sort of person I cold expose any deep feelings to. He's just not that kind of man. So I have to go along, and try to do the best I can with what I have. It's not an especially hard lot even though I fret so much. I have a great family who would do anything for me, I have a home and a brother who now lives with me. I have aboyfriend who even if he doesn't give me verything I want, apparently gives me something I need. The future I suppose, will just have to work itself out. These crazy thoughts and fears in my head will just have to sort themselves out, maybe in time they will. I have to try not to go bonkers, but I just feel so overwhelmed sometimes, like I'll never get a grasp on my future, or I'll never be truly happy. I think I know on thing for certain now, I can never be truly happy if I marry Sulanka and I need to try and get away from him if I can, no matter how hard it may be, and it will be very, very hard. ",n,y,y,n,n

2002\_990120.txt," College, in itself, is a completely new experience for me. Before I began I was mostly nervous about the academic aspect of it. I was afraid that I would not be able to handle the academic challenge of college here at the University. However, now that I am a week into classes, I feel more comfortable and more confident. My classes are challenging, but I feel like I can meet that challenge. College is different for me in another way as well. I am from San Antonio, so I am away for college. I am not far at all, but I am still away. I am very close to my family and friends so it is a little hard for me to be away from them. However, I am not feeling homesick at all. I do miss my family and friends back home, but I do not have that want or urge to go back home to go to school. I am becoming very comfortable in the environment that I am in. I am enjoying meeting new people and encountering new experiences. Before I left to come to Austin, I met this guy and we became a little more than just good aquaintances. I liked this guy a lot because he listened to me and understood me. We had gone through very similar situations concerning our past with family, so it's more like we understood each other. It was because we understood each other so well that I became convinced that this guy was my soul mate. I loved him for the person he was. However, I was confused and thought that this meant that I was in love with him. It wasn't until just recently that I discovered that i wasn't in love with him. All this time I feel like I was leading him on to believe that I loved him, and I thought that I did. He did absolutely everything for me. He sent me flowers, came up here to visit me for just a few hours, bought phone cards for us to talk on the phone for hours, and so much more. How is it that I could not be in love with this person? When I told him how I felt just a few days ago, he felt so betrayed. He thought that I had been lying to him this whole time about my feelings. Was I? I, myself, didn't even know exactly how I felt. And the worst part is that I couldn't even explain myself clearly to him, which made him so confused. He thought that it was something he did wrong that made me not love him. I don't want to hurt him because I do care about him a lot and, like I said before, I do love the person he is. I just can't give him the same affection he gives me. I can't make myself love him like he loves me. I feel so selfish for doing this, and I don't know what to do about it. I wish there was something I could tell him that would make him understand. But even if he understood, that wouldn't stop him from feeling hurt and rejected. ",y,n,y,n,n

2002\_991230.txt," I am really tired. I got up this morning at 7:45 to go get tickets for the seniors in my fraternity, and I don't even know if I'll get to go. They're for the Texas vs. OU game in October. I was up last night until 3:30 and I had to wake up at 7:45 this morning to go wait in line at the stadium. I have the song Nashville Blues by Cory Morrow in my head because last night, after walking Rachel back to her room, I came in to find three half-naked, drunken frat boys had wandered into my room and awoken my roommate. They were making him play Nashville Blues while they sung and taped the entire episode. They claimed to be filming Towers Gone Wild, which was a take-off of Girls Gone Wild, only filmed at Towers. I have recently been seeing a cute girl, but I am sort-of afraid of commitment. Twenty minutes seems to me like a long time to type. I've barely made it through six minutes, and I am pretty much ready to go to bed and stop doing this. This girl is really cute and sweet, but I just got over a really hard break-up, and I am kind-of anxious about getting into a new relationship where the same thing could happen. I think that it is funny that, although I'm supposed to be writing in stream-of-consciousness, my spelling and grammar are almost impeccable. I wonder if the person who reads this will agree. I probab;y made a typo on some really easy word, and therefore the grader will assume that I am a pompous idiot that is too conceited to see my own faults. Or maybe that's me talking. Maybe I'm grading myself when I say something like that. Nine minutes and forty three seconds. It's funny that by the time I had written nine minutes and forty three seconds, that time had passed. I am now very ready to stop this assignment. Twenty minutes is not an absurd amount of time for the professor to ask for, but it does seem like a long time to write without stopping. I wonder what Tank is doing. I wonder if Laurie is going to come over to see him. I don't like Laurie very much. I think she's very annoying. She whines far too much. Now I'm whining about her. I hope I'm not keeping my roommate up with my typing. This keyboard is pretty loud. I still have to write for another seven minutes. My neck itches. There, that's better. My composition has gotten much less formal and much more personal since I mentioned the perfection of my spelling and grammar. Tank just walked in and totally interruptd my train of thought. He doesn't really respect people's space too much. But he's an overall pretty good guy. If I go to sleep in fifteen minutes, I can take a three and a half hour nap before I have to be at the house to build. I am not going to Philosophy. I am too tired. I don't really think I'll be missing too much, because if I did go, I would fall asleep in there as well. My bed is much more comfortable than those tables in the Law Building. That is a really long walk. I takes thirty minutes. My back hurts. I need a shower. I need a cup of iced tea. I actually don't NEED either of those. I just WANT a shower and a cup of iced tea. And a nap. I'm a pretty funny guy, if I put my mind to it. Right now, I'm not putting my mind to anything but sleep. English was boring today. just like every other day. I think I probably failed that reading quiz. I probably got a fifty. I read about fifty percent of the selection. My professor must be pretty good at making quizzes if they're that accurate. I never had that happen in high school. I'm just going to stop now. Good night. ",n,n,n,n,y

2002\_995661.txt," Okay i really do not know what to say frankly i have never done a writing assignment not knowing what the topic is or what ia m expected to write but all i know is that i have to write or type for the next twenty minutes which for me seems like it is fairly a small amount of time since i type really slow. Anyway since i get tto ventilate myself i will tell you that i like the class, no i am not trying to get some extra points though that would be nice. I love psych, i actually want to be an elementary counselor, i guess i choose this because my parents split up and i guess i want to help students or young kids to understand this whole mess. it really does not matter anymore although to be frank i wish things were the way the were before, not for me but for my younger sister she has suffered a lot from the desicion my parents made, well actually my mother, but who is to blame, I guess that is all in the past and i can't change that. well enough of that i am really glad that we can just type and type just letting our little heads just take us somewhere i reall appreciate this since i am not worried about how this will be graded i think i just have a little anxiety when it comes to papers, i guess i have to get into the idea that college is totally different form high school. i think my problem is that i know that everyone is expecting a lot from me since i am the first in the family to attend a big university, both in my dads family and in my immediate family. i am afraid of letting them down sometimes i really can't take it but i just know that everyone is behnd me i guess that motivates me and at the same time that kind of puts a bunch of pressure on my shoulders. i guess it is because my brother is or should be like a junior but i frankly think that he is just being a drain in the economy, i mean i probably saw him studying once in a whole semester and that was probably just cramming for his final exams. right now i really do not know whta ha plans on doing he just simply needs to get his act together not that i always do but at least i know that i won't hurt my parents the way he does. I guess that i am not being the perfect daughter either if my mom only knew that her little innocent daughter moved in with her boyfriend when she moved to austin. She would just so die she would never think that i lied to her telling her that i would be living alone. i really feel guilty do not get me wrong but what can i do if she would have opened herself a little towards me then i would have probably told her, who am i trying to kid i guess that is just my excuse i have asked my mom several times already if she would let me get married and she said no, well she said wait at least two yeras i really do not knowhy i need to wait two years, she says that has nothing to do with my boyfriend which is true they get along real good i really do not know if it is that he speaks spanish or if it is the fact that he is real nice, oh did i mention that he gets paid really good. I do not know i just hope that my mom doen not get that mad, i hope she understands a little. i guess that for now i just need to enjoy myself until my mom finds out what is going on. when she doe i know things are going to blow up she will tell my dad, and i really do not want him to find out yet, you see my dad is depressed, the whole divorce thing i mentioned earlier, and he says i am like his friend he says that i am the only person he can talk to just about anything i think that when he finds out his whole world will just fall apart even more than it is already. i am just trying to make the best out of my life i am happy withn the way it is going and i really do not care if they do not agree with the way i am living it. as long as i get my stuff done they should not worry about me, i hate when people say don't get married because then you won't go back to school i will prove all them wrong i will teach them, i know that you can do anything you want when you put your mind to it ",y,y,n,n,n

2002\_996434.txt,"Right now i feel as if i need to sleep. Well i at least need to start sleeping on a regular schedule. I have a severe problem with being nocturnal and then not wanting to to anything druing the day ohter than lay around. I think that i am starting to get a little better but i'm not quite sure if i will ever be able to have a good nights sleep. at night. I also and having an interesting time adjusting into school. i have been in school for a year sttraight and I think that i still have senioritis. I just don't have the drive to do anything, but i know that i need to get good grades. I am enjoying my classes this fall much more than the ones that I had this summer. they are actually things that I am interested in and my proffessors are weird or mean like the ones that I had to deal with in the summer semester here. I absolutely love UT, i don't think that there is any way that I could have stayed at home much longer. I'm to the point now that it is really weird whenever i go home and i don't like it very much. I have even started to call austin home. This really bothers some of my friends, mainly the ones who still like back in keller or around keller. I miss my parents a lot and i fell bad that I dislike being at home. I love my mom so much and i worry about her because i know that she is sad. I love my dad too, he and my mom are my favorite people in the whole world and i don't know what i would ever do without them. I feel that i am a disappointment to them though. I am nothing like my sister and i don't have half the book smarts that she does. She got all the intelligence and i got all the common sense, which isnt good when you are going to a school like UT. I love my sister a lot, i just don't know if she likes me that much. We have always had to deal with a lot of sibling rivalry. and you would have thought that it had gotten better but it is just so hard for us to talk sometimes. i think that she is amazing though and i look up to her so much. Right now, I am rally worried about my friend, his dad died not long ago, and i don't know how he is doing. He drinks and smokes all the time and one of his roomates and i are really worried, but it hasnt reached the point where we can say anything to him yet. I think that he would get extremely deffensive especialy if his roomate said something. I really don't know if i can type for another ten minutes, i thought that this time would fly by, but it is actually going really slow. I also don't kow what it is you are expecting from this exercise because i am sure you get a lot of random responses. Anyways, my favorite thing to do in the whole world is Dance. I have been dancing since i was like three and i need to get back into in. Dancing is my utopia and it always makes me feel better. I love everything about it and i know that i need to start taking again before i completely lose the ability. But, it is just so hard to find the time and the money. I need a job if i am going to pay for it and i feel bad asking my mom and dad to pay for it because they are putting so much money into me going to school right now. Aside from my weird sleeping schedule, I also am really weird when it comes to eating. I don't think that I have an eating disorder, but i think that i have something wrong with my stomach that makes me gag, or go through times when i just don't get hungry and the thought of food makes me sick. I think that a lot of my friends worry about me though and think that i am either anorexic or buliemic. I do admit that i am very small, but not discustingly so. I have been living in my apartment for like two weeks now and i have yet to completely unpack my room, this is another example of me being entirely too worthless and having no drive to get up and do something. I know that i will unpack eventually, but i never really see the point. I do love it in my apartment though, my roomates are so cool, and they are really nice to me. I hope that they like me as much as i like them. i am sure that it is kind of weird for them though, like i am invading their territory because, they all knew each other before this and then i moved into the picture. I am going home this weekend for my boyfriends birthday. I miss him a lot and i wish that he would transfer to UT. I don't know what is going to happen if we continue fighting like we have been, plus, he just got into a frat, and i don't really like the idea of that too much. I have less than two minutes left and I have absolutely no clue of what to write. I think that after I am done with this I am going to go eat some lasagne. I have a huge craving for it right now for some reason. I think it is because it is five in the afternoon and all i have eaten is fruitloops. Hopefully no one actually reads these assignments because im sure the incessant ramblings of a college student can get kind of redundant and confusing. i know that i would not want that job. ",y,n,n,y,y

2002\_998805.txt,"Wow I'm probably not doing this under the smartest of conditions seeing that I'm listening to some Allman Bros. very loud as well as the St. Louis / Denver game in the background but what the hell why not. I was thinking about what the hell I was going to write about earlier and I guess it should be what it is -- a stream of consciousness. Ha. Well anyway I probably should not stop writing. It's funny how sometimes your mind works faster than the rest of your body (especially your hands) because sometimes I will think of something and begin typing it and then I will forget what in the hell I was thinking about until it's too late. The same thing even happens in conversations, and that sucks a big fat hairy one when I'm in the middle of talking with some one about school or music or the thing I was watching last night and then I will completely go blank because it takes me so long to get the words out of my mouth. Hmm it's very tempting to get lost in watching that clock in the upper portion of the screen. I keep seeing it tick away the seconds and it makes me want to look at it. I find all of this internet stuff veryu fascinating, especially since I am fairly proficient in it. Wow, this feels almost like an inner monologue because deep down in the back of my consciousness I know that I will be the only one reading it, so I get almost this pointless feeling to myself as to why in the world I am even putting forth any effort into doing such an assignment. Hmm that was the third time I have corrected my spelling. I wonder how many other people are as anal retentive as myself and are constantly correcting their spelling in this assignment. Typing is such a weird thing. I do it so much that I feel fairly proficient, but I was talking to pops last night and he said that he only types with two fingers. How does one get through life in any situation where he/she only types with two fingers. I just thought about what an ass I was last night. I was supposed to go to see Keller Williams with a fairly attractive, but fairly annoying and fairly commonly high girl a few floors up, but I felt really sick yesterday and the rain made me extremely lazy, so I told her in no uncertain terms that we probably wouldn't go to the concert even though that's all we had talked about the week before. I'm such a jackass / loser when it comes to relations with the ladies. I don't know what in the hell that last thing was, but oh well. Wow I wonder what a handful of other people I know here and at LSU are doing at this exact second? Hmm eight minutes and thirty seconds. The death knell tolls in the background. As does Every Hungry Woman off of the Allman Bros. ' first and self titles release. Wow, I will type anything to keep the flow going. The only other time I can think of stream of consciousness in my real world experience is a brief relation in The Sixth Sense when that little Haley Joel kid writes down every and any bad word imaginable and that terribly boring and lifeless novel I had to read in 8th grade called The Reivers. I can't think of the author right now, just because if I sat and thought I'd stop typing and that would defeat the whole purpose of this excercise. Hmm President Bush is on TV right now. How sad it is that people criticize him constantly. What a load of hypocritical, cynical assholes. Wow, now I really feel like that little shit in the Sixth Sense as I constantly am using bad language. What a sad world I live in vocabularily (if that is even a word) if all I can do is cuss in a paper. I guess that's not all that I'm doing, but it is a lot of what I'm doing. Wow, that was a complete waste of a sentence. As was that one. And that one. Wow I could go on for hours like this. I don't think I have misspelled very many words so far. Wow, I deserve a cookie. What a sad statement. This paper is riddled with psychological buzz words and phrases. What a head-case am I. Ok, Yoda, enough. Speaking of Yoda, Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back was one funny, yet dissapointing movie. I don't know why I chose that one out of Kevin Smith's entire repituare (that is most definately not spelled correctly), seeing as Mallrats, Chasing Amy, and Clerks were fairly brilliant, and Dogma was exceptionally interesting although quite blasphemous, but I guess that's why I was so let down by J&SB Strike Back. It's funny how your mind jumps from one idea to another. I was just thinking about when I could go back home and see the folks. For some reason, I only get homesick and depressed when I am severly screwed up, which is possible, I guess, because I can see more clearly, I don't know. And by screwed up I don't mean on heroin or crack which some may need to believe. I'd never do that hard shit (I think the bad language is necessary there, eh?) Eh, what the hell am I, Canadian. Wait, no, canadian. I don't think they deserve a capital C. Well, they get a lot of flack for no reason. So I guess I can say Canadian. There, was that so hard. Yes. More inner monologue. Uggggh. 1. 5 minutes left. This is an exceptionally long feeling. I just got finished (before I started into this thing) reformatting and reinstalling Windows XP on my suitemate's laptop. I enjoy doing crap like that. Ever since I've been here it seems like there aren't very many computer proficient people like back in Louisiana. Oh well. Time's almmost up. Yep, time she is a up. We'll delve into this more deeply next week (By the way, that was Something About Mary. ). ",n,n,n,y,y

2003\_8.txt,"I'm sitting here. Have a practical exam at 1:30 that I just remembered so I figured I'd get this out of the way in the meantime. Derick playing counter strike on my room mate's computer. I got distracted and started watching him play for a minute. I have a still photo project due next friday that I really need to get started but I have no ideas on what to do. It is supposed to be a 9 photo sequence that tells a narrative. I ran a mile and a quarter this morning; been trying to lose weight. Lost 17 pounds so far starting a week before school began. Got a few pounds to go yet. I didn't go to sleep last night until after 2 so I'm a little tired. Was playing this new video game for the Xbox; Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic. It's pretty good so far. I'd really like to see that new movie Matchstick Men. It's directed by Ridley Scott; I really appreciate I'm as a director. Alien, Thelma and Louise, Gladiator, Blackhawk Down. He is probably the best A-list action director out there. I think Quentin Tarantino has got a new movie coming out this fall as well. Kill Bill. "" Looks like some strange pseudo martial-arts venge action movie, with the usual big cast of characters. What do you call that? Jesus I can't think of it. I'm an RTF major, so I should really know. um. It might begin with a ""c. "" I have three minutes to think of it. Two minutes. I keep thinking ""compilation"" for some reason and I think that's throwing me off. I'm thinking it's a french word. Only a few seconds left I won't get it ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_10.txt,"A lot of things to do. What is that smell? People keep talk to me while trying to finish this. what time is it? I have to finish my project before 5:00. Clicking of the keys. don't have time to finish everything. What is that beeping sound. Telephone ringing, someone answer the phone or stop calling. Maybe people just don't want to talk. You would think people would get the idea that no ones home after they let the phone ring 50 million times. Got to get to class. I don't care if the thing is wrong. I just need to be alone to finish my things. Mother walks in and out of the room. Josh keeps trying to find the cats. Can't hear what is happening on the TV in the other room. Candy, I want some. Don't eat them all. I haven't had one. how much longer do I have. Oh, it is also time for me to leave. 12 o'clock p. m. "" Is that clock fast. Josh keeps walking up and down the hall. Sit still. Only a few more minutes. I need to call Emily back. It been a while since I talk to her. Have no time to talk. I hope she is not mad at me for it. We need to get together and do something. I need to finish that project if only this would go a little faster. That would nice if I could all my stuff in time. Time should just stand still and let me catch up with everything. That is so funny a poodle coat dyed pink. That must catch everyone's eye when they are walking on the street. Who would dye the dog coat a different actually I think I would but not pink too showy. ",n,y,y,n,y

2003\_11.txt,"Just like everyone else's writings, I'm sure starting off with I don't know what to write is commonplace. we used to have to write like this in english last year but Mrs. williams would give us a specific topic- like ""king kong"" or ""umbrellas"". she was the coolest teacher, she really had a good time teaching our class and made sure we had a good time too. a lot of the guys took advantage of her good nature though, especially when we had to do the ""hobbitt"" project and austin named one of the characters ""dildo daggins"". that was interesting because Mrs. williams couldn't really hear them say ""dildo"" and wondered why the class was laughing so hard. I wasn't in that class but I got to hear all about it. I really miss all those guys, we had a pretty close group of friends because we all grew up together and went to pretty much all the same schools together. by graduation there were about 7 of us that had gone through school together since pre-k. I think that says a lot about us. there are others that I've gone to school with since elementary school too since we were all in the same advanced classes. this annoying ""firewall alert"" keeps popping up on my screen and it's bugging the fire out of me cause I don't like computers to begin with and I can't get it to stop. kinda like our smoke detector. it beeped for 4 days before someone would come to change it. my roommate went out of town this weekend and when she got back and came in the room she said ""is that thing STILL beeping?"" and she told me it had been beeping for 2 days and she kept forgetting to report it. so I went downstairs to report it and they told me no one would come until at least Monday because the maintenance crew doesn't work on the weekends. it really sucks cause I couldn't study or sleep in here because the thing beeped every 45 seconds. I ended up staying at towers with my guy friends from high school and we had a really good time- so I guess it worked out. I think I'm going to start dating their third roommate- he is from san antonio and I've really gotten to know him the past couple of weeks cause I'm always at my guy friends' place. oh yah- and the maintenance guy finally came today and fixed the smoke detector. I don't know where my roommate is, she left at 5:30 for her sorority meeting and I left for mine at 6 but she is still not back and it's almost 9. my dad called today and wants me to go to my grandparents sometime soon and shut off the hot water heater. my grandparents have been traveling in colorado since the beginning of july and when my parents came to move me in they stayed out at my grandparents (in south austin) and forgot to turn off the hot water heater. I don't understand why he wants me to do it- he could call their neighbors, which would be a lot more convenient (sp?) for me since I don't have a car. I called two of my friends to see if I could borrow their car but neither one of them picked up the phone, so maybe my roommate will take me out there later. I wish I could drive her car but it's a standard and I'm not very good at them. I got my nose re-pierced last night, chasity (my roommate) went with me. I got it done when I was in Ecuador this summer for a dollar and here they wanted $30! I wanted to scream. but oh well- it'll be there for a while. I took it out when I got home from ecuador because I didn't know how my parents would feel about it, and I know my dad's parents would shit bricks if they saw it, so I decided to play it cool and take it out when I was around my parents or grandparents, but it became too much of a hassle and I left it out too long. I really like it though- the stud it a tiny light blue rhinestone. I have a white one I got while I was in ecuador that I'm going to change out pretty soon. my roommate has her nose pierced too. I can't wait to show my brother. I called him last night to tell him and he was kinda mad that I did it without him because I had told him that I'd get it done before I left for college and that he could go with me but it just never happened. it's a big thing in Chile from girls to have their nose pierced and while we were in Ecuador a youth group of about 20 came up from Chile. I really miss Ecuador- I can't wait to go back, even though I don't speak the language very well I made a lot of great relationships. this one guy, dandle, from Chile, really had an impact on me. we still talk through e-mail daily and it's awesome to see things from his perspective. he is the person I'd most like to see again. he taught himself to speak English- he is never had a formal English lesson, and he wants to be a youth minister or music minister. I'm so impressed by his faith and his determination to educate himself. I really wish I had that mindset and determination to better myself without the help of teachers and tutors and school- but there are so many opportunities here that make it easier to get help I suppose. the time's almost up- I really didn't think I'd be able to type and think for 20 minutes but it's kinda flown by in a hurry- bye! ",n,n,y,y,y

2003\_13.txt,"So I'm laughing right now because I think this is really weird. Makes me feel kind of uncomfortable I guess, I don't know why though. But my stomach kind of hurts right now, my roommate and I just had some ice cream, so maybe that's why. I'm kind of stressed right now, and I hope I get everything I need to get done done tonight. I'm really tired and I just want to go to bed. I'm really hot in my dorm, maybe I should turn the fan on, but I'm too lazy to get up and do that right now. So I'm wondering what my boyfriend is doing right now. I talked to him a few minutes ago and he was doing homework. I wonder what homework he has? Man, I'm really not looking forward to tomorrow. I have so much stuff to do, at least that's what I feel like. And I really want to go to TOPS to look at the pictures. Hopefully Claire will go with me tomorrow and do that. My foot is really itching me, I think I got bit by a bug tonight at the ZETA house. I was outside doing my homework which was probably not a good idea, but oh well. Oh I need to call my parents too. I wonder if they're having a good time in Canada. I wish I was there right now. I miss them already, but I'm only three hours away so it's okay. I'll be fine. I really want to go running outside on the track tonight. It felt so good out earlier and I bet that would help with my feeling stressed out. But I probably won't because I'm so tired and my stomach still hurts. I wonder what's wrong with it. Twenty minutes is a long time, I've only been writing for seven minutes now, wow. I hope I have fun this weekend. I'm excited about the UT football game. The last game was so much fun even though it was raining. I guess that made it more interesting. I'm looking at my pictures by my desk now and I really miss my friends from my hometown. I really miss Angie, I hope she is doing fine at Kingwood College. And Justin, I hope he is still not mad at me. Maybe I should call him tomorrow, I think I will. And I can't believe Kristin got her nose pierced up in Colorado. She is a wild one, but I guess that makes her who she is. I wish I was in Colorado. I love the mountains and the nice weather there. I bet she is having a great time at school. I'm spacing out right now. I never thought I could have writer's block when I'm writing about what's going through my head. That's really weird. And I'm saying really"" a lot. I guess I like that word or something, who knows. I need to go to the bathroom, but I only have about seven more minutes, so I'm just going to wait it out. Is going to even a word? I'm not sure. I'm thinking about tomorrow again and hoping that my TA for Calculus teaches well tomorrow. I can't really understand him and I really need help in that class, so hopefully he will have some good things to say. Our sink in the room keeps on dripping and it's really bothering me. I wish it would stop. Claire just got a phone call, I wonder who it is? She is a cool girl, I'm glad I'm rooming with her. If I had to room with a complete weirdo I would freak out. That would be horrible. I think she is talking to her somewhat ""boyfriend. "" They're dating I guess, and I set them up! I did a good job. I guess he is coming up to our room right now. Claire's excited! I wish my boyfriend was coming to see me. He lives in Riverside so I understand. I hope Justin doesn't think I'm a complete slob when he comes up here since I'm in my pajamas and have no make up on. Oh well, I don't need to impress him anyways. It just got really quiet in our room. It's an awkward silence because Claire just turned her fan off. She must be cold, but why and I so hot. I just popped my back and it felt so good. It's been pretty sore lately, but I'm not sure why. I just remembered that I have to read after this. That really sucks. It's going to be a long night I guess, but I can handle it. Oh Justin is here now, that's cool. ",y,y,y,y,n

2003\_14.txt,"Well today I can't believe I got on the wrong bus. I felt like such a nerd, but oh well I guess everyone has to learn somehow and every one makes mistakes. I can't believe how nice it felt outside today as compared to how hot outside it was yesterday. I am so hungry, I really wish they would have broccoli cheese soup for dinner but I know they won't. I guess I will just have a salad again. Even though I eat salad almost everyday I still cannot lose the 5 pounds I gained over the summer. Its not like anyone can tell but in the back of my mind I just know that I look so much bigger than I used to. When doing the pretesting earlier this week I couldn't believe all the questions they asked about eating. I can't believe that people actually can do that to their bodies. I am thankful that I do not have to worry about my body in that sense. I wonder what my boyfriend is doing right now. He lives in Vegas and it is so hard being away from him. I can't believe I have loved him for 5 months. I am so scared that he will stop loving me and all of a sudden realize that he can do so much better and leave me. If I had to see him at tournaments and he had a new girlfriend I don't know what I would do. He means so much to me but no matter how many times he tells me that he loves me and that he misses me I never believe him. He gets mad that I don't trust him but he should blame that on my ex-boyfriend not me. Oh well I guess if it is meant to be than it will be. I am listening to the saddest song called Butterfly Kisses, about a father and daughter. I have missed my dad and dogs the most since I have been gone. My dad is one of my best friends and he always knows exactly what to do. He is the only reason I want to do well in school, just to make him proud is the best feeling in the world. I wish I could tell my dad that I loved him but for some reason we never express those feelings. I know he loves me a lot because he pays for me to go to school and to fly all over the country to do taekwondo, but I wish it would be ok if I could hug him. Instead we always bow and shake hands, that's how you do in in taekwondo. He would do anything to make me happy and he even spent 100 dollars to change my flight so at fall nationals I could spend an extra day with my boyfriend. On the other hand, my mom and I do not get along so well all the time. I love her and when I was sick last weekend she came up and brought me soup and took me shopping, but I don't respect her because she can be very rude to people and when she gets mad she can be mentally abusive. It was horrible living with her when I was 13-17, by the time I was 18 I started fighting back and leaving whenever she would yell at me. My biggest fear besides dying is turning into her and yelling at my kids like she yelled at me. I don't know why my dad still loves her and how he can put up with it, it is not normal how she talks to him or me sometimes. She doesn't understand why I don't want her around my friends or my boyfriend but its because I don't want her to turn into that other person and yell at me in front of them because it really is frightening. My friend Matt just came over to distract me and prevent me from getting an A on this assignment which seems to have no real purpose, but maybe it will after I finish and turn this in. ",n,n,y,y,n

2003\_15.txt,"I'm sitting here typing on the computer and the clock is a little bit distracting, but I think I can handle it. I just connected my printer to the computer with a cable I didn't know I had. there are sirens going off outside I hope this is a safe area to live and hey my dad just walked in the door I wonder if I'm a fast enough typist I really like the picture I have in my room its of some toucans and its got a lot of color in it because I like color my couch in the living room is red and my dog won't stop barking outside. I think I'm going to go get her after I finish this assignment. I just took the long quiz so I'm tired of staring at this computer screen I still have to go find what to wear tomorrow and get a parking permit my phone is ringing hmmm should I answer it or keep typing I guess I'm going to keep typing because it stopped I hope it wasn't very important or someone doesn't think I am intentionally ignoring them my dad should be coming back soon I think he is across the street talking to the neighbors who seem to be very nice I need him to help me hang up some mirrors and finish my fence sometime this week so he can leave that doesn't sound very nice I just noticed the air conditioning is making a really weird sound my dad just walked in with my puppy her name is trinket if he claims not to like dogs I really can't tell by the way he babies her its kind of funny oh you know what happened to me today was I solved a mystery and it was kind of funny the way it happened I was online and I tried iming my best friend and she wouldn't answer back so I was thinking ok maybe she is mad at me so I called her and she said she wasn't online so I thought ok who is trying to steal her identity she wanted me to try and find out who it was so I started asking the person numerous questions awww my little puppy just came and is trying to type on the keyboard I think she just wants attention ok its really hard to type right now she keeps trying to lick my hand ok my dad is calling her to go outside and she won't listen I think she has selective hearing the air conditioner just came on again with that weird noise ouch that really hurt trinket just scratched my arm with her sharp nails I need to take her to petsmart to get her a new collar oh as I was saying about the mystery person online who was posing as my best friend, yeah I kept bugging them until they finally answered back saying please don't try to contact this address again (I think they were getting fed up with all the questions) but I kept asking who is this and it turned out to be her grandma in arkansas! it was so funny cause I was like don't you have your own sn and then it was like Oh hey I know you! and she started talking to me about how I was liking UT and all and people keep signing on my buddy list and I really hope this clock stops soon because my phone is ringing again but I don't think I should stop to answer it I guess I'll call back later its only 8:56 so its not too late I just really don't want to get up in the morning oh I just got this really bad cramp in my side and its hurting really bad I wonder if appendicitis is on your left or right side cause if its on the right oh its stopped maybe it was the way I was laying on the floor its kind of uncomfortable but until I can get my desk and everything set up for my computer I guess I have to keep typing down here on the floor I'm kind of tired right now I still need to go check on my parking pass. I hope these aren't supposed to be written in complete sentences but I don't think they are because its a stream of consciousness paper and it seems like I keep worrying about too much so I'm not going to worry about it anyways the time is almost up I wonder what matt is doing right now I was talking to him last night and all the sudden the phone just cut off because I think it was his phone that ran out of batteries so it just died right there in the middle of the conversation which I really hate that I had to finish my thought this thing is addicting ",y,y,n,y,y

2003\_16.txt,"I finally have the time to sit down here and work on this assignment. Today was my first day of work, and it went well. I met a lot of friendly people. I am trying to type while my roommate tries to distract me, punk. What am I going to have for breakfast tomorrow? What am I going to wear tomorrow? Is it going to rain tomorrow? I really want to barbeque and have a cold one. The only class I have tomorrow is Integral Calculus, so that's cool. My arms are somewhat sore from working out right now, and my mind will not stop thinking about the steak that I want to cook. I have the A1 marinade ready to marinade my steak. The season all and lemon pepper. I'm hungry. What all am I going to have for supper? I know that I will have the steak, but should I have a salad or pasta with it or both? Often times I stop and think about how my mind wonders around from thought to thought. My friends tell me that I always just from one idea to another. My roommate is going to cook his supper. I don't think that that is some sort of 'disease' or illness, I believe it's just that my mind thinks a lot. Will I be rich and have the house that I have always wanted; Will I have the money to retire early in life and buy that house on the lake for my father. That is my goal in life. To retire early. I want to be retired at the age of about 35 so that I can repay my parents for everything that they have done for me. Man, this time thing is going soooooo slow. I'm on 6 min and 10 sec. I know after this assignment I plan to have dinner and do some dishes, but then what am I going to do? I have the option of working on work or ironing, sleeping, calculus. so many options. what to choose. The weather is awesome right now. A nice cool breeze is blowing through with the rain. I wish I did not have to work on a damn apple computer at work. I am capable of functioning on the MacOS, but would much rather use a pc. 8 mind 15 sec. I wish I would have had time to have seen some of the documentaries on TV today about sept. 11. O well, my parents are planning on visiting me this weekend. My mom wanted to see me and my aunt wants to come up to do some shopping. That means that I am going to have to wait until next weekend to go out to Lake Travis if I get the chance to. I know. I'll eat, shower, do my work, calculus, then sleep. When I wake up in the morning, I can do some reading for mythology and MIS 310 maybe. Na, I'll finish the cal since it will be do tomorrow night. I need to get that done, but I knew that I had this assignment to do first, so I decided to take care of this. Who decided to name a bottle Captain Morgan's Parrot Bay""? I feel like watching The General's Daughter. Good movie. I wonder. hopefully a girl I met at orientation and I can get together sometime when we are away from school. We've been tied up with a lot lately. She is beautiful, nice, funny. and so on, but no relationships for me for a while. I feel that I need to enjoy myself right now. Now the time seems to be going faster. crazy 12 min. 50 sec. That food that my roommate is cooking has an awesome aroma, and that damn lightening. better not mess up my computer because that would piss me off. I don't know what I am going to do for spring break this year. I think I should go out and enjoy it and party again at South Padre Island. actually I would only like to go there if I can DJ there. My friend and I were super close to DJing during this past spring break, but I would rather go to Mexico or something. Crazy how so many college students travel countless hours to go to a beach during this time. I understand it's a lot of fun and all, but for me. I lived an hour away, so I took my computer and bumped some jamz while I was out at the beach. I remember being on the balcony, pretty smashed, and looking at the waves roll in. The hotels lining the shoreline and nothing but a beach view, it was great. Then at some place called Tequila Frogs, some crazy chick from New Jersey jumped into the hot tub fully clothed and took some off. Girls Gone Wild was going to be there. U know, I think it's stupid that the beaches are getting tougher on underage drinking during this time. I understand that they want for people to be sage, but if they don't take their economic situation into consideration. they are going to loose a lot of people. I was reading the paper one time and it reported that South Padre Island lost a great deal of spring breakers. I'm sure partly because of the tough laws. They could make so much more money if they created a SEMI safe environment. but let people have some fun. It's like 6th street. punks are extremely strict on underage drinking, but I know the law . whatever 19 minutes. almost out of time. sorry. My steak is waiting for me. and I am tired. Still trying to think of what to have for breakfast tomorrow. I'll think of something. well. think everything is planned out. Can't wait to party this weekend and all. it'll be cool. ",y,n,y,n,n

2003\_18.txt,"Lunch was good. Not sure if I'm still hungry or not. My room is slowly warming up. It was 55 degrees when I woke up this morning. It now reads 63. 1. I can still taste the peanut butter and jelly in my mouth. I think I'm full. My grandparents are coming today. they get in around 11 pm. I am really excited to see them. Although, that does entail me going home a lot to see them. I don't know what to study tonight at the house. I think I'm going to outline some biology, finish my prelab, maybe read some more psychology for next week. Here's my work out plan for this week. Monday--way to tired to do anything, Tuesday--extreme hip hop at atomic. wed-going to booty rama, hopefully. Thursday, I think ill be too tired and sore to do much of anything. Run on Friday, and maybe Saturday. My suitemate is leaving for class now. someone just signed off from my buddy list. I went to tops before lunch, got 5 pictures. ok they charge 2. 75 per picture! that's unbelievable, but they make a whole lot of money. I'm looking at a picture of dewan, it makes me laugh a lot, oh I need to call dr. dewan to see if I can go visit him this week. I also need to call Mrs. Allen to tell her a good time for me to tutor Jamison. I need to remember to ask today during the meeting how long the owl pal on Thursday will take. Someone's phone is ringing. It is so much warmer in my room now. I can't believe that my grandparents are coming tonight. her message is about her computer. ok. what now. I really want to talk to billy or dewan just to see how they are. maybe ill call later on this week. WE have an SAE mixer on Wednesday. I hope I get a date for Friday, otherwise that means that I probably won't go. I need to brush my teeth. What should I wear to the meeting tonight? I wish who ever is using the washer would hurry up and take their clothes and put in in the dryer so that people like me can wash their clothes. I have a shortage. especially of bras. the tower is ringing cause is quarter till the hour. my vase with bamboo is fogging up due to the temperature change. Oko I think I'm full. I hope biology is interesting today. And psychology. oh that's that one I'm most concerned about. I need to download more songs. wow I'm only halfway through. its 65. 7 now. so much warmer. Ohh I should probably start studying for my test on Thursday in my intro to greek and latin elements in English. So I can't believe that there is a girl in my pledge class with fake boobs. that's crazy. oh I really need some wall decor. Maybe some pictures or a bulletin board, something though cause its really plain right now. I'm looking at a picture of my family from graduation. we look cute. I started to watch notting hill last night, it was good. ohh I went to bed at 9:30. It felt so good, but definitely still not enough sleep. someone just signed on, but lauren signed off. I hope meghan is doing ok. her health just isn't going for her right now. Lord, please watch over meghan and her health and her mom. May the doctors find out what is wrong with her. Brooke just got home. She is listening to her message, her computer is dead. I'm nervous for my first biology test. I'm excited for this weekend, paige is coming on town, there's a football game, and I think fiji foam is on Saturday. alright were almost there's about 6 minutes left to go. So I cannot believe that this sara chick knows peco and has made out with him. I need some ribbon to hang my roses. pledge meeting is tonight, still don't know what I'm wearing. probably ill end up in a skirt and a white shirt. maybe some capris, well see. I'm so scared of the freshman 15. I don't want to gain weight, but they say that you drop it once summer comes around, I don't know if that will happen for me considering I live here. oh man I miss everyone so much. I really want everyone to come back so that we can hang out again. Its a long ways from thanksgiving. I need to get some pictures developed. oh so I have absolutely no idea of what I'm going to do next year for rooming. I don't know if I should room with mary grace, or catie and jen? ahh this is frustrating. I have put it in Gods hands and now I just have to wait and be patient, although it is quite difficult. ok there were some bells ringing incessantly, but they have stopped. It is so much warmer its great. and here the bells go again. and I'm done thinking. I have the nasty aftertaste of onions in my mouth. need to brush my teeth. Katie just wrote herself a message that reads, katie. call UPS stupid, love me. haha that's great. Brookes leaving to go to class. I guess ill see her in psychology and maybe well sit next to cute boys. I really really really want to do my laundry. ok what's with the bells honestly maybe its a wind chime outside. yes forty seconds to go. this has been the most random mixture of thoughts possible. ohh I want to see abby soon and talk to her and let her meet my parents. I really have to pee so I'm going to take care of that as soon as this is over and we are done! ",y,y,y,y,y

2003\_21.txt,"I'm at my grandmother's house and it's pouring rain. I was supposed to go to this meeting for the Texas Sweethearts but since it's raining I'm not going to go. Even though the social events aren't required its going to bug me all night wondering if the current sweethearts are going to hold it against me. Even though I know other people probably won't go I still feel like I will stick out as not going and I don't know if that's a good or bad thing. I really don't know. I couldn't be any more tired. I waited in line for 5 in a half hours to get a ticket to the Texas-Ou game. It was so chaotic. It's amazing to see how much people will pay for those tickets. Some people were going as high as $300 for one ticket that they sell for $75. Luckily I got one and I'm so happy. I had to go to work after that and it felt like I had just gone swimming because I was drenched in sweat. I looked so bad and I went in 2 hours late. I thought I was going to get fired. I'm going to stay at my grandma's house since it's raining, I wonder what I'm going to wear? Why do I care so much? People go to school looking ten times worse than me and no one cares, but I can't get myself to go to school without makeup. I wish I wasn't so self-conscious. It's weird, you always think you look fine until it comes someone else's turn to judge you than you get nervous about what they think. Who cares? That's how I wish I could feel. Even though I wear sweat shorts and t-shirts to school I still care if they match or I wonder if I wore it last week. Why can't I stop caring about what people might think about me? I bet no one even pays attention to me. I really don't know if I'm vain for thinking that people look at me or insecure because I care if they do. I can't believe my boyfriend hasn't called me yet. I met this girl yesterday at the sweetheart meeting and she seemed so cool. We talked and got along and she drove me to my car and we were going to go to the social together. When I called her though she didn't seem the same she was just like Oh, it's you or I don't know. Maybe I expect to much out of people. It just seemed to me that she was being fake yesterday by the way she was acting towards me today. I can't wait until time is up, but it actually hasn't seemed that long. I didn't really think this would be this easy. I guess you can tell things to a computer and it won't tell you to shutup after you complain to much. I WONDER IF I SHOULD READ FOR MY Class tomorrow? I feel so exhausted like I haven't slept in days and today wore me out. I feel like I could sleep for three days. Hopefully pretty soon I'll catch on to this whole college thing. I have exactly 45 seconds and I really don't know what to write so I'm just going to say that I am SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO happy that I got a TExas-Ou ticket again because it the best thing that has happened in a while. ",y,n,n,n,n

2003\_23.txt,"so what do I think about for twenty minutes. I don't really know. it's different when you actually have to think about what you're thinking about. my feet are cold. which is so weird because my room is always hot! We really need to get that fan that we talked about. I wish I was home; I was always the right temperature at home. and if I wasn't I could just change it. oh well I'll be home at the end of this week. I hope steffie is feeling better and not having too hard of a time with classes. I haven't talked to nick since I've been gone; I wonder if he even misses me. probably not so much since he just started middle school and he is making all new friends. how come I haven't made all new friends? maybe I should have gone to a smaller college. I dunno, I just wish I wasn't here. seeing javi this weekend was great, but as much as I try to tell myself that I should be happy that I at least got to see him, I can't get rid of this hollow feeling. I think I've sighed in the past two and half weeks than I have in my entire life. but honestly, what will I tell mom and dad. I know that they support me but how am I going to say that after three weeks somewhere, I'm so unhappy and I just want to be somewhere else, preferably in oklahoma. I dunno, maybe I should just wait. it has only been three weeks, and you knew that you were a shy person. but eventually you'll start making friends like at home. I just wish I wasn't sad all the time. it makes me feel like I need to talk to dad about medicine again. I'm so sad. I hate it here. I just want to go back to normal. no matter what I do, like swimming the other day with jacob and alex. that was kinda cool, but I was still only mildly entertained. and as far as studying, I've always liked it, but now I depend on it way too much to keep me busy. oh yeah, I can't forget to go by the library today and ask for a job. if I don't get that done, it'll keep bothering me until I do. hopefully they'll have openings, because that would be the ideal place for me to work, I think. haha, everyone would laugh at me though. how perfect. Christine, working in a library. whatever, it sounds cool to me. my birthday. I wonder if we're going to have time to celebrate it this weekend. I hope Lee'or doesn't mind that I didn't call her. I should have called Dee dee back so that I could wish Lee'or good luck. oh well, she was getting married; I'm sure that she was so happy that she didn't even stop to think about it. I wonder what javi's doing right now. I 'm so glad he came this weekend. it was the best feeling. but then again, would it be worth it to change schools. I mean everyone is so pessimistic about this sort of stuff. should I even listen to them? I mean everyone said just break up before you leave. long distance doesn't work, but both javi and I ere so miserable. it caused more problems then staying together will. but I know what mom and dad would say. especially dad. he wants me to do well with business so badly. he is so proud. but I don't even want to do business! but then again, I dunno what exactly I want to do. except be with javi and start having some fun with this whole college"" experience that everyone raves about. so far, I'm a little disappointed. but I guess that's a little of my fault because all my motivation seems to have disappeared. except for good ol' school. at least I can judge that. I can't let them slip. my grades are what I can use to persuade my parents. that I at least tried the whole business thing, whatever. but now I'd rather do something interesting. ugh! business! yes, it's great. I got into UT business. wow! but if I can't even get excited about going to class, how am I going to get excited about getting up everyday of my life to do financial reports and stuff. oh blah! how boriiiinnngggg! how boring, how boring. but isn't that just perfect as well- I'm stuck between doing what I know is logically best and what I feel like doing. hmm, yeah, there are a lot of things on my mind. I always seemed a little stressed in high school. just trying to balance everything, but at least I had fun. I think if I were another person I probably wouldn't want to get to know me now either. despite the fact that I could get down before, I never doubted that overall, I was happy. now I just feel lonely. haha. maybe I should stop listening to coldplay. rush always said their music always makes someone sad. but I dunno, I really like the piano. and plus I have so many good memories from that one cd. I just need to listen to some more upbeat music I guess. maybe some ",n,y,n,y,n

2003\_24.txt,"Well, Sitting here doing this assignment at 10:55 a. m. and my lazy butt just woke up. I can't believe that I wake up so late nowadays. I remember my freshman year where I slept a few hours a night and got by fine. I'm feeling a little bad about myself for not working out this morning like I wanted too. If I could just get up when I wanted to then there would be not problem. But no, I have to stay in bed until the last possible second before class. On Wed. I have my first class at noon, and I was late. How pathetic is that? How can I not get up before the sun has reached its peak position over the city? Typing this is making my forearm hurt a little. I first noticed that when I was shooting a basketball yesterday. I think I might have pulled something lifting weights the other day and at least worked something that I don't usually work out so it hurts a little. Is strange, I am supposed to be sitting here thinking of stuff and my mind blanks out, but when I am supposed to be concentrating, my mind decided that then is the appropriate time to start racing with ideas and contemplations not associated at all with what I am doing. I actually like this assignment, its kind of nice to just sight down and write down what I am thinking about. I tried to start a journal once but to no avail. I am not a person of habit. I cannot just dedicate myself to something at a certain time everyday or week whenever unless it is something that I have to do, such as class, or a job if I ever find one. I felt really disappointed that I could not find a job this summer. Why was I having such a hard time? I have problems with things like that, I hate doing the first part of something, such as actually finding the job or deciding on a career. That's one of the reasons I am taking this class as a Junior, because I don't know what else to take. I can't decide what I want to do for the rest of my life. I would be so much easier if I had someone say you are going to be a business man or a teacher, take these classes, and don't suck it up like you have been doing for the first two years of your college career"". And I would be like ""OK, fine, I can do that"" and then I would do it, but probably not to the full extent of my ability. I have a hard time doing things to hardcore for an extended amount of time. I guess everyone is like that but even things I like to do, after time I start slacking, such as car audio fabrication. I like to build things out of fiberglass and my last project really sucked it up. I guess it was a learning experience but after a few days of working on it I got dismayed because it didn't look as good as I had hoped it would and finally said ""the hell with it"" and just finished it. Now I am ready to chunk it and start anew. But I like building things, so that my be the reason too. ",n,n,y,n,y

2003\_25.txt,"My side really hurts. I wonder if I have appendicitis or something. I wonder if I pulled something this morning in that dance class. That guy was so hot. And such an amazing dancer! I wish I could move like him. The way he was able to separate his joints and dance so flowing was so cool. I can't wait to see their performance this Friday. I also can't wait to see The Starting Line. Yay! I am going to fall in love with Kenny and he is going to fall in love with me. Oh crap, I need to find that confirmation number. I have a lot of work to do over these next few days. I hope tonight is fun, and worth the gas to get there. Whitney seems to be a real bitch sometimes, I still hope I get to room with her. I wonder if this Jessica girl is a lesbian. She sure is not the girl I thought she was, but I think I'll have fun with her in Tuscon. The Arizona Dance thing sounds like so much fun. It seems like everything is just falling into place. I'm not really nervous about the audition for UA, but I probably will be later on. God, what is this pain in my side? I wonder if I should see a doctor, or wait, I already am. I am so sick of commuting to school. Living on campus is going to be so nice. I need to send in my application soon. Its cool that I saw Adam today, and Michael yesterday. I still like Michael, damnit! I wonder if I'll ever get over him. Oh but I'm marrying Kenny so Ill just have to. I really need to start eating more healthy. If I want to have a long career as a dancer, I should be taking better care of my body. But I'm not in that bad of shape. I'm probably overreacting. The thunder outside reminds me of the time I was in this room, and there was a tornado outside. I miss those times of being young, I really miss Hawaii. I love Austin though. Now that I'm going to UT, I'm starting to realize how lucky I am to be going to school in such a cool place. I really hope I get into UA, or OCU, but I really hope UA. I know whatever happens, happens for a reason. I think going to UT this year was the perfect thing for me. I love it, and all the nice people I have met in dance, I feel right at home. I wonder if I'll want to leave. I shouldn't have eaten that nasty egg roll today, its probably what's making me feel sick. I hope I didn't offend Jessica in anyway. No, I'm just overreacting. I really miss Micheline. I wonder where she is, if she moved, why she hasn't returned my calls. She is so pretty, I wish I looked like her. I wonder what Patrick is up to these days, I want to hear the songs he wrote about me, but it would be hard to call him after all this time. I'm not going to be another guys girlfriend unless I actually, truly like him. Goddamn, didn't Ben teach me that lesson? I hate Ben. No I shouldn't say that, I loathe him. He disgusts me. Should I spend the night at Rachel's tonight? I can read Chapter 22 tomorrow at 11, and then I'll go buy the tickets. I think I could afford to sleepover at her place then tonight. God, this pain won't go away! What is it? Should I cut these bracelets off, they're starting to look a little scraggly. I can't wait to go swimming in that pool Saturday morning, that's the day of the concert! I am going to give my number to Kenny, no chickening out! He and I are meant to be, I just have to keep believing that. I kind of feel nauseous, its that pain in my side. ",n,n,y,n,y

2003\_26.txt,"Well here I am in the Undergraduate Library writing my Stream of Consciousness paper. I still haven't really figured out yet what I will write about, but I suppose that this type of paper isn't really supposed to have a meaning. That's good I guess, right. Sure. It's cold in the computer lab here. It's always cold in this lab. And it's always cold in the library. In most places throughout the University, in fact, it is cold. It is especially cold in the student union. I mean -- ridiculously cold. it must be about 70 degrees in there. There is one place, however, that I have found is not cold - it is hot. My calculus class in the experimental sciences building it really warm. And it doesn't really help that it is still like 90 degrees outside. One thing I have noticed though, is that it is getting a little cooler outside. This is very good news. Hopefully it will continue to get cooler. So looking at the timer at the top of this page, I am beginning to realize that a twenty minute writing is quite a long time, especially when you consider the fact that I really have no topic, nor have I even begun to write on a topic. It's just meaningless facts from my mind. I'm sure that this has some kind of meaning - this writing I mean. There must be some point for this. Hopefully at least. So far my classes have been pretty good. I don't have a huge workload yet. I assume that it will pick up eventually. Especially next semester. From Laurel's experience, I have a feeling that next semester will be quite a bit tougher than this one. Actually, I am quite certain that it will be rough. I will be taking differential equations -- which Scheffer said was hard -- and physics, which I know will be hard. Oh well, I can handle it. I am enjoying school, though. It is quite a bit different than anything else I have experienced this far in my life. All the freedom and extra time. I just like the atmosphere that is college. It's fun and different. Well only five minutes have gone by so far. I'm still a little hungry. I should have had more lunch. Oh well. I only have one more class, and it starts in 45 minutes and is only an hour. That's not too bad. I am writing on a Macintosh computer right now. I didn't particularly want to use one, but it was available, so I took it. They aren't too bad I suppose. It would take a little getting used to. And the keys are quite a bit more sticky than I am used to. And the fact that the mouse has only one button it a little odd. But the thing that I find most interesting is the fact that Microsoft Internet Explorer is on an iMac. I had always wondered if Microsoft put out programs on Apple's. Quite interesting indeed. Now I'm pushing the 9 minute mark. Looking back, this is quite a bit of stuff I have written in the last nine minutes. All pretty meaningless though. I think I may just stop looking at the clock for a while because it is a little depressing. You know the feeling - staring at the clock makes time just crawl by. Quite annoying I must say. During swim practice we used to not like to look at the clock because it would remind us of how much time we had left in practice. Especially with Coach Hutch. Man he was a killer. I think that was the hardest year that I ever had with swimming. Funny thing is -- I didn't get a whole lot faster. I got faster with coach Wilson -- as much as I hate to say it. OK I give -- I looked at the clock. Now I only have nine minutes left to write. That's promising I guess. I wonder how the swim team is doing now. With the girls and the guys separated and all. I wonder if the girls like the new coach, and how the guys are dealing with Kyle again. The guy behind me has more I'M's up than I have ever seen. He seriously must be talking with at least ten people - probably more. The whole screen is flashing and lighting up all the time. Crazy. This whole Macintosh thing is kind of getting to me. I can't stand this keyboard. It is so sticky! Every other word, I have to go back and fix it because the key didn't register. I also keep going back because I keep forgetting to add capital letters and such. I am used to a program fixing it all for me. Oh well I suppose it's good for me. But this sticky keyboard is not. Geez! If you can't tell, it is starting to bother me. And they crazy IMer is still typing away to like 50 of his closest friends. It's funny what you notice people do when you just sit back and watch for a minute. (6 minutes left) One good thing I will say is that Macintosh's do look pretty cool. I like the whole clear theme. I also like the widescreen. It's pretty cool, and is very clear and bright. I think the clock on the computer is slow. After 20 real"" seconds - by my watch - the clock lost 5 seconds. So for every ""real"" minute, 75 seconds go by. So in a 20 minute writing sample, I must actually write for about 25 minutes. See I thought this was an abnormally long time to write. I thought that my watch said 12:01 when I started, and now it is 12:37 and I still have 2 minutes to write. Maybe this thing loses even more time than five seconds for every twenty seconds. That's crazy. I have a one o'clock class. I hope that my ""2"" minutes doesn't last too much longer. Well in conclusion, this writing experience has been. well. real - to say the least. I have to say that I have never written a stream of consciousness paper before, so this was a first. I don't know that I like it that much either. I have noticed that when I type on the computer that the seconds don't even move at all. So I have been writing for a loooong time. Ok, my time is up. Bye. ",n,n,y,y,y

2003\_27.txt,"Right now, I'm a little confused. I'm not sure how one goes about tracking their feelings, or even focuses on them long enough while typing. I'm wondering if anyone is really going to read this. While I'm a little frustrated with the assignment, I think I would much prefer to be the one typing than whoever the poor soul is that has to read 900 some odd of these things for whatever purpose. OK. My arm itches. Now I feel stupid for typing that. I'm a little tired. It's almost 9 at night and I've been at school all day. 17 and a half minutes. I'm sitting in the UGL. I like their computers because they are much faster than mine at home. I only have dial up. Also, I like the library computer lab because I like to listen to all the clicking of the keys on the keyboards by the other people in the room. Now I'm a little self conscious that I may be hitting the keys too loud. I'm typing much quieter now. 14 and a half more minutes. I'm in a chair that rotates and rocks. I like chairs like that because I can move around. I can't sit still too long. I'm a fast mover. Even in class I'm constantly rocking, or fidgeting, or drumming with my fingers. I'm getting tense. I'm anxious for the 20 minutes to be up. 12 and a half minutes. I'm running out of things to say. This is very much like a one sided conversation. OK. I'm stumped. I'm sitting here racking my brain, but in doing so I think I'm violating the purpose of this assignment as being random. 10 more minutes to go. My arm itches again. Ha ha. I have my cell phone next to the keyboard. My girlfriend got it for me, but I hate it. It gets horrible range, and the ring is weak. It rings like an old feminine man. I'm ashamed to carry it around. My girlfriend insists, though, so I do. It's the path of least resistance. I'm better at arguing than she is, but she can argue longer, and in the end, it's her endurance that wins out. I'm swinging in my chair. I seriously hope no one has to read this. I hope this is some study about how long 18-24 year old males typically type in 20 minutes or something. My sincere condolences to whomever has the misfortune of pouring over each one of these with the intent to interpret some psychological insights. 3 more minutes. I'm perking up a little bit. I can see the proverbial finish line. I'm swinging in my chair again, but my arm stopped itching. Yeah! 2 minutes. OK. Now, I'll admit. I'm stalling. I'm holding out for 2 minutes. This is like watching water boil. What I'm feeling? I've never been so anxious all day as I am right now. 1 minute. I'm stumped. 10 seconds. Bye! ",n,y,n,n,n

2003\_28.txt,"Well, I guess I get to finally do a reading assignment for psychology. I always wondered what's done with these assignments. whether they test us students for mental illness or just conduct some research on us as though we're guinea pigs. Oh well, I guess it's a good way in any case to get us involved, since it is part of our grade. Man, my back is feeling kind of itchy now from walking and riding around campus all day. I can't really concentrate for, wow, eighteen more minutes, since I've had quite a lack of sleep over the past few days. It's getting harder and harder to stay awake as the days go by. The thing that bothers me is that all my classes have more than three hundred students except for one of them, so there really is no one to keep me awake except maybe the occasional glance from the professor. I've been mostly lucky about getting good ones. I'm getting a bit hungry now but the time is keeping me in, and my stomach is starting to growl. Hmm, spaghettios or mac and cheese, or should I finally start off with something healthy, I mean there is a whole fridge full of food. maybe an apple, then some pasta. That would sound good. I need to do something to keep my freshman 15 off, maybe the occasional biking and the insane walking I do every day might work off those hamburgers. This computer screen is making my eyes blurry, and I'm now slowly falling asleep. Aww man, I actually have to stay awake today in order to pass my quiz tomorrow in theatre. It shouldn't be too bad. I don't even know if I'm supposed to be doing punctuation or capitalizing the words. It's not like this is an official paper, but since I'm a perfectionist I can't really deal with things that are out of line or place. I guess it only works on AOL because it's just faster to type this way. I just realized that I get off track too easily, I may have some form of ADD. I can barely even listen to myself talk for 20 minutes. It's really hard when I'm face to face with someone. I just can't stand in one place for that long. So, I just zone out. as I'm doing now. I'm slowly becoming less aware and careful of what I write. People sometimes think I'm drunk when I'm sending them mail, like when I sent a post card to a few friends back home while I was backpacking through Europe this summer with my brother. Where is he by the way? Oh yeah, he went to work today. I live with him, I thought it'd be hard since we always used to fight when we were little. I'd always want what he had and vice versa. So, when we were in Europe, we were good at some points bought kind of fought a majority of the time. I guess the difference here is that . um I lost my track of thought, oh yeah, that we have separate rooms so we don't have to really see each other all the time. Just a moment, I need to change my posture. I'm becoming less attentive to myself. that's better. I wonder where my dog is, it's usually good to have him by my side. He is fluffy and fun to pet, well, at least he is there to substitute for my brother and keeps me company. That reminds me, I was supposed to walk him when I got home, but I haven't come around to doing that. I'll just go in 6 minutes when this is over. He can wait awhile. I wish I was a dog, he doesn't need anything but the occasional love, food, water, and he gets to sleep whenever he wants. I want to just take a while to lounge. I don't even get to do that much in the summer. I'm always active, either moving around, hanging out, or traveling. which I like a lot. Oh, I forgot to ask my adviser about the study abroad program. I'm a big language freak, in French at least, after I've finished learning that I want to do Italian and maybe Spanish. I'm slowly losing my Russian though, since my parents aren't there with me every evening to talk to. I need to move around a bit, my butt is getting sore from the chair. I need to get a new chair finally, this one just isn't doing it. Twenty minutes is a lot longer than I thought, I wonder how much I've written already. It seems like my fingers haven't stopped moving for quite a while. It's a renewed sensation since I haven't played piano for a while. I need to finally get one of those too for my apartment. or else I'll forget how to do that too. It's weird how something you've done nearly your entire life can disappear so quickly. Yay, only a few more seconds left to write, 10 , 8, 5, 2, 1. Done ",n,n,n,y,y

2003\_30.txt,"As I look at this blank space, what am I going to write about? There is no topic really, so I guess its up to me. I'm thinking about how I need to cancel my doctors appointment because the bug bites that have been on my leg for over two weeks are finally starting to go away. I have never been to the doctor at the SSB. That also reminds me that I need to go give a list of my professors so that I can get extended time. This whole timed writing thing is fairly new to me. I have had extended time for a long time, so its never really been an issue for me. But I do like this writing assignment, its nice not to have any rules and to just follow my stream of consciousness. I mean we wrote stream of consciousness papers in high school, but never like this for an assignment. It amazes me how far technology has come. What did students do before the internet? I mean, look at what I'm doing right now, this is crazy. How did people function and know things without internet and email. I have basically grown up in a world that has always had computers. granted when I was really young not everyone had computers, but for as long as I have been of age to where the internet would benefit me, it has always been there. That also applies to cell phones. I simply do not understand how people would find one another and get a hold of each other without them. I am so dependent on mine. Oh no, I just looked down at my to do list and realized I really need to call my owl pal for this week, I have never really met her, and they told me she was special needs. "" from what I have heard she is not really the sorority type, and well, neither am I in some ways, but I really hope I connect with her because I think she feels like an outsider. the pledge trainers said she would go sit off by herself and I am really sad for her because I know what its like to not really know anyone and be forced, almost, by family to be in a sorority. but I hope I can show her how neat it actually is. I hope that talking about music will be a bridge between us. but god, I hate the fact of having to do something. Being obliged to do something really annoys me and it makes me not want to do it at all. I think I have gotten worse about that over the years. Over the years, hah, I'm only 19. but then again, I look at kids in high school now and think they look so young, its crazy, its like once I left for college, I can no longer be categorized as another kid. Its kind of sad really, and ill miss those days of always living at home with my parents to take care of me and annoy me, but then again, there's always holidays and summer vacation. I really hope that I enjoy this class and that it is not just so tedious to do the work. Actually, when I was reading the book the other day, some of it actually interested me, and I'm so thankful for that, it is so difficult for me to pay attention to things if I'm not interested. I don't know if its like that with everyone, or particularly because I'm adhd, but if something doesn't engage me, even the slightest bit, it is tedious to force myself to focus on it. I really hope that I find something to do with my life that I love, because that would really help, hah, I'm sure everyone says that, but I really do hope that that happens. I'm not exactly the hardest worker, but I feel like I'm going to be alright somehow. Its not like I can just sit on my ass with a trust fund or anything, because I know my parents aren't going to pay for me after college, but I know that I'll be ok. I sometimes worry that I won't be able to give my kids the same opportunities that my parents gave me, and that might be hard, but I don't really want to have kids unless I am mature and financially stable. Bringing it back to summer vacation. this summer I lived at home and didn't really work, but that's besides the point. I just wanted to talk about how I went home and totally noticed how privileged my friends and I are. I don't think that some of them really get it because their parents sheltered them a great deal more than mine did, but I mean, my friends from high school are some rich, spoiled brats, and I knew that before, but it really fazed me this summer. Its sad to me that my friends don't really know what its like to not have money, and I shouldn't be talking, I spend so much money and it doesn't really matter, I'm going to really need to learn how to budget money when its my own. Or learn how to not buy useless shit that just makes the place all cluttered. I hope we get more assignments like this one because its nice to get stuff out on the table, and I have a feeling no one is really reading this, because that would be a pain in the ass to read all this text that 500 students wrote. I need to call a couple of my friends at other schools, but its such a pain in the ass, bc schedules are never the same and we always miss each other and its hard to keep up with people and impossible to know every detail, but for some of my friends that stuff doesn't really matter and I know we will always be friends when we are together, and for that I am very grateful. with one minute left, what I'm I going to talk about, I wonder if it stops letting me type, or if I have to exit myself, that's crazy how its up there ticking away the seconds. turns out this wasn't so bad, and I'm glad I got it done now, as opposed to tomorrow when I have no class. well, talk to you soon, times up. tootles ",y,n,n,n,y

2003\_31.txt,"I begin by wondering exactly what purpose this assignment serves. I also wonder what will pass as the year goes on. Caffeine. I suddenly have a craving for caffeine. I would get up and grab a Dr. Pepper, but that would interrupt my writing process. What would it be like to be known as Dr. Steve? Do I really intend to go through with getting my doctorate? And if so, what happens afterwards? It boggles the mind to think of the ways in which I may change over the next several years. Wow, I certainly am typing fast. On my old computer, there would have been a delay between the time I pushed the keys and when they appeared on the screen. I very much like this new flatscreen, it certainly goes well with my new system. Every computer I build has some odd quirk to it that no other system demonstrates. It may be my fondness for ATI video cards, or it could be my personality reflecting in the way that I put these things together. All in all, the system works well, but there are times when I just want to drop-kick it out the window. That, however would involve opening the blinds, which would expose me to the eye-squinting sunlight. I have always rather disliked the direct sunlight, partly because it is directly associated with heat. I can stand heat when it causes immediate, measurable pain, such as the burning of a hot pan handle. However, the discomfort of extended exposure to the hot, sticky, mind-numbing Texas sun can drive me insane! There is a point after which I do not care, but sometimes it seems as if that point never comes. Time is certainly a subjective concept to the human brain. The saying Time flies when you're having fun"" is absolutely true in this respect. If only it were the other way around: uncomfortable situations seem shorter, and the pleasant experiences extended. Alas, that is merely wishful thinking. My roommate's girlfriend just called three times within a 15-minute period. Ah, there he is. ""The ol' ball and chain just called"", says I. What an interesting concept this telephone is. From pretty much anywhere in the world, you can have instant contact with anyone else that has a similar device. Of course, there is a slight delay due to the limits of the speed of light, but as long as you are on Earth, this is a relatively slight matter. Last week, I spent time with my family looking at Mars in my dad's telescope. Mars will not be closer for next to 250 years, and it hasn't been this close in nearly 60,000 years. From what I have read and heard, though, it has been within a few hundred miles of this distance in the last several years. Calling last week an especially special occasion is barely the truth. The difference is like standing in Manhattan, walking 10 steps towards New Jersey, and saying that it looks closer. One-hundred odd miles in over thirty-four million? Absurd! Looking at the timer, it appears to be about time to wrap it up. Wow, I just had to correct my spelling on the fly about ten times. I guess that it's not as easy to type correctly when there is another person in the room. ",n,n,y,n,y

2003\_33.txt,"I'm here in the computer lab doing this assignment and wondering how in the world are they going to get any information out of what I write. I think there is so much out there that we can't understand and this is one of them. last night I had a weird dream well no it wasn't last night it was the night before I was in a school but I don't recall which on and then someone shot me! yet no one cared. I was all alone and then my family shows up and they seem interested for a while and then they forget about the situation and wonder around without taking me in to and emergency room. I thought it was weird but then again I later on had another dream I don't remember what it was right now but I know that I had to do with lack of attention. I figure these dreams are happening because I'm far away from home and I don't receive the same attention, its just a matter of adapting to different environments. its weird how I'm here in the lab and everyone is in there own little world for instance the girl next to me seem s to be having problems with the computer yet she never asks for help, why? and then there's a girl in front all into her study or research I don't know what she is doing and she looks so interested. I really don't know what else to write I mean those things came to the top of my mind once I started writing but now I don't know. I really hope arturo writes to me this coming week I mean he is in the army and I'm really scared for him specially since his last letter where he told me they were going to send him to iraq. that sucks because I got attached to him. specially at prom the night was so perfect everything was going great until it was time to leave to our houses. I mean why can't I find a guy who's like him I mean he is great he is sensitive, sweet, crazy, funny I don't know I could go on but why can't I find someone? he would be perfect but he is too slim we look like a 10 when were next to each other not that I'm fat but I'm fatter than he is. if he could only gain lets say maybe 25 pounds he would be dream guy material. ericka is changing a lot I don't know what her problem is I think it all turns out to be that she has no goal in life. she knows she wants to be a doctor because that's what everyone tells her but she doesn't really now what it is she want to do with the rest of her life. she is a lost child, all she cares for is FUN I mean its important to have fun but everyday? that's just not right. what does she want to have a boyfriend for only for sex? she is always talking about some other guy and this and that and what does she expects from this guy . she changed so much we use to be close friends but now since she is in mexico and has been there for the last year and will be there for the rest of her education I don't even know if I can still call her a friend. it really bothers me how I can get so excited for her when things are going good yet she doesn't care if I'm sad, mad , happy if I need to be hear . its all about her and just having fun talking to people when they're happy and be talking dirty and things of that matter? why!? I don't know if she is always been like that just that I hadn't noticed or she is just changed. her friends over there have great influence on her and I personally dislike them I don't think they will ever do anything with there life's because they're simply not able to work for their money they're so use to asking their dad for money. they don't appreciate the value of hard work or the having a do go to school because eventually that will put food on the table for your children. they are just plain stupid thinking their father will always be around to give them what they want. and now ericka has become just like them and I hate that. this writing helps out . I've always thought this but not a soul new about it and now God knows who is reading this and wondering what the hell is she complaining about. or oh well . I don't know I just had to say it . and now I'm waiting for the 20 minutes to be over using up the rests of the seconds that . oh well they're over. ",y,y,n,n,y

2003\_34.txt,"It is 4:07 and I am supposed to be in psychology right now. When I got out of class at 3 I just walked to the bus and came home. Then at 4 I realized that I had skipped class. I have no idea how I could do that without even realizing it. My mind is working too fast and I am too focused on other things. Maybe starting Adderral again yesterday had some effect. It speeds up my thoughts rather than focusing them on the matter at hand. Now I'm not sure if that is going to be as helpful to me with school as it will be harmful. My apartment is too quiet. I just wrote to Coody and asked him to play a Modest Mouse song next time. He won't. That would be too weird for everyone. I would have volunteered to be class dj if I thought everyone wouldn't hate it and glare at me. I was also afraid my cd's would skip. They're all scratched. I can't believe I missed class, especially by accident. I feel ridiculous. Especially since I don't know anyone in the class to get notes from. Or I probably do but I don't know it because there are 500 people in there. I wonder. It has only been 4 minutes and 16 seconds, this feels a lot longer than I thought it would. I'm writing a lot more than I thought I could. Friendster is improving my typing, that's a depressing thought. I need to get off the internet and study. I need to study the Jeffersonian idea, how interesting. I think if I could go back and stop the manufacturing and the advance of technology I would. It would be so nice to live off my own land, to be self-sufficient. I wish I could have started that way, because I'm too selfish to give it all up now. It would be impossible as well. The world doesn't leave room for that anymore. Anti-Flag sang about the kid saying, If you hate America so much, why don't you move to Russia?!"" Ignorance is funny. My foot itches. I have a doctor's appointment tomorrow morning after philosophy. I really don't want to go. Or I wish there was no reason for me to go. I am never healthy for more than a week straight. There is always something wrong, something to deal with, worry about, or panic over. I am so tired of that. 8 minutes and 22 seconds, almost half way. This is very strange. I haven't done this since 7th grade. Then it wasn't for 20 minutes and it was more like ""poetic"" rambling, not full sentences. This is strange because my mind is going way faster than my fingers. My typing is not good. I never learned to keep my fingers on the ""home keys"", and for that Mrs. somebody smacked me on the head with her rolled up papers. That was special. Now I am halfway through. Is halfway a word? I think it is two words. Oops. I have so much work to do; it is overwhelming. I could stay in all weekend and finish it, but then I might go stir crazy. Plus so many people want to meet me this weekend. I don't want to meet anyone with this stuff on my face. I felt good until I got it, now I really don't want anyone looking at me. And now the antibiotics are making the rest of me worse. Plus my face is not getting any better. I am looking forward to the vegan potluck anyway though. Maybe it will be dark in there and I can be a little bit more comfortable. I wish Ross and Jimmy weren't going though. The sound of typing is starting to annoy me and make me space out. I wish they weren't going because I want to meet all new people without anyone who knows the ""old me"". And without anyone who will report back to Drew. I want to feel free, not be looking over my shoulder. This is so frustrating. I was so glad to move away from everyone, and three people followed me here. And now probably another will. No, I want only new friends. Not that I don't like the old, I just want to move own. I don't want to be tied down to one me forever. I have never gotten a fresh start in my life and college is the time to do it. After it will be way too hard because I won't meet people. After school people don't really make an effort to reach out and make friends and involve people. What do you do when you meet someone new? Do 35 year olds go around exchanging phone numbers and hanging out? Maybe they do, I don't know. But I wanted to start over and now I can't. And there is nothing I can do about it. Absolutely nothing. Now my face itches. Car tires are screeching outside. The bus driver drove us home in an insane manner today. He told us to hold on, and we did. It was strange. Now it's been 17 minutes. Birds are chirping outside. Something in my room just made a noise. Ramsi is sleeping under her box. She was out eating this morning. It was cute. I feel good that I've given her a better home. I need to go shopping for some new clothes and I really need to cut my hair before everyone I know does it, and then I look like I'm copying everyone. I hate that. I think I'll cut it chin length and get blonde highlights. I need to find a Goodwill to shop at. But I bet all the good clothes are bought up in Austin. I don't want to go to one of those expensive vintage stores on the drag though. Oh, less than 40 seconds left. Now I'm just thinking about the forty seconds and where I'm going to get cut off and that's strange. Is it going to stop me? Or am I ",n,n,y,n,y

2003\_35.txt,"I find it hard to write what I am thinking probably because I am always thinking of several things and it is hard to focus on one. But this weekend's events seem to come to mind. I had a really fun weekend. It is not just that I hate school and I needed a break, I honestly don't feel like I am really in college. I just feel like I am going through the motions. It hasn't really set in yet. But right not I am at a friends apartment where a couple of my friends and I have stayed these past couple of nights. A friend is watching Office Space in the background and I love that movie. It is a great movie and I find it amazing how you can relate much of your life to that movie. I just realized how dramatic I find my life. I make a big deal out of little things. I guess it is my way of dealing with the stress in my life. I make things into a huge deal so it seems too ridiculous to be upset about something that it doesn't bother me anymore. Especially when it comes to boys. I find them to be a huge headache. When a relationship doesn't work out I find it easier to be upset and hurt about it and make it not a big deal because once I am finished ranting and raving, it seems kind of silly. Besides it is easier to be upset at someone than it is to try and get over those feelings you had for them. But the thing about that is you can't hate them. Because in order to hate someone you have to have significantly cared for them at one time or another. The people that hurt you the most are the people that are the closest to you. And I don't want to the people I am mad to know that they have impacted my life to the extent where I am capable of hating them for hurting me. I don't know, it may sound complicated, but it works for me. Some people think I am a very complicated person, but I don't think I am. I consider myself to be an honest person and in return I expect your honesty in return. Don't bother lying to me. Don't waste my time. Time is always something that I lack. There aren't enough hours in the day. Ever since college I find myself sleeping at doing homework and hanging out at odd hours of the day. Just yesterday my friends and I went to 6th Street, went to eat and then came back to our friends apartment to swim at 6:00 in the morning. But I guess that is college. I am really looking forward to what the year holds for me. People here in Austin are really nice. There are some weirdoes, but overall I like it here. I think I made the right decision about college. Life is great. It really is. ",y,n,n,y,y

2003\_38.txt,"Why can I not think of anything to type the moment when I click the start link? This is so weird, I just hungry everytime after I am done showering. Why is that? Is it because while I am showering my body also takes the food away from my stomach? I wonder why my feet are so smelly even though I have already taken a shower. My roommate seems to be busy all the time and never seem to have any time to chill or hang out with me and some other people. I think that guy in the SPE meeting today was pretty cute. Hopefully I will be able to meet him sometime. Wow, it is getting pretty late right now and I am getting a little bit sleepy. I took the Pretesting for the psychology required experiment testing and it was really long! It was so detailed that I was about to give up and continue it some other time and go to sleep instead. Man, I really don't know what to do about Calculus. I seem to be struggling in all of my math classes and if I still don't get help by next Monday, I will be screwed. I feel kind of floaty? Is that the word to describe it? My feet are really cold right now, I wonder why. My hands are a little cold too. Hmm. I think it's because that the temperature in this room is getting lower and lower. I really want the temperature to go up a little more if not it's going to be freezing in here like my other friends' dorms at Jester West. Man. I still have 3 more classes tomorrow but good thing that I don't have any classes on Friday! Yay! I think I am going to return the dark blue flip-flops since it seems to be hard for me to find something that will match with it. If not, I can ask my sister if she wants to buy it from me or not. Hopefully she would want it so then I wouldn't have to make a trip back to the mall to return it. I am feeling really tired and sleepy right now. I wish I can go to sleep but I have to get some work done before it will be too late. Hopefully I will be able to go back to Houston sometime this or next weekend. I really want to see my cute little brother! I miss him a lot! Ouch, my right arm is aching now. I think it's because I have been using the computer too much and typing a lot. I think I really do need a break from the computer. Where is he? I really want to talk to him but it seems like he is either always away or I talk to him and he never replies. That is really annoying. My contacts feel a kind of weird. I think I should take them out and put on my glasses instead. Hmm. I really do wonder why my roommate has to leave that music on forever. Is it because it soothes her from all of the pain and stress through out the day? That's probably the reason why. I really do wonder why she wants to be a vegetarian. I think it's quite interesting even though I really don't think I can live without eating any meat in my life. Meat is just too good. I wonder why one of my friends today acted kind of strange. I think she probably felt bad for me for not being able to make it in time to eat dinner with me or it's probably because that she wants to find out something that has to do with either me or this other friend of mine. I think that it really annoys me a lot when she acts in this immature way and causes me to not be able to trust her even more. A few of my friends on AIM are messaging me and I am trying to reply to them even though I am concentrating on typing this up. She was asking me about whether I will be going to the next football game or not. Should I go? But I think that the tickets is going to be rather expensive but going to one wouldn't be that bad since I have never gone to one before. Man. it's only been a few days of my first classes in college and I am gradually starting to hate it. Why do college math professors just scribble random things on the board? I mean can they at least have a little bit more organization? It makes me so confused on understanding the material and I can't even figure out how to solve the homework problems. I wish I can change my calc professor but I think that is going to be impossible. Ouch, both of my arms hurt now, I think I should be getting off the computer really soon. An individual sports package? What is that? For 40 dollars? I really don't know if I should get it because I don't really want to spend all of my money on football tickets. All right, I think my time is almost up and I am so happy I can go to sleep now! ",n,y,y,y,n

2003\_39.txt,"My feelings and thoughts about everything in general are very complicated or confusing. I have thoughts of school work which seems to be very normal as being a freshman in this huge world. I feel lost sometimes, not in school but in general. Lost as in a sense do I belong in this society or will I make a difference in the world? I feel betrayed from lovers and friends. I feel loved my family members but also frightened that I will not make them proud. I have done everything I can to be the person that I can be and I am scared that they will not accept me for. I feel that I have lived their life and they are pushing me to become what they didn't. I feel hurt and I wish that they would just let me go and be just me"". I feel that they are holding me back from the rest of the world. Why won't they just let me survive by myself? Why do they continuously brand me as this little girl who will never do anything wrong? I think that it is all out of love but I am scared that if they keep this up that I will not want to go back to them and live life on my own. Smells that I have come across are well just the typical smells. Food, sweat, laundry on the way to my room, and sweet smells of different types of perfumes, detergent, soap, and whatever else people have. Inner smells I have come across are aromas of hard work and dedication. I see people and how they react to things. I see their facial expressions and I realize that they are human to. I can smell the fear or excitement in them. I can sense the fragility or strengths in them. I can smell a sense of belonging and acceptance. As I walk every day around campus and I look back on my life, I realize that I have worked up to this level and I am satisfied with my self. I look at the upper classmen and I realize that soon I will be in their place. I will be the head of the school holding a torch as the new students arrive setting a path for them to follow. I will be a leader and a part of the legend of the University of Texas at Austin. I will be a hero in accomplishing the difficult and the easy. I will be a survivor. I also think about life in general. I thank the LORD every night that I am alive and experiencing this great joy. I can hear my parents approval and my family's cry for love and if they could only be here while I live the life of a college student starting fresh in this huge society. I thank GOD every day that I have parents and a family that support me and back me up in everything that I do and that I will do. I thank GOD for my friends that accept me for who I am and that they will not change for me or anyone else. I thank GOD for the will power and the confidence that I am able to hold my head up proud and strong. I thank HIM for the love and affection of others. I thank HIM for the ability to be able to be myself. To have a life of my own and the free will to make decisions. I tell myself that I am lucky to be in the place I am in. I thank him for allowing me to make the right choices along the way leading me in this direction and that I may be able to stay in this direction. I thank HIM for keeping me healthy and alive. I think that I am a person full of faith and serenity. I am person full of heart and love. Like my name means, I am a person of ""STRENGTH"". I find it funny because I am a person that stands exactly 5 feet and I am tiny. But inside I am full of life and energy. I am strong in nature and in love. I am strong on the inside as well as the outside. I was brought up to be strong in the mind as well as in the body. I am a warrior of many things and I am a survivor like I said before. I am a lady, a friend, an athlete, a motivator, as well as a person of high standards. I am not anyone else nor do I desire to be. I am who I am and I am proud of that. I am many things but most of all I am ""ME"". ",y,n,y,y,n

2003\_40.txt,"Okay. this keyboard is weird. the buttons are all flat and wide and the mouse is part of the laptop. ergh this is going to be hard to get used to. why does Dell make their E crooked? Does it make it look cool to them? Ugh. I have to stop backspacing that's not the point of this thing. ooh. someone's on their I'M. I haven't talked to Radhika in about 4 days. I wonder if she is annoyed that I still call at least twice a week. I need to get out more . I've only made 2 friends since I've been here. well not really, I guess Jaime and that weird girl across the hall from Michelle count. I haven't started getting friendly with anyone in any of my classes and that's going to bad when, my foot is asleep. studying crap needs to get done. Why does Brynn always sleep. I have to walk on eggshells if she is constantly napping. isn't the 20 minutes up yet? This is taking forever and my hands are colder I wonder if that saying about guys being turned on when their hands are cold is true. This chair's uncomfortable. At least I organized my junk some. I need to buy paper towels next time I go to the store. I'm kind of hungry but I've already had about 700 calories today. these keys are so weird. I keep missing letters because they're not where they're supposed to be. good I wrote the right type of they're and not their. I hate when people mix up their spellings. I probably did in this thing. I hope no one reads it. I have nothing of substance ever going on in my head. I like the clicky noises the laptop makes. I wonder if I'll be able to connect wirelessly now that I bought that card thing. I'll have to find those place things where wireless can be used. I bet the school lied about them being almost everywhere. wankers. ugh I keep hitting the mouse thing. it'll take forever to get used to this thing. 9 and a half minutes to go. come oonnnnn. I don't want to do this anymore. at least I won't have to do a research paper for this class. and the writing seems to be easy so far. My shoulders hurt and my fingers are still cold. Will these people please stop loitering in front of our door. so freaking rude. Now the pain's spreading to my neck. I need a break . wonder if I'm getting carpel tunnel Not again. Damn computer. why did I want a laptop so much. not worth it. stupid Dell . need to stretch. 7 minutes. I have to do French after this. why is that class taking up so much of my time. I need more free time. why can't it be like it was the first week that was nice. Why does. oh crap this is showing up on-line. people are going to read this. What kind of loser would waste their time doing that. I sure as hell don't have time for anything much more than homework and trying to get in a nap somewhere. How can people sleep on the grass? Don't bugs fly in their ears and noses. don't they worry about the sun damage they're. am I the only one around here who uses sun block. why am I only writing in question form? stop. stop. thinking about my fingers which are still cold and pretty dry looking. Now what was that? What are you doing computer don't disconnect my I'M! Damn you, I didn't tell you to do that. piece of crap. Still hungry maybe I can type and reach over for a granola bar at once. Do circus people ever get bored entertaining ungrateful idiots? Do PeTA and those SpCA people check up on them to make sure they don't mistreat the tigers and elephants and stuff. Oh almost done thank you. woohooo! Continue writing my butt! ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_42.txt,"Wow, this is incredibly hard to follow my thoughts when I am focused on this. It is too hot outside, I really don't want to walk all the way over to Burdine today. My head hurts. College is so stressful, and I feel like I have a heavy weight on my chest. My roommate is annoying. She does not go to sleep until after 3 in the morning, and I can't sleep with the lights on. I am absolutely exhausted. I don't like NYPD Blue. Why aren't there any good shows on when I am actually in my room and able to watch TV? My head is starting to hurt more. I am straining my eyes too much. My chair is in a really awkward position with my keyboard. I don't know how I am going to write for 20 minutes. It has only been 5 minutes and it seems like an eternity. Cherry coke is yummy. Stupid computer! It keeps freezing up on me. I hate technology. Our room looks so unbalanced. My side is really decorated and my VI equipment takes up a lot of room, but my roommate's side is very bare. She isn't a very decorative person anyway. One of my friends is coming to visit on Saturday while her husband is at the UT vs. Arkansas game. I am nervous about seeing her. She is worried about me and wants to spend time talking. I don't know what I am going to tell her, because I don't want her to be disappointed in me. I am such a horrible person. I don't know why I am the way I am. It really hurts. She wants me to go and see a secular psychologist if I get desperate enough, but I don't like psychologists. Especially if I don't know them. There is nothing wrong with me though. It is all a matter of learning to bury bad things inside of you. I miss my friend Amanda. I talked to her last night. Skittles are cute and yummy. They are so colorful. They cheer me up. My heel hurts from resting my feet on my hard drive. I am thirsty. I think I will take a sip of my cherry coke now. Wow, it has only been 11 minutes. My tummy hurts. When I get nervous my tummy gets upset. I really need to wash out my cereal bowl from last night. But I am too tired right now. Maybe later. The weather can't decide what it wants to do. It goes back and forth from being sunny and cloudy. I like it cloudy because the sun hurts my eyes and it is so very hot. Plus I am allergic to the sun, and I break out every time I am in it for any length of time. So not a good thing. I cut my finger on my soup can the other night. I have so much homework to do and I don't know how I am going to get it all done. The Psychology book is so boring. I can't get into it to read for any length of time. I miss my drill team. I won't get to see them until Christmas break. It was such a huge part of my life for the last 4 years that I am lost without it now. My friend Heather has a bad cold. I took her a care package two days ago. I wonder how she is feeling. OUCH! I rolled my foot wrong. That hurt. When are my twenty minutes going to be up? I am getting tired of writing. This is a very odd assignment. I hope I am doing it right. Oh well if I am not. My head itches. Hmmm. That's interesting. My lips are really chapped. They kinda hurt. I wonder where I put my carmez. Just another minute and a half. Hmmm. I hope it does not rain today since my class is all the way across campus. That would not be enjoyable. Especially since I carry my laptop with me. Well my time is almost up. Ten seconds. Yay I am almost through. ",n,y,n,n,n

2003\_43.txt,I'm just sitting on the computer. I miss my sister and family and I want to go home soon but I have so much homework to do and my first exam on Friday. I'm so scared bout the exam because I'm not at all good at science and I really want a good grade but don't really understand what's going on. and biology is so hard man I'm totally lost and the teacher goes so fast that I feel more lost. I don't know if ill ever get to fully catch up to where I'm supposed to be. I can't wait to relax this weekend though and go out with friends and just have fun because this week as been kind of stressful. I really want to meet some more indian people here so I can get to know more freshman and find a guy soon. I really don't need one but it be nice to have one. man I'm so full from eating. I don't think I can eat anything now for the whole day. but I'm getting so tired of Jester City Limit food. I'm really craving some indian food man I miss it so much. I really miss my little sister too and her hyper and cheerful self. she always brought a smile to my face. I really need to go study but I'm too lazy to get up now. I miss all my friends back in dallas and the only way I can talk to them is online so my room mate always makes fun of me because I'm always sitting on the computer. gosh shane is so mean to me man. I actually think I might like him but he lives in new york n that's too far but he is such a nice guy most of the time but can be such a punk. man its only like 10 minutes now I have to write for another 10 more. haha. I love psych class man n I think its really cool especially because I think its so interesting but it really sucks that I didn't pass the AP exam. chem class is cool because she does so many experiments but I wish I knew more of what was going on in there. man there are so many smart people in my class that I feel so dumb. I graduated #2 and was #1 for 3 yrs but feel so dumb here because so many people are so much smarter. I really want to get up and feel smart again like I did in high school. haha. wow its getting really cold in the room now but my room mate is always hot. she is weird. hehe. man I can't believe its already 930 I got so much to do. the days have gone by so fast since I got here! its flying by faster than I can even handle or take in man! I want to go to the study lounge later to meet up with all the new freshman but I know I won't get anything done if I do. but ill think ill go by anyway. hehe. man I really miss going to my orthodox church. the catholic one here is ok but I really miss my service. I think I'm getting home sick now but I love college life. my parents shelter me way to much and I didn't have much independence and that's what I love about college. I can make my own decisions but only problem is that its harder to discipline myself without them here and to actually do school work. hehe. alright well time is almost up now so I think I should stop writing. man I write a lot. and now its off to study. I don't feel like it but I guess I should. hehe. man I can't type properly anymore because of all the slang and abbreviations I use on the internet. haha. ugh guys really piss me off sometimes. they r so stupid and pick fights to make u feel bad then say they're just kidding. ughhh. anyways I should really go study now. ,y,y,y,n,y

2003\_45.txt,"So here I am sitting at my computer. I am supposed to be doing my homework that I put off all week, I guess you could call this homework though. Its a little cold in here, I haven't taken a shower yet. I hope my roommate doesn't just come home and I'm still sitting here in my pajamas. she goes to san antonio every weekend to see her family and boyfriend. I wish I could go home to see my family and friends. but I don't have the money. I hate my job. I wish it were more like my old job at home. scott was so nice there and here tj just seems like a jerk. maybe I'll get transferred to a closer store. probably not though. I'm hungry and my feet are cold. I wonder why it is that whenever I get hungry I get cold, or maybe its the other way around, whenever I get cold I get hungry. I don't think the second floor dining opens until 4:30, if even that, I can't remember the hours for the weekend. my cell phone is ringing. I really wish my new cell phone would get here. ever since I dropped this one on the way to class it just randomly calls and hangs up and sends me messages, most of them are old by the time I get them, or were sent earlier in the day. I should really take a shower, I feel sticky. I think its from the ice cream. I just finished watching solaris. it was an ok movie, not as good as greg said it was going to be but interesting at least. the whole basis of it was that your basis of reality isn't really what reality is, and who's to determine what reality is anyways. its a pretty far fetched concept. and on a better day I might think about that, but today I've got bigger things to worry about. I like biology, dr pierson is very focused on teaching us to learn, which I think is cool for a professor. they tell you in high school that when you get to college, especially a big college like this one that you are all on your own and if you haven't developed good study skills before you get here you are for sure going to fail. but its just not true. I would have thought people here would be less worried about how we were doing and how we were understanding things, but everyone seems to really care. I wonder how long that will last. that's another thing about living here. in dallas no one really cares. I mean duncanville sure people do, its a smaller town, but if you were to go downtown and ask someone for directions they would probably think you were crazy. here people are much more friendly. just yesterday I was riding the bus home from wal-mart and you know riding the metro's around here you run into all kinds of strange and interesting people, and this older black guy and a group of punk kids gets on the bus. and the kids were so rude to him, and talking to him like he was stupid and making fun of him right to his face and everything. they didn't know him anymore than I did, and sure it was apparent that all of his crayons weren't in the box but it amazed me how disrespectful they were to him. so I said something, and it wasn't even mean, I just started asking them how old they were and how much they thought they knew in the few years they had lived. none of them answered of course, and it really wasn't my place to say, but they shut up. now they got off the bus quickly, but the older guy stayed on and talked to me for awhile. he was nice enough, he had some sort of speech issue. it was like talking to my grandpa after his stroke but much faster. I couldn't tell if he didn't know the words or if his brain couldn't unscramble the words. that's what my grandpa used to say. he didn't talk much after his last stroke, and the doctors couldn't help him if he couldn't tell them what he wanted. and finally one day my mom asked him why he looked angry all the time. and he told her he knew what he wanted to say but when he opened his mouth to say it it came out all scrambled up. so it had to sit and think about it a second time to be sure it came out right. and it wore him down and it made him tired so he just didn't say much. he understood everything we were saying but the delay for him aggravated him so he didn't want to deal with it. its sad ya know. he is very smart, and he is seen so much to tell about, I hope he gets thru this. my mom says he is getting better. I think probably one of the worst diseases must be alztiemers. I know that's not what he is got, but just this small glimpse is scary to me. I couldn't' imagine living thru it. hopefully by the time I get that old they will have figured out a way to fix it. why did I buy two packs of gum? I went to Wal-Mart yesterday and for whatever reason I bought two packs of gum. I don't' even chew gum that often. maybe I bought one for aida. she is probably going to come home soon, I think she was catching the 3pm bus out of san antonio. I'm going home next weekend. I'm supposed to catch a bus at 4 and get to dallas at 7:45. I guess we'll have to make some stops because I've never gone to dallas or to here and it taken longer than 3 hours. but I probably speed a little. and tj is just going to have to deal with me not being here. I told him two weeks ago not to schedule me on Friday, sat, or sundays because I didn't know when I was going out of town. and what did he do? schedule me for this Friday. well I already bought the tickets and if I don't go home this weekend I'm going to go crazy. I miss the stupid things, like tricia singing in the shower. that child is so tone deaf its not even funny. or mom knowing all the lyrics to every disney channel song. I miss my chinchilla. his name is mistletoe. I got him for christmas two years ago from my biological father. I don't talk to him anymore. I wonder if he even knows I'm here. samantha knows, I remember telling her last christmas. that's what sux about all this though. I mean its bad that me and russell can't work things out, but that's our issue, but because of it I can't talk to samantha, which isn't fair to her. what did she ever do to deserve this? it wasn't her choice. and nobody ever asked her. what will she think when she grows up and I haven't been there for her prom and her college years and all that. will she blame me? I don't know. well I should really go take a shower. my roommate is coming soon. thanks for listening. ",y,n,n,y,n

2003\_46.txt,"well, here I am. writing this essay. ok sorry that was a bit corny. you know. well I just got done taking my first college test in chemistry. it wasn't too bad I guess. but the fact that I stayed you till 2:30 in the morning didn't help much. last night I went to a place called posse. it's a bar that a lot of the people in the band go to. I had a blast! of course I drove and so I had to drive back which wouldn't have been so bad except that it was raining last night. I have a C parking permit. yeah. it's the one that makes you park across the interstate. can you see me running across the interstate soaking wet? it wasn't too much fun. but I got here and got my materials, and started studying in my soaking wet clothes (I had to stay clothed cause I was in my hallway. my roommate was asleep and I didn't want to wake him up. ) I studied a bit, and then got kinda bored with it so I went and got my guitar and played it out in my hallway. I'm pretty sure I broke some rule about quiet hours, but it didn't seem to bother anyone. I was quiet and the songs were soft and pretty. I like to play guitar before I go to bed. it helps me wind down. actually I like to play the guitar anyways. it's such a chick magnet. I have gotten a lot of play just cause I can play the guitar. it's nice. and it's therapeutic. playing guitar that is. I would expect getting booty is pretty therapeutic in some way, but that's not what I'm talking about. it helps me with my problems. I'm not too sure how. well, I guess it just helps me express my emotions and get them out of my system. I like it anyways. I love music. not only listening to it, but performing it as well. I'm in the longhorn band! now that kicks total ass! I mean it's huge, it's a lot of fun, and we get into all the games for free! and actually, this is the best part, WE GET PAID TO GO TO THE OU GAME! YES, THAT'S RIGHT, THEY GIVE US MONEY TO GO TO THE OU GAME! I love thinking about that. all those poor kids with their bracelets. oh well. such is life. I love football too! and what better place to go than here! our football team kicks ass!@! ok. so I don't know where to go from here. hmm. I guess I could talk about how weird it is that when we're asked to think about anything the first thing we do is well, not really think. ya know? is that due to nervousness? is it just some bad habit that teenagers and adults of late have acquired? who knows. I was talking to a friend in your class and she said that she was going to have a hard time wetting this. I think this is pretty easy. I'm fairly scatterbrained so it's cool. I've been noticing this more and more lately. I know I don't have add or anything, but I find myself being absent minded every once in a while. I wonder if add is a real thing. I mean I never really disputed it, but I have friends that think that add is a problem of will power. but who knows. alright. 4 minutes left. what shall I write about for 4 minutes. I'm sure there are some other ramblings I could think of. I play the sax. yeah. I like it. my biology class sucks, both of them really. my 212 is better than my 211 but who cares. I guess I should learn to like them though cause biology is my major. I want to go premed. and become a surgeon. we'll see how that goes I guess. if I don't make it in that, I'll probably switch to music. it would be nice and a music degree from UT has literally a 100% job acceptance rate. that is no lie. and that's a really good deal. we have a great music program here. we also have an awesome social life here. there's always something to do and someone to talk to . ooooooooooohhhh! less than a minute! almost through! what should I write!?!?! I don't know! oh I know! I'll write about ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_47.txt,"Well I'm sitting at my computer and I don't really have much to say. For some reason I feel as though my mind is completely blank. My roommate just walked out the door and he is about to get ready for class. I am so tired right now. Last night I was up with no thoughts in my head. I was just not able to sleep for some reason. I really hope that this school year goes good for me. I know it is going to be tough but it will be worth it. I have always dreamt of coming to college and now that I am finally here it still seems like a dream. I guess its just hard to believe that I'm on my own, six hours from home. I miss my old friends and my girlfriend, Laura, I can't wait to see here this weekend. Football season is about to start and I am getting so excited to see my first Longhorn game. My mind just went blank again. no thoughts. I think I just used to many dots between words. My nose itches. I need to use the bathroom, but I still have eleven minutes to go on this assignment, and I don't want to stop now. For some reason it seems as though I have been here typing for a long time but really I haven't even typed much. Maybe I type slow. I'm trying to think of what to type now. It seems so easy. ?Just type what you are thinking at the moment?, maybe I'm trying to hard. The phone is ringing. I guess I'll get it. it is was my mom. Yes, she is going to put money in my bank account. That sounds good to me because I could really use it right now. It looks as though I have barely typed anything. I'm not sure how long this should be or what the instructor expects out of this piece of writing. Man I'm thirsty. I could use a spite or a cold coke. Maybe I'll go get one in a little while, or not cause I need to save money. It's tough not having a job and wanting so much. I'm just used to having money to spend on so much stuff that I don't even need in the first place. Six more minutes and I will be done. It actually seems like a long time, but so far it has gone by pretty quick. I wonder how my dog is doing. I hope my mom is feeding her just as I said, and giving her lots of water. She needs that especially in the hot sun. I can't wait to go home and have her jump on me. No thoughts. still none. I think I'm getting addicted to the dot thing. Two more minutes to go and now my eyes are glued to the clock. Every second seems to go by slower and slower now. I really don't want to drive home this weekend. I wish I could fly, but I'll be alright. I just really don't like driving six hours it gets really boring just sitting there doing nothing but paying attention to the road. Well it's been twenty minutes so I guess I'm done. ",n,n,y,y,n

2003\_51.txt,"I've never sat here like this before and jotted down my thoughts. Despite them being my thoughts, I don't think much about them. Every time I hear my roommate, Charles, play the saxophone, I think of my brother Marlon back at home. (I thought of this because he is practicing on it now. ) School. This year I'm trying to make straight A's because I crashed and burned my 1st two semesters. Some say it wasn't really a crash and burn. I received a 2. 4 G. P. A. It's definitely not what I was aiming at. I don't know what's wrong though. I set aside a lot of time to study, but I could just never pull through on tests. Some people suggested I have ADD. I always think about whether or not I have ADD. I've usually dismiss the possibility that I do, because that might be just the easy"" way out. What if it's not ADD? Just me having bad study habits. I don't know. I always worry about school. 'm going to see a counselor about it. Crew. I can't wait 'till tomorrow morning. We have another practice with Texas Rowing Crew bright and early in the morning. 5:30 practice that is. I found seven people that are trying out for crew too that are living in my apartment complex. In one building over no less. Heather just left. I just got back from dropping her off. Heather's my girlfriend of 2 yrs going on 3. She plays goaltender on the St. Edwards girls soccer team and is having a tournament in Oklahoma for the weekend, getting back late Sunday night. Charles stopped, and is now watching television in the living room. I think that is one reason I can hardly get any studying done in this apartment. There are too many distractions. Plus my bed is so comfortable. Having to wake up so early sort of makes me tired. I learned today that people with a regular sleep cycle tend to have better concentrations than do people with a sporadic sleep cycle. That's what I have. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, I wake up at 4:30 and on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday, I wake up at 7:30. I never gave much attention to my sleeping habits, but now I'm taking a study strategies course that is hopefully going to help me make better grades. I want to make straight A's this semester because in doing so, it will raise my G. P. A. to a 2. 7. Still no where near where I want to be, but its a start in the right direction. 10 more minutes. Speaking of sleepiness, I am feeling very, very sleepy right now. My eyes are getting heavy and my head is tilting. But I'm fighting it because I am in the middle of an assignment. I just looked at Professor Pennebaker's old tests and I do not remember going over some of those things in the book or in lecture. I hope that there was a different curriculum last year. Psychology is the only class I'm all too worried about. I feel like I have no control in this class. I feel like this class overburdens me. I'm used to reading material and having the professor reiterate what I had just learned. I guess that's something about college everybody has to learn. I just don't want to learn it the hard way. So I'm starting to form a study group. I really think these will help a lot. Although I hope the other people in the group are not thinking I'm using them for their notes. I'm not a good note taker, and I'll probably want to copy them from them. I also formed more study groups in each of my 4 classes. I'm a 12 hour student. That's another thing that gets me all depressed. I feel I might have clinical depression. It's something I'm checking out with a counselor next thursday. Four more minutes. I'm getting even more and more tired than ever. I will definitely nap after this writing assignment. My glasses are bothering me and my throat is so dry. My brain is going on hold for a second as I take a swig of water. Ok. I bought one of those Nalgene water bottles. What's the deal with those anyway? They make them so expensive, and I see everybody has one. So, naturally, I had to get one for myself. Two more minutes. I am counting down this assignment to be over because I'm just that tired. I am assuming their will be some sort of punishment to press the finish button early, so I stop myself from doing that. Wow, 50 seconds. I am very ready to take a nap. 30 seconds. Almost there. Man, I'm going to have to get Charles to shut that TV up when I ",n,n,y,y,n

2003\_53.txt,"I forgot that we were going to be timed, I wonder if we have to type well, I wonder if everything has to be in complete sentences or even have the correct use of grammar. This is kind of harder than I thought. So should I go back and re-write my first phrases in complete sentences? Oh well, I don't think I will. I'll just keep going. I need to keep typing about something. I need to type what I'm feeling. I'm feeling a little stressed because I have to keep typing all this time. I wonder how long this should be, especially if I have to keep typing for a whole twenty minutes. It's only been three minutes. Geez! I thought this was going to be an easy assignment. Well, it is relatively easy. It's just different from what I expected. I wonder if sarah and Christen have gone to bed yet. I never know how late they stay up because I'm always. oh my phone is ringing! But I can't pick it up because I have to keep typing. Oh well. They can wait. I bet it's Larry. I still haven't met him. But Liz said he wasn't even that cute. He is a sophomore though, so he has at least been interesting to talk to over the phone. I need to call Jennie and make sure we can all go out on Friday night. My shoulder is sore. I wish I was a professional athlete who received massages after working-out. That would be so nice. I can't believe I ate those Tiffany's Treats cookies. I hate that. It takes so much energy for me to get motivated to walk all the way over to the gym and then run three miles. But then I just come home and waste all of the calories I burned off on cookies. I wonder why I get those cravings for sweets. I keep thinking that it would be so easy for me to just cut out all sweets from my diet. I'm running around the track in such pain. I really hate to run. Well, I guess I don't hate it. It does feel good at times, like after you're done and you've accomplished three miles. But while in the middle of the actual running it feels so hard! It takes a lot of mental strength as well as physical strength because you just keep thinking about how much nicer it would be to just stop. I wonder who is actually going to read this? I hope no one expects me to be a proliferated prowess. I don't know if that even makes sense. Natalie, my friend at BYU wrote that today in her email. I have such respect for people with an abundant vocabulary. I feel that way mostly because I lack the. see I can't even think of the words. I lack the ability to think of the words. The bottom line is I need to work on my vocab because I just don't have that thirst for expanding my vocab unlike Natalie. However, I did pick up a pocket dictionary and a thesaurus while I was getting my school supplies. I realized that my spelling abilities were quite embarrassing. But then ironically when I finally took the time to look up certain words for their correct spelling, I couldn't find them in my dictionary! I never look words up because I just lacked the motivation and then when I finally tried to change my ways and be picky and start paying attention to details, like how words were spelled, they weren't in the dictionary! It just goes to show that I can try but I'm pretty sure that there will never be a drastic change in my abilities to spell or expand my vocabulary. Maybe I need to read more. I need to read the newspaper everyday. I hated hearing that I had to pick up and read a news paper for my government class. My neck still hurts. I need a massage. I would love to just get massages all the time. That would be so nice. I only have two minutes left. It feels like I haven't been typing for very long. I think typing messages to my friends on instant messenger has made me a better typer. I still can't type very fast. almost done. 30 seconds. wow this is a long 10 seconds. ",y,n,n,n,y

2003\_55.txt,"right now, I am in a really good mood, I don't really know why because this morning I was so dead, and I thought I would feel like that all day, but I woke up sometime between biology and economics. last night sucked. everyone else was having so much fun, but I was exhausted and just couldn't really get into it. I don't know how people do it every night! I am so worn out every day! I just need to take a few days off to sleep. I am so mad that our zeta retreat is the weekend of austin city limits! I have to get out of it somehow. my stomach kind of hurts right now, and I really need to go running, so I hope it goes away. my friend megan has an eating disorder I think. she constantly tells us how much weight she is lost recently, and its getting so annoying. I really miss zachary. thank god he called and woke me up this morning or else I would have never woken up. and I really miss my dog. I think I have an unhealthy relationship with my dog. thank god I'm taking psychology. haha I literally miss her more than my parents! I hope fiji is fun tonight. it probably will be. I always have the most fun with the fiji guys. they are so nice and fun to hang around with. it is such a nice day outside. I would much rather be out enjoying it then writing this. just kidding! it was not cool last night when so many people came into my room and woke me up! I was in such a deep sleep too! no wonder I was tired this morning. okay now my roommate is going outside. just like I wanted to! she is cool as shit. she is just so herself, and I think that's awesome. sometimes I wish I could be more like that. I am a fairly independent person, but I know I follow the trend a lot too. I hope I do well at the tryouts for the dance team. that would be so cool! I miss dance so much! I can't believe I quit - I am such an idiot! dance was always such an outlet for me and when I quit, things kind of started going downhill, so hopefully I can start back up. I seriously think I've gained the freshman 100! for some reason when I get stressed out I start to eat. a lot. I need to get control! I think its so funny how all of the girls from hardin house and srd are constantly at towers. I love living here, it is so free and fun all the time. it's so weird how music means so much to some people and so little to others. I think I'm kind of in between. I love music, but it certainly isn't my life. there are definitely times in my life when music plays a key role. ugh. cooper, why did he become so annoying!? he used to be so funny and nice. I wonder what my sister is doing right now. I miss her about the same as I miss my pooch. she is so sweet. I hope she is okay. I worry about her all the time, I just hope she is okay. it worries me how introverted she is. I am the complete opposite! I spill my guts to anyone that will listen and she won't open up to anybody. I know that she is going through a really hard time right now with mom and papa, and with me leaving. god she looked up to me so much :( I really need to stretch. I think running will be good for me today. I need to burn off some steam for sure. I wonder how molly is doing. I haven't talked to her in awhile. I feel bad because she called me a lot when school started, and I was always so busy and couldn't' ever call her back. now she hasn't been answering when I call, so I hope she is at least having fun. I bet she is met so many hot colorado guys. why can't I find a guy? they are all so worthless. all the freshmen guys care about right now is pledging and getting a piece of ass. both of which I am not going to do right now. well except for pledging. duh. zeta. why didn't I get my first choice! I really want to know what I did wrong. all of my friends got their first choice, and I am really nice and outgoing, it should have been a breeze. why did I spill my guts that night about it to nathan. I am such a dumbass. oh well, it happens to the best of us. well time to go run! ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_57.txt,"Ummm this is sorta weird. I think its odd that we have to write for 20 minutes about what is going through are heads. I know that sometimes I don't know that I am thinking about something. but I am sure that it is happening. Like when I exercise. I normally don't think about any thing? Or am I? Great now everytime I exercise I am going to think about what I am thinking about and that is going to take away from the effort I put into my workouts. Damm. I should have stayed at the gym longer today. 30 minutes of cardio is not enough. I was not as tired as a seemed. I could be there right now, still burning calories away on the weights or cardio. Are we supposed to go back and read this for mistakes or just submit it because I keep rereading what I wrote that doesn't seem like what we are supposed to be doing. Oh well, I'm a horrible typer. Uhhhhhhh that shower felt good a bit ago but I wish that I had brushed my hair before I decided to start typing. its hanging all around my face and its annoying. Wonder what the meeting is going to be like tonight. I wonder how much different it will be then Crew. Do I really want to get involved in rowing again? Yes. Do I want to do it with a team? Yes. Why because I push myself harder but I also get tired easier. Grades are important. But so is having fun. Rowing = fun. Women's rowing. supposedly they pay for it all, all the costs. What if they don't? Then I can't be on it, that will suck, then I will be sad and then I will have to do something else. But all the other organizations suck. I don't want to be with a bunch of stupid snotty girls in some lame sorority. I work for my money and pay for my car and cloths and food. Those girls whose parents pay for everything suck. I wish my parents could afford to pay 2000 a semester for me to be in something like that but no because I am a normal college student. Man rich people make me mad. I am never going to be rich. I have to do rowing I have to. ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm that was exciting. stupid sorority girls I am glad I punched hilary in the face. I really hope she has a huge bruise on her jaw. But I shoulda stayed there and let her take a swing at me instead of walking away like a little pussy. Naw, there was too many guys around there is no way that they would have let me hit her again. Especially after how hard I hit her the first time. I wish she had taken a swing at me though. That would have been exciting. I could tell everyone that I got in a fight with a girl. Not like I am trying to fight with people or anything. But she had no right to write that shit on my sisters shirt and tif was just going to take it. man if I was in tifs spot and hilary had written that on my shirt I would have had someone immediately tell me what it said I would have hunted her down in the party and whooped her so bad. but because tif isn't like me I had to do it instead. That makes no sense. It sucks having a twin. Wait it doesn't suck but I don't understand. Why did I get so mad about that. Would I have done that if hilary had written that on Audreys shirt? Probably not. Interesting. Ohhhhhh psychology could make an interesting case study out of me right now. Haha twins. why are people so interested in studying us. We are two separate people. Can't they understand that. I am glad that I didn't participate in that testing they wanted us to do last year. No way are you going to get me to sit in a sound proof room by myself with wires attached to my head, by myself for 1 hour. HA. You would have to pay me more then 40 to do that. And then they wanted me to answer a set of personal and non personal questions about myself. ohh they would remain confidential. So I don't want ANYBODY knowing about my sex life, drug use or problems or things I do to stay happy and be fit. That is my business. Man. and then they want to compare all my information to my sisters. the good twin and try to make me look bad. I can see it in the journal article now. 'A study at the university of texas reveals that twins have opposite personalities. If one had used drugs in the past this proves that. blah blah blah if one is fatter this means. blah blah blah. Erhhhhh I am not sure exactly how much I am going to like this class since it has to do with studying stuff like that. Man I am worried now about what I just wrote everything is so negative and m,ean. I am really not like that I am not in a bad mood either . it just feels like since we have to write this is all the stuff that I have been thinking about when FORCCED to write. I don't always think as mush as I have in the past 20 minutes. great almost done 30 seconds left. I am going to type really slow now just to finish. 20. glad I'm done ",y,n,n,y,n

2003\_58.txt,"This is my first year at UT Austin, and I feel nervous and confused about what is to come. I am not accustomed to all this work and it is really making me worried because I cannot keep up in all my classes. For one, I have so much to do in all my classes, and two, I live off-campus and it takes at least an hour to get back to my apartment. My roommates a complete slob and he leaves his stuff everywhere around the house; just yesterday I notice he is been eating out of some fried chicken that was left over from last saturday and has been sitting out on the counter for 5 days! I also want to keep up with my friends, but it is so hard because there is so much work. They're always asking me to go party with them on the weekends, but that is not something that I like to do. I don't drink and I don't plan on to and I am not interested in meeting girls because I am currently happy in my relationship. I've been going out with her for 10 months and one day. She is the best thing that has ever happened to me; sometimes I feel as if she cares for me then I care for myself. I've never felt like this before, specially with a member of the opposite sex. I don't have good looks to attract girls, but from what people tell me, I have a good personality. I listen to what others have to say. I listen to their problems and try to help them with their problems - I am not just saying this to suck up to a psychology professor, but I really do this. I am majoring in psychology; it is what I really want to do. Back to my girlfriend, she is currently going to UTSA and will be transferring to UT next year. What really bugs me though is how whenever I go to see her, my friends are always bugging me about Hey man, are you going to smash her?"" and my answer is ""NO. "" You can call me old-fashioned but I believe in abstinence. I am a virgin. It bugs others, but it doesn't bug me. I don't get how people can make love to multiple girls and not feel dirty about it. I know I would. I would never have sex with my girlfriend before we get married. I want to have that respect for her and just restrain myself from that. I mean, don't get me wrong, I love her. I want to make love to her, but I am not going to. I have morals. I was raised in a culture where dating was frowned upon. My parents had no problems with it as long as I didn't do anything - and I don't. I really like this girl, and I have thought of a future with her in the long run and I do not want to compromise that. I just wish that she would be here with me. As you can see, she means a lot to me and she is on my mind a lot. My major is psychology, but eventually I want to become a pediatrician or maybe even a psychiatrist - I don't know yet. It worries me that I will have to stay in school for another 8 years and that is a real long time but I feel that it is worth it, so I do not want to give up. I will try my best. Now I am sitting here not knowing how to word this paper because I am so accustomed to High School writing with 5 paragraphs and an introductory and conclusion, but the assignment was to simply state my feelings - so I am. It is raining outside right now. I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow because I have classes. It would not be fun walking drenched to philosophy 301 with Professor Bonevac. Philosophy also seems like an interesting class for me. Professor Bonevac is hilarious and is awesome to listen to (as you are). The rats with altered hypothalamuses were hilarious and they really made me think about all the technology that is out there. I know I am doing the right thing by taking all the classes I am to pursue my career. I am scared that my grades won't be able to cut it though. All these classes require a lot of reading, and reading isn't exactly my best subject. I am trying my best to keep up and continue with all the reading and continue with turning in my assignments on time. It is really hard but I think I should be all right. I am especially worried about this class, because the lectures are completely different from the textbook and I have to keep up on both and well - I am just a confused little man. My times running out and my brain is struggling to squeeze words out to finish up this assignment. I also have a chemistry exam tomorrow. YES tomorrow. So hopefully I'll do good at that because it seems relatively easy. I miss my parents. They are back in Houston. They don't want me to go visit them because they don't want me adding mileage to the car. So I am stuck in Austin til Thanksgiving. I'll go home, eat turkey, and come back sick. Yes, I do listen in class. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_59.txt,"Well, I have procrastinated on doing this assignment for long enough, and so I guess I should start working on it now. It's a thursday afternoon and all I'm doing is staying at the apartment to do this assignment. What a life! These stupid pop-ups keep on coming up, it's interrupting my thinking process. Let's see, I've been up here for about a month now, and I have yet been able to see and fun"" that everyone that went here or is going here claim. It's not that I want to be partying everyday, still I would like to see what's all the fuss's about. Then again, my life here at the apartment is great. I live with two roommates, each have their own eccentricity, still without them I would be bored out of my mind. These restaurants around here keep on posting flyers in front of my door- it's getting really annoying. I'm hungry, yet I don't want to go grab something to eat - does that make me lazy? Of course not! It's because I have to sit here for 20 minutes to write this assignment, yea that's it. During the day this place is so quiet, almost everyone that's living here goes to UT, so during the day they're at the campus. Maybe I should spend more time at the campus. Maybe that would help me get to know more people. I haven't made one single friend yet, well besides those people that I see in class everyday, those that I greet with a casual hello; however, I don't think of them as friends, just acquaintances. My computer desk keeps on shaking while I'm typing this, I should have brought a sturdier desk, but then how would it fit in here? This place is so cramped. Luckily, this weekend I'm going back home to Houston to get a bunk bed, and also to see my family and girlfriend of course. I miss my family very much, especially my dad. He have always been the strict yet caring figure that shadows every minute of my life up till now. Now, I have to be on my own, that's the only way that I will learn to grow up. I know he must be worried out of his mind right now, wondering what I'm doing up here, wondering how my health is, wondering how I'm doing in school, wondering how late I sleep, wondering how many times I eat in a day, etc. I know he worries, but the best I can do is call him every night just to let him know that I'm doing fine. I can't go back home, if I live with him, then he will take care of everything for me, then I will never learn to grow up. I miss my mom too, but I'm more attached to my dad because he is the only other male in our family of seven. The buses hear run pretty frequently, I just heard another bus pass by our apartment, this is pretty convenient. My roommate just got home, he is the bossy but cool one out of us. I'm like the normal one, well, besides my random outburst of course. My other roommate is the cool, quiet subtle one. It's always fun to pick on him, but we know our limits. Oh yea, VSA meeting is today, maybe I will get to know more people. Then again, I doubt it because I'm always quiet and reserved so I guess I won't talk much. Well, I'm going to wrap this up because the timer's about to run out. After this, I'm going to head to class, then it's VSA meeting. ",n,n,y,y,n

2003\_60.txt,"I'm wondering just what the point of this is. this is really boring, I wish I had something to eat, it's getting close to dinner time, maybe if I turn on the stereo this won't be so bad. it's really hot in my dorm room, this is still as boring as ever. I don't know how I'm going to be able to keep this up for twenty minutes. I can't help but stare at the posters to kill time. I'm particularly fond the print of Monet's sunset at Venice. There are so many things I'd rather be doing right now, like watching TV or sleeping. Well I'd much rather this have been a 5 minute stream of consciousness writing, since 6 minutes has lapsed. I wonder just how many of these the professor/TA's actually read. I know I wouldn't want to have to read any of these. Hopefully I did well on my biology test I took today. Tomorrow is my birthday and hopefully that will be cool. I still have a lot of reading to do tonight, which I will more than likely put off until sunday. Only ten minutes has gone by so far. this is incredibly boring, but at least it's not all that difficult. I thought last class's discussion was very interesting, however gruesome some of the experiments on the mice seemed. I can hear people talking out side. Normally I would find this disruptive, but now it's welcomed as it helps me think of more to write about. I wish I had a laptop so that I could type this elsewhere, and I think the heat from my computer contributes to my room's excessively high temperature. I wish I could go to the game saturday, but I didn't get a ticket. Last week's game was really exciting. Only one more minute. I just wish this were over with. I can't help but notice how disorganized my desk is, even this early in the school year. I can hear music playing in the next room. I wish my stereo system was that loud. ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_61.txt,"I think I'm trying to hard to write what I'm thinking which defeats the entire purpose of this paper, you aren't supposed to think about what you write, you're supposed to write what you think about. Wow, I was impressed with that little quote there. I cannot live without you. "" I've had that song stuck in my head all day long. It's a good song but I only know that much of it. I wish I could actually sing the rest of the words to that song instead of mumbling through them. I have a problem with singing lyrics. Why am I reading over what I have just wrote? I guess it's just a habit that I've gotten into after writing so many essays in my life. I usually despise essays. I love writing, just not essays. Hmmm. was that a pretty girl that just walked by? I just caught her foot as she passed my door. I think it was a pretty foot. I need to find a girlfriend. Girlfriends are great. Well, they can be. Depending on who it is. I loved my last girlfriend to death. I miss her so much. I hate not being able to see her any more. Curse age! Of course I do not wish I was 2 years younger but I do wish that she was 2 years older. Why did I bother to redo that sentence? I actually wrote 2 sentences and then combined them to make one. Am I following all of the rules to the ""Stream of Consciousness"" writing assignment? I wonder if you can determine if a person has ADD by reading a ""Stream of Consciousness"" paper. Hell, by the time you get done with mine, you will probably think I am. Hell, hell, hell, hell, that word just stuck in my head for some reason. I wonder if that means that I'm satanic. ""Thegreatjakobie"" just signed onto AOL instant messenger. ""I can't talk buddy! I'm writing what I think!"" Metacognition. Thinking about thinking. That is such a cool concept. I often think about MEtacognition so I guess I can say that I often think about thinking about thinking. That actually makes sense. ""I cannot live without you!. all that kjsoifl me, alkjsoithaj me, I cannot live without you!"" Damn words. I should probably learn them. I often spell a word that I know how to spell but it doesn't look right when I write it so I spend like 5 minutes trying to determine if it's spelled right. I'm thinking about that damn song again. My elbow hurts. It pops a lot. I wonder if that means it's going to fall off one day. I don't think it's healthy. I don't know anybody else who's elbow hurts and pops on a regular basis. ""Strike 3! You're out!"" I hate baseball, but it popped into my head when I spelled basis. Bases. Stases! Rhetoric and Comp class sucks. It's not my cup of tea. Have you ever been in one of those really big tea cups that spin around really fast at carnivals? They suck too. When I get done I feel like I'm going to vomit all over my shoes. Vomit stinks a bunch. My friend Paxton doesn't like vomit either. He says that when he smells vomit, it makes him want to vomit too. And all the people around him will see all this vomit and pretty soon, the whole room is blowing chunks all over each other. Chain vomiting. Comforting. I'd like to stop thinking about vomiting now. ""I cannot live without you!"" Latin drums can seriously rock! Especially in that damn song that I have had stuck in my damn head all day. My face itches. I hate when things itch. That would be a feeling that I would rather not have. If I had a choice of course. Only 2 minutes left! That sucks! I'm kind of getting into this whole writing thing! We should do this assignment every week! That would rock. oooooooowwwwwwwww! Damnit! I was stretching and when my arms came back down I hit my already broken ass elbow on my chair. That sucked! Oh man, that really depressed me. That hurt a whole bunch. AhhhH! 30 more seconds! Lets see how many letters I can hit! kasdfkjhasdkfjhaksdjhfkljasdhfkljadshfkljadshfkljahdsfkljhasdklfjhaklsdjhklahciluhekjhsdfkljahdsfkljhasfdkljhicukljaeno;iawejoijackjnOWEDJOAUR9238U4R928JOFJIEODFIJA9WE8URFOJKLJSDCVLIUADSHFCKJENRFLKH9PC8USDCIOAJERFKJRIOFJUP98UFOASDFJKJNCKDSJCPOAIUFPO0WUERO9QU8W3ROIQWJREFKNSDOVJOAISDUJVA98WEUF9WUEFROAWKEJRFLKIJSDFOLAIJSDFOIAUJFOIKW4EJFOIJASDOIFJASLDKFJAO;SDIFUJ0WAOEJFLKNVOIJC0932I1-09I-1I-0 hA! That's how many letters I can type in 30 seconds. Well, technically, it was less than that because I was finishing that last sentence up. Well, my 20 seconds are up. Good luck on trying to pull meaning from this madness. ",n,n,y,n,y

2003\_63.txt,"Well, lets see, what am I thinking. All I ever really have time to think about is school. I am so stressed out, since I changed to pre-pharm my courses have completely changed, I'm reading for hours each day and I'm not a big reader"", I read very slow, and I have absolutely no reading comprehension what so ever. To top it all off I have three tests on the same day, this one is two days before that and I have another one the thursday before that. Talk about brain overload. One thing that's good is that a lot of the science stuff I'm reading in all 3 classes and some of it I'm finding in my psych readings too. It's all just overwhelming. This week I have to do all this lil sis stuff for my sorority. I was supposed to decorate her room yesterday but I had class from 12-5 so she was home when I was done with class, so I'll be doing that later and I have to buy all this stuff for it too, I don't have a job, I don't make money, and I don't feel like I should ask my parents for more. The big money problem started with my boyfriend, he owes me $700, that's a lot of money I could really use. I could maybe go and do something for myself, go out to eat occasionally, go rent a movie once and a while but no, I have all this other crap I have to pay for like bills and he can't understand that. He is not in school, he should a job, why to I have to loan him money, well no more-EVER. Well at least not until I get my money back. To top it all off he messed up something with probation and now he is in jail, I don't a boyfriend who's in jail, I want someone with my same goals in mind, someone in school, someone who cares about where they'll be in 5-10 years. But it's so hard because I love him, or at least I think it's love, it has to be or else I wouldn't put up with all his crap. It's not just all that, I'm somewhat of a neat freak and I like things to be clean and keep things the way I have them but everytime he does something that upsets me and not just that, it's stuff I've asked to either do or not do hundreds of times and he somehow thinks that he can get mad because I'm mad at him, well if would listen to me and try to clean up after himself and common courtesy things like that I would even get upset. Now he keeps saying are things going to ok when I get out blah, blah, blah. I don't know if things don't think at least somewhat better than I can't put myself through this anymore, the stress he causes is probably close to or equal to what I get from school, I don't need that-school is a big enough pain in my side. I should probably end it, I know I won't cry-I'll miss him but I've already cried enough for him. You know the saying-the only guy worth crying for will never make you cry. I don't know we'll just have to see what things are like. One good thing that came from him is my kitty, Bailey. One of his friends couldn't keep her so I took her. She is the cutest most mischievous thing ever. I feel so bad though, she got spayed and declawed on monday. She is doing better she is walking almost completely back to normal, not really limping anymore but I still feel bad, I didn't do it to hurt her but I know sometimes she is in pain. That was pretty costly too, she is an expensive little thing but hopefully that'll be the last big thing I have to do for her. She is about 6 months but she is still relatively small, I'm hoping she will be a petite kitty and not get too big. The world's biggest cat weighed 87 pounds, I can't believe that some girls at school probably weigh around that size. I just think that's incredible. Wow, my hands are starting to hurt from typing, good thing this is almost over, and done. ",n,y,y,y,y

2003\_65.txt,"My first week at UT has been okay despite the humid weather, long walks to class, and lack of sleep. Already I am behind on most of my reading assignments. My math homework which is due Sunday is incredibly hard. Other than that, I have met new people and taken part in new experiences. For example I have never shared any of my stuff with anyone. But when I came to UT, I must share everything, including a dorm room, ethernet cable, printer, etc. with my friends, roommate, strangers, etc. Life here is so different. There are so many types of people and the population of economics and psychology are overwhelming to me. The size of those classes is just a little smaller than my graduating class in high school. Another problem is that I must force myself to wake up in the mornings and walk to class. Right now my roommate is asleep which I am busily doing my homework and yet I am still behind. I can even hear her snore. Sometimes this is very distracting to me; however, you must learn to cope with these dilemmas. I have never understood why I chose to come UT. I have realized that getting into the business program is not that important because I am not the only one that got in. I guess I came here because my friends did. They influenced me that going to UT was cheaper than if I went out of state to UC Davis. I took their advice, although sometimes I wonder if I made the right decision. Last night, some of my friends tried to convince me to attend a frat party. I knew she was never like this in Arlington. I knew she was curious about what it was like, but everyone should know what to expect at one of these parties. I am glad I didn't go. I am feeling overwhelmed, scattered, and tired right now. I hear noises of people doing laundry, the air conditioner, the stupid building fans that are spinning below my dorm, etc. The lighting in here is horrible because I don't want to turn on the light in case it would wake up my roommate. Although I am somewhat considerate of others like my roommate, are they considerate of me? I always clean up my messes, but she hardly ever does. For example if my hair is left in the bathtub, I always wash them down the drain and when water splashes out from the sink I clean it up, but will she do the same for me. I guess not since her hair is always laying around in the sink and her items take up most of the tub and sink area. Well, I guess this is what it is like living with another person. I tend to complain a lot about things. Maybe I do this because I am stressed out or really mad at something. Sometimes on these assignments it is really hard to describe what you are feeling. When I was given this assignment in high school psychology, we had a certain word amount that had to be obtained. So I used ands and ums as additional words. Twenty minutes is actually a long time to write such an assignment. I am still thinking about what to write. There are so many things I need to finish. One for example is my calculus homework. So as my twenty minutes is about to end, I hope UT will bring me many great memories. ",n,y,y,n,n

2003\_67.txt,"Damn, I should have smoked a cigarette before I started writing. Now I have to wait for twenty minutes. It's cold in here, I thought that I turned the AC off. I'm not sure what I'm supposed to be writing. When I have to think about typing it's hard to figure out what else I'm thinking about. Today's September 11th isn't it? I wonder if anything is going on. I wish I didn't have to work on Saturday. I want to go tubing with Brandon and his family. That sounds like so much fun. I hate having to work and go to school. It's so pointless, driving an hour each way, just to work for a few hours. It makes no sense, and neither does them cutting my hours because they're over on manager hours when I've only worked one day so far this week and they're wasting all there manager hours having Danielle and Craig come in at four in the morning to work on truck. That's fourteen manager hours that they're throwing away off hours when we always have to have a manager there when the store is open and just because Craig wants to be off by noon because Sunday is the only day that Craig gets to see his boyfriend, never mind that they live together. And never mind the fact that my boyfriend, all my friends and family live in another city. Never mind. Days of Our Lives is on in the next room. I think that this storyline has been going on for about a year and a half. My arm is falling asleep. It's amazing how they can drag a single conversation out for an entire week on these shows. I've decided to boycott the news. All they do is perpetuate a society of fear. The only stories that make it to the news have to involve murder, terror or death. They don't even need reasons anymore. all they have to do is say we are in orange. you must be afraid. be very afraid. Cut to commercial. consume. consume consume. That movie Bowling For Columbine captured the whole American fear thing so perfectly. How ironic that Michael Moore criticizes the United State's part in foreign wars, Bush's policies and all that crap throughout the movie. he wins two Emmy's for it and criticizes this stupid war in his acceptance speech, and is ridiculed for it. You can say whatever you want to in a documentary, we'll even award you for it, but don't you dare say anything bad about this war or our incompetent president when you're wearing a tuxedo. Now my toes are falling asleep, too. I probably shouldn't sit like this. I hope I can catch the bus on time in the morning, and I hope it's still free for students. Now my toes are tingling. Damn, I still have four minutes to go. I wonder what the next assignment is going to be. I'm not sure how accurately someone can actually write in stream of consciousness from their own perspective. When you write, no matter how fast, you choose what you put on the paper and you are limited in what you are thinking about to what you are writing. The best stream of consciousness stuff that I have read has been highly ordered and well thought out by a writer who is writing the thoughts of a fictional character. Like in Sound and the Fury. I can't remember who wrote that. I don't think that it was Fitzgerald. Oh, cool, my time is up. ",y,n,n,y,y

2003\_68.txt,"Pretty much, I have enjoyed my time here at UT. I am taking all my classes, and I am doing reasonably well in them. My calculus class does not seem to be too bad except for the fact that the professor pretty much gives us the book word for word in the form of notes except with indeeds and such that is thrown in there. My Sociology class is pretty good, the professor is a nice lady and is very enjoyable to listen to. We discuss all sorts of interesting topics and the favorite one of hers is that there are more than one genders. My Chemistry lab is a 5 hour class and it is ok so far, but we have only done a basic lab to measure the density of coke versus diet coke. I still have to write up the lab report but that would not be too difficult to do. My Chemical Engineering class is very laid back to the point where it is disturbing. We have 1 class meeting a week for a 1 hour period with many of the classes not being taught by the professor, but by other members of the Chemical Engineering department. There is no final and we end the class in November. To me that just seems a little disturbing. My psychology class is not too bad except for the fact that it is in a huge auditorium that for the most part is very dimly lit. The atmosphere in it is not very helpful to students who are tired after all there classes because it does seem to make falling asleep a whole lot easier. The material covered in the lectures is all very familiar to me as I did take Psychology AP in high school and I have kept all of my notes from the class. Unfortunately I only managed to make a 3 on the AP exam so I did not get credit. One thing I am contemplating right now is whether it is wise for me to be taking two social science classes when my degree plan only requires me to take one. I have taken Psychology before and I found it to be very interesting, but right now Sociology is coming out to be much more entertaining and the homework assignments are to watch two good movies (One flew over the Cuckoo's Nest and Empire of the Sun) and to write a short paper on them regarding the sociological ideas in the movies. Currently I just got off work from the Blockbuster on Guadalupe street where I had a nice night except for the fact that my brother called me on his cell from Houston saying he had run away from home. That was pretty weird when I found out he had run away and what was the cause of it. I did find out that it was all about an assignment that his lacrosse coach had given him and the assignment was an extremely religious one (my brother is an atheist). The coach said that the players were free to give him a book to read on a conflicting point of view, and my brother chose to give him a book entitled Atheism, the case against God"". My parents were extremely mad at him and called him an intolerant asshole. My brother overreacted and called them assholes and said that he did not need parents anymore since they weren't really helping him out. My brother's views on God are basically that there is no God and he doesn't really care what others think about his views on religion. He also doesn't try to convince them of the fact that there is no god, he is merely doing as his coach suggested, providing a book with a conflicting view (my brother hasn't even read the book). I pretty much told John to take a walk and go get a soda so he could cool off for the evening and then head home if my dad hadn't found him yet. One thing about my family is that we are all very stubborn and don't back down from the views we care about. It leads to a lot of fights. After I finish this writing assignment, I have plans to play this really addictive computer game called Civilization III. In the game, you build an empire from 4000BC and research all sorts of technology, manage cities, wage war, and survive. In the current game I have going, I am playing as Hannibal of the Carthaginians, and my enemies are Alexander of Greece, Caesar of Rome, and Cleopatra of Egypt. Currently I am at war with everyone and in the process of wiping out Greece. My armies have been battling Greece for the past 5 hours of game play time which in years of the game is from the period of 1776 approximately to 1991. It is only since 1980 that I have managed to conquer many cities. Egypt and Rome were at peace with me until I launched two tactical nukes at the Greek cities. The declared war on me and I am not sure why. I did make an official declaration of war against Greece and then they attacked me. So now I am building modern armors (good tanks) by the hundreds, working with a communist form of government and I am going to eliminate greece before I wipe the rest of the world out. The only reason I am doing so well is that I have better technology than the rest of them and superior numbers. The can just move faster in their own territory, but I will conquer. I even have a nuke prepared to fire on Rome when I start to take them on. Farewell, I am off to conquer the world. ",n,n,n,n,n

2003\_69.txt,"Today was a very hard day at school. After my first class, M408D, I read my Economics book for what seemed like forever. My friend Chris can be a bit pushy sometimes and it makes me pissed off. He is one of those, Everything has to my my way"" guys and he cannot conform to anyone's wishes but his own. I took Spanish for three years in high school and I like to speak in that language sometimes for fun. He got mad at me and my other friend for talking in ""Spanglish"" because he does not like it. He gave us a ultimatum and I got ticked. Man to day was rough. Seinfield is on. That is a good show. Kramer is the best character because he physical comedy is on par with Jim Carrey's. The timer says 3 minutes 20 seconds and even this feels like forever. I have a lot of chores to do. Put up our sheep, clean the pool. My mom is going to kill me if I do not get those done. I guess I can tell her a was busy typing a psychology paper but that will never fly. I need to get something to drink but I cannot get up for another 15 minutes. Oh well. I need to change my calendar. The stupid thing is still in August. The candle in my hallway has a strong odor as I can smell it clearly all the way down in my room. Cool. They are playing The Rock on USA. I think I'll watch this as I type. It should keep me halfway amused instead of bored. I got a Economics quiz tomorrow and I am not looking forward to that. My professor is great though. A very funny man, he has a way of putting micro-economics into a state relative to us college students. His examples, while off-the-wall, are pertinent and really do have a good meaning. He even sold us this bag of 3 Musketeers he had. He must have made at least $5 off a bag that I could get at Wal-Mart for about $2. I did not get one. but if I had a quarter on me at the time I would have. I need to turn on my light as I can only see my keyboard's keys from the light my monitor is putting off. It is too dreary outside and my window is proving useless right now. I needs to rain. They say it will here soon in the next two or three days but you can never trust that. Those weather guys try there hardest and use computer models to ""predict"" the forecast but when you get down to it, they are really just making educated guesses. But a weatherman does seem like a cool job. You can basically lie to people every night and get away with it by saying ""Well we try to predict the weather the best we can but Mother Nature does what she wants sometimes. "" Alright, I only have 8 minutes left to write. My the time goes by fast when you are actually thinking about stuff to write. My computer is getting old and I need a replacement. I have pop-ups bad. Somehow, somewhere, I got a file on my hard drive that contacts pop-up servers and brings them to my machine. In doing this, it wins because firewalls are useless against programs that contact other servers from inside your machine. Basically a firewall prevents incoming signals from a machine that you did not originally contact first. User-initiated contact goes through unmolested. So by masking it self as a program, the file is able to bypass the firewall by making contact with the pop-up servers. I only have 5 minutes left to write now. That is good. Man, this is a sweet part of The Rock. This is the scene in which Nicholas Cage is in a yellow Ferarri and is chasing Sean Connery, who is in a black Hummer. This scene has a lot of good action. I like action movies. I guess as I guy I find them more appealing than drama or suspense movies. My belief is that in order to make a good movie, a director has to have lots of guns, explosions, and really hot girls. Without these elements, the movie will not appeal to guys my age. I still need to get my Economics book. I got the main one but the second one is still at the Co-Op. My luck they will run out of it by the time I remember to go by and pick it up. My dog needs to stop scratching. And my other dog needs to stop bothering my oldest dog while he is scratching. I would find that annoying. Man I could really use that drink now. Good thing I have less than a minute left to type. In the words of Homer Simpson. ""WooHoo!"" This has been fun. I actually wish I could've had more time because there are more interesting things going on in my mind but oh well. Hope this is a good paper. Oh, it says if I want I can still keep on typing. In that case I think I will. Where did my remote go?. HAHA. got ya. you thought I was going to type more didn't ya? Well ok I am done now. I can finally un-mute my TV and go get that Coke. ",n,n,y,y,n

2003\_70.txt,"I'm really tired of studying. I hope this doesn't take long. Man I want some water. Will this thing know if I leave? I sure wish Ashley would call. I miss her so much. Or maybe I want Sherri to call. Or Missy. Or Shawne. Who do I want to call? Too many girls, this school is going to get me into trouble. I hope I get all my homework done tonight. So I can have a social life this weekend. It would be nice to relax for once. Not have to carry a book everywhere. I felt so stupid reading at the football game at halftime. But we have so much work. I'm just not used to this. I'll get it done, I have to. I need to get a 4. 0 this year. So I can get into that damn business school. Why does it have to be so hard? I see stupid people all the time who are business majors. I'm smart, why can't they let me in? Jesus, its only been five and half minutes? This is going to take forever. Lets see what other h. w I have. Summary of the readings, due tomorrow. Catch up on chapters in Art History. Take a nap. yea right. I wish I knew what sleep was. And I have to go see Missy tonight. Hopefully that is a cool symbol. I wonder who is going to read this? I'm sorry your having to read this. We must be very boring people. I hope you get what your looking for. I sure wish I was in your position, then I wouldn't have to sturdy so damn much for this class. I don't understand DR. Pennebaker at all. I enjoy listening, but as I write, I fail to comprehend. And as I comprehend, I fail to write it down. Which is more important? And the text book. Ohh My God. The most interesting part, was the story about the black guy getting shot by the cops on page 1. At least it had a little drama. Like on TV. Damn I wonder what is on TV right now. 6:30. I don't have a clue. Not used to the channels down here yet. And ohhh wait, I wouldn't have time to watch TV anyway, with all the work. Damn, I'm thirsty. I wonder where David is. I almost killed him for setting off that alarm on his truck in the middle of the night. Well not really, but I was upset. I need my sleep. I don't have time to be jumping out of bed, to see why there are blaring horns. I need to learn how to spell. I'm retarded. I need sleep. Damn A Nap Sounds Good. 5 more minutes until Nap time. yea right. 5 more minutes until I read some more. Why has no one called me. I know Sherri won't call. God forbid you call your ex boyfriend back. What we can't be friends? I miss her so much too. Ashley is perfect. but sherri was perfect for me. No one treated me better then her. Too bad she is 4 hours away. but worth the drive. At least its not 5 states like Ashley. Won't be seeing her any time soon. I want to go see her so bad though. I know she needs me to be there for her. She is so fragile right now. Sherri will be ok. But I really need her to be there for me. Or maybe I just need someone to be there. I can't stand this being alone. Girls only want one thing here. to not have a boyfriend. Just have fun, 24-7. I miss having a real girlfriend. Sherri made me so happy. I want that so bad. Ashley can't be that for me unless I move. I got to figure this shit out. damn did I write all this. I have issues. whooaaa hoooaaaa. I wonder if there are any parties this weekend. I wish I could go. But Ill probably just hear about them next week. Ohh well, Back to studying. Bye Bye reader. Until Next Time I love that symbol. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_72.txt,"I like doing these sorts of assignments. My english teacher last year insisted that we do a stream of consciousness writing at least once every six weeks. It's not only easy, but interesting to do as well, especially when reading back on what I've written. I'm in the dorm now. It's cold. My toes especially are cold. they seem to get cold pretty easily. I'm watching the Simpsons as I do this paper. The TV show is awesome. I play the saxophone in band and my section last year in high school based ourselves around the Simpsons. I was Bart and the director that played Saxophone was Homer, and other people were other characters as well. Fun times. I'm not looking forward to tomorrow because I have class that starts at 8:30 (music theory) and I'm going to have to sing for the class which I'm not looking forward to at all. I only have a decent tone in my voice for about an octave and then my pitch starts to go down the gutter. I'm a music studies major and I'm actually looking forward to my private lesson tomorrow with my professor as well as the saxophone choir class. My professor is known as one of the best, if not the best saxophone player in the nation. It's neat to learn things from him, but at the same time it's also sort of nerve-wrecking for me. I'm really full. I just got back from dinner; two chili dogs, french fries, a cookie, and coke. Good old healthy dinner (sarcasm). I actually do try to watch what I eat here at school since I don't have my mom around to force feed me vegetables and fruits. I'm thinking about getting another coke from the 'fridge right now. The Simpsons is really distracting me because I want to watch it because it's so funny. but I know I need to be doing this. Typically I would turn off the TV to do homework but before I began this I sorta figured the tv would help give me something to talk about. Is that cheating? thinks about it Nah, shouldn't be. I'm here from Austin and it's nice to know my way around. All these new students that don't even know how to get around the campus yet. and just think they have not even begun to explore how great Austin is. I was thinking about showing around some friends since I have Friday night open. I was going to ask this one girl on a date but turned out she had a boyfriend already. Luckily I found that out before I had gone and asked her out. But yeah, since I have Friday open now I figured I should go ahead and at least show my roommate around. He didn't bring his car this semester though so I don't know how much he had benefit from seeing all of Austin. I can't help but look at the clock and think GO FASTER!"". My roommates computer just started making a very high pitch noise and it's really really really bothering me. My ears are pretty sensitive and this sound is actually painful. He needs to hit is computer to make it stop. I did it once when he was not here (hah). Oh well, it should stop eventually. I'm still feeling really full. I should probably go work out around 9pm. I worked out yesterday for the first time in a long time and my legs are really killing me. I concentrated on my legs more then my arms/chest. I wish I had worked out more over the summer. I worked out a lot over my senior year but when summer came I worked a lot and when I didn't work I was out boating. My allergies are really bothering me. It gets so cold in here that they start to act up. Every morning I wake up and have to sneeze because I'm so cold. I also hate getting out of a hot shower and stepping onto a cold floor and into cold hair, it makes me want to stay in the shower all day. My roommate is worrying over astronomy, haha. I passed out of math and science for the rest of my life through AP tests and SATII's. I actually wouldn't need this class because I already have Economics credit which is a social science but I need Psych. for my education certificate or whatever it is. (I plan on becoming a band director). I'll probably be here for five years. I don't think anyone has ever graduated in 4 years that was a music studies major, even if they took summer school. I plan on taking some summer school at ACC, but not much. I'd like another cookie, although I'm full. Only three more minutes to go, this actually hasn't been all bad, and hasn't seemed that long. I thought about chatting with friends on the internet at the same time while doing this but I decided that wouldn't be very efficient, plus this would have been much shorter. I hope this is long enough. Which it should be. My roommates friend from HS just came over. They're from Eagle Pass, Texas. which is down on the border between Laredo and Del Rio. I'm interested in going down there just to see what it's like. My roommate says that Austin is much better than Eagle Pass will ever be, which I wouldnt be too surprised of, but I don't know. I can't wait for the weekend to get here so I can go hunting some more. Dove season opened up on monday. I got 4. it was a very slow day because it was lightly raining so birds weren't flying much. But getting four put me ahead of the rest of the people I went with. I was just alerted that 20 min is up, so I'm stopping. ",n,n,y,y,n

2003\_74.txt,"this is really boring, I'm so tired, I think I might take a nap after this but I have to write my social work notes. I wonder what will is doing in his class right now, I think this exercise will show that I think about him too much. I wonder if stacey is in class. did angel get the message I sent to her cell phone? should I go home this weekend? if I go home, I think I'll want to stay there, but if I don't go home I'll miss seeing my lil brother and I know he really wants to see me, its a good thing I haven't told him I'm thinking about it yet. I really want to get me and will tickets to the football game and to the austin city limits music fest. I wonder if by getting him tickets I'm encouraging him to ditch class. I don't want to encourage him to do that, I want him to do well more than anything because I know that he wants out of UTSA so bad. I hope that he stops hanging out with that arthur kid so much, that kid is trouble. he isn't going anywhere. will has so much potential to go so many places, and arthur is just going to drag him down. omg its only been three minutes. this is crazy, I type fast and there is going to be so much stuff here. I wonder if my hands will hurt at the end of this. I guess it is keeping me awake. I'm so tired, I just want to sleep once in awhile. I actually did sleep last night, I only woke up once I think. its so hard to sleep, I don't know why. its probably because of this horrible dorm, with its horrible smells, horrible neighbors, and the massive amounts of noise associated with traffic outside. I was so tired that I took a freakin nap at russ and will's apt. awwww. russ is so awesome, I think he might be one of the best people I know. I wish more guys were like russ. I wish will would start being more like russ and a lot less like arthur. arthur is so dull. who in their right mind only thinks about parties, drinking, and easy girls? he is so one dimensional, and will is so much more than that. I wish he could make more friends that actually have substance. I wish I could make more friends too. oh, I made a friend today in sociology. I let her borrow my notes since she said she wasn't in class. slept through or something. that sucks. I hope I don't do that, but since I have no friends here, its not really a possibility right now. man, I feel like such a pathetic loser here. I have friends, I really do, I keep telling myself this. but I don't think anyone here believes me. I walk around all alone all day, and only talk to people when I have to. its such a pathetic existence. then I come back, study, run errands or work out, eat, and sleep. I talk to my friends online a lot, and on the phone a lot. I wish they were here. I hope that russ and will are here next year, and that nicki, stacey, maris, kayla, tracy, and everyone ends up here. maybe plunkett will too, that would be fun. I wonder how he is. I hope he is ok. he doesn't talk to me too much. I think he probably does miss having everyone around. I wonder if marc is ok. I think underneath his happy front he is the saddest person I know. weird. he is a great person though, good heart, good intentions, doesn't always follow through though. man, I wish I was back in january. january was the start of an awesome semester of high school. I think I was actually popular in high school, which is weird to think about. I was never like the prom queen or anything, but I had about a ton of friends, and I knew they were all loyal. they were so great, they still are great. I miss hanging out with my guys. they were so much fun this summer. craziness. and my girls, I want to go dancing with them. there are so many clubs here, and it would be so much fun if we all went. but for some reason, its not as much fun going with ppl I don't really know that well, and don't care to hang out with. like christyn soland. ha, I was actually glad that she went to san antonio with me this weekend. I felt kinda bad for ditching the YL ppl, but I think it would have been awkward for them with me around, esp since they think so horribly of me. I don't want to be around ppl that hate me anyways, or are fake friends to my face. I don't know, I tend to bash her a lot, and esp will does too. we hate her mutually, ha. damn, we should just go out or something. I can't believe his mom thought we were. I can't believe everyone thought we were. that is so strange, I wonder what he thought about it, but he didn't seem to care at all when stacey told him. he kinda just stared at us with an apathetic look on his face. I wonder where that frame I made him went. he seemed to really think it was cool. I'm so glad we got to go to lunch and hang out. I really want him to be here with me next year, but more than that I want him to get out of UTSA and be somewhere he really wants to be, whether that be here or not. I wonder if he wore that burnt orange polo to the game last week. I hope we get to go to a game together, that would be so much fun. we have fun together I think. I can't believe that I miss everyone so much, and I can't believe that I care about him so much, as a person, as a friend. its scary. its like the whole robby thing. robby. I wonder how he is. I can't believe he had a girlfriend. I wonder if he still does. he was such a great guy, he still is I'm sure. he thinks he has to define himself now by drugs or smoking or horrible music. I'm not understanding that. I wonder if wonkie is doing the same thing? I can't believe she would smoke. I bet she couldn't believe I would drink. why does armando think I would give it up to will. I may like the guy, but that doesn't mean I want to jump in a bed with him. I hope he was just kidding. I wonder why robby went off the deep end and pushed everyone away. I hope that doesn't happen to will, I hope he doesn't push me away. if he pushes me away, he has arthur left, and russ, but he will push russ too I'm sure if he pushes me. I hope that arthur falls off a cliff and breaks both his legs and arms, and has to leave UTSA so that he doesn't ruin will. I hope that he doesn't kill him. it made me almost cry when russ was kidding about that. it makes me so worried when he says he doesn't mind getting into a car with drunk arthur. I know he knows its wrong. does he think trying to validate it to me will make it ok? what would I do if he died and I was the last one to talk to him, and I knew he got in a car with a drunk arthur? I would feel guilty. but there's nothing I could do about it. I couldn't stop him. there's no way. he is making decisions on his own now. well I don't think he is doing a very good job of it. why does he tell ppl that he got high or drunk and decided to go to utsa? I know he remembers that it was me saying he should go for it. I convinced him to go there, like he convinced me to go here, and now we're both not happy. I think I handle it better. I don't know that running away to san antonio to see him/everyone is better, but at least I'm not screwing things up by being drunk all the time and fo ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_75.txt,"Hmmm. lets see well nothing is really going on. I have to go to the doctor tomorrow at 10:15 because I have a sinus infection. a few things about it though are kind of fishy. I have to see a sports medicine doctor, not a real doctor. Also, the guy on the phone was a little weird. I am also scared that by tomorrow I will be well again and won't need to go to the doctor. I have been sick for three weeks and am tired of being sick so I guess I should go. I kind of miss my room at home. It is hard to have to share a room with someone. This is the first time I have never had a room all to myself. Sometimes I wish the room was just mine but I am ok with it because I know it is good to have a room mate. Christine is nice, she is just a little whiney sometimes and always breaks things. I really need to work out but I cannot because of this sinus infection that I have. When I run, or even walk, my face hurts a lot from the sinus fluids in it. How that works, I don't know. I was thinking about it. How can sinus fluid hurt your face. I could ask the doctor, but I am too lazy to listen to the answer so I won't. Hmmm. whatever is on my mind. I really have a lot of studying to do. It is 10:00 in the morning and I woke up just to study. Getting this done though makes me feel as if I have gotten something accomplished. I like that feeling of accomplishment. Everytime you do something you get a check. Chapter 1: Check, Chapter 2: Check. The check feels really good. I don't know why it feels so good but it does. I am kind of concerned right now about the time. This clock on the computer is really off but I am using it anyway. I just have to time 20 minutes right? I have ten minutes left. I have rally never known how to spell the word minute. I don't even know if that is right. For all I know that could be the for minute(as in small) I even spelled it one time minuet, but latter found to my embarrassment, that unless I was talking about music, it wasn't. So for now I just always right minutes. as the abbreviation, in order to spare myself the pain and embarrassment of spelling it wrong, even though I just spelled embarrassment wrong and still don't know which spelling I typed it wrong. I am actually a good speller, I promise. I just get confused sometimes. This it boring for me so it must be boring for whoever is reading it. I guess I will type about something interesting. Hmmmm lets see. I really want Matheus(sp) to do that recording test on me. The one where is records every five minutes. (See there that word is ageing) I really would like to know what is going on in my life. So far this is what I think is going on but I am not really sure. I am sick and am going to the doctor tomorrow. I need to get a bike because my classes are too far away. I am mad a some of my friends for getting football tickets without me: I stood in line for an hour last week by myself to get them for them. I don't have a football ticket. I think I might go to Fort Worth instead for the weekend because my grandpa is sick. He is not really sick, just a little depressed because he is getting old. I thought I might cheer him up. It makes my grandma up set so I though she could use some cheering up too. And this is why I need to take the Recording test. Because I hope, if not already think there is something more going on in my life that I do not realize. It has been 20 minutes- good bye. ",y,y,y,y,y

2003\_76.txt,"Well, I am wondering if I had read the instructions as carefully as I could have. The timer at the stop was unexpected. Convenient though. Although, I had planned to just look at my roommate's clock radio. It is reading 10:02. I am working on my day planner trying to figure out where my free time is going. College is different from what I expected it to be. I'm not sure what is worse knowing no one or knowing 7 people out of 10,000 undergraduates and wondering if I will see someone I know today. It could be worse. I need to try to call my aunt today. I tried yesterday, but she was not there and I really didn't want to leave a message. I really don't know my family in Austin as well as I should. I wish I could go up to Ohio and see how cousins are doing up there. I have no idea where my roommate is. This is the 3 day he has not returned from wherever he goes. It is funny when I think about it. I wake up try not to make any noise then I realize I am the only one in the room. It is exciting as it is lonely. Maybe I'll do laundry today or something. I can't believe I actually like going to my classes. Perhaps it is because I do not have anywhere else to go. Human contact is everywhere, but I just want to feel welcomed outside of a classroom atmosphere. Matchbox Twenty's Unwell just finished playing on the radio. The Oh Baby song just came on. I am amazed at what passes for music sometimes. Hip hop is not music. Rap is a joke. They don't even make sense, they just try to rhyme their words with the next line. I liked Will Smith as a rapper, but I don't think he does it anymore. Clean rap is a thing of the past. Once it stood for something now it has shifted to image and jewelry. Sad. I am feeling a little tired. I have been sleeping very well, but sometimes I forget where I am. A moment of panic surrounds me then I realize where I am. 4 walls, 4 plain walls can be intimidating to wake up to everyday. I can't wait until we get those message boards up. Maybe we can add some character to this room. I am getting thirsty know. This dormitory is secluded, but it is alright unless I need to get something to eat or drink. I am not going to use all my Bevo Bucks on vending machines. From what I heard, they go fast while dine in dollars linger on and on. At least I am not in Jester. Almost done. Now what should I write about? ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_77.txt,"I am sitting here in the dorm computer lab just thinking about how I haven't gotten my computer in the mail and wondering if I will ever get it. Maybe I just wasted a thousand dollars. For some reason, I just became very nervous. I think it might be because I am actively trying not to mess up in my typing. I worry a lot. Why do I worry a lot? I am worrying about this weekend. I kissed a guy for the very first time. I am eighteen years old and this is the first experience I have ever really had regarding those kinds of emotions. Lately, that is all I can think about. I feel guilty for some reason. I feel like I should have waited for a more special moment. He was the only guy who ever said I was beautiful and we became instant friends. So, he taught me how to kiss. It really wasn't romantic. Maybe that is why I feel like I wasted my first real kiss, because it wasn't in a romantic manner. I just really would like to forget about it. I hope that I do. But, there is another side of me that is glad I did it. I have been in quite a panic because I thought I was the most inexperienced eighteen year old girl. Now, at least I have kissed a guy. I am going home this weekend to my comfort zone. I will probably tell all of my friends about my experience. I know that they will be so excited just because I seem to actually be growing up now that I am away. It smells good. It is probably dinner. I am really hungry. But I am hungry for something spectacular. I haven't eaten anything really good since I came here, not even chocolate. When I go home, I am going to eat spaghetti. Yuuummm! That is my favorite meal. I will also eat a big piece of chocolate. I can not wait to see my little dog. I love her so much. She really is my best friend. The only thing that saddens me is that she has gotten passed the fact that I am gone. She follows my older brother now. I am glad that she isn't sad anymore, but part of me feels like she doesn't consider me her mother"" anymore. I'll just have to get over it. I would rather have her happy than depressed. Sometimes I think I am depressed. My mother went through a depression after my father passed away. My brother just called me and interrupted me. I told him to call me in 5 minutes. Now it is very difficult to continue. I can't go back to the thoughts I was having before. My back is hurting. It could be because I am overweight and have large boobs. I hope everyone else is revealing as much as I am. What if I'm the only person who talks about embarrassing thoughts. I will be really embarrassed if someone would read this. I shouldn't have written about the things I wrote about. I tend to regret a lot of things. Even things that I initially think are great. I over think and find the bad qualities and then make any of my decisions seem wrong. My back is still hurting really bad. I have the depression thought in my head. I think I just want to be different. Sometimes I just want to be out of the ordinary so I make myself believe things like the whole depression thing. ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_79.txt,"what am I supposed to write about? I can't type right. I wonder what I'm going to do tomorrow. I need to wash my clothes and do all my homework. Those Rugby Little Sisters are strange girls and they have weird parties. Where's Ashley? My roommate is talking to me. She says I need to keep some of my thoughts to myself. I guess maybe that's true. I don't want to do homework. I just want to go to the football game this weekend and not have to worry about grades. I hope that freaky guy isn't going to be at the party on Saturday. He might try something on me again. I like this song, it makes me think of going to Houston. I don't like my Biology 211 professor, she doesn't teach very well and I don't know how I'm supposed to pass her damn class if she keeps jumping around the book and not lecturing about what she needs to lecture about. She is too disorganized. I really need to wash my clothes and I need to workout tomorrow. My foot hurts, though. I really don't feel like running 10 miles tomorrow. That sucks. I wonder what Brendan's doing. Probably drinking. I can't wait to go home next month. It's funny, I'm not homesick, but I'm excited to go home. I want to go to Europe. I kind of want to go to Spain. I want to go everywhere. Wow, it's thundering a lot. I hope it doesn't rain on Saturday. I don't really feel like going to the rugby game tomorrow. I really need to study SOMETIME this weekend. sometime other than sunday. I'm so sleepy. I'm sleeping in tomorrow since I don't have class. I'm thirsty. I need to go buy more Diet Dr. Pepper. There just aren't enough hours in a day. I'm mad at John. He still hasn't called me and he didn't even say goodbye to me. I thought he was more of a friend than that. Apparently not. Yuck. I need to wash my face and brush my teeth. I feel icky. That girl is STILL on the phone. And she probably wonders why she feels so homesick. Well, maybe if she had get off the phone she would actually have a life here. Being on the phone isn't going to help her at all. She is kind of bitchy too. She is just not friendly at all. Whatever. I hope Aryan's doing okay. Maybe I should call him. It's too late at home, though. Never mind. I have no idea what I want. I just can't let all my exes go. Maybe it's because I'm too immature or something. That's why I needed to get out of Knoxville, so I could decide what I want with life. Here comes Ashley. Okay. I'm sick of the bathrooms here. I want my own bathroom. I hate it. The water here kind of smells funky too. I guess I'm used to more chlorinated water. I need to call Joe and Stefanie. I hope they get married. Rebecca's wedding is on Saturday. Wow. She is only 21. I can't imagine being married in two years. That's way too soon. My hair color is awful. I want to go back to that salon and get that bastard to fix it. I mean, I spent a lot of money on crap. I should have told him right off that I hate it. I should be more confrontational. I have that issue. I need to fill up my water filter. I really want something to drink. Good. Only like five more minutes of this. My right shoulder has been hurting lately. It feels as if my vein or artery or whatever is going to burst. I need to get my meningitis vaccination. There's so much to do and I just don't have time to do it. That tickled. Oh! Virgo! That's me. What am I going to do next week for my birthday? Who is Beau? Uh oh. ",y,y,n,y,n

2003\_80.txt,"I guess I should begin by saying I'm pretty tired today. I woke up feeling sort of sick. My throat hurt a little bit, and my body ached as well. The dorm rooms are really cold. I went to the financial aid office for some information but I don't even remember how to access what the lady told me to. I've been thinking a lot lately and worrying about school. I'm worried about this college algebra class I'm supposed to be getting into through ACC. They said they haven't received my transcript although I know it was sent from Houston on August 15, I even have the receipt. It pisses me off that ACC's records department is screwed up. This class is really important to me so that I can take my core classes next semester or so. Besides that stress, I've been stressed about Gabby. It doesn't really feel like we've been broken up. I know it's only been a week, but it doesn't feel like it to me. I think he is really more upset about it than me. My cell phone bill should be coming in the mail soon and I know my dad is going to kill me because it's going to be super expensive. The guy sitting next to me in this computer lab is typing super fast! He reminds me of the part on Meet the Parents"" where he is at the airport looking for a different flight and the clerk types really fast and finds nothing. Makes me smile. Tomorrow I think I'll go to ACC's records department. I mean, I have a receipt that says I sent the transcript, so I wonder what kind of run around they will give me this time. Last time they were extremely rude to me. I mean, I'm new to all this, especially to ACC. It's not like I knew they would lose my transcript. The computer lab down here in the basement of Jester is pretty hot. I don't feel an air-flow. Just still air, and the typing of the guy sitting next to me. He just left right now. I heard him talk on his cell phone a few minutes ago about getting something to eat, which sounds good to me right now. I had some oreo's while in class today, and my friend Gabriella was talking about how fat she is gotten, the girl is super skinny, not to mention in great shape because she runs 5 miles a day! But she was saying that oh my gosh oreo's are so fattening, yet she would kill for one. I offered her one, but she declined. I thought to myself oh my god! What is this girl thinking. All she talks about is what she eats and doesn't eat. It was kinda getting on my nerves, but oh well. I enjoyed the oreos and that's all that matters. I didn't feel guilty about eating them since I am probably going to go to the gym later on tonight. I wish I would have had some milk with those oreos though! New guy sitting next to me in computer lab. I hope he doesn't glance over and wonder what I'm doing. I guess I am pretty focused on my computer screen. I feel relaxed though. The chair is comfortable and my gum still has flavor. Still too hot though. I guess basements are supposed to be a little hot. Gabriella just left me a voice message that she was going to eat some dinner and if I wanted to go. I hope she doesn't find out I am writing about her! I know I've said nothing bad about her, but I think she could get her feelings hurt. She is a really sweet girl and I really don't have anything negative to write about her. Besides, I don't typically talk about people. I guess I always put myself in the other person's shoes. I wouldn't want people to talk about me! Don't know when I'm going to go home. I miss everyone, but I really like my freedom here. Coming and going as I please. Not having to be home at 12 and calling and checking in. I like being independent. Not that I resent anyone or anything from home, but I like being on my own and all. It feels cool and I feel all grown up! Valerie's phone just rang and she is trying to be real quiet! She is so cute! I'm glad she is up here with me because I really don't know what I would have done if she hadn't decided to come to school here. We're really close and I enjoy that. Whoa, I almost thought I lost all of my work because a window screen popped up about some debugging! Scary! ",n,y,y,n,n

2003\_82.txt,"it might be a good idea to join a coed frat for engineers because then maybe I will get some studying done and actually get help on my calculus from someone who knows more than I do. a bagel sounds good right now since I haven't eaten lunch yet, but not will jelly, I think I will have philly cheese instead. this place is a mess, if my roommates leave anymore of their curlers and hairdryers on the floor when I get home, I think I will have a cow. that's okay, they are great roommates, they always do the dishes and for the more part are considerate of my belongings. here on out I am going to eat healthier and exercise a bite more than I have been lately. I hope by me playing more racquetball lately will not effect my previous tennis skills. rob will die if I do get better because he hates to loss. that would be so funny if I could kick his butt in racquetball, but then he would be pretty upset. although I think I can relate to his family more than I can to him. his head is in the clouds will all of that philosophy he reads. I can't understand why someone would pick a worthless major like philosophy when all you can do is write a book or teach. why not do something with your life which you can apply and gain new knowledge from. besides I think everyone should have to take philosophy, because there are basic ideas everyone should just know, but not to major in. my roommates are home, I have to close my door. they are so loud, I think I suppose to cook tonight, looks like I need to go to the grocery. I think chicken, pasta, and some kind of bread, oh yeah, and a salad of some sort will be good tonight. I need to make sure they eat something later so lessen the affects alcohol will have on their bodies. I am so sick of drunk people anyways. all of those girls that came by last night, were all drunk by the end of that crappy box wine. anyways, it is gorgeous outside, I hope to find time to swim in the pool I haven't yet been in, I feel like I live in a resort living here, we have everything. I have a great life. I live two of the most wonderful people, I have a family who completely supports me and a boyfriend and school and everything. the little things in life for the most part I enjoy and I having freedom, enough to make any grateful person happy. and even if I don't have all these things, there is plenty to be grateful for. too many good things, great food, great wine and genuine love. although these enjoyments wouldn't be the same with the not so enjoyable things. I love life, no destination, just a journey and one that you can turn in any direction you want. life is what you want it to be. but I don't want to get caught up in idealistic idea, but should keep my feet on the. my roommate came in, no thank you. what was I thinking, oh yes. keep my feet on the ground by also being realistic, and many think that being realistic is the same idea as being pessimistic, I differ. maybe those are the people who are actually ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_83.txt,"man I wish that I didn't lose to my friends in foosball, when will I get to see my parents again, I really miss my dog. I would like to take some pills to get bigger but I don't know which ones I want to take my legs are so soar I can't wait to play football tomorrow but why does my hair always get in my eyes I feel really stressed out right now I really want to do good but it is hard to do the green grass looks so nice at my house n riviera I never was good at hitting the golf ball but cameron was a cool guy pistol is such a good dog my calculus homework sucks really bad I'm tired of doing it man I just spit on my computer when I coughed compaq computers are not even good man but my grandma is such a sweet lady I wish my papa was still here she misses him a lot and my uncle doesn't even care much about her or at least he doesn't pay much attention daniel was on a horrible team in basketball yes the astros are two games up in the central to bad the cowboys lost quincy carter will never amount to anything the people what was I just thin philosophy is a cool class man I don't want to do my calculus homework he gave me the wrong answer texas is going to kill memphis I mean arkansas that was a really good catch by joe jerivisus warren sapp's was better though gosh I need it get a car what was her name man she is hot but I don't think that she really likes me I'm tired but I don't want to go to bed but I need to oh well I will just sit around and think all night about stupid stuff I want to get bigger but I don't want to work out I should have went to gnc today but I wanted to eat at least I changed the oil in my car man I can't get the headlight fixed I need to call my dad I miss my room I wish that I could go home and see my family but I don't want to mmmmmmm what was I thinking about shit I can't remember I like my brothers house man I wish luke would go out more basketball is almost here the court looks sweet there are a lot of fans that go now I wished that tj was still here when is the kobe trial going to start I know he is guilty stupid oj I can't believe that the tv fell on bruce's head I like that english class the playground was fun stupid christian there was always broken glass and the tree the pond was cool I swear that there was I snake there but allen left an I could not really tell I can't believe that I told my parents that I snake chased or the time I fell into the ditch and luke left me I should have never given up me and benny could have hammered them we went and ate pizza what is that game called mmmmm damn I can't remember the watermelon and the forts haha benny the power saw man or whatever Yaklin's was a cool place stupid allen and phillip almost broke it down man they ",y,y,y,n,n

2003\_86.txt,I wonder if I still have time to turn in my books to get a full refund. if I can't then its going to be pretty bad. I'm definitely not going to type correct grammar and punctuation on this paper. I mean does my brain think in grammar. nope. its thinks how I talk. joels song is really loud on his computer right now. I remember that I used to hate this song when I first heard it but now its good. I really don't want to read my chemistry chapter. think about kumchev. his class is pointless to go to because you can't understand what he is trying to say. I keep on seeing the time counting at the top of the screen but I'm trying not to look at it. its probably inevitable though. if you see something like that and you tell yourself not to look at it its basically guaranteed. that is a funny word. why is there weird spellings in words. this guitar part in this song is really crazy right now. I'm trying so hard no to look at the timer. its killing me. what a fun game this is. ok time to change songs. I wonder what the heck jackie thinks about me. I wish she would just open up and not hold back. what the heck is she so afraid of. marilyn manson is really crazy looking. I hope I don't fall asleep in art today. this is an awesome assignment. I love this crap. I used to do this in english when we were supposed to be writing rough drafts for papers. why do teachers monitor kids work in class. what if I don't want to do it in class. mrs waggoner was the worst ever. what the heck was her problem. I love this guitar part right here. I wonder what song is playing on joels computer right now. I think it might be the counting crows or somebody like that. I think I might go insane trying not to look at the clock up top. I wonder how much time has passed. probably like three minutes. ok I was just drumming on the space bar. I love drumming. playing the ir guitar is probably the best though. it looks awesome when you see people that are playing it as they are walking. its funny. I just like how many crazy people there are here in austin. I just want to become a rockstar. and I really want to go surfing with jackie right now. what a cool chick. that matchless amp really didn't sound that good now that I think about it. I would go fender twin all the way. that carbon fiber guitar was awesome and so was that acoustic amp. I really need to get my guitar fixed. haha. we play in like two weeks and I don't have one that works. I love thinkin about that. I wonder what I'm going to do. there is no use worrying about it though. it will all work out. I don't understand why people worry. the odds are that you what you worry about will be ok. and even if something really bad happens you don't think that you will be able to deal with it. but it you will so why worry at all. I think my mom is the biggest worrier that I have ever met. I don't see how she could waste her life doing it. wooaahh. a duck noise just came on my computer. I remember fred. he was a cool duck. I had a duck in my dream the other night. how random is that. I wish I was telepathic. how awesome would that be. that would be the best ever. I wonder how much time has passed now. its really crazy trying not to look at the clock. I wonder if I should run tonight. I probably need too. this is one of the best solos I have ever heard. I wonder if joel is going to work out tonight. I hope so because I want to run but I can't make myself if someone does not go with me. queen is a weird band. I wonder what songs our dj next class. that would be a fun job. I think it would be funny to play some crazy songs on. I wish that I could do really crazy stuff in class. like throw books at people. I don't want to hurt em but think about how funny it would be to see some just lose it. and like fart really loud when everything is quiet. I think that would the ultimate. I wonder what I made on my calculus quiz. probably a hundred because I'm a genius. ,n,n,y,n,y

2003\_87.txt,"well let's see. when your trying to think about what your writing. all you think about is what your thinking. Which is kind of weird, all I can think about is thinking, so I don't think I'm thinking about anything else. But let me try and think more than think about what I'm thinking. ok, I'm listening to depressing music, that's is really the only thing I listen to these days, it helps me get through the day. I need another rainy day is a good lyric I just thought about. I'm in a band called furkloven. when I'm not with my girlfriend, I'm with the band. I love my band. someday we will be famous, we are just waiting for the glorious day. I've never heard the song that I'm listening to right now, it might be one of the best songs I've ever heard. it is called raining in baltimore if you ever read this and what to hear what I am hearing right now. this is my kind of music. if I could sit in this room with a guitar, a piano, and my music for the rest of my life I would be happy. the only thing I have left to look forward in life is music. I love music and music moves me. I'm not sure what to think anymore. lets see if I can get on another topic. I have no classes on friday's so now I'm out for the weekend. I just realized if I close my eyes and type it is a lot easier to think. so if there are any typos that is the reason. because from now on I refuse to open my eyes. let my type the lyrics of the last song I wrote. it was about my ex girlfriend to broke up with me for no reason at all. for the third time. I loved her and it tore me up so bad everytime she did that. and I took her back twice after she did it but the third time I had to let her go. she had issues. and she hates this song because she heard it for the first time at the talent show last year. it didn't go over too well with her. here is goes. this song is called late night song"" I wrote it really late the night she broke up with me. hence the name: I spend my time alone, I wish you know the sadness that has grown, I fell in love, and it only fell apart, I never knew, I could have a broken heart. and I hope the way we lived, follows you forever and reminds you of the times we shared and I wish the time was still, cause we don't have long before we're gone and this late night song is all you'll ever have. its been a week today, the time has gone and I still feel the same. so hear this song, and try to make it last, its all you'll hear, cause I regret my past. and I hope the way we lived, follows you forever and reminds you of the times we shard and I wish, the time were still, we don't have long before we're going to and this late night song, is all you'll ever have, and I hate the way we lived, and I want to know where I stand, and I hate the way we lived, and I want to know who I am. and I hope the way we lived, follows you forever and reminds you of the times we shared and I wish, the time were still, we don't have long before we're gone and this late night song is all you'll lever have. there it is. it is a very popular song anywhere we go. its one of the favorites on the cd because a lot of people can connect with it. I have gotten emails telling me that people play it for their ex-girlfriends for revenge. because of the 'I regret my past' part. that's the part that got my ex girlfriend too. I'm listening to a song called goodnight elizabeth right now and it reminds me of my older brother'x ex-girlfriend. her name was elizabeth and she was one of the prettiest girls ever. the song actually resembles their relationship. my brother went to college at tulane in new orleans. and this song said I miss you in new orleans, but now I'm the king of the rain. which is probably referring to the rainy weather in southern louisiana. won't you fall down on me know won't you fall down on me. I love that lyric. cz I'm alone and your comin down. we just settle down down down down into home. I really respect counting crowes lyrics. they are one of the best bands ever in my mind. once our band starts getting bigger. we will change music I believe. our lead singer is amazing. and he is not like all the other singers out there. it is unique and all his lyrics are from the heart. his mother died of brain cancer a few years back and ever since then he has written the saddest and most beautiful songs. I didn't expect to be in college this year because of all the record company attention we have gotten lately and my parents agreed to if we got signed to a label, then we wouldn't be in school. right now we are very close to the signing. and I'm not sure if I will finish this semester or go live the life I will live for the rest of my life. I just wish I could major in being a rockstar. beyond the band. I have nothing real in my life, my band IS my life, and if I ever lose the guys, I will lose my life. ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_89.txt,So twenty minutes? I'll probably finish at 12:40 and then oh that guy is wearing a blue god its hot she has really black hair and this room is really hot it's funny how I keep repeating the same thing over again I don't know what to right Lakamini was in chemistry class today I feel bloated and stupid for writing that on my assignment Monday I am going to have to go to cardio and weight training and I don't want too my hands are getting sweaty and I'm not sure if that's how you spell sweaty but this gum is really getting hard and I feel bad for chewing so much gum gosh I can't believe it took me like four times to spell out gum I wonder how many minutes I have left I don't want to look up at the time because then the time will go by slower so I really need to practice more on my typing I make to many mistakes and then it makes me frustrated see I wonder what my mom and eric and dad and chito are doing I think my mom is going to make chito some pasta which Eric really likes and I forgot to capitalize is that how you spell capitalize well I forgot to capitalize the other names I'll just do it when I am finished if I can because I don't know if the computer is just going to shut off should I keep pressing the cap lock key when I don't even need it maybe I'll go by Wendy's and get a salad but this gum reminds me of Mexico It's only been seven minutes and why did I capitalize the I in its should I put a comma the person reading this is going to think I am stupid why did I do that why did I need to stop making so many mistakes my legs are so sore and the my vision is starting to blur kind of probably because I was in the sun then I came inside why am I putting periods at the end of a word it's not like it I'm tired after this I will email meghan oh who cares if I don't capitalize her name yeah only nine more minutes to go good because my arms or whatever they are called are starting to stick to the I can see my nose my arms are so sore from all those push ups these chairs are really comfortable that guy looks like some guy from san antonio I wish I had clear skin again without holes but I keep going to the stupid doctor and they all tell me the same thing and I am so tired I just wish somebody I keep uncapitalizing the I how do I put little commas around the I oh well I only have five more minutes but so many girls here have I should sit up this computer is really nice I could put it in my room I don't think I am going to wow our brains do do a lot of thinking that's probably why my head hurt sometimes from all the thinking or probably I am wrong three more minutes that ola organization was good but I felt like I was in the youth group because all they did was talk spanish daniel is going to get mad at me because I didn't call him after class we'll probably go watch cabin fever it is supposed to come out today I wonder if it will be good my finger s are all jumping around the wrist is hurting from all the one more minute to type I don't god I can't type I haven't typed what did I just do my toe itches but should I keep typing for more I guess it would look good or maybe not because whoever is going to read these I am sure doesn't want them to be that long that way I wonder how much longer I have been typing for probably only one minute but I am going to stop now because I have to go to class in about fifteen minutes. ,n,y,n,n,y

2003\_90.txt,"Well, I'm sitting here writing this. Not much is going on right now. I was playing free cell on my computer before. Yeah, I was that bored. Wow, this is what college is like. My roommate is sleeping right now. That's all she ever really does. Sleep and eat. speaking of eating I'm kinda hungry even though I had boba tea and a spring roll like at about 11. I really need to stop these late night temptations! yeah I really don't want to gain the freshman 15 as they call it. I want to go home this weekend but I really shouldn't. I have a lot of crap to study for. I want to go home to see my grandma and my dog. I'm not using very good grammar or punctuation in this assignment. I hope whoever reads it does not think I'm a complete moron I'm just lazy! yeah my laziness often gets in the way of things oh well. that is life. now I'm not thinking about anything much. I wonder if we are going to have one of those random pop quizzes in bio tomorrow. I hope not. I didn't do much today partially because I went to eckards to buy myself some cold medicine and orange juice! I believe in my vitamins. hhahaha ok no! that was retarded. I think I'm getting sick. ARRGH I hate getting sick because it always lasts for a while and now I can't miss classes. damn college. I don't know how people who miss class do it. I would always be scared that there would be some sort of pop quiz or the professor going over some random things that will be on a test. like I say GRR to college. I kinda miss high school now that I'm not there. I hate the way time just moves on and there is absolutely nothing you can do about it. I was thinking about that today and there isn't much time till I'm 20! only like 2 years. I never imagined myself even being 18. I guess I don't realize how much I have really changed. Not many people realize whenever they change kinda like you don't really realize whenever u change physically. Grr sorry. I accidentally pressed the finish key but I was not finished since there were like 6 minutes still left so I'm going to continue blabbing for 6 minutes. its only fair. I really do wonder what the hell my life is going to be like in 10 years. It seems that then everything is going to change. Coming out of high school whenever I think about it not much has changed. well the people that I see have changed and my surrounding has changed a bit but I still talk to my best friends. My room mate has been my friend since middle school. I hope that living together won't interfere with our friendship since everyone has those horror stories where they shared a dorm room with their best friend and then they become enemies. I don't think that will happen to us. at least I really hope not. I really do hope that I will soon get over him. this is kinda random but I think about him a lot. I don't even know what is so great about him. nothing really. I guess I still like the person he used to be. USED TO BE is the key word. oh well. I will get over him. Anyways. my continued 6 minutes are about to be up. I hope my blabering was not too stupid and mindless. Oh well! bye bye ",n,y,n,y,n

2003\_91.txt,"I know I should probably find this sort of assignment intriguing,"" but really I'm just bored as hell. I think I can honestly say that I never imagined myself doing something like this. I guess it's something I always imagined only druggies and insomniacs did. Then again, I consider myself an insomniac. But like I said. here we are. My only motivation for doing this is that my roommate has promised me that after I finish my writing assignment, we can go to lunch. How sad. She is like my mom. She wakes me up in the mornings when I oversleep, she keeps track of my assignments for the classes we have together, she cleans the room. and even sadder. Food is my only motivation. Meh. In other news, the UT Body Project is going well. I got paid $30 for the seminar I attended yesterday. They want us to ""diet"" for the next week, though they stress that it's not ""diet[ing],"" but more ""finding a homeostasis"" in the course of our daily consumptions. Somehow I don't see that happening. On a lighter note, my new computer is totally freaking super awesome. It's great having a computer that doesn't restart every day, and actually has enough memory to complete whole tasks. My poor baby. I'm not too sure what to do with my old computer. So for now, it's sitting in a Dell box in the middle of my room, taking up space. So it's hard for me to access my closet. But oh well. Who needs clothes anyway. My roommate is sick right now. asking for tissues. This could be a disaster. She is also trying to read what I'm writing, claiming that I'm talking trash about her. . Everything she is heard is true. And, because I'm confident in the fact that no one is going to read this, and on the off chance that they do, they won't give a shit, I'll delve a little bit into my personal life. I wrote an e-mail to S (as we'll call him for now) while he was gone. Though he wasn't technically gone. He went to Harvard for college, and his computer had not yet arrived. Speaking of which, because Harvard is gay, their holiday breaks are all messed up. so they just started school, and while we get out of school on the 7th of may, they don't get out till the 25th I think. It sux0rz. Fortunately, I asked Arjun, and their spring break doesn't coincide with ours. Which means. my roommate Angela and I might go visit them up in Boston during our spring break, if there's enough money, and if we care. But I digress. Then again I guess the point of this is to digress, so by not digressing I actually am digressing. OK I'm not going to confuse myself further. Anyway. back to the e-mail. Right. So I wrote it, and he got back on Tuesday, as he said he would. But by the I'd already gotten my new computer, and installed it and everything. Unfortunately, I don't have the proper network cable to network my computers just yet, so it's still on my old POS computer. Oh well. It wasn't anything important. just a stream-of-consciousness type thing, a lot like this. Except a lot longer. I forget what the point of this story was. Oh well. I guess what I'm trying to say is that a) the Donnie Darko soundtrack is very good, and b) I miss him a lot. A lot a lot. He is going to have fun up at Harvard with his friends, while I'm stuck down here with no ability to make friends whatsoever. It's so depressing. I don't really like it down here. I miss Saikat, and Arjun, and Amit. Bah. I really need to update my journal sometime soon. I think oftentimes, I make such an effort to make the entries I write so pensive, and thought-provoking, that if I'm ever experiencing writer's block, or whatever, I just won't update. What a shame. I need to stop caring about how I write and start worrying about what I write. People don't need to read something well-written to be able to enjoy it. Then again, what's to convince myself that my entries are interesting anyway. Oh poo. In other news, the movie ""The Good Girl"" is really good. It helped me to explore some aspects of my life that I'd never given much thought to. I guess I should have. ",n,n,n,n,y

2003\_92.txt,"I'm thinking that I should probably be doing some homework right now. But I am enjoying listening to the music that she is playing. That is one thing I miss about not driving anymore. I don't get to listen to music all the time. It is really weird not having a radio in my room, I even find myself just purposely stalling around the bathroom in my dorm longer than normal just so I can listen to the radio that is in there. I am starting to realize how random my thoughts are. As many times I have joked around about it but I really think that I have ADD. Now I am thinking that I really need to call this girl back. She called while I was eating dinner with a friend over at Kinsolving. I think that I am purposely stalling before calling her back. She asked for my number at this club, but everytime I think about I can't get over the fact that I kind of met someone at a club and the fact that stereotypes are funny. She is this kind of manly lesbian who is in the army and everytime I think about I just think it is really funny. Now I am thinking about my roommate and that she listens to good music. She is playing Third Eye Blind"", which is my favorite band. Now I'm trying I'm remembering that this is the 3rd track on their 2nd album, ""Blue"". Now I'm trying to restrain myself from singing the song for the reason that I don't want to distract my roomie from studying or scare her with my terrible singing. Now I'm thinking that I really need to break/stop this clock thing of mine from beeping 8 minutes past every hour. I used to just ignore it but now it is really starting to bother me. I should find the instruction manual that or throw it away, I don't have patience for those kind of things, which is actually kind of terrible considering that I am currently an engineering major. Now I can't help ignoring the knot in my stomach, I'm nervous about something but I can't really narrow it down. I think it is a combination of calling this girl and the mostly ever present stress and pressure I feel from the whole classes/college thing. I'm really glad that prof. pennebaker taking about that in class today (that it is normal for college freshman to feel this way) I thought I might just have been being really weird and stressing out, which isn't too normal during this time of year. There is something about switching from the summer mode to school mode that always seems to stress me out. Now I just seem to be spacing out and not really thinking about anything. I'm trying to figure out if I am really tired or if it is just the stress that is making me feel this way. But at least it is a pleasant break the ""dissecting my life"" thoughts that I have been having lately. For the last two days I have been trying to figure out whether my lack of a party life was caused by me being a mature high schooler or my me just being naive. I'm starting to realize that I think I need to cut ties with my dad again. the drama just isn't worth it. I think he . sorry I'm distracted. my roomie is playing the ""Turning Japanese Song"". now I just had a vision of my mom dancing and singing this song. ohh, more 80's music Michael Jackson's ""Beat it"". wow, he is such a freak now. anyway. where was I? oh ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_93.txt,"Right now I am sitting in my dorm room thinking about how much reading I have to finish tonight. I am listening to the radio as I write this. Jessica Simpson is what I am listening to. I am also thinking about how many typing errors I make as I type. I am drinking Pink Lemonade and chewing Orbit gum. I am also thinking about my boyfriend, and waiting for either an email or a phone call from Kuwait. I am very worried about him, but he reassures me everyday that he will be ok. I have to read a lot of Biology tonight. I also have to get my clothes together for tomorrow morning. Tomorrow is the start of my first full week as a college student. I don't like college to much, it is quite boring and time consuming. I would prefer to be going to college closer to home or at home, but here is where I find myself. Oh well, it's okay. I'm testing the waters and seeing how I like this place. So far so good, the football games are fun and my classes are interesting. Except for one of my Biology classes, my professor is evil. I wish that my boyfriend would call, I would really like to talk to him. I miss him so much, and I can't wait till he comes home. I have lots of pictures of my family and boyfriend in my room. They are all over, I miss them all so much. I hate being this far from them, but I have to do what I have to do. I am full from eating a giant burrito at Freebirds about an hour ago. I keep staring at my cell phone hoping someone will call me. I still have to do some Pre Calculus homework and read for Psychology too. I received one Instant Message, I wonder who it was from. Probably my little cousin who bothers me all the time. Everytime someone signs on and off the internet that annoying door sound plays. It gets on my nerves. I wish it was Saturday still, I had fun on Saturday. I am tired of typing and I want to start my reading so I can go to bed. My roommate is going to Jack n the Box, and she asked if I wanted anything, but I do not like burgers or greasy food anymore. Plus I am watching my figure and do not want to get the dreaded Freshman 15!"" I just got an email but I can't read it until this is over I want to read it so bad because it might be from my boyfriend. Dang I so wish that I could check my email, with my luck it probably was my boyfriend. My music stopped and no it is silent in my room but I can hear some music from my RA's room. I think her roommate is playing the music. It sounds funny from here but oh well. I'm really tired from staying up so late of Friday night, but I guess that's what I get. This gum is already starting to lose flavor and I just barely put it in my mouth. Yuck! Blah! I got new sunglasses this weekend. I like them a lot. I got to shop some this weekend, and I bought more food for my room. I didn't need any of it, but it was definitely a spur of the moment type thing. I really need to read my Biology so I can read my Psychology so that I can take a shower and go to bed. It's only been 13 minutes since I began typing and I feel like I have been typing forever. I am worried about my Biology class and I hope I do good. I don't want to let anyone back home down. I want to be able to prove my ex friend wrong that I can be on my own, since she was to chicken to leave home. But I don't like her anyways, she has an obsession with thinking my world revolves around her, when obviously hers revolves around me. I don't know if that made sense, but I don't really care. Only five more minutes left and I am running out of things to write about. I got another email and now I am pretty sure it is my boyfriend. This is the longest 5 minutes of my life. I also have never made this many mistakes when I type. Oh well. I want to run downstairs and get myself some snacks. I wish I could go get some right now but I have to finish writing. I realize that I can't wait to get something over with and then when I start it I don't really feel like finishing it. Oh well, only a little bit more time left. Then I can cross this off my to-do list for the week. I miss my boyfriend so much, I cannot wait till he comes home. I get to go home next month! YAY! I can't wait to see my family and my puppy! I am thinking about all the times I had when I was at home. I had a sense of security there, I am very family oriented and I miss them a lot. Only 30 seconds left. And then I have more to do tonight. I have so much to do in so little time. Time to get it all done so I'm not swamped this week. ",y,y,n,y,n

2003\_94.txt,"I thought I was supposed to set a timer. So I set one, and now I don't think I need it. its actually getting on my nerves. Am I supposed to use correct grammar? I'm not using it at all. I'm typing like I do when I talk to my friends online. I like this song on delilah. I love delilah. why don't others? She seems to always make me in a better mood. Or is it because I like depressing music. I love depressing music and often times wander if it just makes things worse. Actually, I think it does, but sometimes u just have to cry and let things out. I think I cry a lot, but I'm not always depressed. I use to be depressed for a long time when one of my good friends totally ripped my heart out. adam is such a good guy. Do I really like him though? Or am I just wanting a guy to talk to and call my partner? He treats me so well. Was jennifer thinking about me and adam when she talked to my dad tonight? oh well, I'm out of high school so it shouldn't matter anymore. But it bothers me when people don't like me. I miss my best friend lauren. That song today really brought back memories. I love college! I'm pretty much caught up on my work and when I finish this, I'll be even closer to being caught up. There is A LOT of reading u have to do in college. Wow. I hope I don't get counted off for my bad grammar mistakes. I'm just so use to typing like this! that's not good. I don't like this song right now I wish she would play some good songs! man my back is starting to hurt. oh well I have bout 13 minutes left of this. this really isn't bad at all. In fact, I think it's kind of interesting. What time is adam going to call? I wander if he is almost done with all his homework. I love my parents. I'm glad I talked to them tonight. I feel so refreshed and organized. college is awesome. I love all the people that are here. Many people thought I wouldn't like all the people, but I actually do! I'm a big people person I guess. I don't know what else to think about. when is my roommate coming back in? I probably should've went and watched that movie on clark field. Oh well. At least I read a chapter of psychology today. I have two more chapters to go and ill be caught up. I thought he was going to tell us when to read! I found out he didn't, and now I'm trying to catch up. I can't wait for my birthday. tomorrow is midnight rodeo! what am I going to wear? I have no idea. maybe I can borrow something from sarah. Do I dress up or not really? I wander if oscar is going to come or if daniel is. How much is it to get in? Well I have plenty of money after returning my book the other day. I'm so glad I got seventy dollars back today. what am I going to do with it? I guess save it until I really need it. I think we need a lil more food in our room. I just don't feel like going to the store. Lauren had her car taken away, so we're probably going to have to find someone to take us! Ok maybe delilah is about to play a good song. This is awesome! I can type without looking at the keyboard! I've always wanted to be able to do this, and my friend was so good at it. I wander how I am going to be creative with my lonestar application. I really really want to make the organization. If I don't I'll be so sad. oh my gosh! I love this song. sure I'll think about you now and then. haha. I was singing. we can do that right? Because I was really singing it in my head. oh man. now I'm starting to feel stupid. Oh well. I wander what other people wrote about. hmm. I wander if I'm doing this right? ok I'm tired of sitting up straight. I'm so full. I think I need to stop eating so much! But I really do want to gain wait. why is it no one believes me when I say I don't like being so skinny? Skinny people always get teased. I want to weigh at least 115, and since I have come to college I weigh 2 pounds more. 107. ok my time is almost up. YAYYYY now all I have left to do is read and finish my application. Oh man. I have to get my shot tomorrow! ",y,y,y,y,n

2003\_95.txt,"Well I just got don't talking to my brother. He is doing well. That is good becasue I worry about him, and I don't even worry about him that much until I hear him say that he eats lunch and dinner alone. He is only a freshmen at UTA and it's only been like a week and he has to have time to make friends but he is just not as good as I am at making friends. My mom worries about him too, so that makes me worry even more. It is cold in here. I wish it was warmer, but I have one roommate who likes it hot and one who likes it cold and the one who likes it cold is in the living room and I can't exactly argue since she pays rent here too. oh well. She is watching CSI, which is not something I terribly care for, its an ok show but I have different things that I watch. Her and I tried to go to the gym earlier to play racquetball bt all the courts were full, so we reserved one for tomorrow, but who knows what is going on tomorrow. We rode our bikes there and it is so hot outside, I cannot wait until it gets cold, although I will complain then too but at least the cold is more easy to deal with then the heat at least to me. god the TV is loud, I don't know why its so loud, its just me and her in the room. I have a lot to do and I am putting it off. I have math homework due next wednesday and I need to get it don't before this weekend because my boyfriend is going back home to houston and he is my help for that class. I understand just about nothing in that class and it scares me. He is very patient with me and I love him and are very grateful to him that he takes time out of his homework to help me with mine. right now his roommates are mad at him because all he does now is hang out with me and they don't understand why, well they understand but hey don't like it and I cannot help it, its his choice. I am worried about chemistry, I understand nothing in that class either. I thought I was good at chemistry, I wanted to be a pharmacist but now I just don't know and that scares me too. I am feeling extremely overwhelmed with everything right now. UT is a lot different from UTSA. my neck hurts and I don't know why, I didn't get to work out today, since the racquetball courts are full. my roommate just asked me if she could use my garlic. I don't really mind but she always throws a fit when I ask to borrow her stuff, not like its a big deal or anything it just gets on my nerves every now and then. I am so scared about chemistry, I have to ask my boyfriends roommate this weekend to help me figure it out. we have a quiz on tuesday over the stuff we have been learning although I feel like I have not been learning anything. it worries me so much, I feel like I have no direction again. I don't know what I want to be or what I want my major to be and my parents kept asking me and my advisor told me to just choose so I chose pharmacy and now with the chemistry part being so hard and I thought I was going to be good at it, I am scared that I won't be able to be a pharmacist anymore and that will only disappoint me and my parents. I feel like I have no direction and I can't just force myself to have one. I wish that I had something I was REALLY good at but I don't. I have a lot of things that I am good at but not one thing that I really excel in and sometimes that hurts my feelings and makes me feel bad about who I am. wow already been 13 minutes time goes by fast when you just keep typing. I need to shave my legs, now it smells gross in here because of the amount of garlic my roommate used. my arms are starting to hurt because of all the typing only 6 minutes to go. this writing thing is not that bad I think its a good idea I hope thy don't mind all my grammatical errors and or misspellings, why does my neck hurt! I need to repaint my toenail, I keep messing them up because I won't let them dry all the way before I put my shoes back on. I wish my boyfriend would hurry up and come home at work no actually I am glad that he is working , he needs the money. our three year anniversary is coming up and I have nothing to get him, no idea whatsoever and neither of us have the money to do anything really special so I don't know exactly how this is going to work this year. man I wish I could get motivated to learn that chemistry stuff but I already feel so behind that it makes me discouraged to even try now. I know I will try but I just don't know I just wish that I knew what was going on in there. I was so good at it in high school and that was back in 10th grade and I remember some stuff that he has talked about but not hardly most of it and now I feel behind like I am not going to be able to catch up. I wish that it was not in such a big room I think that is part of my problem, I am not getting the basic review that I need to refresh my memory form so long ago but I guess that is partly my fault, I should be reading, and I am going to as soon as I can motivate myself and tell myself that I can do it and that I am good at it and that I do have a future being good at something. ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_96.txt,"Well I'm a bit nervous about this. Not that I really have any reason to be nervous, but college in general has been all new to me and a bit scary and overwhelming. I'm really tired right now, but I can't go to sleep because I have so much to do. My body is getting so run down. I really ought to take care of myself, I know. Well, I did go to yoga today. Besides, if I go to bed early, my roomie will stay up and make noise, something that makes me unable to sleep. Unfortunately, only I have early morning classes. Not her. But I love Jenny. Best friend, ya know. Oh well. I wish I could have more time to study though. Then I would have more time to sleep. Then I would enjoy life a bit more, I think. I liked hearing in Psych today that everyone is stressed first semester of freshman year. I truly did think I was the only one. Well yippee! I'm not alone! Although, I don't think EVERYONE is juggling 15 hours, with work, organizations, and a lot of time-consuming friends! But I guess a lot of people have their own time problems. Like if they are in a frat or sorority or something. Those apparently take a lot of time. That's totally not my kind of thing though, so I'm glad that I'm not doing it. Also, being in sports takes a lot of time I'm sure. Band too. Brandon is in band. He says it's a lot of fun, but I think it wouldn't be my thing either. Unless they sang in band. In which case, I would really enjoy it. Or dance. Dance is awesome. I really miss it. But you know, when I went clubbing this weekend, I really hated it. I hated how guys treated me like a piece of meat and basically violated my personal space and being. I felt like crap. I really hated it. And the thing is, I really wanted to hit the library that night, but nooooo, they said I would enjoy the club because it was salsa dancing - one of my favorites. Wouldn't you know it - they had like one salsa song. Man, that was upsetting. It turned out to be a horrible night. I mean, horrible. Jenny is going to bed now. That's a first. She ALWAYS goes to bed after me. Seriously, that's a first. I hope I don't wake her by typing. Actually my comp is kind of quiet now that I think about it. Besides, she claims she is not disturbed by little sounds. So good. I don't think it'll be too much of a problem. My head hurts. And this light shining on my keyboard is actually making my fingers hot. That's kind of creepy. I don't think lights are supposed to do that. Oh well. I really have to use the bathroom now. Hah. I bet that's a psychological thing. I only feel that way just because I know I can't leave the computer because I've got 12 more minutes left. How does this thing work? How can this computer tell me what my psyche is like? I mean, its a computer! How is it able to read what I have written, and then analyze it and give me a response? Hehe, maybe the TAs have to stay at the computer 24-7 so they can write in the responses. Hehe. Sorry, Mr. TA. I know that's not funny. Oh my god it's late. I'm talking to the non-existent TA, I'm so tired. Well if it weren't for all that studying I tried to finish, it wouldn't be so late! But of course, even after spending almost every free moment I had today, reading, I still am not even anywhere NEAR catching up in reading! It's all because of that stupid, stupid sociology class I dropped! I'm seriously upset about that! I mean, that class was by far the hardest class in terms of reading assignments. If only I had add/dropped the class sooner, I wouldn't have wasted all of my precious time on that one class. And then I end up switching sociology classes. Man. I make myself so mad sometimes. Well, hey. I am a freshman and new to all of this stuff. I guess it'll just take me awhile to figure all these things out. UT is so huge. I don't know if I will ever get used to the size. Actually, I'm not sure it's fully hit me yet anyway. But how on earth did I end up here? I was headed for famous, private colleges in the northeast, that were small, which was my main want in a college. Yet I've ended up at the biggest! Alex is calling on my cell. Poor guy. He is had such a rough night. But hey bub. I'm doing my homework right now. I hope he doesn't think that I'm ignoring him. Well I am, I guess. But I do plan on calling him back. Although that would mean sacrificing more sleep, but oh well. He needs someone right now. I think that's also a problem I have. I spend to much time with my friends. Too many friends sometimes. Sometimes it seems like there aren't enough. Strange how that is. Well I know online (AIM) I definitely have enough friends to talk to. That's so hard. AIM always sucks me in because I get to talk to people who live far away and that I never get to see. I waste so much valuable time on that! Ugh. I procrastinate too much. Well, no, that's not true. I spend A LOT of time doing important things. And I guess AIM and hanging out with friends are my way of relaxing and taking a break. Although they really aren't breaks. Because they require so much emotion, and attention, and energy! So then I need even more sleep! BUT THAT'S JUST SOMETHING I CAN'T EVER GET! Same with in high school! Ugh. I was such an overachiever. All that for nothing though. UT didn't even look at all the extra work I did. Replacing lunch for a class. Not having any free time because of all the organizations and officer positions. So much going on. And all UT looked at was the fact that I was in the top 2%. Whoopee. Now I'm in. I think that makes UT a lot less prestigious. For that very reason, UT was my backup school. Because it was so easy for me to get into. Ooh, time is almost over. Last thoughts, Anj? No. I keep thinking about sleep. Hehe. I can't get it off my mind. Maybe that's a sign. But I need to call Alex. Eeks. Jenny is moving. Did I wake her up? Oh, I can continue? Nah. I think this is enough. Besides, I need sleep! ",y,y,y,n,n

2003\_97.txt,"I am sitting here on the hardest chair known to man. Even with a seat cushion its still not comfortable. My roommate is talking to her boyfriend on the phone. They talk forever. They never discuss anything interesting either. Speaking of boyfriends, I miss my boyfriend. I am going to be really busy this week and I am worried that I won't be spending enough time with him. I have an application to fill out for a girls' group called the Texas Lonestars. It sounds fun but I am worried that maybe its not quite me. "" The girls are really obsessed with each other and I never get along that well with girls. Girls usually hate me. I think because they're jealous and also because I am pretty intimidating. Meagan White probably hates me the most. I wish she would get over herself. God she is a bitch. It makes me insecure when Matt's ex-girlfriends are always still calling him, IMing him, and text messaging him. I trust him but its hard not to be bothered by it. I hope we stay together for a long time. I love him a lot. Geez its freezing cold in here. I think I get abnormally cold. I can't handle temperatures that are less than 73 degrees. Kelly and Chance are talking about getting married. but not to each other. I wonder if they will marry each other? I bet they will. what a boring couple they are. I think I'm too harsh on Kelly. I always judge her but then again she judges other people all the time. She is very racist. She hates our asian suitemate because she smells. But it is true. she always stinks up the bathroom. This is the easiest assignment I have ever done but it does kinda suck because its time consuming. I am tired and tired of school. I wonder if I should stay in business. I don't think its totally ""me. "" But then again I don't even know what is ""me. "" I only know what I'm good at. I don't really know what I even like. I think I think too much about the future. I always over-analyze things too. I can't help it. I'm a perfectionist. at least I want to be perfect. It seems the harder I try the less perfect I become. Does that even make sense? My back hurts. I'm trying to sit up straight so I have good posture and so I don't have to feel my fat rolls on my stomach touching. I wish I was skinnier. but I can't say I'm totally unhappy with my size. I wish my hips weren't as wide and my tummy was a little flatter. Yeah. dropping 5 pounds would be really nice. My face is starting to break out again. If there's anything that has been a huge pain in my life its my skin. It affects so much of my life and attitude. I thought the birth control was helping. maybe its just stress. Yes, I am very stressed. I have not had time to breathe since school started. And I know its only going to get busier. Sometimes I wish I could just escape. freeze time and come back without it costing me anything. My fingers hurt. And I'm still cold. I'm slumped over now, I give up on the posture and fat rolls. I feel guilty that my family misses me so much and I don't miss them. I really don't. Not even my sister Emily. which is a surprise. I thought I would at least miss her. but I don't. I should call them tomorrow. Maybe my mom could help me with my lonestars application. I have so much stuff to do. I'm scared. Why am I so touchy feely emotional lately? I used to never think of myself as emotional, but I think ever since I started dating matt I have become much more emotion oriented. I think I have become more insecure too. That does not really make sense though. But its like now I have to please him too. One more person to impress. before it was just myself and kinda my parents. but mostly my competition. I'm very competitive. I think of everyone as my competition. I bet that is unhealthy. but then again. what is healthy? I can't think of a single person I know that is ""healthy"" or has ""healthy relationships. "" I am almost done now. I'm just waiting for the clock to wind down so I cna start on yet another homework assignment. oh joy! I wonder why matt has not called me back. I need him to lift my spirits and to talk to. He is really wonderful. is that normal that I'm so obsessed with him? ",n,n,y,y,n

2003\_98.txt,"I am so cold right now, and I want to take a really long nap. I have so many things to do and I don't know where to start. I miss my family and my boyfriend a whole lot. I don't know if I like the whole idea of growing up. Sometimes I wish I could be a kid forever. My roommate can sometimes become annoying and I just want to scream. My suitemates are cool though, although one of them smells kinda funny. I really want to go shopping this weekend and already can't wait for a break from school. The cafeteria food here is not that great. the enchiladas are fattening and spicy but the ice cream is good. I had the best ice cream the other day at Coldstone Creamery. It was cake batter flavor. Crazy ,huh? I am trying to be accepted into different organizations right now as a freshman and still balance my schoolwork. I am now happy to be in the school of education. So many people have put me down and discouraged me for wanting to be a teacher and then a principal. But I am glad that I have stood by my own convictions and passions to become what I truly would love to be. I think I need to take a shower. I want to have a family when I am older and I can't wait to get married and have kids. Someone in this room needs to buy a mop because our floor is getting really gross. Our shower is very small in the first place and combined with being dirty, well that's just plain bad. I've met some really nice girls in some of my classes and I hope to build some very good friendships here in college. I tend to get stressed out easily and am very anxious about tests and other important things. I play with my hair a lot and as a result I need to get my hair trimmed. People think it is ridiculous but I have done it since I was a child. I had a conflict with my sister this weekend. I hate to say this but sometimes she can be a very uncaring person. She is the only family member that lives close and she doesn't act like she wants me to be a part of her life. I think she is just self-centered and almost jealous of my involvement"" in college which she did not take advantage off. It's not my fault that she lived off campus for her first year. I hope that they have a computer for me and don't run out at the computer store on Friday. I really need one and hate relying on someone else's. I wish I was able to pay for it but right now I am unable to work and a thousand dollars is usually not in a college student's budget. My mom is the greatest mom there ever was. She would do anything for me. anything. I wish that her and my dad were closer though. When I was little we would always go on family adventures and now we seem to be more distant. I really hope that I can plan a trip to go on for Spring Break with my boyfriend. I have never really gone on a trip all by myself before. I wonder if my friend martin from Germany is going to email me back. I haven't heard from him in awhile but I think sometimes he behaves in ways that I would not tolerate. I wish my razor didn't hurt my skin. I guess I need to buy a new blade. My little sister is painting her wall with a mural of New York city. she has this wild idea of becoming a dancer when she grows up but I don't know about that. My mom is helping her look at dance colleges right now but I think she should be a little more realistic. I really want to go home right now and eat a home cooked meal and take a shower where I can actually move around. I really need a hug and a kiss from my boyfriend. I am not used to being so far away from him and sometimes I worry that we are going to become distant and that our relationship isn't going to work out. I really could see us getting married but I guess I should leave that to God, if you know what I mean. I love pizza an ice cream. I wish they weren't so fattening. I need to go kickbox this week. It's not the same here as it is at 24 hour fitness. It's cool though. good exercise. I'm really tired of typing. I got to go tan outside today. ",n,y,y,y,n

2003\_99.txt,"Stream of consciousness, I can't even spell it right, in any case I'm sitting here its 10:50 in the morning and I do not feel like doing all this crap today. too many classes when I'd rather just sit here doing nothing whatever its stupid anyway I feel like sleeping or some nonsense. nose itched. anyway I wonder what I'm going to do tonight about all that homework good god its exhausting I should taken less hours or at least not calculus that class it kicking me in the butt, I don't know anything. tangents. velocity. who freaking cares I'm no physicist, but for some reason to be an economist I need to know how to calculate velocity of a ball and decide what dosage to give patients based on tangent and secant line. honestly I don't care I just want to get out there and keep going. chris is probably at school right now, I wonder what he is doing. oh he is in government, he better be bringing that C up to a B right now on that test. if he just tried he could be so much smarter but I distracted him and made him get the c to begin with, but its still his fault. damn nose. whatever. I just want him to do well on this one. I like it when he is smart but I don't always because I begin to feel inferior. in any case, I love him no matter how he is I just wish he had help himself more. he is working tonight, so we can do something this weekend, I paid like 50 bucks last weekend because he had no money, its not like I'm rich. I work for my money I took out loans. my dad has not had a job since he got out in 8 months. I'm not rich. he starts his job on october 1 so that is really good because my family will be a lot better off. its quite exciting for us since we've had such little money for a while now. I'm not going to get stuck up because of it either. I wish someone would send me some mail I check that stupid box everyday and I don't get anything why can't someone just send something to be nice beth got a box and I still have not gotten anything. just a fucking postcard or something would be nice. oh well. ill mail someone something first then they'll have to write back, or not. I like my penguin picture, he is waving but he looks sad. I'm sorry penguin. thirsty. yuck. that cherry coke is disgusting, it tastes like carbonated water. gross and I paid 85 cents for that shit. what is up with my face itching while I?m writing this stuff. ooo. I'd rather be playing my game right now, although I really should be working out ill never be ready for thr PFT like this. can't do all those pushups and I don't know how fast I run. ill run till I vomit I guess. nose ITCHES AGAIN. I love chris he is such a nice boyfriend. not like those other guys who didn't really treat me right. chris is not perfect but he has changed a lot since the beginning of our relationship and madison and all the shit that caused. in any case, we are happy now and madison can kiss my ass. he asked me to marry him in a sense that we aren't engaged but we will marry each other, we're moving in pretty soon together, I wish he had stop being such a mama's boy and tell her to get over it. I'll probably be the one that convinces her to pay for it and be happy about it. saves a lot of money and chris and I can be together. we fight and stuff but its never big stuff. my parents will be fine with it. my dad will take a while to get used to it but my mom will support me if I really want it. it saves like 300 a month by doing it this way. MY NOSE!. 15 minutes. u got to be kidding me this should be over by now. he should make it 15 minutes for next semester's class. actually 25. I want them to work more than I did. lalalalalalallalalalalalalalalalallllllllllaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa. your my best friend. oooooooooo youre more than a lover there could never be another to make me feel the way you do. oooooooooo we just get closer fall in love all over. what a good song love that tim mcgraw his wife is cute too such a cute couple. jamie just got online. that girl does not know how to have fun whatever. choochoochoo. my brain feels pretty blank. I'm all thoughted out, I got class in 52 minutes and I don't feel to good from that stuff. in 3 days I take AFOQT, and then go home and see my family and chris fun times, ill work too make some money for this week and buy that cute Aeropostale sweater. so cute 40% off too hope I don't miss that sale, I don't have a car to go buy it now or else I would, I can't wait to get my truck in like a month when my dad starts his job a blue f-150 so pretty ",n,y,y,y,y

2003\_100.txt,"I am starting over again. I am real mad. I was about 15 min into my first writing and I clinked on some link and this page transferred to somewhere else and everything was lost. That sucks. That sucks. That Sucks. I do not know what else to write. FRUSTRATION. nothing is more annoying. last year at 4 am in the morning my computer froze. I lost 3 or 4 pages of work for a a research paper that was do the next morning. that was infuriating. maybe almost cried. probably not. about as angry at myself as I have ever been though. bloodied my hand on a wall I was so mad then. I'm not angry enough now to hit anything. it is only twenty minutes and I have done nothing all day. the link I clicked was so stupid. it was in my friends profile. quotes from my calc teacher last year. they weren't funny when I read them. I knew they wouldn't be anyway. but I had to click on the damn link. wish I could get that moment back. about one hundred quotes and not one was funny. the kid who made this list of quotes has way too much time on their hands. not that I don't. it is 4 in the afternoon and the only time I have been out of my dorm is too get food. nothing else so far. that is pretty sad. staring and tvs and computer screen hurts my eyes. throbbing is only word I can think of to describe my feeling. feel like going back to bed. I sleep way too much. winamp. music. weezer. play. el scorcho. god damn you half japanese girls. do it to me every time. all the red heads said you shred the jello and I'm jello baby. two won't talk won't think of me. I'm the epitome. I can't keep up typing the song lyrics. I had it going good for a while. I asked you to go to the green day concert. you said you never heard of them. I'm not going to tey and type lyrics anymore. I'm not in the mood for weezer. stop. change. bela fleck. something anyone can always listen too. no lyrics to tey and type at least. locks of dread. I hear drums and some weird keyboard type instrument. I'm not really sure. definitely a bass and maracas or something of that nature. not important. great song. I feel better. one of few songs that can make me feel better by listening to. I wonder how many words I spelled wrong/typos. go back and check. NO. ha. not that important. this is my stream of conscious. I don't think this is working. would I normally think about these things if I was not trying to record thought. only thing I think I am really thinking about is what I am thinking or what I should think next. maybe not. I confused myself. somehow I went to a page of lines or something. when I went back my time clock started at zero again. I am going to have to estimate my twenty now. why my page went squiggly line. I have no idea. I hate computers, they think they can just do whatever they want. freeze throw pop ups at you, turn off, and a million other things. machines will take over. judgment day is near. no. but terminator 2 could be greatest movie of all time. my occupation is to do what I like - this os my friends away message. a lyric of a song we both think is hilarious. glad to see him with that away message. the stars are bright and big at night - deep in the heart of texas ( clap clap clap) pee wee hermans big adventure. a lot better than big top pee wee. my friend just send me instant message: do you have a pic of prof account. "" he is mad I don't understand him. I'm sorry but I don't. me means a pickaprof. com account. I have never even heard of this. should I have. I have no idea. I guess I don't really care. well after accidentally hitting back my time is messed up again and I am going to say it has been twenty minutes. I wonder if I did this right. were these thoughts too forced. ",y,y,n,n,y

2003\_101.txt,"I wonder why the Braves got swept by the Mets, the Braves are awesome and the Mets roster is full a bunch of nobody's this sis the second day in a row that I have smelled tuna fish in the hallway they call Bill Parcells the big tuna and he looks really funny because he has a regular body and a extremely large waist their was a girl in my class today that looked kind of like Bill Parcells with long hair everytime I looked at her I saw Bill Parcells face super imposed on her face every day for the last week some chinaman has called my cell phone and when I pick up he talks Chinese, Vietnamese, or some language from the orient until I hang up I wonder if he knows I don't speak Chinese my math teacher is very similar to the man who calls me because when he teaches math its in Chinglesh and its hard to understand him I wonder if my math teacher is the man who keeps calling me on my cell phone I was sleeping a minute ago and then my roommate came in and that is when I smelt the tuna again I got my ticket for the Arkansas game today and it only took 5 minutes that was great I saw Cedric Benson and Huston Street today they were both walking with hot blondes Neil Young has creepy sideburns but he is a great musician my roommate downloaded one of those virtual girls off the internet that does a strip tease on your desktop and it kept him entertained for hours it was cool I wish I could play the violon or some instrument their was a kid at my school who was a all state oboe player I heard him play one time and it sounded like crap but I guess that means he is really good my history teacher from high school was hot even when she got pregnant she was hot I love history its weird when you think about people you know really well because then awkward thoughts pop into your head about your grandmother in a swimsuit my mouse just fell off my desk and is now cracked I wonder why its called a mouse I should now the answer to that question writing what I think makes me want to think about nothing I wonder if my sisters are having fun at their new school I love my little sisters I miss wrestling with my little sisters I would always let them win ",y,y,n,n,y

2003\_104.txt,"I am so tired. This headache is really getting to me. I wonder if I can make it through the classes today. Why is my foot numb. Sleeping on the floor last night really hurt. I wish the little boy did not cry so much. I hope I will have enough money to go to Brazil for Christmas. I really miss him. It is so hard that his parents don't like me. I know they don't, even if he says they do. Wow my headache is going away. I think I am hungry. I won't eat until 11:30, that way I can make it through my classes. I am dreading the first one. Social work is so boring. Why did I get myself in it. Man my stomach cannot wait to eat. ouch. I need to clean my sheets. I need to read first though. I wish I had a more comfortable chair in here. I need to save my money. I hope I have enough to last the year. This sucks struggling to have enough money. I should not cross my legs it is bad for the blood flow. I need to stand up straight too. Slouching is not going to help what I already did from sleeping on a floor with no pillow. Man I have so much to read. All I want to do is sleep. I cannot sleep though I have to read, run, work, go home this weekend. I am dreading that. All I want to do is sleep and I have to get up so early just to go to church. I wish Granny would just let me sleep in once. At least they do not sing in the Mass. I keep messing up in my writing. ahhh! This is driving me crazy. I need to correct all my mistakes too. I hate mistakes. I hate messes. I hate the fact that this computer is a piece if junk and I cannot afford to buy a better one. I am lucky in life though. I admit that. I should be happy with what I have. There is not use telling myself this, it only makes it worse. It just makes me think of everything that is wrong. I wish I could disappear for a little bit. I wish I could go back to Brazil right now to be with Rica. He makes me so happy. He makes me realize how great I am. He shows me how much he cares. I am so happy he is my boyfriend. I just wish he did not have to go back. What do his parents expect. I cannot speak Portuguese. How was I supposed to talk to them. They cannot know what kind of person I am. I tried to stay out of the way. I did not know what to do. I think they are not telling him the whole truth. Of course they would not tell him that they do not like me. Plus he is moving here later for me and he is their baby. They would have to deal with Carlos again. There I go crossing my legs. This room is freezing. I only like it like that at night. I wish I did not worry so much. It makes my head hurt. I wish I did not have to worry for just one day. Everything is going wrong this year. I do not want to call Dad. He will just talk about bills and the divorce. He will sigh 500 times. He will make excuses then talk about work and ask why I never see him. I hope he does not talk about when he went to church for the first time in 25 years. I do not even like that church. They only make fun of my religion. I need to learn to be more nice about it. I just don't what that weird place converting my Kylie. I worry about her. I worry about Kalan. What is going to happen to them. Quit crossing your legs. I wish my nails were long. They are so thin. I need to go to the store for food. I need to save my money. I can deal with the food the dorm gives me. I will just drink water in my room. My car stinks inside. I hate when I get out and I smell like smoke. I should check the oil. I will do that today after I run. I cannot believe I went from 12:50 to 19:40. I was doing so well running before. I did not change anything. I hurts now to run. I cannot breathe. I do not want to go to the doctor. I just need to get used to the air. Although I have been back home for a month now and the air was not much different in Brazil. I hope the shot of pain that goes through my heart goes away. I just imagine an artery clog. I am so young and I eat healthy. I bet it is stress, or I am not breathing correctly. This itch on my nose needs to go away. Quit crossing your legs. Type faster so I can keep up with my mind. This is kind of hard because I think of what I type. There goes my nose again. At least I stopped crossing my legs. Yay, I am almost done. I am hungry too, but I have to wait 12 more minutes. I should have had something little this morning. I hope I don't get fat. I am already fat as it is. I need to get rid of this stuff. It is so hard. IT will not go away. It is just that one area. I will get surgery when I am rich. h ahah that is a good way of looking at it. Like it will ever happen. I do not even know what I want to do with my life. Why do I worry about all this stuff constantly? ",n,y,n,y,y

2003\_105.txt,"I'm currently thinking about what I just finished writing to Dr. Pennebaker about, my broken relationship. It was so beautiful, and the worst part is that the feeling, that beautiful feeling is still inside me. I feel it everyday: in class, before I go to bed, when I wake up. I remember the feeling of being with him, and I miss it. I miss him so much. I hate having taken him for granted. I hate the fact that things could have worked out, had I simply admitted to myself that I had fallen for a guy. That's all I needed to do. All I could do was ignore him, laugh at him, all this while trully knowing there was something else. I did all of this knowing that I meant none of it. I was fighting it! I was doing what my three older brothers had instilled in me from time of birth, All guys are the same. They're all jerks. Be careful who you fall in love with. Don't fall in love in high school, it's too soon. You have your whole life ahead of you. "" I knew they were only trying to protect me, I knew they were saying this because they themselves having been guys, knew what it is guys were after. But no, not Hugo! He was different. He wasn't horny or all over me, or asking me weird sex stuff. Not once did he do this. Not once did he push me into something I didn't want to do. Not once! We dated for a year, and the most he got out of it to brag to his football friends was that we held hands and we kissed each other on each other's foreheads and cheeks. This was it. And God did he do stuff for me. I hated saying I needed something or felt a certain way in front of him, because he had always go out of his way to help-ALWAYS! For Valentine's Day, he designed a shirt that said, ""Monica, Will You Be My Valentine?"" I remember that morning, walking into the school and knowing that he was going to do something, knowing he wanted to celebrate such a special holiday with me. I hugged him, nodded, and smiled. That was all he needed. I don't know what I wouldn't do to have those feelings all over again-with him!?! I dream about laying beside him, while he has his arms wrapped around my shoulders. and just watching him breathe, watching his chest rise and lower, as he breathes. WOW! Such an amazing sight. Now, all I have are our memories, most of them of me being a 'bitch' to him, treating him so unfairly. Maybe he does deserve better than me, maybe this is all part of God's plan. But you see, I know God knows me and he knows I have a big heart, but am just afraid to show it. He knows this. He knows how sometimes, it's hard for me to show my true feelings for fear of loss or rejection, or something or other. But what now? Should I wait? I guess so. Deep down, I have this feeling that it is not over between Hugo and I by a long shot. I know it's not over by a lot. I remember how Hugo treated his parents, better than I've ever seen anyone treat their parents, with such respect and love. I've always had this thing that a guy will treat his wife the way he treats his mother. His Dad also, that man is really such a good person. He really does have a lot to offer to his family, and I know Hugo too is this type of person. I only hope he knows this about himself. I only hope he knows everything he is worth. I only hope that he knows how I truly feel about him, how I've truly felt about him this entire past year. I hope he knows that behind every crude and hateful action or word, there was an enormous amount of love just trying to get through. There was an enormous amount of love just trying to beat all the hate, and although it might have been a little late, it has been released. It has gone through all the hate. It lives in me today, right now, right this instant as I am typing, and will live in me for a very long time, if not-eternally. ",y,y,y,n,y

2003\_106.txt,"I really don't feel like sitting here and typing for twenty minutes, but what ever. I'm kinda tired. All I want to do is go take a nap. I really don't want to go back to Austin, I get lonely. I hate this stupid town, but I don't want to leave home, but then again I do , the air is cold when I breathe in and I need to go take my medicine oh well I'll go do that later crap I'm tired and I don't want to go read either it gets so long and boring and I'm not doing that research crap for justin either why do my toes always get so cold the rest of my body is warm but not my toes, I wonder if I have fever again my nose is running but it's stopped up at the same time , that retarded I feel like going to sleep right now, why is the timer not working? is this stupid thing supposed to be working cause if I don't get credit for doing this thing I'm going to be pissed, it's probably this retarded ass computer. stupid shit never works I don't want to go back I like school I just wish I knew peeps up there it's going to be a long four years damn it I just wish I was already graduated and working and not worrying about any thing, just making money for my-self not depending on other people this way I could do what I want why can't I do what I want I don't mean bad illegal things just I don't know stuff I swear I'm not coming home any more if my parents don't stop trying to give me a curfew, what the hell I'm out of high school I'm in freaking' college, and my dad still calls me tell me it's 2:30 and I need to come home what? ugh I swear, man I better do good in school oh well I'm not worried about that yet not until I have tests then I'll probably freak out stress out what ever my face itches my lips are chapped I wonder why though it's not cold or anything but it is cold in this house why am I always so damn cold it's points less to shave my hair is all grown back on my legs and I shaved last night I don't know why I bother to shave stupid shit why are cuss words bad"" words what is it that makes them bad, the meaning isn't bad when you think bout it I guess not, do they even have a meaning for real why are they so bad hm I don't know here we go with the goose bumps again man I have o get up early tomorrow ugh and I have to read a lot of crap oh and print my homework still damn I hope I remember to do that shit I better not forget god when are the freaking twenty minutes up? and why is this timer not working? what the hell maybe it tells me my time when I press the end button, haha presh = push and press I'm so retarded but I hope that it shows my time when I finish cause if I have to trype for another twenty minutes I'll be pissed or pised like on the sweetest thing, what ever LeAnn your so retarded man I need to figure out how to get the internet in my dorm just in case I have to do this thingy over again, hm dad has birthday this friday, yeah I get to come down here again, I kinda miss home if you think about it , but I'm not going to tell any one cause they'll just say see I told you so, but the only thing I miss is the people I hate this fucking retarded hick town and I like being out on my own I just HATE being by my self I get so lonely man I got to stop thinking about this other wise I'll make myself homesick oh well I'll just have to suck it up and not worry about it cause I'm not dropping out or transferring I went through a lot of shit just to get here now damn it I'm staying I just don't like living in the stupid dorms oh god I don't want to go back there. I want and apartment bad, damn it I need to use the bathroom and I don't know if I can hold it, my hose hurts when I breathe it's giving me a head ache or maybe that's just because I'm tired I don't know but I can't hold this I may have to take a bathroom break can I do that though oh well I'll just have to go and see now won't I crap I'll be back but I don't want to leave cause I don't want people reading my shit I don't want to let other people know what I'm thinking about hell if I did I'd just freaking' tell them my eye itches I need some drops or something no I need advill and a nap I'm tired and my head hurts crap how much freaking' longer to I have to sit here this retarded computer better not decide to shut down or there's going to be some shit I'll be pissed ooooooooohhhhhhhhhh I'll be pissed I hope our other assignments aren't like this what ever as long as I don't have to write a research paper god I hate writing especially research papers if I liked writing I'd be an english major, a book write, author you dumb ass, or a journalist or some writing shit career, but I don't like writing ooohhhhhh I hate that hate what else do I hate being lonely, alone or by my self, that's one of my biggest fears being alone and by my self not having a boyfriend or getting married or having a family, just a lonely old hag with a dog and some cats, I want to get married and have a family, and getting fat I'm scared to death of blowing up into a big ass balloon or something I just wish I was smaller, I mean I'm only 5 ft and my legs are chunky I have a nice booty though that sounds kind of conceited though and I don't think, no I know that's not how you spell the word but that is ok, I suck at spelling anne was good at it speaking of anne she really hasn't been a good friend to me I mean she never answered her phone when I called and I know she has caller I. d. she was probably with audra dumb ho but what ever I don't really care man I'm tired can't I quit this thing already will it tell me when it's been twenty minutes or do I just press finish I don't know maybe I'll just press finish I think that's long enough I'll try ",n,y,n,y,n

2003\_110.txt,"I'm not really sure what to write. What are they going to be looking for when they read this Oh well it's easier that having to write normal paper I have so much to do this weekend. There are way to many classes that I have to study for This semester is going to be so stressful. What am I going to wear tonight? I need go through my closet after this. I also need to call Clarissa. I hope I get my application soon so I can start working on it. I really hope I get in. I not sure what to think about. I wonder who's going to be reading this. I guess I'll start my biology homework after this. I hate that class and nutrition. I hope I get better classes next semester. I wonder if Amanda is home. I need to talk to her about the game on Saturday. I hope our seats are good. This twenty minutes is going by really slow. The guy next door is blasting his music again, but at least it's not night time. I wonder it there is anything good on television. Probably not. Having cable sucks without movie channels. It's hard to think and write about at the same time. I wish I could drive home on Saturday, but I'll wait until the weekend after next. Maybe I can go to the mall this weekend. I want a new outfit for next Thursday. It will be such a relief when recruitment is over, unless I don't get in. Oh well I'll something else to do on campus if not. I have so much studying to. It's only been ten minutes? I wish I had something to drink. I need to call so many people back. I wonder what Stef will come down to see me? Hopefully I can get us both game tickets. I need to go eat before I leave soon. I so tired of eating Cafeteria crap. I will be in an apartment again next chair. Maybe I'll eat at mall tonight. I wonder if my mom mailed me my stuff yet. I probably won't get it till Saturday or Monday. I am tired of doing this. what else can I think about? I need to finish my laundry this weekend and get change for the machines? I wonder how Maxine's doing? I miss dog. I need go through my calendar. My exams next week are going to kill me. This is such a waste of time. No more psychology courses for me. Maybe I can get a nap in before I leave, no have to much to do. I am so far behind. What's in my closet that I could wear tonight? I should have gone shopping last weekend but I need to stop spending so much extra money. Is somebody really going to analyze all this? Good I'm almost done. They need to turn the music down next door ",n,n,y,n,n

2003\_111.txt,"What is Ale doing right now? She looks pretty funny ironing on a table. Wow! I have a lot of homework and I don't even get some of it. I need to get a tutor for like every subject. It's Monday, shit! I still need 4 more days till the weekend. I wonder if Rodrigo is going to call me for the weekend. I hope this weekend is way better than last weekend. Eww! It smells like burnt clothes hahaha. I don't want to go to class right now. I still need to wash my clothes. Where am I going to get change? I don't want to walk anywhere. I need to call my mom for some more money. Oh! my dad too. Oh God I just signed up for a Friday night experiment! I hope it doesn't interfere with my Friday night. Oh wow! I got fat over a couple of months. That's it I'm on a diet. Damn, it's only been Five minutes. Hmmmmm, can I even put foul language on this assignment? Will he even read this. God! I hate eminem reminds me of the ugly winters in Laredo. I don't miss Laredo. Whoa! Ale looks like a maid ironing! hahaha. Why hasn't Rodrigo called me? I wonder if he still loves me. Should he trust me and I trust him? God, 7 minutes barely. I wonder if he is going to check for spelling or punctuation. Ummm. I'm pretty hungry, but I'm on a diet. Where is Anne? She is never here. I need to go exercise after I go to class and after I wash my clothes. I smell starch. I need some water. I think I'm getting dehydrated. I need to buy that necklace that I liked in BeBe. It'll look great with my new outfit. I need to get a guy. I'm tired of being a tag a long. I want a nice latin guy with money. I have to admit that does attract me. In fact, it'll attract any girl. Oooh I like this song, is there any more room for me, in those jeans""! Ale thinks I'm bad, but I'm not I just like to express myself. I like myself, I would date me. Why doesn't anyone want me or Ale? I guess, we are not girlfriend material. How can you get to be ""girlfriend material"". Okay. I am spilling too much information for my professor. Will he think I'm weird! I am weird sometimes. My book just fell! My phone is ringing and I can't pick it up. Awww. The newspaper just fell. Ale is making a mess and she can't iron for shit. I should stop saying bad words. It doesn't look nice on a lady like me. Ale's making me hot with the iron. I wonder if she will iron my clothes. Oh Wow! I have about a min. actually. Wow! this song is so ghetto, but I can feel my head bouncing. ",y,n,y,y,n

2003\_112.txt,"Well now I'm starting my writing assignment for psychology. Great, just another thing that's keeping me from doing everything else I have to do. I still have another chapter I have to read for biology, but I guess I can do that after calculus tomorrow, I'll have a good hour to get that in. And I'm sure professor weiss will end up assigning another chapter or two for the afternoon class. Is that my cell phone? No, I thought I turned it off. Ya its off, it must have been my roommate's cell phone. Man the awkward silence in this dorm room is deafening. I really wish I would have just sprung for the single room. But no, mom said that wouldn't give me the ?college experience?. blah blah blah. All the experience I'm getting out of this is to avoid being in the dorm room. My light bulb on this lamp I bought isn't very good, it does not give off much light, but when you turn it a certain way you start to go blind, it just does not make any sense. And I don't know who the architect was behind putting these dang bookshelves in Jester. There is not enough room for my computer monitor to be pushed to the back of my desk. and I have a flat panel monitor so that is saying something. I mean I have no space for my books, spirals, paper or anything with the addition of my keyboard and mouse. Its just ridiculous. Even if computers hadn't been invented way back when this place was built, it still makes no logical sense to have the book case as low as it is without completely attaching it to the desk. I mean, they might as well have just added 2 more shelves to the darn thing and called it quits. Nothing could fit back there, its just aggravating. Wow its only been 6. 5 minutes, I've got a long ways to go. I have to do my calculus homework after this, I hope that goes well. The last thing I need is to stress out over some retarded math problem and end up having it been typed wrong so there is no solution and you spend your entire night trying to figure it out when there is no solution available in the choices that logically fits into the problem. That is the thing I hate about multiple choice math problems, anybody can leave off a negative sign and leave you chasing your tail forever. I really wish I would have just waited to take m408l, I already had C out of the way, but I didn't want to wait and have all the stuff I learned in high school leave my brain and be totally lost when it came time to take the class. Plus I kind of like the mathematical stimulation, its totally different than any other kind of study. When you understand a math concept, you really feel accomplished with yourself. At least I do, I'm probably the only person on this campus that feels that way. well on the other hand, there are math majors, so I guess I'm one of few. Great only 9. 5 minutes to go. I guess the good thing about this assignment is that you can't really run out of things to write about, you just keep typing whatever your thinking, even if tends to weigh on the pointlessness of this assignment, its still something to write about, after all I'm thinking about it aren't I? I still have not even read my psychology chapter. I wonder if that is even necessary, every other bit of reading I have done in my classes has been a waste. Well not a waste I guess, I am learning something about the material and to discipline myself to do the work. I really miss my best friends back home. They both went to UT campuses at home. Dallas and Arlington. I'm kind of glad to be here at UT Austin since we obviously have the more qualified professors and all, but man I'm just depressed without my friends. I'm not very good at making new ones, it takes me a while to warm up to people. After all, it took me 4 years to become friends with my 2 best friends. Everything else just seemed like an acquaintance compared to them. They really are great. I just wish the felt the same about me, but I'm sure they don't. I'm always the one that over appreciates things. I guess that is why my friendships didn't really mean much, because I made everyone tired of it, I don't know maybe that is just total crap I made up. I tend to justify things too much when I should just let them go. I can't believe I have to sit through 2 sessions of biology tomorrow. If they were going to combine the course, they could at least make it be on different days. But no, they have to make it back to back, well not really back to back there is a 2 hour interim between the 2 classes. At least its time to catch up on my reading that I'll no doubt be behind on in a matter of days at this rate. I'm really enjoying chemistry though. Doctor Laude is awesome. I just hope I do well in his class, I hate liking teachers and then doing poorly in their class. Actually that is never happened to me before, I've always done well in classes that I liked. I don't know why people become teachers if they don't want to help students. Go flip burgers somewhere if you don't care, that way we'd only have teacher that cared and wanted to help us learn and graduate. It seems like all my professors will be like that this year. Except professor Ibragim, he can barely speak english, I don't know how he is going to be over the next semester. So far he is been ok, I guess. He gets off on tangents when he can't think of what he wants to say. ",n,y,n,n,n

2003\_114.txt,"It is 12:51 and I would really like to go to sleep right now. I think I would feel better if I could just take my eyes out of my head. It's cold in here. My finger itches and I don't know why. It won't stop and its affecting my writing. I hope I used the right form of ?affect? in that last sentence. I hope I don't have any spelling errors either. I have so many things to study and I'm trying to figure out when I can do it all. There's a really cool show on the TV that's on about mummies. It's very interesting. I think I missed Tom and Jerry on the Cartoon Network today. My finger stopped itching. Now my arm itches (and I'm not making this up just to copy the example in class), it really does itch. I need to pay some bills later. I just want to go to sleep right now. I hope I will go to sleep tonight because I couldn't last night. My arm stopped itching. I don't know what else to write and I've still got 10 minutes left. Boy, this is taking a long time. Now the TV is on some stupid show and I would change it but I have to keep typing. I think I'll take a nap after this so I don't fall asleep in class. That Philly Cheesesteak I had for lunch was really good. I'll need to drink so more water before I go back out in the heat or I'll collapse. This humidity kills me. Walking around campus is very good exercise though. I need to remember to take my calculator to math Friday. Well, that's almost 5 more minutes. I mean, it's not a bad writing assignment, its just feels so monotonous. I had to pop my fingers a second. I probably should call my cousin who lives in Austin, but I really don't want her to be over here all the time least she find out where I live. That reminds me, I need to go switch my meal card later and check my voice mail. 2 minutes to go. I hope you don't think I'm crazy by reading this but you probably do so, oh well. 1 more minute. 1 more minute ten I can take a nap. Almost there. 15 seconds. THE END ",n,y,y,y,n

2003\_115.txt,"Okay, well, I am watching the movie XXX"" I'm not really watching it because I'm typing, but I'm listening to it. I really can't type that well, so there are probably going to be a few misspelled words. My sister made me mad a while ago because I asked her to call me when her husband got home and she didn't. I looked outside because they live next door to me and his truck was there. I was like ""Okay, why hasn't she called me?"" Oh well, whatever. Oh, I don't know what to do. My friend hooked me up with her friend Carlos. He is really nice, but I feel bad being with him because I'm still in love with my ex boyfriend Jorge. Well, my friend Melissa told me that Carlos already loves me. That's not cool because we've only been together for like 3 days. I love Jorge so much! I don't know. Man, I just heard somebody. I hope it wasn't my mom. She is always bothering me. We really don't get along. I came home and my room was a little rearranged. I know that my mom was in my room. She was probably looking through my things. That's not even cool because I had a letter by my bed that had some very personal things written in there. I'm pretty damn sure that my mom read it. She is always going through my things. I think that I probably should've lived on campus or maybe got an apartment. She is always yelling at me like if I'm a little kid. I need to get a cell phone because she is always getting mad because people are calling me. She gets mad when she doesn't recognize their name. She comes and asks me ""Who's so and so?"" She also gets mad because my friends call me late. They call me at like 2 or 3 on the morning. I tell them they can call me late though. Anyway, I need a cellular. Ah, I don't know what to do with Carlos. He wants to buy me a cell phone, a ring and send a dozen of roses to my house. I know that's sweet, but I don't like for guys to buy me things, especially not expensive stuff, but I do need a cell phone. I don't know. I miss Jorge. We were supposed to get married. He told me that he loved me and would never leave me or break up with me, but he did. He had our life planned out. He knew what kind of cars we were going to have, how many kids we were going to have and what our house was going to look like. I hate it, because I don't even know why we broke up. He gave me all of these excuses, but I knew they weren't true. I later found out, like a whole year later, that two stupid girls broke us up because they were jealous that we were together. They probably liked him and wanted him for themselves. That's another thing that bothers me. If it was because of a good reason, then I would understand, but they made him believe that I cheated on him. I loved him so much and would never have done that to him. I don't understand why he believed them anyway. If he had any doubts, he should've asked me if it was true instead of just believing them. ",n,y,y,y,y

2003\_116.txt,"I am sitting at my computer listening to my roommate singing in the background. I can't really smell anything because I'm getting over a cold. I'm thinking about last night. My sorority had a party at Antone's and my date just didn't show up. I've been considering for the last few hours what kind of excuse he is going to come up with this morning. Either way he owes me big time. Now I'm listening to the Doors, again accompanied by my roommate singing and me a little with her. I trying to think of what to write about in this stream of consciousness. I have a class today that I have to read for before 2 o'clock. I really don't feel like reading for that class, but I guess I have to. It's biology and I like the class, but I just caught up with the reading yesterday and then now we have to read a another whole chapter which I am not to excited about. My foot is starting to hurt because I was sitting on it weird, adn now it's asleep. I hate the feeling you get when your foot is trying to wake back up I guess you would call it. This CD that I'm listening to has quite a mix on it. now we're listening to the beatles. It's not my CD or I would know what is on it. I wonder if they will ever completely stop illegal downloading of music on the internet. I mean there's no really way that you can stop anything on the internet. It's too vast and someone will allays think of a way to get around things. I have a download capability on my computer but I don't use it all that often, so I doubt the people like me are the ones they are really after. I understand that some musicians are angry because it takes away from their profits, but downloading allows the person to listen to their music, decide if they like it or not, and then decide to buy the cd. Many of the songs that you download on the internet are not the best quality, so it is easier to just go out and buy the CD. I have no idea who this song playing is by. I still have exes on my hands from the bar last night, I really need to try and wash them off before I forget about it and go to class with them still on. I don't like the way they write exes on your hands. Is not one hand enough? They really don't need to mark both of them. I don't even think you could wash them off in the bathroom of the bar if you wanted to. There would be too much of a chance that they would catch you and throw you out, which would be really embarrassing. Last night was okay, it was not nearly as much fun as I was expecting it to be. Well maybe if my date had showed up, it would've been more fun. I'm not too worried about it though, my boyfriend comes into town tonight so I'm more excited about that. He is not coming in until much later though, I wish he could come earlier. I also need to make sure my friend is going to come up for Lion Hunt, another thing that the sorority throws. Life is so hectic at college, I don't ahve time to really do anything. I don't know how some people do it. They can just go to class, not do any of the reading and be okay with that. If I'm behind in a class it bothers me until I get it done. Then after I sit down and do the reading or the homework, everything's so much better. All I did yesterday afternoon was read. I'm caught up in psychology and journalism finally. But then next week, the cycle starts all over again. I guess that's why I feel like I'm never caught up completely. We're listening to School's Out for Summer"", I wish it was! But that won't happen for a very very long time. But I had fun this summer. I didn't have a job, so I got to do whatever I wanted. It was fun. I really need to straighten up my room, it's got clothes everywhere. They're all clean but thrown around from when I was trying to figure out what to wear last night. I need to go to the grocery store too, I'm out of bottled water and drinks. I need to get more hangers too. Ok enough of this random writing, my 20 minutes are up. ",y,y,y,n,y

2003\_117.txt,I hope that this 20 minutes goes by fast because I hate typing and Big Brother 4 is on in the living room and I can hear it but I can't see it. My leg itches and now so does my shoulder. It's funny how when you think about something itching then lots of parts of your body start to itch. I have an economics quiz tomorrow that I still have to study for. Maybe I will ask Kristina to get me ready for it. It's my first one in college so I don't know what to expect. So 20 minutes is a long time because I am out of things to say and it has only been 3 minutes. My lips are kind of chapped but I don't feel like getting up to get the chapstick form the bathroom. My head itches a lot today. I think it must be from the weather. Now my arm hurts my holding it up to type since The Towers does not give us a place to put our keyboards so they have to sit up high on the desk. I have such bad posture when I type. I slouch over a lot which makes my upper back sore. I don't know if I can go for 20 minutes without going through some intense pain. It has been almost 48 hours since I have talked to my mom. She must think that I have been abducted. I will call her after this long assignment. I wish someone would call me because I am so bored and it is the first night that I have stayed home alone. But I have had a lot of homework so it is good that I have been home to get it done. I need to give myself a pedicure when I go home this weekend. my toenails are getting really long. I think I will go to the high school football game on Friday if my brother goes but I am sure he will since the love of his life is on the dance team. My teeth feel really grungy. I guess I didn't brush them after I got back from dinner. But man was dinner good. I love beef chalupas but I love them more when my mom makes them and puts guacamole on them. I emailed a lot of people yesterday and I wonder if they have emailed me back. Probably not since everyone is busy with the start of school but oh well. Man it is really cold in here. If I turn up the air then it just gets too hot and I would rather be too cold than too hot. Except for in the mornings when I step out into the hall to go to class. it is freezing out there and then it is really warm in the elevators. This place has really bad temperature control. I have not gotten any mail so far. it would be nice to know that people still love me and miss me. They are about to announce the veto on BB4 so I am listening in to see what Allison is doing. She is giving a whole life story up there and she used the veto on herself which is smart. Anyways I still have 6 minutes left. This has goe by pretty fast but now my wrists are hurting a little. Maybe I am developing carpultunel (sp?) syndrome. That can't be good. I miss my dogs a lot. They were so cute when I went home this weekend. I miss sleeping with Pita. my bed is so lonely without her. Maybe I should get a guy to replace her. That sounds like a good idea. I can't wait until the new and last season of Friends starts in late September. I am going to cry at the season finale. My roommate just said how happy she is that she didn't take this class because this assignment although not mentally hard is quite physically hard. Only 2. 5 minutes left. Oh happy day. I wonder if any of my friends are online so that I can talk to them when I am done with this. My bracelets are starting to dig into my wrist since I am putting pressure on them to type. I need to get some more stuff to decorate my room. It looks so plain compared to my friends' room but their room has too much stuff in it. My time is almost up now. I only have thirty seconds left. Man that really did go by now that I think about it. I hope we don't have any more assignments like this one. My hands hurt! ,y,n,y,y,n

2003\_118.txt,"So I have twenty minutes to write about what I think. I was thinking of all the things I thought I would write earlier, but suddenly I'm drawing a blank. I think I'm going to stop trying to write properly because there's really no point. after all, I'm supposed to write what I'm thinking, and if I get to caught up in punctuation I don't think my thoughts will flow as naturally as they would if I was not' typing at all. nick lachey is pretty swoll, and a pretty good singer. jessica simpson can look hot, but at times she looks rather plain. there are a lot of plain looking girls here, somewhat of a disappointment. isn't college suppose to have a lot of hot girls? o well, I have a girlfriend, so it really shouldn't matter. I remember hearing that the average male thinks about sex every 7 seconds or something like that, and it looks like I'm get to that subject pretty soon. I like timberland. he consistently makes good beats. but magoo fell off on the last single I heard from them. what's the name of that single? I think its one and all. I turned off the music because I don't think as randomly as usually do when its on. Its like I focus on the music and that is all exists. maybe that is y I could be a good dj if I tried, but I never practice, and that's why omar's upset wit me. I hope he is doing alright now. he says he is, but I know he is still tripping, at least every now and then. man, I told him not to trip on emmi, but what he don't know is that I trip on her too. that is pretty fucked up, but I can't help it. as erin said, that girl's seductive. and she really is seductive. I wonder why. she is not THAT hot, and I see a lot of flaws when I look at her, but I still want to get with that. maybe its just lust. now that I think of it, it is mostly lust. but I would never mistreat her. well, I don't think I would mistreat her. I thought I would never cheat on my girlfriend, but look what I did in cancun. I can really trust my boys--everytime I got a dirty secret, they shut they mouth. its' not cool that I have such a big mouth. I been saying I need to work on it, and I think I'm finally getting there. now that I'm controlling this part of my personality, maybe I can control my hormones as well. but I'm 18, and everyone says they know what I mean when I tell them wussup. felix agreed with me, even hazel. life savers kickers are pretty damn good. I'm tripping, thinking bout emmi again. I don't know why I'm so infatuated wit her. but its not that strong of an infatuation. not like it was wit crystal. when I saw her at the omega talent show, I still thought she was fly. and I say she is a stuck up bitch, but I know if she honestly wanted to date I wouldn't think twice. I wish I was like those cats that know how to pull any girl. I'm starting to realize its a game, and pulling a girl is as simple as making her think you have what she wants and needs in life. I need to stop thinking bout other girls. I have a gf. just like I need to stop chatting on AIM because all it does is keep my from doing my work. I'm getting sleepy. the fire alarm went off again. I wonder if anyone actually watches the monitors that are hooked up to the cameras in the halls. well, I guess they do seeing what happened to dennis the other day. I'm getting sleepy. I wonder if I meet jaymee ong if I'd actually have the nerves to approach her. probably not, unless I was famous like her. and even then, I don't know if I would. probably if I was drunk I'd do it. hahah. I wonder if I'll have the nerves to go up to carol from alpha sigma rho. there I got thinking bout other girls again. and here I go getting sleepy. every time I take my eyes off the monitor I get sleepy my fingers are starting to get a bit tired. this is the first assignment I've had that requires me to think about what to think about. man, chatting online never makes me sleepy, but its the exact same thing I'm doing now. sa was right. it is all in my head. if I could control every aspect of my behavior, that would work to my advantage. no more fallen asleep wen I have to read for class, or falling asleep on the road. maybe it just requires discipline not to procrastinate. but it would be cool to control the mind and have telekinesis and ESP. I think semi just sent me a text message, but I only got a minute left, so I'll wait till I'm done with this before I see what she said. I want to sing. if I could sing, I would rule the world hahaha. maybe not, but I'd feel like king. right now, that is wut I want most in life ",y,n,y,y,n

2003\_119.txt,"Wow, the person next door has their music up too loud, but now they turned it down. I can't wait until the party tonight. I'm not normally excited about parties, my foot hurts, I moved it. Well, I'm at 50 sec. Hmm. there comes the music again. I don't like that kind of music otherwise it wouldn't bother me. What does Katie's computer say? She was playing solitaire. My wrist itched and I scratched it. Is that how you spell scratched? It doesn't look right. It's funny how simple words often don't seem like they're spelled right. Words like of. I could think of where the o key was, there I did it again. Two minutes and 31 sec. The green light on my router box is flashing. I guess, it's supposed to, though I would think a solid light would mean it was working right. I want to know who actually reads this kind of thing, or if it is read. It might be interesting, I suppose. I bet people write some pretty crazy stuff. I almost wrote shit there, but then realized that might be inappropriate, which is funny since I just made a comment that people might write crazy things in these types of papers. Particularly if they're crazy. I make my self laugh inside sometimes. Oh goodness, I'm making jokes with myself and my stream of consciousness paper. I had to look at the top of the stream to remember how to spell consciousness. 5 minutes and 16 sec. Wow, this is going by pretty quickly. The scroll bar just started. My headphones are sitting next to my computer. I'd like to be listening to some music right now, but of course, not my neighbor's music. Maybe John Mayer or Counting Crows, or Dave Matthews Band or I could get my new Rascal Flatts cd from my car. I really like every song on that cd. My dad called today. We haven't talked since I've been back here in Austin. I remember last year we talked about every other night for a while. I guess we are both just more adjusted to being apart. I'm very close to my dad. Wow, I'm writing as if I'm talking to someone now, which I'm not. I should stop that. Hmmm. deep breath in and out. Jordan. I wish he was on-line, I'd really like him to come to the party tonight. It should be fun. Phred will be there though, and he did say he might go to Houston with me tomorrow. That's nice of him, but I guess, maybe he owes me because I did take him home at 2 in the morning last night (this morning). Wow, someone could find out all the crazy shit, there I said it, about someone's life by reading these writings. Writing, I haven't written in my journals in a long time. I have been writing some in the on-line diary though. so yeah. Alec doesn't read it though. This is hard to not edit my thoughts. Every now and then, I think about something and then skip to something else, then realize I should be writing everything that comes into my head down. So, I am making a conscious effort not to edit, I had to look at the title of the page again to see how to spell that. I'm typically I good speller. Maybe it's the pressure of this writing assignment. 11min and 20 sec. Man, this semester, all my professors have really great websites for their classes. I'm so impressed. I wish I was good at creating web pages. Then I'd make one for myself, moved my feet situation again, and again, I'd let everyone know about my webpage and situating myself, I'd, scratched my eyebrow, I'd update my webpage every day. Scratch my ear. I don't know why I'm itching all the sudden, couldn't find the c key. Well, looked at Katie's computer again. She has so many more people on her buddy list then I do. I have people on my buddy list that I don't even talk to when they're on-line. well, a number of the people on her buddy list on people from the John Mayer message boards, I wanted to call them bulletin boards, but that's not what they're called. Anyway, scratching. tapping my foot. seeing that word tapping doesn't look like it's spelled correctly. Oh well. I guess this really isn't for a grade, so it doesn't matter if I spell things correctly and do our minds spell . correctly. I don't know. I'd like to be a part of the ta's studies with the tape recorder catching small glimpses into my conversations throughout the day (though I don't have fabulous conversations) or the study about people's relationships and why people stay together and why they don't. I mean, someone should do a study on Alec and I, I wouldn't necessarily call us dysfunctional, but I surely could be wrong in staying around for him for so long because yeah, he could treat me better, or pay me, scratching, more attention, scratching. I'm getting really uncomfortable, my neck and left arm is starting to cramp up, I haven't had to type this much in a long time. I guess, because I haven't had to write any kind of paper in quite some time. Well only less than 2 minutes left. This has been fun. I'm really uncomfortable. I'd like to read some other people's writings from our class. I am curious what you can tell about a person from something like this. Is is even accurate, because couldn't someone just create some elaborate/or un-elaborate story to put down here, or poetry or something. Hopefully, it doesn't sound like that's what I'm doing because I'm not. Now, I sound paranoid, oh goodness. well, nearly done. 7, 6, 5, 3, 2 ",n,y,n,y,y

2003\_120.txt,"As I sit here in my dorm room, I am really tired, probably because I stayed up late doing homework last night. My body feels sore but I like to workout so that doesn't really bother me much. I can not really concentrate right now, but that is probably because I just woke up and I still feel half asleep. I feel very stressed out right now because I have a chemistry exam on friday and I need to read to the chapters. I guess I should not have procrastinated, but I do that a lot. My roommate is actually going to class for once, and I am very happy for her. Hurray! I thought this assignment was going to be a lot easier than it is, but I guess not. I am really thirsty right now. My hair has gotten really long, and I am very happy about that because I cut it all off recently but it is growing back. My knee really hurts because I am out in the hot sun, but then go in the freezing classroom, so whenever there is a temperature change my knee aches. My junior year in high school I tore my ACL and had reconstructive surgery, so I have screws in it. My roommate just left and it is so hard to do anything around here because she just keeps talking to me even when it is obvious I am busy. How annoying! And she uses my computer all of the time to talk to her boyfriend and it is my computer. Like when I got on to do this paper, she wrote that she had to go and she was sorry but hopefully I would be quick about it. I wanted to tell her something so bad but we have to live together for a year and I don't want to make it a living hell. I don't know how to approach the situation with out us hating each other, but if this keeps on, I will end up hating her. Living with girls sucks because we are all so petty. I skipped my calculus discussion this morning, but it is my only class on tuesdays and thursdays and it had to be at 8 a. m. in RLM, which is so far and I hate that building! well my time is just about up and I am really excited because I am tired of typing. ",y,n,n,n,n

2003\_121.txt,"My roommate finally just left for work! I don't mean to say finally with such a relief, but my head is just pounding from her music! I really like her a lot, we get along great, we just don't have the same taste in almost anything. now, I'm not a neat freak, but living in such a small place for the next nine months, I would kind of like to keep the room picked up. I don't think she feels the same way! this morning, she ate cheerios, but threw most of them away, so our room smelled like rotten cheerios all morning. she finally threw them away, it's not so bad. I think some of her habits and ways come hand in hand with the fact that she is an art major. I don't mean to be stereotypical, it just seems that the artist in her contributes to her taste in many things. twenty minutes sure is a long time to write! that could also be because I'm not much of a writer. I used to like to write for fun, when I was younger, but being forced to do things makes me tend to not enjoy them as much. now, this is not so bad because I'm not worried about correct spelling, punctuation, capitalization, etc. , so I sure hope those things don't matter! I can't believe I waited until three hours before the due date to do this paper. actually, I can, I am such a procrastinator. I think it is the worst feature about myself. especially now in college, when there really is no time for procrastination. there always seems to be some sort of studying or reading I could be doing, but then again, there are a million other things that are just so much more appealing and at the time seem to be just as important as that homework! like for instance, it would almost be a sin to not see the final episode of my favorite tv show, or to miss out on what the rest of my friends are doing! only three other girls I went to high school with came to UT this year, and two of them live right across the hall! it's so strange how things work out. speaking of strange things, I saw a girl that I was best friends with when we were very young, like kindergarten through second grade! I couldn't believe we even recognized each other! it was so crazy! it was great to see her. then last night, I saw a boy that I went to junior high with, he actually lives on the same floor as me! I moved around a lot when I was younger, so the people I see, most likely don't even know each other! wow, I just looked up at the timer and it's already been more than fifteen minutes! that sure went by a lot faster than the first five! I wanted to go home this weekend, but I'm waiting until next, our town is having the county fair then. I don't want to admit that I miss home because I told everyone that I couldn't wait to leave! I was tired of the small town gossip and the close minded ideas of all those small town people! I do love it here in austin and I even have some family here, but I miss my parents! I think I might even miss my two younger brothers, now that's crazy! I think I just miss everything! I miss my kitty and I especially miss my best friend! he went to texas tech and I keep telling myself that I'll never see him again, but I pray that I will! ",y,y,n,n,n

2003\_122.txt,"I really like the song that was on MTV just now. Simple Plan is a cool band. I wonder what my friends are doing later for supper. I don't feel like going to class at 6. I just want to sleep. I wish my boyfriend and I would stop getting into arguments. It really sucks when we fight, I hate it! I'm kind of hungry. Where is my roommate? It seems like she is never here. Oh well, more private time for me. I miss my mom. I have so much to read for my classes. Chapters and chapters and chapters! Looks like I have my work cut out for me for a long time. My Spanish class seems really easy, I hope it gets harder, so I feel more challenged. I wonder when I should go talk to an advisor about my major. Should I change it, not change it, minor, or double major. why is everything so difficult? All questions and decisions in life should be yes/no or multiple choice! That would be so wonderful. Celebrities are so gorgeous, they suck. Although, they are pretty cool people. I guess, I don't really know them. I have an itch on my leg. I hope I don't get sick, that would be horrible. I can't wait for the game on Saturday. It's going to be so much fun. Rap music gets on my nerves. I need to finish taking pictures on my camera so I can get them film developed. Why is so cold in here. I turn the air warmer, and it gets too hot, then I turn it cooler, and it gets too cold! That sound is annoying, I wonder if the AC is supposed to make that noise. This room needs to be vacuumed. It's gross. My mom sent me a letter. Yay! I'm excited, but I can't open it until I'm done writing this assignment! I need to turn my closet light off. I'm thirsty. I feel like drinking a Dr. Pepper. That sounds so yummy! I think I might eat a pickle when I'm done too. That sounds like a plan. I'm almost done with this thing. Mom uses ugly stamps. Oh well, I have cute ones. ",n,n,y,y,n

2003\_126.txt,"I have been extremely pissed off for the entire day. I have just started classes again at UT. I am trying to get into the pharmacy school. I work at a pharmacy now, but the people there are driving me insane. I have panic disorder, but lately instead of panicking I am just angry. I almost ran into about 5 cars driving on mo-pac. road rage?! My therapist is trying to assure me that I am not the one who is crazy - it's just the people around me. My job, my parents, my friends"". I am taking things out on John who does not deserve it - he is just here all the time. I wrote him a nasty email and I think he just replied. He is so sweet, I really should make a HUGE effort not to do that to him. he is probably used to it after 3 years. yuck. I would have been tired of my temper tantrums a long time ago. I tried acupuncture today for anxiety and my irritable bowel syndrome. The guy treating me at the student clinic was a moron. I usually get good people. he is graduating soon from that academy and I am scared of what he will do to his patients. I am going to take a xanax now and see how long it takes me to calm down. Cool, I can time it. ready, go. ok. I have to work all weekend when I need to be studying. my wrist hurts. maybe from typing, maybe from that moron. this should be pretty interesting for someone to read. I have lots of other homework that I could be doing, but this is all I have the brain power for right now. no offense, but it's not biochemistry. I am glad to be back in school. I hit the wrong key and it stopped for like 3 seconds. weird. I have to work with john the head pharmacist this weekend. they are all trying to manipulate me into working more hours than I want to. they have now told me that if I don't work all of these hours that they will find someone else to work there. it's all or nothing. I know they are bluffing, because it would take them so long to train someone that one of the other techs that works at the store would have to cover the weekends for months. no one wants to work weekends. so I should do it because I'm in school and that's easier for me because I am a student. that's their logic. that's crap. I think I'm almost done bitching. I am going to work tomorrow and if he doesn't make some compromise with me then I may just walk out and let him work by himself. that won't happen. he will say anything to keep me there. and I'll probably fall for it and think everything is ok and then he will just change his mind at the end of the weekend. so, I should just change jobs, or just change stores. Eckerd's sucks - they all have their heads up their butts. AAAAH! I guess I feel a little better now, but not much. I will just have to think about something else if I am going to feel better. my glasses are foggy. they always get scratched because I don't take care of them. I need an eye exam. haven't had one since grade school. who says grade school? I'm old. I have to be good this weekend. even though I am going to a birthday party that will probably be not quite as good as I need to be. whatever, that didn't make sense. I wonder when john will be home. at least I'm getting something done. I need to do a lot of things. I need to send transcripts to UT, start looking at pharm apps. and ask john if he is really going to move with me if I go out of state. I will probably get in for next fall but you never can tell. I applied way too late last year and got stuck on the stupid alternate list. ok, next/ ",y,y,n,n,y

2003\_127.txt,"right now I am feeling tired and a little burnt out. I have had a quiz and a test this week so I ve been stressed out. I haven't taken my chemistry test yet so I'm nervous about that. I have studied but I don't feel prepared. It's cold in our dorm room right now. It's cloudy outside which is how I feel about certain aspects in life. I'm not sure I will accomplish my goals in life. Though I know that if I give it my best effort that there is nothing more I could have done. No one is in the room other than me so I'm feeling a little lonely. Not too much though. Sometimes it is nice to be alone. I have always enjoyed being alone everynow and then. I feel like I need to relax. I didn't get tickets to the game this Saturday so I'm pissed about that. I did get tickets to the OU game though so that made me happy. I like to listen to music. It also helps me to relax. I'm listening to music right now as a matter of fact. I have a heavy course load, though not too bad. I know that if I quit that I'll regret it for the rest of my life. I think regret is probably one of the worst feelings in the world next to loneliness. Loneliness you could almost always fix, but regret is much harder to deal with. Time is going by too slowly, I think I'm running out of stuff to talk about. It does feel good to get your feelings out and onto something like paper. Sometimes I think it would be better to write out all your feelings on paper so that someone wouldn't have to sit there and listen to you bitch about your life all the time. But other times that's exactly what you need. My favorite TV show is Scrubs. The main character portrays me down to a T"". Watching Scrubs is another way I relax. I'm not necessarily worried about my chemistry test, or at least not to the point of where I'm dreading going. I know that all I can do is my best. I know I've talked about this but I love music. I can feel it in my soul when it plays. I can feel the song. I can feel the notes, the rhythms, all of it. I can close my eyes and just get lost in a song. It's weird, I know. My time is almost up. I'm hungry. It seems like now that I'm thinking about how hungry I am that it is taking longer to finish than it did before. I'm writing this at 9:15 a. m. That's not necessarily early in my book but it is definitely too early to do this. I have a lot of reading to do. I'm happy to be at UT. It's what I have wanted to do all my life. I want to be a doctor. A heart surgeon actually. It seems like its going to be tough. Which is no surprise. I need to buckle down more. Next week, It starts. What is it you ask? It is me buckling down and going hardcore on my classes. 2 minutes left! This was easier than I thought it would be. 1 minute left. I almost forgot to write this. That would have sucked and I would have been pissed. But I remembered so I happy. I feel better writing down all this. ",n,n,n,n,y

2003\_128.txt,Right now I just feel tired and when I usually don't look at the key board I notice that I am right now because the timer is messing me up. I see things going across my eyes and hear a girl walking. I just saw her. I can hear computers on and I'm still tired. she laughed and it makes me sad I've been sad for quit sometime now and I don't know why. head tilted to the side and staring and the screen. when I was looking at the key board the girl took my mind off of it and back to the screen. I hear my typing and the girl next to me typing. left foot over right foot and back is relaxing. it's weird to know I took the 20 out of my calculus time to do this instead. I can't type for twenty minutes because when I do I get more tired than I already am. I'm relaxed now and more slouched in the chair than before. my back is hurting me and my fingers are still going constantly pressing the backspace as though I will be graded for typing skills . it's habit the more I stop to not do that it keeps going. right leg is over left now and I'm still typing who would have thought 6 minutes was long? I'm really thinking of nothing right now but then I start to think of the thing I will be heading out to in a few. my eyes are heavy and I can hear the printer shuffling is going around and my hands are getting kinda tired now. I hear someone in the back typing at the same speed and it makes me think they are doing the sam e thing I am doing. I had a long day and I'm tired but most of all I feel stupid. it's only the beginning of the semester and I just turned in my first calculus assignment and I didn't do it right I probably only did about 1/4 of it right. my eyes are getting really tired and head is now tilted to the right. my arms are sticking to the table and it really bothers me that I'm still pressing the back space and yet I keep doing it. I say my friend earlier and head is tilted to the left side now. right leg over left now. I want to go home and I can't head is itching now on the right side. timer isn't really bothering me now that I think about it. I guess it was the first thing I saw left leg over right eyes getting sleepily as though I'm putting myself to sleep and someone walked in but too lazy to look up cause I'm like in a trans right now. I've been typing forever and I'm still going . and going and going my back still hurts and now head is tilted to right I feel like breathing the way my aunt showed me and while back that can put my to sleep and I have to sneeze it's break time oh wait. it went back and leg is itching and the breaths are getting bigger and eyes are tired. it feels kinda nice right now and it feels as though it's cold outside and why and I so slouched back right now and I keep on messing up what I'm doing and that's bothering me and I'm still in the same spot and it's now been13 minutes and I'm ready to turn this thing off but I can' because I'm afraid of what will happen. will my grade be determined by the time and my legs have moved once again and arms are still in one spot. I wish it was christmas and I keep thinking in my head what the hell was that guy thinking and there's and itch on the shoulder and I should get it but I don't want to. ok it's bothering me. hand are rough and I'm still typing and I'm wondering what's going to go on after this and that girl that just walked in is loud and I believe blonde and I'm wondering if the girl . itch next ot me is wondering why I won't stop typing. ok time to sit up. I took a 5 sec break and now I'm back sitting up right and I've had about 3 itches already. so what was that guy thinking when he typed the directions of at universal remote? was that even it and damn it I'm still here typing away and I'm getting tired and head is now tilted the other way . I wonder why I do that a lot and my legs just moved and I'm just about done here and now my right eye itches and my right ear does too. ok that's done and now my stomach is itching and I'm thinking how bad my hands are hurting me and damn I've been typing forever and I'm still typing I can't believe I lasted this long and I'm still typing this just goes to show that I'm a dork that loves the computers. ok right arm is about to die and so my time is almost up and it's just done now bye! ,n,y,y,n,n

2003\_129.txt,"well I think this is a fun experiment. lets see, what am I feeling? I'm sick. and I can't stop sneezing and coughing. which is distracting as I try to write this. I'm not sure but as I'm writing this I go back and correct my spelling mistakes. I love rings I need to get some more. I only have one on my middle finger and its really pretty. man I can't believe I didn't say hi to brian this morning when I saw him. its so pointless to act like I didn't see him when I looked right his way this morning. god I hope doesn't think I'm some kind of moody bitch. I feel incompetent. I have no specialty. last night I tried writing 2 songs but it doesn't help that I don't know anything about songwriting or reading music or coming up with a beat. although I must say I have things to say. so at least that is good. I'm annoyed with myself for getting hung up on things that already happened. wait am I doing this wrong. this feels more like a journal entry than just what am thinking in the moment. ok I need to stop reading what I just wrote. this room is dark I should open the blinds and jeez if my nose could just stop running. man I'm tired of typing already and its only been about 9 minutes. I need to call maz and ask what is up with our friend who I emailed 2 days ago and has not responded yet. I wonder if he is still in egypt and maybe doesn't have access to a computer. I want to paint my bedroom a light green or yellow color. does that say anything about me. god I feel nauseous. I don't even know how to spell that word. I have to stop eating weird combinations of food. I just had peach yogurt, garlic and parmesan cheese its and graham crackers with milk. I don't even have room for lunch. I must work out. god beyonce has a nice stomach in that baby boy"" music video. if I could lose another 23 pounds that would be awesome. I just need to work out. I need determination. that is such a powerful emotion. I need to buy more shoes and clean up this mess in my room. but it seems I clean it every other day. ok now I'm freaking out. I have 3 tests this week and I feel a little lost is most of them. boy I need some will power to . man I can't get over this nasty feeling of what I just ate. I feel so lost. what do I do. maybe a nice shower might help. oh only 30 seconds left. this went by faster than I thought it would go. and times up . I'm done! ",n,n,y,n,n

2003\_130.txt,"I don't know I fell kind of weird talking to a computer. Well today has been a really strange day. I didn't start school until 2pm so that was great. It lets me get lots of sleep. I think if I didn't get enough sleep I would be more stressed out then what I already am. Ok feeling weird again. I don't know what to type about. Ok, well yesterday I realized this guy that has three classes with me. So that is kind of cool. I went up to him and talked to him and told him that he was in my two classes. We later found out we had another class together, Philosophy. It is such a big class, I was not surprised I never notice this guy was in my class. After that I went to read by Psychology book because I'm kind of behind on my reading. Today I finally caught up. I feel better in that sense, but I'm still behind in my other courses. It's really stressful to have so many classes at the same time. But I see other people and they seem to be doing less work then I am. They are either smarter than me or they or procrastinating. If none applies then I kind of feel sorry for them. This weekend I finally get to go home. I'm kind of happy to go back because I miss my baby sister. She is like one year old, so I hate to miss her growing up. She is really funny and I love her a lot. When I'm at home she follows me everywhere. As for my parents I miss them too, buts its kind of relaxing to not live with them. More stress when you live at home because you have to live to impress. "" I love my parents and all, but I like living on my one; well kind of, still have a roommate. When I go back home I get preferred treatment. This is because my parents miss me a lot. I'm actually not that home struck, I don't find it too difficult to live afar. I think this is partially because I know that if anything arises they are about a two or three hour drive away. I do feel sad that I'm not spending time with my family though. In this sense I feel inhumane, because I made the final choice of coming to Austin. Well it seems like half my time is over and I am starting to run out of mind speech. Ok, I'm just typing to type. Well, then that water bottle looks really good about now. I actually find college possible as long as I find time to study. That is the hard part because I spend most of my time walking from class to class, cleaning my room, doing laundry, taking a shower, eating, or just relaxing for a moment. There are so many little things that we have to do everyday that actually take a lot of our time. It's kind of aggravating but I guess that's just the way life is. I guess someday I'll get to rejoice in all that I have accomplished in the far future. I am scared of failure, but I deal with it. It's not the end of the world. I like this concepts but try not to remind myself of it or else I will use it as an excuse to not do something. I think Psychology is going to be my hardest exam because those old tests are really specific. I was like wow, I remember reading about that but don't exactly remember the detail to answer the question. That is another thing I am afraid of. Not being capable to learn all the stuff I need too. I know that if I gave myself enough time, like years I could definitely remember the details. But in the allotted time I have to learn all this information, along with other classes, just thinking about it makes my head hurt. I can't picture myself learning every single thing the book has. Especially when I have 5 books, and I have to learn almost all the information in all the books. Yeah, well I got my head hurting again. One good side is that this typing thing is almost over and I can continue studying. Although this might seem like a summarization of my daily life, this is what actually goes on in my head all the time. Especially the headache part. I think one of my major weaknesses is my English. Basically I learned English from tv because no one at my house spoke it. I guess my first language was Spanish, until I began watching tv and understood it. I hate having weak English skills though because I always below average. I guess its the one thing I'll never be good at. ",n,y,y,n,y

2003\_131.txt,"It's 6:48. I think I'll type up the time as a reference even though there is a timer at the top. As I sit here, looking around and typing without looking at the keyboard, I wonder what my girlfriend is doing since I am using her computer. Can't wait till Monday! I finally get my own internet set up at my apartment. I feel like I'm getting sick. I was sneezing a lot the other day, now I have a slight sore throat. I wonder what the purpose of this assignment is. Is someone actually going to read this or is it just busy-work? Gah! I hate this runny nose! My girlfriend sure has a lot of pictures of me. a little too many? Hope she is getting a good work-out at the gym right now. I need to find more time to go to the gym now. Going to the gym everyday for a few minutes isn't that good, right? Wow. I feel like my ex-roommate. All he ever did was study, go to the gym, and hang out with his girlfriend, too. I wonder what I'll do for dinner tonight. I should eat healthier. Learning how to actually cook a decent meal might help. I hope I'm doing this assignment correctly. Oh well, if I'm not, I can just ask a TA just to make sure. It's only been 6 min and 15 sec? Wow, this is going to be longer than I thought. Oh look, it's Bloat (a toy from McDonalds that was in the movie Finding Nemo). What a great movie that was. Best children's movie I've seen in a long time. I'm feeling more ill now. This can't be good. Maybe I shouldn't go out tonight. Ugh, that's right- I won't be sleeping over tonight either because she cancelled on me so that her friend can sleep over. Oh well, I've been spending a lot of time with her recently; it's understandable. I need to find some tissues. There's a roll of paper towels and toilet paper. I think I'll grab some toilet paper. Hahaha- it's just like in elementary when we ran out of tissue boxes; the teacher would sometimes have a roll of toilet paper. \*sigh\* I miss those good old simple days. A lot less pressure and life was so relaxing back then. It was good to be young. I know what I'd like to do right now! I want to play counter-strike! Too bad I can't install it onto her computer. I wonder if whoever is going to read this knows who she"" is. Should be obvious, so no worries. What homework/reading assignments do I need to take care of this weekend. Hmm, I'm taking care of this psychology writing assignment right now, I still need to do that one experiment (which is being a pain since it keeps running into that error page and I can't go any further!), LEB, FIN?, maybe a little CMS reading? I think that should take care of it. Oh wait- got to do the ECO self-homework tomorrow. Look, she is back! Aw, she is tired from working out. What?! She just told me how ""everyone"" has commented on my latest pictures on her board! Apparently, people think it's a good picture of me. I guess it is. I actually like those pictures of me (which is kind of rare). I wonder if I can type like I do when I'm online- GRAMMATICALLY INCORRECT! That would speed up my typing. Look! I'm at 19 minutes now! 19 is a great number. All done now! ",n,n,n,y,n

2003\_132.txt,"I love this song so much. well, actually I love the band. Our Lady Peace, where did they come up with this name? It doesn't matter but it's just a question. I can't help but think back to freshman year of high school and remember the times that these songs remind me of. those were good times. ahh, well times change and new things come along. geeze, I'm so hungry. I can't wait to go eat with mom and dad. They are so great. I can't believe how much money they've spent on me and sam for college so far. wow, that's a lot and I'm so lucky. this next song is so good. I love this whole cd. music is such a great thing to have. it expresses feelings that you can relate to and it is a great way to relax. school is so different. I don't know what to study and there is so much reading. I feel so overwhelmed. oh, the football is is tomorrow. I'm so excited about it. they better win. and the red sox I hope will keep on winning. I want them so badly to go to the playoffs, even if they are the wildcard. they deserve it. isn't it funny how you come to like something? for example, how I became to like the redsox. I know I came to like them because of michael. it's funny how you like something or show interest in something that the person your dating likes. I couldn't help but like them because he did and it gave us something to talk about and be interested in. I like the redsox now and it came from him. he is such a great person. I can't believe we've been together for this long. almost 3 years is such a long time, but it has been great. he is sweet, funny, kind, nice, beautiful and he makes me feel good. He is my best friend. I can't wait to go get my pedicure today with Andrea. It will be good to see her and spend time with her, she is such a sweet girl and is always willing to talk to me. it's weird not seeing all my friends from high school. I miss them so much. I can't Anna had a baby! She is such a great mom and everything, but she is missing out on so much not being able to go to UT or Saint Mary's like she wanted to. I'm glad she is determined to still take classes at ACC though. She is making the best out of her situation and I'm so proud of her. And Ella, her baby. What a beautiful baby! I love her so much. I can't wait until she can play and talk. I want to play with her and just be able to have fun with her. I want to spoil her even though she isn't my baby. I'm getting so tired just sitting down. I want to do something, maybe, vacuum the room. It's getting kind of dirty. I want to eat! I miss my animals. I want them to live with me here in the dorm. I love petting them and giving them attention. I'm glad I went home yesterday. Even though I go home at least once a week, I miss being there. I miss my brother, parents, and the animals. Andy is so funny. He has no one to play with or antagonize. He tries to wrestle with mom and she can tell that he misses us. This is the best song on this cd. It is so pretty. ",y,y,y,y,n

2003\_133.txt,"My heart is beating so fast. that's probably not good. I'm actually getting . I just sprayed. nervous about writing this. I keep messing up on the whole typing aspect, so I have to stop and go back to fix things. deep breath. this music is so pretty. I wish I had an amazing voice like Alice Ripley. I totally just got a shiver from the notes they were singing. ohhh, her voice just squeaked, but it add emotion. That's so amazing. I just pooped my back, that feels all strange. geez, my computer just did this whole weird Sticky Keys, what was that? You should have chosen . such an amazing song. That note he sings, it's gorgeous but he says it as EWWWW instead you. that irritates me. I don't even now the words. If only he really loved it would. wow, that was amazing harmony. I hope that ticket stuff gets there. I want to be this part so bad, why aren't there any theaters auditioning for this musical. My jaw keeps popping. Why am I yawning so much? Nose, itch. That's so funny, Chris Noth totally looks like Sam the bald eagle from the Muppet Show. I guess I have to go help Kristin out tomorrow before. I don't feel good. class. That guy today was such an annoying, rude and evil little man. All condescending and all. I got to stop thinking about that otherwise I'll obsess over it, like I always do. I love that note. it's so high and she sings it so amazingly. I can't believe it's the same girl who sings the part of Ariel in the Little Mermaid. He doesn't love her, guys suck. I mean ya she was a Siamese twin, and you know, but I mean he loved her, but because he couldn't live knowing someone else was there he dumped her. I'm so cold. God, why do I keep yawning. I've only been doing this for twelve minutes. My hands are so cold. My nose keeps running. Ricola cough drops are so good. I need to clean up. Of course, I'm not the one shedding and leaving hair ever. on the floor, in the shower. it's so gross. He doesn't love you that's why he is hesitating. Ever time I listen to this, I still get emotional. It's so powerful, I don't know I just connect with them. I think it has something to do with the emotions that you can hear and almost feel through the singers voice and the music. Gosh, my eyes itches. or is it itches. hmmm. I don't know. Ewww, something total floated across the floor. could it be hair. I think so. I know it's definitely not mine. It's so gross. Why did Sarah come in here and ask if I was singing. She acted like I should be ashamed. I can never tell that harmony. I want to learn it so bad. These ant bites are really painful. They're all scabby. is that how you spell that. because I kept itching them. My stomach is all nervous like. it's because I'm all nervous about this assignment. and that stupid accountant jerk. I hate accountants. weird folk they are. I am totally finished with this assignment and I'm going to sing, and watch Much Ado About Nothing. yea! ",y,n,n,n,y

2003\_134.txt,Well I start typing now. so I don't really know my computer stopped making the fan noise why does it do that. the simpsons are on next door I could watch that but I'm stuck doing this oh well what is that oh yeah I like that I'm full even though the food is not good its all you can ear I love all you can eat. well since I don't really know what to talk about I can just write about things that I my phone rang can I answer it I don't think so oh well ill call them back I hope it was not JB calling about the hell raiser meeting damn oh but I can write bout things I don't really talk to other people bout like when I left I didn't really expect robyn and I to last really although I wanted to and but now it is not really that hard and I love her but kinda find myself wishing it was harder so that I could hav an excuse if I needed one to get out. but I have differing opinions on it mostly cause one moment I miss her and jus want to hang out with her but the next I get annoyed that I have to talk to her. and when other girls talk to me here I feel like I shouldn't even though there is no reason not to and robyn wouldn't even care the slightest cause she is so understanding and this is why our whole thing is not that hard. cause she makes it easy. that's the main reason I stayed with her cause usually I don't have relationships ever. this is mainly my first and definitely my first serious one which is another thing sometimes it seems so serious I'm like back off but when she acts casual I want her to act more serious. I guess the whole thing is stupid and I shouldn't worry bout it cause I am easy going and I should let things go with the flow I'm going to call dusting when I'm done so I can see if he is going to the hell raisers. wow it is quiet in here with no music I want to turn on ole Kenny but ill wait 10 min left this is going by fast. I thought I was barely talking. I wish I knew her name I talk to her everyday and she is in 3 of my classes and she introduces me to people and I don't even know her name that's kinda fucked up but I could like seinfeld introduce someone and she has to say her name. that would work I wonder when seinfeld comes on its not like it matters though all I really do anymore is read and study. quiet it is never this quiet my shoulder feels weird my phone is ringing again brb oh I am talking to jb about hell raisers that was easy I'm going to his room in well 13 53sec so I can wait no 20 - 1353 well 1412 now but yeah I think I'm going to work out after the meeting. I wonder if they let anyone in that 70s show is on I hear the theme song my computer sounds weird man a guy that robyn knows or knew shot himself in the face last night. it was sad supposedly he was mad or something and his gf was fighting with him and he shot himself in the face with a pistol right in front of her. robyn felt bad but I didn't know what to say really cause she has not seen him or talked to him in a long time so to me it wouldn't have been that big of a deal. this is getting long now that I'm looking forward ahead in the direction of I'm thinking of ways to say that differently alternately substitute words my eyes are getting tired I'm not blinking I need to ok wow that burned I shut them for like 5 sec and it burned it is better now jonathan thought he broke his toe and skarke got so wasted it was funny I burped and hiccupped at the same time. I wonder what this is going to say about me I don't really care though cause I think most of psy is just unnecessary over evaluation but it is interesting on a lot of levels the lie detector was cool though I think I could beat it maybe but well that's all ,y,n,n,n,n

2003\_135.txt,"I hope I can make it to my next class on time. The pop up ads on my computer are getting very annoying. My throat hurts. I have to take a pill I got from health services. A little cold in here. It just got a lot darker. I have to turn in a maintenance slip so they'll change my light bulbs. Meningococcal vaccine today after chemistry. I shouldn't crack my knuckles. I wonder how my roommate can study so much. What does he have so much work in? I miss Andi. She is in New York right now with football players and lacrosse players all over her. It makes me angry. I hate being jealous, but I can't help it. No one else is online. I hope Andi will visit soon. I bet I'll go into a trance if I stare at this screen long enough. I won't fall asleep, I'll just kind of zone out. It got darker again. Why don't I notice when it gets light? I have to call Leslie from A Chi O and make sure she brings all the girls to our mixer tonight. I have to get to the gym. Out of shape. Only 6 minutes? wow. I'd better think more. I feel like a monk. I must block outside distractions and focus my energy inside. Darker again. There are monks in Tibet that can raise their body temperature by ten degrees or so just by meditating. The power of the mind! I have beach boys stuck in my head for some reason now. god that's irritating. Why is my back so stiff? I need to get more sleep. Mondays and Wednesdays suck, because I have to get up early. no tv and no beer make homer something something. The simpsons is a great show. It's slacked a little recently, but its still good. There, it got brighter. But slowly. I'm cold. I haven't had a single test yet. I wonder how hard they will be. Economics is so boring. Stream of consciousness. I should shave now. No time. I can't shave for two months! Damn fraternity. How can I type continuously if I'm not thinking anything? I think too much usually, but now, nothing. I overanalyze things. Or at least that's what my ex girlfriend told me. I think that I was just thorough. Oh well. It's just like, paranoia is just a heightened sense of awareness. That was in a movie, conspiracy theory, with Mel Gibson. I never saw it. Mel Gibson was on the simpsons once. Apparently his family is very anti-Semitic. I wonder what Andi is doing. Hey, doesn't the average guy in America think about sex once every 6 seconds or something? Every other line I should write, sex. "" or just something gross and raunchy. oh well. sex. ha. I think girls are worse than guys, but no one knows it. I think if we put a microphone in a guys room and in a girls room, you'd be blown away buy what the girls say. crazy. sex. I hope I can see andi soon. She is busy with tennis. I want her to come. Ok, I'm done. Sex! haha ",n,n,n,n,y

2003\_136.txt,"my knuckles are aching I'm going to pop them, lot of clicking on the keyboards in the computer lab, I keep hearing a long beep ever now and then and it is really annoying, I wish I could type better and faster and not have to use one finger, my joints are still aching I want to constantly move to pop them, my head itches and my armpits are moist and sticky, I keep having to raise my arms to keep the stickiness down and more my shirt out of my pits, my toe needs to pop and my right ring finger itches, I wonder what jenn is doing I bet she is with gus, gosh do I hate that guy he just gets on my nerves and doesn't deserve her or treat her right, but then he is cool when I'm around very annoying, it rained earlier so it was really humid after psychology, but now the air conditioning in the library is just what I need, the back of my shoe has no fabric on it so where my sock is not present my shoe rubs blisters into the flesh, another chair squeaks as some shifts their weight, a guy is talking on his phone which I always thought was a bad idea and now he is done, the weird thing about this assignment is that all I'm really thinking about is the assignment and having to think things up, I feel like it doesn't accurately establish what I'm think because I I can't type as fast as a thought comes up, my eye is burning and I feel a tear coming up its like an uncontrollable itch that I'm going to have to rub for a while, another phone goes off, its amazing how many phones there are and how everyone has their own little ring, now someone won't answer their phone and it is still going off, my knee itches, I scratch it, a zipper is undone, another person leaves the computers, and another one sits down automatically, to guys are talking and kind of annoying me, walking around with their smug looks and acting like they own it all and don't have to abide by any rules of SILENCE, that same beep again, I scratched my knee again, I wonder what I'm going to make for dinner, I'm really hungry right now but I still have my lab, stupid labs all at weird times and all out of whack, some one coughs over the loud and oddly rhythmic type emulating from about 50 computers, I shift my weight because my ass is falling asleep and cause my chair to creek as everyone takes a pause to listen look and become annoyed, more squeaking, and now my forearms are sore from resting on the edge of the table to long, I really worry about problems with my hands from typing and using a mouse and also from popping my knuckles, carri's dad has I guess a calcium deposit on his knuckle from clicking a mouse too much its pretty deformed looking, but funny, the library seems to weirdly old yet modern, a lot of the signs make me think of my elementary school and just stuff from then like the walls but its so enormous and imposing I completely stop thinking about it, I sneeze and cover my mouth but now I type so I spread my saliva everywhere I feel bad for who ever uses this next, knuckles again, some guy is looking out if the window and I want to know what he is thinking and what he is looking at, I was thinking about this one think dr. pennebaker was talking about how we are all programmed to react to movement and sound, I guess I always knew and tried to avoid it but I don't think many people actually think about it, I think its actually pretty cool because I'm now thinking about how it is one those derived characteristics we got from our ancestors I guess who hunted or had natural predators just being able to react when ever something moved or made a noise, probably a good thing not to evolve out of, 311 rocks evolver is a good step up for them, I notice I get really startled easily when I'm alone in my room engulfed in tv or a computer, my mom and anyone can come in and say hi and ill jump like the dickens even though it was not that big of a deal I wish jenn felt the same way it would be nice and also bad because ",n,y,y,n,y

2003\_137.txt,"wow this page is not really what I was expecting. besides that ticking timer thing in the top is distracting me because I see it ticking. damn I tried to scroll down thinking I could move it out of my view to avoid distraction but it won't scroll. typing is annoying me. I can do it fairly well and fast without looking but I keep screwing up random letters and making typos and I'm tired of using backspace. well then. I just picked on my face and now it kinda hurts on my chin. I just looked and the timer and it already says 2 minutes. wow this is going faster than I thought. I actually thought I wouldn't mind this assignment too much because it seems kinda fun to just type whatever a persons thoughts are. plus its not a typical assignment. I love when assignments have time limits. my right arm hurts. its a bad setup for typing at my desk. all my computer and everything is diagonal so it can fit but its bad to type this way for long periods of time. I just had so much trouble typing the I"" in periods for some reason. it was annoying me. wow 5 minutes. I keep having to adjust in my seat. not so comfortable and my legs are not feeling right. there's no good place to put them. and my underwear are riding into my ass. its really fucking annoying. ok I fixed it. well I thought so. ok I think that's better now. I just got a blank and for a second I was actually thinking about nothing. or it seemed to be nothing. is that even possible? I don't think it is. I think probably someone is always thinking about something. maybe they just don't know what it is consciously or something. there's people screaming in the hallway. someone wants to get into a room or something. man this is kinda frustrating because I keep feeling like I'm trying to actually say things worthwhile and then when I start talking about what I'm thinking about I think about other things in the middle of a word or something and it throws me off and just generally confuses me. well I still have about 10 minutes of useless babbling to do. my boyfriend is one of the things that keeps randomly popping into my head and when I'm about to type it, my ass hurts or there's people screaming in the hallway or something. so then I'm thinking about that. I like to think about my boyfriend. sometimes I actually do it on purpose. and then other times I'm trying to pay attention in class or something and it becomes a distraction. anyway I don't really know where I'm going with this. my roommate let me read hers (she just did this a minute ago) and mine sounds a lot like hers - its kinda freaky. I think there's holes in this stream of consciousness theory (that looks funny I don't think its spelled right. I didn't think something else up there looked right either but I don't remember what it was. ) the holes! I can't type as fast as I think and therefore I can't really keep up with what I'm actually thinking about. but its kinda clever anyway. there should be a way to actually hear peoples thoughts while they're thinking them or something like that. like ummm what women want. but actually I don't really want anyone to be able to hear my thoughts just for the sake of science. because that's assuming someone could hear them whenever they wanted to and that's just creepy. I'm sitting weird and its hurting my right leg. and now my left arm hurts. I adjusted earlier to try and solve the diagonal thing (aha! that's what was spelled wrong earlier. heheh. ) um someones knocking on our door. its weird. my roommate said come in and they went away. I don't know what's going on actually. rebeccas bitching because ""quiet time starts at ten. "" that's true though. maybe they had the wrong room or something. this is a hard assignment for me because I'm anal and I don't want to leave things unfinished and I keep doing that. I wanted to finish what I was saying earlier. ooo 19:36. the time draws near. this is kinda strangely fun actually I might do it sometime. probably not ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_139.txt,"This is a hard assignment in the sense that I do not know what I am thinking. I have so much homework to do today. I really wish that I had more time to do everything I need to do before a new week starts. I cannot believe that it is already September. I am so ready for another three day weekend. I wish we had another break before Thanksgiving holiday. It is such a pretty day outside. I really should have exercised. I wonder if I will have time tomorrow. Oh well. I really need to go grocery shopping. I have nothing to eat in the apartment. I should ask Kristen if she wants to go to the store with me. Something else I need to do is call Grace about my trip to visit her this October. I really hope that the trip works out. I miss her. She is the funniest girl ever. I really want Mexican food for dinner, but I am having Italian. Oh well, Italian could also be good. At least I won't eat a thousand chips before I even get my meal. Instead I will eat about a pound of bread. Does that even make sense? A pound of bread? Oh I guess I mean a loaf of bread. Whatever. It is so quiet in this room right now. I wish there was something going on so that I could have something funny to think and therefore type about. This stream a consciousness essay must be really boring for someone to read. Actually I bet some of them are really interesting to read. I always am wondering what other people are thinking about. I wish that I was a better typer. I am a little faster than I use to be, but I still make a ton of mistakes. This essay could get pretty long considering the amount of thoughts I have in a twenty minute period. Oh I guess that I am not the only person home right now. I heard a door close it must be Kristen or Catherine. I love living in an apartment. It is so different that last year. I never made my bed. I should get in the habit of making my bed when I get out of bed each day. But then I know I would want to take a nap that day, and then I would just mess up the covers again. Beds are meant to be unmade. I guess that is how I feel now, but wait until I have a family of my own. I totally will be just like my mom and make my kids make their bed every day. I wish that I was as organized as my mom. She always has everything in the right place. I guess I will grow into being more organized one of theses days. I guess? Wow the time really has gone faster than I expected for this essay. but now that I noticed the time I bet it goes even slower. I hate the feeling when you are in class and you think it is at least half over and it really has only been about 15 minutes. That happened to me in math Friday. I think because it was my last class on Friday, I was just anxious for the weekend. I love the weekends. I wish I could have gotten more sleep this weekend. I feel like I never get enough sleep. I in the the mood just to curl up in bed and watch a good movie. I wonder what movie? I really am in the mood for a really good movie that I have not seen or that I love. I have not been to the movie theater in so long. I think the last movie that I saw was Pirates of the Caribbean. It was good. Jonny Depp looked really crazy in the movie. Orlando Bloom is so cute. I wonder how old he is. I bet he is in his early twenties. Just the perfect age for me. I like the idea of the guy being a little older than the girl just because of maturity. I really wish that I had a crush on someone right now. I feel like there is no one I want to date right now. That is the worse feeling. What time is it. It is getting late. The day has gone by so fast. I need to do so many more things today. I should probably start taking my notes for Geography today so that I don't have so much to do tomorrow. I am so sick of taking notes right now though. I really need to stay motivated! ",n,y,y,y,y

2003\_140.txt,"What a strange assignment. Why did the typing start indented? Twenty minutes seems like a long time and the timer does not make anything go any faster. It's weird that the one thing you look forward to all day turns out to suck. What do wounded ducks look like? Alright, 1% complete with this assignment. Physics is really hard, but I actually understand everything fairly well. I suppose that's a plus. I wish Lindsay would talk to me. I really miss her companionship. I suppose now is where you notice that I am a normal college kid going through the feelings and emotions. I really hate to be normal. I am not somebody who is outrageous to be not normal because that is conforming to another standard. I instead just do what works for me and disregard most everybody else. I really miss Lindsay. I wish I knew what to do to get he back. I think that is the problem, you can't get someone back, you can only hope they come back. I really hope the power doesn't go off in the middle of this assignment (knock on wood). It's been going out recently. Alright, almost 25% complete. Maybe I shouldn't track my progress. Is anybody really going to read this? Is this simply an experiment? Maybe it's a wpm counter like in computer class. Here comes the scary part in the music. I am listening to Firebird Suite. It really is a neat song, but it lacks something, not sure what but something. What if you started this assignment at 4:50 on Friday? That would really be horrible, but it wouldn't be quite as bad as starting it at 4:41. That would actually be ironically funny. Good times. Something is odd. Not sure what, but something seems a bit strange. I want some natural light, I really can't stand these fluorescent lights. These buildings also are disturbing. I didn't live in the country, but I really miss the trees I had around my house. Living amongst these lonely trees is strange. It's like they are put on display as something that used to be. I want to go to a school that is in the trees. I am talking a tree house. In the trees of the Amazon. That would be a sweet experience. The window, right. Haha, of course I open my window and see construction. Great, just great. It's rather depressing. Alright, more than 50% complete. This could really be a dangerous thing if you really tapped into your thoughts. Might find something you don't want to find. Hmm. I hat that feeling of being hungry after you've just ate. Is ate the right word there? I think it might be eaten"", who knows. I feel like I have something to do, but I really don't know what it is. It felt really good to sleep in this morning. I kind of felt lazy, but none-the-less, it felt great. I saw Cedric Benson in his Escalade XLT today. That is a very nice vehicle he has. Almost 75% completed. What a bunch of crazy rambling. It must suck to be the one to read all of these. I suppose you just search for keywords and check their frequentness. Is that a word? Who cares? I know you don't. I am running out of thoughts and my right pinky hurts, perhaps I should learn how to more properly type. I type pretty well I think, I just have this mysterious pain in my pinky. Shadows are the only two dimensional objects. Shadows are cast from three dimensional objects. So is it safe to say that three dimensional objects are shadows of 4 dimensional objects? Can we say that we are shadows of time? There's a predicament. What is time? That's also a predicament. That would be cool if somebody would call me right now. I really don't want to have to get up so early on Saturday (7:00). Oh well, can't do much about it I guess. I wonder how Phoebe is doing? That thought was brought on by a song that I just heard. Time is almost up. Check you on the flip side. Ciao. ",n,n,n,y,y

2003\_141.txt,"I need to write this paper for psychology to get a good grade in the class. This assignment is much easier than some of the other assignments I have gotten in my other classes. But, then again, my other classes aren't necessarily hard. I mean, in History of Rock Music, I have to go see a concert and report on it. How cool is that?! I wish I could go to a Coldplay concert. I would love to go to a COldplay concert. I like their music. I like the Beatles too. I'm listening to a Beatles song right now. I believe Paul wrote Michelle"". I went to the Paul McCartney concert last October. It was totally amazing. I wish I could go again. I saved my ticket stub and put it in a box that I store all the important little trinkets I want to keep. I put all my concert tickets in there. I really need good grades in order to get into the RTF school. I really want to become a film maker. I would love to become the next Jerry Bruckheimer. Producing seems really cool, but really hard. I would love to direct, but directing seems like one of the most impossible jobs to do successfully. I would love to one day be a well known and respected film maker. I love old films. Last Sunday, the State theater on Congress showed Gone With the Wind. I went to the movie instead of the UT football game. I don't like football as much as I like old movies. It was so worth it. To see one of my favorite movies of all time on the big screen was amazing. I walked to the theater, and I decided to take the bus back. Only, I was not aware that the busses have different route on game days. I got on the number 7 bus and ended up around Highland Mall. It turned out okay though, because the bus circles the mall and comes back towards campus. I got off the bus on Dean Keaton street and had to walk back to my dorm in Jester in the rain. The movie was still worth it. Dean Keaton. That's also the name of the main character in the movie: The Usual Suspects. That is a good movie. For the longest time, I hadn't seen it, but then my brother kept telling me that I shouldn't see it because it is excellent. Well, during move-in a couple of weeks ago, when everybody was in a frenzy, I just hung out for a couple of days at my brother's house. While there, I got a chance to see The Usual Suspects. What a great film. The ending was amazing, even though someone had already told me how it ended. I was surprised all the same. AH! People keep instant messaging me while I am trying to do this essay. I'm going to put up an away message so they will leave me alone for a while. My mother called me this afternoon to tell me that the product I ordered online came in the mail. I need to go pick it up. It was my first order on eBay. A friend of mine and I really like David Beckham, so I found some England National team jerseys with his name on the back online for only $10 a piece. We have been waiting about 2 weeks for them to come in the mail, but I guess that isn't that long considering they were being shipped from Thailand. I hope they are in good condition. I mean, for $10, one would assume they are in total disarray. I hope not. I really want a Beckham jersey. Wow, I am really writing about absolutely nothing. This assignment is awesome! Now I'm listening to a Dave Matthews Band song. ""The Song That Jane Likes"". I just started liking DMB only about 2 years ago. My best friend idolizes them and plays all their songs on his guitar. Gabe is an awesome guitar player. I wish he was with me here at UT. I really miss him. He is back at home, while everyone else we know moved on to college. I feel bad for him. I wish he would move to Austin with me. He works at Starbucks and is trying to raise enough money for him to go to school. I love Starbucks. I used to always get a caramel macchiato, but now I really like Irish cream cafe mochas. Those are very good. I have not really had any time to go to Starbucks. There's one in the bottom floor of Jester Center, but its just not the same as an actual cafe house. Gabe and I would regularly hang out at the Starbucks by us for hours on end. We would talk or play cards or chess. I really miss that. Its okay though, he is coming to visit soon, and I will be going home for his birthday in a couple of weeks. It should be fun. I'm really excited about that. ",n,n,y,n,y

2003\_142.txt,"Well, I'm listening to 3 Doors Down. My friend told me about this song, and it's pretty good. It's about people being in love. I'm about to change the song to So Far Away by Staind. They're my favorite band. My roommate isn't here right now. I just got finished eating with my brother. He is 31 and the best big brother. When he dropped me off at Jester that was the first time that I have cried since I've been here. I didn't even cry when my mom left. I guess our relationship is stronger even though I don't get to see him that much. I think my roommate and I are going to Lake LBJ this weekend. I have a house on the lake. We'll probably invite a few friends to join us. I guess get away from the dorm life and act like it's summer again. Man, I have a lot to do. I need to return two books, mail a couple of letters, and some other stuff. I should be writing this down. Oh well. Hmmm. I'm running out of things to talk about. Oh yeah, the smell. It smells kinda funny in here because we had chicken wings the other day, and we still haven't cleaned out the dishes. Oh yeah, I have to do laundry too. Dang, that's going to be a pain. I have tons of laundry to do. I'll probably wait until this weekend because then I can use my own washer and dryer. I won't have to wait for anyone else. Now I have to go to the bathroom. I wonder if that counts off if I stop for a second. Well, I'm going to try and hold it in. I wish we had a bathroom in here. Then it wouldn't be that big of a hassle to go to the bathroom real quick. Hmmm. my roommate and I have been hearing these strange noises from the room above us. It sounds like this people are having sex like the bed is moving or something. We're not sure yet, but I think we're going to go up there and see what's going on. We thought it was a laundry room, but who knows. I've been trying to find this song. I know the tune of it. I just can't place the words so I'm having no luck. I'm just adding words that sound good. I heard it in my brother's car, but he was talking and I didn't want to interrupt. I'm looking at some pictures on my wall. Wait. someone just sent me a text message. It was a guy named David. I met him last Sunday walking passed his room. He seems like a nice guy. We went out last night to a movie in Dobie. We got there early so we had about an hour and a half to spare. So, we decided to take a look around Dobie's room so we just started knocking on doors and taking a look at people's rooms. It was crazy, but I liked it. Nothing was planned out. We just started hanging out and then we thought a movie would be nice and just went. It was excited. I hate having things planned out. I don't mind just sitting at home and being lazy. Just taking things when they come along. I don't know if. damn, I hate pop-ups. one just popped up while I was typing. Anyways. I don't know if that's a good thing or bad. Well, I have about a minute left and that David guy is coming over. Perfect timing. I think things happen for a reason. I'm into reading horoscopes and stuff like that. I guess it's kinda childish. ",n,n,y,n,y

2003\_144.txt,"Geez, I'm trying to think about what I'm supposed to write about for 20 minutes. This is weird. I wonder if people use this assignment as a Dear Diary"" thing. I wonder if the psych people are going to read every single one of these writing assignments. That would be a lot of reading to do. How can they read so much? I get so tired of reading all the time. I want to have fun. Instead of having fun though, I'm always stuck in my room reading all the time. I hate reading. School reading isn't fun. text book reading that is. I don't like reading textbooks on weird classes to read on like chemistry. Why do we need a next book for that class besides for doing homework problems. No one reads the text book crap. I don't even understand why some classes have certain books. Hm. I just don't like reading. I think this means that I'm going to have problems in college later on. Everyone always tells me that when you're in college, you have to have the patience to read everything. If what I read what actually interesting, I wouldn't have a problem. Hmm, well I remember in English in High School, a lot of the books that we read were really interesting. I liked Lord of the Flies and Anthem, and the Scarlett Letter. Those were really cool books. The bad thing about the readings was that we had to analyze EVERY SINGLE thing! I hated analyzing. I mean, analyzing is important, but not when you have to analyze stupid stuff. I remember on the Scarlett letter test we had to analyze why the grass was green. what the hell was that all about? I don't' get it! There are some things that don't really need explaining. They're just fact. How can you explain fact? Seriously, I think teachers just want to see how well we can think of things at the top of our head. I think they're trying to teach us something on that. How well you can come up with some explanation in a split second. Actually, I guess that can come in handy. Like for example it can help you with coming up with an excuse to your boss on why you were late. You wouldn't get a ""good grade"" if your reasoning wasn't valid enough. Hmm. I don't know. Some teachers are cool. I miss my teachers back at home. I miss Mr. Fred, he was such an awesome teacher. I somewhat liked calculus because of him. He had a weird personality. that's what made him cool. I also miss Mrs. Conrey. She was fun to talk to too. I miss our little group in Bio2. That was my favorite class! I loved hanging out with the gang. Geez, I can't believe that time is gone. life went by so fast. I wish I could go back and relive some moments. not to change them. but to feel that kind of happiness again. Now, everyone is so concerned with getting to know new people. I mean, I don't mind getting to know new people but not everyone likes the whole ""hi, my name's Rebekah, what's yours?"". I think certain people would get really annoyed by that. Geez, there are so many people in this school, it's not even funny. I miss knowing everyone you pass by. It's kinda like that Cheers song. ""Where everybody knows your name. dum da da dum. and they're always glad you came. dum da da dum. "" I love that show. Hehe, it's great. Geez, life passes by way too quickly. It's kinda funny to think about how that was the ""Seinfeld"" or ""Friends"" during that decade. Hehe, but it's still funny. It's funny how people don't like watching those old shows anymore. I don't care how old they are. if they're funny, they're funny. That's all that matters. It gets annoying how everyone puts up with the same Friends reruns. It's so annoying. but still a great show. I remember when a new season would start, everyone would say ""ohh, this is the last season!"". the last season is finally here. I mean the show is still really funny and all. but come on. everyone knows that it was getting really old. Everyone's hooking up with someone else. it's kinda annoying but kinda cute how that worked out. But I think it's wrong how Joey hooks up with Rachel. I'm sorry but Ross and Rachel belong to only each other. It's wrong to see them not together. I really hate how they're not married on the show. Dude, you shouldn't have a kid unless you're married. You're just asking for your kid to have problems if you're not. What the hell is this all about how girls have sex b/4 marriage. I think it's so stupid! What the hell happened to good morals and traditions? Now everyone's a whore. that's so disgusting. How can you share yourself with everyone you see? Grr, people annoy me. ",n,y,y,n,n

2003\_145.txt,"Right now I am really hungry. I would go eat right now but I am going to run with the marathon team tonight. I ran cross country in high school and was pretty good but I did not run during the summer. Lets hope I'm still in shape. Probably not, I'm going to have to start back at the beginning with two or three miles and work my way up again. This stream of consciousness in not fun. My thoughts are coming out too fast for my to type. It's like when I'm writing an english paper. I'll get a great idea in my head then not able to write it down fast enough and I forget it. Good thing you aren't checking spelling and punctuations and stuff life that. I hate typing on the computer, well not typing but talking on the computer. The I'M stuff instant messaging. My roommate keeps asking me questions while I'm doing the writing. She talks on I'M all the time. She spends more time in the room on the computer than I do and that's hard to do. She wakes up in the morning and turns on her computer to see if anybody is online that she can talk to. It's 8 o'clock in the morning does she really think anybody is going to be on. I never liked talking on I'M and I've tried to. I think many of the things I say are sarcastic and it is hard to show that what you are typing has a sarcastic tone. So I pissed of a few people even though I was being sarcastic. And it could be that I am quiet and don't talk that much unless it's about sports or something. I'm weird, I think I'm the only girl in the dorm that likes to watch football and other sports. I have always liked to watch sports. And I pretty much know that I am the only girl that likes to play football on play station 2. I've always liked playing video games. Like right now I have Grand Theft Auto Vice City on my computer. It is a lot of fun. I love playing. I see it as a stress relief for me. When I had a hard day I'll start play the game run from the cops then feel better. I am able to do things in the game that I would never do in real life. I would never be stupid enough to run from the cops in real life and that's why I like to do it in the game because I can and will not get punished for it. The people who go around saying the game should be band because it is violent and gives people bad ideas make me mad. Even though there are people in the game you can tell they are fictional. All the cops look the same, all the pedestrians look the same. You can tell that this is not real life. If you are running from the cops in the game you can drive around and pickup police bribes which lowers your wanted level and less cops chase after you. Now I know that does not happen in real life. There are clear distinctions between the game and real life. I know those distinctions and would not cross them. Some bad apples that were probably high or drunk anyways that ran from the cops and blamed it on the game should not ruin if for other who think the game is fun. ",n,y,n,y,n

2003\_148.txt,"I'm bored, da da da da seinfeld is funny I wish I could watch seinfeld all day david reminds me of seinfeld because david is one of the funniest people I know. it's cool he has steph. they're so good to each other, then again, I rarely hang out with both of them together. sweet seinfelds starting. hmmmm, I don't remember this episode, which is weird because I how long is this thing going to last. damn, I'm not far at all so do I just hit the finish button at the end or will it automatically end blah I guess I'll just hit the finish button when it comes blank blank bottles paper sauce ooooo ronin warriors I love the ronin warriors too bad they didn't have the whole set at the store o damn someone just messaged me I should've put an away message on but I never do. should I check it? but then I this won't be a stream of consciousness did I spell that right? o well I spell a lot of things wrong blah idealist eh, I'm an idealist too like seinfeld I wish I could be the next seinfeld I like making people laugh and he also gets paid for it I wish I could get paid for that so I won't have to compromise my beliefs and get a job 5 minutes, 1/4 fo the way through damn and a page of this thing, this thing is going to be long if I keep typing like this yarghh my hair is in my eye and it's itching me I wish I could just shave my head, but I don't like how it looks shaved like in 5th grade then people used to rub my head and it really pissed me off and I really don't want that I wish I could be like john lydon always reinventing himself, the only thing I have that comes close was my spikey hair in like 8th grade and the drab way of dressing too bad I get pissed off at people who dress like me god damn it my hair I want it to sop 7 minutes well shit I'm not even half done this is taking forever I just heard footsteps I wonder if that was roxy roxy so fine damn nose itching making me stop damn eye I need a hat but I really don't like hats the make my hair all flat and crap hard beds like hard beds but I like my tempurpedic one the best it rules and it's so comfortable I bet that was neal I hope he isn't messaging me about dinner just lost what I was thinking but roxy is nice too bad I'm too much of an ass to talk to her I would probably say something stupid and mean if she ever talking to me bad backs she elaine hurt her back I've seen the episode I was right but I think this was an early one blank blank blank jerri blank man she is weird I can't think of her name but she weird like that weird hitler doll she made that just kinda pissed me off damn belsen was a gas is a good song the sex pistols rule I wish I knew what that song was saying but I can't really understand everything rotten was saying good pen that writes upside down 12 minutes ugh almost done 8 more minutes I wonder if my hands will hurt after this they're already tired ugh had to crack it even though it didn't crack so I guess I just stretched it man stretch marks are weird I wonder if I'll get them for some reason even though I won't get crazy pregnant stretch marks but I wonder if I can gain a crap load of weight then lose it to gain stretch marks my roommates making noise I wonder what he is doing I could turn my head but that requires work I don't like work I don't like school school sucks too much work I want to live in a shack in the woods like the Unabomber he had a cool place to live then again I don't have a million in liquid assets like he did so I wouldn't really be able to survive like he did damn he was smart too bad he went killing people otherwise he wouldn't been awesome hehe awesome reminds me of the ninja turtles that show ruled I used to want to be like leo leo was the man then they made the new one and he acts like he has a rod shoved up his ass damn why did they make him such a stiff uhh stiffler that a funny name like a boner man growing pains had that guy named boner on it I wonder if they realized what they did damn jerry's eyes are crazy o god watching it too much sweet almost done only 3 minutes I can sing a three minute song and be done why don't I try I've seen you in the mirror when the story began and I fell in love with you I love your mortal sin your brains are locked away damn it your brains are locked away yarghh why can't I remember I've seen you in the mirror when the story began and I fell in love with you I love your mortal sin your brains are lock away but I love your company I'll only ever leave you if you got no money I got no emotion for anybody else you better understand I'm in love with my self my self, my beautiful self no feeling a no feelings a no feeling for anybody else there ain't no moonlight after mig damn wrong verse but only a minute left guess I can't type as fast as I can sing but I bet if they changed the keyboard that guy and cs was talking about I could type a lot faster stella what was that from why can't I remember I don't watch movies d ",n,n,n,n,y

2003\_149.txt,"so I don't really know what to type about. I hope this does not have to be like grammatically correct or anything because I don't ever use capital letters. twenty minutes is a really long time. I don't know if I can even type that lone. I don't know if I ever have in my entire life without stopping or taking a break. is weird to write down what I'm thinking because I think I try to think about what to write so I'm not completely sure this is really what I'm thinking. I hope no one reads this too carefully. so its always been really cold in my room but now its kind of hot. I think this could be a good way to vent some of my feelings. I keep thinking about kurt and I wonder if I should call him back or not. everyone keeps saying to never call him back because he only called me because rachel is in dallas but I don't even think for sure that he called because he wants to get back together maybe he just wanted to explain since he never did. I think my foot is falling asleep. I almost wish I had a desktop computer so that this keyboard was not so small. my hand keeps hitting the mouse while I type and it waves around in front of what I'm writing and that makes it hard to concentrate. anyways, I don't want kurt to think that I have been sitting around hoping that he would call or anything because at first a pop up just came up on my screen. I didn't think they would bother me that much but its starting to get on my nerves esp. ok so this other thing just popped up and it said to hold down enter for ten seconds to see some cool thing and I didn't want to because with all my pop ups I figured it would just lead to porn or something of the likes so I tried to push the little x in the corner and it wouldn't close and then it went to some screen with stars or something and said enjoy your break now get back to work. at first I thought it was for this maybe it was but then I got back to this screen and my time was starting all over. that sucks. I hope this is over soon. anyways I'm still thinking about kurt. no one can assume that he called me back because he wants to get back together. he could just want to talk. he did say the first time that he just called to see how I have been. and I'm still mad at him for what he did but I do want to forgive him because I just don't want something like that hanging over me forever and I hate to hold grudges. and I do want us to be friends and I know it would be hard for me to say I didn't want him back but even if that is what he wanted I wouldn't do it no matter how hard because of what he did to me. plus I'm in college and I don't need to have a boyfriend back home. I need to meet people. but I really do miss him a lot. I hope it gets easier. which is part of why I will call him because I really need to close that part of my life and end it and I can't think of the word but something like finalize it. I hope my battery does not die on my laptop and I hope that another popup does not come and mess up my time again because I really need to get this done. I have a lot to do today. but I'm glad I got done what I did this morning. I need to find out about the whole football ticket draw thing. and I hope I wrote down in my planner about that trig review class. then I have all those small chores that I have to do tonight but I don't think ill have time especially since this is taking so long. I have never experienced a longer twenty minutes than this in my life. at least I should be improving my typing skills. I hope it rains this weekend or even today. no maybe tomorrow because ill be outside today. I can't wait until it get cooler outside so I can walk places. yeah right like I really will but maybe I really will. I have taken the stairs up to my room a few times. I think I may fall asleep after this or maybe even right now. I need to move my leg this hurts. wow I'm really really sleepy o I also need to remember to call joey back tonight before I call back kurt. I feel so bad I hope he is not mad at me for ditching them but I needed to go out with christi because we hadn't really done anything together. and I'm glad I did because that was a lot of fun. but I do hope he is not mad or anything and we can get together later. I wonder if I should join the texas exes. I don't know if this is really what I'm thinking because I know in the back of my head all I'm really thinking about is how much I hate typing all this and how I can't wait until its over but at least I'm doing it today instead of tomorrow night so ill have it done and don't have to worry about it. I'm going to try and not procrastinate. bad start though I'm only on chapter one in psychology those chapters are so long and boring I hate that book. I hope this does not deduct points. I wonder if I should stop now since that pop up messed up my timer. oh well I only have about four minutes left anyways so I might as well keep going. o I need to go tanning tonight too. ahhhh I have so much to do tonight and most of it involves reading that damn psychology book o and I have to read that philosophy book. I really like my schedule how it is though that is nice that I don't have any real classes today so I can get caught up. yay I'm almost finished good because I'm really sleepy now and I want to take a nap even though there is no way that I really have time for that but maybe I will anyways just like a few minutes to rest my eyes yeah right ill fall asleep and probably won't wake up until like nine or ten I spell out numbers because I don't know what keys to use yay I'm finished ",n,n,y,n,n

2003\_150.txt,"Here it goes. 20 minutes seems like a long time but I don't have to think really. Wait, that is the whole purpose. Think, Think, Think. The game my roommate plays all the time distracts me from studying but I would never say anything. Just let it be, let it be, whisper words of wisdom, let it be. Well, I see the football schedule on my desk and it reminds me that a girl from home may be coming up this weekend. Hopefully I can get her a ticket to the game. Maybe I will make a sign and put it by the elevator that say that I will buy a ticket for, lets say, $10. I think that should work. Ever since I came here I have been having trouble keeping the stupid elastic sheet on the mattress. It always comes off. It really annoyed me, I mean really annoying. So, when I went home this weekend I bought these straps that hold the sheet to the mattress. I have installed them and could not be more pleased. I have beat the mattress! Victory is mine! Its interesting that I can see all of my class buildings from my dorm room window. Pretty decent view. Tonight, I worry that I am too behind in my classes. Yet, I can't imagine that everyone in the class is. I mean, I do a pretty decent amount of work. I bet I am about equal with most students. The part that has me worried is that all of my professors say that most people make Cs in there class. That is just not acceptable. I have to go graduate school. How hard is it to go to graduate school? I really don't know. I can't be that hard. Or is it? 11 more minutes what to talk about. My suitemate just started the shower. I can hear the water running. I also hear the gun shots from that game my roommate always plays. Pow, Pow, Pow. That must be fun. I, however, am trapped in this writing screen. Write, Write, Write. Like a machine. Now I hear jazz music. I've never really met anyone who like jazz music. This kind of reminds me of Catcher in the Rye. Maybe Holden Caulfield was just a steam of consciousness. I wish I had a hunters cap to put on. Maybe I could go to the pond and see if the damn ducks were still there. Where do they go in the winter, anyway? Does someone come in a van and take them away to a zoo or something. Or do they just fly away, fly away. Ah! I've received an instant message. I can't read it yet. Must type, type, type. 6 minutes left, almost there. Nope, that is still a long time. I just noticed my rubik's cube. One side is completed, the others? You guessed it, INCOMPLETE. Maybe one day I will finish it. Ok, now my hands are beginning to tire. 4 and a half minutes left. Just keep typing. My neck hurts too. This is making me sleepy. I really want to go to sleep after this. Ah, that would be nice. BUT NO, I have to read. Lots of reading actually. In fact, psychology, 1 chapter. Pow, Pow, Pow. He says, Missed the head. "" What does that mean? Head makes me think of beer. That lager has a good, hearty head. Nice, only 1 and a half minutes left. I'm really looking forward to this being over. I guess there are harder things I could do for a grade. Like, I can't think of anything. I thoughts a clogging because I keep looking at the clock. Oh wow, here we go, and I am done! ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_151.txt,"Well I decided that I was going to go ahead and get this writing assignment out of my way. Actually, I was just looking for an excuse to put off my reading for my MIS course. I really dread reading that whenever I am finished with this because it is like 30 something pages long and I already have a bad headache. It's pounding as we speak. (or should I say as I type!) Wow, my nose itches a whole bunch. But I guess I would rather it itch than run. Earlier today I was on my way back to the dorms and allergies kicked in really bad. I hope I am not getting sick. That would really suck. I am really excited and nervous all at once about this weekend. I can't wait to see Devin. I haven't seen him in like two weeks and it is probably going to be like a month before I get to see him again. He had his first baseball game today, I wonder how he did. Did he start? Did he hit well? I can't wait to talk to him tonight and get all the details. I'm excited about watching him play on Saturday. Baseball is his true love and I am really happy that he gets to fulfill his dreams by playing in college. However, I hate the idea of having to come home early on Sunday. My reasons for coming home are good, but I just wish I could spend more time in Dallas with him and not have to rush back. I mean, why does the dance team tryouts have to be this weekend of all weekends. Every other weekend that I have been here I have tried hard to find excuses and things to do and have had no luck at all except for staying out late and partying. I honestly wanted something productive to do. But now that I have decided to go out of town, they decide to hold dance team tryouts. And that would be what makes me nervous. I have always seemed to accomplish my goals and dreams, especially in the field of dance. But now I am going to be up against so many good girls and I just don't know what to do about that. I really hate the idea of rejection, but if I don't try then I'd never even know what would have came of it. Jennifer is trying out too and it's going to be horrible living with someone who makes it if she does and I don't. Gosh, I really am nervous. What if they don't like my style or technique. I will be really depressed if I don't make it. I get embarrassed about stupid stuff like this. I wonder why that is. It shouldn't matter what happens, no one should care but me, but somehow I feel ashamed when I don't make things that I go out for. So I just finished balancing my checkbook and I really could use some more money. Sure mom and dad are paying for everything, but it would be nice to go out and do what I want to do when I want to do it and not have to rely on them. Speaking of money, my tuition bill says that I owe $178 and that is so not true. everything was paid and up to date and then I just decided yesterday to add a ballet course. However, the ballet course is only $59,,that is so not equal to $178. I wonder how long I have been writing for. Oh wow, it has already been 10 minutes! How come exercising doesn't seem to go this fast. I feel like when I am running on the treadmill that I have been going for like 15 minutes and it is actually only like 2 minutes or so. That's crazy. I shouldn't have ran the other night. My legs are so sore now and walking up and down these hills many times a day hasn't felt good on these sore muscles. Not to mention, I have had 2 dance classes since then and it is really hard to be limber and flexible when you are this sore. Now my lip itches. This music on television is horrible. I would get up and change the channel but I obviously cannot do that due to this assignment. I am starting to wonder about this course. The lectures are really interesting and class is fun. I have kept up with the readings and understood it for the most part. But when it comes down to it, will I really be able to make good grades on the tests that are compiled of both the readings and the lectures. That sort of makes me nervous. The professor is really good and easy to listen to and understand, but I still seem to think that his tests will not so much be the same way. I have a feeling they will be very insightful and difficult and that stresses me out. I've come from a background of like all A's and I do realize things are going to be much harder now that I am in college, but I am not used to making much lower than an A. I am getting really sick of staring at this screen and my fingers are starting to cramp. My position is not very comfortable and I haven't moved in like 15 minutes. It is nice to have peace and quiet in here for once. My roommate seems to not care or respect me much. She likes to do what she wants to do and how and when she wants to do it. And that is fine and all, but when I am trying to sleep I think it's just a little rude when she comes in at like 5 in the morning and is all slamming doors and turning on lights, talking on the computer and on the phone! It's like, I haven't been sleeping very well as it is being in a new environment and all for the first time for this long of a time, then I finally get to sleep and she comes in and wakes me up. Then it takes me like another 30 minutes to fall back to sleep. Gosh I really hate that, but we have been friends for a long time and what do you say to someone like that? I wonder what my mom and dad are doing. I wish I could find Amanda's keys or at least find out what happened to them. I mean I just find it so awkward that they just disappeared. My dorm room is not that big and I can't seem to find them anywhere. I feel horrible about her having to take $165 out of her own check book to get an extra key made. Everytime I think about it, I start to get the idea that maybe I accidentally threw them away whenever I took at the trash. I'm thinking about sending her a check with part of the money because I feel so bad for her! Gosh this music on TV is horrible! I like one of her songs, but she just sounds horrible in concert. I don't know how much longer of this I can stand. My shoulders are starting to bother me. It doesn't help out that they were sore to begin with. Oh, something's popping up. I'm through! ",y,y,y,y,n

2003\_152.txt,"Right now I am watching tv. I it kinda hard to type with these nails, I don't think I have had to type a large amount since I got them. The commercials on tv are so stupid, especially the ones for women's health. I need to get my nails filled, but I don't think I am going to spend the money on it, there are more important things that I can spend my money on. I would be nice if I had a newer computer, this one gets the job done though. I just don't know how reliable, because my sister had all kinds of stuff on it when it was hers, and as a result it on its third hard drive. Last year at the beginning of the year, my computer crashed. that wasn't too much fun, because I had all those assignments to turn in and no computer. I is amazing how you can take technology like that for granted, and how limited you feel once it isn't there anymore. Everything seems so materialistic, but I must admit that I am just as materialistic as anybody else. Where my keyboard is isn't very comfortable for typing. Got that book for my sister. That is so weird how her teacher died so suddenly right before school starts. mom said that he had a nine year old and a five year old. That must be so hard. It seems weird that now his wife will be the one teaching the class. I guess she has some kind of degree related to psychology as well. Maybe that is how she and her late husband met. Mom's birthday is on Friday. I need to get a card for her, and I need to get a card for Luis. I can't forget that when I go to the store tonight. Hopefully that won't take up too much time, because I have a lot of reading I need to do and write notes over what I read. It is frustrating, because I am always reading and doing homework, yet I constantly seem behind. I guess I have just never taken this many reading classes at once before. That sucks though, because then I will have to take several sciences at once too, and that will be just as hard. It is hard to get that balance, esp. when you are a transfer student and are trying to figure out how everything transfers. I wish I could have gotten an appointment with that advisor at the health science center sooner. you would think that they would have more than one advisor, especially since she will or has been out for at least a month. I hope that someone from Health south will call me back, if not I will call again since I just got an answering machine and had to leave a message. I would really like to start working again, especially because I need more hours. Well technically I have enough to apply for PT school, but most people have worked there for at least a year, if not more. Some of then have been there for three years. Luis and Eli had been there for a year and a half or something like that. Well Eli isn't working there, because he is starting PT school. I wonder how different the rehabilitation hospital is here compared to the one in San Antonio. I don't think waking up at 6:30 to get to work on time will be too much fun, especially now that I am in school, but I guess I just have to wait and see if they even have any open positions. I don't really like not having a job, I like the security of know I have some sort of income, even if it isn't a lot. Of course, I think school would be less stressful without a job, but I know I could handle it if I had one. Okay I am at somewhere around 15 minutes. five minutes to go. well not anymore since I typed that. Man I haven't been typing too fast, I guess that doesn't really matter. hey there is a card commercial. I should put the stuff I need from the store on a post it. I think I have some stuff written somewhere, I usually have random post its with reminders. I know I have one for the stuff I need to get at home this weekend, but I'm not sure about the store. I'll look after I am done with this. Okay what next. I wish I could type as fast what I can think. I forget half of what I am thinking by the time I write down the first thought. One minute left. I wonder what causes me to get headaches practically everyday. Maybe I should go to the doctor sometime. It could be what I eat, maybe I am allergic to something, or just not eating right. Time's up, I guess this is it. ",n,y,y,y,y

2003\_155.txt,"I'm very tired right now. I know that I have not been getting the amount of sleep that I need. Is this how college is all the time? Over this past weekend, I realized that I am beginning to get very homesick. I really miss my family, friends, and my dog. I started crying when I was on the phone with my brother earlier today. School is getting stressful, especially with band. I got a letter today saying I needed to work more on my routines. I don't know what to do. I've already put off so much, and gotten behind because of band. I practice and try to keep up with my studies. I think I really need to focus myself a little more. Sometimes I think it is the new freedom that is causing this. I know what I need to do, I just need to get motivated to do them. I also need to learn how to not procrastinate. I've been thinking a lot about Andrew lately, and about the church. I'm still so indecisive about what to do. Sometimes I think that I believe and sometimes I think that I'm really not sure. Now I'm thinking about death. I don't think there is anything I fear more than that, and what's sad is I know that everyone must pass through it. It terrifies me. I would never take my own life. I'm too scared of what's after, and I love my life to much. Even with all of the stress I still find things interesting. I am still proud of the things I have achieved. I have very high goals for myself and I am so excited about the future. There are so many things to look forward too. Why do people get depressed? I've never been one to be truly unhappy. Even when there are times I said I was depressed"" I never really was. It makes me sad to think that people can get so down about themselves. I was talking to Chris yesterday, and reading his online journal thing. It made me want to cry. I don't see how he thinks he will never find the right person, or be successful in life. He is such a wonderful person, and has so many things going for him. Why don't people see that? Why can't they see that even with all of the bad in the world there is still good? You know that makes me think. I am so obsessed with my life and what I do and the people I know. I think that everyone is just as worried about their life and their friends and family as I am. We all live in our own world, in our own bubble, our own space. I think that this assignment is pretty cool. I actually do this quite often. Just start writing things down. Oh man! I just thought of what I was writing last week, about the first football game. I don't think I could ever described the rush when I marched through that tunnel. It was so crazy with over 80,000 people there in one place. watching the band march in. I had the room to myself this weekend. My roommate went out of town. It was nice. I love being with people and being with my friends, but I also really enjoy my quite time and my personal time. My roommate is really nice. I feel I've been blessed because we get along so well. I haven't met as many people as I thought I was going to meet up here. well. I guess I have met people, but I haven't made as many friends as I thought. Friendships just take time though. I really wish Michelle was here. I miss her. I was so glad we worked everything out before we went our separate ways. She is always been such a great friend. I respect her so much. I don't know what I would do with myself if it had been my mom. That is another one of my big fears. losing a loved one. When Michelle's mom died so suddenly a couple of years ago we were all so shocked. I don't think there was one of us that didn't give our own Mom's huge hugs the day we found out. I was so upset, and Michelle had me call everyone and tell them. That was so hard. So many people thought it was a cruel joke. Why do people do that? Go into denial. I guess I would have if somebody had called me and told me that. That was two years ago. Time flies so fast. It doesn't even seem like two years. Only like yesterday. Sometimes I wish we could just freeze time. During those special moments or the happiest time. just make time stop. even if it just added and extra minute, I think it would be nice. Oh look, my time is almost up. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_159.txt,"I wonder when my sister is going to be back from her meeting? I am getting a little hungry. Kym's fan is so loud, and it is making the room so cold. I think I should turn if off in a second. It smells like chocolate in here which is making me even more hungry. I miss my cousin Tabby so much being three hours away is too far. I wonder what my brother is doing right now. He probably has football practice. I hope we win the football game this weekend. That reminds me, last weekend was so crazy I don't think I am ever going to drive someone else's car again. Gee that was an adventure though. I think I should wash clothes later because the pile is getting pretty high. Why does my phone light keep turning off and on? I really need to get a new one already. I hope my friend likes the birthday present I bought him. Everyone deserves a great present on their twentieth birthday! That new cd that I bought is great I actually feel like listening to it right now. Oh great I have calculus homework. That stuff is so confusing. It was just yesterday when I was talking to Joseph and he was saying he is having a hard time in his class over at Tech. He said, I wonder what I got myself into. "" And I began wondering that myself. Okay what was that cow noise that I just heard from my sisters computer? That thing is always making the weirdest sounds. My sister is so smart; I wish things came to me as easy as they come to her. But what do I know I'm just the middle child. My brother and sister are always saying I have ""middle child syndrome,"" but what is that anyway. I wonder if my dad is out of work already. He always has a busy work load. Man I never realized how many sacrifices he has really made for our family. I mean considering he is the only working parent and he has two children in college. Wow my dad is really smart too. And what do you know my dad and sis are alike in so many ways. I wish Tabby would come and visit us. I think it would be even better if she came to college up here too instead of back home. I am really attached to her. I mean we have spent almost everyday of our lives together and now I barely even get to see her on the weekends, and with college, it makes it even harder to keep in touch. I wonder how Danielle is doing at Duke. I bet she is having a ball. That is her dream college and I can't wait to hear the stories at Christmas. I wonder if my mom is making dinner back at home right now. Mmm I can almost smell it all the way over here. I am still hungry maybe I should go downstairs to get something to eat. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_160.txt,"There is this annoying noise in the back ground that is driving me crazy. It's like a loud bell or ring. I am really frustrated right now because the internet doesn't work in my apartment, so I feel like I can't do much for school, which isn't really good, because I am addicted to the internet. My leg really, really, really hurts still, it's swollen and black and blue. It's making it really hard to walk around campus and to do my job at work. My head also hurts, but I don't know why. I am still tired from class this morning, waking up and going to calculus two at eight am is very hard for me, but that is what fit with my work schedule. College doesn't seem too hard for me, I guess it is because I am a person that likes to get all of her work done. I do feel that psychology will be one of my hardest classes because it is unlike any class I have ever taken. Calculus will be the easiest class because math is my strong point. Chemistry will take a little work, only because physics is my strong point, which would make sense, since it is going to be my major. The time seems to not go by as fast as I thought it would, and my head still hurts, but I think this time it hurts more because of that loud ringing in this computer lab. There seems to be too much going wrong and too much to think about right now. This is a very frustrating time in my life, and I just want to get through this fast enough to not cause me psychological harm and stress. I think my parents have lost their mind. I've been gone for a little over a week and they are having withdrawals. I was just there last saturday, and they only live thirty miles away, so it's not that hard to visit, I just don't have time and don't feel like I have to visit them all the time. Work is so boring, I actually dread going to work most of the time, mainly because some of the people are idiots and think they know everything, then they just screw up something and I have to fix it. My advice to anyone is to not have a job in retail, it's very stressful, especially if you are a perfectionist. Straightening tables and organizing clothes over and over, then watching it get messed up by uncaring customers can really drive you up the wall. If I sit here and think about how I am feeling, I realize how much my body is in pain from going to the lake this weekend. Jumping off cliffs into water, then climbing back up doesn't really do wonders at all for your muscles, especially when you have none. I was looking forward to moving out so much, and I am still enjoying it, but there seems to be something going wrong almost everyday. Not only does the internet not work, they haven't cleaned our carpets and repaired all the messed up parts of the apartment. It's stressful to think about all that needs to be done, and the amount of time left. Time is something I hate. I wish that some days had more time in them than others. When I was younger, all I wanted to do was grow up, I wanted the time to go by fast. Now that I am in college, I want time to slow down, and have some extra time. There is TOO much to do in so little time. My fingers have gotten cold, I wonder how that happened. You would think with the constant moving to type, they would be warm, but they are not. I would really think mine would be warm, I type to fast for my own good. Now I am running out of things to say, I can't think of anything to type. My neck hurts now from staring at the computer screen this long, and of course my leg really hurts because I am sitting on it. I really hope work goes by fast today, I hate the 1 to 10 shift, it's so boring, and it makes me feel like time goes on forever. Time needs to fly when I am in class and at work, but slow down when I am chilling with friends or doing homework. There is never enough time to do homework. When you think about it, you think ?there is plenty of time to read this paper? or something of the like, but when you start to read that paper, and work on the homework, you sometimes feel like you hardly get anything done. I just remembered that I need to read the next chapter for psychology. That's what I get when I start to randomly talk about topics that are odd, I slowly remember what I need to do, but that doesn't mean that in an hour or so I will remember what I just did. Stress causes ?brain farts? that allow you to forget something as important as homework and assignments. Unfortunately I get a lot of them, and that is sometimes why my grades are not perfect or close to perfect. I forget little details like dates (ok, that isn't real little, but you get the idea) and simple mistakes, ESPECIALLY in calculus. I make adding, subtracting, and multiplying errors in calculus. I can do anything in calculus, but adding and subtracting actually make me think if I don't have the calculator in front of me. That makes me sound dumb, but I am not, I just forget the little things and basics. Wow, the time has flown. ",y,y,n,n,y

2003\_162.txt,"Right now it is 11:25. I am sitting by myself in the dorm at Hardin House. It is raining very hard outside. Earlier I went to Target and bought a Brita water purifier and they forgot to put it in the sack, so I got home and then had to drive all the way back. I am from Tulsa, Oklahoma and it is honestly a little weird being from out of state. I love UT however so don't get me wrong, but it is very strange not knowing hardly anyone when I go out at night. I went through rush at the beginning of school and pledged Theta. I am having so much fun and I love all of the girls in my sorority. My friends and I have been going to all of the fraternity pledge lines to meet the new members. When I walk in the room I don't know a soul there and also notice that there is a ten to one girl to guy ratio. Also since living in Austin I have been trying to familiarize myself with the area. I have actually not gotten lost or been late to any of my classes so far so that is comforting. I have also been exploring the city and going to numerous fun restaurants, for example Hula Hut, Shady Grove, Dirty's and much more. As I walk down the drag I notice that there is a large variety of people in Austin. Yesterday I had my first encounter with the infamous Leslie who wears a tutu on sixth street. Apparently a few years ago he ran for a government office and came frightening close to the winner. Also today when I went to Einstein bagels I looked at the guy sitting across from me and he definitely had boobs. College in Austin is much different than my small private high school in Tulsa. I never knew how sheltered we all were and I am so glad that I have been exposed to more diversity and gotten a glimpse at the real"" world. Right now my roommate is trying to get ready and keeps tapping on her desk. It is funny how something so small can distract you so much when you are trying to focus. I live with 250 girls needless to say it has been a little difficult finding a good study place. Although there are many distractions at Hardin House, I am so glad this is where I live. I have already met so many nice people and have made a ton of new friends. Everyone always asks my if it is weird going to school with 50,000 plus people. Sometimes it is, like when I walked into my psychology class and say 500 other people sitting down in a huge auditorium. But then sometimes it doesn't seem big at all. I have already found a group of people I ""hang out"" with everyday and I almost always see a familiar face on the way to class. I am so excited for the Arkansas game this weekend. Football is my favorite sport and I really hope the Longhorns can beat OU this year since that is where all of my friends go to school. On Tuesday I joined a group call TAG, Texas Advertising Group, because I am trying to transfer in to the Communications College. I am a little nervous about that because I heard it was very difficult. I am currently in the Liberal Arts school as an English major. My classes seem to be going very well. I think after this paper I am going to have to watch a movie or maybe the Sex and the City DVD with my friends because they are all avid watchers while I have never seen a single episode. I never really get hooked on a TV series. I always just watch the show when it comes out on video. ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_164.txt,"I wonder why they have a sticker reminding us to conserve energy by turning out the lights, yet it stays approximately 69 degrees in my room. I had to sleep under a blanket today to stay warm, and I'm generally a hot natured person. The thought of winter coming makes me really excited. I like summer, but it just stays too hot. Maybe I should have gone to college in Colorado or somewhere a lot cooler. I don't know how some people like the hot weather so much. I'm just always hot. I get it from my dad, he is the same way. We are similar in many ways, and we can think the same things, and know what each other is thinking without saying anything. Joseph was another person I could do that with, but I never see him anymore. He should come down and visit, I know he likes it in Austin. I am surprised that I am so aggravated that my old girlfriend is going back out with an ex boyfriend she had before me. I don't even live in the same town anymore, I'm 3 and a half hours away, why does it matter. Maybe if I had something or someone to occupy my thoughts, I wouldn't care as much. So far, I have been really disappointed with the college parties I have been to. They are nothing like the ones on TV, which I know TV isn't reality, but it is close (sometimes). I almost wish I hadn't brought my TV, it's too easy to sit in front of it for hours on end. I need to be out meeting people, not watching about famous musicians that make millions upon millions of dollars for being cool. I would love to be a famous artist, but it's never going to happen, so I might as well make myself as popular as possible here. The more people you know the better off you are. If that's true, I'm in trouble. The friends that I had down here before I moved are still my friends, but I want to find my own group. I feel welcome among my other friends, but I don't feel at home. I have to meet my friends on my own, not just borrow someone else's. The FIG is stupid. When I signed up for it, the only reason I did it was because it made it easier to get my classes lined up. Now they want us to do things together, and they expect us to all like each other, and want to be friends. There is one girl in there I'd like to get to know, but as far as the rest of them, two thumbs down. I tell myself I'm going to talk to people when I sit next to them in class, but every time I end up convincing myself not to. In my hometown of Boyd, TX, there were about 350 students in my high school, so I knew everyone, and anything they had ever done. Now I'm going to a school of over 50,000 students. No one would even know if I didn't show up for a month. In Boyd, I'd have a search party of parents and friends looking for me. Fifteen minutes goes by fast when you are busy. I sometimes just watch the clock when I'm bored, like in church. This weekend will be the best one so far. I am preparing myself for being extremely social, and nothing can stop me. Plus, I want to be at a party that actually has some girls at it that I find attractive. I'm tired of these people who don't care about their appearances. Dress to impress. I never go out looking worse than I want people to see me as. It's hard going from being one of the most popular people in school, graduating valedictorian, and being like by everyone, to being a fish in the ocean. I am nothing special here. There is nothing that I can do, or that I know that someone doesn't do better, or know more about. That has been a really humbling experience. ",n,y,n,y,y

2003\_165.txt,"okay so I'm sitting here in the computer lab in simkins dormitory hall, realizing that I cannot type very well. how embarrassing to keep deleting. it is so hot in here and I hate macintosh comps. I wish I had a laptop in my room. I wish I had money. my roommate brought a computer, and a tv. I feel like the poor one in the room. I actually decided to do this assignment now because my roommate has two guests over right now. they are two very nice girls but I just wanted to get away. I just barely got back from houston at about 10 and I need some alone time. what a weekend I had. my friends tiffany, and diana and I went to these auditions saturday for a winter guard called emblem281. a very renounced performance group. anyway, it is a very fun group a kids and I was really excited about the audition. I first and foremost am a dancer. since the audition consisted of dancing and flag work I excelled in the dance portion. my flag work was not bad either. don't you hate when you want something and everybody says, oh you're going to make it"". and then you don't? that's right, tiffany and diana made it and not me. it is because I don't spin rifle and I know the instructor wanted a male rifle line. it is pretty sad. I really wanted to be in this group that just has so much fun together. but what really hurt the most is the fact that I feel I fail at everything I go for in life. let's start at the beginning of my senior year in high school. I tried out for drum major and was told I'd make it no questions asked. I made it to area auditions on my french horn and was told I'd make the all-state band no questions asked. I wanted to be section leader for marching season and ended up not as the president but the vice. came to college didn't make the ballet class for my major, don't have a spot on the field for the band's chicago show this coming game, and didn't make it into emblem. wow. I feel a lot better. it just sucks to be me right now. but I always pull through with God's help. or do I just get over it? my hair is starting to itch. I think I should shower tonite instead of tomorrow morning. I wonder why do we itch. what is the explanation of an itch. are the nerves freaking out and by scratching does that friction calm the nerves back down? I think about the reason things happen often. like why do our joints make the cracking sound? something about the releasing of air or something. I forget. I must go to sleep soon. I have to get up for dance class at 8. yeah tell me about it. my mom bought me all these groceries so I don't have to worry about walking across campus to eat all the time. I love her so much. even though money is tight, she always makes a way for me. I will never forget the strings we had to pull for my high school prom. okay time has expired. this little assignment makes me feel I should get a journal. I just hope I have done this right. Ii aiming for an 'a' in the class! ",y,y,n,y,y

2003\_166.txt,"today was just like every monday and wednesday. I guess it was a little more interesting. my classes seemed more entertaining than usual, although, most of them are pretty entertaining usually. my drawing class at 8 am though is a little tough, just because of the time. living off campus makes my mornings a little more involved than that of the typical"" college student. I have to get up around six thirty to be able to fit my morning routine in. today in my art class we did gestural ink paintings of skeletons. it proved to be alright. that class in general is pretty alright. it seems relatively basic, although it keeps my interest. the intimacy of the class size is what I like. I feel like I know everyone, or at least I am beginning to feel like I know everyone. unlike in this class where I know no one. which really is not a problem. I stay more alert that way. you know, when there is no distractions. I have an essay due friday and I have not started. I'm not worried, although I'm not really calm about it. I know ill do fine, I just don't want to be weighed down with a lot of stuff to do tomorrow. I have worked somewhat hard this week. well, sort of. it feels like less work than high school, but then again, I feel more involved here at ut. ut is really a great place. I am enjoying it very much, and I assume I will continue to enjoy it in my years to come. sometimes I wish I lived on campus like a lot of my friends, but at the same time I don't. I mean I like the fact that I don't have to be on campus all the time. like if I lived there I think I might feel overwhelmed with ut-ness. who knows. right now I'm talking to my girlfriend on the phone as I type. she wants me to come over. I'm debating. I mean I have a lot of work to do, and I have a feeling that it might come to distract me. she is in high school. its hard sometimes, not being able to see her during the day at school, but most days I just go over to her house. its not that far away from mine. that is probably another reason why I don't like the idea of living on campus. just because ill be away from her. I'm so tired. its ridiculous. I took a nap in the library today. I have done that multiple times. its proven to be ok. just a little sleep in the middle of the day helps me stay awake all day. something about walking around campus in the hot sun wears me out. that and waking up early. its funny how accustomed I have come to using this keyboard. I tried typing on the macs at school and I can't type half as fast. I'm curious to know how my friends in other parts of the USA are doing. I have a friend who's going to the college of whooster in ohio. and then I have another friend who is attending the university of wisconsin. both very different world to that of austin. I must say I am very pleased with austin. no place has made me feel more at home. I don't know if I'm saying just because I have lived here all my life, or just because austin is so nice. I like l. a. a lot. it was pretty nice. the temperature was amazing. that is the only problem with austin. its a little hot. but it really is not that big of a deal. I kind of like it sometimes. it separates the natives from the new arrivals. I can't wait for some rain. or at least some cold weather. I want to wear some pants. I can't seen to get myself into pants when its this hot outside. although it is quite cold in the acutal buildings. its not worth it. too much outside time. too much sweating. the book we are reading in my english class is pretty interesting. I recommend it. its called ""fast food nation"". ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_167.txt,"English is my second language. probably I'll have a few grammar mistakes and phrases that don't make sense. I've just watched a really good movie, it's one of those movies that really keeps you thinking. but anyways I don't want to talk about that. I don't know what to talk about. I'm having lots of reading, I chose lots of reading subjects, but I'll be able to handle it. it's just a matter of organizing correctly my time. the more busy I am, the better my academic results are. it has always been like that. if I have lots of things to do I organize my time better than just sitting there in front of the tv. doing practically nothing. I love that though but I prefer being busy and having lots of responsibilities. This semester I'm not only taking 15 hours per week but I'm also in a student organization, in belly dance class, in intramural soccer besides from adapting to this new university-freshman idea. I like this task. it seems pretty pointless and useless but I like writing whatever. in french it would be best defined as N'importe quoi. I love France. I really miss that country but I don't think I'll ever live there again. I don't know why I have this strange feeling that I'll stay here in the US. I don't really want to but I know that I'll end up finding a tempting work here. I'll marry a guy from here as well. I don't know it's just this sixth sense I have. but life gives many turns. life is like a box of chocolates. you never know what you'll get. hehehehe. Forrest Gump. I wonder what Tom Hanks is doing right now. his last movie was a couple of years ago. is he doing a new one or is it just that he has retired and is dedicated to profit of what his career has left him? My mother, she might be thinking a lot about me. I know she misses me but at the same time, she is really happy to know that I'm here. following my dreams"". Florent. when will I'll be able to dump him? It's just something extremely difficult. I'm used to his weekly calls and although I don't love him, I like having someone thinking of me. I want a boy in Austin. I need a guy. I like compromises and being with someone. life turns easier when you have a boyfriend. don't you think? I realize that I'm a very dependent person. not on my family or my friends but on men. or a man at least. if I were a man, I would have my own harem and I would be surrounded by them. sounds pretty cool uh? I think that in a future life I will be an extremist feminist (if you understood that title!) and I will fight for women's rights. not in this life. (it's one of this strange feelings I get) but in a future life. In this life, I'm going to dedicate myself to succeed in life. what is success for me? It has something to do with PRESTIGE-POWER-MONEY. I am someone who qualifies for those 3 things. I will get them. I'm an ambitious person. I end up getting what I want. we'll see, we never know. life is like a piano. depends on how you play it. I am all philosophical today with this box of chocolates, and the piano and this superficial phrases that are very commercial but are always useful when you can't explain something. like RELIGION. Holy sake! What a complicate thing that is! How many wars and deaths that usually brings?! What a stupid thing. like today 9-11 I think a lot about that and about Pinochet as well but whatever, religion is the opium of the masses. another commercial phrase but very very true. Marx and his communism! That was about it for tonight. I have to continue reading Hobbes and his political system for my Quiz. my life is being reduced to reading and reading and reading. but I like it, as I said (and this is to emphasize it) I LIKE HAVING RESPONSABILITIES. ",y,y,n,y,y

2003\_168.txt,"I am so upset with myself today. I am so far behind on my study god I hope I don't fail. I don't want to fail my mom. She would be so disappointed in me. I can't do that to her. Class isn't what I thought it would be. And all the reading god, it is so annoying. Brooke is pissing me off so much. You would think that since she is five hours away she would make new friends and leave me and Lex out of her life. No she has to come down every weekend and steal Lex away and get drunk. Oh man that is so fun. Yeah right. I mean Lex is my friend too. I can't spend the weekdays with her because of school and she works till 7:00 every night. Then you got homework and early classes. God I just would like to spend one day or hour with her just chilling at the mall or the apartment with her without Brooke calling every ten minutes. You have to share Lex, Brooke. My roommate Jana is really cool. She has a great outlook on life. She takes things as they go. I wish I was more like that instead of worrying about everything I do and what people will say. I mean being a girl at UT you have to look pretty to get a guy. So number 1 you must always look good and have makeup on just in case you run into the guys of your dreams. Next you have to have good grades or you will flunk out. And why is it when you go to parties it is cool to smoke and drink. Sorry I'm not into that. I can have fun without that stuff. Jana has this guy she is in to. Supposedly he is a charming jerk. He lies to her, yet she can't get enough of him. That is all she talks about. I wish I could find a guy too so we could trade stories. Me and Jana are not from Austin and decided to drive around today to the mall. Boy was that stupid. I was so scared I thought we would never find our way back. God I can't get over the fact Brooke would intrude into my life this much she is making me so mad. I think I will tell her to stay in Arlington and make her own friends, I mean I made mine. I am so bummed. I keep thinking I am going to fail out of college. My brother is a senior here and he is an electrical engineer major while majoring in business too. He was salutatorian in high school and I was only 8th. I am afraid I won't do as well as him and my parents will be ashamed. I mean I have a Kinesiology major. That is a joke to everyone I know. I haven't read any of my chapters in my books and am afraid I have a test or quiz tomorrow. I am going to have to cram. I just don't want to fail. I am so scared about this. I know I will fail if I don't straighten my act up but don't have the will to do that. I'm too lazy and tired of school. I just want to go out to the Real World"" now and start my job as a coach and teacher. It would be a lot more easier. I figure if I just concentrate it will be okay, but the problem is I don't have any concentration in me. I feel like I have ADD (Attention Deficit Disorder). I really don't but it feels like it because I lack so much energy and motivation. I hope school is okay tomorrow because I do not want to have a bad day. I hate bad days they make me sad. ",n,y,n,n,n

2003\_169.txt,"I am in my dorm lost in my own thoughts. My roommate went to Houston so I am left here to do homework and what ever else I decide to do to take up time. the TV is blaring, however, I hardly ever watch it. The people next door are playing their music and I hear some bustling in the hallway. the air conditioning is making this high pitched squeaking noise. Somebody just got off the elevator. My stomach is growling, I have been up for several hours and haven't eaten. I love my computer. I feel sorry for people who do not have a computer in their room. almost all of the classes ise the Internet so it has to be difficult to do much work. I have a really short attention span. That is why I can't watch TV Every thing I see reminds me of something else and I start to not watch the TV. I like it here(UT). I thought that I wouldn't like such a big school because my high school was so small, however, I found that I do like it. It is good to have a change. Some people think that change is not good but I think even the best things need a change every now and then. I have to use the restroom. the light in our bathroom flickers every time you turn it on. It doesn't bother me I'm just glad that my roommate and I have a bathroom to ourselves. I don't know if I would have been able to deal with someone who does not keep their bathroom clean. Dishes in the sink are kind of like that for me too. If there are any in the sink I always do them. I guess you could say that it's a pet peve. Burger King ad is on the TV that sounds good. This computer light is giving me a headache. For the past couple of years my eyes have been giving me a headache. Certain lights hurt my eyes. It is a miracle if I go a day without my head hurting. I like to drive standard cars. I really makes me angry when people buy a sports car that is automatic. It would be so much more fun if it was manual. I am the worlds worst speller. and I think I have dyslexia. I confuse my left and right especially when I'm driving. It's not that I don't know the difference I know which way to go I just say the wrong one. Really I'm just a hypochondriac. My best friend came to visit me this weekend. I had a blast. Now I have to go visit her. She lives in Jacksonville, Texas. Never heard of it, well no one has it's just below Tyler. basketball is now on TV. I don't know who is playing. My cell phone just rang. Too bad they are just going to have to wait I'm in the middle of something. I wonder who it was. oh no my twenty minuets is up. It was nice talking to you. Bye. ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_170.txt,"Ok so what am I doing right now? This is really weird, I've never really had to think about my thoughts like this and actually record them. I really don't want to be writing this right now. I would rather be watching Bring It On"" with my roommate right now. Man I am so tired. I would also really like to go to bed right now and the sad thing is it's only like 7:30. I really haven't been getting too much sleep here. I've been too busy. Man my whole body just hurts because I'm so tired. Even though I'm so tired I know I won't go to sleep till late. Why do I do that? Man I'm so distracted right now. All I want to do is watch that movie. I'm hearing the scene right now and I don't even have to see the picture because I know what is happening because I've seen the movie so many times. This dorm life is so different for me. I'm use to being able to get away and escape in my room, but I can't do that here. It's weird I always have someone around, whether it's my roommate or a friend from down the hall. Don't get me wrong I love having people around all the time, it would just be nice every once in awhile to have some alone time and reflect on some things. But I doubt that will happen anytime soon. I can't get the fact out of my head right now that I'm so tired. I really should take a nap or just go to bed. But that won't happen. I really miss some of my friends from back at home. It's so different because I went from seeing my best friends everyday to now barely ever seeing them or barely ever talking to them. I told myself before I went off to school that I wouldn't let this happen but it has only been about three weeks and I've already let it happen. That makes me sad. My friends back at home were such a big part of my life and now it seems that they are almost being replaced. I've meet some awesome people down the hall and I really enjoy hanging out with them. Man I can't concentrate. The movie is so distracting. See right now at home I wouldn't be typing here with all this sound. I would have gone into my own room and been able to focus. But I've realized that in college you really can't do that. Right now my roommate is blow drying her hair, that is also distracting me. I need some peace and quite sometime. But that rarely happens. I'm so excited about the football game this weekend and the fact that the weekend is coming up. I love not having to worry about classes and I love being able to relax and really enjoy myself. That kind of makes it sound like I don't have a good time ever but I do I just love the weekends. My roommate is laughing at the movie and I just want to be finished with this so I can watch it with her. I'm really happy that my roommate and I are getting along so well. I really had my doubts when I came to school with her. But it has been great so far. Watch that all of the sudden change because I'm talking about how good it is right now. With my luck something like that would happen. The hair dryer started up again. I really do have trouble focusing with all the sound around me. The people down the hall are so noisy. They play computer games till all hours of the night and yell so loud at the screen. I really don't understand that. Nothing can be solved my yelling at a stupid screen. It's like the same idea of yelling at the t. v. during a football game. It's so stupid. But people will always do it. ",y,n,y,y,n

2003\_171.txt,"I really don't know what to type. I wonder what this keyboard is made of. I really hate it when I type and I have to keep on pressing the backspace. The air conditioning unit is really load in here right now and it's really cold. My neck hurts. What the heck is that on the ceiling. was it there before? I remember in junior high when we all used to chew up paper and make spit-wads to throw at the ceiling and see who could get the most stuck. Is that how you would spell spit-wads? There's so many words that I'm not quite sure how to spell. I remember I used to hate spelling tests in elementary. Wow, I couldn't believe that I sat next to someone today in my Calculus class who was actually in my kindergarten class! I hadn't seen him in forever. I must say it really freaked me out. It was hot today. The walk to the business school killed me. On the one hand I love that I live in Kinsolving. Great food. Nice people. Close to the drag. Plus a whole lot of my classes are near Kinsolving. When did Lisa leave? It must have been around 12. I wonder when she is getting back. I'm excited to go home tomorrow. even if it is just for a few hours. I left so much stuff there! I mean, I would have my mom just send it to me, but if I give her the permission and opportunity to go through my stuff in my room, there's no telling how long she would search, and definitely no telling what she would find. That's not to say that there's anything significant that would get me into any trouble. but I know that there's old notes from junior high. crazy pictures from those crazy party nights. and who knows what all else. Man, that timer thing at the top of this page is making me nervous for some reason. I definitely hate timed tests. Such as the SAT's. For starters I hate the fact that it's a standardized test. Secondly, I hate that it's timed. And above all else I HATE the fact that colleges weigh your application so heavily on your scores. Now I know that it makes sense to do it that way because they need some way to evaluate your intelligence in comparison to all other applicants. However, some people are just not good test takers. ME! In school I can study, understand, and learn material that enables me to do well on my tests and quizzes. But going into a test not knowing exactly what it will ask makes me so intimidated and nervous. See, look at me. When I start talking about tests and intelligence scores I try to make coherent sentences; in other words I try to make myself seem intelligent. Enough of that. What else am I thinking about. I can't believe that I am actually in college. It sounds so clich�, but I can remember just yesterday when I was in elementary school. how my biggest concern was who I was going to play with after school. or what time recess was. It was great being a kid. That's not to say that I don't enjoy the freedom that I have now, but with freedom comes tremendous responsibility. I have my mom on my mind and I think that's what made me type that sentence. I just noticed that at the beginning of this writing assignment it was a lot harder to sit and type exactly what I was thinking at that moment. I would think of something and then type it. Now my hands seems to just be flowing, my fingers just seem to be hitting keys. That's weird to me for some reason. Well I only have a couple of minutes left. To me, 20 minutes sounded like a long time to sit and type random thoughts, I figured I wouldn't be able to do it. But here I am. This chair is so uncomfortable. It's so hard and so wooden. At least it's not a big, soft chair because I would never get anything done. I would fall asleep ten minutes after sitting in it and trying to read. Reading. Something that is my downfall. I do love to read, but making sure that I have read certain material and being held accountable for it is a totally different story. Ouch. Something just bit me and I'm a little curious to know what it was. Probably an ant. ,isn't that gross! We have ants in our dorm room! ",n,y,n,y,y

2003\_174.txt,"Okay, let's see. I'm really really stressed out right now over Calculus. I feel like I am doing so horrible in it. I made what I consider to be a pretty crappy grade on the homework that was due last night, and all it was was a review. I got a 75. 7. The homework before that I got something like an 85. 3. My goal as of last night is to make a B in the class for the semester. I'm really worried about it though because I really have been studying hard and it seems as though the hard work isn't really paying off. I just need to find some people who know what they're doing to study with and do the homework with. That'd be nice, but I don't know anybody. The only other class I'm seriously worried about, ironically, is this one, Psychology. I don't know what to expect yet all I keep hearing is about how hard it is. I love psychology and am really interested in the material, but I'm still extremely apprehensive. I guess I'm just worried I'm going to do really bad or something. I want to have about a 3. 5 GPA or higher. I don't rightly know how that whole scale works, so I'm not sure how hard that is to do exactly. I'm just so stressed out it seems. This weekend was my birthday and all my friends wanted me to go out and do things, and that's all good, but I actually wanted to stay home and study. I really have been worried. I haven't been really social either. I'm normally a fairly sociable person, or at least I think I am, but lately, I've just been studying. On top of that, I never really make much effort to meet the other girls on my wing, or go out with new people, or even meet that many people in my classes or anything. I have to admit that I have made a few friends, but I guess I had some preconception of my coming here and just being bombarded with cool people and making really awesome connections. I haven't really done that yet. I still get depressed and my eating habits, though better when I first arrived, are starting to diminish fast. What really sucks is that I've found out a way to binge and purge here as well. I was hoping that living in a place with a communal bathroom I would have to stop all that, and that it would be a great leap for me in my recovery, but I've found a way. It's horrible. I see myself slipping more and more each day, and the old thoughts of how easy it would be are starting to come back. I really do hate myself so much sometimes. I feel so worthless. It's like in Calculus, I've been working my ass off and I'm still doing shitty. I don't have any friends, I don't have any self-esteem, and I have horrible social anxiety. It's so bad sometimes. It's been worse lately. Like today, I feel fat and ugly, so therefore I do not look up when I walk, I don't make any attempt to talk to anyone and when they talk to me I have to pretend to give a shit and be perky, whereas I feel so pressured to say something of meaning or something funny or something that's even remotely interesting that I end up saying less. I just hate it. I have nothing to be afraid of, that's what they tell me, but that's just the way it's always been. I hate being alone, and though I'm not really depressed, or at least not as much as I have been in the past, I'm just so damn lonely. I just want someone who I can talk to and laugh with and do things with. It always seems as though I have nothing. The only thing right now in my life it seems is my education. And I work and work and work, and even then it doesn't pay off. Or at least that's how it feels. I know what I am doing, I know what I am, and I'm trying to conquer it, and I've been doing damn good all things considered, but it's just so hard sometimes. I'm going to try and go to a rush function tonight at the business school for Alpha Kappa Psi. I'm overwhelmed with anxiety. I know I'm going to have to get drunk before I go otherwise I'm not going to have anything to talk about or even talk to anyone. It's so horrible. There is no difference between me and the person I am when I'm wasted except that I have no inhibitions and I'm not afraid to be myself. I don't think about what they're going to say or think of me if I do this or that. It's still me, I just can't be me unless I'm like that when I first meet someone. All my friends like me for who I am, but most all of them I met when I was drunk. If I had met them sober, maybe we wouldn't have been friends. Thinking about how I'm typing this makes me think it doesn't make much sense, but it does in my head, and that's all that matters here right? I'm pretty sure that's the point. It doesn't matter if someone else can read it and make sense out of it, it's just that I know what I'm talking about. AAAHHHH! I feel so frustrated. I don't know what to do. I'm worried about the thing tonight, I feel fat and ugly, Calculus is depressing me, and then Psychology is just scaring the shit out of me. I hate the way I feel. It's as though everything is bearing down on me and I don't know how to control it. I can carry the weight, but I am having an extremely hard time and I don't want to be carrying it. I wish it would just fall off. I just need to calm down and be more focused. My goals seem so hard to attain at the is point. Help. ",n,y,y,n,n

2003\_175.txt,"I hope that this isn't a big deal, as I have to write for 20 minutes in a completely random manner. If I get graded on content or grammar, I'm simply done now. I've been caring a lot about my grades so far and I'm going to need to keep it up to get into law school at someplace like Georgetown or Columbia. I actually miss NYC a lot, but its a nice change down here and I'm happy to get out of Connecticut. I do miss my family a little, but I think they are doing fine and I'll be seeing them in no time. I'm glad my dad is going to be at the lacrosse tournament in Vegas come October. Still can't believe we lost in the state semi's to crappy Amity. That one kid was really good though. Maybe playing at UT will be just as fun and we'll have success. Seems like Texas lacrosse is nothing to ours, but I shouldn't get cocky yet. Its only a club team. Nobody better come in my room even though the door is open. Don't feel like being social, and its late. Its annoying that dumb Mark always locks it too every single time one of us is out of the room for five seconds. In fact, Mark is annoying in general. He seemed fine when we talked online prior to coming here, but he reminds me of Mendelson at home so much. I don't do well with these leech people too, I wish he wouldn't follow me around. But you know what, he is a really nice kid and I feel terrible saying these things, especially in some assignment that someone is reading. At least I'm nice to him in person. Waking up to him puking this morning was not cool either. ah he is awake, he better not get up here and read the screen like he always does. bah. Its funny coming to college after you're used to your friends at home. I'm glad that I don't know anyone and I'm on my own. You get to the point where you expect things of people and you know your friends so well, so coming here puts you out of your element for a bit. I think I'm meeting decent people though and I only expect to meet more and more cool people. At first I was pretty skeptical about everyone, but that's just because I was missing the guys I've had a good time with for years. Time to move on. plus I always said I needed to get out of little lame Brookfield. Zebrahead is the bomb. I don't think I ever get tired of their music. I'd like to see them in concert again sometime soon but they don't really have any dates posted. And IF I do see them again, I'm going to chill towards the back and just listen. Being up front was crazy, but its hard to enjoy sometimes when you have some annoying girl giving you elbows to the kidneys and her nappy sweaty weave is sticking to your clothes and skin. But hey, its the price you pay I suppose. Radio 104 fest was still probably the most fun of all concerts though, hahahahh especially when we dropped that girl that was crowd surfing and kicking people in the faces on purpose and she started bleeding. Its horrible I know, but its really not cool what she was doing. Plus, she was not seriously injured. girls shouldn't crowd surf anyways, there are too many dirtbag guys who are just trying to crop a feel. HAHA Like that one guy who ripped the girl's thong off. Speaking of which, I need to meet some more girls here. Emily has completely drained me over the past two years and I'm glad that I can finally be away from her and her attachment and be able to meet some people. I do like that one girl in astronomy, she seems pretty cool. Its too bad I don't see much potential in meeting anyone on or around my floor, they are all pretty private. I don't see what Tyler and Jeremy and Luke see in the girls upstairs too, they're just really loud and annoying, and not the most attractive of ladies either. You got to love UT, there are attractive girls everywhere. AHAHAH To whoever is reading this, I apologize for sounding like a complete jackass. I've talked about dropping girls on their heads, and how I think people are ugly, and how I don't think people are too cool, and how Texas lacrosse isn't very good. I probably sound like one arrogant loser. I'm really not. but I do admit that I am very confident in myself, and I think that rubs off on how I express myself. Actually, I'm probably just pretty arrogant. 311 is the best. Again, the playlist is sidetracking my thoughts. I wish I went to see them in concert here last week, but I've seen them before and I had class early the next day. Live music is the best. I think seeing STP and Cake here the first night I visited put a pretty positive spin on the place for me, that was pretty tight. There's a whole lot to do here, I love it. Last night at Sixth Street was pretty fun too even. Everything just seems cool here. I'm drawing a blank here. just listening to music. Maybe I should I have left it off when I started writing. yep drawing a blank again. Wonder if Cameron is back at his ghetto dorm yet, he is going to have to start writing this too, and I bet I'll have mine finished by the time he even gets back in his room. Okay, my 20 minutes are up, and I could continue if I wanted to, but I'm pretty tired so I think it would be best for me to just hit the sack, or play Counter Strike. ",y,n,n,n,y

2003\_176.txt,"my room seems nice, I mean it's not like home or anything, but the privacy compensates. I wonder what mom and dad are doing. Hopefully we throw the surprise party for mi tia Juany but anyways, my roommate is making noise by the mirror. it's sort of irritating how she just takes control of the tv when it belongs to me and I turned it on. I simply left downstairs for 5 minutes and I come up to see her lying lazily on her bed with my remote changing the channel, just surfing the channels when I wanted to watch the my show. anyways now that that is out I can continue. yeah, my roommate just told me the milk carton is spilling and now she is cleaning the refrigerator. I went back home last weekend. I bought a couple of books which I want to read, but seem to have no time to do it; I have a ton of class reading. well, biology seems like it's going to be easy, chem. a little work, nutrition just pay attention during class. c. c a lot of reading. my roommate always eats late at night and I'm trying to help her get better eating habits, but in my opinion, she is not really willing or up to getting on a diet or losing any weight. her brother called tonight and asked to talk to me or something along those lines. this is the second time someone has called for her and she then hands the phone to me, like I want to talk on the phone with them. I don't like talking on the phone. I should probably tell her not to hand me any calls unless I'm doing absolutely nothing; I don't like to get distracted especially if I'm watching tv, or doing some kind of school work. she (roommate) just finished informing me right now that the washer and drier are . 75 cents yeah, I haven't done any laundry since I got here but I can still manage with what I have in my closet. I really need to get some organized all of my books and and papers. well, it would help if I got all my book first. I'm missing one coincidently it's psy, I went yesterday and they have no more. hopefully by tomorrow they do I need to go over there after class. thank goodness I only have one class tomorrow. I have to finish my ch and c. c homework, shower, check mail, write my tuition check. red robin, I worked there an entire year last year, too much work for not enough money. my roommate was my superior there, but I worked as well as she did ,and many of times better (simply because the team liked me better) it's funny that reminds me of the time they were wishing me luck coming over here living with her. don't get me wrong my roommate is a great girl; I've known her since 5th grade. I like her confidence the way she can just talk to someone and say what's on her mind. yeah, they're calling her up to ask her to work this weekend, I'm not working there until the break. yeah, this time around I'm registering for my classes early, so I don't have closed classes like this semester but I have to admit my schedule is pretty cool this semester, having to move a lot of things around well time is almost up so later ",n,n,y,y,n

2003\_179.txt,"SO before I started writing this, I was eating some Reese's cereal. This cereal is so good. It tastes like chocolate and peanut butter and the best part about it is that it is a cereal and that means it's not that fattening. That's always good. But since I ate that, I'm kind of thirsty. Basically, right now all I want is some water. And that's kind of not letting me think about anything else. I'm also thinking about last night. I'm not sure if this guy likes me or not but he keeps leaving subtle hints about it but he flirts with a lot of girls so I'm not sure what to think about it. And I'm still not quite over someone else so I don't know what to do. But it's kind of something that gives you acceptance into a crowd of people. Especially snotty people like indians tend to be initially. which sucks. I wanted to come to UT to have some indian friends but this whole process of struggling to fit in is really hard. And like we learned in class, this is definitely a down time for me. I really miss my family. I wonder what they're doing in california right now. I'm sure dad is at work but mom must be so lonely without her daughters and her friends and her work. I hope she isn't sad and is finding something to do with her time. My mom is the most wonderful person in the world. She sacrifices everything for us. I mean, my parents sent me to UT despite all our financial hardships. That is so nice of them to do that and slightly selfish on my part. But I think I will be happy here once everything becomes a lil routine and I meet all the people I'm going to meet. At first, it seemed like I'd never meet anyone and I was really depressed about that too. I'm still really hungry. And I definitely need some lunch. I really don't want to go to Calculus today. I'm kind of tired of not feeling like the smart person anymore like I was in high school. This is definitely a rude awakening. Which is not fun. I'm definitely a worrier like the girl said who read my hand yesterday. I worry about everything. I worry about not doing good in college which means not a good job which means all in all. disappointing my parents. That's the saddest thing for me because all I want to do is make them happy. Also, I have to do good so I can stay here. And I can already see that I will NOT want to transfer to another school after this year. especially after I join KPhiG. Those girls are so innocent it's insane. It makes me feel almost like I know too much or something and I don't like that. I guess that's why you should save yourself for the right person so you don't have to feel that way in an extreme way. which thankfully I haven't done. But now I know ankur did. I can't believe he did. I guess I really don't know him like he says I don't. I wonder what he really thinks though? I mean. I think he used to like me but I guess he just sees me in a friend light now. Maybe he never even did like me and he just liked to talk to me when we were younger. But how do you lie that to much to a girl in e-mails and everything? I guess its possible if you can stay wtih a mentally incapacitated girl for over a year. He is just such a nice guy and I guess it was one of those childhood or actually teeny bopper fantasies of being with your first serious crush forever. Or even it might have had to do with the fact that ankur was the first indian guy I had been wtih and like that is a HUGE deal because there were no indians in south carolina AND I really want to marry an indian too. Either I'm marrying an indian or I don't get married at all because no other race can understand us. I mean yesterday at our sisterhood party. there were talking about how much hair indian girls have on their body. That is so awesome. no one but an indian girl can understand the strife of that. IT was something that dominated my thoughts for YEARS when I was growing up. And I didn't have any indian friends to share it with and now I can finally relate to girls. I think that is the primary reason I want to join kphig and plus it adds to the acceptance factor and you have immediate friends which is awesome. That's definitely work done for you. Sometimes I wonder if dilen's happy. He sometimes seems a lil down but I guess he is happy hanging out with white people cause he doesn't fit in well with indian people. It still makes me upset though to think that he has to face comments of him being gay. I just don't see it and he is not gay so people need to just calm down and realize not everyone who likes shopping and is weird around girls is gay. ",y,y,n,n,n

2003\_181.txt,"I am writing this for psychology class. I'm glad it accounts for part of our grade because I am nervous about the difficulty of the class, and I know this is a completion grade. I really really want an A, but I read the professors pick-a-prof reviews and now realize how hard it will be. There is so much reading, I do not know how I can keep up with it. There is a good song playing on my computer right now, Calling You"" by Blue October. The class DJ should play it in our class, even though it really does not have anything to do with psychology, but it does not seem like much of his music does. Yesterday in class, when he walked up there to put on his music, I made a comment like 'oh no, here we go again', and it turns out his friends were sitting right behind me and might have heard me. I felt kind of bad. I don't know what psychological value can be obtained from this. I find it hard to believe people will be reading all of this. Now an Incubus song is playing, its a slower, relaxing type song called ""Echo"". Everytime I hear it it reminds me of the friend who introduced it to me. And for some reason it reminds me of us playing beach volleyball. I have no idea why, the song has nothing to do with volleyball. That seems to happen a lot, when I read/hear something and it reminds me of something else vividly, for no apparent reason. There was this book I read by dean koontz, I can't remember the title (I read a lot), and everytime I read it, for some reason I would play the Staind CD in my head. I think its probably because the book is sort of dark/gloomy, and all of Staind's songs are depressing and miserable. I don't know why I like them. So every time I hear a staind song now, it reminds me of that book. I always picture the book cover. I remember it was a really weird book, about these creatures called from some abyss of Hell by some voodoo guy, in all sorts of shapes and sizes, and they hunt this guy and his family no matter where they go. they always get in to the buildings through the ventilation system. I can still picture them hissing and scratching at his kids. Dean Koontz is a pretty good writer like that. he is good at making the strangest things real enough to you that you can picture them. The only thing I don't like about his books is that they are so predictable. This is how they always go: There is always a strong, independent main character, either strongly in love with their spouse or single. The main character also either encounters or owns a playful, intelligent dog. I think dean koontz really likes dogs, usually labs. The main character then comes upon some problem tat he/she can't really help but to fight, because its affecting them in some way. For example, one guy had a growing voodoo doll attacking him, one lady had a psychologist (haha) using hypnotism to control her and several other people, giving them bizarre fears (hers was of herself, one guy had a look-alike twin of his out to kill him. just weird stuff. So on the way of fixing the problem, the main character always falls in love with some stranger they meet along their journey, or they fall even more in love with their present spouse. and it ALWAYS ends happy. Therefore I no longer read Dean Koontz books. I know what is going to happen after I have read the first chapter. Now a song called ""I Stay Away"" by Alice in Chains is playing. the guy across the hall in my dorm downloaded it for me because he said my taste in music needed improving. It is good. Lets see, 3 minutes to go. Dr. Pennebaker keeps mentioning in class that we freshman should be feeling depressed/confused at this point in our lives. it seems like he is trying to make business for the mental health people that he mentioned. I personally am not overwhelmed at all by this college thing. It seems just like high school, for me at least. I was always pretty independent. didn't rely/see my parents much. And you don't really notice the big classes. I still go to bed/wake up at pretty much the same time. we do have a lot more free time here, because your life is not so structured, but I think out of habit I am structuring it myself. 20 minutes are up, goodbye. ",y,n,n,y,n

2003\_183.txt,"Today has been a pretty good day. I am a little worried about my computer class because I can't understand what they are talking about, but oh well. I am printing out a reading assignment for my history of rock and roll class and it is taking a lot of paper. I wish my ex would call me just to check and see how I am doing. Never mind, don't think about him; he doesn't deserve the time. I start rowing tryouts next week and then the week after that, too. Hopefully I will make the team. That would be really cool, except if I made varsity somehow, I would miss my family. If I was on varsity I would get to travel a lot, all over the US, but I would be gone all the time on the weekends, and never have a chance to go home and see my family and friends. I think college is harder than I thought it was going to be. But, the internet up here, the DSL I have at my apartment, is really fast. I downloaded some songs in like two minutes, versus two hours at my hometown. My shoulders are hurting, and I am a little cold. I need some extra sleep. I shouldn't have gone home this weekend and partied till the sun came up Friday and Saturday. I think I ate too much earlier, and now I am too full. Well, I know I have a lot to do tonight. I have rhetoric, calculus, this thing, and a shit load of reading to do. I took care of my pretesting last night so now I don't have to worry about it. I really need a neck and back massage. I miss talking to my grandma every night. I miss living with her too. College is a new horizon, but it is a good one though, because I am responsible for more things than I use to be. I just miss the security I think I felt in high school. If I thought back, I'm sure I would realize that high school was just as stressful back then, as college is now. But I need to relax, and just take it day by day because that is the only thing I can do if I don't want to end up living in a box on the street. I hope everything works out the way I always dreamed it would, and I hope I end up in a job that I love. I don't want to spend thirty years in a job that I hate. I would like to make some money, but that isn't everything to me. I would much rather be happy than rich. Sometimes, though, I don't think that way. I know I am spoiled rotten, at least as much as my parents can afford. And what they can't, my grandma makes up for it. It is going to be hard on me when she dies. But I am not going to think of that now, because that is in the Lord's hands, not mine. I wish Dwayne would call me. Why? Why do I keep saying that? Damn. That is why I am going to stay up here next weekend. If I stay up here, maybe, HOPEFULLY, I won't think about him as much. And, I will have more time to get all this work done, and catch back up. I have slacked off the past couple of days, and now I'm going to pay for it. Especially tonight, I am hoping to get caught back up. I wish I could go to bed right now. I am cold. Need to turn the thermostat down. Maybe it would save some money if I didn't keep it so cold in here all the time. But, if I didn't have wet hair right now, and had blow dried it, I wouldn't be cold. In fact, knowing me, I would be hot. Okay, my eyes are starting to hurt looking at this computer screen. I wish I had pants on, instead of shorts, then I wouldn't be cold. I wish I had turned the thermostat down before I started this stream of consciousness. I was going to major in psychology, and it seems very interesting to me, so I am glad I am taking this class. There is a guy outside doing his skateboard thing. He makes a lot of racket, and he isn't even good--and I don't know anything about skateboarding. I also wish the man above my apartment didn't stomp around all the time. He does it at like six in the morning, and eleven or twelve at night. I mean, when does this fucker sleep? Oh, gosh, anyway, it pisses me off. If I lived upstairs I wouldn't stomp around like that. It is mean to the poor soul living downstairs. I wish I could go shopping instead of doing the homework I am going to have to do. That would be nice. I don't know if I am going to get a chance to go shopping this week. That sucks really bad. I want to buy some new tennis shoes, and some flip flops. Yeah, and go to Academy. I hope college gets easier as I get used to it more. I hope it happens soon. ",y,y,y,y,y

2003\_184.txt,"Well I'm sitting here typing on the computer in carother's lounge and a girl just came in as I was writing. She looks foreign of course everyone here is foreign or Asian dissent. It smell like old rubber in here I hate that smell. I don't won't to write that paper for Religious Studies. I hate writing so much but my mom says I'm so good at it. She always thinks she knows what I'm good at or what I like best. that is one reason why I came to this school because she thought it was the perfect place for me. I don't know if it is or isn't but I haven't made any new friends yet mainly because of sheri she never wants to do anything she is so anti social. I am going to move into Jester next year I feel she is holding me back she never wants to associate with anyone and she never watches tv. I mean hardly ever good thing I turned the tv on this morning or I would have never found out about john ritter or johnny cash dying. last night right when the new was about to come on she flips off the tv. I need to know what's going on the world. becca's birthday is today I forgot she is so sweet I should have called early this morning like I was going to I wasn't even tired but sheri once again ""do u want to wait until she is up"" and of course I had second thoughts and decided not to I should just call her after this writing thing by myself but that would make sheri upset I had it all planned out we would be the first to wake her up and wish her on a happy birthday. I remember when I was a freshmen and was going to wish every body in our class from catholic school and call them up in the morning but I chickened out once again I don't know why I guess no I don't know why. I wonder what's Dell doing I hate him so much but I love him so much to he lies entirely to much just to get girls to sleep with him but his touch is so good pennebaker class is going to be so hard why is she so loud on her phone she looks like a complete dork. pennebaker's class is going to be so hard all of my classes are. out of all the types of test we had to do. it had to be analogies my worst kind of concept I remember doing them in ms almanza's class they would be on the green chalkboard everyday and I hated them everyone got them but me. My sat score was low because of those stinking analogies. I remember getting my first F in her class but I can't believe she died I can't believe john ritter died she was so mean yet so nice and encouragelble I remember making those X-mas ornaments that we still used today we made homemade play doh and had to mold them into something I didn't know what to do I was so uncreative everybody had something neat so I resorted to making breakfast items (perfect breakfast for a perfect teacher I said) I wonder because of that man's death I thinking of ms almazna death and the times in 2nd grade. Johnny cash didn't even win the VMA award instead thay gave it to justin timberlake hell probably get about a dozen more awards while johny cash is dead sometimes I don't know society does the stupidest things sometimes the jocks in that class are completely uncute I wonder how they will do in that class. they look dumb the jocks in our class were smart and dumb. I wonder what sports they play I want to ask so bad. I wish I lived in jester maybe I could find a new best friend someone like melodi she is already moved on and is having a great time she probably wouldn't if I hadn't told her to go out to dinner with those people. I won't to find someone like the other black girls in my dorm have I want a new friend to go somewhere with not like that black girl I thought she is kinda off what she had on today o my god. and binta is nice but kinda of rude I knew this would be fun I don't want to stop ",y,y,n,n,n

2003\_185.txt,"ok, at this very moment, I'm am in pain, emotionally. Yesterday, I had a bad experience. I saw my best friend kiss the girl that he knew that I had a certain attraction too. It really really hurt, but I have gotten over it. I can't really get mad at either one because first of all, we meet the girl at a club on Saturday night/ Sunday morning and two, my friend is a little more wild and social so he was talking twice as much than I was. The girl called me herself last night, but I told her that I didn't want to talk to her anymore because I had lost interest in her. As for my friend, he told me that he was really really sorry, yet he hasn't come up to me yet to show his forgiveness. I'm ok with it, I just don't understand how something like this could happen. I'm in question though, I don't know if I should be mad or not? I think of one way, which is that I shouldn't let something stupid like this ruin a long, good friendship between my friend and I, or, if it was right to begin with that my friend kissed the girl that I liked after I had told him that I liked her. N E ways, good thing its all over and I'm moving once again with my life. I try not to let this things interfere with my everyday school life but at its impossible to keep them apart. For example, I could not concentrate all day yesterday because I was thinking of what had happened. I didn't read, I didn't do my homework, which is a very very bad thing. The good thing though is that I got over it and I'm back to normal. I guess its just one of those weird once in a while incidences. Today has been a much more productive day then yesterday. I went to go see what color band I would get for the ticket raffle of the Texas vs. OU game. Unfortunately, I got the pink band, which is the least likely to have a chance to get a ticket. No worries, I wasn't really planning to go to that game, I just went to get the band because two of my friends asked me to go get it. I have a glow in the dark stars type of theme here in my room. I had never had the chance to have some in high school, so I finally did in college, and I just noticed that one of the very big stars fell off and is on the floor. I am looking at it this very moment, wondering why I'm not getting up and putting it back in its place. I also have the glow in the dark feet. My roommates, who are like really cool back from home friends say I'm a dork for having the stars, but none the less, I could careless on what they have to say because I think they are dorks too, haha. I see some dirty cloth on the floor and in that pile of clothes is my work shirt with I just happened to remember that I need to wash because I'm going to work tomorrow. Dang that a nice car, I just saw a blue BMW pass by, very very nice car. Tonight, my roommates and I are finally going to go shopping for groceries. Its been a while since we have gone to buy food. Another thing I just remembered is that I need to clean the kitchen, its my week and I have to clean the pig sty (kitchen). I got a ticket to go to the Texas vs. Arkansas game and I hadn't realized that it was this weekend. My roommates and I were going to go home this weekend, but I can't go anymore. They are still going, but I'm not. I'm kinda sad because I wanted to go see my little nephew and stuff, but there is nothing I can do about it now; I'm stuck here in Austin. I told my mom about the situation and she got kinda sad, but I told her that it'll mean more the next time I go down. Typical hispanic mom, she told me that I should of not made any other plans if I knew that I was going home, but that was the catch, that I didn't' know that the game was the same day that I was going to go back home. So what is going to happen is that I'm not going to go home after all and I'm going to the game with my friends. I just remembered that I was going to ask one of the TA's where SEA is, but guess I'll just have to figure that out on my own. N E ways, my 20 minutes are almost up, after this I'm going to hit the sack and take my usual 1:30 nap and wake up, clean the kitchen and go buy food. c-ya ",y,y,y,n,n

2003\_186.txt,"I'm just sitting here typing. Mu light is pretty bright. I got it at office max. I got it with my mom the last night she was here in Austin before she went home. We had gone to target earlier that night and I saw one of my friend's car parked outside. It was weird because he is going to Syracuse in New York. My psychology book says Gazzaniga on it and I am assuming that that is one of the writers of the book. There's a picture of my sister and me on my book case. We went to Florida last summer. It was fun. We stayed on a tiny little island with my entire family . There is a little Buddha guy sitting next to the picture looking at me. He is not actually looking at me because he doesn't have eyes, but his carved out eyes are pointed in my direction. My grandparents gave it to me. They are pretty cool. My grandfather was in the navy. I've been to Maine many times and I always go to my mom's uncle's house and play with all my little cousins. Those are some fun times. I'm taking Management Information Systems 310 with Dunn. She seems pretty cool. The book is red and has a little blue box on the side that says Prentice Hall. Come to think of it, I think my econ book is also published by Prentice Hall. I was listening to a song earlier by a band called Outlandish. Good song. There's a sticky note underneath my lamp. My mom gave me this biscotti tub. I don't know why, but she did. I keep mints in it. I have a pack of green gum sitting next to me. It's doblement, the good kind. I'm already tired of writing and I'm only 6 and a half minutes in to this. I still have mono so that could be attributing to my tiredness. I have had it since late February, early March. It's a pain in the butt. I was fine for a while, but right before school started, I could feel it coming back. It's weird how I can feel it coming back. My roommate had to go to some scholarship dinner. I don't know when he will be back, but he is pretty cool. My computer speakers were made by Harmon/kardon. I had never heard of them before. Maybe I had, but they aren't a big named company yet. This could be their way of promoting their product. By striking a deal with HP. My monitor is big. It's a 17 inch Flat Panel. It's nice on my eyes. I used to sometimes wear contacts. I hate those things. They make my eyes all messed up. By the end of the day, my eyes hurt so bad, I can't even stand to keep them open. So I decided to go with glasses. I wear them at night and when I'm in class sometimes. I can see alright without them, but there is some things that I really need them for. My spanish teacher is kind of weird. I wasn't sure what I thought of him at first. But he seems like an alright guy. I saw him at the gym the other day. I need to work out more. But sometimes I'm just too tired or not in the mood or just don't want to go. My ex-girlfriend used to encourage me to go. I actually started going for her. But then gave it up when I got mono. I used to go to the athletic club. I remember walking in from the cold december days after school. It was still cold in january and february. I love the feel after working out. When my whole body feels numb. I don't know what causes it, but it feels good. It's even better when you work out inside and then go outside where it's really cold. I love that feeling too. But yeah, I went running the other day and got that numb feeling when I was done. My dad runs a lot. He is super cool. He went to West Point and all that and still he is a lot of fun. He is serious when serious stuff needs to be done, but all the other times he is cool. My mom does a lot for me too. She helped me move in and whatnot after my dad had to go back. I haven't eaten candy since I have been here. I have decided that candy is one thing that I don't need. I've been trying to eat better and I think I've been doing a good job. I take vitamins every morning and try to eat something too. I have never eaten breakfast and I regret not doing so. I have started trying to eat breakfast but it's just not appealing to me. Oh well. My ceiling has all these little bumps in it. My mom painted my sisters room and used a sponge thing and made the walls kind of bumpy. It is cool. It reminds me of a sky kind of. I went to the football game on Sunday. That was awesome. Quite the blow out. It rained a lot of the game, but it was still fun. It was my first UT football game. My sister goes to TCU and I went to one of her games, but they have no school spirit. Here, everyone gets involved and that's what makes it so much fun. I went down to the box office to get a football ticket for a friend, but they said that I probably wouldn't be able to get one because they were almost all sold out and I would have to wait until Friday to even try. It should be a good game though. We are playing Arkansas at 11 am. Early game compared to last weekends 6pm game. Last game I went in to the wrong gate and had to walk all the way around to find my seat. ",y,y,y,y,n

2003\_188.txt,"My computer is spiffy. I decided to name it Mara, which means bitterness"" apparently, but I was naming it after a character in the Star Wars books who is really cool. My computer gets in ""fights"" with a friend's computer. We type to each other over AOL instant messenger about what are computers are supposedly doing to each other. She named her computer Screwtape after a demonic character C. S. Lewis developed. It's hard to write stream of consciousness things because my brain works much faster than my fingers and by the time my fingers catch up, I'm on to a new thought. I'm also kind of a perfectionist in my typing because I hate to spell things wrong and make grammatical mistakes. However, I probably won't be able to keep myself from making such mistakes because I am typing so fast. One of my friends is IMing me, but I can't respond because I have to do this for an entire 20 minutes. I'm only at 4 minutes 50 seconds right now. I guess I can keep him waiting. He is one of the best friends you could ever have. However, I'm having a little trouble right now because he and I are slightly attracted to each other and he and my best girl friend just broke up and I know she still adores him completely. Besides, I think they're much better for each other than he and I could be. He and I are both too proud and arrogant. She is proud, but she doesn't think she knows everything. She is pretty zany. I met her back in the 6th grade and we've been friends ever since. Our friendship has had its ups and downs, but it has never halted. I just couldn't hook up with her ex-boyfriend because that would be tacky, at least for the next couple years. I know she had be really upset and I could never forget the way they were together. Fortunately, I think the boy is on somewhat of the same wavelength as me. Speaking of romantic interests, there's a boy who lives next door to me who's pretty attractive. However, I think a lot of girls are attracted to him, so I would have a lot of competition, and I don't like competition. He seems like a really nice guy, though I'm thinking right now he is somewhat of an idiot. One of my suitemates was hosting a drinking party, and apparently he came. I was locked away in my room, attempting to study because I have a quiz and a test tomorrow (actually later today, since it is now after midnight). I wish I could find a guy who wasn't so emotionally messed up or low in the self-esteem department that he feels he has to drink his cares away. Speaking of which, Chris hasn't e-mailed me back. He and I got into an argument and he avoids too much confrontation, though he has a tendency to inadvertently start it and keep it going. So anyways, right now he is avoiding me. I wish he would talk to me, because he is one of the few people I trust to be honest, moral, and to steer me from harm. And I need to talk to a guy like that right now. I seem to attract guys who aren't particularly moral and who tend to be too apathetic to care about making themselves better people. The irony is, they like me, they tell me, because I'm so moral, pure, and sweet. Someone's knocking at the door. It took only 30 seconds to answer it. My roommate just returned from finishing a computer science assignment in the computer lab. She is really cool, probably one of the best possible roommates I could have. She is quite eclectic. She likes to knit, particularly when she is listening to lectures because it keeps her hands busy. If I have enough energy, I fidget during lectures. I used to play with a hacky sack in high school. Some of my teachers would actually play catch with me with it. It was cool, because my teachers trusted me. I even was friends with a few. I went to lunch with a few of them about a month ago. I'm going to miss them. Speaking of which, I need to e-mail Mr. Karnavas, my former Bible/Philosophy/Greek teacher. ",n,n,n,n,y

2003\_189.txt,"Well this weekend has been really different. I guess that's because it was the first"" actual weekend that my friends and I actually went out and ""explored"" Austin. I know that we have been here for two weeks already and haven't ""explored"" Austin, but I think it was better this way. The first weekend we didn't want to go home and deal with all the emotional issues that we had dealt with just two weeks ago. It was also weird this weekend because not one of our friends was with us. She had in a way ""made new"" friends, which is alright with me and everything it is just that she was trusting them as soon as she heard that they wanted to go and party in Austin. What was really scary was that last night my friend went out with these girls that she has only know for a week and they went drinking at some party. I don't mind the drinking issue or her not hanging out with her old friends from high school, it's just that she was leaving Austin (the party was in San Antonio) and the driver said she wasn't going to drink a lot. I was kind of in awe that my friend left with people when the designated driver was even drinking. I feel that even if the designated driver has at least one drink than that person shouldn't drive. I guess that's what this whole college experience is all about. People are responsible for making their own decisions here. No one is here to tell them what to do and no one should. These people are adults now and can think for themselves. I also know that another reason I didn't want to or even want to go home until I really have to is to deal with the emotional issues of leaving my family, especially my mom. I know that I'm close to my father and my younger sister, but it seems that every time I talk to her on the phone or when she came to visit last Thursday, I felt like I needed to cry. I don't know why I felt like that. I know that we're very close but I really don't want to deal with that issue of me not being able to let go of my childhood and become that adult that my parents have tried to raise me to be. I also have another worry on my mind. One of my guy friends had be accepted to the University of Houston and he was rooming with my best friend's boyfriend and according to them, everything was great. My guy friend had been dating this girl for the past four months now and she had helped him move in and settle. And this past summer they had spent, from they told my friends and I, nearly every day together. Or if they weren't together, they at least had talked to each other one the phone for a couple of hours. To me that sounds kind of like they couldn't leave each other alone or trust each other but I don't know if that would be normal because I haven't really been in a relationship like that. Well to continue with my worry, according to my best friend's boyfriend, our guy friend had been kind of sad about missing his girlfriend (she is going to the University of North Texas in Denton). Every time his girlfriend would call him, he would get sad. And my best friendn's boyfriend would try and get him out of the room and go around the campus, and he would be happy, however as soon as she called, he would get sad again. And of course we all understood that him missing her was normal. Well the University of Houston started two days before we did and that Monday night our friend had been talking to his girlfriend and was mad because he had missed her. Well apparently she gave him her credit card number and he took a plane flight to Denton. And he told my best friend's that he was never coming back. What we don't understand is why he decided that. This is his first relationship and they already have given each other ""a promise ring"" or a ""promise gift"" because she gave him a realy expensive watch with a diamond in it and he gave her the ring. What my friends and I don't understand is what is going on through his head. Well my time is almost up. I have like ten seconds left so I guess that's it. ",y,n,y,y,n

2003\_191.txt,"today is a bad day. my boyfriend and I of 2 years just broke up because he is at another university and is rushing right now. I have always been the center of his world and now he acts like he doesn't even want to talk to when except for when it is convenient for him. His roommate told me last night that he has cheated on me and when I first heard that I got so sick to my stomach and had to run to the restroom. Jared, has been the ony guy that I have ever loved and I thought I would marry him. we spend holidays together and I am already a part of his family and he is part of mine. To think of him being with someone else just kills me and I am so torn up right now that I cannot concentrate on anything but him. I had to end it because I cannot continue to be hurt when all I have done is devote my whole life to him. he assured me all summer that things would be fine with us apart and that if he was to join a fraternity that it would never get in the middle of what we had together. My thoughts are horrible right now and I NEVER thought that I could feel so hurt and ashamed. My biggest fear is that he won't even care because he will just move on since he is so involved and has so many opportunities to meet other girls. Jared has been the sensitive one in our relationship since day one and he was always worried about me forgetting about him. he was always the one that couldn't stand not to see me for one day, and he was so in love with me tat sometimes I got annoyed by it. Now the tables have completely turned because I feel like I am incapable of functioning without him. for the past 2 years, everything has been about him and so now I just don't know what to do with my time. Where do I even start without him there to say I love you at night , or without him there when I am having a bad day? This is the worse feeling I have ever felt and I just wish he knew how it was to be thinking about him every second of the day! He will probably just go on and not even miss all the times we have had together and just party all the time like he ahs been for the last two weeks. I helped him move into his new apartment and was not invited to come since, but all of our friends have gone over there and seen him, so why did he have to put his own girlfriend in that position? I have not been real happy lately as it is because I just transferred to UT and I hate it so far. I don't see anybody I know during the day and I feel so lonely without jared, and now it will be permanent. This is the worse time for this to happen and it makes me feel sick when I think about how it probably won't change. We have always been so in love and people know us as the perfect couple and now there is nothing perfect about us and all I feel is pain. he is going to the school that I did last year and is meeting all these new people and having all this fun while I have been sitting at home dreaming of him and this is what I get for it! I kept telling myself that it was going to be hard while he was pledging but now its going to be much harder never knowing what he is doing without me and wondering about him every day. I am lucky to have a great family that supports me so much to help me during down times like this, but they have never seen me like the way I am today. I have seen other people hurt this bad and I just thought to myself that it must suck to be like that and now here I am in their shoes. he is the guy that has always put a smile on my face, made me feel loved and made me a better person. I go to sleep at night thinking of him and I wake up in the morning thinking of him. We have had problems before and after a few days he couldn't stand fighting with me and would brake down and tell me that he hated when it was bad. I keep telling myself that if we don't talk for a while that he will realize what he ahs lost and call me explaining he loves me too much to lose me, but I have such a bad feeling that this time is different and he will just move on. I don't want to move on but I have to keep myself busy knowing that he is out all the time with other people because when I think about it too much, it tears my heart up. this is the guy that I have planned my wedding with and after just 3 weeks of being away he has already given me up. We have all the same friends and I will not be able to hear about what he is doing and be able to see him anytime soon until I start t feel better. I have no energy and It scars me because I don't even want ot do my homework of study because my mind is in such a different place right now. He has put everything in front of me and his roommate told me that he does not think he cares as much about me right now since he is so caught up in rushing and meeting people. It just kills me to think that I am here and he is there without me because I have always been included in everything he does. Now all of a sudden I am shut out and I hope he realizes that he can't live without me. It is so hard for me to think of him with somebody else because I know everything about him and what he likes and does not and I don't ever want another girl to be that close to him. I love jared so much and I wish he wouldn't have ever left or that I would have stayed there because things could be different right now, but he enjoys making me jealous when he talks about all the things he is getting to do. I know that I must just live day to day knowing that things will get better but right now I can't see myself getting over this for a long long time. I feel worthless today, am I am a very good person so what did I do to deserve this? I am just hoping and praying that things can be patched up between us one day after we both have some time to see what life is like without each other. I just don't want him to throw everything away, because he is the best thing that has ever happened to me. I talked to him this morning and all I could do was cry and when we got off the phone is that feeling that anybody would hate when saying bye to someone that they love as much as I do. I am only wondering what he will do for the rest of the day and if I will ever be on his mind because I usually know what he is doing all the time. I am supposed to be the one who goes to these parties with him and I am supposed to be with him when he meets other poeple so they know that I am his girl and now all these girls that have been in love with him while we have been together are going to love that we have broken up. I am going on and on about how upset I am its just very hard because I had never loved anybody before him and it breaks my heart to think of being without him. And as for school, I hope it gets better it will just take some adjustments. I hope jared still loves me as much as he always has! ",y,y,n,y,n

2003\_192.txt,"This is different, I always thought stream of consciousness was a writing style, I never knew it had a basis in psychology. Should I used punctuation, I don't think my thoughts are punctuated. These must be horribly boring to read, the most eclectic thought process and there is that annoying girl with loud voice. And my girlfriend wants to read these, but I don't want her to, she didn't listen to me, how rude. She never listens, just constantly does what she wants, and complains. If she reads this now, she will be understandably upset. We moved down to Texas together from Northeastern University in Boston and its been more stressful than I had imagined. I was the impetus behind our transfer and feel some guilt whenever she doesn't enjoy something, and constantly want her to have a great time, even though I share some of her misgivings. Although I have to say the campus is great, the school is good, and I enjoy going to class; however, UT did not match up to my expectations. Its a tier one school and I expected more, I can detect little difference between here and Northeastern, except Northeastern has more money. Do we compare our writings at the end of the year and look at how are thoughts have changed as we have become more integrated into the school? I hope not, I hope there is some more interesting point to this class. Or maybe, this class will give me a greater ability to analyze the writing which will lead to a deeper understanding of my self. My girlfriend is so stubborn she takes so long to come to the obvious conclusions. She can't study because of the loud girl with the annoying voice and I told her to go to the library and I would join her in twenty minutes, but no, she would rather suffer. Maybe she knows I feel guilty when she does not enjoy something and wants to punish me in some way, or maybe she just wants to be near me. Or maybe she is afraid of change. I heard yawns signal the body is preparing for a change in action or state of being, maybe that is accurate, never heard that before and it doesn't occur in all situations. I did an internship at Northeastern and I hated it, that made me focus a lot more on school. I was always disorganized and rarely put effort into school, after that experience however, I want to get the best grades I can and the widest range of academic experience. I feel that the more ways I learn of analyzing a situation, the more thought processes, the better I will be able to deal with the real world and whatever I want to do. Mostly right now I want to be a trader, a hedge fund manager, be wealthy. Predominately to have security and independence. Not have to worry about work and do whatever I enjoy. I think that would be economics, write essays on economics, and that ties in with trading and hedge funds, so it is not far. I also am interested in politics and think about running for congress. This paper clearly alters my thought process, I don't lay myself out every time I think, it has an artificial quality to it. Although, in class you said one way to deal with depression and change was to right about it, maybe this homework assignment is a self-help exercise. How come women care more about the personal life and thoughts of other people than men, in general, not every woman. I assume that someone else wants privacy and to be treated with respect but women always want to know what is going on and pry into it. People are interesting to watch though, but there is a lot of commonality in all human actions. People tend to do similar activities, not exact activities, but similar. Groups of people tend to act in similar fashions. That loud girl left, its so much quieter here. I don't know when I am going to graduate, but Ill have 87 credits after this term, and six months of an internship experience, crazy. At some point I need to graduate, that'll be exciting but nerve racking. I'm mostly worried about paying bills and saving for retirement and college for children. Its insane I worry about that, I'm 20, not 40. But being interested in finance makes me think about that now, and how important the first few years in and after college are. Since money in the stock market will double roughly every 7. 2 years on average, its important to start early for retirement. What about all the people in less developed countries, specifically third-world countries. We should do more to help them, humanity only has itself to support it, we shouldn't exploit each other. I wonder what the world would be like if people were able to look beyond the immediate future and into the next 10-20 years. They would see its in their best interest to help those less fortunate. Ending slavery and instituting a minimum wage has caused real wealth to increase, not decrease and society is more stable. Imagine how much better the world would be if everyone had a stable society, could go to college, contribute to humanity and become consumers. There would be more technological advancements, real wealth would increase faster, I'm sure we would find new problems, but things would be better. I'm not sure multilateralism is the answer, institutions do impinge upon our sovereignty, but they are better than a single hegemonic power trying to control the world. There aren't any attractive girls in here, besides my girlfriend. I wonder what that says about the business school atrium at 6 o'clock on a wednesday. Not a happening spot perhaps? Although there a ton of people here for the cash flow casino. 20 minutes, sweet, I can do other homework. See you Friday. ",n,n,n,y,y

2003\_193.txt,"I'm so tired right now. I wish I could just sleep in my bed at home right now. Man, my feet smells. I guess it's time to wash the slippers. Gosh, right now would be a good time to get a nice massage. My back is aching now. When will I get used to this new change? I don't know if I can make it. Well, I have to. I must. Everyone expects me to. Of course I expect myself to succeed as well but everything has just been so overwhelming. So much information is given in the class and I don't know what I should write down. Ok. I'm tired of listening to the same song. What are they talking about? It makes no sense to me. Alright. Piano music is the way to go. Yeah. This will relax me. I need to rest my eyes. Can I type with my eyes close? No, I'll probably start typing some wrong stuff and then it'll be a waste of time. Hm. I think I should put this printer box somewhere else. It's kind of annoying me in a way. But then again, I need to put my feet over it for support. Books, books, books. I'm tired of them already. I can't believe I was actually excited about learning all this new stuff. Now I'm dreading every minute of it. My forehead itches. I'm so bored. This is really crazy. My goodness, there's about twelve more minutes remaining. Ah! I think I'm about to fall asleep on this laptop. Hm, roommate's back now. I wonder if she ate dinner yet. She probably went to eat with her boyfriend or so. Hm, do I need anything else for my dorm? I think I should decorate it more. It still looks a little plain at the moment. I guess I should utilize some of my time for creative matters. Yeah. I should make more cranes and turtles to put around my area. Aww. The crane and turtle on my laptop looks so cute. Ouch. I bite my lip. Where did roommate go? She left again already? Maybe she is just now going out to eat since she came back with her backpack just now. I don't know. Geez. Now that guy finally decides to respond me. It's about time. I instant messaged him like a while back. hm. The Asian talent show was quite interesting. That one skit by VSA was pretty cool. Too bad the guy's voice was spoken by a girl. That made him seem pretty gay. Oh okay. So it was a girl's voice because it was suppose to be the voice of a young boy. I see now. Yay! I have four minutes remaining. So what am I thinking about now? Oh man, JAY is so fine looking. I need a bigger poster of him to put on the wall. Gosh I don't like this chair I'm sitting now. It's not very comfortable. I feel like rolling back and forth but there arent any wheels. This sucks! Hm. I should go work out tonight. I have not done that in about a week already. This is not good. I have to stay in shape. I don't want to gain the freshman fifteen like people say. Either way, I just want to be fit. I think I should head out there right now. ",y,y,y,y,n

2003\_194.txt,"ok, so I am supposed to write about what I am feeling, hearing and thinking. all that, so, the trucks outside my window are driving around backwards for some strange reason and the beeping is really a pain. It starts at 7:30 or 8:00 in the morning and the beeping goes on all day long. My roommate wants to know how much work those trucks can actually accomplish when they are driving backwards! lol, I agree and would really like to know, all I see when I look out my window is a big whole in the ground, not to much progress. but I am sure the construction will be moving along slowly but surely. Oy veh, I have not typed in such a long time, I have gotten so slow. I am just like my grandma, new technology drives me nuts. My computer, phone, everything, too confusing! I like having no alarm clock or phones or computers or anything, but its all just part of america I guess, so along the lines of beeping, the door to my floor is beeping again, the alarm has gone off every time someone goes in or out of the door. It's all part of dorm life I guess, luckily I can sleep through anything so it doesn't really bother me much, just when I am trying to study but that is why we have libraries. I am a little worried though that I won't wake up is there is a fire drill or something. My roommate (I wonder how you spell that - room mate? roommate? or roommate?) anyhow, she will wake me up. thank goodness. my suitemates just made dinner even though its late and it smells YUMMY! I think it's pork though so I'll have to miss out on this one. It's amazing the things you can cook in the microwave these days. EZmac seems a little scary but most food turns out pretty good. I really miss my moms cooking, I think that is got to be one of the hardest parts of being away from home, the food and the fact that me family would always eat together. It's so quiet here I can tell the weekend is winding down. Friday and Saturday nights are so noisy and something is always happening. Now its all hush hush. I've only been typing for nine minutes and I can't believe how much random stuff I have thought of. I took a Yoga class today with a friend, I had never taken one before and somehow you move around for like an hour and come out of the class feeling like you just took a great nap for the whole time. The instructor played this awesome music (the only word I can think of to try to describe it is zen""), it was happy and sad at the same time. Very interesting. I have taken up going to the gym because it is about the only past time that lets me avoid my school work and procrastinate without feeling too guilty. It's a great excuse, so to the gym I go. It's fun though, I made friends with all the crickets that live in and around the pool. I have never seen such big crickets before in my life, only in Pinnochio and stuff like that, they are huge here, it's like they are on steroids or something. Bugs are not my favorite but I guess they can enjoy swimming too. I want some popcorn, ya know, like the really good but really bad for you movie theater popcorn. How come everytime someone pops a bag, it seems like everyone in the world can smell it! yum! so, my walls are covered in post-its, I always need a reminder for something and my room is finally starting to look a bit ""lived-in"", the walls are so bare and the rooms are so boring. I like things bright and busy busy busy! My roommates favorite color is pink and her whole side of the room is light pink, which just happens to be my least favorite color, I think that may have something to do with me never wanting to hang out in my room, it's really awful. She is awesome and we get along perfectly except for out choice of color so I really am lucky. But anyhow, it's amazing how a color can affect your mood so much (or at least mine). I really wish I could type faster. Mas rapido! I haven't used my computer hardly at all, I got used to living without technology this summer and I loved it. People here rush all the time, we need to learn how to take it easy and just enjoy everything that is around us. We are so silly even though we pride ourselves with being so advanced, I think we just get caught up in it all and forget how to take a break and chill. I am tired of thinking, I have been doing it all day, I wish I had a switch to just turn my brain off for a few minutes. My roommate just walked in, she opened the door and I jumped, now she is looking for her key, what a bummer to lose. That or an I'D, your I'D is like your life here, ok, well, my time is running out, hope you enjoyed reading what all was floating around in my head! wow, done at exactly the right time. woo hoo! ",y,n,y,n,n

2003\_195.txt,"I am thinking back to when in class you were talking about sitting in front of the computer and wondering what to write about. I wonder what my roommate is saying ?hmmm? for. she may think it is weird that I am writing about her if she reads this. I like rice krispie treats. I just had one. I went to the vegas getaway for the business school; it was fun. my face is itching. my nose, then my neck. I really like what I've done with my hair today, but too bad it took longer than I had expected it to take. my roommate, erika, is leaving. she is going to go get something to eat. now my back is itching. I wonder why, when you itch, simply rubbing on the itching spot doesn't make the itch go away. you have to scratch it instead. wouldn't it be easier if we just didn't itch at all? I mean, what's the point of itching anyway? I guess it just makes the experience of life all the more interesting. also why is it that when you start to itch, you suddenly itch everywhere. kind of like when someone yawns and you see it, it makes you have to yawn too, even if you're not sleepy. I'm spending an awful lot of time thinking about itching. I want to take a speed reading class at the UTLC. maybe it will help me in the future. but will I begin to speed-read everything if I take the course?. I like listening to music. I guess most people do really. my nose itches again. I'm glad it got cooler in this dorm room. last week it was SO hot. I had to sleep on top of my blanket. the good thing is that it therefore provided more padding on these rock-hard beds. I really like the movie Chicago. it's so theatrical. speaking of which, I think my sister had auditions for the high school's fall play today. I wonder how she thinks she did. I hope that she gets a part, even if it's a small one. I'm looking forward to seeing the fall production. maybe they'll make it to state OAP this year. I miss being in theatre. I would like to join a theatre club, but I'm not sure I have time for the rehearsal commitment. plays are a lot of work. I really like this writing assignment you all have devised for us. it's interesting and even kind of fun. I like the box I have on my shelf. it's orange and gold, with a leaf pattern. thank goodness I only have 2 classes tomorrow. today was nonstop; 4 classes with only a 30 minute break. I had a bagel for breakfast. I wonder how early the bagel guy has to get up in order to go to his little stand and be open in time for 8 o'clock classes. I wonder if he likes his job?. he would get to meet and see a lot of people every day; that, I'm sure, is a perk or he would not be living in Austin, or any big city. I'm from a small town. austin still continues to wow me with the massive number of people on campus and on the streets. oh good I get to put my pennant that I bought today up on my board in about 5 minutes. it cost $7. one about 1/3 of the size cost $6. they're probably betting on the idea that people will not check the price of both pennants and simply buy the smaller one, thinking it will cost much less. I had economics today. I think I'm beginning already to think more about the economy. at least I hope so, because if I am, that means I'll do better on the tests. there is a study session tomorrow night that I'll be attending. I need to go running later. I'm really glad that the gym is so close by. in my hometown, you had to drive 35-45 minutes just to get to a gym. so it was either waste all that time, or go run on the hard, uneven, gravel-y, county road. gravel-y is not a word but that's okay. I wonder what psychological experiences you all will get by reading these assignments. 5 seconds left. oh okay my time is up but I get to finish my thought. I'm going to go study now. I have to read my psych book for your class tomorrow. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_196.txt,"Humm. This is very different from anything I've had to do before. My finger really hurts right now because I cut it last weekend, pretty deep too, I probably should have had stitches but I didn't. Now I'm going to have a scar on my finger tip and it really hurts to type anything, especially on this keyboard because I'm in a computer lab. I'm not used to this keyboard, I like the one on my laptop but my room mate is asleep so I can't really hook it up right now. I wanted to just plug the internet into my laptop somewhere else, but I couldn't find anyplace, I tried the port in the study lounge but it's disabled. Then I had trouble getting on a computer here. I don't have an IF account because I'm in the business school, they just gave us the logins for that and I've never needed anything else. I'm just glad my friend came along because he logged on and let me submit this. I'm kind of tired. I haven't been sleeping well, I'm used to sleeping from like 8:00 in the morning until like twelve or one in the afternoon. This weekend I didn't sleep Friday night, and I partied Saturday night and didn't go to bed until like six in the morning on Sunday. I slept like nine hours then though because I had been up for forty-six. This week has been weird hours too. Sunday night I slept for like two hours, that wasn't bad, my body only needs like five hours of sleep or so before I wake up and can't go back to sleep. Anyways, two hours sunday night, then I got four on Monday night, none on Tuesday night, and then about three and a half last night. Now is like 4:30 I think, the clock on the computer says 3:39 but I think it's wrong because I thought the clock on the wall said like 4:15 when I came in from smoking a cigarette. MMM. cigarette sounds like a good idea but I have to study some more after this. The sleep schedule that I have is kind of weird with classes in the morning, but I've been doing a lot of studying lately. I hang out with my friends during the day and then study with a few of them at night. Tonight it was me and my friend Cimu and Kenchi studying, Cimu went to bed at like 3:30 or so. Kenchi is here now thank god or I wouldn't have been able to do this until the morning when my roommate wakes up. She goes to bed at like 11:30 and sleeps until like 10:00 in the morning. I don't understand how a person can sleep that long, I can try to go to sleep at a decent hour but it doesn't matter because I have to lay there for like an hour and a half before I fall asleep. Then once I finally do get to sleep I only sleep for like four or five hours, I just wake up, not to go to the bathroom or anything but I can't ever go back to sleep. I hate it when my alarm clock hasn't gone off yet and I wake up. If it's just like ten minutes before its set to go off, I don't mind. But when I wake up and there's an hour and a half or two hours left to sleep and I can't go back to sleep it sucks. Then I just have to lay there and be board when I could be studying. At least I found some other people that like to stay up all night though. Shaun is really cool, the other night we stayed up the whole night because we weren't really tired. He likes to sleep during the day but I just don't like to try to sleep. We hung out earlier in the day and then studied all night in the lounge beside the jester desk. We could have gone to a study lounge I guess, but we both have laptops and ",y,y,n,n,n

2003\_197.txt,"Well, here I am writing my paper for psychology. There is so much noise here. Everyone has their stereos on full blast. It's a good thing I have mine. I need to change the song. So many songs that I skipped. It is okay. I found one that I want to listen to. This is a really good song. It is called Judith"" from A Perfect Circle. Their new album was strange. It sounded like a different band, so calm and mellow. I like it anyways because it calms me down. I don't know what I would do with out music. It is so essential to me. I believe that it is my sanity. If I didn't have my music I would go insane. So many feelings and thoughts in the lyrics. I am amazed that someone is willing to reflect on their lives or any given moment and come up with such inspiring. I can't think of the other word I was going to say. I hope I do well in my classes. I am really getting used to this thing called ""college life. "" I feel at home and myself here in Austin. I've been waiting for a day like this. I still miss my family though, but I am strong. There goes two minutes off my time. My mom called and I had to explain to her something. I sometimes feel confused about who I really am. There are always moments in my life where I take a moment to reflect on myself and existence. I wonder how we did come about existing. So many explanations and theories, it is hard to believe them. I would rather come up with my own explanation. It is hard to, but I still have until the day I die to come up with an answer. I can't believe that two years have past since my uncle died. I will never forget that day. I really never experienced a death in the family. It really changed my outlook on life. I know wherever he is, he is looking over me and seeing how much I have accomplished. So many obstacles in my life and I managed to knock them over to get where I wanted to go. I wonder where I am going to end up in life. This journey is long and treturous. I need to tread with caution. So many threats in the world now a days. What drives the human race to act the way they do. So ignorant and destructive. As long as I just focus on my life and not that of others, I will be fine. It has got me this far. Life is so wondrous and worth living. Twenty one. the beginning of our end. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_198.txt,"ok, ummm, I'm hungry. just got out of psych class and I was hoping to go home, but must turn this writing assignment in before friday. the lie detector presentation was interesting. sadly I started nodding off around the part where dr. pennebaker was talking about dopamine and schizophrenia and parkinsons. I was never completely asleep, just in and out of consciousness. man, my typing skills are really sucky. anyway, ricky's in my head. he is turning 19 on september 24. I always think he and chelsea should be together because chelsea wants it that way. wanted. she says she is over him, but I don't know. I am excited about the garlic toast I'm going to make with andrea's tuna casserole. yes, my roommate is also andrea. she is the more prominent andrea. totally super smart, super pretty, super nice. I could totally jealous. no, envious because she has what I don't have, she is not taking what I used to have. yeah, I could totally envy her, but it's just not so. she is a blessing. so. I need to make a bracelet for jodi. hopefully she is doing ok. and why is kirk still in my head? we weren't even super friends, just very casual acquaintances, but he manages to pop back in my head after three years. great job kirk. actually, I think I like thinking about him. or the idea that I have of him. I don't really know him so I can only entertain the ideas that I have of the hypothetical kirk. and I feel old. and worn out. and everytime I'm close to the edge of the sidewalk and a big bus passes by, I somewhat regret that I didn't fall or stumble into its path. I'm not suicidal, but the drama that comes with saying or writing these things is fun. I could die so easily. if death came right now, I'd go with him. even more so if he was cute. but I have too many people to be responsible to. not just friends and family but everyone who I've told that life is good. where am I going with this? I don't know. but it's more interesting than an itchy foot, no? so biology is making me feel anxious. hard professor, dr. edmiston, but I like it that way because it's like a battle or a contest. you get through, if I get that A, then it's going to be so cool because it's such a hard-ass class. andrea's hardass class is physics, but hers is plan II so it's probably triple the intensity of my biology class. I'm glad I have something to work for, something to worry about because it was too easy at uta (arligton). I was not' challenged so I slacked off. worked more and got more money, yeah, but wasted time and money on classes that I liked but weren't going towards nursing. oh well. I tell andrea I feel like a gray crayon here in austin. but I don't feel that all the time, just when I realize how gray I am compared to others. I'm thinking of what to type so this is probably only partial stream-of-consciousness, and not because I have something to hide but I'm better at writing. my thinking and writing speeds are almost the same. or, that's not good, I can slow my thinking to my writing speed but not to my typing speed. and I just want to go to sleep and not wake up. an eternal darkness, but I wouldn't know because I'd be asleep. but then if I ever wake up on the other side I'd feel guilty leaving people behind. so that was twenty minutes? yeah, if you want to see more stream-of-consciousness just ask to see my blue notebook. I usually sit front and center and no more than three rows back. but who would care? but it's there. ok, bye! ",n,n,y,n,y

2003\_199.txt,"well, here I go writing a stream of consciousness. I am starving right now. all I have eaten today are cookies and queso with chips. the timer clock at the top of this page is bothering me, I don't know why, but it is distracting me from writing. my boyfriend is going to his ranch tomorrow. I wish he did not go every weekend because it sucks for me to be here without him. the electric bill is so expensive that we received today. I am out of money. well not out, but out of money that I can spend on random stuff. I miss my mom. I hope my grandpa is doing ok, he is very very sick. my eyes hurt. I don't like wearing my glasses. the fan is also irritating them. I am glad that its the weekend. I want a cool front to come through. I am so tired of being hot outside at school. I think I have a obsession with correct spelling. I know that this is supposed to be informal, but I cannot let a misspelled word go uncorrected. capitalization does not bother me, however, nor does some punctuation. I am the same way when I type online to my friends. I wonder if that means anything significant. probably not. I want a dog. I wish I lived in a complex that allowed pets. next year I will get one, hopefully. I want to adopt one from the SPCA or the pound. they are just as nice as ones from breeders, as well as cheaper, and they need a home more than the others. geez, this timer makes the time seem to go by more slowly. its like that saying my mom always says, 'a watched pot never boils. ' similar at least. I want a good book to read. I hate how I have so much reading homework from my classes that I do not have time to read for pleasure. oh well, maybe I'll find the time once I get more settled in to the routine of school. I need to do laundry. I have no clean clothes to wear, and I dropped grape jelly on my favorite jeans yesterday. I hope that it does not stain. I don't know what to day now. its so weird, I know that the brain never stops working, but if you try to identify your thoughts sometimes you draw a blank. its like you caught your mind off-guard. like when your boyfriend asks you what you're thinking about, and its really only what you had for lunch that day, but he is expecting something more romantic than that because he thinks he is being romantic and sincere by asking the question. so maybe when you have to say immediately what you are thinking at that moment and you don't have an answer, maybe your subconscious is just embarrassed because it was just thinking about something insignificant. ok, that whole little tangent probably made no sense to anybody except myself. oh well. I am tired of typing. my hands are out of shape. how sad. my whole body is out of shape. I hate living on the third floor of my apartment complex. the stairs are killing me. I didn't realize how out of shape I was until I had to move in and carry all my stuff up a million flights of stairs. my chair is too low and I can't figure out how to make it go up higher because there aren't any knobs or levers. its hurting my wrists. well, my right wrist to be specific. I hate it when people have something they want to say and they just don't know how to be direct about it. 'beating around the bush' that is so annoying. just get the words out. mmmm. I am so hungry. I want a burrito. or some queso. or both at the same time. I love mexican food. its good stuff. I would like a margarita too. that would be nice. I hope that I can transfer into the college of communications. that would be awesome. I hope that I succeed in advertising. I think that I would do a good job, but there are so many good and creative people at UT, all wanting to do the same thing as me. I hope that I have a fighting chance. I know that I have the work ethic to do well, but as far as creativity, I am uncertain if I measure up to the industry standard. wow, the time is up. that went by fast. ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_200.txt,"I am sitting in the library. I wonder if my typing will bother anybody. Wow, my typing speed isn't very good, especially on this non-ergonomic keyboard. I really hope that no one will examine my spelling and grammar on this assignment. If they did I would look pretty dumb. I don't seem to think in complex sentences, or at least I don't when I am in a stream of consciousness. o wait, there was one. I found some humor in that. when I run I try to run for 20 minutes just like the amount of time I am typing for. time goes by slowly when you run and type. did you ever have a sister? Did you? something about sitting hear and dialoging with myself makes me think of the sound and the fury. maybe I am just trying to be pretentious by making it appear as though I think with a great deal of profundity. good word matt. hopefully I spelled it right and used it correctly. some one is talking in the library. that is not kosher. Sarah use to always say that. I miss her sometimes. Maybe not romantically, but she was fun to be around. I wonder where my romantic life will take me in the next few weeks. So far I have met a lot of girls, but none have blown me away. hopefully there is one out there that will. my mother is dead. she really is. I think about that a lot. I think about that and Emily an awful lot. they both sorta dominate my inner dialogue. I have gotten better about it lately. I am growing, healing, and finding other things to put in my life to replace the thoughts of them, well mostly replace the thoughts of emily. I don't want to forget my mother. I can't forget my mother, or else my life will get fucked up. I must learn from her mistakes and understand that I will naturally view love from a female perspective like I had love from her. I have to be careful. Should I really be this honest right now? should I not censor myself. Really, what business of yours to be in my head right now? you can make me do homework, but can you really make me tell you all the crazy stuff going on in my head? not that I am psycho, but there's a lot going on in my mind all the time and I don't feel like anyone really gets a glimpse of that, much less some random professor with whom I have never had a real conversation. ten more minutes left. what more do you want. I am tired. I would say I am stressed out but that bath I took in the dark a couple of hours ago really relaxed me. My mother taught me that it is very healthy to have positive ways to relieve stress like baths or sodas as opposed to anything else. Its much better to chill than to just blow up at someone. So how exactly can you grade this? Should I make my comments more profound. Should I release some of the beautiful poetry of my mind on this computer screen. Who am I kidding. man, that guy looked pissed. People are so damn easy to read some time. learning how to be a good poker player may be the single greatest skill one can garner from any form of competition. I mean, you always are sizing people up, separating the wheat from the chafe, taking smart calculated risks. its beautiful. I am starting to get really sleepy staring at this screen. I am very sleep deprived. I am VERY sleep deprived, and I don't know when the hell I am going to catch up any time soon either. Being a pledge is kinda rough. very time consuming. man, this last weekend I got no sleep. friday saturday and sunday I was busy as hell. I didn't really even have time for psy 317. my eye itches. I scratched it. five more minutes. I think I am starting to feel a slight headache coming on. this is awhile to stare blankly at a computer screen. I need to relax. ok now I am typing with my eyes closed. wow I actually typed that ok. my typing is not that bad. wow having my eyes closed is nice. really very relaxing, much like that bath I took. I love the dark, especially when I have a headache. now I am starting to chill out again. pretesting looks like it might be lame if I have to stare at a comp for so long. what is that girl looking at. I don't know what to make of a library. I know what to make of a bedroom or a nursing home. they both have really clear feelings that radiate from them. not really this place. is concentration a feeling? cause if it was that would be the color of this place. another poetic comment by yours truly. just call me thoreau or elliot I suppose. Call me ishmael even. I should read more. its fun, it sticks with me, I just don't have time for it often ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_202.txt,"well let's see, today was an okay day. psy class was pretty interesting. mr pennebaker is a funny guy. too bad I have a feeling that class will be hard. I hope I do good. I really want to make all a's this semester and my whole time here at UT. I'm listening to this new song I really like. I listen to it a lot. its by nasty boy clique and the song is called I want to love you. it is not a dirty song. it's really nice. the first time I heard it, it made me think of this guy I like. it's kinda our story. I like this boy a lot. and he does too. I miss him. this feels weird writing what I'm feeling to someone I don't even know. but anyhow he is 100 miles away from me. he goes to school in waco at tstc. I really hope he does well, and I know he is. as I look at the time its only been 3 minutes plus some. man this sure is going pretty slow. hmm. what else. oh yeah I need to read fast food nation for english class. I hate reading. I was wondering how I would do in college since I don't like to read. I'm doing okay so far, but I don't know. I have to take a quiz in that class tomorrow. I'm lost for words now. my own little writer's block. and a whole 15 minutes left. well no one is in my dorm right now. the 3 other girls are gone. this one girl she sleeps really early like 11. or at least that's early for me. but the bad part isn't sleeping early but she SNORES, and its very loud. gosh we all hear it. jessica just came in the door, and scared me cause I thought it was her. but anyways, I'm bored. I really don't want to do this for 20 minutes but I need to cause I want the grade. what else? oh I ate popcorn. it was nice. it was cheddar. there was an extra bag of cheese to add. yummy in the tummy! :) on my little desk I brought a phone right, and it doesn't work. the phone jack is whack. shikisha's phone jack doesn't work either. only jessica's. lucky her. now I'm looking around my dorm to see what else I could write about. I see the picture of me and brian. that's the guy I like. darn I wish he was here. he will call me when he is out of class. \*smiles\* hahahaha as I write this I was just thinking that the people who read this and analyze this get that females usually write about relationships, boys, and all that mama drama. mannnnn. I wonder if boys do that too? hahaha. crap I need to to barnes and noble and buy magazineS for english. what a waste. all I need are some ads, along with that I have to deposit a check so I can have some money in my bank account. my friend danny keeps iming me, and his mean self warned me. I will warn him back when I'm done with this. and just now my sister imed me asking who warned me on AIM. I think I should do something today, but I'm not sure. that party at the plaza thing is still going on. but all the organization people are gone. they had some basketball scholarship thing, putt putt golf, and other random things, but I didn't do any of it. I just passed by. my left back hand has \*due writing assignment online. and the online is underlined. hehe that was my reminder to do it. I did it after I watched supermarket sweep. cause there wasn't anything else to watch. and I did this cause I had nothing else to do. I wonder if my buddies want to go and do something? gosh darnit I also need to go to that jester thing where they help you with homework. I need some help in math. I guess I just don't understand. woooo hoooo. like 2 more minutes to go and I'm done. in this counting minutes/seconds I will just say. HOLLA [term used in houston. hahaha] a lil ghetto, since austin isn't. ",y,n,y,y,n

2003\_203.txt,"I just got back to my dorm from my friend's dorm. I'm so tired. My eyes feel blurry cause I need to take out my contacts and my head hurts. Oh man my head really hurts. At Johnny's dorm, he tried to tickle me by grabbing my neck which is where I'm most ticklish. Everyone knows that and yet he still grabbed my neck. SO I leaned back away from him in order to escape and I hit my head on the shelf thing by the bed. What a loud noise there was. It hurts so much. Anyways, I can hear the fridge making sounds right now and it smells like Korean food in my dorm. My roommate just had Korean food. I'm not really used to the smell and it kinda bothers me but there is nothing I can do about it. Speaking of which, that is why I'm never in my dorm and I'm always at my other friends' dorm. It's because of the Korean food smell. Plus, we don't have a tv in our room and it makes it kinda boring. I can now hear clicking noises from the mouse that my roommate is using and the typing on the keyboard. I like the clicking sounds. I don't know why but for some reason I think of horses walking everytime I hear the keyboard. I've always liked the sound. Man this room smells like Korean food and I don't like my jeans because they feel too short on me. I think they shrunk because yesterday I was an idiot and I washed them in HOT water. I don't know what I was thinking. I meant to put warm water but I accidentally pushed hot. I told my friend Danny about it and he was so nice. He came over to try to help me cancel the wash but he was not able to. My pants feel short now and they are exposing my ankles and I'm wearing low ankle socks and its annoying because my ankles feel cold. My hair is also in my face and the A/C is making it move in my face and its really annoying because its blowing in my face. My roommate just went to the restroom. I hate the sound of the door opening. The door makes this stupid and annoying creaking sound. I don't know of any door that does that. WHy does she have to slam the door? Why can't she close it quietly? How come when I leave I am nice enough to close the door. AHHH! the phone is ringing. Its a scary sound cause its so loud. But yea anyways, why can't she close the door quietly? Well, I don't like my laptop. I hate typing on this thing. I spent so much on it and I don't know but the keyboard seems to be malfunctioning. Everytime I type something it jumps back a few spaces and then I have to erase and retype. So I put in a new cordless keyboard and its much better. I really ought to get my laptop checked out. I mean I spent so much on it. It has to work! I need Danny to come and look at it for me. He is like the computer genius. Speaking of which, I forgot to ask him today what a database is. Today in MIS, I had a guest speaker and she kept using the word database and I didn't know what it meant. I hate computers. I really do. I don't know anything about them and it makes me feel dumb. My neck itches now and so does my head and my hair doesn't look so nice today. I would have had time to straighten it except that my friend Phan wanted to go eat breakfast and so I had to rush. I hear noises in the ceiling. Its probably from the people living above me. At first when I heard noises, I thought they sounded like rats scurrying in the roof but then I realized it can't be the roof because I don't live on the top floor of the dorm. Man I'm glad I don't live in Jester East cause it smells over there. In JEster West it is so much nicer. Gosh, I'm itching all over! I need to shower tonight. My back also hurts. Its been hurting for a while now. I keep asking my friends to give me a massage. I think I have back problems. I hope they aren't severe. I can hear the bathroom door closing even though the bathroom is across the hall. That's the thing I don't like about living in a dorm. You can hear everything all around you. I think my roommate may be coming back cause the door closed and I hear footsteps. The water is dripping in the sink. I can't make it stop. I just realized it right now and its really bothering me. Drip, drop, drip, drop. Its really bothering me now. I just thought of something. I wonder if I'm suppose to be putting indentions and starting new paragraphs for this writing assignment. Oops. I should have thought of it sooner because now its just one really long paper. I hope I don't get points taken off. I hear my cell phone ringing but I'm not going to pick it up. I'll call the person back later I guess. Oh yeah, my cell phone. Its really weird. I set a certain ringer and it does not ring with the ring tone that I picked out. It rings with a totally different one. I don't get it. My roommate just got back and my friend Lena is also hear. I see that she has Starbucks. I love starbucks. I want coffee now. Ooo, coffee. I have this coffee chocolate candy bar. NO one likes it. I don't know why. It tastes so good. People just don't know anything about chocolate. Why did my roommate and Lena leave again? Its quite again and I can hear the water dripping. Man, my arm keeps itching and I have to keep scratching it. They've reentered and now they have just left. I wonder what Jennie and Lena are up to. And she slammed the door again. Geez! Anyway, I just remembered that I'm suppose to call my mom. She told me to call her every night and I've forgotten to call her. So now I've got to call her. ",n,y,y,n,n

2003\_204.txt,"ow. I just hit my knee on the table and it hurt. I bump intot stuff a lot. I think that it's because I don't pay much attention or maybe because I'm trying to pay attention to other things and the other things consume my brain until it's full and there's no time to think about the wall in front of me. I ramble a lot too and I don't mean to. the light in my apartment is still broken. I've told the people at the management place and I don't think they care. they definitely don't care about the bugs living in my kitchen. my knee still kind of stings. these lights are really bright inn my eyes, and I'd turn them off, but then my computer would go off because the power won't flow through the lights unless they're on which is stupid. what if I don't like having the lights on? what if I'm one of those crazy people who sits in their place doing nothing, not talking to anybody and having no contact with the world and this light is disturbing my peace because the only way I can have peace is to be completely inn the dark all the time. good thing I'm not like that. I don't type as well as I wish I did. my aunt types really fast and brags about it too. I forgot to send this insurance bill to my dad, I hope it's not overdue. I already scratched the car too , so he is probably not too happy with me right now, even though he wouldn't say he wasn't happy with me. he is always so. why didn't he get mad when I told him I scratched the car? it bugs me sometimes when people don't get mad when they should. like when I messed up the sherwin williams breakfast coupons and kevin didn't yell at me. he is too nice. he probably gets mad behind my back, and that is worse. he is fake and I don't like fake people. give me reality or give me nothing , because fake is a load of crap, and crap is never good. that girl in my freshman seminar is so horrible. she is fake if I ever saw it. she actually smiled at me today when I know for a fact that she despises me. she really does, just because I have strong opinions and happened to say one of my opinions about baptists. not even anything bad about baptists, just that they're phonies, most of them. I don't know why she cares, she not baptist or even a christian. she doesn't know what she really thinks, so she tries to pick up opinions that aren't hers and make them her own. only she can't back them up because she doesn't really believe them and they aren't really right anyway. she is wishy washy and I don't like that either. believe what you're going to believe and the hell with everyone else. who cares if they don't like what you're saying, because you like what you're saying and that's just who you are. hiding who you are isn't true to yourself. they'll eventually find out what you really are and what you really believe anyway, so who cares if it's now or later. I like sharing my opinion. I even like it when people get mad or offended. I don't know why, I just think it's funny. lots of people get offended easily. natalie sure did have an awful look on her face that one time. I can't believe she was scared of me, that's so stupid. she was afraid I thought she was stupid. boo hoo, who cares what I think anyway. we were friends for years and suddenly she is scared that I think she is dumb. of course she is dumb, but I would never tell her that, and I certainly never did anything that should have made her feel like she is dumb. I think only strong people can handle me. that's ok because I only like strong people anyway. weak minds make me sick. not stupid minds, but weak minds. minds that don 't know or don't think or don't care about anything, because what's the point. if I can't talk to you I don't want to know you. private school you had to hang with people you didn't like. you sit by yourself one day on purpose and they all flock around to see if you're ok. yeah, I'd be okay if you were gone, but you can't say that because they would hate you and you'd never have any friends because they would tell everyone what you said and then you'd be EVIL, god forbid. God forbid anyone has a rough day and just wants to be alone, away from the fake laughs, fake jokes, stupid people. I hate stupid people. I'm sorry, I'm a mean person. I don't mean to be. that guy sitting next to me was killing me with his breath today in class. he is fake to. I hate when people ask me how I like austin so far. why the hell do they care anyway. everyone has the same generic response and the same bla bla bla bla bla answer, I hate asking people stuff like that so I don't and I expect people to return the courtesy. but how would they know that I hate that. they don't know me there's no way they COULD know. or they could guess , but no ones too good at that. I am so tired. that customer service guy was nice. I wonder if he is cute. he is probably a nerd. what do I mean, probably, probably definitely he is a nerd. computer people usually are. my friend hit on me the other day. I don't think I have any guy friends anymore. all of my guy friends keep hitting on me, which sucks, because then I feel weird around them. are they really friends or are they just trying to get some who really knows for sure. I think all guys are sick like that. all of them are jsut totally, totally, sick, they can't help it. they can't just be normal, they have to go screw things up ",y,y,n,n,y

2003\_205.txt,"Right now I am thinking about the point of this I guess maybe it does have some point but I really don't see one but anyhow its not that bad of an assignment I mean just typing what you are thinking for twenty minutes. my dorm room is rather hot and I want to get up to turn our fan on but I won't because then I would have to leave the computer and then I couldn't track my thoughts for those few second that I leave the computer. I waiting for a phone call from my boyfriend he was supposed to call around 9:45 but he has not called yet and its starting to irritate me I also notice that I have only been typing for like 2 minutes. I wonder what I'm going to be typing for 18 more minutes. gosh I have some much to do tonight I have to starch my army uniform and polish my boots and I have to finish retyping my rhetorical analysis paper that didn't get saved for some reason and then I have to do some biology reading and finsih some biology questions. I don't really like my biology class but I do like my chemistry class but that probably just because its easy and I've done well in it so far. my ear is starting to hurt . I hope I don't have an ear infection. I feel like I'm starting to get a headache maybe its because I'm tired or maybe because I'm hungry . or maybe because I'm dehydrated. I dunno but once this is over I think I'm going to take some advil and hopefully that will make it feel better this is hard forcing myself to write what I'm thinking of . I've been looking at a computer screen most of the day and my eyes are starting to hurt maybe that is why I have a headache . who knows . but I can't wait till I get to go to sleep . so do you guys actually read these I bet these can get really interesting I mean if I had to read over 500 of these I'd probably be pretty bored. but maybe pysch guys just like reading random thoughts, hundreds of them . is it stimulating? I'm dating a guy who a psych. major . he is in grad school right now . mastering in something pysch related . he is supposed to call me right now . maybe he got held up reading random stream of conscious stuff . my jaw is aching right now too . I have tmj and it sucks my jaw is out of alignment and it hurts really bad. I wish I could just pop it back in place but that would be all sorts of hard and probably fairly painful . but anyways and its only been like 12 minutes . this is crazy . after this I have to do some real writing that does not rock my world because I know that I'll be tired and I won't feel like doing it an then I'll tell myself that I'll sleep for like an hour and then wake up and finish what I need to do but it won't happen . gosh I'm so freaking tired and my ears are really starting to hurt but I think it might be from my jaw and that probably why I have a headache . gosh I really could go for a massage right about now but I don't want to spend any of my money . my boyfriend gives really good massages and he is supposed to call me but he has not called me yet . what a dick. ugh how much longer of this seriously twenty minutes . I doubt that this writing assignment, aside from a simple grade, really benefits me in anyway . so is this an assignment so you psych guys can have experiments and such? crazy so we pay money to take a class so we can do assignments for psych guys who use them as experiments . hmmm I don't know if I like that idea . but oh well because this assignment is a lot better than the next one that I will have to do . but this is making me so tired and my eyes are really starting to have a hard time focusing on the computer and then when I close them I want to keep them shut and just sleep for like a few seconds and then a few seconds more oh well I only have like a minute left count down . 59 58 57 56 55 54 53 52 51 5049484746454443424140393837363534333231302928272625242 ah nice its over ",n,n,n,n,y

2003\_206.txt,"So I'm sitting here writing this thingy for psyche. I feel like a dork for getting this project done so early but I wanted to get it over with. It think it's funny that you, Prof. Penn, may read these and still have absolutely no idea who we are. It must be rough being a prof. in a big class like my PSY301. My mom is always reminding me that I didn't take it in high school and that's what I get for not taking it in high school. a giant class. It shouldn't be a horrible class though. I can't believe someone would paste something in this rather than just writing. I love writing. I've been writing a summer journal for the past 10 years and I love it. I'd love to write for a living but I just do the journal thing well. I could write a journal-type book, or a sex in the city type article. bah, there's no money in anything I want to do. listening to frank sonatra. he is very relaxing. come fly with me come fly let's fly away. ol blue eyes. man, this is going to be harder than I thought. it's only been 3 minutes and 59, 4 minutes, 4 minutes and 5 sec. ok I can't do that forever. what would happen if someone IMed me right now? would I fail the assignment because I stopped writing? I should have turned it off. yuck. I just burped. ew, I just wrote that I just burped. see, I had spaghetti for lunch and I can still taste it because the food sucks. I miss home all ready. I feel like a dork because I miss home, and I want to go home every weekend. I need to be social. I need to get out and met more people. there's so much pressure on college to be great because high school blew for me. my head itches. bleh. bleh, what to say what to say. my arm hurts now and it's only been 6 minutes and 11 sec, 24, 16. ok I'll stop for real now. I am a dork for doing my writing assignment so early, aren't I? I guess no one will know. why do I even care? I keep switching in and out of I and I. capitals that is. I never do capitals when I'm typing on AIM so why should I do it now. I don't think it capital letters. ! well well well. this better go through. the testing. pre testing that is, doesn't work yet. I hope this works because I don't have a printer that will verify that I actually did the assignment. yea for being a poor college student. actually, I live in san jac and I had no idea that everyone thought this is where the snobs live, geez. genevieve just got on. I wouldn't talk to her even if I wasn't doing this thing. ah, sharp pains in my arm. that's so weird! I guess it's the constant typing. this is pretty fun actually. except for the pain in my arm. I've got you under my skin. wooo ol blue eyes. geez I'm a dork. maybe you'll read this out loud to your classes, how mortified I'd be. I just try to blend in everywhere. I know you wouldn't be so mean to say my name, more or less ask me to stand up or something in class. wow, I would die of embarrassment. I'm embarrassed very easily. it had to be you. ah, I miss rex. rex is my boyfriend in michigan. he is really bothering me lately, and it's not fair for me to say he is bothering me. he called me last night to tell me he couldn't talk because his friends from GR came down to hang out with him, and I got all mad that he couldn't talk to me. man that was annoying. I'm not allowed to be mad that he has a social life and I don't. I guess I'm jealous? I don't think so. I don't know. I wish he would just not nap right NOW when I could be talking to him. I can be mad about that right? he COULD talk to me now but he decided to sleep. man my arm hurts. bleh I'm kinda thirsty, can I stop to get a drink. I guess I can wait 10 minutes. HEY this is my favorite frank sinatra song. Luck be a lady. man I want to do a dance to this. I want to learn how to swing dance before my wedding. there are a lot of things I want to do at my wedding, but I wanted to say before my wedding. bleh. weddings. my mom keeps telling me I'll be cut off when I get married. financially that is. she just doesn't want me to marry rex because she thinks he won't be able to provide for me, which is probably true. he really doesn't know what he wants to do. I wish money mattered a little to him. not a LOT but a little. I like this song a lot. a lady doesn't leave her escort, it isn't fair, and it's not nice. this isn't really what you wanted is it? oh geez, well, why does it matter? you probably won't even read it. why would you read MY paper out of the 2300 people that you have in your classes? 5 more minutes. I'm tired, my eyes feel so heavy. but I got enough sleep. maybe I got too much sleep. I hate that ann let al sleep on my bed, al smells really disgusting. I don't know how she can date someone that smells so disgusting. my arm hurts. bleh! my eys feel really heavy. sheish. 4 more minutes. my shoulders feel tired too. I want to go out tonight. I don't want to see major again and I don't really want to hang out with da, but I feel like I need to go out and do stuff. I'm really sick of eating by myself. really sick of it. it's the worst feeling to watch the evening sitcoms in jester city limits by yourself. how come everyone else has friends to eat with and not me? lcuk be a lady toooniiiiggggghhhhttt. wow, I'm a giant dork. WOW. how mortified I would be if you knew who I was or if you even read it, or if you \*gasp\* read it out loud in my class. I'd probably cry and run out. I've been crying a lot lately because of rex. a lot. I really like crying sometimes because it just lets me let it out. I had to go all the way to the edge of campus last night because ann was here with al and was doing. well, whatever they were doing. and I had to go by the river to cry about rex. well, one more minute. I hope you never read this, and I hope I get credit for it. all I ask is that you don't let anyone see it if you really do read it. that would be mortifying. and even if it is a good example for the assignment. I would be so mortified. you have no idea. ok 55, 56, self destruct, ? ",n,y,n,y,n

2003\_207.txt,"beck lost cause. juan didn't call me back. I wish he would call me. it's driving me mad not knowing why he took off without saying a word. leaving me hanging and wondering what the hell was happening and why he left me in my car thinking up of the thousands of reasons why he did such a thing. I saw a red car with someone sitting inside of it. I don't know who it was but I can only think that it is his girlfriend, which may explain why he crouched down next to my truck when he got out. like he was hiding. then unexpectedly run back to the station towards the back where the fire truck was. beagles I should call marco up. I need to give cristina a visit at cypress bend. I'll be receiving some mail from angie soon and I'll be unpleasantly surprised because I think I already know what it might be but I don't want to see it. really tired and sleepy. grace and I talked about scary movies last night because we couldn't fall asleep. I want a radiohead tshirt. nirvana. japanese art prints. art sculpture class. sore fingers. two paper cuts on my hands. I wish the dvd player on my computer worked. sean messed up my computer :( goose time goes by pretty slow yet fast. I miss my angelfish and its tankmates. church. too many asians here. I don't like it. juan didn't reply to the voicemail I left him at 9 last night. he is mad because I took off too. I needed to drive back to austin. but I'm mad too because he did the same. I only reciprocated his actions. cold allergies and this smoothie tastes pretty good strawberries. still like the peach smoothie. I was really upset and exhausted after math today. I was shaking up the white cranberry/peach juice bottle to break the frozen juice that was inside of it. I miss joyce. I wonder how she is doing in school. she must have a lot of friends. psychology class is great. never get bored. occupy time. be resourceful. help mom and dad be less stressed out. mom is sick. she wants me to go home every weekend. juan claims he wants to see me. but we're not together"". I don't know what's going on with him and his current girlfriend or fiance or whatever the hell she is to him but from how he is being with me. it makes me wonder. rebecca. I had a dream with him introducing me to his girlfriend elizabeth. except her name was roxanne in my dream. she was voluptuous and desirable. it made me sad. he always makes me sad. I'm reminded of that time I went to best buy with my sister and while passing by the movie theater parking lot. I spotted his car. the metallic sky blue eclipse. I was going to get a cream/white one. o well. and so I drove in front to see if it could be his car. it was his. I am so stupid to have stayed outside at the theater waiting for his movie to end just so I could see who he went to the movies with. joyce was playing arcade. when I saw him come out. he was the first one to come out. he was with a girl. he had his arm around her and I turned away just before he looked towards me. he passed right by me and walked away with his arm around her. and I stood by the window watching them leave. I got outside too and I just got so sad. I wasn't depressed. I was simply really truly sad. she was kind of chubby though. probably because she is pregnant. if all of that nonsense was true. abortion. legal age. drinking strawberry daquiri. applebee's johnny carino's Rick. marble slab. I wish I could talk to Rick right now. talking to him briefly yesterday on my drive to austin actually kind of cheered me up after I had left the fire station in pain. my heart has been broken yet I still hang on to someone who only wants my body. I miss being held by him. I miss being hugged by a guy. jason and sean are so weird. grace is weird too yet she always brings in weird people and claims that they're weird. silly girl. ",n,y,y,y,y

2003\_208.txt,"Well, I am just sitting here and listening to a cd, The Wallflowers Bringing Down the Horse. It is a great cd and classic rock and it kinda of makes me feel old because the cd came out in 1996. My roommate is here in the room with me talking to a friend on the phone. This song definitely reminds me of middle school. It makes me what to sing along. I am kinda of feeling lazy I don't know what it is about thursday but I already start to think is the weekend. I do have a lot to do though I need to read for my Mexican American Studies and biology. I already have a biology test next friday and I am getting a little anxious about the first test. It is hard to know what to expect from a professor until you take the first test. It is starting to get a bit cold in my room I guess I'll put on my sweatshirt. I need to make a grocery list so I can go to the grocery store tomorrow. I need to call my mom also and my friend Stephen who lives in Boston I haven't been able to get a hold of him he is really busy with school. He just started his masters in music. I need to take out the trash it is starting to smell funny and I need to clean the bathroom it is my turn this week. I am thinking about what to get my mom for her birthday and what to get my parents for their 25th anniversary. I wonder when it is going to get cooler the hot weather is starting to get on my nerves the humidity is unbearable. I wonder if it is actually going to rain today because all week long the weather people have been saying it is going to rain and then it never does. That is quite annoying yeay I am half way done with this writing assignment. ouch I just bit my lip I always chew my gum too fast. wow this twenty minutes is going by a bit slow. I want to see a movie this weekend but I am not quite sure what I want to see I better go online later to see what has come out this week. My roommate just asked me for some bread so she can make a sandwich because the cafeteria is already closed and she doesn't want to use what limited bevo bucks we do have. ",y,y,y,y,n

2003\_209.txt,"Don't get me wrong UT is great but there's still something missing: my girl, Maria. Sometimes life just don't make sense. One minute you're the king the next you're down in the gutter. Man I wish I was still with my girl, or shall I say ex. Things are messed up. All cause of family nagging and distance, the whole thing fell through. The hell with this ?oh college is awesome, so many chicks? crap. I had a girl who was good looking, not a ho, who was caring, who was intelligent, and loved me. Thanks to all these circumstances though outside my control, the break up took place, or rather the ?time off? as she put it. What's 230 miles got to do with it? Too bad she is a year younger or that I'm a year older. Things aren't fair in life. Speaking of bad things, my step father has been having problems with his kidneys recently. He started dialysis today back home in Eagle Pass. Funny how me and him used to be at each other's throat but over the last two to three years we bonded and got pretty close. I miss the bastard. It was weird seeing him cry the day that I left. Here was this macho tough guy crying over his step son leaving for college. My mom didn't fair much better either. She had the water works going. That was the toughest part of leaving town. I won't miss Eagle Pass much. Just some of the people I left behind, Maria included. Things change, I went down to watch a Eagle Pass football game last week. It was against our border rivals Del Rio. Trust me these two towns hate each other. They did a lot of talking but we still won the game by 11. Damn I say we like if I played or something. Anyways we beat them down last year by 11 in their place too. Good old? Del Rio, always an easy win. Austin is cool, but man there seems to me there's not many folks like me. All the white people seem to be afraid of me or something. Look in class sometime. I sit way in the back in seat 7 front row and there's always seats next to me open. If someone actually sits down its cause there's no where else to sit. I don't bite and I do shower. I guess people tend to hang with their kind. My kind doesn't exist here. The Hispanics here don't accept their heritage, most anyways. They either want to be white or black. I can't go up to them and say something like ?Que Onda? cause they DON'T know Spanish. Its messed up. My Spanish is decent but I look like a god compared to some of the Hispanics here. Oh well I'm glad that at least my roommate is my friend from my home town. At least we can still ?cag? it together. It's a Tex-Mex term from Eagle Pass, basically meaning to joke around and act stupid. I'll tell you more about the origin another day. Oh yeah Cowboys suck. Come on pull it together men! Win one for the gipper, do something. The team played horribly in the second half. Hope they do better next week on Monday Night Football. Man this is crazy. My foot itches, damn athlete's foot. Should get something for it. Typing late at night is fun. I need to go download the new Obie Trice Album, too bad its only on Mirc right now and I can't get it yet. In due time I suppose. I still have yet to find out how truly hard college life is so far. My roommate has a test today and he spent the whole day yesterday studying like a mad man. I'm glad I'm not taking any science course this semester. Life is good though. Small problems aside I don't have much to complain about other than Calculus, but I'll be fine with it. ",y,n,n,y,n

2003\_210.txt,"Today I had a fairly busy day I believe as I am feeling a bit tired right now. I wonder what time it is. Oh it's 9:14 P. M. right now so I guess I can continue writing this assignment. HaHa I'm just kidding. I feel good about myself right now because earlier today I helped somebody out who needed it. She is my sister's friend, I guess an acquaintance for me, and one of the tires on her car got a flat. She and my sister both didn't know what to do, so my sister called me and I came and fixed her tire for her. After that she bought my sister and me dinner as a way to say thanks. I feel better now than I used to about a week and a half ago because I tried out for the marching band here but I didn't make it. I was really depressed for a day or two because I've been involved with band for the past seven years of my life in high school and middle school. But after awhile I began to realize a few of the benefits of not being in band. For example, I don't have to buy those stupid white plastic shoes all the members are required to wear so I can save some money. Also I have A LOT more free time than I've had in a long time. It feels really good to be able to take long naps in the middle of the day without having to worry about practice"" at 6 P. M. in the evening and interrupting my sleep. Man, that timer on the top of the screen is going really slow. It says it has only been eight minutes but it feels like twenty already. My wrists are beginning to hurt. I want to listen to music on my computer right now but I can't because my roommate is on his cell phone talking to his friend and I know my music will only bother him. We don't share the same taste in music. In fact, I think we are as far as possible in our tastes in that category. I think these chairs they give us for our dorms are very uncomfortable. I mean, they're completely wooden with no cushioning at all. You would think that in the honors dorm we would get special treatment of some kind, but so far I think we are being treated the exact same way as the freshmen who are going to drop out at the end of the semester. It's hard to concentrate right now because I usually need music to help me concentrate. I like the upbeat kind of music that has a constant bass drum playing really loudly on all of the down beats. I also like classical music and music that has drums and stringed instruments at the same time. I'm not sure what the kind of music is called, though. However, I don't like oldies or country music at all. In fact, I hate that kind of music. That's why my roommate and I don't share the same tastes. He likes that kind of music. I just heard somebody running down the hall of my floor at a really high rate. I wonder what they were in such a hurry for at 9:30P. M. Maybe he was running to get more beer for the party. Just kidding again. No need to get investigators up here or anything. But earlier today there was some really loud music coming down the hall and the voices of about fifteen to twenty people, so something was definitely going on. I was thinking about emailing that DJ guy for our class. I don't remember his name, though. I have some suggestions for songs he could use for our class, and one of them would correlate nicely because the song is about some guy who loses his mind and doesn't think he is. He thinks everybody is wrong who is trying to help him. OK! I only have one minute left. After this, I think I'm going to get ready for bed because all this Sigmund Freud type psychology assignment is making me a lot more sleepy. I think changing that tire made me a lot more sleepy than I thought I was when I first started typing this. ",n,n,n,y,y

2003\_211.txt,"My stomach is really full from the waffles and breakfast sandwich I just finished eating. I keep smelling this minty sensation everywhere that I go. Right after I finish this I have to go to thursday's website or pollstar to see when they are playing a show in san antonio. I feel slightly uneasy: School is starting off to be surprisingly easier than I thought it would. I have to find a way to get more shifts at work so that I can continue to pay to go to school here. There's this band called brand new that rocks. I've been listening to their cds for the last month non-stop, they're coming around here in the next couple of months and don't know if I should go or so just save my money. Then there's this girl who I can't stop thinking about. She is my ex-girlfriend and she treats me horribly, yet I can't stop myself from wanting to be with her. a couple of days ago I went and watched thirteen"" (co-written and directed by a UT grad) with my friend Lydia, who I hadn't seen in nearly two months. I know that every teenager on earth thinks that their life is the hardest and most complex thing to deal with, so I'll try not to complain about mine. My life has been pretty good, I've always done well in school and stayed out of trouble. I don't really party very much, I don't smoke or drink, which I get a lot of crap for considering one of my friends is the president of the hell raisers. People come up and tell me about their problems or I read the paper or watch the news and realize just how miniscule my ""problems"" really are. I'm excited about the experimentation part of this class and hopefully I'll have time to sign up for it after I'm done with this but, we'll see. Lately I've been acting really weird and doing things I wouldn't normally do. I started working out on a regular basis, which was always something that I tried to avoid with all my heart. I'm saddened by one of my favorite rap groups, Bone Thugs N Harmony, who have hit an all-time low. They've gone from selling out the Erwin Center in '96 to opening for the insane clown posse and stubbs bbq. The saddening thing about that is that icp are the WORST act to ever grab hold of a microphone. It's not possible to think of anything more painful than listening to one of their songs. It's people like those two idiots that make me lose faith in mankind. And the fact that there are people who actually listen to that filth religiously is seriously disheartening. I think I have to go to the bathroom, but I got to wait until I'm done with this and I've checked on thursday. then I have to make sure that I don't have any tests scheduled for the same night as a concert. I already have one conflict on oct. 30, when Taking Back Sunday will be rocking the masses whilst I whittle away taking a math test. hopefully I can get done with the test in time to hustle over to stubbs and catch their set, it's a highly anticipated one and they shouldn't let down. ",n,n,y,n,y

2003\_214.txt,"My suitemates are talking very loudly in the bathroom. I really should go to bed so I won't be tired in the morning, but I want to get this done so I don't have to worry about it later. The tag on my shirt itches. I need to cut it off. My suitemates left the bathroom, so it's quiet again. My roommate is studying still. Someone just slammed a door down the hall. My suitemates are being loud again. My back kind of hurts. It must be from carrying my backpack around all day. I'm really tired. At least I don't have class until 10 in the morning. I'll get a little more sleep. I need to remember to go to the Co-op tomorrow to pick up the backordered book that just came in. I bet I'm going to end up annoying my roommate typing for twenty minutes straight. I should probably tell her. good, she wasn't paying attention. She asked me why I had to type for twenty minutes. I've only been typing for 5 minutes! My suitemates are still in the bathroom, but they aren't being so loud anymore. My feet hurt from walking all day and my back still hurts. I hope I do well on the economics quiz tomorrow. I studied all my notes and read the chapters. I'm getting sleepier, but I have to finish this. They're being loud again. They are loud a lot. I think the second night I was here, they came in at 4:30 in the morning and woke me up banging around in the bathroom. Me and my roommate are quiet. Someone just got out of the shower and immediately got on the phone because someone called for her and was waiting to talk to her. I think it was Dani, but it may have been Amelia. I can't tell their voices apart yet. I think Amelia is the one with a job at Footlocker. My roommate is popping her knuckles. I pop mine a lot. I need to stop. Everyone says it makes your knuckles big when you get older. I don't think that's true because it is just releasing air from the joint. I just popped my knuckles out of habit. Someone just slammed a door again. Everyone always slams doors. Maybe they don't do it on purpose, but it is still really loud. I only have five minutes left. That's good because I think my roommate is done studying for the evening. Now she is typing on her computer and laughing. She must be IMing someone. It is probably her ex-boyfriend who lives in El Paso, or maybe it is her friend Louie that I met the other day. I wonder who's online that I can talk to right now. Probably no one. I need to go to bed anyway. I'm glad I gat my Calculus homework done. I got a 94 on it, so I'm pretty happy. That's good considering I didn't get any help on it. I need to find a study group for Calculus. I probably need them for all my classes. My roommate asked me if our suitemates are always going out. I said yes. They do go out a lot. I don't think I've ever seen them study. My friend said she hasn't seen her roommate study at all either. I wonder how they are going to pass their classes. I'm almost done. I only have 30 more seconds. Then I get to go to bed. Good night! ",n,n,n,y,y

2003\_216.txt,"roommate is talking, I'm hungry, people. stop talking to me, I'm tired, time for a nap, why is he so loud? so so dorky playing that game, this timer is cool, weird and old green though, so much hw, need to do laundry, have to finish application, why am I doing this?, math sucks, want to play football, parties are fun, so many. so little time, SAVED BY THE BELL rocks!, I love linda, wish she were here, need more water, room is so dirty, bathroom needs cleaning, I forgot to turn off the TV, why did I walk?, body hurts, dumb keyboard is so far away from me, need to stretch, pop my knuckles, sega genesis was cool, need to hook up that system, too lazy, room is dark. I need a lamp, I need an extra plug, why does that battery not work?, dumb computer thingy, paid too much for it, shut up dude!, doing hw here! can't you see?, jester food sounds good, who to go with?, yummy yummy ice cream, is that one word or two?, oh well. , I bet people are wondering why I'm not talking to them?, I'M DOING HW DUDES!, I hope I make iron spikes, have to finish application, pop my shoulder, knuckles need popping, shaking my leg, this is taking very very long, WHY 20 minutes? ENTIRE 20 minutes?, this is going to be SO long!, why not just have a limit on how many words there are?, weird. , sleep is good, that girl next to me was hot today, forgot her name though. , oh well. ill ask colin, dude needs to shave, funny though, wonder what linda is doing?, I need to call her, why upgrade things? 13 minutes left. SO long! this is not acoustic. liars, oooh wrong song. , what is up with internet downloading?, its there for a reason, CDs are so damn expensive, pppppffff, so tired, this canker (if that is how you spell it) sore hurts, I need some stuff for it, I wonder if its stress doing that, oh well. , pennebaker reminds me of hammermesh, same room, same sense of humor, vitris is cool, funny dude, I miss irving friends, who is this?, people are weird, you don't talk to someone and not know who they are, oooooh ok, that is who, weirdo people getting my screen name, high school sucked, crappy ugly school, so many A-holes, remember waiting. , the ataris are awesome!, so I can't type, I need to play hockey, no money though, ooooh lets play NCAA!, I kicked K-states ass, OU is going to die!, I want tickets so bad!, sell them back, 8 minutes, wonder what he is holding, I need to put that together, THAT IS NOT EVEN A SONG!, girl in our dorm? who is that? sounds hot, I like pie too, yummmmm apple, hahaha Homer. funny guy, what is the name of that show? oooh family guy, SO funny. why do they take the good shows off of TV?, freaks and geeks was awesome!, that guy sounded retarded, friends is funny, awwww linda, tell her to wait, she will understand, SO CUTE!, I love her, thanks alicean, she is hot too, DAMN!, I'm one horny dude!, take it down a notch, hahaha, Austin powers. , take it down scotty"", that midget scared me, charles is funny, I miss that dude too, so close to finishing!, I wish I were in a band, not orchestra. that was so dorky for me!, hahaha vitris plays!, SAVED BY THE BELL ROCKS!, disc one is in there, awesome show!, acoustic versions ROCK!, I would SO kick some ass in football!, I kicked ass in softball!, take that Irving high alums!, I can play that crap too! 3 minutes! YAY! why is he so mean?, I'm mean too, need two tickets for the game, hmmmm, what to do?, maybe I can find two, hmmmm, smileys are funny, lauren is damn fine!, hahahahaha, funny song, sting. funny, puff daddy? hahahahahaha, new york was awesome!, cold, but AWESOME!, 9-11 is coming up, DAMN CANKER? SORE!, I really can't spell. , hurts bad, one minute! hahhahahaaha, so close, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19. so close to finishing, shaking my leg, I want to eat, those ramen noodles were good. yummmm, do we need a water purifier?, hmmm, britta. 3, 2, 1 DONE! YES! ",y,n,n,n,y

2003\_217.txt,"I just woke up but I'm still sleepy. naps are so great! especially when you are sick. I can't believe that I've been sick all week long. I can't believe I missed that much class. I hope it's ok. I should be. college isn't like high school. thank God. there is so much more free time here. but I need to spend some of it studying. I'm nervous about all of my first tests! I hope I can handle them. I mean, I made good grades in high school but that is nothing compared to this level. oh well. grades can't be everything. if they were, I'd end up like my roommate. oh God. I've never met anyone like her. ever. how can anyone possibly be so boring? wow, speaking of the devil she just walked in! that always happens to me! everytime I talk about or mention someone they either walk up or call me. it's rather creepy. anyway. eww! I just remembered that we have geckos in our dorm room! it's so gross! well. they are actually kind of cute, but just not in my room. I need to take it out from under that cup before it suffocates. I would hate to kill it. poor thing is probably scared to death. either that or REALLY bored, I mean it's been in that small prison for a day now. but then again, my roommate sits in our small prison for days & never gets bored. I'm so mean. but it is seriously driving me insane! I mean give me a break, I walk in and she is just sitting there. no lights, no music, no TV. just staring at the wall. how creepy. but she doesn't mind. I mean I try to get her come places with me but she is never interested. oh well. whatever floats her boat. but what does? it seems that nothing does. I mean I can tell you I like this song or I like this food. she has nothing that she likes. nothing that she is passionate about. I do like this song actually. I like weezer. its somewhat mellow but not enough to make me want to sleep. a good transition from taking a nap to waking up. its perfect for right now. lyrics: lets go away for a while, you & I, to a strange & misty land. "" I really need to take a trip to visit jeff, heather, & tim. I don't understand how all of my favorite people in the whole world all decide to disperse themselves across the nation just to go to school. I'm so jealous! heather gets to go to NYC just for the weekends! that is going to be awesome to go see her on thanksgiving. I really want to go see jeff in alabama too. I need to go watch one of his baseball games. he is so good! I am so proud of him! I'm sad that he isn't here though. I wish he was taller. I know if he was that he could definitely go pro. they say he has a chance even now! that is so great! that would be his dream come true. I hope he makes it. but I hope I still get to see him. I really miss him. I miss tim too. but what is in kentucky? ",y,y,n,y,y

2003\_218.txt,"Palms are sweaty, my stomach is uneasy, and my head just feels in pain. I'm sick, I'm not supposed to get sick. I'm pre-med"" I'm supposed to be taking good care, promoting health. I need to get better, it is essential that I get better. I need to concentrate on my studies. I sleep late because I cannot fall asleep due to late night fevers. I may not be feeling well, but my conscience follows me as well. Did I break up with Joseph for the right reasons? Of course I did, he was over possessive, or maybe I just didn't understand him enough. Maybe, I didn't love him enough to understand. Did I love him at all? Yes, I'm certain of it. He needed to understand that I needed to be trusted and understood. Three years, three years of my short life, all gone to waste. I feel incomplete. maybe I should go back with him, no I must resist. I know what I want, I cannot be defeated. I need to conquer what I have set out as my destiny. I need to be a doctor. I cannot be a failure. I need to find the cure. My sister is ill, my sister is laying on her death bed. My nephew, barely 2 yrs. old, he needs his mother. I need to work faster. I need to help her. I cannot let time defeat me. I need to find the cure, why does cancer have to be such a stubborn illness?! Does God, not understand, does he not know that my sister is the highlight of my life. If I could, if I were given the chance, I'd give my life for hers. I love her so much. I have two other sisters, but this one is my best friend. Who's going to be there for me. How come I'm not being there for her. I should have been there for her surgery, I was at school. Life sucks, yes it's proven. God is attempting to take my sister away, and at the same time he is trying to physically impair my father. You broke his legs. We are poor, I know it, but my parents are hard workers. My mother a housewife and my father a maintenance worker. They worker harder than most people who just take dimes as they come. Not even breaking a sweat, how dare you hurt my family. Do you plan on leaving me without family? Without love? I need to get better. I need to get rid of this sick. I need to keep on with my studies. I need to find the cure. I need to tend the needs of my family. I need to do this fast. I need to do something. What did I ever do you? I donate to others. I help people. You don't help me. God, listen to me, I will not me defeated! I cannot be defeated. I cannot slow down. I need to achieve. Nobody in my family can ever be harmed. I don't believe that time takes charge of destiny. I can make my destiny. I know I can do something. I have to do something. What must I do? What do I do? I'll make you a deal God, if you protect my family I will owe you my life. You can collect as soon as you help them. Help them please. I need you to help them. Don't do me any favors, do it for them. They have so much awaiting them. I have nothing. I give you my life in exchange for theirs. I will not be defeated. I will not be defeated. I will not be defeated. ",n,y,y,y,y

2003\_219.txt,dude california awesome fun friends road trip blast surfing ludacris rap music phat beat pumped smooth soulful prayers blessing God religion Jesus baptist Austin Stone Chris Tomlin worship Houston Astros game baseball rocks Giants rule champs should have won in 2002 john lackey sucks felix rodriguez blew it oh well they have a chance again this year. heck better than a chance. phone ringing. distractions. old friends corpus christi arlington dallas ut arlington ut dallas liberal arts undeclared journalism college of communication ut austin major degree football arkansas burnt orange sweetness good stuff #5 in the country should be higher journalists messed up tomorrow is 9/11 I can't believe that happened two years ago. I'm surprised there isn't more hype about it. who knows what could happen? how awesome would it be if we caught osama bin laden on the anniversary of 9/11. bush is going to be reelected whether he should be or not. oh well. democrats and republicans. republicans and democrats. I think I am somewhere in between. psychology. interesting stuff. tough class though. I hope I learn a lot. anyway my minutes are almost up so I think I am about to go oh well bye everyone ,y,n,y,n,n

2003\_220.txt,"writing for twenty minutes seems like an incredibly long time, but I have always heard that keeping a journal is good for your mental health. So, maybe this experience is kind of keeping a journal. I'm listening to music right now while I do this and it is actually kind of distracting me. Its for my History of Rock Music Class which is actually kind of boring, but I heard its going to get better. As I write this I notice how incredibly bad at typing I am. Other people are probably going to have a novel by the end of 20 minutes. I am going to have like a couple of paragraphs. That is really sad. Now, I am thinking all psychological though. I am like oooooh, they are going to read this and think that I compare myself to other people. "" I do compare myself to people all the time. I am very competitive. My arms hurt already. I do badly on computers. I hate staring at the screen. When teachers make you read articles off of the computer, I always have to print it out-which is kind of annoying. I also notice how incredibly bad my sentence structure is when I am not thinking about making it good. I am kind of surprised I made an A in rhetoric. I loved rhetoric. It was really interesting for me. All my classes this semester seem interesting. Tough-but interesting. Geology is weird. Hopefully it will get better. I found out today that I could have been in a psychology class about love and relationships before taking Psychology 301. I am really interested in that kinda of psychology specifically. So I am sad, but psychology 301 will at least be a good introduction. And now I sound like a suck-up because this is for psych 301. And now I sound like I care about what people think. I do though to some extent. ooooooh fun song on. That Swing Swing Song by All-American Rejects. I like it a lot. It reminds me of the summer. I wish I would've seen American Pie Three. I didn't even see the first or second one though-haha. My room is so quiet and alone and big when my roommate is not here. She is strange and different, but she is really unique and I like her a lot. She is never here though. Her boyfriend goes to A&M-just like my boyfriend. She always goes to their games and never has even been to a UT game! I told her she should come to the Arkansas game with me and she was like ""OH YEAH! WE played them last week!"" WE. WE. she said ""WE"" as though she was from A&M. she is crazy. My boyfriend lives in College Station and you will never find me there. There is nothing to do. So, he comes to Austin. I realize I have pictures of people in my room that I do not even like. I only have a picture of this girl Jenny because she is really good friends with my boyfriend. She and I are cordial to each other in person. We hate each other really though. I know she hates me a lot-my boyfriend told me. I hate that she hates me because I am usually nice to her. But , I hate her too. But she is obnoxious to me and kind of bitchy. So, I think I have the right to not like her. Wow, twenty minutes is a long long time. I still have 8 minutes left and I feel like I need to do something else. Maybe that means I have ADD. I cannot read for more than like 20 minutes at a time. Its really hard to be like that in college cause everything is reading. I am behind in all of my classes. I study and read-I just have to take breaks and re-read a lot cause I don't catch everything. Like I try to keep up, but I can't. Its bad. I need to study more but then I stress myself out if I don't do anything but study. I need to be in organizations because they help take my mind off of school for a short time period. I stress myself when I study 24/7. That is how it was over the summer. Everyone else went to Frat parties every night and I stayed in and studied. There were NO organizations to be in. There were only frat parties. And I don't even like frat parties all the time. Drunk people can be fun sometimes--but like a million guys and just a couple girls can be obnoxious. 8 drunk guys hitting on you all once is a little overwhelming. And plus boyfriends do not generally like that. So, I stayed in and studied. I was so focused on my grades that I would stress out about getting anything worse than an 85. Because I was not completely done with a rough draft of paper once, I stressed out so much that I threw up. it was really bad. All of my friends were REALLY worried about me. I passed out and everything. Over a paper! yeah, that is pretty scary. I guess I am just not good with my time management. I don't know. Something is really messed up with me I think. My boyfriend thinks I could use a counselor. But if I see a counselor I probably will not have time for activities besides school. And that would not give me anytime to not think about school-which is what activities do for me. I like that I am doing them. I hope I make Lassos. I am worried that that will take too much time and stress me out even more. We shall see. ",y,y,n,n,n

2003\_223.txt,"I can overhear the sound of my roommate watching television. Right now he is watching sesame street, it is a pretty funny show to watch for a little while every now and then. The muppet characters are quite ridiculous. I am kind of hungry, perhaps I can cook some bagel bites after I am done with this writing assignment. Last night I went shopping at target to get items for my dorm room. Me and my roommate ended up spending a ton of money, but everything we got is going to be very useful over the next few months living in the dorm. Today has been a very relaxing day, as I have no classes on thursday. The program on television just changed to Barney and Friends, they are singing the song The noble duke of york"", I remember this song from my youth, my mom used to sing it to me when I was young. I had forgotten the song until just now when Barney reminded me of how the song goes. Damn, I just finished my Dr. Pepper, and there are no more in the refrigerator. I guess I'll have to put more in when I'm done with this. Children's programming is so ridiculous, it seems like they aren't trying to teach the kids at all but rather try to impress certain things on them. Well my roommate just turned of the TV so no more children's programming for me I guess. Now I am listening to Tomahawk, a very good band, I went to a show of theirs a while ago, it was the best concert I've ever seen. It was them playing with the Melvins and Dalek. I think Dalek is playing sometime in Austin soon, I want to go see that show too. Dalek was alright but not nearly as awesome as Tomahawk or The Melvins. I feel kind of hot, we need to get another fan for our room. I bought this printer a few days ago from the campus computer store and it didn't come with a USB cable, so I couldn't hook it up to my computer. What is the point in having a printer if you can't plug it into anything? So I had to go back to the store and buy another cable. The campus computer store really pisses me off with their horrible service. I was thinking about how a person blind from birth could have no comprehension of sight. I think it would be cool to make a movie about this concept. Too bad I don't have the means of making a movie. I think I could make some really interesting movies if given the opportunity. But I am sure most people think the exact same thing, everyone thinks their own ideas are the greatest ever. This led me to wonder if there are other sense which are superior to sight which are just as hard for us to comprehend as sight would be to someone who has never seen. Wow Tomahawk is really good band, I hadn't listened to their new cd in a long time and now that I am listening to it again I remember how much I like them. I wish I had more confidence in myself. I have no real reason to lack confidence, I want to be more confident but it seems everytime I am put in a situation where I would need to display confidence I choke. It seems like it is my body's natural reaction to get nervous. My brain sees no logical reason to be nervous yet my body makes me choke up, its very frustrating. Oh well, its not that big a deal, I think my confidence has improved greatly over time. El cordobes: ameniza el espectaculo una brillante banda de musica. ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_224.txt,"I was just typing for like 3 minutes and all the stuff I just typed erased. So now I'm really pissed off. I was writing about my boyfriend and how I miss him and he just called and said he was going to call me back. I am so excited about this weekend cause all my friends in school will be down this weekend and we are going to go out and spend time together. I am so excited. I really don't like it up here I just have to deal with it and get used to it. I get so happy when I get to go home on the weekends. So you could say I am living for the weekends. That is bad I guess but I don't know, I just have to get used to it. I am talking to my friend right now. She is a good friend but sometimes she gets on my nerves cause she can be so fake sometimes. I wish she would just be herself all the time. I wish that some of my friends would come up here. I am ready to go home. I miss my family and especially my mother. She would comfort me right now. I need to read my bible. I am so bored right now. And I'm tired because I stayed up late last night to finish calculus and chemistry. I wish the professors would get together so that we wouldn't have so much homework. I am so bored. My friend is on the phone and she is talking to me lying again. I hate when she lies. She does that all the time. I wish she wouldn't do that. I wish my friend Kim would come up here and go to college with me. I have already made up my mind that if I don't like it by the end of the semester I am going to transfer. I will try to stick it out though. I have calculus homework due Thursday and I am going to have to get my cousin to come help me cause some of the problems I don't know how to do. My calculus teacher moves too fast and even he doesn't know what he did on some days. That is horrible. I can't wait till I get in my major because then my classes will be smaller and I will be able to understand stuff better. Dang! I didn't know that twenty minutes lasts this long. I have like nine more minutes. I am so bored. As soon as I finish this I am going to sleep. No! After I talk to my boyfriend. He is coming up here on the 19th and I can't wait. I haven't seen him in a while. I wonder what he is doing right now. My daddy gets on my nerves. He always has something smart to say. He can't never just let stuff be. I wish he wouldn't call sometime if all he is going to talk about is stupid stuff. I am really glad I have church members that care about me. I have received so many phone calls. It really encourages me to know that I have people praying for me. I have to keep reminding myself that I want to be a pharmacist and that I have to do what I have to do to get it. I am so wishing that my six years here would be fast and I will do good and that I won't fail any classes. I want to talk to my boyfriend now, but I am not going to call him until I finish this. Twenty minutes is long, and I didn't know it could be so long. I guess that is when you are wanting time to pass because If I didn't want time to pass it would be going by fast. I really miss my mother. I'm about to read my bible, so I can gain some encouragement. I think I may call my mother before I go to bed or not. I need to quit acting like a baby and start being the grown up that I am and accept my responsibility. I am about to call my boyfriend. I love him and hope we get married right after I finish school, if we last that long. If not, I wish the best for him in life. But I think we would be good together. We are good together now. Except when we get mad at each other and then we are still good together. I can't wait till wee see him this weekend too. And my family. I'm ready to see everyone. I love being at home. I wish when I was in high school I didn't always want to leave home ",y,y,n,y,y

2003\_225.txt,"Wow 20 minutes of typing, that is cool. Man I lki this song. I wonder what other home work I have to do. ohh well this is cool, to bad I have already done this before. I liked my high school psychology class, it was fun. I wonder how I am going to do in this class. man it has only been two minutes. I don't know what my roommates infatuation with this 24 show. whatever floats his boat. wow running out of things to think about. man that rat, ejaculation thing that the doc talked about today was great, I was really intrigued. I wonder if that could work with women, if so I would be the man. I would make millions, because ugly people like me would be irresistible to hot ladies. wow that would be awesome! ohh well it is only a dream, but I can dream can't I, yeah. I need to get better organized, maybe I'll call my house see if I can help them out. making fell thugged out , I'm felling on your booty. then hands up, get drunk throw your hands up. man r kelly is the man, to bad he is a pedophile. I think that is how you spell it? twelve minutes to go baby. all right what is next? I am going blank. I hope I can find some program to rid of these stupid pop up windows. they are so annoying. I want to find the people that create these and ring their necks. there are so many hot ladies here at ut. my classes are all right, they are not as easy as I pictured them, damn stone turn the tv down, I can hear it through my headphones. roommates, what can you do. naww I'm just playing he is really cool and he puts up with a lot of my crap. good man. what is thouing thouing? r kelly you are a genius. why does my neck pop so much? I think that I messed it up when I used to wrestle in high school. seven minutes to go. wow it has gone by pretty fast. I wonder if anyone is going to read this? if so it will take them forever to read all of our essays. ohh well that is what they get paid to do. I ride spinners, I ride spinners. this song is off the hook man. all I need to do is get a crunk beat and repeat a word over and over, and I would make millions of dollars. I would be a rapper. they could call me whitey, or white coco. that would be hilarious. something like that. this is the way we ball. I had to change songs, the other one was messed up. three minutes to go. well this has been fun, its about midnight and I am a little tired. whatever. blah blah. I can't think of anything. crap. think, think. that think my brother did was great, I need to do it to someone. I gots ultimate practice tomorrow. I'm going to be dead. 20 seconds, man this was just enough 10 seconds, done! ",y,n,n,n,n

2003\_228.txt,"Today has been an absolutely great day, except for the weather. Austin has extremely crazy weather. One minute, it was bright and sunny outside, and the next it was raining cats and dogs! Of coarse, it continued to do this for the rest of the day. Now that I am in my dorm room, I am beginning to think about what my mom and other friends are doing. It makes me a little sad to think that I am here and cannot be with them. Normally, I do not get homesick, but for the last couple of days I have been missing everyone extremely. I am sure that they are all having fun where they are, but I feel sure that they must miss me too. I just got done talking to my mom, and she said that it is very sunny down in Corpus Christi right now. I miss the excruciating sun that comes along with the cool breeze there. Now, my roommate just walked in, and I really want to go outside because she let some hot air in. It is so cold in this room. Our thermos stat is in the room across the hall from ours, and the girls in that room will not change it. They keep telling us that it is so hot in there room, but I cannot stand it. It is so cold in our room; I always walk around with a blanket. In Corpus, it is never cold, not even in the winter time. It truthfully only get down to about sixty degrees in the winter. It's crazy! I bet my friend Frances is having so much fun at Ole Miss. She calls me every couple of days. In Corpus, we were very close, so for her not to call me that much means she is very busy and having a great time. I wonder a lot about how all my other friends are doing. Another one of my best friends just started at Princeton. I hope she likes it. I know her classes will be hard. I do like it here though. I am just beginning to make friends, and I think as time goes on it will get easier and easier. At least, that is what everyone tells me. I went to draw for a football wrist band today. My number was terrible. There is absolutely no way that I am going to get tickets. I wish I could have though. It would have been so much fun! I am not a big football fan, but because OU is such a big rival, it would have been exciting! Gosh, it is so cold in here. I feel like my fingers are going to fall off. I hope the rest of the year it is not going to be like this. My roommate is now studying so I will have to be quiet for the rest of the night, but that's ok. I just go outside to talk on the phone or downstairs to watch tv. I believe that is what I will do after I finish this assignment because I really do not have much more homework to do. Actually, just kidding; I have a big economics quiz that I need to study for after I am done. Oh well another fun filled night of homework. This school is much more difficult than my high school. I miss the simplicity of high school. it wsa so much fun. Ok, my time is up so good bye. ",n,y,y,n,n

2003\_229.txt,"Well, I do not really know what I am thinking right know. Actually I think that I am a really slow typer and that I really need to read for all my classes, but I am just too tired to do that right now. My desk lamp is really bright and it hurts my eyes unless it is facing down. I am really excited about tonight because I am going to the Chi-O pledge retreat. I hope that it is fun because I do not really know any of the people in my pledge class and I want to get to know them all. I like all the decorations in my room that the actives put up for me. The red and yellow balloons are starting to look bad so I think I need to take them down now. I think that I will save them so that I can make a scrapbook later with all of the Chi-O things that I have acquired. I am really hungry right now. what do I want to eat? I am tired of eating Mexican all the time which is really weird because I love Tex-Mex. Oh well, . I really think this is a weird assignment. I keep getting on weird subjects. I think that I need to get my nails done really bad, but I just do not know when I will find the time to do it. I should probably check on my laundry. I wonder what we will do tonight at the Chi-O house? I am not looking forward to putting on a swimsuit. I need to find some dance classes to take so that I am doing something active and not just sitting on my butt all the time. I am really thirsty. I can't wait to go buy all the Tops pictures I took this weekend. I miss my sister and I think that I might go home on the weekend of the 20th. my ex-boyfriend's birthday is today! I wish that I could see him. well. maybe I can finish the roll of film that I have so that I can get it developed before Ashley's B-day on wednesday I think. I hope that Kyle does not get to HH soon. oh well, my back is starting to hurt from sitting in this chair. I hope that my to heals well. I can not sit still . I really like the Chi-O things written all over my mirrors in red and yellow. my stomach is so hungry. I seem to have a bigger appetite now that I am in college. that is probably not a good thing. I really hope that I do not gain the freshman 15. um. I need to call my mom or just send her an e-mail with all my book costs on it so that she can call dad. it is about 5:30 and I have to be at the Chi-o house at 9:00. should I look cute? I bet that some people will get dressed up, but I just really do not care. when is Kelly going to get back so we can go get food. I really like the posters that we finally received to day, which took forever to get here. They add character to the dorm room. I wonder who I am going to live with next year? I hope that Ashley does not feel left out when she finds out that I am going to live with Lexi and Kelly next year and who knows who else. I mean she could always room with us I guess, but I think that she would not have as much fun because she never wants to go out with us she just stays home and studys, which is fine, but it just seems like she would do better somewhere else. I do not really care. I guess that can be left up to her. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_231.txt,"I can't believe she did that. She is supposed to be my suitemate, and my friend. She knows that I like him, and I thought I could trust her with my secret thoughts on him. Why did she have to run off and tell him everything I've said in the past 3 weeks? What kind of friend is that? Did she think she was helping the situation? The question that I've been asking myself for the past few days is, how do you know when you can trust someone? Why can't people mind their own business? In all of my years so far, growing up with gossiping girls hasn't always been easy, but I always knew how to keep a secret. If someone can't trust you with their secret, how do you expect to trust them with yours? There was this old saying my friends and I used to repeat in junior high, Secrets secrets are no fun, secrets are for everyone. Secrets secrets are no fun, unless you let me in on one!"" How true is that? I wish I could just take back everything I have said to her, knowing that she has run her mouth to the last person that needs to know my secrets. I can feel the tension between us building up slowly. When she asks me a question, I can hold back my answers because I still have some resentment towards her. Sometimes I even forget that I am supposed to be mad at her, and to make things worse, she doesn't know that I am mad at her. Mad isn't the correct word to describe my feelings; disappointed makes more sense. I met her through a mutual friend 2 years ago at a concert in Houston. I thought that would be the last time I would ever see her, and those 15 minutes of conversation with her are blurred now. When our mutual friend informed me that she was attending the same school as me, and living in the same dorm as me, I thought that we should be suitemates and try living together. At first, we hit it off surprisingly well, doing everything together. It was like we had been best friends since elementary school! We are even rushing the same sorority. Can anyone tell me they have been in my difficult situation before? Well if you have, please write a manual for me to read on how to deal with lying suitemates/friends that you thought you could trust. What bothers me the most is that she doesn't know that I know what she is been doing behind my back. Everytime I would make a comment about the guy I'm into, or hang out with him and come back to my room glowing, we would sit down and talk and gossip about it. Why didn't I see it coming? Why couldn't I have known that she would betray my trust and run along and tell that guy everything I have been gushing about? It doesn't make any sense to me, because I have higher expectations in a friend than that. I expect a friend to respect my secrets, my wishes, and my personal life that doesn't involve them. I guess it's partly my fault for not watching what I say around her, like talking about things that I wouldn't want to get back to him. I guess it's partly my fault also, for trusting in her too fast. My roommate has been very supportive of the whole thing. She told me to just watch what I say around her, and to not say anything that I wouldn't want ANYONE else to know. It just hurts my feelings that she would gain my trust and then knock it down quick to the start. Maybe I shouldn't be so open with people I barely know. Maybe I shouldn't feel guilty, because ultimately it was her screw-up. Right? ",y,n,n,y,n

2003\_232.txt,"I have a Campbell's soup can on my desk as a pencil holder (a tribute to Andy Warhol) and I am watching it now. My desk is a bit cluttered. purses, markers, papers with assignments that need to be done, a Dr Pepper can. I am unsure what to write. I began a painting today, and did not finish it. my dorm doesn't feel as though it's a creative environment, but I suppose the dorm won't change. so either I have to change my perspective, or not paint at all. My eyes are heavy, and I am cold, because my hair is wet and squeaky clean. My hands are warmer than usual (they are usually as cold as ice, or very near as such), and I shall have to remember to tell my mother, because she would be proud that my blood is actually circulating. It is ten to midnight. My mind is active, but I lack in motivation. I am excited about this new life I have, as a college freshman, but I am also extremely nervous. I MUST do as well as possible this year, so that I won't have to return back home to a run-of-the-mill local college (as my dad has threatened if I don't succeed in producing a pretty-looking GPA), and also my future as an architect (the career which I would like to pursue) is depended solely upon my performance this year. I did not get into the architecture program this year, and should like to transfer in as a sophomore. I have run out of things to discuss. I miss the clutter of my bedroom back at home. I had every possible wall and floor space covered with furniture and the many trinkets that I have hoarded throughout my years as a packrat. I brought only the bare minimum of books with me, my art books, of course, and my absolute fave novels, one of them being A Wrinkle in Time. I am fully aware that it is a young adult novel, and not nearly adult enough to be considered a very intelligent favorite, but it remains dear to my heart nonetheless. My room smells of the body wash I use (Energizing Citrus, I LOVE it) and stale mr. gatti's pizza. there is a faint tinge of acrylic-paint smell. My roommate is also attempting to do her homework and simultaneously clean up our room a bit. My bed is full of pillows, two black hearts and a red furry one, and a very bohemian rainbow patchwork pillow that my mom made for me. I am, for once, not hungry. but merely satiated, as I feel neither full nor the pangs of hunger. I have less than seven minutes to go! I wonder who the poor soul is who must read this worthless mumbo jumbo. In what way do you benefit from reading this? I can't imagine how anything could come of this, except perhaps extreme boredom, or maybe resentment. There is this girl that stands at the entrance of my boyfriend's subdivision in Georgetown, holding up an ugly old sign advertising the homes and such, and every time we drive by her, I think: That has got to be by far the worst job in the world. She stands outside in the offensively hot sunshine with a stupid straw hat on, holding a bent sign and a jug of water. And I can only wonder what she must tell everyone her job is: I am a pole. "" Yes, ladies and gentlemen, with one simple gesture, a stick could be stuck in the ground, and the sign pasted onto it, and it would serve the same purpose as she does and probably do a better job, and yet that poor soul has to spend her day holding it up, and it just kills me. And I am glad I am not her. I am glad I am not a whole bunch of people. The End. ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_233.txt,"Today I had to wake up for an 8:00am class. I am so tired right now, but I'm not going to take a nap because I have a lot of things to do today. Last night was my roommates birthday. She had a meeting that she had to go to from 6-10pm, so we couldn't go out to dinner. Instead, when she got home, I had gotten a couple presents and she opened them. She started to cry, telling my that it was the first time anyone had ever celebrated her birthday. I find it so strange to find out about the different types of childhoods and life that all of my new friends here have experienced. Everyone comes from different backgrounds and the things that I might think are very common may actually be new things for some people. That is why I am enjoying living in the dorm right now and meeting all sorts of people. I love to study and figure out why people are the way they are and what makes them act the way they act. Anyway, my rhetoric class this morning wasn't too bad. Once I'm up and out of bed, I can usually get to class and do everything that I need to do. In my biology class, my teacher gave us a quiz. We hadn't been told about it and it was over a chapter that most people hadn't read yet. The quiz was worth 6 points and I got 3. Three points was about the average of the class. My professor isn't American and he doesn't articulate his words. This makes it very hard to understand and take notes. Luckily, I had a lab this afternoon and the TA was able to explain the lecture and help clarify so of the notes. Today, I am going to go to TOPS to get some of the pictures that I took this weekend. I am so excited because I don't have many pictures on my wall right now. My suitemate said that she would make me a bulletin board. She is very artistic and creative, so I know it will be really cute. Tonight, I have a meeting for my sorority. I chose to go Tri-Delt. I really like all the girls and we have been hanging out a lot. Everyone gets along pretty well, but there are always groups of people that tend to cling together. I have tried to make friends with as many of them as I can. Right now everyone is worrying about where they should live next year. It's kind of frustrating because it is so soon. How do we know who we will be friends with and hang out with in a year from now? I guess you just pick and hope for the best. My roommate and I decided to live together and both of us have been asked to live with other girls from our sororities. So, we decided to get an apartment together and we have 4 other girls that we have met that are going to live with us. I really hope we all get along and I'm sure everything will work out! ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_234.txt,"Gosh, I'm so tired right now. Crazy. and oh so overwhelmed with school. I mean how much reading could I possibly get this semester. I hate having vision problems. it just feels like everything is this world is working against me. I mean the blind people get all of their books on tape before me. well reality check. I CAN'T READ MY BOOKS EITHER. I guess I could make a big stink about it. because by law they have to arrange for me to get assistance for my disability. but its too much hassle and I already feel really uncomfortable about my disability. I mean. I just hope that if I transfer schools that they will give me more individualized assistance. something UT has no idea how to do. Why do I hate my roommate so much. I think I need therapy for how much I hate her. I actually get a pang in my stomach when I know she is at the apartment. that is a major problem. adn when I go into my apartment I close my bedroom door in order to say don't even try to talk to me"". and the really really sad thing is that I don't think she has a clue how much I hate her. I haven't had this much rage towards someone since 11th grade. and those are the only two people in my whole entire life that I have ever hated. Staci and my spanish teacher . Its weird some people just rub me the wrong way and there is no forgiving them. I get along with everyone. I mean everyone. so for me to have an enemy it is actually quite odd. I wonder why dan and vab always have to act like they are cool and don't care about stuff. It actually really bothers me. I mean, for God's sake, show some freaking emotion. Its so ridiculous. ummm have I mentioned how tired I am? my eyes are closing on me. I really need to get more sleep in the future. I wonder if I really should transfer schools. I mean. that would mean moving back into my parents house. that would mean I can't come home drunk. I can't bring guys back to just hang out. gosh. all the fun stuff I do here would have to end. but then you just weigh that against my future. I mean I think if I got more assistance for my disability, I would go farther in life. which obviously is my ultimate goal. No one even knows I can't see well. I hide it so well,. I've known people for 3 years and they still don't know. I mean. they'll make fun of my vision but they never put 2 and 2 together. I wonder if I would if I was in there position? oh my gosh. I'm soooooooo tired. now my eyes are burning. is this a sick joke? I still have like 8 minutes to go. I don't know if I'm going to make it. my money situation is horrible. I seriously spend too much money on alcohol. I mean I spend so much freaking time studying during the week, that I feel like I DESERVE to go out on the weekends. ya know. so I just spend my money on that. so why isn't it raining outside? It was raining so magnificently last night. I love it when it pours rain. I reminds me of my dad. We always would go outside on our patio when it would thunder and lightning and just watch it. It was always so amusing to me and my sister and I would always have father-daughter bonding time. I miss my dad. why does he have to live in Egypt anyways. What a joke. my family does not deserve that one bit. Thank God he has a good and secure job though. otherwise I would be at a community college instead of UT right now. only 4 minutes to go. ummm. yep. once again I am tired. I got invited to a party tonight. I kinda don't want to invite dan. cause he always acts like he is too cool. when in all reality I'm too cool for him. so he feels like he has to act that way in order to compensate. Why is Suneal GAY. He is such the perfect guy for me. that royally sucks. Aren't there any straight wonderful gentlemen still left in this world of ours. I sure haven't found them. /. oh my! 1 minute. yippee honestly that was a very excruciatingly long 20 minutes. I think you could have gotten the stream of consciousness point across by making it 10 minutes. but whatever times up. oh darn! peace out ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_235.txt,"It is really really very very cold in my room. I do not know why they keep it so very cold in the dorm rooms. it is also cold in the dining hall. I am forced to wear my hoodie and always have a blanket on. I am glad I brought two blankets. sitting like this on my chair my foot is falling asleep. the chair is not so comfortable as a whole. josh has one of those big black comfy desk chairs that professional type people have it is the coolest thing ever. too bad he is a jerk eh. owww I just hit my knee on the stupid desk thing. I wish my roommate would come home she was supposed to be here like two hours ago. we are going out tonight which is good because all I have been doing the last couple days is studying which is necessary but it isn't all that fun. I need to borrow duct tape so I can tape up the cords on the desk because they are ugly-looking. we were supposed to go to target sometime also, to buy a rug for the floor because the floor in this room is COLD. some of the classes on this campus are very far away from my dorm room. maybe I should figure out the whole bus system so I can take a bus down to them. although walking is good exercise and I do need exercise. you would think with an exercise room downstairs I would go down there and use it. maybe if my roommate does not come back by the time I am done this I will go work out for awhile. but then I will have to take another shower. don't know if it is worth that. because then I will also have to dry my hair and I hate hair dryers. they are evil things. whoever decided that girls need to dry their hair in order to look good was an evil person. they never should have been invented. same with makeup. we should all just be completely natural. if somebody really, truly, likes you, they will like you all the same with no makeup on. at least that is my philosophy and I am sticking to it because I hate putting makeup on. it's a pain. a waste of time, if you will. the cd stopped. I should put another one on. now I'm going to have 'yo's a ho' stuck in my head. it's not a bad song just not a song I would like to have stuck in my head. I always wake up in the morning with some random song stuck in my head. it's weird. I don't know where they come from. last night I had a dream that I was yelling at erin. in someone's driveway- until she walked out on the street. I am unsure of what we were yelling about but I don't think it would be that hard to get us to be yelling at each other. it's really weird how easily one of your friends can turn hostile on you. I have an itch on my leg. it's itchy. my hands are cold from typing, and because they are exposed to the cold that is my room. too bad there isn't a thermostat type dealy in this room like some of the other dorm buildings have. I wish I were staying in blanton I would like to be able to go to the lobby and hang out whenever I felt like it like people do there all the time. the only time people around here hang out is just when they are studying. I guess I could go knock on some random people's doors and watch tv with them or something. meh. I can't believe lela's dorm has a curfew. that's crazy. at first I thought she was talking about visiting hours, because we have visiting hours at eleven thirty sunday through thursday, but she was actually talking about a curfew. they have to be in the building by eleven. I guess they know who is in by who swipes their card. that is like big brother or something. 1984. I don't like it. I mean, these people are all almost 18 years old. and they are Church of Christ - going people. if they stay out past eleven or twelve, they are most likely not going to do something bad. and if they do, I think that is their problem. not the dorms'. I definitely could not live like that. I don't even like visiting hours. my hands are still cold. half the point of going to college is having more freedom. if I only wanted to take classes I would stay at home and live with my parents. but I wanted more freedom (and also to meet new people and have fun) so I guess that is what I have to do. it's a shame I am terrible at meeting new people. and they are bad at meeting me. it doesn't help that my psychology class has 550 + people in it. it's a bit insane when you have a class that is only 30 people short of your graduating class. and they all fit in one room. our class couldn't fit in one room for the longest time, until they built the new auditorium. my brother's class has a thousand in it, but they are really bad so I wonder how many they will have when he graduates. BRRRR my hands are cold. the cushion thing on the chair keeps sliding around and it is really quiet in here. I need to talk to my suitemates more. they seem nice but we don't ever talk to them it's really a shame. I need to clean the water filter pitcher so I can drink some water. water is good stuff. josh says some girl he knows drinks 3 glasses of coffee a day. I don't drink any caffeine. I did one day and I was jittery and nervous and bouncing off the walls and stuff. it was not enjoyable. my mom drinks coffee everyday. I don't understand why people think they need it. is it psychological? or do they really need it to wake up? on tv people always say lets go get coffee"" or ""we need some coffee"" and it's always after some traumatic event or really late at night. I think that drinking coffee then would make things worse. what you would need is some sleep, and caffeine would not help sleep. it would keep you awake. at least it keeps me awake. I guess some people can sleep even though they have caffeine in them? I wonder why andy called this morning. I called him back twice and he didn't answer either time. weird. people are weird. all of them. especially james. with his bald head. it does not make any sense to me why he took a year off from the core. he seemed to have loved it and his excuse of ""I am a. d. d. "" doesn't really make all that much sense. because. the core is so disciplined. I would think it would be good for a person who had a. d. d. I wonder if there is a another period if you end a sentence with an abbreviated word. that would look really funny. like 2/3 of a "". "" well I am going to end this the way I started it. it is really really very very cold in here. ",n,y,n,y,y

2003\_237.txt,"It all of a sudden becomes hard to think when you are instructed to. haha. I am so overwhelmed with everything I have to do this weekend. I have so much reading to catch up on in all my classes and I am going to have to do it this weekend or I will never get caught up. I hate biology, I'm so lost, maybe I should drop it before it's too late. But that would be kind of dumb. I don't know how I'm going to pass the first test. I wonder if anyone else is as lost as I am. At least I'll be done with this pretty soon and I will have one less thing to think about. Maybe I can get Houston to drive on the way home for Ashton's birthday. I really don't feel like driving all the way back but I guess I have no choice. Wow, I really need to get her something. maybe a she would like a shirt from the co-op. My phone is ringing but it is across the room and I guess since I am being timed it wouldn't be smart to answer it. I wonder who it is. hope it's not too important. I guess I'll just call the number back when I am done with this. I'm really hungry, maybe when I finish this I'll go eat at the cafeteria. Hopefully they will have something good because Jester City Limits is too expensive and not that great either. I doubt they will though, a peanut butter sandwich doesn't sound that bad. My room is so quiet right now, I wish Erin would get back so we could go eat. I hate the annoying sound of fans which is the only sound I hear, but our room is too hot without it. I doubt they will ever fix the air conditioner. I really need to order some concert tickets online before it is too late. Taking Back Sunday and Saves the Day, Panic, and so many more I wish I could get but I'm poor. I guess I'll only go to two nights of Panic too. I wish I was in a band, then I wouldn't have to be in biology. Yay! Erin's back and the T. V. is on. I would rather be listening to music but I figured I should do this in silence because if I was listening to music I would just sing in my head the whole time. I can't stand dumb commercials or long ones. Erin just reminded me I have to fill out that application. one more thing out of a million. I really need to get on top of things. Too bad I'm not more creative or that application would be easier. Hmmm only a few more minutes to think. I'm tired too bad I have too much to do or I would take a nap. A shower would be nice as well. I also need to go check my mail. I guess I'll do that when we got eat or something. 5,4,3,2,1. finish! ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_238.txt,"Wow, my mind goes blank when someone asks me what I'm thinking. It's really strange that that guy just stopped by. He is really friendly, but kind of creepy. He just comes in and talks to everybody. It's ok, I'm the same way; I'll sit and talk to anyone. Maybe I should close the door, so I won't get distracted; but then Garrett won't see that I'm here when he gets back. Oh well, he can knock. I'm so tired, but I don't think I can sleep tonight. It's so loud in our hall at night; I'll just have to start taking naps during the day when everyone is in class. Yeah right, rest? I'm always in class; or studying. I spend more time studying than I spend in class; seems backwards. I can't wait until this weekend. Need to ask professor about ahhhh Namo's calling. Need to go to admissions office and claim CTC credit and change major. Need to ask Pennebaker about experiments. Hope Namo stops by, I'm kinda bored. This weekend will be fun; I haven't seen friends from home in a couple of weeks, so it'll be good to hang out with them. But what about Keith? I don't know how he is going to act now that we broke up. Should I tell him about Matt? Who cares? I should call Uncle David about kayaking; he really wants to go, and it will be a good stress reliever. Hope I have time; good memory. I think Matt would really like it too. I don't really want to go home, haven't been gone long enough. Why wasn't anyone in the comp lab earlier to help me. Now I'll have to go again tomorrow. It's ok, tomorrow's easy. Can't wait to swim laps again; it's a good workout. I should keep lifting weights. I don't want to lose any more weight, but it would be nice to gain some muscle; I'll keep lifting weights. Oh, have to meet Jen tomorrow for Cru. She is nice, I just don't know if I'll have time to meet in the small group regularly. That's terrible, I should never pick other things over Bible study. But I pray, and I should study on my own. I hope Annah starts going to church with me. Texas eleven? Are they still in New Mexico? Is that where they went? I don't think so. Wow, this feels like when I'm working out and waiting for the twenty minutes to be up. I keep looking and the clock. Maybe I should put on some socks; these floors are really cold, and I think they're pretty dirty too. Yuck, who else has been barefoot here? Where's Sarah, haven't seen her today. Where's my roommate? She is always here. It's ok, this is nice. I need to go to the eye doctor, because I'm having trouble focusing. Glasses would be such a pain; I hope my vision gets better on its own. Will I have time to take Spanish every semester of college? I hope so; it would be nice to be fluent. Very useful also if I work in Texas. I have to stay in Texas; it's too cold everywhere else. I love Texas anyway. Austin too. It's so great to finally live here. And home isn't too far away. I'm not homesick yet. I just want my own bed. Jester beds suck. I have to be exhausted to get comfortable in them. I hope Jenny takes me out again soon. I had lots of fun with her. I need to spend time with Kim too. I'm so glad we've been friends for so long. Even when we don't talk for a long time, she is always there. My eyes are tired. What's on tv? Absolutely nothing interesting. Where's Matt? Maybe I'll call him. No, he is with a friend. He will call later. So many books, where to start? Probably Spanish, I have that first. I need to stop eating so much candy. It's bad for my teeth and my body. Look, time's almost up. Yep, they're in New Mexico, but only ten left. What's the point? Who cares? Does anybody pay attention anymore? Did I ever? Not me! ",y,n,y,y,n

2003\_240.txt,"ok. so I am suppose to be writing for twenty minutes. well, this will be good typing practice. except in keyboarding class, we were told what to type. so this might be a problem. this seat is bothering me. it's hard to get comfortable in it. its really low as well. and these stupid wheels. they don't let me stay in one place. hmm. its a good thing I don't have wheels on the bottom of my chair for my desk. although I don't know how big of a problem it would be to have wheels on that chair. because in my room, I have carpet. this is a tiled floor, so that is why the chair is so rolly. when I sit on my roommate's chair, it doesn't move so much. so that must be it. it must be because of the carpet. oh, there goes my stomach. I'm hungry. but I don't want to eat till moiz calls. once moiz and omiar come over, I can order the pizza. but the problem with that, is that I am hungry now. I want to eat now. maybe something small when I get home. but knowing me, my small snack will turn into a meal. oh well. I can wait. I guess. I wonder if they think its cheap that I'm inviting them over on monday. this way I order the cheap monday madness pizza. but I guess its not really a big deal. I was going to invite them over soon. I want my computer up and running asap. I can't believe uncle hafeez gave me a nice new cpu. that is so awesome. but then again, that might lead to problems of me doing less studying, and more downloading songs online. I hope bilal and them come tomorrow. I mean, we don't want to be waiting for them every day, waiting for uncle's call to say oh, well we still couldn't book the tickets, so they will be coming tomorrow. hmm. I smell smoke. but that can't be right. who, no what idiot would be smoking in a building. well, I guess its not that much of an idiotic thing to do. I mean, lots of people do smoke, but I just wouldn't assume that they would be smoking inside a building. ohh kay. now my hands are getting tired. I don't think I was suppose to be typing nonstop for twenty minutes. was I? oh well. that's what I'm doing. haha I can't believe I was so stupid today. I have been going to urdu class at 12 for over a week. what exactly in my mind made me go to class at one. and thank goodness it was ten minutes before one. if I had gotten there right on time, I would have felt like such and idiot walking into class late. especially in a class that wasn't mine! it's a good thing I went and talked to the professor. she is awesome! I really didn't think that she would let me sign in. I came way after the bell rang! anyways, that makes two days of udru homework to do before wednesday. but then again, I have more important things to worry about besides my urdu homework. I have that stupid quiz in english tomorrow. when did all these quizzes come up. it seems like yesterday was only the first day of class. I guess summer went my pretty fast for me. wow. it really did. pakistan was awesome. I don't think I have ever had so much fun in the million times that we went there, not as much as I had this time. and saqib, rashid, and khurram. they are as cool as they have always been. I like the fact that we are all still cool. well, it took a while for us all to open up, but at least we did. and I'm upset with raza. I didn't realize till a little towards the end, that his walkman never left his ears. I don't know, does he not understand? or does he not care? because if he does not care, he shouldn't be coming. that is really bad. and think of what everyone else thought. I'm sure they minded too. ohh. a minute and a half left. weird. it does not seem like I have been typing for twenty minutes straight. I guess this wasn't so bad after all. I wonder what happens after my time is up. will I not be able to type anything else? well, I will find out in 40 seconds. now after this, I got to pick up my I'D from the business school, then. then I dunno. I could either go to the library and finish up my reading, which would be the smart thing to do, or I could go home and study"". but that will never work. hmm, I think I just answered my own question. ",n,n,y,n,n

2003\_243.txt,"Okay I am really clueless right now on what I am supposed to be doing. I'm pretty sure we're just supposed to write whatever is on our mind, but I've never had an assignment like this one so that seems really peculiar to me. My back kinda hurts, does that count? Plus I'm wearing Christmas socks, they are white with red and green snowflakes, but I like them. Now I feel weird, like maybe I'm not doing the assignment right, I don't know what to put. I'm the type of person that always likes to have clear directions on what to do. Someone tells me to do something, and I do it. That way I know that what I'm doing is right. But oh well. I've missed two calculus classes in a row, and that is got me worried. I'm really aiming for a 4. 0. People would make UT as a school that is completely hard, and all u do is work. And that's partly true, I always find myself reading, and it takes me a full day to finish a math assignment. The weird thing is that I would never read in high school, so I thought it would be a major drag. Surprisingly it's not. I don't think it's that bad. Last night I was reading for economics, but I was too sleepy and nothing I was reading was sinking in. I set my alarm clock for 7:40, but it didn't go off so I missed calculus. That is got me worried. But I'm pretty sure that I'll do okay. Now I have 7 minutes and 50 seconds writing, still not too sure what I'm doing, still having my doubts. I think of so many things when I'm by myself, I go into my own little world and just think about anything and everything. But when I'm asked what I'm thinking, I go completely blank. And people think that I'm just holding things from them, that I'm keeping to myself. Maybe that's partly true, but I really do go blank a lot of times. My memory is really weird. I can remember the smallest most insignificant details about something, and then not remember something important that occurred. Okay I just noticed that when I started writing, I was sitting up straight. Now I am completely slouching, and now my back hurts. I don't know why I said that my back was hurting earlier, it really wasn't. Perhaps it was just because I had nothing to say. But now it really does hurt. I have back problems, last time I got an x-ray it showed that it was 16 or 19 degrees crooked. I don't remember which one it was. and that was a long time ago. I really should go again. Which reminds me, I need to go to a dentist too. I have not gone to a dentist in about 5 or 6 years. My parents go, but my sister and I have not gone. They told us to get the dental health plan here at UT. Do they even have that? I'm pretty sure they do, I'm just procrastinating. I'm not too consistent on my thoughts or actions. I give in really easily to things I wish I wouldn't. Oh well I'm sure I'm not the only one. Now 14 minutes and 50 seconds have gone by. A few more to write whatever it is that I'm thinking. And I went blank again. Well I started to notice my back again, so I decided to sit up straight. I want to go do laps in the swimming pool. I used to be in swimming when I was little, I was pretty good. I remember that I had a swim meet on my birthday, and I wasn't too happy about that. I hated competition. I hated going to swimming classes, to brownies, jazz dance, and especially karate. Tennis too. Its weird how when ur little, you hate going to all of these things that ur parents make u go to, but when ur older, u whish u would have stuck with them. I was also in gymnastics, but I think I kinda liked that. I remember the first time I had a swimming lesson, I was afraid to get in a pool, so my mom pushed me in. I have class in like 10 minutes, but its in this same building and hey, for this class as a matter of fact. Pretty damn convenient right? Well now I've taken care of this assignment, I still need to read like 2 chapters for this class and another one for eco. But I don't even know what we're supposed to read. People told me the first 2 chapters, so I guess that is it. Anyways I'm done. ",y,y,y,n,n

2003\_245.txt,"I am in my dorm room in jester west staring at the keyboard. my friend's dad just bought me a new dell computer because mine was so old that it would not recognize ethernet because the technology is too new. I am listening to an allman brothers band cd that I downloaded and it's pretty good. I don't know if I'm doing this right but I guess I am because I'm just typing what I'm thinking. I had to wake up at 8 this morning for a ta session for calculus which was of no help at all. she gave us the easiest problems ever and the class ran late so I had to walk into my biology class after it had started. it seems in math the teacher always explains things that are so easy and when u get to the homework u find that its nothing like class at all. I am noticing crumbs on my keyboard from the new flavor blasted goldfish extra cheddar I sampled some in the campus store and they were so good that I bought them. ok now it is getting hard to type bc I keep thinking too hard I think. I am now downloading the movie super troopers. the very first thing that I downloaded after getting my computer was the movie yellow submarine. I love having kazaa because I never have to buy cds or dvds ever again. I have an hour until my next class which just so happens to be psy. after that I think I am going shopping because my dad's wife just sent me 100 dollars for a graduation present. my sister is iming me right now. she had an away message about how mondays suck or something so I told her to think about pollyanna haha I thought it was funny. my roommate went outside to study because our room is like 20 degrees below zero at all times. I like my roommate but she is one of those overly caring people. I feel so bad saying anything mean about her though because it seems like I inconvenience her more than she does me. well maybe not I don't know. I thought that the university would match roommates according to their time schedules and interests. haha it was kind of funny because I was just assuming that my roommate was going to be a person who listened to the same kind of music that I do because that was one of the questions that you had to answer. well she does not and she only has like 5 cds and they are probably the worst ever, well maybe not but avril levine is one of them which indicates a total lack of good taste in music for her part. it always makes me wonder when people are really smart but they like dumb things like she has serendipity. I am a big john cusak fan but that movie was awful everything they said sounded so practiced and forced it was disappointing, and I probably spelled that wrong I can never remember if there are 2 s's of 2 ps and maybe there are 2 of both I don't know I guess ill look it up after I am finished with this. which I almost am I have less than one minute left woo hoo no I'm just kidding, this wasn't too bad and I got to practice my typing. I can type pretty fast but I look at the keyboard and I ",n,n,n,n,n

2003\_246.txt,"This is a strange colored screen. I'm glad the page has a timer at the top, I really didn't want to keep track of time myself. I have so much work to do today, I'm just glad that I have lots of time to do it. I should probably make sure that I don't misspell words and all of that, it's not like I will have time to check it over when I'm done. I almost feel bad for whoever has to read this, I mean there's probably going to be a large amount of frighteningly boring writings (including mine). Trying to write this with the TV on probably isn't a great idea either, so off it goes. This weekend should be a good time, but I'm still not looking forward to it. I still need to get a birthday present for a friend of mine as well. I should look online to see if she has anything going on the day of the Mars Volta show and get her tickets, that would be very cool. Knowing my luck she probably won't be able to go, but I should still try. Her parent like me enough to let her stay with me, but I don't know when she would go back home. Hopefully she won't have a game that friday, or else none of this will work. I still need to help Jessica with her homework, and somehow find time to go to practice tonight. This band really isn't as much fun as I thought it would be. In fact, the music is really boring me. I should talk to them about possibly adding or taking away parts to make it better. These guys listen to way too much indie rock, which means I probably won't have a good chance of making the music any harder. This is going to be a very long writing, so I apologize for whoever has to read this. I hope studying for Latin doesn't take too much time tonight, because I need to get to bed early. It's amazing that I can wake up at 11:15 to be in class by noon, yet I am still tired even if I got like 10 hours of sleep. I don't know how people go to class at 8. I tried an 8:30 class this summer and I ended up not going to it more times than I went. I always figured that going to class would be the easy part; I was wrong. I can still manage to fall asleep in any class so long as its during some sort of lecture. Maybe one of these days I should go to bed at like 8pm and just see when I wake up naturally. Chances are I still won't get out of bed before noon. The night is such a better time to do things. Its not incredibly hot, there's not as many people out, and there are a lot more interesting things to do at night (say on 6th street) than there is during the day. Granted you can't exactly go clothes shopping at 2 in the morning, but you don't get to see bands play during lunchtime either. I can't wait for next weekend. Going down to San Antonio to see my friends play is going to be a great time. Hopefully I can get some more friends to go with who might like their music. If not, oh well. They are playing with another band that I really enjoy as well, which should make for a very enjoyable time. I should spend more time in San Antonio, there is a lot of stuff to do there. 6 flags is nice if you have the money, I just don't have the money as of late. I should really try to find a part time job up here so that I can have some resemblance of cash flow. Maybe get a decent job and save up enough money to go somewhere this summer. I would really love to go on a cruise or something like that. Unfortunately, I will probably end up spending the money on bass gear and food. I need food to live though, and bass gear is always good. I still need to do the pretesting after this as well. I don't have a printer either, that could be a pain. Hopefully I can just save the page for printing and simply print it out after I go buy a printer. The time is almost up and it really didn't feel like it took long at all. Maybe that is because I'm used to writing like 6 page papers, I like the simplicity of this. I wonder how many grammar rules I broke during the course of this writing. Oh well. ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_247.txt,"wow, this might be interesting. my hands are sticky. there's crap underneath my fingernails from cooking soup last night and so now every time I bite my fingers it tastes weird. I have boogers. jacob is a funny guy. I got nothing. my nose is really itchy. heh- itchy and scratchy, the simpsons, vicky likes that show a lot. I wonder why her cell phone keeps hanging up. my chin itches. that's better. man, I need to clean. the set up of those empty cans looks phallic. I need to take a shower before class. I wonder if this party will be fun. I can't believe I'm awake this early. I'm hungry. those croutons were good. I have the ending song of Ebichu stuck in my head. ok- 20 minutes is a long time. neil forgot his glasses. it's wayne's world wayne's world, party time, excellent. -guitar sounds-. ok boogers are getting on my nerves. my hand needed to be scratched. what's with all the itching? there goes my eyebrow. I should remember to use my mp3 player when I go to class. man I need to get my tags renewed. I almost spelt renewed wrong. miguel never called me back, the turd. I'm glad I got a job. I hope I enjoy working there. man, I can't wait for the matrix revisited to come out. I'm going to ask off work on that day. It might be neil's birthday. I don't know what I'm going to get him. hey my birthday is in like a week. haha, like a week, meatwad- miguel, jerk who didn't call but I love him anyway. god the floor's dirty. I wish the cat didn't knock crap over. I hate that feeling where you know there's a hair on you, but you can't find it, so it just keeps touching you and annoying the crap out of you. I should go laundry. jesus christ, that song isn't even in english- so why is it stuck in my head? this is kind of like a live journal- except cooler, because it's not all hey everyone read what I think but don't get mad or think I'm weird"" I think those are pointless. I always thought a journal was private- but I guess I was wrong. ""you got me all emotional, chu chu chu chu yeaaaaaaaaaaaah"" damn song. man disneyland was hella fun. I hope I make it in life. otherwise. I just might get bored and do something I hate. I miss all my friends from the bluff. I've known them forever. also- they worshipped me. but mostly I miss being able to say, remember when jeremy fell out of his chair in third grade?! I like running into people I know. Blake was so nice to walk me to class. I should call him sometime and see how his school is going. He is so sweet. Too many drugs, but sweet, and he has a good body. damn the hormones. and now the other eye brow itches, I need to tame these bad boys. haha- shake your tail feathers, asians shake it for jeet-san. niiiice. dude that asian guy was hot in jester. I wish I could suppress all that stupid physical crap. -yawn- I'm not tired, I think I'm just hungry. oh my god, 5 minutes left. YAY! neil should fix the computer, it looks ugly without it's case on. I'm going to wear my sexy jeans today and my ninja turtle shirt, only because they are both bad ass. I miss the old cartoon. I miss my childhood. I bet my mom's lonely. I wonder if she got rid of the ants. they were in attack mode. it was like a bad horror movie from years gone. the baby kitten is asleep. I love her, when she does not bite me. I need to work out. I want to have a killer body. I want someone to stop and look at me and go- jesus christ she is hot. too bad I look 13. I need to send my mom that grades thing. I do not know why. oh yeah the safe drivers insurance. OHHH I'm going to send her the tags thing too, yeah. I should call first. she might get mad if I just send that to her. I like popping my toes. oh lord here comes gavin. I knew I couldn't get through this without him talking to me. that's ok, I deserve it, I shouldn't lead the poor boy on, but what can I say, I like the attention. 10 secs. sweeeeeeeeet. ",y,n,n,n,y

2003\_248.txt,"today all I think about is snow skiing, I cannot wait to be in the mountains, its so liberating and right now I feel so tied down and constricted, my room is annoying me at the moment because I do not like my desk space, it is uncomfortable so I find it hard to work in, which makes me not want to do anything at my desk. right now I feel so lost in life, there are so many things that I want to do and I know I have all the time in the world, but I feel like everything is moving so fast, especially now that my best friend is back at school, I feel we just started summer together yesterday and now he and I both are gone and back our separate ways, which is for the best, but at times it is so hard because I feel like a whole sector of my life is missing and I spend most of my days thinking about it and how it really is not that long until we see each other again and I look forward to the coming years but I get scared because I wonder if my future involves him. we have many of the same passions and we desire to do the same things, but I wonder if we will do them together or own way. I constantly think about my future but not really the success aspect, but rather the things that I want to do the things that make me happy, which for awhile would not include a job. I guess I don't really think about growing up that much but really like I said earlier that all I think about is going skiing this winter, I feel like the mountains are my home, like that is where I belong and I am itching to get back, because I have not been in so long. when people ask where my favorite place to be is, it is definitely the mountains. its like this little place god created where I can get away and forget about everything that drags me down, and just allow me to stand in awe and take in all that this earth has to offer, its like it releases me. not only that I love skiing it is my favorite form of exercise, and its just all I can think about considering how hot it is here and I cannot wait to get away the heat and get where the air knocks you off you feet. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_249.txt,"its raining outside and it has been for quite a while, I can't believe I stayed out late when I had to get up at 5 in the mourn for army rotc that was stupid bc I sleep through it like an idiot and I sleep through my 1 oclock class for govt. man I can't believe I did that but what am I going to do about it now why do I do this all the time I ve been really good at doing shit lately, because I have to for a rotc but dammit why did I sleep through today, well I'm probably going to have to pay for it tomorrow I'm just disappointed in myself and I let my squard leaders down and that is who I went out with last night which does not make it any easier man I got to piss hold on, well I got to go work out today sometime to make up for missing this morning damn that really pissis me off, I wish I could just go back in time to 5 am, and get my lazy ass out of bed, we got a game tomorrow against Arkansas I hope we kick thre ass, then I'm going over to an arotc ranger party to watch the fight between del la joya and mosler I think, I can't wait but now that I missed the pt this mourn I don't really want to be there with all of my leaders bc they now I missed this mourn man I would pay a 100 bucks to go back in time, I really wanted to see what I was going to score on the pt test, I mean I know I wasn't go to score very good, bc they smoked our asses the days before but still I wanted to do it. oh I so don't want to study today but I know that I'm going to have to, I have not done any readings for psy and govt and I really need to, yeah I'm going to go run and work out then, ill do some reading and shitoh man the 20 minutes is almost up, I shouldn't complain to much about it, its a lot easier than some of the other hw my classes give me ",y,n,n,y,n

2003\_251.txt,"A picture of my girlfriend Bri sits on top of my desk to the left of my computer. She is beautiful in many ways. Her eyes look a little odd in this particular picture, however. I'll tell her that next time I talk to her. My cousin Brandon is getting married in October. He is been living with his girlfriend for quite a while. When I asked him how he felt about getting married, he told me that things would be much different since he is been living with his girlfriend. It should be much different though because now he would have taken vows and promised himself to her and vice versa. It'll be awesome. The wedding will be a lot of fun. I'll dance with Bri and such. And I'll have all my family there. Well, a lot of my family because it's impossible to unite all of my family. Too big. 44 first cousins, etc. I remember when my sister got married. Good times. I got to wear an awesome sleek-looking tux. My uncle (Brandon's dad) took a cool digital picture. My feet are cold. I'm not gunna put on a second pair of socks though, because I don't want to wash an extra pair of socks. David, my roommate is playing guitar. He is playing a solo that we recorded on Trey Davis' recording. We recorded and collaborated with Trey. Good times. I hope he is happy with it. I'll ask him next time I'm in Lake Jackson. Bri is wonderful. I can't wait to see her next month. I hope all the flight arrangements work out and such. It should. And then I'll be able to embrace her like I did this past summer. What an amazing summer, all because I loved her like I should. Honestly, faithfully, humbly, with integrity and with all my soul. We're awesome because we reciprocate each other without having to put effort into it. Everything is willing. Everyday I see so many people in horrible relationships or pathetic relationships. But Bri and I are so far past that. And we both know it. And we both appreciate it and don't take it for granted. I love her. I'm proud of that because I know I love better than most if you even call what most do love. David and I are working on a new song. It's going to rock. David, you're distracting me. Half over. 1:19 am. I need to read, but I'll do that tomorrow. He is still playing the guitar. He is asking me musical questions but I am busy. Stream of Consciousness! Yay. Homework. Yahoo for school. Yahoo for me. \*shrugs\*"" - billy madison. Great movie. I have it memorized and I recited it in front of Rommy in 7th grade when he challenged that I couldn't recite it. Good times. I wonder how Rommy's doing. He is probably smoking or drinking right now. What an admirable class president. Dustin was student body president. good guy. I'll see him on american idol one of these days. My neck itches and I scratched it. My calves are cold now. \*stretching calves\* mmm. cow. Reminds me of steak. Yum. I could eat a juicy steak right about now. \*drools\* ""Mmmm. homemade prosac. mmm. organized crime"" - homer simpson. It would be hilarious and awesome to be a vigilante, that is, if I wouldn't feel bad about hurting people for my own reasons rather than society's ethics or their own morals. But if I were a local vigilante, I'd hang out on Speedway in the middle of the bicyle-dismount-zone and I'd push over all the people who passed by me still on their bikes. ""Bicycle dismount zone, punk!"" heh. That's be cool. Then they would get up and beat me up. I remember when I use to spend the night at Scott's house back in 6th,7th grade and in the morning his dad would bring us donuts sometimes because he worked night shifts. but sometimes we would eat cereal. I never eat breakfast anymore. and his bowls would have straws built-into them and you could suck the milk when you were done. that was the first time I saw one of those. they were ",n,n,y,y,y

2003\_254.txt,"Okay so I'm sitting here in my dorm room and looking out the window and I see trees and squirrels and birds. I really like my dorm because when I walk outside to go to class. I always see so many squirrels and they come right up to you and they always are carrying nuts and okay maybe I should stop talking about the squirrels but they really are cute. I'm trying to think what I've done today because I feel like I'm wasting the day away. I woke up at about 12:30 and went up to my friends dorm room and got her and her roommate out of bed. We all went to Subway obviously because we were hungry and sat there for like 30 minutes. I came back to my dorm and my roommate is very consistent about getting on my nerves. Her boyfriend broke up with her 2 days ago and she definitely isn't being the sweetest person. She is rather annoying and whenever my ex boyfriend calls me, she freaks out. I think she is jealous. but what is there to be jealous of? It's not like I have a wonderful boyfriend. My ex boyfriend. Travis. he goes to UTSA because he didn't get into UT. He will be here in a year. Well. he broke up with me before we went to college for unknown reasons and was a total jerk. I feel like such a prissy girl talking about my boy problems. Hmmm. well basically he (Travis) came crawling back and is begging for me to get back together with him. We were together for almost 2 years. Well I told him we might be able to get back together but really I have no intentions of getting back together with him until he gets to UT and by then hopefully I will have either found another guy or completely gotten over him. I love him still and it frustrates me. College frustrates me right now. I always had a lot of work in high school so I am used to the work load but I am just boggled down with things to do. Like laundry. And sorority crap that is pointless. We had some pledge retreat to go to this weekend and I skipped out on it. I feel guilty"" but then I don't. I didn't see the point in spending the night at the Chi-O house and sleeping on the floor in a room with 51 other girls when my mother pays a lot of money for me to have a comfortable bed at Scottish Rite. I don't think the sorority girls will buy my reasoning what so ever. OH well. what can I do? Nothing. I miss my friends. HMMMMM. I never thought I would miss my ex boyfriend this much but he was my best friend for a long time and it would be nice if he was here so I could escape from all the petty college stuff. like frat parties where the boys are only looking for one thing or the binge drinking (seems like everyone here is obsessed with getting ""wasted"". It's like the girls in my dorm (which is an all girls dorm) have never tasted a sip of alcohol in their entire teenage lives and now that they've experienced ""Frat Parties"" they can't get enough. Don't get me wrong. I love partying and the occasional wild nights but then I also believe that frat parties get old. On a different topic. I have a bunch of homework to do. At least I'm getting this done and I'm enjoying it at the moment. It's very relaxing. typing whatever I want. Not having a strict curriculum to follow. I wish I could meet some guys that aren't just interested in sex. That grosses me out. Look. my thoughts are running rampant. But then I also miss things with Travis. But then I don't miss Travis because I'm in Austin. doing whatever I want. in the heart of the city, but then I stayed home last night . a Saturday night and I was in bed. I guess I'm some sort of loser. I almost feel like if I don't party every single night I am like the biggest LOSER UT has ever seen. I need to separate myself from all this Greek B. S. Hmmm. you know what else I need to do. laundry. read Pyschology. Calculus Homework. That's another thing that worries me. The difficulty of my Calculus class. I have already found a tutor and I'm having mass problems with the homework. Oh well. I'll get through it somehow right? I have tutoring tonight at 6. Isn't this little story of my life so interesting. I need like 4 boyfriends at one time like my friend Kim or like 20 activities to do at one time like my friend Geoff. No I really don't need to deal with that stuff actually. I have problems enough worrying about what I should eat in my dorm buffet style dining room or what colors go in what washer for laundry or how much time my Calculus homework will take me (probably 3 hours). WONDERFUL. So much to look forward to. so little time. I need to relax. I need a back massage. I need my mom's cooking and my own bathroom. I won't be getting those things for a long LOOONG time. I have no plans on going home. If I go home my curfew will be midnight. Funny how the parties in Austin don't actually start till midnight. Oh another thing. I hope I make good grades to make my mom happy. She seriously is worried about me and my grades. She probably thinks I'm partying so much which is not the case at all. I think I actually am in my dorm too much. Wait. she is going to get mad because I went shopping and used her credit card. OH LORD. I'll be getting a call in a couple weeks. ""LINDSEY. what is this ARDEN B store on my credit card bill? AND why did you spend [ ] amount of money there and why do u need those clothes anyways?"" Oh no. Well I have been doing this for 19 min and 11 seconds and it went by pretty fast. And I'm sure whoever reads this will be like ""what is this girl talking about?"" but that's okay because I'm sure there's a lot of those in the big pile of writing assignment #1's. Well my 20 min are up and I am closing this lovely ""stream of consciousness"" with my favorite quote just to add a magic touch. ?You will make all kinds of mistakes but as long as you are generous and true and also fierce you will not hurt the world or even seriously distress her. She was made to be wooed and won by youth. ? ~Winston Churchill ",y,y,n,y,n

2003\_258.txt,"I don't really know what I want to write about. I am about to start watching football. I used to like pro football a lot more, but now I really just don't care. I would much rather watch college that pro. I am downloading some music right now. I am ready for this paper to be done so that I can go and watch some football. I hope that this class isn't too hard. I don't want to really have to work really hard in this class since it is not really for my major. When I was walking to class today I was kinda regretting not dropping this class and signing up for something easier. But it will be ok, I'm just going to have to study. The other reason that I don't like that class is that I don't know anyone so everyday I come in a couple minutes before class starts and I sit down. And the only talking that I do is small-talk with someone that I don't know. That gets old after awhile, saying the same thing over and over again. IT's always what classes are you in and how's school going and where are you staying and where are you from and that kind of thing. It just gets really old. 20 minutes takes a long time when you are watching the clock. I am ready for the weekend to start. Football weekends are the best. This weekends tailgate is going to be a blast. There are going to trash arkansas fan walking by and yelling. This is getting old, because I'm am running out of ideas and my annoying roommate is making fun of me and I am about to fight him. He keeps on laughing at me and I don't like it. Here's my other roommate he is looking over my shoulder. He is not as much of a prick as the other one. I don't want to fight him right now. HE just walked out of the room. My other suitemate hasn't walked in yet. He probably won't. He is pretty weird. He sits in his room and plays video games most of the day. Other than that he just spaces out and watched tv. He doesn't party either. I feel sorry for him sometimes cause he mostly just sits in the room by himself when we are out doing stuff. I think he knows one person up here. But they don't really go out and that is no fun because I know that he is not having a good time up here. But maybe this is just the normal thing for him. He doesn't seem like he was a real social person in high school. I only have 4 minutes of typing left here so then I will be done and be happy. I'm listening to some new austin music right now. This paper is almost done, so I am happy. My friend just told me that his dad drinks o'douls, that would not be fun. My dad drinks real beer. Now my paper is done. ",y,n,n,y,n

2003\_260.txt,"I hear nicole's printer printing I'm so glad she is my roommate I really like the song that's playing on the radio I wonder if my laundry is ready yet paul is a big poo face I wonder if I should tell hijm about my date with zach on friday it's under the table I don't think that I'm very good at this stream of consciousness thing I have to look at the keys when I type on it's kinda annoying I wonder if the professor takes off for stupid internet phrases like lol or kinda man I really can't stand paul I hope that zac doesn't turn out to be someone who's just looking to be laid this assignment seems like it'll be really easy someone just popped up on I'm I wonder if it was dylan I'm supposed to go to a concert with him on friday but zac and I were supposed to go out then I wonder what it would be like to live in austin for all your life new braunfels really sucks at some points in time right no my stomach feels kinda weird probably fro the spaghetti I ate at dinner and nicole's macaroni she htes macaroni cause she got a noodle caught in her throat one time which reminds me of the time I got a peppermint caught in my throat ooh walking on sunshine by reel big fish it reminds me of warped tour with dylan kelly and I don't remember who else went but it probably wasn't that important oh it was ronnie now it's going to be me dylan paul patrick jon joe and james and nick all going to static x and staind in october, I'm really excited about it but kinda scared I'm walking on sunshine my feet hurt from the shoes I was wearing today I love them, they're converse sneakers so cute and they look like they would be comfortable but they're really not which is kinda disappointing rambling like this makes me feel like anne hathaway on princes diareis which makes me think of her in the other side of heaven which is one of my favorite movies nicole and I watched josie and the pussycats last week at some point in time I wonder what mark will think once I tell him that I have a date if I even bother to tell him I already told ward, I think that ward may like me but probably not and don't it feel good? I dig this song, we sang it in choir in sixth grade which brings back memories of casey and how we were the best of friends up until a stupid boy came between us I can hear the air conditioner going and the clicking of nicole's mouse she is doing a cog lab for some reason she is upset that she scored against the norm on it I think that she is really smart and am glad that she and I are roomies it was weird though cause I was in here while she and greg her boyfriend were cuddling she has a question for me but can't remember it I suppose I'll pay attention she did an experiment and has to print it out and it has to be the final name it seems like it should be daniell instead of nicole wow it's only been seven minutes and I'm running out of things to think about well if it's saved under that name um perhaps you should talk to greg about it I think she is oops I didn't realize she was on the phone I miss dancing and am kinda nervous about trying out for the roustabouts I think they're called my hair is tickling my nose I wish that I'd never had bangs to begin with it seems like such a hassle to take care of them and it's taking so long to grow them out nicole is trying to get greg to help her with her computer stuff over the phone he will probably end up coming up here and then I'll have to go down and hang out with ward and mark in my pjs to avoid feeling awkward if nicole and greg start getting touchy feely I think that he is going to come up I'm glad that they've worked everything out now but it kinda makes me depressed because I don't really have anybody and paul is being a big poo head which is his new name poo head paul. I wonder if punctuation and capitalization and spelling count in this probably not because it's not like humans think using punctuation or caps I like the punk version of this song punk rock princes by something corporate dylan went to see them with 311 last week I wish that I hyad gone now but I haven't even started my biology questions yet and I'm afraid of failing the course and am considering dropping it my tailbone kinda hurts from sitting here so long I don't think that I want to be on AIM when paul gets back I should leave a message up on friday saying that I've gone on a date it should pose for some interesting conversation with him later on that's for sure geez 12 minutes that means that I've still got 8 to go my alarm should go off when it's been that long my laundry is probably already done I'm glad nicole showed me how because I had neglected it for so long we talked to a cool guy in there but I forgot what his name was he was a business major though I wonder what the weather would be like tomorrow hah nicole said anal and she is talking about laura vasquez a girl from our old high school I think I saw ben campos in my psych class today but it's been so long since I've seen him and think that I keep seeing people who aren't really the people I'm thinking of so it might not have been him I really would not like to see any of them though I came up here to get away from them but oh well, c'est la vie and cool sheep tiffany laughed at that phrase earlier I just don't like beans enough to say cool beans sheep are so much better I feel like a child babbling on and on to an uncaring adult and my time is almost up so that's a good thing I think I've already been through four sogs already nicole's kinda computer illiterate though she did learn how to download stuff from her camera to computer which is more than I can probably figure out I'm thinking about my psych class now and the huge screens used to project the stuff I expected everything to be without overheads or any sort of indication on what we should write down it being all us and sucks for us if we don't know what to study for the test I really should do my biology but I'm not in the mood I keep saying that I'll do it later but honestly it won't get done I think that I say the word honestly too often and I make too many typos when I type I really like my laptop keyboard though the keys are nice and compact and make cool noises when you press them rather than nicole's chunky computer keyboard but what would you give away to have somewhere to go to I don't think that I would give up everything for just one other person though the bible says so which reminds me that I should probably e-mail my bible study instructor christie later on tonight just to let her know what is going on her kids go to school in austin jon and katie they're really cute christie and her husband got divorced a while ago and it seems like a horrible thing that they went through I don't really want to ask her about it though cause it's not my business and it seems like a touchy subject which brings to mind richard who called paul a dick after I told him that paul had told me that he kissed jade I think I'm getting better at accepting the fact that they're together at least it's easier to do up here than in NB it seems that the further away from my problems I am the easier they become to handle I wonder how many other people are doing their assignments today my alarm just went off and it scared the crap out of me I'll have to go get my laundry after I'm done maybe I'll try out my new iron and ironing boars are we supposed to ",y,y,y,n,y

2003\_264.txt,"well as I was clicking on the button that allows you to begin, I noticed that I forgot the last digit of my social security number, aka, ut eid. well for whoever care, it is 7. my I'd number is 449712047. there now I can get credit for this assignment. anyway, I don't know what to write about. I'm sure that after a while your stream of consciousness"" I totally spelled that wrong, will take over. I bet everyone writes this at the beginning of their assignment just because they don't know what else to write about and aren't bored enough to be honest yet. so I am really mad about my laptop. last night is just turned white and shut down. I tried turning it on this morning and it wouldn't so I took it to the its or something like that. it is the place where they are supposed to fix your computer. well they didn't. nope they just gave ma 1 8oo number to call which took me 20 minutes and I still didn't talk to a real person. I always type didn't instead of didn't. that is annoying. so I took the battery out of my computer and it works now but I still need a new battery which better be under warranty because I just got the thing in may. so I go to check my e mail and what do you know, I have another freaking virus on my computer. I am about to scream. seriously, I am using my roommates computer right now. it is the second one since I got here in june and it is pissing me off. I mean I am not even one of those internet surfing kids, I just use it for research and e mail and papers and stuff so I don't even know how I got the dang thing. so now I have decided to type with the correct hand position so my typing is considerably slower and my spelling considerably poorer. ya screw this. I wish I would have paid attention in keyboarding class. man, I am only half way done. so this is my roommate's computer. she is sleeping right now. don't get me wrong, I love the girl to death but she is freaking emotional. it was her and her boyfriends 1 year anniversary today. I don't think he is good for her. my arm is starting to hurt. I know why it is because here in jester you have no freaking desk space and the fridge is shoved into your back. in kinsolving it was heaven. I miss it there a lot better community. my professor was talking about freshman insecurity or whatever today. he was right. I don't consider myself to be an insecure person but college will do it to ya, especially when you don't know anyone. I bet there are people like me who can just sit here and type crap, never letting on to what they are really thinking about. I obviously already have a little, but to tell you the truth, I am really thinking about how bad I am at typing. I don't know why I think I have to type fast for this. it isn't like you are counting my words. actually, it is just making it harder for me to continue my bullshit, excuse the French. why do people say that? I think my dog back home is depressed. I know she misses me, I'm the only one she liked. she is always at my neighbor's house because they let her in and feed her. the sad thing is, I think my neighbor is trying to replace her husband with my odg. they just got divorced, one of the super religious couples you would never expect to. she is such a softie anyway. ya I def think that she is using my dog for company. I don't know why though because she already has two dogs of her own. ok well I have this meeting to go to tonight. it is for the lassos, no wait, the lonestars. I can't forget to call my friend lindsay or is it lindsey so we can meet to walk there. ya I am about to nope, I just did sneeze. God bless me. I think everyone should believe in God. he is great even if there is no proof, that is where faith comes in right? right. ",y,y,n,y,y

2003\_265.txt,"I am sitting here with my feet on my subwoofer. I should be reading psychology, my webcam isn't on right now. Jars of Clay is a good band. I don't really have much to write. Maybe I should go to the sophomore versus freshmen football game at Clark's Field right now, but I'm doing this instead. Justin Shih just IMed me. Justin told me to go play football because this assignment isn't due until the 12th and today is the 6th. I think I'm scared about falling behind in college. I've done all my calculus HW the day they came out. I never was this diligent in high school. I have nasty cough, it's been like this for a few weeks now. I hope it gets better. Two of my best friends are in Houston, I don't really have much to do without them here. I'm hungry, haven't eaten breakfast or lunch. God is bigger than the air I breathe, the world we'll leave. This is a song by Delirious?, a band from the UK. I slept in this dorm last night by myself the first time. I miss my parents and my brother. My brother is working in California, and for the first time I feel how much everything has changed. I miss my parents, they have done so much for me. I want to do well in college so that their money doesn't go to waste. I love you mom, dad. I feel a little sad that I can't see my parents whenever I want now. I can't eat dinner every night with them like I used to last year. My neck hurts. I wish I was playing warcraft III right now. I don't understand this assignment. Maybe further on in the course it'll make more sense but right now this makes none to me. These thoughts are not at all coherent. I hope I do okay on my economics quiz on monday. My poker book and chips still haven't arrived yet. I ordered them last week too. I wish people would send me care packages. My roommate just received a birthday present/care package from his girlfriend. I wish I had someone who would send me things. I've written a lot. I wonder if all the papers turned in are this long. This must suck for the TA to read. 400 students turning in non-sensical and incoherent papers. There's that cough again. I wish I could control it. My hands are tired from typing constantly. This assignment sure is long, 10 more minutes to go. I hope I get an A in psychology. if I beg for an A in this paper I wonder if it'll help. Just 9 more minutes to go. I can't think of anything else to write. Maybe this music is throwing off my concentration. Jars of Clay is now playing. they're a good band. Didn't I write about them earlier? Oh well. People don't call me, I wish someone calls me. I'm tired, I could use a nap although I woke up at 1:30 today. I wonder what Michael, one of my best friends, is doing. I should go to his room after this. Just 7 more minutes. I can't wait until this thing is over. Time sure goes by slowly when you're counting it down. I need to go to sleep early tonight, got to wake up early tomorrow. EV Free church is good. I need to check out Austin Chinese Church too though, to see how each compares to each other. I need to do my quiet time today, before I forget. Sometimes I feel like such an inadequate Christian, I have so many failures. I guess no one is perfect. I wonder what my brother's doing right now. It's 1 o'clock or so in California. I wonder if he likes it there. I wonder if I really like it in Austin. or if it's just an illusion. I think I like it here. I have friends, I think, things to do. I don't know. It's all so confusing. Sometimes I just want to hermit and not have social contact at all. I like to live in a big city such as New York because it's busy, but yet I don't' like loitering in big crowds or hanging around large groups of people. I wonder if that's weird, or maybe I just feel inadequate around large groups of people who I don't know. Like last night at CBS I didn't know a lot of people and I drifted from group to group loitering but did not feel like I belonged. Just 3 more minutes left to go in this assignment. It cannot go by any slower. I should go eat something after this. But then dinner is coming up soon. I hope I have time to get some more studying done this afternoon, or maybe tonight. I wonder if this is the longest paper turned in. probably not, there're some girls who can write nonstop. They probably double the length of what I wrote. I wonder if I am even doing this assignment correctly, I don't know how to track my thoughts or feelings, it's like I'm writing in a journal. Oh well. I can't be penalized for trying. just 30 more seconds to go. let's count it down 30 29 28 27 26 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 done ",n,n,y,y,n

2003\_267.txt,"Ok well I have been putting this off for a while, but now I'm sitting down to do it. Just to let you know I'm really bad with punctuation and spelling and capitalization when I'm typing on the computer. its good in word because it corrects your spelling and capitals and grammar for you, friends is on the tv in the background right now, that show has been on for a long time. I'm really kinda stressed right now, I feel like I'm really behind in my classes and reading and homework. it would be good to have like a full free day or two. I guess that is what the weekend is, but this weekend I'm going home, my parents are really excited that I'm going. I have to get my acr fixed because I ran into a tire on the road the other day and it screwed up the bumper. I never understood that, who is the guy driving around with no tire? I really really don't understand that. things are a little weird right now, my roomie's going through some rough times and I'm trying to be there for her, I really hope I can be all shse needs. and than my boyfriend is like 600 miles away up in arkansas and I miss him like crazy. I wish he was here sometimes, but it seems like we'll really enjoy the time we have together now that its limited. he is a great guy and I miss him so much. anyways I'm not really sure what to write about now, my classes are ok, but I feel bogged down with work right now, I don't want to feel like I'm complaining about it. I also am a really bad typer. I never took that class in grade school where they teach you the home row and stuff and so I have to look at my fingers a lot. , really, I shouldn't blame it on not having the class, I could have learned on my own, but I didn't, oh well, I'm making it. but I'm not correcting my spelling and typos very much right now, but I notice that as I type my typing is getting better and faster and I have to look less and less at the keys because I'm getting more and more used to it as I sit here. college seems weird to me. so many people, so many changes. my roommate and one of my suitemates are both friends from high school which is awesome, they're great but its been hard for all of us to get out and meet people because ww hang out together a lot so that we don't have to put ourselves in uncomfortable situations and deal with new people. but I talked to some really nice kids today. things are good, I don't know if I should go home or not this weekend but my parents really want to see me and its just a drive to houston which is not very bad so I'm going to go, I'm looking forward to seeing my brother too, he is a freshman this year. soooooooooooooo anyways I don't know what to talk about. seinfeld is on tv now, I really like that show, funny, lighthearted, and you never have to know anything from the previous episode to catch the new one, I really like that because then I don't have to be committed to watching every night. all my books are on my bed right now and this writing assignment is not due for two days but I'm doing it now, even though I have assignments due in the morning, I think I'm just putting those off and instead I'm doing this because it seems a little more enjoyable than doing calculus problems or something like that, or reading, ugh I hate the reading. I'm not a good reader I don't think, I'm horrible at reading comprehension, at least that is what the standardized tests say. but anyways I'm a slow reader, I think, ok only 30 pages. but then 30 pages take me like an hour and 15 minutes. no small ordeal. wow I can't believe I have written this much I'm only 14 minutes, I have no idea what I'm going to write about for 6 more minutes. blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah I wonder what happens if you push the finish button before the time is up, I don't want to try but I bet someone does. someone who just wants to get out of whatever they can. maybe someone will tell me sometime. yay one of my suitemates just came home, she is on the phone, she is really cool. she just asked what I was doing, I tried to tell her and write at the same time, I didn't do very well, my fingers didn't press the right keys, hard to do two things at once, I'm not one of those people who can like talk on the phone and clean or mess with the computer at the same time, I need to focus on talking on the phone or something else. not both, that is probably because I don't want to let the other people think that I'm not paying attention to them, ah I just got distracted for like 10 seconds. yipe. so anyways, well my timing is going down I only have two more minutes left and now I feel like I need a break but I don't have time for breaks, I think I'll make some coffee and stay up late and get stuff done. yay only one more minute. my room is messy right now too. I don't really mind it if its my mess though, oh well, ill clean it up soon, I am soooooo excited that this is almost over! it was a lot harder just to write than I thought. wow ",n,y,y,y,y

2003\_269.txt,"I am sitting in front of my computer in a small Jester dormitory. I look around and I notice that the room is a complete mess. I take a deep breath and I can smell something funny. That's right, that's how Jester rooms always smell like. I am feeling pretty full right now after a eating a delicious sandwich from the Jester City Limits. The room is nice and cold, unlike the hot and humid weather outside. My roommate is out of the room right now, so it's a little quieter than usually. I am playing some music on my computer right now. Besides the music coming out of the speakers of my computer, I can hear occasional chatter and doors opening and closing in the hallways. My roommate walks in after eating at Jester City Limits. I say hi to him and how his dinner was. He notices something weird as I read out what I am typing. He asks, What the crap are you doing?"" I respond by telling him that this is for my psychology class. I turn my attention away and try to think of what to write next. I am sitting upright in an uncomfortable wooden chair that came furnished with the room. I uncross my legs because my left leg is starting to feel numb. I hear someone using the blow-dryer in the bathroom, which is right outside of my room. I look up at my bookshelf and see all my textbooks. That reminds me that I have lots of other homework to do when I finish with this assignment. I have a strange anxious feeling because I am a little behind in all my classes, especially with reading the textbooks. I think about how I have missed three morning classes already, a quiz in one of those classes, and I get an awful, guilt-like feeling because I don't want to do badly in my classes. Maybe I should go to sleep earlier tonight, for that matter, every night. I notice my computer's processor making slight noises as I am typing. I take off my glasses because I only need them to read. I look back up at the bookshelf and remind myself how much work I still have left to do. I notice that I have been shaking my right leg. Maybe I have been doing this the whole time? Some sort of a nervous habit I guess. I feel a little pain on the surface of my knee. I reach down and touch the band-aid covering a wound that I suffered from playing soccer at Clarkfield last night. And the twenty minutes is up. A pop up says that I can keep on writing with my stream of consciousness. Does that mean that I should just finish with my train of thought, or should I keep writing more and more? Maybe that would help me get a better grade on this assignment. Ok, I am going to just stop and press the ""Finish"" button. ",n,n,y,n,n

2003\_273.txt,"Well, I'm thinking that 20 minutes seem like an eternity when you don't have a topic to write about. I'm thinking about how awkward it is to be in the computer lab writing about absolutely nothing. Now, I'm thinking about what would the reader"" thing about my grammar. In my defense I'm not a native English speaker. Now I'm focusing on the girl right next to me. She lives in my dorm, and I'll probably never speak to her or get to now her because she is quiet and not my taste physically. I feel bored already and it's only been 4 minutes. I'm thinking what on earth will I write about for the next 15 minutes and a half now. Man, I'm a slow typist. It took me like 30 seconds to finish the last two sentences. Now I'm thinking about what will I do tonight. I wonder If I should go watch ""Once Upon a Time in Mexico"". I really want to see it tonight, but the people that I'm going with are not nice people in my opinion. They'll probably be loud and make STUPID comments as the movie is playing. God, I find people like that annoying, but I don't have a car and I really want to see that movie. What the heck I'll do it! God, 12 more minutes! Pass is passing so slowly! I feel bored, and I'm wondering about the purpose of this writing assignment. Is someone really going to go through this boring stuff. I'm thinking I should spice it up, make it worth the torture the poor TA is going to go thru reading through all the writings. I feel I'm not creative enough to come up with some weird thought that is interesting, yet not crazy enough I'll be summoned by Pennebaker for some counseling. I feel extremely bored now. It sees like nothing is going on in my head. I feel nothing, besides bored, and great expectation for this to end. Now I feel aroused, a hot girl just entered the room. I'm thinking she must be one of those weird girls cause she is dressed in short-short pants and is wearing catholic school girl socks and shoes. I'm thinking I don't care if she is crazy no more. she is hot. Now I'm wondering if the reader is going to be some girl. She is going to think I'm a pig hahahah. The girl is gone. I'm noticing how everyone that was pretending not notice her started acting differently and more relaxed as soon as she left. I feel better now, cause I've only got 1 and half minutes to go. I'm feeling nothing, thinking nothing. I'm just focusing on the clock. I think this has been officially the longest minute ever. I'm do ",n,n,n,n,n

2003\_278.txt,"I just don't understand why things didn't work out. How can you honestly be so mean. I thought that you loved me. I loved you. I still love you. What went wrong? I can't remember what went wrong last semester, but I am sure you would remind me if you had to. Gaw this song by John Mayer reminds me of you. Our love was so comfortable, so broken in. "" Why did my parents disapprove of you and us? Are you really that bad? Are you really not that good for me? I thought I could trust my own emotions. Why don't my parents trust me? Or is it even a trust issue. Can I really not love at such a young age? Ug. So many questions running through my mind. Why are you all I think about? Wow, I wonder if this is obsessive. How do you even spell that darn word. Haha. Why do I always think in question form. Man, I want to go see you so bad. I really think I am coming for your birthday. But am I going to regret it? Gaww, everyone tells me not to go. But they should take their own advise sometimes. I mean they don't even think the Bible is real. Sometimes I feel like I am the only one who believes in God. How can I trust my friends advice when they don't even believe the same thing I do! If only I knew what God wanted for me. Talk about a stressful time. I never knew college would be so difficult. Academically I figured it would be but emotionally. Wow. Its incredible how much I have already changed. For the better? I hope. I think I have though. I just wish I had you back Robert. I wish things could be like they used to. Why did you even call and apologize for everything you did wrong? I know you still love me. Why do you even want me to come see you? Do you want to be back with me? I know you don't. Or do you ? You have fun being single. Why can't I? Why can't I meet someone else to take my mind off of you. Are you the one? Man, should I even be thinking like this at 20? Ha. Maybe I am weird. Oh well. This song is extremely depressing. I am glad my roommates aren't here or they would be making fun of me for listening to it. Get over Robert Kimberly! Get over him! If only they knew I am trying, so hard. Gosh, its not like I have not prayed every night for Gods help. I mean geeze. I don't think he is suppose to be out of my life. But then if he is not, why was he so mean to me. I would have never done that to him. Never hurt him for anything. I guess I am a door mat. Its not that I let people walk all over me, its just that I don't ever want anyone to feel what I have. Why would I ever let anyone hurt on purpose? If I had to choose between myself experiencing hurt and someone else, I would take the hurt in a second. I hate seeing people suffer. I will suffer before anyone I love does. So does that make me a door mat. Am I really too forgiving? People can change. Or is that my fantasy world. I want to be with you Robert. So why can't I? Because of my parents? Yeah right. I can make my own decisions. Gaw, am I really that immature too? No! I am very mature for my age. He was always there for me when I needed him the most. He was my shoulder to cry on. Yeah last year was tough and I may have been to needy and dependent on him. But the break up made me realize that and now I am not as dependent. I am fine without him and I realized I have to make myself happy. So why does not he want to be with me now? Does he? He calls me all the time. Tells me he loves me and misses me. Wow I thought girls were complicated. Lol. That is why I need to see him. I need to read his eyes. The second he looks at me I will be able to tell what he feels without him even saying anything. I am good at that. I can read people easy. I get it from mom. Man she can see right though me. So then why couldn't she see how special Robert was for me. Gosh, I should seriously be thinking about something else other than him. Like school. Hehe. That is more important. But then he is too. He is everything I want in a husband when he is good. I mean he has his flaws but don't we all. Forgive and forget. That is what I do. That is what Pastor Ball said yesterday. You have to forgive a person to enjoy them again. Well, I have forgiven everyone I know. Why can Robert be forgiven. Why can't they let him be apart of my life. I get so angry when I think about it all. I love you parents, but man you really messed up this time. I have forgiven you for it. So forgive Robert. Geeze, my hands are starting to hurt. Lol. Not used to this much typing. Its like he is a disease. I can't get rid of him in my mind. Now that is unhealthy. But I can push you aside when I need to. Like tonight, way to much homework to dwell on him. Yeah that is what messed me up last semester. To emotionally involved. But this semester I am so much better. I have control over my life again. Yeah! But I just can't get upset if things don't go my way. I mean life has its ups and downs. And its not Robert that I need in my life. I just need to keep God in my life and He will help me. But then again I wouldn't mind having Robert too. Hehe. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_279.txt,"Okay so now I am sitting here preparing to write a stream of consciousness writing. I wonder why I have to type that out what am I thinking of course this is what I am going to write this music that I am listening to seems to be distracting me a little and the timer I feel very stressed out writing to a real timer I don't know why I think I will take off my head phones I had planned to write about a lot but for some reason I can't seem to do more than write what my head is thinking about for one is my head supposed to blank out like it just did I guess I can start by describing my environment lets see the air smells like air the back of my back is warm from the sun through the window right now there isn't any noises and I feel somewhat stressed and anxious the timer keeps going coldly, without a thought to whether or not I actually have a though or not and I think the seconds are scrolling faster than a real second would. maybe my perception of time is defunct if it were possible to qualify a sigh in thought-form my mind would have just sighed I can't believe I have to go pick up my friend later today because his car broke down, its like I have to help him but I fear that he may not help me when the same situation like this occurs to me I just woke up and for some reason there's a sense of dread weighing down on my heart as if I feared that I am doing this stream of consciousness writing incorrectly I can't believe I have already written for 5 minutes, time really does pass quickly when you are trying to listen in on your own inner thoughts but it seems as if my thoughts are triggered by what I am doing, like I cannot seem to get into any deep right now such as the existence or nonexistence of god which I was arguing quite magnificently the other day but instead here I am babbling like my mind is a stream of babble instead of consciousness and I wonder if I am supposed to be aware that any of this is supposed to make sense I really hope it does because if it doesn't well I guess my mind is simply disorganized but isn't that what a mind should be? disorganized? don't we need to take time to listen to our minds and organize the stream before we talk? its like the old saying, think before you speak and etc etc etc. if this is how my mind really thinks, I really think I cannot type fast enough to fully express the words in my mind. that is an interesting though, do I actually hear a voice in my head right now dictating everything I've just written? that is really weird, is this how our sense of hearing works? I have my own voice in my head only it doesn't have the auditory quality of my own voice, but rather I can hear it, its a strange process I guess I really can't multitask when I am writing a stream of consciousness I see three ims on the bottom of this screen, all blinking yet unanswered perhaps I am not truly tracking my own mind I MUST DWELL FURTHER IN. I'd like to reveal something about myself perhaps something I didn't know existed I remember my childhood I don't know why but for some reason I start remembering it whenever I think too hard that or I am just trying to find something to say for this stream of consciousness either way . the phone is ringing, should I go pick it up? maybe I will just let my parents handle it, but it keeps ringing and ringing and ringing. looks like I had to pick it up for a bit, I hope the professor doesn't penalize me for 20 seconds of non thought but I can make up for it because it was my friend who I needed to help out today, he sounded pretty appreciative though I dismissed him quickly because of this assignment and here I am fixing mistakes in my typing maybe I should just leave my mistakes in so I can listen to myself more. right well now I feel nostalgic or actually no I don't I just see a blue sky in my thoughts and clear. no with white clouds and its a clear day and I was a little boy there's a feeling that is not quite nostalgia but it permeates through me likes a majestic feeling as if I were over a cliff and viewing the world for the first time, its breathtaking. another thought sigh. I miss my childhood and here I am back behind my computer again full of stress and anxiety. I would view myself as a logical person not to get emotionalized (if that is a word) which it is not a word but I guess its the only way my thoughts can process it without me actually thinking about it, yeah I make up a lot of words in my thoughts actually its quite strange why does it seem so hard to write about my stream but when actually I have written so much originally I had planned to write a debate that was in my head about god but I guess that was yesterday night when I was heated up about it today I just feel complacent about writing about nothing. I see nothing revealing in the past couple of paragraphs, just a jumble of words broken thoughts and now I feel disappointed why am I disappointed? I guess I just thought I could find something that could prove that I am more than just a regular case or is this stuff that I write even regular to all people? I don't know but I like being special. well no. now I feel embarrassed for writing that out and there's only 3 more minutes to describe the rest of my thoughts for today. its weird how if focused my thoughts do not go much into the future, I can't really plan ahead, I can't think about my future, my ambitions seem to fade away I guess this is the nature of this exercise that causes it since you are supposed to write at present thoughts which tend to mold my thoughts into present thoughts and I don't know why that past thought had blurbed into my mind perhaps I forced it to just for some interest in this stream of consciousness, why am I so eager to put interest in this bit, I do like this interface though what that has nothing to do with what I just said god. now I am frustrated at the fact that my mind is so disorganized that or if I tried to organize it I would have nothing to say it is so hard to just spew everything out the way that I think it because my preliminary thought is to first organize it and that takes so much time and for some reason sometimes I end up saying nothing because I dunno I know I obviously have a stream now but I guess since none of it makes much sense I can't really phrase it into communicable words or rather perhaps I am just afraid that if I do people will laugh at me for being an idiot. 8 more seconds. 5. 4. 3. 2. 1. bye ",n,y,n,y,n

2003\_282.txt,"Rather than sitting at a blank computer screen right now, I am sitting in the hallway outside my dorm room. You see, my roommate Carly is sleeping. She was fortunate to have no classes on friday. I on the other hand, have chemistry on friday mornings at 10. You understand the peril it takes to get out of bed on fridays when she can sleep away, often until long after I return. As is the case today, which is why I am still in the hallway so as to not disturb her sleep. It's not that I need to sleep right now, it's the idea behind it--she sleeping while I am up and writing this paper. This paper by the way is the first of two papers I have been blessed to right today. This writing assignment is fun; it's pretty interesting to see where your mind will go in a matter of a few minutes or seconds. One word or thought will take you in a completely new and most of the time, very different direction. Back to the second paper I'll be writing today. My ethics in nursing class has a paper due next thursday. We meet twice a week, one on tuesdays and once on thursdays. It is quite a walk to the nursing building. It is located at the far end of campus, so much so that often times it is omitted from maps of campus. But, I enjoy the class so the walk is manageable. Ahh, all these pop ups keep coming while I am writing this. I really don't like the idea of pop ups. Back to my paper. We discuss some pretty controversial subjects in the ethics class, all in preparation for the nursing field. It's hard to think of everything that we will one day face. That is, if we actually get accepted into the nursing program. It's pretty tough I believe. They don't accept everyone which leans its way to be a competitive program. I hope I get accepted. It seems to be the direction that God is pointing my towards. I don't now though; I think I need to have a couple more talks with him to see where He wants me and where I might serve him best. Well, I'm approaching the end of this writing assignment activity. So without further adew(I don't really know how to spell that word, but go with me on it) this will end my first writing assignment for psychology. I sure hope I accomplished the task at hand. It seemed easy enough. but I guess we'll see. My phone is ringing. I bet it is Sterling. ",n,n,y,y,n

2003\_283.txt,"so I'm sitting here. I don't know what to talk about. except for the fact that the latest mars volta cd is amazing. I especially enjoy the way they manipulate the texture of the music. its panned all different kinds of ways to where if you're listening to it in a portable cd player or anything that has a distinct sound system you can notice all these minute details that they have injected in there. any other way would require you to have incredibly sharp hearing sense. I can't believe I have a kitten now. my mom told me to take care of it and get a job to support it. I just laughed at that. is it getting hot in here? I swear. one second I'm cold and the next I'm burning up. and for some reason I'm having a hard time typing right now. I think its because of the temperature. that and lack of knowledge of what to say. my cat is crawling up my leg and meowing right now. I wonder what it is that she wants. I wonder why the mars volta decided to say now I'm lost"" as the most definitive part of the chorus. its pretty great anyways. aww. the cat wants to snuggle in my lap. too cute. I'm going to have to do so much reading tonight. sheish. so many classes and concepts to keep up with. something smells like kitty litter. uggg. kitten. she needs to stop biting me. ahh. she is going to tear my sweater. that is my favorite sweater! I've been everywhere and through everything in this black sweater. I started out with it during my emo days of high school and then grew up wearing it. good times and bad, I've worn this sweater. man. I can't wait until I have my interview with saul williams. its going to be so rad. I can't wait to do research on him so that I can know about every little detail to talk about. hold on. I need to take the sweater off. great. right when I decide to do that the air conditioning decides to come on. just my luck, it always works out this way. I wonder if I could ever get my poetry published. it would be amazing to claim that I wrote a book or compiled just a whole bunch of all the poetry I've written. sometimes I get paranoid that someone's going to copy and steal it since I have it online. not a good idea rola. boy I really like this song. I wish I could write songs this amazing. I just wish my band didn't decide to split. they did it and didn't tell me. lead singer slash guitar player is the last to find out. really genuine folks. that is how life decides to roll the dice though. man, that party after the mars volta showithsaul williams interview is going to be killer. that is, if anyone decides to drive 3 hours and spend the weekend here. hopefully they will. that would be crazy. I need a band again. we need to get our dang cd mastered already so that I can play it on the radio. I need to remember to get one of joey's cds when I'm back in irving so that I can get them to play that on the radio. man, I really hope he gets signed soon. he is so talented and puts so much effort into everything he does. it just feels like he gets nothing out of everything. all the sacrifices he makes and all the time he spends, and he just ends up getting screwed over by life in the end. I wish I could make everything better. I wish I were a magic fairy who could wave a magic wand and make all of his dreams come true so that he wouldn't have to worry about anything ever again. I wish I could do that for anyone. I could pick who's deserving or not. that wouldn't be fair though since I wouldn't be deserving of making such decisions myself. dang I'm so philosophical. good thing that is my major. uh oh. I told a psychology write-up that I'm a philosophy major. I'm assured to fail now. eh. I'm so tired. I wish I could get more sleep. it was pretty nice to talk about depression today. hah. I used to be depressed. severely. I'm so glad that all of that is in the past. its nice to look back and learn about yourself. I'm such a changed person. and I keep changing. and I keep analyzing myself and noticing different things about myself from day to day that surprise me and don't surprise me. I wish more people at school knew me. I've always been the person to walk the halls and have everyone know my name but me not know anyone else's name. that is my deal. people would know me. it sucks that this college can't be like that. what? in like fifty five thousand people? you're lucky if you find your own hand in that many people. the buses are so annoying. everytime I walk up to the dang bus stop and stand in front of the doors it just leaves without me. like it knows when I'm about to come so that it can leave. that is how the buses here in austin know when its time to leave the stop. they just see me coming and its the all-time cue. that is what they teach the new bus drivers in training. if they ask ""so when do we leave?"" they say ""when rola comes. "" my head itches. press the ""finish"" button when you're done. twenty dang minutes is a long ace time to keep writing nothingness. its all good in the hood, I have like less than 6 minutes to go. w00t! you know. it seriously sucks that people suck. I wish people could be a whole lot nicer than they are. but what is nice anyways? gosh. we can go all philosophy on that as it is. spend like an hour and a year on that subject alone. screw it. I'm not in the mood to analyze anything. I'm just so tired. and that kitten won't quit messing with the blinds. if only I could stop typing this, get up, and stop that. she is making the blind strings look like snakes from where I'm sitting. and now the string is caught in her paw. just great. its like I'm babysitting. no, it feels like I'm a mom now. just more and more responsibility for me. but she is so cute that its worth it. man. I wish I could play an amazing guitar riff like the one I'm hearing right now. I miss playing music a lot every week. I miss being on stage. gosh I wish I had that feeling right now. ultimate bliss. no! instead I'm sitting here typing this stupid thing so that I can get credit in psychology. I better make a freaking A in this class or I'll be so pissed it will be the end of the world and destiny at the same time. if anyone read what I'm typing right now. I'm sure they would pee in their pants from how afraid they would be that a person like me exists. they're probably getting a lot weirder responses than this though. right? RIGHT? less than one minute and I'm a free-bird! and that is not a pun! whoever yells to play that at shows. dude. you're so behind on the times! that is like the oldest thing to say ever. you're just joining the masses when you submit to saying that at every show you go to. tradition or not. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_284.txt,"I'm not quite sure what to write about, and I highly doubt that anything interesting will come out of this paper! It makes me nervous to turn in a paper that I won't have time to proofread or check over. One of my English teachers used to take off points exponentially for every grammar error in the paper! Luckily my teachers aren't like that and this is the first paper I've had to write so far. Which is a good thing, I'm definitely not complaining. It is also the first actual homework assignment I have had, the rest is just reading and reading and more reading! Luckily most of it is interesting. I know in high school they said that college would be much harder and that there is more homework, but I don't think so. It isn't harder because there is more time to accomplish things in. the. Besides, teachers aren't so anal here. Maybe it's just UT, but I love it! I love the liberal attitude! Anyway, my roommate is due back at any second. Everytime I hear doors slam or flip flops coming this way, I think it is her. It's a bit distracting, although I guess in a way I already am distracted. I just don't know what to write about! I really hope this paper isn't graded on content! But Rachel, my roommate, is really nice. She thinks she is a witch, which I thought was incredibly weird, but whatever. I haven't seen anything weird since I've been here. Unless one considers a tarot reading weird that is. She did a reading on the phone to her boyfriend of three weeks that she has never met! Isn't that weird? I can't imagine that relationship going anywhere. But it makes me feel glad that I have Michael. He is been my boyfriend for two years, and now that we are in different cities, it's hard! I think he is taking it harder than I am, but I don't know how to help him! I guess that if the situation was reversed, I would be freaking out too. It's just that I have so many things to do here, that I can't talk to him every single time he wants to. Maybe things will improve with time. I finally found the lyrics to Enya's song called ?Only Time. ? It really has a great message, although almost all of her songs do. As the title implies, she talks about how only time knows everything. Time knows if you will stay married or if your troubles will go away. Knowing that is great, it's just hard. Kind of like the saying ?easier said than done. ? It's hard waiting for things! Not material things necessarily, but for success and happiness and similar things. I guess that's what everyone wants; happiness. I'm scared that I won't find it in my future work. Even though I love helping people and I know Social Work is a great thing, social workers make less than $30,000 a year! It makes me wonder if I have some greater purpose in life. So many things interest me that I feel pressured in choosing what to follow through with. A friend of mine has the same problem and she said ?I feel like I have 10 souls inside of me and each wants to do a different thing. ? And I feel the same way! Ideally I just want to make a difference and help people. I'm sure that somewhere in the next four years I will figure out what I want to do. It makes me wonder how other people just automatically know what they want to do. Is it because they are really good at something and want to follow through with it, or is it just because they made a random decision and want to stick with it? Who knows! I have nothing to do all night which is the perfect chance to study, but for some reason I just can't concentrate. Maybe it's because I took a nap and now all I want to do is go back to sleep! For the first few weeks I was sleeping wonderfully, but I haven't been able to for the past few days. Maybe Pennebaker's talk about college kids having sleep problems affected me! I doubt it though. But it is great being in Psychology. Although the book can be a bit boring sometimes, some of the subjects are incredibly fascinating and I can relate to most of them! Michael laughs at me all the time because I am constantly trying to justify things in life by what I learn in psychology. He has a terrible memory, so when I learned about the hippocampus or the amygdala or whichever it was, I immediately thought of him. And of course he laughed at me and thought I was silly to think that he had a medical deficiency since he couldn't remember things well. Oh well I guess! At least he loves me! Well, I have one more minute and I don't know what I'm supposed to close this off with, but I guess that means I'm supposed to keep rambling on. I would be really interested in seeing what kind of study these are being used for, if any. I would love to see what people wrote about. Probably friends and school, which seems to be what mine is dominated by, but maybe not! ",y,n,y,y,n

2003\_285.txt,"Well, I guess this is the first time that I have ever done anything like this. I mean, the first time that I have talked about ANYTHING to anyone. What I'm really thinking about right now is index cards. I need to make flash cards for my Introduction to Medical and Scientific Terminology class, and I don't have any index cards. I feel like I need to complete that task now. Why is it that I must always do EVERYTHING in one day? I just can't ever seem to take my time and relax. I guess if I had any form of OCD, that would be it; I'm a perfectionist who needs to clear her schedule. Now, if I wait until this Stream of Consciousness Writing is over, it'll be like almost eleven thirty at night before I'm done. Should I really go out and get my index cards then? I need like a pack of 200 of them, but I really need more for the future. I guess I could wait to get more index cards when I get home to Houston this weekend, then I would know exactly where to buy them, or I could even get my mom to get them for me in Houston, that would be very convenient for me. I miss my mom most. She does everything for me. Its not that I miss her just because she did everything for me; its just that she is this really great person. She is so genuine. I know she loves me truly because she goes out of her way to make me happy. Why can't I meet more people like that in my life? I hope I marry someone who can take care of me as well as my mom and dad can. Man, I miss my dog, too. I guess I am a little obsessed with my dog, but I can't help it. She is so cute. And she is been there ever since I was like 12. We're inseparable, and I wonder and worry about how she is doing without me. Dogs are great aren't they? They never get angry at you or make you upset. They always are loyal, and give love one hundred percent. I wish that people could be as nice as dogs are. I wish my boyfriend would be happier. He is the main reason why I worry so much of the time. I really never thought it was really possible to cry so much that your eyes get swollen, until I met him. I worry a lot about him, not about our relationship, but about him. I wish he would be happier, treat himself better, love himself more, and feed himself. The man's the pickiest man I have ever met! I have never made one thing that he thought was yummy. I have never taken him to a restaurant that he thought was good. Everything is always decent. "" Decent? I know he doesn't mean to be condescending in any way, but it really makes it seem that he is being super condescending. I know that he feels that he wants to enjoy the fine fruits of life; food being one that should be simple to enjoy, but with his ideal of fine food, I don't know if he will ever feel that. That's one thing about psychology. My boyfriend always says what he wants, but he never feels it when I try to give it to him. I believe that he never feels it because somewhere in his head, his innate response to anything I do is a negative one, therefore his response is negative. His mind tells him to not like it and therefore he ends up thinking that he really doesn't like it. It's all in the mind. If he told himself to like it, he would; But the fact of the matter is that he doesn't. All right, I'm going to shut up about him all ready. I think that this writing assignment is pretty cool. It's like writing in an electronic diary, like on the show ""Sex and the City,"" except that these thoughts are really not very private because I guess Professor Pennebaker or one of the TA's is going to read it, but I'm really okay with one of them reading it. It's not like I have anything really vulgar or nasty to say. I'm so full. I don't think I should have eaten all that Kraft Macaronni and Cheese, but hey, on the bright side, its a great source of calcium, which is something that growing women need, so I guess its kind of a good thing. Hahaha. I can't believe that I just tried to justify overeating, at least I don't have to worry about getting fat over it. Nobody in my family is fat or even chubby. I don't think I've gained any weight here because I do so much walking, so who cares if I ate extra macaroni; I used skim milk instead of whole milk, and I added salt to it instead of butter, thus I feel no guilt. Dude, I could really go for a Coke right now. Coca Cola is so good. Its so expensive though, and its so bad for your teeth and kidneys. What makes it taste so good? I think its that bubbly feeling you get in the back of your throat when you drink it; not like that nasty gross Diet Cola. Diet Cola is disgusting. I don't understand why people drink Diet when there's real Cola. I'm sleepy. I don't sleep much here in Austin, because all I do is go to school, and then I come home, eat, and then do homework for the whole rest of the time. It's a bitch. I need my sleep man. I don't get more than 5 hours of sleep at most. I had four freaking classes today! Can you believe that? from 9 in the morning to 5 in the afternoon, I had class. And get this, what really made today bad was that while I was waiting for the bus, a huge, green, black striped, spider was crawling up my shirt and was like two inches away from my face! I thought I was going to DIE! I HATE SPIDERS! If I had any kind of phobia, its spiders. I don't like any bugs, but Spiders are the worst. They're so ugly and creepy and scary. I thought I was really going to cry. It made me so anxious and nervous. I went home and showered. My writing assignment is almost over now. I feel a little bit of relief and a little bit sad at the same time, how pathetic. hahaha. I'm kinda sad because I like writing all my thoughts down, but I'm relieved because I have a lot of other stuff to do still. ",n,y,y,y,y

2003\_286.txt,"Ok. I really don't know what I am supposed to be doing. I am just thinking. Hmmm. What am I thinking about. my stomach is growling. oh look its my jeremy camp cd I have not listened to that in a while. I wonder if carrie and I will drive to the concert in abilene on thurs. I don't want to make her go if she does not want to. hmmm. thirsty now. why is this water bottle green. that color is not so great to look at. interesting. thank goodness its friday. I miss home. college is not as easy as I thought it would be. its too quiet in this room. I can't stand it being so quiet. I want to get up and have someone to talk to but no one is here. What is up with my stomach. Its jumping around in knots. Goodness gracious. Mmm. M&ms look good in that cup over there. Ok. Five minutes have passed. it was not so bad. I have so much to do today. I have to get my cell phone fixed with some more minutes. I wonder if they will make me sign another contract. My mom might be right about that. I need to make a list. Right after I am done with this that is what I will do. Wonder when Carrie's class ends. I bet she is sleeping. Art history can't be that fun. My mouth is watering because of all of the hunger. What am I to do. Its all about willpower. The football game is too early tomorrow. I need to figure out if I need to move my car out to the garage. Why don't the stupid people keep me informed. Its crazy, I pay 650 for a parking space but you have to move it on game days. Craziness. Its cold in here. I need a jacket. O, the blanket will work. Wonder what texture this thing is made out of. I will turn off the fan. That will help. hmm. It is hard to consciously think about your thoughts. Who would have thought. I wonder how long that helium balloon is going to stay up. It has been four days. My foot itches. I miss Josh. I wonder if he will call today. Hopefully he got my letter. I wonder what he is doing. ok I need to stop thinking about him. I can't look at these pictures on my board. They just make me sad and reminded of home. I hope Britt is doing alright. I wondered why little Josh imed me. I bet he is asking me a question about a girl. Hehe. He is such a cute little boy. Hopefully he is doing alright too. Ok now I am bored. Why is that highlighter on the floor. Is it mine or Carrie's. Must be mine. Fell out of my bag. I need to read today. Maybe take a nap first. Have to go to the store and get a new earring because my ear hurts. Its no good. Why does it have a big lump on it. I think it must be infected. Wow. That was a slow minute. Need to talk to mom about some money and paying Carrie back. I need to find that paper that says the stuff. so much to do. Those are some pretty trees outside. Austin does have better weather than Houston. Hope it does not rain more today. well time is up. bye. ",y,n,y,y,n

2003\_287.txt,"Well I am sitting at my desk. It's kinda dark in here so I just turned on the lamp. I have a lot of homework to finish, most of it for the psych class. My homework has not been too bad so far. Just a lot of reading. I am ready to go home and see my cat, I really miss him more than other things that I should probably miss more. My mom would get mad if she heard me say that, but sadly it is true. Well my mind is a blank, I can't really think of anything to say I know we are supposed to just type whatever comes to mind, but my mind goes completely blank whenever I try to write anything, no matter what it is. I guess that is why I never could keep a journal or anything like that. I would start out the first day writing some, then it just tapered off until I stopped writing completely. I have several journals with only the first couple of pages written on. Wow 20 minutes is a long time, its only been 5 since I started. I'm trying to keep writing for the entire duration, but it is weird how when you are supposed to write freely your mind won't cooperate. I guess that is what you are trying to figure out. It is ironic how the mind works, that is why I have always wanted to take a psychology class, so I could better understand its inner workings. I am frustrated that I really cannot think of a single thing however. I miss my best friend, Faith. She is at Oachita (spelling?) in Arkadelphia. It is about 8 hours from here. I am thinking about going and visiting her over spring break, but that is a little hard without a car. I will probably have to fly home first and get my car from there. Surprisingly my parents are not going to sell it (like they originally planned) and are keeping it at home (where it is currently getting no use). I guess it was their last attempt to get me to come home some of the time. I am only going home once before the holidays. That's only for my high school's homecoming. Which I am kind of excited about. I know a few of my good friends that are also coming home for the game, so I will get to see them. That is the only weird thing about college. You realize how much your friends meant to you. It is odd not seeing them during class like you are used to. But, luckily I have met a few great people, and we have become good friends. I knew 8 people coming down here and only three of them I was actually good friends with. The other five were more acquaintances. I already semi-knew my roommate, she went to school in the same district, and we met through our parents. We have since become better friends. I am sure whoever ends up reading this really wants to know all these things, but I figured I might as well write something. Well let's see. I went on a mission trip to Mexico this summer. I only thought of this because there is a picture of me and some of the kids we worked with on my desk. It was truly an awesome experience. I am a changed person because of that two week experience. Well I guess I won't get into any other subject. My time is ticking away, funny how it goes by faster when you type. very ironic. and that is about all, thank you! ",n,y,y,y,y

2003\_288.txt,"hey! I'm typing the first writing assignment for my psychology class. That's PSY301. My professor is Pennebaker. I'm not sure how that's supposed to be pronounced. is it like pen-baker or pen-ne-baker? I'm thinking that it's the second way. hey it's been two minutes. only 18 minutes left now. what should I type about right now? I wonder if grammar, punctuation, and spelling matter in this assignment. I doubt that it does. I sure hope it doesn't. I don't feel like capitalizing all my I""s right now. stream of consciousness. what to type. I don't know. I should be able to type faster. my leg is asleep. is this going to submit automatically when twenty minutes are over? I think I'm supposed to do it manually. I wonder if I'm supposed to leave in errors on this assignment. or am I allowed to use the backspace key? it's a pretty useful key. the delete key does the same thing as the backspace key except it goes the other way. my fingers are getting kind of tired. is ""kind of"" correct grammar? what should I type about now? well, I'm using a computer in the computer lab in the west building right now to type up this writing assignment because the internet isn't working on my computer. my computer has only been connected to the internet like 3 times since I moved in here. stupid airwave. or maybe it's my computer configuration that's causing conflicts. anyway, why do bad things always seem to happen to me? these kinds of problems always seem to happen to me. I'm like the only one here whose internet connection isn't working. hmm. I hope we weren't supposed to divide this assignment into paragraphs. or organize it or something. I feel like playing the guitar now. I want to improve. I don't think adri is in his room right now so he can't help me now. I don't think keerthan is in his room either. what's up with the weather these past two days? my fingers and wrists are feeling a little tense now. it's been raining like on and off frequently around here. hey it's been 12 minutes now. 10 minutes have passed since I last mention the time limit. I think. and now there are about 8 minutes left. man, this is taking longer than I thought it would. or it feels longer. hey look at that finish button. I want to click on it. but it probably wouldn't be a good idea. click-click-clickety-click. dot dot dot. I'm bored. and tired. crap, I got to do that experiment thing for this class too. I wonder if he minds if I use slang in this assignment. is ""got to"" counted as slang? I'm kind of hungry. not hungary. that's a country. well I'm not really very hungry. I just had lunch a couple hours ago. it wasn't that good. the tomato sauce for the pasta is too chunky. and the liquid part is too thin. yeah, not good stuff. hey I got a three day weekend. I like fridays, but I don't like wednesdays because I have four and a half hours of class then. and I have zero hours of class on fridays!. weeeee. doing homework on my free day. hey less than a minute to go. I wonder if the pennebaker gets tired of reading all of these assignments. or if he even reads them. can I get brownie points from this? pennebaker is cool!. hey a pop-up just told me that my twenty minutes are up, so I'm going to click that finish button now. ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_291.txt,"I don't know if I'm still mad at my friend. I hope she never does it again but somehow I think it'll take longer for her to change. Should I leave her alone or still hang out with her? I'm getting tired of taking care of everyone. I don't know whether I want to go clubbing or go home this weekend. I sort of want to go home and get more food because I'm getting tired of the american food here. I don't hate olivia and I think its stupid that all these people hate her for no other reason than other people hating her. I think its very immature and you should get to know a person before judging her. I'm worried about my friend who is always taking drugs and she thinks its really cool. I had a writing assignment like this in high school. My psychology teacher in high school was so boring because she had a monotonous voice and she . I don't know but is very strange. I miss my high school life but I still prefer my college life. In high school everything seems controlled because my parents placed restrictions on my life but now here, its different because there is no one to control me. I sort of like this new freedom because my parents were really strict at home. I never got to stay out late but now, I could do whatever I want. I'm just afraid that I might mess up my schoolwork here at college. I don't want to mess up because I want a bright future but then I also want to experience and have fun my college years. So I have to learn how to set priorities to my life. I miss my high school life and I know that I could never go back to it. But I feel like I have truly lived my senior year of high school. High school was fun because I made friends I know I would keep for a lifetime. They are the ones I would call up if I'm upset or the ones I don't mind crying to. But in college, I feel like, no one really gives a damn about you unless you had some history with them. My classmates here, we're all in competition and the only ones I could turn to for now are the friends I had in high school. I just feel more comfortable being around them because I know that they've seen me through a lot of situations. I wish I could make more friends here at UT because its such a big campus and I want to be well connected. So I have started going to CBS and that's helping a lot I think not only because I meet people there but also it calms me down. Because thurs night I went clubbing and after that I still felt wild but now I'm ready to settle down and work hard in college. I don't want any regrets. I wish I could also find a boyfriend here at UT so I have someone I could rely or depend on. Because I'm tired of being depended on all the time. The ideal kind of guy would probably be a guy younger than me I would totally go for him. I wish it was summer, I like this UT campus because it just feels like home. It fits, because at home I'm always counting the days until I left home but now that I'm at uT I'm enjoying my days here. I don't usually like writing stuff like this because sometimes I feel like its a waste of time. I rather talk it out to someone so they can endure the pain of listening as well. Does someone actually read this? Because this would be a lot of reading to do. not only to read my writing but also to read everyone's elses writing. What is the purpose of this writing? I'm almost done, five more minutes of just rambling. This is like xanga. Everyone on there just rambles on forever about their day and their thoughts. Do they feel any different after they finish writing? Well. xanga's are interesting to read when I'm bored but I don't think I would ever have one just because I don't want to waste my time on that and that I don't want to post up my personal life. I'm running out of stuff to say, I have never consider myself to be a very talkative person. Even to other people. I wish my roommate would get her internet port fixed because I'm tired of her always having to use my computer when she does something. Even if it was for schoolwork, I'm really anal about people touching my computer. Should I go and help her yell at the people who fixes computers because I want her to get it fixed now but she just seems to drag it. Is that selfish of me? Well. I'm again running out of stuff to say and I have approx one more minute. My goals for college is to succeed I don't want to fail because its so much harder to climb back up again once you fall. Yay. almost time. 30 more sec. blah blah 20 more sec I feel like an idiot just rambling here. ",n,y,y,n,n

2003\_292.txt,"I have no clue how to start this. I haven't bought my psychology book yet. Is that bad? I wish I could do that DJ thing at the beginning of class. The guy last time played horrible music. I made a friend in that class named Kelly. She seems cool. I hope we get to hang out. This feels like a diary entry. Is that what it's supposed to be like? Today Natalie and I went down to a free barbecue thing and met some new people. One girl we met reminded my of my ex-boyfriends new girlfriend. It really got on my nerves. Not because I'm jealous, just because it was like her twin and being around that was just an odd situation. Rob is really annoying me. I'd like to just stop talking to him altogether. But hang out with him at the same time. And Eric. I don't know what to do with Eric. I don't know if I love him or not. I don't know if I'll ever really be in love. He says the sweetest things to me, so it's easy for me to say sweet things back to him. But I don't know if I really feel it or not. I think I'm really heartless. And I haven't been in English for a long time! I'm forgetting whether to capitalize the I"" in some words. Odd. My arm hurts. Am I going to have to keep this up for 20 minutes? I wonder if some people write really poetic things in their stream of consciousness writings. Mine is all boring teenage bullshit. Let's try and write something deep. It's quiet in the dorm hall, save the occasional dorm slam. All the girls are in their rooms, wasting tears on heartless boys and wasting brain cells on pointless worksheets. The faint shimmer of hope of the future they saw on the first day of college has almost completely faded, all in a couple of days. Soon those heartless boys will do something so horrendous, and the girls trust in men will be shattered for good and ruin all relationships in the future. Aaaand I'm spent. That was so lame. Bullshit, as my English teacher would say. He is really cool. He made us write about a chair the other day, which was very interesting. And he taught at Pomona, which is my Harvard. I would love to go to school in California. Hopefully next year I can go to SFSU and be near Eric and see if this thing will really work out. Are boys the only thing on my mind? Am I really that shallow? At this moment, I'm afraid so. I blanked. I have to start a new stream. I'm losing a lot of weight, I think. My wrists are smaller than they used to be. I don't know why that waifish look appeals to me. I want to be super skinny. And if not eating is how I have to get there, I just might do it. I don't think I'm fat right now. There are just parts of me that could be smaller. And I'm too lazy to work out, so not eating will solve all of these problem areas. I'll be the anorexic that always eats Milky Way. Because those are so good and I could never give them up. When do I become an adult? I have no clue where that came from. But really. When? It's really quiet in here. I can hear Natalie typing on occasion. She is a good student. Always on top of things. Our room smells like new carpet when you first walk in. The other day it smelled like Clam Chowder. Not pleasant. I miss my family. I never thought I would. I don't miss them so much that I'd cry or be terribly homesick. I mainly miss the meals. And the fact that if I was sick they would go and buy me what I needed. I took birth control for the first time on Friday and it made me sick and there was no one to take care of me. It made me appreciate my mom so much more, which I rarely do. Yes, I am a spoiled brat. I didn't get as much stuff as other brats did, but I am one nonetheless. And I have no concept of money because I am willing to shell out another couple hundred bucks in October to go see Eric again. And my mom will be furious at me if she finds out. I'm not going to tell her this time. I'll give Natalie all the information. And pray my parents don't come down for a surprise visit. I like our dorm room. It has a lot of character. I love our posters. Natalie and I have the same tastes in a lot of things. Of course, I'd much rather have my best friend Monica as a roommate. I miss her so much. And with her, I do miss her to tears. She is the only one I could be myself around. I love her so much. And feel horrible about what I did to her last year. I blew her off. I wasn't a good friend. And I'll never forgive myself for it. The girls across the hall from us just got home. I don't like them that much. Jenny is nice. She listens to Morrissey. And, however stereotypical that is, we think she is gay because of that. Most Morrissey girls are lesbians. And Paige, the other girl, is really stuck-up. And she listens to lots of local bands from Dallas that I despise. So yes. It takes a lot for me to warm-up to people. I'm very selective with friends. Which I shouldn't be because I'm not the coolest person to hang out with. And boy do I have low self-esteem. I constantly put myself down. Eric gets annoyed with it. And I type really hard, too. I think Natalie is annoyed with this sound right now. Oh well. Seriously, is someone going to read this? Is there a right or wrong way to do it? I hope not. I'm sure I'm doing it the wrong way. Rob just told me that he is joining the army. I don't want him to. And I told him why. And he told me not to be punk rock because I'm an indie princess. That's so lame. Just because I listen to that kind of music doesn't mean I can't have political views. And this was a good exercise. Very therapeutic. Thank you, Professor! ",n,y,n,n,n

2003\_293.txt,"Well I'm supposed to write and I don't really know what to say. I'm sitting in my room with my roommates while they listen to music and watch TV. I wasn't doing anything productive so I thought I'd get this writing assignment out of the way. Do typos matter? Because I keep erasing, but I don't think it really matters. Ok I left one in. So it's really hot in here. And my computer is way too far away from me and it kinda hurts to type. But oh well. I'm waiting for the cartoon Home Movies, to come on. I don't usually watch cartoons, but I saw this one once and it's really funny and I liked it a lot. Wow, only 3 minutes have gone by. I think I'm going to get pretty tired after 20 minutes. I'm so sick of studying. My roommate is talking about a little girl in a Missy Elliot video. What song is this? I have no idea. I'm hungry, but I can't eat and type at the same time. My side itches. hold on a second. Aw there we go. Much better. So I don't understand why I have so much work to do in my English class. It's ridiculous! It's making me so frustrated. My other classes give decent amounts of work to do, but that class is crazy! I have to read 22 chapters in Jane Eyre by Tuesday. Oh I like this song. Probably shouldn't listen to it too loud because I'm trying to type, but it's ok. I seem to be doing ok with it on so far. I'm really tired and I wish I could just go to sleep but I need to study some more before I do. I have to wake up early tomorrow and it really sucks. Wow, I complain a lot. I don't mean to, but I do. Ok. running out of things to say. Talk about smells. can't smell much. It's pretty plain-smelling in here if that makes sense. Damn! Only 8 minutes have passed! Twenty minutes feels like forever. We did a stream of consciousness paper in Creative Writing in high school and I remember how much my hand hurt while I was doing it. I need a massage. my neck and back are really sore. Maybe from sleeping on a too-small and uncomfortable couch last night. And from driving from College Station (no I wasn't at A&M) to San Antonio and then to Austin today. That could do it to you! Well I want a pretzel. They're sitting right next to me but I can't get them. When is this thing going to over with? I wonder what you learn from this? How weird and random people are? I think I'm a pretty random person. I used to say that word a lot in middle school. I hated middle school so much. I don't know why. It was just horrible for the most part. And high school wasn't much better. I like college a lot more than both already. Well my show should be coming on soon. I can't wait to watch it. I hope it's a funny episode! I always tell people how funny it is and then they watch the one episode that's NOT funny and think I'm stupid. Not that I care, but I want people to know that it's a really funny show. I need to be studying for English. No, not English, music. English just popped into my head. Hmm. Ok only 6 more minutes. I think I can handle this. Wow, it got quiet in here. And really really hot too! At first our A/C was broken and our room was 60 degrees, and we complained that it was too cold. And now they fixed it and it's soooooo hot in here. Katie just discovered Longhorn Delivery. I love that thing! I used to use it all the time when I used to come visit friends in Austin. We were all pretty lazy. I'm becoming less lazy here I think. I have to walk everywhere and can't really rely on other people to do things for me like at home. I want to go home and get some things and see my animals and my parents. I'm not homesick, but it'll be cool to see how things have changed since I left. My parents have been re-doing the house, probably out of boredom. I think it's cute that they're doing little projects together now. I hope they have fun living together alone again, like before they had me and brother. I've been warned it's almost 11:30 and HOme Movies will be on shortly! I'm excited. I think it's sad to get so excited about a cartoon, but you have to get excited about something! Well my time is almost up aND I'm glad. Oops, I hit the caps lock for a little bit. Ok 10 seconds. And I'm done! ",n,y,n,y,n

2003\_296.txt,"There are many things going through my mind right now. However, I just wish I would have girlfriend. I keep thinking I want one, but I'm not really sure if it would be really good for me. Looking around right now, I see my stuffed animal duck, my computer with its blue neon lights, my 8. 2 speaker system, and my printer. I really love my sound system. The two sony speakers provide a great midrange, the 7 small logitech speakers give good highs, and my subwoofers provide all the bass I need. My headphones are really nice too. I can?t believe I got them on sale for $30. what a deal. I played Warcraft 3 tonight for seven hours. I look back and don't believe that I actually played that long, but I did. After playing my first three hours, I decided to take a break. But that game is too addicting. I just finished and now its 2:36 am and I have nothing to do. so I figure I might as well write my psychology stream of consciousness paper. My roommate is fast asleep. He really needs his sleep. He gets a good 8 hours a night while I only get my 5 or 6. However, I take a bunch of naps to make up for it. He is a really great roommate. I intend on rooming all four years with him. He respects my space yet jokes around with me when its time to have fun. He keeps our room tidy and clean so we won't be living in a pig pen. My cell phone is really nice. I can't believe I got it for free. Cingular sucks though sometimes. I never get reception in my dorm room or in any of the buildings. So if people call, I never get any notice, which can be frustrating. I really miss my best friend kenny. He is in st. louis right now. He just got grounded for staying out all weekend without coming home. Now I can't talk to him or even get in contact with him. I really miss him. I wish that he and his aunt wouldn't have been fighting. If that were the case, he would still be in houston right now. This paper is really interesting because its putting down everything I'm thinking. I'm thinking whatever and its just coming out. my mind is not really in a solid thinking mood. probably because it is 2:41 am. My mind feels jumpy right now. I am still looking at my computer monitor and the duck that sits on top. I'm really glad we lofted our beds in our dorm. It gives us so much more space. Under the bed is our desk which has my computer. On the adjacent wall, our tv sits between the two dressers. I really miss home. Its nathans birthday today, and I won't be home to wish him a happy birthday. That just reminds me that I have to call him tomorrow or else he may get upset. I?m getting my postit notes out right now but I can't find a pen. where is it? oh. there it is. Eric is fast asleep. How can he sleep so early? well. I guess its not THAT early. Looking at my walls, I have 3 dave matthews posters, an art poster and a ?better luck tomorrow? movie poster. On one wall are all my pictures from my senior year. I really miss my old friends that aren't going to UT. Austin is fun though. I have made so many new friends through basketball, classes, and just walking around. I find it really hard to remember names though. I feel bad sometimes because I have to ask the person 2 or 3 times what their names are. I miss anh back at Rice. I like her a lot. she is just one of those people that are easy going and relaxed about everything. I wonder how this year I have gotten so lazy. I'm too lazy to study for my classes and I can barely make myself do the homework assignments. I use to be so studious. I guess that was before I had a good computer and a basketball gym. plus. I had my parents around back in houston bugging me to do things. I'm really glad I'm not working though. I can now concentrate purely on school. However, I need to start getting back into the swing of things so I won't fail my first semester. my classes aren't difficult, so I better get a 4. 0. Ok. I have two minutes left. My mind is starting to shut down. I am getting tired. I'm not sure if I can stand the 1. 5 minutes left. This is pretty hard towards the end when you are tired and can't think of anything. My mind feels like jello. Looking out my window, I see the tower. I'm so lucky to get San Jacinto 5th floor. My room view is absolutely amazing at night. I think it is weird how my mind works. ",y,n,y,n,n

2003\_297.txt,"Music is great. Someday by Nickelback has got to be one of the best songs I've heard in long time. nothings wrong. just as long as you know someday. "" Ahhh well, good message behind it I guess. Every time I look in your eyes I simply fall into your lies. It's fun to try to make up new lyrics to songs. Helps the creative process I get. I just ate some flavored ice and it tastes pretty good. although the grape had a strange aftertaste. Nothing else could affect me like this. Just your eyes and your deadly kiss. Words just keep popping into my head. I've been listening to this song over and over. Its actually on repeat. My plug only has one socket. I was surprised when I first saw that. Most have two. Oh well. Finally, you've returned my mind to me. But still you've left me nothing. So it's only been 5 minutes and I've written quite a bit. this is slow going. I guess water really doesn't boil if you watch it. People don't seem to call me much anymore. I guess it might be because I end up calling them but still. I don't know, it's weird I guess. This is a lot like writing a journal. free consciousness. I loved Catcher in the Rye. strange book though. I didn't like the other big stream of consciousness book. I forgot what it was called. All I see are visions of your face Reminding me all of this was a waste. Hmmmm. my time thing doesn't show me how long I have left. I guess I started at 9:40 so I have 10 minutes left. ""Why weren't we able. "" Nickelback really has some great songs. No One, Leader of Men. All seem fairly angry however. Perhaps that is why I liked them. Subconscious anger perhaps? All you left were remnants of pain Tell me what you thought you'd gain. My nose hurts. I should put my ring on. For some reason I always forget to put my ring on before going to class. I dropped my 427 Calc class today and opted for 408D instead. I thought perhaps learning second semester was more important than skipping to a higher level of math. It's all about the basics, isn't it? The only bad thing about this was that I also had to drop my philosophy class as well. so I'm down to 13 credit hours. This means I have to find something else to do. Even though I'm working, I kinda feel like I'm being lazy if I don't go back up to at least 15 credit hours. I'm only 1 credit hour above the requirement for a full-time student. Perhaps I'll take Tae Kwon Do or guitar. I think the Tae Kwon Do is only 1 credit hour tho, while guitar is 2. I hope I'll still be able to start. That'd be pretty fun. The only thing is I don't really know what kind of exams I would get through those classes. Perhaps I'll talk to the music department tomorrow. I have to wake up at 7 tomorrow. I don't really feel like going to class at 8 in the morning. and my calc class still has it's discussions at the same time as before. so I still won't get a break until 4:30 tomorrow. Man, it's going to be a very long day. perhaps it won't be too bad though. Maybe I'll be able to figure out some way to pass the time. This has got to be more than 100 words. All I see right now is the finish button. It's calling me. slowly, slowly. ""instead of a hollywood horror. "" I also see the Logitech sign for my mouse. It's a really good mouse. Nice and cordless, as well as wireless. "". I know you're wondering when. "" So why do human beings miss such obvious signs pointing out problems? Do we really miss them or are we just blinding ourselves to them. Perhaps those are the same things. All you gave me were endless problems. Now show me how to solve them. I really like using the . , ellipses? Something like that. I always got it messed up. I probably overuse them. They're nice though. they show a pause much more clearly than a comma (in my mind at least). Also, they're useful in showing sarcasm. much sarcasm. "". now the story's played out like this. "" ""Nothing's wrong. "" Those just seem to stick in my head. I don't know for sure why. Perhaps I see my own relationships in those. I think it's almost been 20 minutes. I guess I should probably write for a little bit more just to make sure its been a full 20 minutes. ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_298.txt,"I just had a conversation with Sarah. She can be so touchy sometimes. It seems as though she is so insecure with herself that she can't stand it when someone says something that is contrary to what she is saying. Just a few minutes before hand, I was telling her about what I need to for this writing assignment and she said that she often writes stream of consciousness"" writings and gave me an example where she a friend of hers wanted some advice on a story he was writing and in affect, she gave him a story that was just following her thoughts and that wasn't pre-planned. I told her that that was not ""stream-of consciousness"" because she was focusing her mind on a particular theme or plot to come up with a story. Then she just got irritated and told me that I don't do that to her. And I was like, ""What?"". She doesn't make any sense. Oh dear. Surat is screaming her head off and I have to cover her so she can go to sleep tonight. It is 10:30 and she usually starts screaming about now. Surat is a nice bird though, other than the screaming when she is in a demanding mood. She usually keeps herself pretty entertained. There she goes again. I should tell monica to cover her. Moni is probably busy with her studies. How am I supposed to tend to my bird while I am doing this assignment? I have to stay here and complete it or then I wouldn't really be doing the assignment right. That brings up another point. What is someone really has to go to the bathroom during these 20 minutes. Are they supposed to just sit here and risk getting a bladder infection so they may do well on this assignment? Would that be cheating if someone took a bathroom break? Ok, I had to go cover the cage but it didn't take more than five seconds(literally) because the cage is on the other side of the room that I am in. That is a relief. Now she isn't screaming. Now what should I write about. Hmmm. I had a yoga class today. Ashtanga Yoga. It was very difficult to do and very fun. I hope to become really flexible this semester. I also have a really good workout schedule planned for this semester. I got a texercise pass from Gregory gym for 55 dollars and I have access to all these cool aerobics classes and yoga classes. It is wonderful. I just wish I didn't have this psychology class at 3:30 to 5pm because two really good classes go on at that time. It is really disappointing. I can't believe I am taking a psychology class(301) this late into my undergrad. I am a senior and I am just taking this class because I decided just recently I want to go into Counseling Psychology. And in order to do that I need 4 Psychology classes with a ""B"" or higher. I am going to make an A in this class. This summer had a large effect on me. I realized that I really didn't want to become a professor and be consumed by grading papers and research and not have adequate time with my family. I think I just spelled that ""adequate"" word incorrectly. I hope this assignment isn't going to be graded on spelling. That would be ridiculous because this is a ""stream of consciousness"" paper. What if a persons stream of consciousness is going insane and causing the person to type faster than normal to get every thought down and in the process spell words incorrectly. This page doesn't have a spell checker. People are so spoiled by spell checkers and typing. Have you noticed that everyone has bad handwriting these days because no one really needs to master the art of writing? My sister told me that when she was little she used to practice her handwriting all the time so it would look nice when she would have to write papers. That seems so ancient now and that was only about 11 or 12 years ago. Its crazy how technology has progressed so rapidly within the past few years. What is going to happen next? I will tell what will happen next. We will overpopulate to the point where there will be no trees or animals left. The earth will be polluted and humans will be the cause of their own demise. I think they should study that in psychology. Why are humans the only animal that makes its environment adapt to it rather than it adapt to its surroundings? We are the only animal that is ruining earth and eating up all its resources. We are causing a great imbalance in nature. Would they even be able to study that in psychology? That might be a little taboo because everyone is so full of themselves that they don't want to admit how ridiculous humans are. or rather, can be. I really like sociology and anthropology better than psychology. Or at least I have more experience in those other two areas. I tend to take the middle ground however. I am not like a psychologist saying that a lot of aspects of human behavior is biological and I am not like a sociologist saying that every aspect of human behavior is a product of environment. I think it is a combination of both and it seems like to me that both fields are too extremist. Am I going to get a bad grade for badmouthing psychology? I hope not. Psychology is a good field, don't get me wrong, but one has to remember that everything has its faults. I took that horrible pre-test today for the experiments. Some of the questions were funny to me. I think its great that they want to know how interested a person is in erotica. Haha. My 20 minutes are over. Guess you don't get to read about my opinions on erotica. ",y,y,y,n,y

2003\_301.txt,"Right now I'm thinking what I am going to write about. I am so tired and so ready for this weekend. I just worked four or five days straight and now I get the whole weekend off. So I am so excited, yet so exhausted. School is fun yet is hard to keep up with all the readings for every class all the time. I don't know if I doing anything right or not. If I actually understand what each class is going to be like or if I will succeed in every class. Tomorrow I have a full day off with only two classes and the rest of the evening to do whatever. FINALLY a night to do whatever I want to and enjoy the college life and atmosphere. Explore what UT has to offer. I need to talk to my teacher that I am an aide for by next Wednesday, when am I going to have time to talk to her throughout my busy schedule. All the books piling up on my bed. things I need to get done today or at least by this weekend so that I am caught up for classes next week. Finally next weekend I will be abl3e to go home. able to see all of my friends that I have not seen in probably 2 months. I am trying to be as quiet as possible so that my roommate can study and do whatever she is doing without me bothering her. I need to go shopping for some food for my dorm so that I actually have something to eat. Guess I'll probably go there tomorrow and find things that I will need and also eat. What am I going to do this weekend with all the stuff going on in austin. am I going to stay here or should I head back home? what should I do. Guess I'll see what I feel like this when this weekend comes. Gosh. I wish this time would be almost up so that I can get on to studying for my classes that I actually have tomorrow. I have so much to do yet so little time. Hmmmm. this pink lemonade that I made is kinda tangy, maybe needs some more water. I just feel like I have so much energy right now that I could do anything. I need to make some calls to the people I have not talked to in a while and just catch up on everything that is going on. my ffet are cold. guess I better go put on some socks. my ass is also getting kinda sore from sitting on this hard wooden chair that the dorms provide. I probably need to get a pillow so that I can sit here longer. dang my room also needs to be cleaned. it seems like the dust takes only a couple of seconds to land and make everything look dirty. the blue rug sure is starting to look sad. guess I need to go borrow the vacuum cleaner downstairs so that I can get it looking better. the room also feels like it is getting colder. I sure need to go shopping. sooon. but I have no money. I need to get some money from my parents. how I sure do miss having them around and having everything paid for. the room is so bland and plain. the green ugly tack board thing could use some decoration. I wish people wouldn't have to come see my room on Friday. maybe I won't be here when they come or maybe I might make it a point not to be here since at least my side looks pretty drab. my biology book is sure bigger sitting on the shelf than I realized. I sure need to catch up in that class since I really don't like biology. next friday when I get out of class I need to have my stuff packed up so right after I can head home. I can go visiting and then go to homecoming to see everyone. I don't think I will stay long, because I might feel awkward being in college and going to a high school football game. People might look at me weird. I don't like when people stare at me. I need to sign and fill out this form for my nursing class, it will be due pretty soon. I just don't feel like doing any of it. what should I do this weekend. Its so confusing. what should I do. Wow. I didn't realize all the room that I still have left on my shelves, I can still store a lot of more stuff on them. I sure have not played a game lately. I wish I could find someone that knows how to play dominoes, I really wan tot play dominoes with my brand new ones. I'm getting so bored, wandering around the room trying to think about other things that I need to get done, abll the stuff to do and so little amount of time to do it. ",y,y,y,y,n

2003\_302.txt,"I'm writing a stream of consciousness paper, yeah! well, my friend John is sitting next to me submitting his calculus homework. I'm wondering if I will have more success when I submit mine. John's a good guy but never helps out with calculus. some friend. I wish that this thing was over. 20 minutes is looking like a long time. I didn't think twenty minutes could be so long. I guess it's all relativity. If I was on a beach in cancun 20 minutes would go by in the blink of an eye. but here, no. I'm hear for eternity, or twenty minutes whichever comes first. the internet is down in my room so I have to use this damn facility at the base of my dorm, man this sucks. the damn airwave guy was supposed to come down and take care of the internet problem but it turns out he doesn't give a rat's ass about the internet or my calculus or my stream of consciousness, man he sucks big time. keep thinking about Trina wonder what she is doing. wonder how many guys she is been with since rejecting me. damn, stay positive, it's the only way to get through boring times. shouldn't smoke anymore either. smoking's bad and yet it's so damn good. man good thing I don't smoke or I might be enjoying a good nicotine buzz right now. what's the deal with hannah anyway? I mean I'm not attracted to her anymore because she reaks of desperation I mean that bugs me. why does she always have to guilt trip me, fooling around with her is like a full time job. wish I could have gone to jack in the box even though that food will make me fat. hannah said that food would make her fat. maybe we're both right. I hate the cafeteria food here. today I couldn't stomach any of it. got to make a check out to tom for 25 dollars for the ceiling fans that weren't even put in the right way. that dude with the messed up teeth installed the improperly the first time anyway, they almost crushed john and marissa. what a shit weekend, john had someone to do and I didn't haha. clever pun. clever reminds me of that one girl I met at the ATO house and we talked macbeth and I got her number but that didn't stop her from not returning my calls, I need to find some way to get a flask into the football games that way the buzz doesn't wear off and I can keep on buzzing baby. yeah I remember the time on this very computer I walked by and some Australian dude was looking at the most obscene porn I've ever seen in my life. I wonder what everyone else's stream of consciousness papers look like. I wonder if mine is ore or less neurotic than everyone else. I really should get a girlfriend like my sweet mate tom the golden boy. he is the golden boy because he wins at fucking everything. smart, good looking, athletic, in a word I hate his guts. but I don't really he is my friend I just wish the playing field was a little more even so that I could get some females for whatever reason. the guy is so lucky, he is rich and he doesn't really have to make grades in college and he has enough money to join a fucking frat and it pisses me off because the frat guys wanted me too but I have neither the money nor the time with school because some of us have to make the grade just to get a decent job and make a little money. I thought college would be so cool, but it absolutely sucks. I mean, why did I have this delusion that college would be so damn great, it's just like high school. which was just like middle school with cars. man, life is truly what you make of it. On the one hand you got fewer people hassling you, on the other hand you have a lack of support. man I wish we hadn't got cable in our room, now I especially don't want to study, I need mary jus t called me. better not answer. she is kinda weird, maybe she got an OU UT wristband, yeah well, sorry I didn't get you your I'D mary, you shouldn't have left it over here. I wish I had a car and also some more socks because when you've got socks you don't have to do as much laundry. Jessica simpson is such a bitch, all through middle school me and my friends would have killed to get some"" from her. but now that she has that new show on mtv that's all reality and stuff I realize what an absolute hose beast she is, man she sucks big time well its getting near the end of this I wonder where the research page is so I can get some credit hours and not fail the damn class. I suppose that 's it 3 v sorry dude I only signed up for twenty. ",y,y,n,y,y

2003\_303.txt,"I cannot believe that my mother called to tell me about the pregnancy test, it's none of her fucking business. Besides she doesn't have to shout it out I wonder if my roommate hear, now she is playing that damn music again. red hot chili peppers. I should really be reading my book for lit right now instead of doing this, I wonder if my watch is going to break again, broke twice today. I just bought that nice new one and I've hardly worn it. Don't want to mess it up with scratches and all. I still can't believe that about mom. She can be such a god-damn BITCH. I think she is calling to see how I am, and instead she just screams at me about the damn clinic. At least I avoided her questions pretty well, but she can still draw her own conclusions. I want to talk to Jenny. it's been a while since we've had a good talk. All she tells me about now is her boyfriend David. That relationship is trouble. She is not her own person anymore; she lives for him now. She doesn't even stay at home, is over at his place all day, lies to her mom, and uses ME as an excuse. Damn. I haven't talked to Penner in a while. I hope he is thinking about me. I need to call him and also send him his present. Hope he likes the card I picked out. it suits both him and me, so I thought it was perfect. I hope my cell phone doesn't crap out on me again it's so old and worthless. My arm is itching. I wonder if I should wear sunscreen tomorrow since I have been burning a little. trade off between cancerous skin damage and nice-looking tan skin God, I could use some coffee especially since I'll be up for a while reading all that stuff I hope punctuation doesn't count in this I don't think it does anyway. It's probably going to tell me how negative and depressed I am. I am not really, though I am pissed at mom and I hate that I am at UT Even the name conveys a sense of sheer stupidity. I worked my ass off for Berkeley and here I am in this hell-hole. I hate these damn community bathrooms, and I hate that the laundry room is so far away. God the last time I wrote this crazily was when I wrote that suicide note junior year of high school I hate that Granoff I hope he burns in hell for making my life fall to shit like that. If not for him, I might be in Berkeley right now instead, but grade aside, I can't forgive him for all the emotional damage he did When I read that note later, it made me cry to see how far into depression I had fallen. And mom didn't even help me after I cried out for help. well how ironic that I'm in psychology now. The psychology major needed a shrink herself. hahha. I hope tomorrow is not very sunny but I don t want rain either. too much sun hurts my eyes. I hope I don't oversleep since I'll be up so late tonight. I can't believe someone cut and pasted a dvd manual in this one time; it's such an easy assignment. God my hips are huge. I have lost weight since I came here, all this walking around. But I want to lose a little more. I wish I had Katie's body. She is so gorgeous! Even more so than Jenny, and Jenny is one of the most beautiful people I know. But I am not all bad myself, I have my moments certainly. My jaw hurts again; I've been holding it too tensely because I am so stressed out I was perfectly fine until my mom called. well I'm almost finished, just a few minutes left. I wish I had a new phone. I hope that photo of my friends at banquet from last year doesn't fade; the light is right over it but I guess I have the negatives if I want another print. That reminds me, I haven't done photography in a long time. I left because I wasn't progressing, they didn't teach me anything, and I didn't like having to ward off Thomas. nice guy, but what a dork and oh so weird. I wonder if that was Ryan Penner in front of me in math today. I told penner I'd contact him, but I don't know. what an easy quiz ",n,y,n,y,y

2003\_308.txt,what should I write about? I wish that I was not so slow at typing. I wonder how long I have typed for . man I haven't typed that long only 1 minute and 39 seconds. I wonder how much longer this is going to be. my phone is ringing. oh its amy I don't feel like talking to her where is ter there it is yeah she really gets annoying sometimes I really care about her but sometimes I can't stand it man I still have only been oops accidentally typed an m what should I write about what do I like I like baseball I still haven't watch espn to find out what happened with the astos I hope they are still in first place what to write about what to oops man I wish that I was better at typing they are talking about people famous on tv that are reflecting on what they were doing at age 17 man I'm almost 19 17 seems like it wasc so long ago jessica simpson is fine she is talking on tv right now I wish that she was my girlfriend she is really fine man 20 minutes seems a lot longer than I thought or hoped it would be this seems like it is taking forever man I hope it rains tomorrow so I don't have to work work is getting worse and worse every day that I work I just want to get it over with so that I can get paid I remember when I had to do one of these things in elementary school I wonder what grade it was maybe it was in middle school with mrs webber she was a really goods teacher I wonder what ever happened to her I wonder if she still works at trinity she was a hard teacher but a very good one I wonder how much longer man I am almost finished oh I am ,y,n,n,n,n

2003\_309.txt,"So this assignment is sort of interesting. It's like your thoughts go faster than you think regardless of the speed at which you type. Oh, my, that guy in my keyboarding class during my 9th grade year in high school, so sad, I remember he has special assignments because he couldn't handle writing a paragraph. The teacher was lucky if she could get a sentence out of him. What was her name? . I have no idea, I remember seeing her at the mall one day during junior year, and she recognized me. Probably because I was one of the only kids who took her seriously. Poor gal, it had to be hard to be ignored like that all of the time. At least she was really sweet, so people didn't have real hate for her. Ah, the days at Hutchinson. I can't' believe my roommate is in the Longhorn Band, actually the Flags. I wonder if she will quit. She doesn't seem to have the time to devote to it. Yesterday a returning flag member quit for those reasons. I wish she wasn't so irrational. The day she said she was going to quit, and she got that jar of candy so she stayed~! What is that? Candy doesn't make you have time. Let's be a little more mature here. Get your lips ready? What. it's posted on her computer, I haven't quite figured her out yet, I don't know if I ever will. My friends seem to hate her from the stories I tell, and I'm not sure if I blame them. Ah, roommate hell, who does not' experience it. At least we aren't fighting yet. And her stupid camera. I can't' believe she complains about not having money yet she spent 300 dollars on a digital camera. So now she has something else to take up her time, learning how to use it. So so so unproductive. I wonder if she wants to study for the chemistry test together. I hope not, I don't think she is even started the homework and it's due tonight at 11, Oh, well I should stop worrying for her. I haven't looked at our fire escape plan, wonder if it's ever been used. I would imagine so with the kitchen downstairs and all, at least the building is only two stories, I guess I have a better chance of getting out this way, in case of a fire. My closet light is still on, and I want to turn it off a lot, but I shouldn't get up from the computer so I'll just keep thinking about it for the next 14 minutes, oh well, nothing I can do about it now. And on the closet light, I can't believe we had to have a sticky note up by the light switch for a week signifying which switch went to what. Cristina couldn't manage to remember that the room light was the bottom one. I guess I am just critical of her lack of comprehension and common sense. I learned where the word common sense comes from while reading the Psychology textbook. I bet if I thought about if for a second I'd remember what it was. I think it was an incorrect believe that involved the word commas. I'll look it up when I finish. I think it was in chapter one. I have managed to read so much for that class, but I'm still a little behind, only halfway through chapter four and I'm supposed to be done by 330 this afternoon, I really should read like three chapters of that this weekend, I find it fascinating and I want to read it, but my friends have been getting in the way of my studies. That's probably a bad sign. I need to get through to them that I am here to learn. Having fun just comes naturally and doesn't require the effort that learning does. I agreed with Pennebaker in the handout that you have the opportunity to be in two classes if you read the textbook, and I want to. It's like I built up the desire to learn over the summer from doing nothing, absolutely nothing. I really should have had a job. I made a total of like 200 dollars this whole summer, probably spent like 500 or more. I'm so bad about that. Hopefully I will grow out of that habit through the years of college. I haven't even written a paper in probably almost four months. I hope when I take masterworks of lit I don't have too much analytical writing to do (false hope). Sigh, candy. I really need to watch what I eat, this whole freshman fifteen will really scare a girl more than people would imagine. I am not going to let myself get all blubbidy. well it's the word that came to mind and that is what they asked for. I wonder if they analyze this crap. Like how though. It would be like measuring how many times people say I, or say something negative. ha, I'd take the cake on that one. I should work on my negativity. but that's not something that can just be changed overnight. I should just slowly work on focusing on things more bright and enjoyable. If you focus on the negative for too long you become depressed and nothing makes you happy. And I'm a little prone to that being as homesick as I am. I just miss the people. My best friends, people who's opinions of me are solidly formed and won't change overnight. Screw Paul! My stupid friend I met here who's already decided he doesn't want to be around me after being full-fledged into our friendship he tells me I'm fake and intimidating. buck up pal. my other friends agreed with me though, I really haven't changed much, he just works me up in his head and then I'm just regular old me in person and he gets himself disappointed. I hope we don't have any, or many, awkward encounters. We shouldn't. He is all into his Liberal Arts stuff. and I'll never be in that area. I love engineering for that. I don't have to take many classes in stuff that I am not good at or interested in. I don't want to sit around and think about the world and do it in the way I was taught. But I don't want to be a snotty engineer who thinks that I'm better because I'm studying math. AAAAAHHH, I hate college politics already. The Engineering Dean is really really overconfident in the school. I couldn't believe he told us we were better because our overall SAT scores were better, DUH they were better, the school doesn't have to accept ANYONE in the top 10 percent of their high school. and the rest of the university does! bah. I can't take that sort of unfounded confidence and bragging. And I think I'll encounter it in many of my peers over the next few years. That stupid closet light is driving me crazy. I want to turn it off so much and I only have to wait another three minutes. My roommate's AIM is still on, I bet her cousin, BOOBS, is thinking I'm her and trying to tease her about Enrique. I wonder if there are possibilities of this paper being deemed not stream of consciousness and me having to redo it. Maybe. I bet they take a random sample and so some people get caught turning in crap, but others don't, and that guy that pasted the manual just happened to get randomly selected. I wonder if they do the 10 percent thing, simply ten percent of the population, oooooh yeah, I learned so much in Statistics. Except I don't think I'll ever remember the details. Mrs. Perez was such a sweetheart, I hope she is doing alright. I miss my high school, for some reason I don't want to type the name of it. So awkward not knowing who is going to read this. Hopefully I won't be deemed a crazy . haha, along with the clingies, creepies, doodlers, boppers,. factoids save me. and I'm just about done, sad that I kept watching the clock the whole time. ",y,y,n,y,n

2003\_311.txt,"Okay. This is weird. I don't like assignments like this one. I'm trying to track my own thoughts and feelings; trying to be somewhat original and all I find is nothing really. Seems like deep down I am pretty reserved. Well, actually I know that I am so this is not a surprising. Anyways, there it is . nothing. Rachel just got home. She is my sister. She had swim team practice. I think she has more talent than she is willing to admit she has. Does that make sense? Working hard isn't her most favorite thing, though. I bet you wondering why I am expressing myself so badly. It has to do with the fact that English is not my native language. I am German. My real family is still in Germany. So Rachel is not my real sister. She is part of the family I am staying with. Now I am going blank again. Let's talk about the family I am staying with then. They are very kind. After all, they aren't charging me anything. Why? That's a longer story. I think my host mom would be an interesting case for psychology. There isn't anything wrong with her. It's just an perfect example for insecurity at its highest level. The funny thing is that nobody would ever suspect this insecurity. And I am sure she would vehemently repudiate such a statement. But it's true. From what I understand you can blame that on her childhood. Her version is that her parents wanted a boy as their first child. Well, it was her they got. Accordingly, her parents made that very clear throughout her whole life. Well, you can derive your own implications. Anyways, she is on a constant mission to prove to everybody how smart and special she is. It goes even so far that she fabricates facts in order to win arguments. Even when you present her with indisputable facts she refuses to admit that she was wrong. She goes as far as questioning well known axioms or pundits. Anyway, I should be talking about myself. I have my own problems. I can't state my feelings. That is as far as I will go because I can't talk about it. Then it can't be cured. Irony. Now I am thinking about UT. It's pretty overwhelming. In Germany my High School graduating class had about 70 people. Yup. But I will do fine. I am just having these high expectations in college. I want to find my dead poet society"" - teacher. Someone that will point me in the right direction. That makes learning an adventure. Right now, I still have to force myself to do homework. Time is up! ",n,n,n,n,y

2003\_312.txt,"Laughing, sad, wondering why? Failed dreams, friends, lost. Can't seem to get away from people. Why do people change, what happens later on? Help. Everything seems to come together all at once and fall a part soon afterwards. People never grow up, promises are never kept. Life goes on, right? Learn to live with people. Learn to get along with those who don't attempt to get along with you. What have they sacrificed yet? Does anything matter except themselves? Sometimes you just need someone to talk to. To let understand where you're coming from. Does anyone see what's happening? How long until everything's back to normal again? How long until I can trust? What went wrong? Somewhere, I lost the truth, reason, my smile, yet still I hurt and cry and need. I love this boy. But why is he the only one that provides comfort. It can't be healthy, can it? How come no one else seems adequate anymore? Life has to keep moving doesn't it? But why do things work out this way. What happens in the future? Where does all of this lead? questions, questions, questions I feel like everything is falling a part right in front of me. College changes people, and some people grow, yet some people stay right where they were to begin with. Why don't people understand, or listen, or care? Overwhelmed, just overwhelmed. Things haven't clicked"" yet Lonely very lonely, need someone to talk to, really talk to and not just over the phone every night, not someone who knows who you are, or someone who cares about you, just someone who will listen and then talk back. who doesn't care if you drink this weekend, and won't judge you by your mistakes or jealousy, or stupidity, or friends. Why do people always compare you to your friends can't you just be you, you don't have to have the same values as your friends, the same beliefs, or the same morals, yet people always seem to worry about you when it's one of your friends who screwed up. hate disgust disapproval attention I need a hug, I just need to be held while I vent or cry, I need to cry to let everything out, but then I read that venting isn't proven to be healthy, but was it proven to be unhealthy? And yet vitamins supposedly don't help you but they make you feel better, so can't I vent and cry just so I feel better? Why don't people change? Do I have a one track mind/ why do I care so much. Maybe I'm the one who needs to change, maybe I need to try out what's bothering me so much, but maybe I don't. I want my own bed, I want my privacy, is it too much to ask for her stuff not to be thrown on my bed all the time, can't she set it on hers so that I don't have to move it in order to go to sleep, and if you come in at one in the morning and the lights are off, don't leave them on when you leave five minutes later, especially when someone's sleeping. I'm hurt, I feel hurt, and betrayed and I question a lot now, because I used to think that I knew who she was, she used to be a really close friend that I could talk to about anything, yet now all I see is someone in need of constant attention. so how do I know who any of my friends are? Or my boyfriend? DO I really know who he is/? I think I do. but what if something goes wrong? And I lose him, my best friend, also. what if he gets tired of listening to me, and gets tired of my friends or finds someone else, or gets tired of having to support me? I'm high maintenance but is that bad, and not in the fashion that I like gifts, I don't really, I just like being held and talked to and spoiled I guess you call it I really don't know where it all comes from I just expect more in a best friend so that it's harder to live up to so that there's less a change of being hurt or quit on or left behind, or scared or in love, but what is love anyway? ",n,y,n,n,n

2003\_313.txt,"I'm thinking that this is a crazy assignment. It's only been 17 seconds, I have a long way to go. My stupid brother keeps instant messaging me, I wish he would go away. There's a menu on my desk to a sandwich place we went to yesterday, that was pretty good. I wonder what we'll eat tonight. I'm tired of Jester Pizza. It's really not that good. Now it's only been a minute and 37 seconds. 40 seconds. Stupid kid keeps I'M-ing me. Good now he signed off. My roommate is reading the fourth Harry Potter book and I can hear her turning the pages. She is also drinking something and sipping really loudly, which is really getting annoying, but I don't know if I should say anything about it because that would probably be construed as rude and it's awfully early in the year to have her mad at me already. I've been chewing this gum for about an hour now and it's almost completely lost it's flavor. My sandal just fell off and I wonder where it went. My roommate stopped sipping whatever it was. I think it was soup. Who drinks soup out of a cup? Aren't you supposed to use a spoon? Maybe we're out of spoons. That's no good. I'm going home this weekend so maybe I'll get my mom to buy us some new spoons. My phone is ringing and I'm pretty sure it's my ex-boyfriend Keith but I'm not going to answer it. I'll probably tell him it's because I'm writing this, but I really just don't feel like talking to him right now. His new relationship is probably not going well and he probably wants to talk about it so we can get back together, but I don't really want to. I don't like being the plan B. I don't think it's very fair. The page scrolled down enough that I can't see how much time has passed. I'm thinking maybe like 5 minutes. Does this thing stop when it's 20 minutes? Now my roommate is writing something. My foot kind of hurts where my shoe rubbed on the way to psychology class. Probably wasn't a smart choice of shoes. Oh well. I wonder when that water bottle is from. Yesterday I think. My printer has a blue button. I'm getting kind of bored of this and I don't really like to type. I hate e-mail and instant message and all that garbage. Why can't people just call you on the phone? It's so much easier and then you hear the tone in their voice and know if they're being sarcastic or not. Sarcasm is completely lost in the electronic communication system thingy. Now I'm staring at the wall. It's a painted brick kind of wall, which is probably smart of whoever designed this place, but it sucks if you want to hang stuff up. We tacked a bunch of posters up everywhere. My best friend Kristyn got a bunch of them for me. Too bad she is not here. We're going out to dinner tomorrow night, no the night after. Anyway, Friday night is when we're going out to dinner. I haven't seen her in a week, which I'm sure doesn't sound like a long time, but she used to be my neighbor when I lived at my parents house so I'm still kind of used to seeing her everyday. She is going to go to massage therapy school somewhere around here. I always forget the name of it, but it's supposed to be not very far away from campus. Now my hand is starting to hurt from typing all this crap. I think if I reread this, I'd probably think I was crazy. All of this is pretty random. I want the phone to ring because now I'm in the mood to talk to him. He is not very nice sometimes, but sometimes he really is. I think this is probably a bad situation. He wants us to be friends. He is a good friend, he is just not very good at being anything more than friends. He is not a very good people person I guess. My roommate is rolling around in her bed, it's kind of distracting. I have a pencil from the greensheet and I don't remember where I got or who could have possibly left it here. Where did it come from? Do people actually read the greensheet? I've never seen someone reading it. Kinda weird. My mom works for the Austin American Statesman, but she doesn't write or take pictures or anything like that, she works in HR. Time must be almost up. Ha, it does tell me when this is over! ",y,y,y,y,y

2003\_315.txt,"Well, I am now officially writing my first college paper"" more or less. It is really hot outside today. I wonder when it is going to cool of so I won't swear so bad when I walk to class. I think that I need to really concentrate on my homework and studies when I get them, instead of putting them off. It makes me feel like I am bogged down when I have a lot of stuff to do at once. It is actually really stressful. I kind of like this song that is on the radio. Busta Rhymes has not ever been my favorite rapper, but I think that this song is ok. Pharrell really makes this song what it is. Now come to think of it. I don't think that Busta Rhymes sang that song. oh well I guess that this assignment is for my thoughts and mistakes, so I won't correct my mistake. My chair is pretty comfortable. Hopefully I will do my homework in it when I am done with this writing assignment. The longhorns really kicked New Mexico State's butt. I think that Chance Mock (the quarterback) got to a ruff start, but he has waited for several years to get his chance to play as the Longhorn's Quarterback. Although Vincent Young came in towards the end of the game and did phenomenal, scoring 2 touchdowns on his own rush attempts, and throwing a great 60 yard pass, I believe that Mock should continue to start as QB because he has put in his time as scout team player. My, that was a really long sentence. I am tired of eating the food at the Jester Food Court. They have a big selection, but the selections never change at each station. I kinda miss my mom's home cooking. I can get over that. I was aware that there was a ton of students at this campus, but I guess that I didn't think that I would see so many people going to class everyday. I kind of feel like a minority in Austin. Coming from a small town in East Texas that is mostly white, black, and mexican, I am not used to seeing so many asian students. I am not against asian people at all, I just have never seen so many at one setting such as UT. The temperature in my dorm is not to my liking. I am a very hot natured person, and I prefer that it be cold in my room. Being all covered up under your blankets at night when it is cold is a great feeling. I dislike sweating when I sleep. I need to go to the gym today. I am getting out of my routine of working out each day. I need to get on a balanced routine between schoolwork and play. It is kind of hard to be disciplined once you don't have your parents to tell you what to do. The experience at UT is a good one though and I am not complaining. The only thing I dislike about it right now is that I still have yet to purchase all my schoolbooks. The Co-op did not have my MIS book today like that re-order said. Nothing is ever perfect. That is not a bad thing though. I hope that all of our writing assignments are this easy CZAR. This is an easy grade. There are so many fine girls here at UT. Everywhere you look you see a hottie. I love that. Some of them seem fake to me though, but I know that I shouldn't judge people. My phone is ringing and I am almost done. Alright I am done. Later. ",y,n,n,n,n

2003\_316.txt,"Right now I just sat down to type this psychology paper. This is the first time I have ever typed a paper like this before, with constant writing. I am used to gathering my thoughts, thinking before I speak but now I am writing whatever pops into my mind. I am thinking about how much this different from something I would do in high school; being able to submit a paper via the internet that is amazing. I am hearing the faint sound of the Houston Astros baseball game in the background, I love baseball so much, this the pennant races are incredible. Hopefully I will get to broadcast the game I love in the future. Well I have an hour until its time to go to work, its nice that the clock is ticking down on my first major writing assignment of college. Astros, I think still losing 3-2 someone just flied out. I'm enjoying the fact that I am able to do this from my own computer, god I would hate to live in a dorm. Sharing and small places are no fun for me. Looking forward to this weekend, big barbecue put on by my friend Mike; we always have legendary times at those. Its just starting to sink in now as I hear God Bless America in the background that today is September 11. It's hard to believe that our country was attacked only two years ago, it seems at least to me that it happened an eternity ago. I really don't agree with what is going on in our country right now, by the way. The wind is blowing pretty good outside right now, for some reason I have not opened the blinds in the house yet. I get really lazy when I am at home. Anyway, this a little easier than I thought it would be. It has really gotten me thinking. I mean how often do we really pay attention to what we are thinking, and are we thinking about something all the time? Consciously? Well I think we got our lead off man on in the 8th we are still down 3-2, I really hope we don't lose to Milwaukee. Man I don't want to go to work today, although 4-9:30 is not that bad, better than 12-9:30. I feel like I am writing in a journal more than doing a project, that is cool that there is actually a clock at the top of the page. Big props to the person who set that up. I was actually considering putting a stopwatch next to me for this assignment, but I quickly realized that was not necessary. I just found out I have discussion section class for geography. I don't get that if you understand the material why do you need a discussion section? I don't get what that is all about, is it for the TA's to feel important or something? Must be a college thing, I guess. It seems like a lot of this stuff is over my head right now. I just quickly glanced at the clock and saw that I have about a minute left. I hope I did alright on this, I mean I wrote what came into my head and luckily avoided any sick and twisted thoughts. P. S (I submitted the paper erroneously earlier today under the wrong class code. My class code is 316 not 315) ",y,n,n,y,n

2003\_318.txt,"I want to listen to more music. I don't know what song to download next. But oh well. I love listening to music when I study. I wonder why? I like listening to rock and alternative. That is weird I guess. Most people would listen to classical or other soothing music. But I like studying to louder, cooler music. I guess that makes me weird. I wonder how things are going at home. I want to go back this weekend, but I know that I can't. I have a lot of work I want to do, and I really want to finish my Calculus before the due date. I should sign up for tutoring down at Jester. So far the class has been ok though. I understand what the teacher is saying, and I am not having that much trouble with my homework. I hope my boyfriend comes to see me this weekend. But I know that he is going to be really busy with his internship. He has to finish it soon so that he can pay more attention to his school work. I guess I may be asking to much of him. I don't want to pressure him to come, so maybe I won't mention it. I still wish he could come though. I wonder how Molina is doing? She is like 5 months already. She is getting pretty big. I wonder if she knows that Natalie is having twins. So many girls are pregnant back home, that is kinda sad. Most of them are really smart, and they could have done so much with their lives. I'm cold. I wish I could turn of the air conditioner. Well, at least it's better than it being hot. Norma still hasn't figured out how to turn off her alarm yet. It keeps beeping every hour. It is getting on my nerves. I wonder if I take the batteries out if she would mind. I'm thirsty. I should get some water. But I don't want water, but that is all I have. I need to get a job. I don't know how I am going to pay for the spring semester. I can barely pay for the housing as it is. I need more money. I hope everything is going ok at the Ranch. We need the place to do better, or if not than one of us is going to have to quit school. I don't want to quit, but if it comes down to one of us having to leave, then I would rather it be me. My brother is doing well, and my sister only has a year to go. I have only barely started, I can wait a bit longer to go to school. Till then, I can help out at home, and work with my parents at our restaurant. My foot went to sleep. I should move so it can wake up. I have so much work to do today. I need to study and reads a lot of stuff for class. I wonder how my friends are doing in class. I want to see Vanessa. She should have told me that she got married 2 weeks ago. She said she forgot to tell me that she had gotten married. That is a stupid reason. How can someone forget that they had gotten married? I won't get mad though. I am happy for her. I wonder if Manny will ever ask me to marry him. Sure we have talked about it, and we both have said we want to spend the rest of our lives together, but still. Knowing him, he will get very nervous and scared and not want to ask me because I could say no. It is just like when he wanted to ask me out. I knew he liked me and he knew I liked him, but he couldn't ask me. So I finally made him ask me. I said,? We are not going anywhere until you ask me. ? So he finally did. I hope him asking me to marry him won't be the same way. That is definitely not how I picture my future husband proposing. Well my time is almost up, but I need to keep going. Norma is back in the room. She can never get her days straight. She just left again. I guess she is going to the bathroom. Wow, time is almost really up. Time flies by when you are just typing what your thinking. I think that is really cool. Oh well. My time is up now. But I am still thinking. I have pretty much said my life's story, that is really weird. I thought all I would put down was how my day had gone. You know, like a lot of crap just to fill up space. I should stop now because I have a lot more things to do. I think I will stop now. ",n,y,n,n,n

2003\_319.txt,"I guess I have to tell you about how I feel right now. I feel awful. I don't know how to spell that. I am just so depressed at the moment because of everything that has been going on right now. geez what to type. I hate katie. she is an evil person and I wish that I had never met her. I am just so tired and exhausted. I don't' want to go do anything. I don't' want to go do anything. my head hurts. wow this is harder than I thought it would be. I keep messing up on my typing and it really sucks. I don't know what Professor Pennebaker wants me to say exactly. how do u spell hmmm. ? I just sighed a big sign of frustration and now I want it gone. I miss my best friends so much it's not even funny. I really wish I was home right now and they were with me so I didn't have to deal with this right now. what do I say next. I know I wanted to say something but I can't remember what it was. haha this is too funny to me for some reason. typing what I'm thinking in my head is funny, but it actually makes my head hurt. I guess that's because I'm typing in the dark. go me. I wish this was over. I wish this was over. I wish this was over. I want to go home. I want to go home. I really don't know what I want right now, but I know I am sick and tired of feeling like crap. I have a sore throat, and I have no idea why, but it really hurts. And I , and I , come on come on come on. what was I about to say? um. oh right I used to be such a happy person and I was until I moved out of my room and now feel like this big outsider that no one wants to associate with. It is really killing me inside. I feel like crying everyday and I have no idea what to do. I was such a happy person in dallas. seriously! nowadays I just sit in this room alone. I know I wish I had a roommate so I could talk to somebody! I really don't like not being able to communicate with the people on my old floor 15. I mean now I feel like I'm betrayed and so much of an outsider that I don't' want to do anything or be anything at the moment. I haven't felt like this since high school where all my friends went to the other school, and I wasn't the pretty enough girl to talk to. Katie sucks so much you have no idea. She is the biggest bitch I have ever met. I wish I never met her. no I just have nothing nice to say about her. it kills me because I don't' want to be the person who hates people because I used to judge people so much back home that gosh I don't' know I don't want to be that way here. I really want to be liked and have fun and just be who I want to be but I can't do that now with this thing thing THING just hanging over my head like a bad mother f\*\*king migraine. I am not typing that. I guess I just did. I don't know what they'll think of my cussing but that is so how I feel right now. I've talked to counselors and people and more people and more people and my mom and my mom and my mom gosh my mom and mom and mom and mom and mom I could keep going on this if you would like but I don't think you would because I would just type mom for like 20 minutes if I could. I don't know why I just said 20 minutes I think that's funny because that' how long I have to do this. gosh kill me now. I'm just so tired mom mom mom mom mom mom MOM MOM MOM MOM I really hate my mom right now for making those freaking phone calls. all she ever does is not listen or listen too hard. there is a hair in my nose. how do you spell aew no oww like the pain feeling? I don't know. I really don't' care I just want to finish this so I can go scream and cry and jump out that freaking window. I don't even know why I'm saying this stuff because I'm not suicidal I'm just pissed off and don't have any other way to stop my feelings. I don't' know how to stop my feelings. I don't' like typing and thinking at the same time tickle tickle tickle because then I have to say everything twice so I can type it out because I can't type very fast. I have bad grammar, and my mom would hate that right now especially if this is for a class which it is so I guess she would hate this. my arm is tired from writing so fast. my head my head my head my head my head my head I can't find the h key so I almost typed yeatd. hahaha my leg hurts too and my back and my head and my neck. my leg really hurts. it's tingling now. ",n,y,n,n,n

2003\_320.txt,"well, I don't exactly know why I'm doing this, but I do enjoy the idea of trying to figure out what's in this head of mine. sharon's checking her email, but she will be leaving soon to go get a bagel. I'm not that hungry because I had a huge breakfast. there are a lot of people in this library. I wish I had internet connection at home because it would be so convenient. I wonder what my parents are doing right now. I wonder if their business is doing well. I wonder when they will be able to retire. I wonder when God will essentially allow them to stop working. God works in mysterious ways, and that's what makes him God I suppose. I'm really glad I got to talk to Paul last night online. He is a nice guy. I got to talk to carol too, but really didn't have much to say, which is not surprising. there's a lot of interesting different people here at UT. such a contrast from plano west, where everyone wants to be popular and only buys the best things in life. but are the things they think are the best really the best? don't think so. I miss home, but I really do enjoy it here at austin. I haven't been homesick at all, which might be a good thing or a bad thing. I feel like I abuse my parents so much, verbally. I don't ever take into consideration the fact that they have feelings too. I just say whatever to them and never think clearly. in a sense it is good to be comfortable with people, but being completely immune to their well-being is not good at all. why am I such a malicious person? I think sometimes being malicious on purpose might be better than being malicious without even thinking, because then that means that being malicious has become second nature. I really need to work out more often. I've gotten so freaking lazy, and as a result, fatter, or ?healthy? as my parents call it. why am I so frugal, actually it shouldn't even be considered frugality because it's to the point of stinginess, like scrooge. I don't get it. I try to not think about how much money I spend, but I get so greedy and selfish. I seriously think that if food wasn't so essential to life I would probably not eat and horde money all day. why God? actually I shouldn't be questioning you. I'm sorry. it's my fault. I am just an evil person. that's it. we are all just naturally evil. well, that sounds too Hobbes-like. we do have good in us, but we are all sinners no doubt. but I seem like my sins all go unnoticed because I do them so often and I don't realize it anymore. I've got 10 minutes left on this. shar's going to the restroom. I have so much reading to do. and sometimes I feel like I read and read and read and study, but then when I get to class I feel like I did nothing at all. wow, 10 minutes is a pretty long time. not when watching television or a movie. I guess time does fly when you're having fun. I wonder who thought that one up. I haven't seen a movie in the theater in awhile. I wish there was a dollar theater close by. I wish I could get a job. I wish I could manage my time better. I should really take into account opportunity costs of everything I do or buy. sometimes I wish I was more economically conscious but then I feel like sometimes I'm too economically conscious. I do too many things for my own good. I never think about other people. instead, I think how much of my own money, energy, etc. is going into making someone else happy. that's so wrong. man, I have psych in about an hour. I wonder what we will talk about. I wonder if I read enough. I wonder how my first quiz in college will be like tomorrow. I really need to stop eating so much and work out more. I cannot possibly rationalize all my eating by my walking to and from school everyday. 5 more minutes. I wonder what God thinks of me. maybe I shouldn't wonder. what else is there to say? I feel like my brain has been racked and pried. is that how you spell the past tense of pry? I have so much reading to do. did I mention that? by the time I get home, I will probably be so tired. but I need to read. shar's going to her echo meeting so I will be home alone with no internet access. man I am so spoiled. as early as 1-2 years ago I didn't depend so highly on technology. but look at me now. well, I guess we should look at ourselves now. what to say? I wonder what my parents think of me. I think too much about what other people think of me. I need to stop and think about what I think about myself. I thought that girl looked familiar. hmm. I'm almost done dude. almost done. only 1 minute left. I have written a lot. well at least I feel like it. now that I'm almost done I feel like the 20 minutes went by really fast. so I guess this was both enriching and entertaining to see what's in my brain. 10 seconds. done! ",y,y,n,n,n

2003\_321.txt,"I'm a little nervous about doing this right now because I have to wake up at 445 tomorrow morning for crew practice. My back hurts -- it's from rowing on the orgs, or whatever they call them. I am not a good typist. I have to look down at my hands, and I go so slowly. This really is a skill I should have mastered by college. I feel like an idiot. I'm frustrated with Russell -- I don't really want to go to church on sunday because I know he will be there. I wonder if Brad really didn't call me for a week because I told him he was moving to fast or if it was because he was really sick. I can't believe I saw Travis today; I wonder if he really will ever give me a call -- doubtful, seriously doubtful. I need to turn on my lamp, I can't see and this computer screen is starting to hurt my eyes. I can't believe that Nik really didn't call me today -- even though his name showed up on my phone -- how bizarre! I don't know how to spell bizaar -- oh well. My left shoulder muscle is hurting -- I think it's because of the position I'm laying in -- this is taking forEVER -- I'm only at 6 minutes. ouch. I just leaned up and turned on the lamp -- much better -- I can actually see the keys, even though you wouldn't be able to tell it by the way I'm still typing so messily. My ponytail is kinda digging into the back of my head -- dangit. I hate that I cuss now -- it makes me feel kinda dirty -- not like skank-dirty, but like not-so-clean dirty. That movie, THIRTEEN, we saw at Dobie tonight was weird weird weird. I can't decide if I liked it at all or not -- it was really disturbing when they showed her cutting herself. It reminded me of Kate when she did that the one wednesday I called her. She was so upset about Brad -- boys are dumb. I don't know why we fall for them so easily. I mean it's got to be our need of acceptance and the comfort/warmth they bring when they hold us, but I can't imagine finding a guy who will actually care about me and not just want to feel me up. I mean really -- what's going on in their heads (or most likely, pants) that makes them so desensitized to us. Josh is wonderful -- the way he told Catherine he loved her the first time, the way he just spent 600 dollars on her for her birthday -- I'm so jealous, I don't know what to do. It's dangerous having him as a best friend -- he is just so damn wonderful. I mean, really, any even remotely smart girl would fall for him in a freaking' heartbeat! Sometimes I can't stand it. He hasn't written to me since I've gotten to school. I'm not a happy girl/camper. I know he is getting ready to go on his nature expedition/survival trip, but why hasn't he had a chance to write me yet? I've been waiting for him to write me, but maybe he is just waiting for me to write so he can respond. I'll write him this weekend anyway, along with Emily, Mary, Caleb and Edward. I have to get my hollow core door too. I don't even know where to get it -- I'll ask Zara tomorrow. I'm going to have to get online to find directions to a Home Depot or Lowes. I hate not knowing my way around -- it totally sucks -- that's why I loved Beaumont so much -- it was small enough to where I knew where most of the big things were. And if I didn't know where they were, it wasn't that hard to find it. Here there are massive highways, freeways, loops, overpasses -- all designed to confuse and terrify the new-to-Austin driver. I wish Russ and I were okay enough that I could ask him to take me to do my errands after church -- oh well. I still don't think I'm comfortable enough to be around him. I'm cold. It's weird that I haven't slept under my covers for the last week. I've just slept under a fleece blanket on top of it. My time is almost up -- Good night my dear diary assignment. I hope you go over well. I'm exhausted, and I can't wait to turn out the lights. I have to get up in 6 hours -- ick. ",y,y,n,n,y

2003\_322.txt,"I'm starting to feel tired and lazy. That sandwich for lunch really hit the spot and now I feel really comfortable as I sit in this chair and look at the screen. I feel somewhat hypnotized and just relaxed. I feel like taking a nap because the temperature is slightly warm and it is making me slow down. I'm thinking about going to gregory but I feel so relaxed that I probably won't go. Its such a long walk and then I have to come back to my room before I go to another class. I wish my dorm room was closer to Gregory, then I think I would go more often. Instead I always tell myself I'm going to go but most of the time I just put it off. My back is sore and I think I need to stretch it, my legs are also sore. I know it has to be from all the walking in between classes. I can't wait for tonight. Monday night football. My night to sit on the couch and watch TV. I wonder who is playing. I think its the eagles and Bucaneers, but I'm not sure. I think the Bucaneers have a real good shot of repeating and winning the super bowl again this year. I know for sure the Cowboys are going to be bad. They will finish around 6 to 7 wins. If they win more, it will be a successful year for them. I wonder where my roommate is. He always leaves the lights on in our room, so I know he has been home and left already. I really wish I was done for the rest of the day and didn't have another class. I would definitely take a nap. Naps are so key. They are rejuvenating beyond anything else. My hair is always in my eyes. I think its time for me to finally get it cut. Its annoying now, its too hot to have long hair in my face. Also it looks kind of shaggy. I'm taking my shoes off. That feels better. ooh. that blister on the bottom of my foot looks pretty bad. ill have to put another band aide on it. I need to start playing basketball more so I won't get blisters when I just play on occasions. The only problem is that there are usually too many people that want to play, so I never get the chance to practice my shot. So in the games I end up missing most of the time. Fortunately the competition is not real high at Gregory. Although I have seen Brian Boddicker and Sidwell Harris up there at times. I can't believe the basketball coach would allow them to play in pickup games like that. What if they got hurt? He would be infuriated. How would you tell the coach that you broke your ankle and were out for the season just because you were in some stupid pickup game. Does not sound right. You know what else is not right, Chance Mock starting t quarterback. Texas's offense is so predictable with Chance at QB. Run Cedrick Benson up the middle once or twice for minimal yardage and then we are in a third and long and everybody in the stadium knows we have to throw it. That is when Chance gets sacked or throws an incomplete pass and we have to punt it. On the other hand when Vince Young is at QB, you can't predict what is going to happen. He is much more of a threat. He can run, scramble, elude tacklers and throw also, at least that is what he did against New Mexico St. I know its the aggies of New Mexico St. that we played last week but he did better than Chance Mock against the same guys. So I think he deserves the start against Arkansas this upcoming week. I can't wait to rub it into Mic's face when we beat them. I hope he finds a ticket and can come down from Arkansas for the game. He will definitely be intimidated by the Texas crowd. How long has it been since I have done my laundry? Not since I left home I think. I really don't want to do laundry in my dorm room. It takes too long. I think I'm just going to take all my dirty clothes with me whenever I go home. Probably around homecoming, which is the same weekend as the Texas OU game. I can't believe I didn't get a ticket for that. That really pisses me off. I did get lucky though with my season tickets, section 20 row 7, right behind the cannon. That was a pretty good draw for a freshman. Still, Ill have to find a way to get a ticket to the Texas OU game. Best game all year in all of college football and we better win this year or else Mack Brown should be fired. That would be the fourth year in a row. He can recruit like its nobody's business but he can't develop that talent and fit them into a game plan that can make us win the big game. Straight up he gets out coached every time by Bob Stoops. What a stud. My fingers are getting a little tired from typing. ",n,n,y,y,n

2003\_323.txt,"I got to pee. I don't know how long I can hold it. Maybe I should of went to the restroom before I started this thing. Oh well, it's all good. Man my neck is still sore from lifting weights on Tuesday, and I need to lift again today, I really need to stop being lazy so I can get strong and get in shape. I hope I can get notes from the class I missed today, that's already been twice I missed the same class and we have only been in school for less than 2 weeks. Man I really need to start picking it up. It don't make any sense to send in a transcript for a scholarship when my transcript doesn't exist at this school yet. What am I supposed to do? Also transcripts are $10 a piece plus a $1. 75 if you use a credit card. It's stupid. Man my hands are starting to hurt, 20 minutes is a lot longer than I thought. I need to figure out something to do on Saturday, I mean this is Austin plenty to do, but choosing what to do is kind of hard especially when you don't have any money. I am getting tired, about to fall asleep after I finish this, but I got to do that math homework so I don't have to worry about it later. I just heard a weird sound, I think it was my stomach but I just ate so it can't be that I am hungry, maybe it is just digesting some food. Oh man another 10 minutes to go, they should have shortened these writing assignments to 10 minutes when I would be done by now. Ha ha ha, that's pretty funny, ha ha ha. I wonder what they are going to think of my thoughts, it can't be that bad, but what was up with that pre testing for the experiment requirement, it took forever and a day. Man I wish this school were closer to my home back in El Paso. I already kind of miss home, I think I might be homesick, but I haven't thrown up or cried so I am not sure. Man I still got to pee. I don't see how they say this school has the best looking girls compared to all other colleges, because I have only seen a few girls that are cute and few that are really cute, maybe I just haven't seen all of them in this gigantic school, I swear I am going to have strong ass legs by the time the semester is over from all this walking. Oh yea there is that girl that looks like Raven, now that girl looks good, I really need to stop being shy and talk to that girl. Who knows she might give me a chance, you never know. Then there is also that girl in math class, she is real cute too, but I have talked to her, but I need to get to know her better. What should I do tonight? I could play basketball in Gregory or volleyball downstairs here at Jester, so much to do so little time. I am almost done, then I can go pee, and go do my math homework in Jay & Jason's room since they have the book. That's stupid that you have to buy the Solutions Manual with the book, I just wanted a used book, but no they didn't have any. oh well it is cheaper to just use Jay's book when I need it, besides I only use it for homework anyways. Oh man this thing is over, and I really need to go to the bathroom. ",n,n,n,n,n

2003\_329.txt,"It is really bright in here. Maybe I should turn on of the lights off. I would except I'm writing a stream of consciousness. I really miss Byron. I just talked to him about 10 minutes ago, but I need to talk to him again. Boy, is my cell phone bill going to be high this month. Haha. I still haven't paid mom for last months bill. I probably should have read chapter 3 before starting this, since it is due tomorrow and this isn't due until the 12th, but I would more than likely had waiting until the last minute if I hadn't gotten this over now. Whoops. My poster looks like it is about to fall down. Oh well, I'm to tired to go and put it back up. Yet, I am still awake enough to sit here and type for 20 minutes. I wonder how much people write for this if they are slow typers. And I wonder if they read every one of these. Especially since mine is going to be so long because of my typing speed. Man, if I were a slow typer this would be a lot less work. And if I wasn't so diligent about punctuation, capitalization, and spelling. Haha. Instead of spelling I accidentally wrote sleeping and had to erase it. I wonder if that is my subconscious trying to tell me something. I'm so glad I finished that photo wall. It turned out really nice, but Stephanie didn't seem to like it too much because she didn't have quite as many pictures as I did to put up. Oh well, that's her problem. Man, my DVD's are really out of order. I'm not sure why I think they need to be in any order at all, because in the grand scheme of things, that really doesn't matter quite that much. You know what would really suck would be if my computer, out of the blue caught a virus while I was in the middle of this, and I would have to start all over again. Then I would just wait until the last minute and probably not type quite so much. Oh well, this is for science I guess. Man I really really miss Byron. I can't believe I got so upset today when I was driving home, but what can you do when you love somebody so much. I don't know how his brother is related to him, he is so strange. At least he is nice I guess. I wonder if his blindness was caused from his genes or from some other problem when he was born. I guess that really isn't my business, but I'm just so damn curious. Byron didn't seem to know, so I guess I'll never find out unless I ask him, and I don't know him quite well enough to do that. Man, my pinky is really starting to cramp up. I don't think I've written for 8 minutes straight before without taking a break. I hope my Calculus quiz tomorrow isn't bad, I did the homework and everything and my professor swears that it is enough preparation for his quizzes, but yet I still remain cynical. I guess I'll just go over the homework problems again before I go to sleep. I can't wait until that Royal's show comes on A and E. Wow, I was so lazy I didn't even bother to find the and symbol. Haha. I did it again. If I wasn't on this laptop I wouldn't have a problem finding it. I wish it came with a 10 key pad. Byron. Byron. I can't stop thinking about that boy. He is such a sweet heart, and I can't wait to finish college so I can spend all my time with him. I wonder where A & E is. Haha. I found the & symbol. I wonder if there is some way that I can find out the channels on the internet through UT's website. Man this is a hell of a lot of typing. Hey hey, I see my Monkees bobble heads. They are so strangely entertaining. That's the only reason why I'm going to watch the A&E special, (davy jones is on it wahoo). That, and because Byron said he was going to watch it. There's the picture I have of us! I can't stop looking at it or thinking about him! I'm sure whoever (if anyone) reads this will wonder who Byron is (though it's pretty obvious). I hope Archie allows him to stay over at his dorm so he can come visit next weekend, and I don't have to drive back to San Antonio again. I don't mind driving down there, it might just be nice to have a change of scenery and have Byron visit up here. I'm going to be so worried about him though because he has to wait until he gets off of work to drive up here. There are to many drunk people out on the street for him to be safe, even though I trust his driving abilities. I think I'll have him call periodically on his way up here, just so I know that he is alright. Ya, that's a good idea. I should probably go and put those batteries into my remote but I don't want to get up and find it, nor am I suppose to get up from this typing and do something else. Man, Steph drank all my Hi-C. Or did I drink it all? Naw. Steph did. I distinctly remember having at least 2 left in there when I left on Thursday. I don't drink her stuff. Oh wait, I did but she told me I could have some. Man, that whip cream I got on my face earlier from the Frappacino still hasn't come off after washing my face twice. I can still smell it. Eww. It smells like babies vomit. Byron! Why aren't you here with me right now! I know why you aren't here, but I wish you were! Someday I won't have to worry about where you are all the time, and wonder what you are doing, but for right now this is torture! Especially since I am writing all my thoughts down, and these thoughts of you are more obvious to me than normal! All the thought I have in-between are meaningless because I don't consciously notice them, but when I'm thinking about you it takes all my concentration and full attention! I should probably try and not think about missing you during class, but I can't stop. IT isn't like I don't mind these ideas, I just know that I won't be paying attention to what I should be. Hurray I'm almost out of time. 19 minutes. and a few seconds. Steph needs to put her stuff away and keep it away from my side of room. What is up with this. I'm not going to clean up after her. I'm getting so annoyed with her sleeping habits, but what can I do. I love you Byron! I want to drive up there right now but I can't because of class! ",y,y,y,y,y

2003\_330.txt,"this is my first writing assignment. I'm watching cosby on tv. I have a headache. I've had a headache most of today. I woke up and was still dead tired even after 8 hours of sleep. I had a stomach ache and felt like I was going to be sick. I had a headache and didn't feel like doing anything. so I got back in bed for a little bit. then went over to the san jac food place for some oj. that worked out pretty good I think for breakfast. I think from now on on mwf I'll just go to san jac for some oj and walk to calculus. that class is going pretty good. I was supposed to have a study group tonight but I called everyone and nobody could go. so that was kinda stupid since even the girl who set it up couldn't make it. but I don't really need it. I think I'll be doing more teaching than learning in that study group. I had calculus in high school but got a 3 on the AP test so I'll take calculus over again and learn the stuff better since I'm an ee major and will really need to know the stuff. I was thinking about switching majors to psych cause I really enjoyed everything I learned in high school when I took it. I don't know if I'll switch over though yet. I'm liking me ee302 and 306 classes so we'll just see where the year goes. all day I've felt like crap and I miss my best friend mariko so much. especially today since I've felt bad. she always makes me feel better. it's really tough being here at college 2 1/2 hours away from her and only being able to see her every couple of weeks. I'd come home every weekend if I had my car up here but my mom didn't let me bring my car up this year. I'd pay for the parking permit and everything but she said it's not part of the college experience. I don't care about the experience. I'm here to learn and I do that during the week. I do all my homework when I need to during the week and then nothing on the weekends. so why can't I come home and spend my time with the one person I want to spend time with. well I know people here that have offered me rides so I can get a ride home every couple weeks to see mariko. my mom was mad this past weekend cause I spent most of my time with mariko. and my mom said she didn't bring me home just to hang out with her. well from now on I'll get rides home from other people so I can spend my time with who I want since my mom won't be wasting her time driving and getting me. I feel bad for thinking that, but that's just how I feel. I love my mom and everything, but I'm not really close to her at all, and I've been introduced to religion through mariko and mariko has always made me feel better no matter what and she is always helped me through anything. and I am completely comfortable around mariko and feel completely at ease. I'm so close to mariko and I love her so much and it's just hard being away from her. she goes to japan every summer with her family. I've been thinking about going next summer. I'd have to talk with her parents about that though. but that would cost me about 1000 dollars for the ticket and I'd have to stay with mariko's family in japan otherwise I wouldn't be able to afford a hotel for a month. so that would cost me a ton of money, and then I've been thinking about going on a mission for the church also. I really want to go. my mom's really against the religion I've joined. she is just heard too many things that aren't true. and I hate how she feels. but through religion I've learned how to deal with all these feelings and I'm comforted now and I forgive my mom for how she feels because she just doesn't know any better. I'm kind of tired and I still have a headache. I want something to drink. the vending machines at the building were all sold out last time I checked, and right now I don't want to walk back down there 2 floors to find out. I don't' feel like a sprite either, I could go down to san jac again. I think they're closed though. my shoulders have been hurting lately. my neck really hurts too. my neck just started today. but my shoulders have been hurting for a while. usually after sitting in a class after an hour. I need to move around more or something I guess. my hands are freezing cold. there's no thermostat in my room so it's always freezing. and coming in from a hot day it feels good but waking up in the morning it is freezing cold and I can't stand it. I put up another bulletin board over my bed and some push lights on the ceiling over my bed. one of the push lights came off last night or the other night and I put it up again so hopefully it all stays up. there were already some damages to the ceiling so I guess I won't be charged for anything. the sticky things that aren't supposed to mess up walls messed up the ceiling some. but I don't think it matters. oh well. I have some pictures of mariko up on my bulletin boards around the rooms. some on the bulletin board over my bed. I like waking up with pictures of mariko right there. I miss her so much. I hope she had a good day today. last night she didn't seem to be talking too much but she was doing a lot of homework. I don't know. sometimes she just goes through phases. I wish I could help her more but there's not much I can do. she just needs to learn to love herself and know that she is a good person and that she is loved. sometimes it just gets tough for her. and that's a whole other reason I want to be home still. so I can be there with her physically to help her feel better when she is down. we still talk online all the time and I call sometimes. it's hard to find times to call though. either she will have band till 530 or church or school during the day and then I have classes at certain times so I can't just leave and call her. but I'm going to try and find a couple times a week to call. tomorrow's thursday already so I don't think I'll get a couple calls in this week. I'll call on the weekend though since I won't be going home this weekend. hopefully I meet some people at church this weekend and at the friday lunch and speaker thing at the institute. I seem to be the youngest person there. and I'm already not a talkative person, so I think it's going to be kinda hard to meet people. oh well. 10 seconds left for this thing. hopefully the rest of the year goes well. ",n,n,y,y,y

2003\_334.txt,"I hear the innumerable conversations buzzing in the background. Why do I constantly attempt to erase my sentences until I get it perfect. I smell nothingness. I should be smelling the moist air of post-raining. But instead, I only hear the faint taps of water breaking. I Love College, by the way. And that weird survey you have us take, pretesting, is the most hilarious thing to experience. That survey is so subjective to what you feel at the current moment. Damn, my fingers are already cramping. Must pop now. It doesn't want to. Let's see, how was my day? It was long. It was tiring. OU. Damn game. But it turned out to be a nice little long wait with a dear little friend. Nothing beats flirting from 8 am to daytime. Can I say tits. Oh, what the fuck. It feels nice cussing when it is clearly inappropriate to do so for a grade. But, this is what I'm thinking, and to begrudge me for following instructions repudiates the process. Whoa, I like when I talk intellectually. I like when I can say that I like talking intellectually without fear of conceit, because no one is here to judge you other than an anonymous psycho analyzer. That was a long word. Shit, only 8 gone. It feels like a space of time has gone. I miss my adorable niece. She is the absolutely most beautiful human being. I could sincerely cry at the thought of her pure sweet charm. But I won't lest I go deep into a melancholic cheer. Whoa, there I go again. You know, it took me a long time to find the website to do this assignment. There is no emphasis on the paper to reference it's significance. No highlights. No italicizing. I cannot believe how long this experiment is. I want to eat. But I really don't. It's called munchies. And I like food. It's them damn dopamine's. I tell you, for food of course. You better have gotten that play on words, or you're not an astute psychologist. Now I'm talking to someone, which makes me a what? I really don't know. That's your job. I'm just thinking what it would be like to be on the other end of this letter. This weird letter of nonsensical discussion to a nonexistent second party. Impatience is the motif of this letter. I can't finish it. I enjoy doing this writing but nonetheless want it to end, isn't that contradictory? That's a rhetorical question. I like psychology. It's particularly fun for a writer/slightly intellectual. I would like to minor in it. Just for the pure knowledge. Sorry, I had to answer my phone. She says, my baby, I love you,"" and I say, ""I'm typing"". She goes on asking questions, inconsequential chatting ones. She forgot to eat with her friend. Aw, poor chica. She says she felt like a dildo. Shit just happens, probably too much. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_335.txt,"hahaha, I really like the directions of how to tell Sherlock Campbell our UT EID and such. I wonder if that is weird to him. Sherlock is an interesting name, you don't here that every day. its a good thing there's a clock on here, I didn't look to see the time for this assignment. I don't really know what to think. I'm thirsty. my roommate needs to control the noise from her computer, its annoying. my face itches. there goes the noise again. I need to clean my side of the room. why do I have so many cords on my desk, but my roommate has maybe 2? I think I have a rash on my arm, and it itches. I need to go return my nutrition book to the co-op. eew, a duck on tv has oil all over it. what is the purpose of this commercial? DAWN?! that's stupid. that girl from Everybody Loves Raymond is a spokesperson for too many things, and when I say too many, I mean 2 different companies. but that's still odd. to me. my arm still itches. I never did anything about being thirsty. wow, I never realized how long 20 minutes is. all of this was written in 5 min:33 sec. CRAZY! is dr pennebaker really going to read this? I wonder how many crazy people he has in his class thinking about obscure things. too bad I couldn't do this while I'm driving, I think of some really random things when I'm in the car by myself. I like alone time. I love driving home to Dallas by myself, PLENTY of thinking time. I need to go to Wal-Mart. but I don't remember what for. hmm. why did I need to go? this is going to bug me. I think I want to be a Texas Sweetheart. the informational meeting is at 6 tonight. I wonder if I'll make it by the time I finish this. I just noticed that I capitalize random letters. well, they're not random because if it's capitalized, its supposed to be. but I don't capitalize everything that needs to be. so that's weird. I wish I could think of more interesting things. I miss my boyfriend travis. TV without sound is funny. mmhmm I love this bar, this song makes me laugh. I really do wish I were more entertaining for you dr. I love dr pepper. I wish I knew someone named dr pepper. my orthopedic dr is named dr payne. I had a teacher in high school named mrs payne. and mr axe. can you imagine what kind of torture my high school was? no, I loved high school. I love the fact I'm out! I still miss my boyfriend. I wonder how many times I think about him during the day. I should start keeping tally. nah, that would be a waste of ink. country singers make me laugh. MUCH cooler than pop stars - they're all stuck up. but man, country singers and music lovers. so funny. hahahaha, this music video is funny. I laugh at things easily. people like being friends with me because I laugh easily. it boosts their self confidence I think. my arm still itches. I wish that pretesting thing would work so I can start on that. that meeting is in 20 minutes. should I go? yeah I'll go. 3 more minutes in this assignment. I still wish I were more interesting though. the guy in this video just poured a latte on himself. now my leg itches. I love the band Lonestar. back to the arm. soooooo, basically this was filled with how my body itches. I bet that's interesting. there goes my head. what's with that? I don't understand. I don't think I usually itch this much. I dunno, maybe I do. my stomach just made a noise. 20 more seconds. lalalalalalalalalala. and DAVE MATTHEWS BAND rules! :) have a great day! ",y,n,n,n,n

2003\_336.txt,"My roommate and I have Office Space"" on. What a great movie. It cracks me up every time I watch it. I really like my roommate. She is such a cool girl. It's weird how things work out. I was really scared about having a potluck roommate. Every day we find new things that we have the same. We have the same toothbrush, hairbrush, hair straightener, contact case, pair of pajama pants, caboodle for our makeup, pair of shoes. It's crazy. I really like living at SRD. The food was really good tonight. We had this thing called ""mexican shrimp"" except it really didn't taste like mexican. It was just little shrimp in this sauce with red and green peppers over rice. Food is so good. I bought some Little Debbie Star Crunch and some Vanilla Wafers at the store today. Little kids snacks are so much fun. I wanted some fruit snacks but they cost too much. Meghan (my roommate) and I are not having a good experience with fridges. Our first one leaked all over the carpet so we bought a new one but it gets extremely cold and halfway freezes our stuff. This morning I got out a Dr Pepper and it was all icy. We should read the manual and fix that. I'm excited that I am going home tomorrow for the weekend. I miss my family, especially my sister. This past year we were closer than we had ever been and then I had to leave. I don't have class on Fri so I am going home to see her cheer at the Garland football game tomorrow night. I'm so proud of her. She is so cute and nice and always succeeds at the things she does. I also want to see my puppies. They are the cutest dogs ever and I haven't seen them for 3 weeks. I am also ready to sleep in my own bed. Although my dorm bed is comfortable, it isn't the same. Hahah- gosh I love Office Space. The characters are so messed up and hilarious. I don't know why we have the TV on. I am doing the writing assignment at my computer and my roommate is doing pretesting on her computer and we are both just listening to the TV. I really should go to bed sometime soon because I have an 8am class tomorrow. It was easy for me to get up for high school at 7:30 last year but for some reason I am having a lot of trouble getting up for my classes. I guess I am still in summer mode. Now the credits are rolling on the TV and neither of us is getting up to turn it off. I shouldn't leave instant messenger up when I am doing homework. My friends keep talking to me but I am doing this so I can't talk to them so the boxes just keep flashing at the bottom of the screen and it is really driving me crazy. The music on the credits is also driving me crazy. There is just so much rap music I can take. Oh man! Barenaked Ladies is coming out with a new CD and they are coming on tour to Austin and I am so excited. I love their music so much. I do hope their new album is good because each new one seems to be more pop-ish than the last one. I love their old cd's when they were just in Canada and hadn't crossed over to America yet. Their concerts are awesome and I will be going to the one here. I should probably start saving my money. I guess that means I should get a new job. All I know is that I will never work in food again. I worked at Sonic for 2 years and it drove me crazy. I would come home smelling like grease and who knows what else. Yeah, those I'M boxes need to stop flashing. This is one of the most random assignments I have ever done. I probably sound like an idiot with everything I am saying. I really do like my dorm room. It is so colorful and we have so many pictures and posters up. I can't stand blank white walls. The walls in my room at home are blue so being here with white walls is annoying. I should really put some lotion on my legs because they are itchy. The only problem is that I hate lotion. That is my weird thing. Lotion and feet. Put the 2 together and it is an even worse thing. My sister makes fun of me but I make fun of her because she doesn't like anything touching her bellybutton. She won't even touch her bellybutton. Now our room is completely silent except for the clicking of keyboards. I feel like we need some music or something. I'm glad that meghan and I have similar tastes in musics because I wouldn't want to annoy her with something she didn't like. It's been hard finding a radio stations I like here in Austin because I don't really know which station play what kind of music yet. I guess I have plenty of time to learn. Well- my time is up! ",n,y,y,n,n

2003\_338.txt,"I am typing this paper because I have to. My roommate is asleep. I am listening to Incubus music. I am listening to Incubus. I just got off the phone with my girlfriend. She was annoying me. She was saying all this stuff about how I was flirting with this fat girl. And I was like what I did not flirt with the fat girl. And we went back and forth and it was a stupid argument. But in the end we worked it out and we are still cool together and it is all good. The music I am listening to is so good I love listening to them. I am so mad. I did my Calculus homework tonight and I missed a few problems. It makes me angry because my roommate and I both know Calculus and I should have gotten them all right. I missed a few which was stupid, but I corrected them. But still it makes me mad because the grading system is so stupid. If you keep guessing a question and get it wrong you get negative points. Which makes no sense because then you could get a negative one hundred instead of a maximum one hundred which means that you could get a -100 to a 100 which makes no sense. I am so mad at this stupid grading system. Because then I can get negative points and it will still make my grade negative but it will still hurt it a lot. I am really in a bad mood because our shower flooded tonight and so we have to call maintenance and they have to come and fix it. And I messed up on my homework so it is not a good night. I cannot wait for this week to be over. I am having a bad week. The song I am listening to now is really good and it is motivating me to type. I really have to go to the bathroom. I wish I could go. Oh well, the music is good. I really like this writing assignment because I can write about whatever I want. I wish all writing assignments were like this. It is so cool to be able to write about anything. I love writing about what I am thinking, it is almost like a diary. It is good to be able to write about my feelings, I think this assignment is very good. I hope my girlfriend is not mad, I just thought about that. We talked tonight, and I think she might be mad with some of the stuff that I told her. I really hope she is not because I love her with all my heart, I hope she is nor going to blow anything ",y,y,n,y,n

2003\_340.txt,"Okay, I just got done chatting with a guy who I had some classes with in high school. I have not talked to him in a few months. He is doing well but is going to Tech. What a mistake. I was also thinking about yesterday because it marked one year since I'd left for Venezuela. I can't believe it was a year ago yesterday when I started my time there. I miss it so much and would love to return. There are so many things the country has to offer and see. Granted there are lots of political problems and I just received the other day from the Embassay down there a letter that said there are cases of Yellow fever ( or something like that) in some of the states. I was down there for 10 months. I lived with two families. I went with the Rotary Youth Exchange Program. I had a rough time for a few months. The hardest time was when there was a nation-wide strike which lasted for 2 months! Everything during that time was shut down. Companies stop producing. Ran out of harina pan y cervezas. Tenemos q hablar en ingles o es espanol bien? Quiero practicar escribiendo mi espanol porque ahora aqui no hay muchas vezes donde puedo escribir cual cosa en espanol. My spanish is not perfect. Far from it. I have been speaking for about 7-8 months now. The first 4 months I was there I spoke mostly English. That is a horrible thing to do if you are trying to learn another language. One reason I didn't learn in the first four months was because the first host family that I had lived with spoke English, and there family members spoke english. I met so many people who knew english. That is awful for me because everyone wanted to speak and practice there english with me. I wanted to practice spanish. When I would try and speak in spanish with my host family they would respond to me in English. So the first 4 months weren't the best. I started to learn slowly thought once I made more friends and once I had switched families. My second family was great! My host mom was so nice to me and she would always talk to me and be more involved with me. I started speaking and understanding the language more. So by the time I left I had been speaking spanish for about 6 months, I wonder how much better I would be if I had spoke and learned during the first four mouths. I broke away from the Rotary program in June and traveled alone for that month. No one could travel with me, that was okay though because I was not going to miss out on seeing Venezuela for that reason. One reason why no one could go with me was because there was no money and the eco system had gotten so bad because of that shit head president Chavez. He even stopped selling american dollars. So I had to end up paying the black market prices for my trips that I went on in June, because the trips where priced in dollars. Well I paid because its a once in a life time opportunity. I went to Canaima. It was truly breathtaking! I was so shocked to see how beautiful something could be. I absolute loved it and wished someone was there to share that sight with me. Well, in Canaima there are lots of waterfalls. I went to the famous Angel Waterfalls which are the tallest in the world. It was amazing! I had to take a four hour bout ride there and then it was an hour walk up to the falls. They were great, spectacular. I truly recommend going there and at least once in your life. I also went to Santo Sapo, which is the frog or toad falls. I got to walk underneath the waterfall! It was like in the movie The Last of the Mohicans but 100 times better! That was my favorite part. I also went to a National Park called Morrocoy. They have the best beaches and little islands. I went to the islands which were basically empty only for the people who went there during the day. It was gorgeous. Beautiful clear water, great blue sky. I loved ever second. I also made it out to Aruba which is not part of Venezuela but its only a 15 min plane ride from the city I had lived in. Aruba was like the islands in MOrroccoy that I had gone to. IT had a great night life atmosphere as well. I had a blast! I can't wait to go back and visit all of Venezuela! I miss all the wonderful, kind people there. I returned the 1 of July, and have been back for 2 months. I miss it but I have to get my college started here. Can't wait till I have money to go back. College is free there here its too damn much. I already have way to much in loans, I won't say how much but let me say you could buy a good car with the amount I have in loans. Well Ciao! Fuera Chavez Vive Venezuela! Te Amo y Extrano! Cuidate ",y,y,n,n,n

2003\_341.txt,this is one of the most interesting assignments I've had. Frisbee tomorrow I'll be late. I'm homesick and a bad typer is that the right word oh well All my friends and family enjoying themselves without me (sigh) this getting used to college is a little more difficult than I imagined but I guess that I always have trouble starting something new my legs are tired I ran 4 miles and played Frisbee When I started elementary school I cried and clung to my dad's leg Ican't remember middle school Funny how I can remember something farther away than something more recent maybe elementary was more traumatic. Then high school I got really tiny because I think I had a nervous stomach I can hear the girl next to me' s headphones It must be a foreign language We have to do that in French I'm finally getting hungry I thought I never would I need to work out more It is kind of depressing to have once worked out on a team five days a week twice a day with a whole bunch of people now I have to make myself do stuff that is not as fun I go by myself to the gym and to swim at least I found frisbee except they're a little more advanced than me but the practices aren't a s strenuous and as frequent as my old swim practices My room mates sick puking all night I keep washing my hands and the door knob every thing she touches It makes me nervous when people are sick I don't want to catch it and get my life off schedule I mean heck it just got into some kind of routine then I'd go and get sick miss class miss practice and have to get the notes from someone and not fall to far behind that makes me nervous I used to get sick all the time when I swam every winter I would get some kind of 5- 7 day flu and it would usually mess everything up My training for the meets especially I was so frustrated sometime s I would try and convince myself I wasn't sick and I would just keep going as if nothing was wrong and then bam I couldn't do it any longer I would be so weak and tired I had just made it worse Nothing like making a problem even worse Only three minutes to go and I'm hungry I think I will have an apple they taste mmmm I like to eat fruit I had a boyfriend that pretty much didn't eat fruit or vegetable he liked mashed potatoes and gravy chicken fried steak and all that stuff is fine but you have to balance or your going to die to soon probably unless you have good genes people should take care of themselves ,n,y,n,y,y

2003\_342.txt,"hmmmm, I wonder how many people I a m going to meet , some persons painting her toe nails, what color? red I think not looking I'm hearing this guy and girl talk about classes. I thought all my classes seemed pretty hard but there not. so I think I have back problems. used to wrestle, do weights now, can't squat though, back hurts to much, these beds suck ass, jesters at least. I just got a blanket, a feathered blanket, its pretty nice. Oh, and I also got some new blue sheets, I think I want to go to sleep, but I can't cause I can't go to sleep. Woah! I'm so glad I only need to do this for twenty minutes, these are all random sentences and the punctuation all wrong and I am so behind on my readings for your class. Cedric Bensons in my first class. I have noticed I don't like raising my hand because I'm afraid of being wrong. Making out in public, that is just bad karma. I met these real pretty girls but for some reasons I only want to be everyone's friend. I need an envelope, I need to pay rent wow I like nintendo, the games, how simple they are. I'm going to join the HBSA. it seems pretty interesting but I don't know about 60 bucks. COLLEGE IS SO COOL, some of these dorms smell bad though. Not as bad as my house though cause I left the stove on overnight and the whole apartment smelt like burnt pizza. I'm so tired of working. I want to stop this timer right now though. I need to pay rent. wondering if my breath smells. posters, I need a poster. something blue. laredo. I hate girls, sometimes, I guess really I'm just jealous cause they get a lot of stuff handed to them just because they are women. I want to go to the beach again, or at least move back to california. sometimes I think I am losing my mind, but then I take a few breathes. I also want to join wrestling, maybe rugby when I am older. I need to clean my room. I bought candles and I think I need the buy some more things. I have enough food though. hungry, hungry, hungry. Apartments are awesome. mannnnnnnnn. twenty minutes, this stuffs easy when you have something to write about or not when you have nothing to write. (sigh) ",n,y,y,y,y

2003\_343.txt,"So I'm a little nervous because I don't know what to do about my fig meeting today. I'm supposed to have it at 3:30, but last week no one was there. I can't decide if I want to go back out into the heat or just skip it. I wonder if it can count against you if you skip a fig meeting. I feel so stupid about being nervous to email the instructor. I am so excited about this wrist band thing. I wonder who I will go with to the OU game. I can't believe it is so soon. I'm freaking out. I hope I get a date. Lets see. I promised to get me, Patty, and Kelly a ticket so I can get three more for other people. I can't believe I am actually seventh in line. I hope the guy wasn't tricking me or lying to me because then I would feel really stupid since I've told a lot of people. Oh well. I don't even know what to right on these things. I really wish I was taking a nap right now. My thoughts don't flow as easily when I am being forced to right about them. And I really don't want to say something that could some how embarrass me. although I do that enough anyways. hmmmmm. This class seems like its going to be really hard. I am so confused about what my major should be. Why in the world did I choose advertising when I really don't think I have any interest in it at all. I wonder if its ok that I'm not capitalizing my I's"". I'm so used to instant message typing. it gets hard to used apostrophes and capitalize words. oh well. I hope my cousin is doing ok at her new school. I feel so bad that I haven't talked to my parents so much since I've been here. I don't know if I have even called them twice. That makes me sad, I just feel like I don't have any time. Man , I really want some Kerby queso. maybe I'll get some later. I need to get this printer fixed if I want to be able to print anything out. Dang it. I wonder if I need to print out a confirmation sheet for this. Wait that is just for the pretesting. which was extremely long. I wonder if we can backspace on this thing. hah. I'm so excited about this weekend's ""white trash party"" my phone is ringing. I wonder if I should pick it up huh. I guess Ill just let it ring and listen to the answering machine and see if it is someone important. dial tone. ok and now my cell phone is ringing. ill just look and see who it is. of course its patty. its always Patty. I can't believe I got a yellow wrist band! Its so awesome. It really annoys me how I always press the Caps Lock button when I'm typing. I think I do it like once a minute. I must be the worst typer in the world. It really grosses me out to find my roommate's hair all over my floor. I don't know why she can't just pick up the dust buster once in a while. Oh I need to unlock my door so patty can get in. Oh well, next year's living arrangements will be better. But that really stresses me out! I can't believe I have to get my roommates together like before October. How do you even know who are your good friends yet. Well at least I will be with Kelly. I wonder if Patty is going to want to room with us or if she is just going to want to get her own group to room with. I'm sad Kristin is not going to get an apartment. I don't know why she wants to be an RA. It just seems like way too much responsibility. Oh well. Man I'm hungry , and it is a long long time till dinner. That sucks. Oh good, I thought I lost my Advertising syllabus. but its on my desk that is good. OH yah, I have to go do study hours tonight. That is good. That means I don't have to do my homework now. Maybe I can get in a little nap. Or maybe I should see if my fig is meeting today. I really should work out some. I have totally fallen off track on my working out. It totally stresses me out that I'm probably going to gain like the freshman 45. That is going to sucks. Oh well at least its better than being 85 pounds like last year. Maybe I shouldn't write that on this. Oh well, I tell everybody anyways. I just have like absolutely no motivation to work out. They are right about one thing. Gregory might be close, but your bed is so much closer. I hope my parents aren't like shocked when they see me again. lol. Where is Patty. She called like five minutes ago and it definitely doesn't take that long to ride the elevator 4 floors. Maybe she wanted me to bring her down my book. I need to tell her I will need it tonight during study hours. She will probably be upset. Its my book though. I really need to put away some of this clean laundry. What am I going to wear at the White Trash party. I don't know if I really have anything for that. I guess I should go to Walmart and get a wife beater or something trashy like that. I really want to wear a trucker hat. Ill borrow one. Okay here she is. F ",y,y,y,y,y

2003\_344.txt,"Last week I took a Chinese Clep test. It started out very well, I understood everything that the recorder played and was able to answer all the questions. As you know, the Cantonese language is written in two different formats. One way, the tradition way, was the one I learned since I was a little kid. The other format was a newer, I believe it originated in Hong Kong or something, was much like the original except more scribbled-looking"". Anyways, I opened the next section of that test and it all looked like scribbling to me. So I spent most of the remainder of time sifting through and guessing at words. Then, I decided to just skip through to the end. That is when I figured out that the back part of the test was the traditional format. ""Damn it!"" was the first words that rushed through my mind, along with a whole stream of foul consciousness. But of course, that was last week, and I already have my results back from the test. I believe I did relatively well. Relative to my usual grades in my classes and tests. Today, Monday, is the first day I have been to my RLM Biology discussion, thus making the actual first full week of school. I must say, I am completely exhausted. Biology discussion was quite an episode. We had an TA that had a really really bad accent. Much worse, he tried to give an oral review, and when he asked questions, everyone in the class stared at him blankly. Some ventured a guess softly, but the entire process took most of the discussion period. Then we took a quiz, which I found to be a bit difficult because I didn't understand teh oral review. I had to buy books today. Spent a whopping 129 dollars just on two stupid books that I probably won't be needing much. I could have found many many other uses for that 129, but this is college, land of the rich and prosperous, haha. Geez, look at my grammar in this essay, I think my english teacher would have a heart attack. Psych class was pretty interesting today. Dr. Pennebaker brought in a polygraph for demonstration in the class. I was completely fascinated by the experiment. Too bad I can't say the same for my Philosophy class. Its not a boring class, its just that he is got this very very soft weird voice, almost commanding me to fall into deep sleep. And so I obeyed. I notice that when I'm sleeping in class, my body still attempts to take notes while my brain is on standby. But of course, I wake up to find a whole lot of scribbling on my paper that does not make any sense whatsoever. You can definitely tell at what point in the lecture I crashed. The funniest part is, I lent my notes out to a friend that just got into the class, wishing him good luck. I think since I have been here at UT for the fall, I have become more stressed about little things and uncaring about other things that should be worried about. I have been wondering about how my friends have been doing, wherever they went. I worry about other stupid things that I feel the need not to bring up at this moment. However, I have not been worrying enough about schoolwork. I have been recreating too much. This weekend though, we went to Barton Springs to see a friend that came up to visit us from UTSA. Barton Springs was nothing like I had imagined. I absolutely loved it. Everything except the coldass water. Then on the trip back, with the windows rolled down and the wind in my face, it felt so good. It felt like summer again. Of course, I had enrolled in the UT Summer program. A little bit of work, but a lot less crowd. I miss summer. ",n,y,n,n,n

2003\_346.txt,"hmmm interesting clock. I didn't know there would be a clock timing me while I was doing this. I can't ummm. ummmmm,. ummmm. hmmmm. wonder if lunch with elon today will be good I mean. I wonder if we'll have a good conversation because the past times we've talked it seems we always run out of conversation . geee my feet feel kinda sweaty. its nice in the room but yet my feet feel sweaty must be the humidity setting on the air conditioning. Probably will tell dad the next time I meet him. Wondering how he will react when I tell him that I gave the guitar away. He will probably get mad but I have to try not to worry too much about what's going to happen and just trust in God who will help me. If God asked me to do it, I trust He will help me through whatever difficulty my faith may take me. Feet still sweaty. Times is ticking but I'm typing like I have a clock to beat. Ooh minimum number of words kinda thing. Wonder how ben is doing haven't mailed Him in a long time. Must be busy with his girlfriend or something like that. Hmmm I he still working in the botanical gardens. Don't know why I think that he is working in the zoo when he actually is working in a place with virtually no animals. Man my hair is getting in my face and all that. I didn't know I could type so fast with two fingers. Wait I need to tie my hair right. Ah ok that is not much better. Why do they have all the state capitols in a monthly planner. Thinking of something to write. Gee me feet are still sweaty. Maybe its some psychological thing. Thinking again of what to type. Hmmm I really should go and learn how to type properly and not just with four fingers. weird. Hmmm dog is sitting in the sun. Weird! He is hotter than most humans are and yet he still likes to sit out in the sun. Don't think he is cold blooded or anything like that. Hmm wonder what this letter is all about. 78727-3450. Full zip-code. Hmm the finish button looks good to click on. Hmmm what is this thing with humans and pushing buttons. Is there like some nerve in the brain that gives you the feeling of wanting to push buttons. I guess that is how people get into trouble. Push a button. Boom! Nuclear missile hits some other country. ok thinking of something to right. Man I have a lot of gas. Stream of consciousness writing. How could I really be type at the stream of my consciousness its like trying to chase a bullet train or something. Tap tap. Thinking of something. Hmmm rachel. scratch face. wonder what is going on between me and rachel. Will it never be over. Scratch ear. What's this tingling feeling I have in my feet. Weird it's gone. Man I feel like farting but I can't cause I'm afraid I'll poo in my pants. This is ridiculous I can imagine the person who gets to read this would be thinking what's up with this nutter. But then again I guess he is done it before so what he is thinking about is probably as crazy as the next person. Think I'll say hi. Hey sherlock. that should be right, right? He is the writing czar. what is a writing czar? its not like some kinda nazi right? Cause that would be scary. The writing nazi. Man I thinking I really need to go to the bathroom. Ok only 30 secs left. Hang in there. What? hmmm bleur! gah! woo hoo I'm almost done. till the next time. Good bye! ",n,y,y,n,n

2003\_347.txt,"Okay so I'm just going to start typing. Cough Cough I wonder how I got sick. Did I catch something from Joe because he was sick last week but maybe it was from sleeping with the fan on high. Oh well I'm feeling better today than I was before. Wow it hasn't even been two minutes yet. How am I going to keep thins up for twenty? Oh well at least it doesn't really matter what I type. I wish I knew how to type faster. I have to slow my brain down to get my fingers to keep up. Stupid geometry book. I hope that I did my homework proofs right. Thanks so much Mr. Knight for not making me do proofs in high school geometry. I'm really not an orange juice fan, but I have to drink it so that I can tell John that I did so he won't worry about me not getting enough vitamin C with my cold. Ooh I need to plug my cell phone in I think it's about to die. I'm really glad I called Mama today on the bus ride home. I miss her. I wonder what I should get her for her birthday. It seems like it was her birthday just yesterday. This year went by super fast. Six minutes down fourteen to go. I'm starting to get hungry. What do I want for dinner tonight? I kind of want to order some chicken wings but I shouldn't they're to fattening and we have tons of food here. I should make something. maybe I'll just heat up some chicken and dumplings. That would feel good on my throat. That tomato soup I had the other day was really good too, even if it was hill country fair or whatever that crazy generic HEB brand is. I miss Brookshire's and good old Hi Top brand. Nobody here has even heard of Brookshire's. I guess it's because their all from Houston. Fuck Houston. Houston is not Texas. People who say they've been to Texas but have only been to Houston haven't been to Texas. Any way doo doo doo dooty doo. I'm seriously running out of thoughts to type. cough cough I need to go to John's to get my Roubatusin. I'm fairly certain that's not how you spell that but oh well I never claimed to know how to spell anything. Today I saw this girl over near the MLK statue with food in her hands holding it out to the birds and she let pigeons and grackles land on her hand and eat out of it. Not only let them but wanted them to. I had to laugh because I realized that girl must not know shit about shit"" to quote the Daily Show. Only five more minutes woo hoo. Let's see when I'm done here I should work on my Spanish homework but I think instead I'll fill in my new uncalandar. I was so excited when I found it at the co-op today. I had one last year and I loved it. Then I went back this year and I couldn't find them. When I saw them today I bought two in case they didn't have them again when I go to buy school supplies next August. Okay two and a half more minutes. I wonder if I should stop in mid sentence when tim is up or finish my thought. Did it say that in the instructions and I wasn't paying attention? Oh well I'll cross that bridge when I get there. I can't believe I forgot to print the confirmation page for my pretesting I hope I get that credit That was one of the most boring experiences of my life I would hate to think it was all for nothing. Or naught as John would say. ",y,n,n,y,n

2003\_349.txt,"As I look at my clock in the lower right hand corner it says 12:26AM on September 11. I am taking this time to reflect on the events that occurred to years ago. They still should strike a painful memory in every Americans life. I remind myself to take nothing for granted because it could end at any unexpected moment. I also feel a little stress with all of the homework that college brings along with it. Austin is so much different than my hometown of Lubbock, and it is taking me a while to get adjusted to it. However, I have absolutely loved the first three weeks of my tenure here so far. I cannot wait to say that I am a graduate of the University of Texas. That will mean so much to me and my family, since it will be an amazing accomplishment. I just remembered that my laundry basket is full, and I need to do that sometime before Friday since I may be leaving town for a Pat Green concert. Hopefully, the laundry room at the end of my floor, 6th in Jester West, will not be full. Surely I can get caught up on all of my reading by this weekend and be able to enjoy it to the fullest without worrying about school homework that I did not complete. I sure hope I can adjust to college as well as I have set my goals. My roommates are out of the room right now, and I am reminded how well it is to concentrate without them in here. They are both from Lubbock also, and I have been friends with them for about 6 years. My parents called today and it is very important to me to tell them how much I appreciate them paying for me to come down here. I know it is hard on them to adjust to my absence, but me and them know it is for the best. I am convinced that the Business program at UT will set me up for a very successful life. My hands and forearms are starting to ache from typing continuously, and my eyes are starting to close. I feel like falling asleep, but I know how much work I still have left to do. For some reason, I get most of my work done around or after midnight. It helps that I don't have a class until 10 on MWF and 12 on TTH. I am looking forward to meeting some girls this weekend and possibly trying out a new church. It is important to me to find a church in Austin and not forget the ways from which I was raised. Many people believe UT is so liberal that every student comes out weird, but I believe there is something for everyone in Austin. I have already met so many people just like me, and it is awesome. By far I can tell that college will be the best time of my life. The only thing I wish I could change is the dorm food. I am getting so tired of chicken every meal. I do not like oriental food or the hamburgers that they serve that basically limits it to chicken. Well the saying goes, everything tastes like chicken anyways. Maybe next year I can get an apartment with some of the new people that I meet and possibly the guys from Lubbock too. I am trying to figure out why my email is not working. It keeps making me re-log in and it is really getting annoying. Oh well, two more days to the weekend. Arkansas comes in town this weekend so it should be a fun game. I saw some of the football players today. Wow, they are so huge. They are like a different breed of people. I want psychologists to study their genes and see how they get so big. I know it is some sort of phenomenon or something. I figured out that in 2 minutes I have to find something new to do so I am already brainstorming. I wish every paper was this easy. English papers are so analytical and this is just what is on my mind. It could go on forever. I never have to stop and think. Dell: what an amazing company. How does someone without a college education make so much money? I hope my college education will lead me to success like that. Well, time is up. ",n,n,n,y,n

2003\_351.txt,"hmmm. I was wondering what I was going to think when I was planning to do the assignment. well, I can hear that tv. married with children. I thought they were off the air. this place feels a little cold. its friday what am I going to do today? sharon's or cullens place for sure. maybe downtown. hmmm. I have a paper to write my monday. I might want to get some sleep tonight and get a good start on it sat. its only two pages though. I better do a good job though. I have to read un redeemed captive this week to. I better thry and finish it sunday. I'm getting hungry. mexican food. taco C. hmmm. I might take a nap today. I want to work out today. I want to gain 10lbs before christmas. I need to work on my jump shot too. I miss playing ball everyday like I used to growing up. I'll go out to eat with eva at the texas club tonight then go play ball followed by working out. after that I'll be free for the rest of the night and be ready to party. I need to run a couple of miles to. I wondering how often you have to run in order to loose body fat. I wonder how long it would take me to get to 6%. 6 months? I'd have to eat right though. I wonder what it would take to walk on the Ut men's b-ball team. I guess I'd have to email someone and ask permission to play on the practice squad and go from there. hmmm. that would be great to work my way up there. if Drew could do it then I could do it . huge maybe but I'd have to commit myself. kinda like when I grew up playing everyday. I like this root beer. A&W never fails to make great drinks. Amys ice cream sounds good too. I wonder what my room mates are doing tonight. sean is probably staying home and doing nothing and cullen might be getting together with some of his friends from back in high school. I want to go to killeen this weekend but I have way to much work to knock out. I miss my lil brother jacob and sis caroline. I'll drive up there to see them as soon as possible. I wonder how my uncle joe is doing. I can't believe that him and emily are getting a divorce. they're only 30 and they have been married for 5 yrs and they seem right for each other. just goes to show what can happen to two people. you never know . dang that really bites because I hate to see my family break up. reminds me of my parents. and my dad. I wonder when the new lutheran service is. I need to get back into going to church. I belong there and I haven't found a church perfect for me in atx yet. I liked hyde baptist collegiate service. I'm not baptist though. anyways. I can't believe I'm going to be 21 in like 3 months. its more of a right of passage then anything. I still won't drink in public so its not that big of a deal but I always imagined 21 being in your 20s and a legal adult. I don't feel 21 though. that always seemed old to me. I don't think I have much time left on the writing assignment. hmmm. shrimp at the clubhouse tonight! I think I'm going to take eva up on her offer and go with her and her family. ",y,y,y,n,y

2003\_353.txt,"I really want to go take a nap but I can't because I have so much work to do. That's how it's been since rush started. Rush was when I really started feeling like my life was going through some changes that I didn't know if I could handle. Now that's it's over and now that school is underway, the stress doesn't seem to be going anywhere. I always heard that college would be super stressful but never realized that what people were referring too wasn't necessarily just the school work. I thought I was SO prepared to come to UT, and I guess based on my high school education I am, but I was not ready for trying to mix sorority and social life (one in which they expect you to go out every night) with school and my goal of a 4. 0. Now, for one of the first times, it feels like I'm not going to be able to reach my goal. I am so worried about it. I already know what I want to do with my life, and that just makes it more stressful, because I know what I need to do to get there. Oh well. I don't know what to do about Trey. He is my boyfriend, or actually we're on a break because he wants me to feel no extra pressure of feeling like I owe him time while I figure out UT and while I get situated with everything. I didn't know someone could care about me the way he does. And its so weird now because we always knew it would come to this and it just never seemed like it would matter. I guess nobody really knows what to expect. I spend more of my time helping other people and trying to make everyone in the world happy, that a lot of times I forget that my happiness is important too. I guess that's why me not feeling the need to make time for Trey has been good for me. It gives me less stress, but it feels like more is missing than just him. In everything I do I put my everything into it. So just knowing that I am missing opportunities to make him happy and even to make my parents happy by taking time to go have lunch with them, is tearing me up. This week my goal is to try to squeeze in school work and stuff, but also I am going to go to every social thing this week. I really want to make sure I give this sorority thing time to show why everyone who is in it, is so in love with it. My mom is real pushy about it. And my brother. I don't think anyone in my family realizes that my brother and I are two different people. I am not a partier, but we'll see I guess. I just really want to get good grades so I can choose where I want to go to medical school. My brother had to go to law school in Lubbock because he didn't get in to UT's. He was upset. I want to dictate my own future and where I want to go. I just took that pretesting survey a few minutes ago and I thought it was interesting the variety of questions they asked. I have a huge fear that someone is in the backseat of my car ALL the time. Well, only at night, like when I get in it after I've been inside or at someone else's house. I guess it's better safe than sorry, but it gets old. I don't know if that fear was there before I heard about my mom or if it just got worse after it. My mom has been through some stuff that I can't even imagine, and that I didn't find out about until this year. That would be weird, determining when your kids are old enough to tell them about certain things. Like her mom. My mom's mom was my favorite person in the world. She was always smiling and happy and genuinely kind to and interested in everyone around her, especially strangers. I found out also recently that she went through a long depression spell and when my mom was younger got electroshock therapy that changed her life. It hurt me when I found out about that because it seemed that I was in love with a different woman because it supposedly changed her personality dramatically. I don't really even know much about it. I really hope trey finds something he loves in this world. I really wish I knew how to motivate him. He told me the other night that he feels like a loser around mje sometimes, even though he is not at all. He is taking classes at ACC, where there isn't much school involvement or much room or making new friends. I'm at UT taking 16 hours, with goals and ambitions and a new social life and a new school to be excited about. I really can't imagine us not staying together but we've been through so much and it really seems like we are perfect for one another, it has since the first day. I get really sick of people saying I'm too young to know. Maybe I am, but I am a strong believer in finding things out for myself. I always have been. I miss high school sports a lot. That's where I got a lot of my self-esteem from. Those underclassmen and everyone looked up to me so much. I know that I am changing here, even though it hasn't really been new for very long, and I just hope I remember who I was when all this is said and done. I like myself and I don't' ever want to be just a person in the masses. I don't think I'm doing this free-write right. I don't think its supposed to be as much about my personal life. I just really have a lot on my mind, and I guess everyone else does too. I have to go eat dinner before I go get dressed for tonight so I'm glad the time is almost up. It almost feels better just to write everything down. I used to do that a lot. Write out my thoughts whenever I was stressed or upset. Now I'm so stressed I don't even have time to do that. Car rides are just about the only time I have to myself. Or when I'm working out. That's always nice, until it ends and I have to go to class all sweaty. I feel sorry for the people that have to sit by me after that! ",y,y,y,y,n

2003\_357.txt,"Wow, that clock starts right off the bat. I always get nervous when things are timed, even if they're not important. Dangerous liaison. "" I like that Jason Mraz song, its really fun and catchy. The stations here play really different music on the the same station, when they say ""mix"", they really mean it. They don't mix things up like that on Houston stations. They should its really fun to hear all this stuff without having to get up and change the station. I'm tired. Going to the gym really wears me out. OOO Fastball, I love this song, its so old, but I forget the name of the song. I need to start remembering to bring change to the gym so I can get a locker there, hold all my stuff really gets annoying. Especially when you're riding the bike or something and there's no place to put your cd player and your keys and the screen on the bike keeps demanding for you to ""steady hands on sensors"" in order to read your heart rate. Sometimes you just don't care what your heart rate is because you're tired of holding your hands in the same position for 20 minutes, but if you dare to take your hands off it flashes that message and sometimes beeps at you threatening to end your turn and start the time all over again. I really hate those dang sensors. Yeah, I know they're habitual to stare at while your working out, but they really frustrate me. Yesterday, the reading was wrong, saying my heart rate was only 100, that is not even my heart rate when I first get on the thing. I was tempted to go get on another machine but I had waited in line forever for that machine, so I just tried not to let it bother me the whole time I was on it. But I guess it did because I'm still thinking about it today. Commercial, commercial, commercial, I don't care about the sale at Stein Mart. I don't like that store, they play elevator music in there. I felt bad for my friends who worked there, having to listen to that while they worked, plus they said the pay was not that great. But I guess you get used to it, they plated easy listening at the steakhouse I used to work at, by the end of the night, I was singing along with all the songs while rolling silverware. You would be oh so happy whenever christmas rolled around and they played something different, plus I just love christmas music, its so happy and light. I could sing jingle bells any time, its great! that and that sleigh bell song, I can't remember its name though. ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_361.txt,"I don't know what to feel or think. I am so overwhelmed with everything. I have felt this way for the past two weeks, but it just seems like it is all crashing today. I think partly because me and my roommate are going home tomorrow. I feel like I have so much to do before we leave. I have so much homework everyday, and so much with my sorority, and I just want to have time to hang out and take it all in. Not saying that I never have time, because I do, but not much. Anyway, today we signed for our apartment next year. Its so crazy that you have to do that this early here. But I am so excited about it. I'm living with my roommate, my suitemate, one of my pledge sisters, and both of her suitemates. it's going to be so awesome. So I had to pay that money today and in a couple of days, we have to pay like 600 dollars again, so that is a little crazy. I can't wait until I get used to this lifestyle and it all feels right. like I'm having a blast and everything, but I feel so busy. I missed my first class today because I was so behind on reading in another class. I'm hoping I can control myself with that and not miss too often. I feel so behind in most of my classes. three of my classes have been all reading, and that is so hard for me. I'm such a slow reader. I just need a weekend where I do nothing but homework and study, but I won't ever have that, because there's football here, and I like to have fun on the weekends. so, I love my sorority. They are all the sweetest group of girls. We have such an awesome pledge class. I'm living with one of my pledge sisters who I have become pretty close to her. I love her she is awesome. We had our pledge retreat last weekend, and I got to know so many more of the girls. I can't say too many good things about all of them. and I love the actives, too. The seniors have been so sweet to us. Our pledge trainers are the cutest things ever. I love going there and feeling so loved by everyone, it really is a comforting feeling in this crazy place. Anyone of them would do anything for us, and that makes me feel so good, and safe. Did I mention that I feel like I'm doing homework nonstop. haha. I really need to read tonight, I have to stay ahead. or rather get ahead. that is the one thing that I heard over and over again from college students: stay ahead on your work. I need to try harder to do that, because in high school I was such a procrastinator and I can't be like that here. I really need to do good, but does not everybody. especially since I want to get into the PPA program. my problem is, I can study when no one's here, and when everyone on my hall is sleeping or in class, but when they're all home, I love talking and goofing off with them. me and my suitemate love to dance so we always make up dances in front of the mirrors. I know, we're dorks, but we have fun. Our hall in my dorm is so awesome. its crazy how close we got in such a short amount of time. I feel so lucky. Even people on other floors in my dorm notice it, there like, I wish I was on your floor yall are so close. and we're always like, yeah we know. haha. but oh well. so me and courtney are going home tomorrow! I'm so excited. I want to see everyone so bad. I'm really excited to see my sister and my dog. I'm excited to see everyone, but I saw my mom and dad and one of my sisters last weekend at the football game. I have not seen my oldest sister since I moved down here. she is pregnant and due in october. I am so incredibly excited. its crazy. I say crazy a lot, but maybe because that is what my life is right now. and I can't wait to see my dog , ellie, either. I love her so much, and miss her so much. she is a dalmation and 10 years old and so cute and lazy and just likes to be pet. she is my favorite. I need to decide what I want my mom to cook for dinner tomorrow night. I am so ready for a home cooked meal. I wish I was staying a little longer. we're leaving tomorrow afternoon at like 1230, and then we're coming home on friday after the homecoming pep rally we're going to, because there's a football game here at 11 on saturday. and I'm NOT missing a football game here. I love college football, and I love TEXAS football. it is so much fun. I have to go stand in line for OU tickets in the morning. I think I got a pretty good number, from what I here, so how awesome would that be if I got tickets my freshman year. that's going to be one crazy game, and its going to be so cool to get to go and actually be a part of the school. its going to be totally different than watching in still in high school. my birthday is in 2 weeks. I can't wait. I'm going home that weekend. so that will be really fun. I love birthdays. I'm so anxious for my sister to have her baby, its due in like 4 weeks, so you never know. she may have it early or she may have it late. her name is abby. and she is going to be the cutest thing ever. I can't wait to be an aunt. I hope she has chubby cheeks. I'm so excited. yay! ",y,n,y,n,n

2003\_362.txt,"Today I felt very happy. This morning at church I felt more comfortable becuase it was more traditional to me. I guess after my youth back at my hometown that's all I like. My stomach hurts a little right now, as much as I eat I don't know why I keep losing weight. Last night was our date with Martha and Zra, it didn't go as planned, at least for me. I don't know what the deal is, but my luck with women is just not the best. Man, those little granola bars are the best, the one I ate with my salad today. I'm thinking about talking to that girl in the cafeteria. She is 22 I think, but then again, age is only a number in college. In college it doesn't feel like I'm classified anymore, it's just that I'm an adult now. Since I've been here, I miss my family, but I haven't gotten homesick. Traffic here is horrible, it's to fast. I want to see that new movie Freddy v. s. Jason. I don't know why but I read that this girl wasn't into scary movies. It's dark outside, I think I'm going to go run after this. Well the Titans v. s. Raiders game is on. I went to Ernie's house yesterday to go watch all the football games that went on for college. Hopefully I don't get challenged for beating Robby and Ernie at NCAA. That referee has an anoying voice. I ate a cookies and cream Ice Cream bar, it was pretty good. My roommate is laying down. I don't know why it seems he doesn't have as much school work as I do. I type pretty fast for a guy. I really need to get that program for my computer with Power point and all. Right now I'm looking at a picture of my family and pet's. I think I have to have the best parent's ever, I mean, if it weren't for them I wouldn't be here right now. I kind of want to here some Ron Isley. This guy said he french kiss a french woman. Kinda funny. This weekend we went to Spiro's, met up with Stephen, couldn't get a wristband. My printer is so slow, it's loud also. My fingers are kind of cramping and I still have 10 minutes left. There is a little running icon on the left of my screen. The sky looks awesome right now, it's like the sun just passed the horizon. I got back in at 5 a. m. last night. I was pretty tired, I ate a pop tart before I went to bed. I don't know why, but I knew I shouldn't have ate but I was hungry. I always think to myself If you just sleep through it, you won't be hungry"" I talked to Brittany today, she is pretty hot. I think she has a boyfriend back in her hometown. Speaking of which, why is everyone going back home? They just got here. I know if I went to Tech I wouldn't be going home all the time. I keep hearing a little bit of words from the TV and it said "" the crowd is loud "" and ""another flag down "" Stickie note says, Aug 29 FIG meeting. Our FIG supervisor is pretty hot also. She is a sophomore, so maybe I could talk to her too. Next week we play arkansas. I remember one time at Tech during my athletic training for NCA, I thought I was in a tornado. Rosalinda was eating pizza that night. A bright neon light. I hope that this test doesn't say that I think about food to much, I've said something about food like 6 times. I used to be a big guy, 280 lbs. Now I'm down to 210. I feel better, just not sculpted. I'm kinda nervous to go to Greogory gym to go join a rec sport. I'm not sure how it works and I don't have the money to just throw up in the air. Hey, I just looked away from the computer for once. Right now as I type I'm looking at all the wires on the floor. That could start a fire. Nah, the papers are not close enough. That didn't make sense. I have this candle from initiation the other night. I kept it because I like keeping sentimental. I also collect coca cola bottles. I gave up cokes like a year ago. I think this whole year I might of had 10 cokes all together. That's healthy. Especially here, all you can do is sweat here, I hate it. The trash can is fully, I threw it yesterday but I forgot to put a bag in it. I hear someone passing outside. You know, sometimes I drift away from my mind set when I drive. It's like I don't remember how I was driving from point A to point B. It's kind of hard to explain. It usually happens when I have a millions things running through my head. Internet globe. That recycling commercial keeps coming on that bad ass station. 93. 3. Love. My mom loves me, she wants to send me money for my birthday next week. Wow, the big 19. I'm getting old, only 2 more years and all will be good. Something I've waited for in awhile. My grandparent's. God bless their souls. I miss them so much. Love you Grandma and Grandpa! ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_363.txt,"wow I really need to shower but I'm going to go work out later so that is ok. maybe tim will come and abbey and mike, they would be so cute. I don't know though but I'm glad tim called me yesterday. the flowers aunt michelle sent me are getting old where should I put them, I guess in the waste basket thing by the stairs. I wish I could use those but every time I go down for lunch you can't get in from that staircase, its annoying. I'm really hungry. I was not supposed to eat the snickers and kit kats but I mean I practically had vegetables for lunch so its ok, plus its the weekend soon and I don't want to waste it. I forgot to go draw my tickets, I never know when to go. I should look it up soon but I can't go now because sunny and abbey have not given me their IDs and its probably too late anyway. and lets see only like an hour till psychology, I want to sleep but ate the candy so I'd stay awake and its working I mean I'm a little tired but not too much. I went to bed around like 1 last night but I wanted to study more, but my roommate was sleeping and she gets mad or annoyed sometimes when I turn on the light, like its a spotlight on her or something. anyway kinda pisses me off and I have to do everything in the dark which takes forever, I have to brush my teeth, take my pills, do my nose drops, lots of stuff. and then she wakes up really early - well she had a class, but she didn't wake up to her alarm and I did. and then when she left it went off again and I still had an hour to sleep before I had to get up to get dressed. it was cool though. my room is nice and clean now, the maid lady came because she forgot to come yesterday. I can't really do this if my roommate is in here, oh well. she is about to come in, I hope I can focus! this is really hard to think of things to say because I have never really paid attention to my stream of consciousness. I don't know if I'll be able to draw my tickets tomorrow because my classes are in the morning and I don't know what time it closes. probably all sold out anyway, so many people here. but its funny because I'm not meeting as many people as I'd like to, but I have only gone to like one frat so. I'm glad I met tim though, that was kind of random and he is really cute. and abbey seems to like mike, who really likes her, and they would be cute too. but abbeys is either changing a lot or living a lie, she goes to frats like 4 times a week, its crazy. and I have been friends wither her for like 10 years so I know she procrastinates so I hope she gets her work done. I don't think she is though because she always says she has hw and then leaves to go party or something, whatever though. we might go get coffee later at barnes n noble, its such a far walk. I don't need coffee either but I think abbey thinks I'm mad at her so I'm going to go anyway and just study I guess. I mean I knew college was a lot of studying but I didn't think it'd be this much. maybe because I'm such a slow reader. I only read about 20 pages per hour. and in the textbook its only 10 per hour. its so slow and so many pages. I finally finished the psychology homework like 2 hours ago, it was sort of interesting but I hope the next chapters are better. I don't think I'm retaining anything. which is bad because I read for so long that you'd think I'd be learning it. I get psychology confused with philosophy and then can't seem to remember either of them. but in class I listen and I get it, then after I try to think about it and all my classes run together. yesterday was especially bad because I got my first grade on a calculus homework assignment. I made a 71 and it really pissed me off because I worked so hard and asked the teacher assistant for help but he gave me the wrong answer and I trusted it. he also didn't do some examples on the board correctly, which made me get another one wrong. today he was all ?oops? yeah it made me mad. but oh well I can drop it according to the syllabus that I don't have printed out. I hope whoever reads this does not think I'm a psycho or anything, or can't spell because its either a typo or I just don't spell well. I really am a good student though and I'm really sad about the calculus hw because it was my very first college grade and I have been waiting for all my hard work to pay off, and it sucked. I was in the bathroom at kerby lane and I cried when I told my dad, I always do that. its good that I have bangs now because if I were to cry or not pluck which I need to do, you can't tell that much. I'm funny about crying, I do it when something really touches my heart, which is kind of often I guess. but pain wise I'm pretty tough, I played basketball for so long. I'm so accident or injury prone. I swear I always get hurt. at the football game that hurt so much when I stepped on that glass I think there was still some in my foot but beth said there was not. it does not hurt anymore so that is alright. I just hope everything goes well for me I mean I really wanted a 4. 0 gpa but now I'm scared. maybe being scared will hinder my performance, so ill stop worrying about it and just trust that I'm smart enough. twenty minutes is almost up. ",y,y,y,y,n

2003\_364.txt,"wow I feel really tired right now why the hell did I schedule five classes three days of the week oh well alright I don't feel stupid typing this at least my roommate is getting less psycho except for the whole 2 alarms and 1 phone call everyday at the same time I have so much crap to do let me think read about 5 million pages, chem hmwk, get computer paper so I can stop stealing my roommates and a lot of other crap I'm glad that I'm living in Kinsolving Jester sucks haha Cheryl's cousin and Byron have to live there. lame o anyhow I'm glad that I got to talk to my mom today I should talk to the rest of my family more often it's kind of weird not seeing them everyday I kind of miss them don't get me wrong I don't want to be back in corpus but there are a lot of people that I care about and who care about me there I guess that is why I still feel like corpus is my home not austin although austin is way more badass more things to do I wonder how cecily is doing with her school stuff haha that was so funny today in philosophy when he showed that simpson clip about lisa and she was not going to get into harvard and she was like I Don't want to go to Browne! I wonder how Jamie is doing I got to give her a call sometime soon and annette I hope that walter comes down to austin for a visit I think that that would be really fun woohoo it's friday we going to party oh yeah and karyn I need to calll her too but she is been kind of flakey lately I really have to pee why didn't I go before I started? I still have like 12 minutes ahh anyhow I don't know about sorority stuff it takes up so much time and I have so much to do oh well we'll see hopefully I don't have to go to all the meeting because that would take up too much time. They're nice girls I just don't know if I like it yet. I really don't want to live in the house next year that would be sucky I want to get an apartment but I do think that it is cool living on campus your first year because you meet so many new people yeah anyhow I really really got to pee I won't think about it haha this is so lame what the hell am I doing and why I guess it's kind of cool. kind of like talking to yourself. real cool whatever tonight I'm going to rum another mile got to get back into soccer shape you know how that goes oh I sure do hahaha alright I sound really psycho I can't wait until we get a break I'm going to get a massage that'll be nice hard work then a sweet ass reward I got to call cec and cheryl today get some normalcy back into my life people that arent fake or weird well a little weird but will tell me like it is and make me feel at home that is what I think I need a balance between my future and my past which I couldn't do in CC My mom just called and she can't get the radio to work anyway a connection from the real me the old me to the me I'm involving into I don't think that I am changing that much well a lot more responsibility personal responsibility but not too many changes in my personality ahh my hands are getting tired of typing my roommate is getting cooler she does not eep me up to 5 am anymore thank god oh yeah I think I'm going to go to church Sunday I can't forget about that because I want to meet new people at that church and I want to have a few seconds of peace in my life when everything's not such at a fast pace a place where I can breathe ahhh I'm so tired and I still HAVE to pee please hurry and end so I can pee ahh less than two minutes alright time fly by faster my stomach is growling too maybe I'll go eat a little later alright well less than a minute got to go to the bathroom alright ok hrmmm not really thinking about anything else except I got to pee ok got to go almost do ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_365.txt,"Well I've finally sat down to start writing this and I'm wondering where its going to go. I don't feel like I have a whole lot to say though I'm sure I'll end up babbling for the next 20 minutes. Its rather cold in here. I turned on the air conditioning because it was hot and now its a little too cold. I'm borderline shivering. I suppose that is preferable to sweating constantly though as I expected Texas to be. Feeling pretty hungry as well. I haven't eaten since about 9am. I meant to go get some dinner at Kinsolving around 6pm but lost track of time and now they're closed. Its really annoying how they close so early. Even if I were to go eat at 7pm I'd end up hungry again before I go to bed and eating microwavable dinners doesn't prove particularly satisfying or healthy. This laptop keyboard is being a real pain as I try to type this. I'm not used to it at all because I just got this computer yesterday. My poor typing could also be due to the complete darkness in here, I suppose I should turn some lights on but its kinda nice keeping it cool and dark. My roommate is at his engineering lab right now so its pretty quiet. I'm a bit bored as it is. The whole dorm itself is pretty quiet except for the two guys next to us who feel the need to play guitar and sing (poorly I might add) crappy punk songs. Judging by his volume and consistency I'd venture a guess to say he actually thinks he is pretty good. Unfortunately for him, and all of us who have to endure his endless moaning he is quite the opposite. Oh well, I suppose that is part of dorm life. As I thought I would I've found myself making use of suppose, although, and though a little too often. I think that I think it makes my writing sound smarter or something when it in fact usually ends up diluting my points and making for some long sentences (like this one). I just realized I have yet to break this up into multiple paragraphs which makes it rather hard on the eyes. There's a paragraph break just for style points even though there aren't any of those. Speaking of hurting eyes I'm wondering whether this laptop screen might hurt my eyes after awhile. Its at a rather high resolution but its still fairly clear. I don't feel any eye strain so I'm hoping its a non factor. Unfortunately, the fancy (but cheap) office chair I bought is rather uncomfortable after long periods. And I find myself leaning over the desk in a rather uncomfortable manner, both for my back and neck. Hopefully its something I'll adjust too. In retrospect that paragraph break was a good idea. It makes this look much less like some random ramblings although it would be quite obvious that the contrary was true to anyone who was reading this (you). There I go with the 'although' again. Its really rather annoying. My constant use of rather is also somewhat annoying. For some reason I imagine someone with a British accent saying rather everytime I type it. After I wrote those last few sentences I started thinking of pre-testing and its questions that are meant to probe your inner soul. Which then of course prompted me to wonder how one (you) would analyze my constant annoyance with my own writing style. What does this say about me? I don't know, nor do I care. Although (dammit) I would once again venture a guess and say nothing. Boy time flies when you're babbling and rambling. I was hoping for some synonym there but it wouldn't come to me so I just let it go. Thank god I won't be taking much in the way of English courses the next couple years. Writing weekly papers for the last four years has been tiresome to say the least. I feel a headache coming on now. Probably from staring at the computer screen for the last 2 hours or so. Although (I can't stop myself) I've sat in front of one far longer than that before with no ill effects. I often wish I knew all the weird stuff that goes on in the body so I would know exactly what was happening when something started to ache or twitch or some such thing. I recently found out that the twitching muscles in your leg can be caused by potassium deficiencies (I think I butchered that but I can't be bothered to figure out how to spell it). It actually works out nicely that the only fruit consistently in Kinsolving is bananas although (its unbelievable really) they've been a bit over ripe the last few times I went there. Well down to my last ninety seconds. If you were or are hoping for something even remotely enlightening or insightful well you're just flat out of luck. So I've managed to type random sentences here for the last twenty minutes and its worked out alright. I didn't type out the last two numbers because I didn't want to look for them on the laptop keyboard. And I'm done. Yay. Now for more homework. ",n,n,y,y,y

2003\_366.txt,"I can't stop sniffling. I don't even know if that's how you spell it. I'm so pissed off that I'm getting sick. I guess that's what happens when you live in a dorm. I better not get some crazy disease though. I probably won't. Should I finish my homework? Or should I just pass out. I would prefer to do that latter. My bio 211 class sucks a lot of balls. The professor I think is just TRYING to sound intimidating, and if that is the case, then she is doing a really good job at it. Man, I really really want to be a doctor. I'm not as smart as everyone else. Things don't just come to me. I have to work for it. This may, in the end, work in my favor, being that if I(and hopefully I will)succeed, I will feel all the more complacent. But that's just wishful thinking. I'm really going to stop with the caring about capitalization. when I type emails I never capitalize my I's--well I just did. but that's different. there was this guy I one knew that always made me feel stupid if I didn't spell things right. I know how to spell. and I believe he knew I knew how to spell, but I think he took some kind of pleasure in my feelings of inferiority. perhaps, I will always feel that way when I am around him. well it hasn't stopped for about 5 years now. who would have thought that we would end up at the same university. I mean I know it's not a big deal, being that UT is enormous and all, but he is not going to escape me--I wish I want him to escape me. but I don't. that's not good at all. what a jerk. I mean ok, well he is not really a jerk,"" but I always feel like he is messing with my mind. maybe I'm just the one that's screwed up. I think I am. I'm really glad I didn't seem him today. I needed a break from all that. good break from it right? here I am in my ""stream of consciousness"" talking about it. I don't know if I spelled that C word write either--but who the hell cares right? wow--I'm really glad it didn't push Finish on me there. sometimes that happens. that would have really sucked because I have already spent 8 min and 47sec typing this. I kinda like typing. it makes me feel pretty cool. thank goodness I'm a fast typer. if I wasn't, things like this would really suck. (I'm trying not to say 'suck balls') --now I'm laughing. I don't know where I got that expression from. maybe it was my sister. yes, yes, I have a TWIN sister. ohhh ahhh. a twin? does she look like you? are ya'll identical? blah blah. yes yes and no. the end. if I spoke anymore about this and this is in some way published before the class, there would a better hint as to who the writer of this stream of consciousness is. it's alright. not that I mind. I miss my nephew. he is the cutest thing in the world. I miss when he would try to say ""bob the builder. "" what a cutie! he learned to say my boyfriend's name before he learned to say my own name--yeah I was a little upset at first, but it's really no big deal. I am glad he has a solid man-figure in his life. the boyfriend's a good role model and he obviously loves my nephew very much--oops just sneezed. wow and sorry the phone's ringing. I can't be mean and be like hey I'm typing this stream of consciousness thingy. ok that's over, and I just realized that the spelling of consciousness has been at the heading of this page the whole time. I am a genius. beautiful. well I was spelling it right--that's good. man, sometimes I start to think in spanish. that's cool isn't it. I kinda like that. I wish I could speak fluently though. it would make things a lot a lot easier. I really do want to go to spain. it's on my list of things to do in my life, along with help others, become a pediatrician, and give back. I love my major. I'm so glad I chose it. we had a great discussion today about poverty and things of that nature. I am definitely a democrat but that doesn't mean I'm some liberal. liberals get such a bad wrap--it's not true. you know what else gets a bad wrap? jester. jester really isn't that bad. to me, when people complain about jester, they just sound really really spoiled. I know that's judgmental but oh well. I love how it's really social. that's how I met one of my really good friends here. we were in our HORRIBLE community bath --no it's not really horrible-- and that's how we met. she is really cool, from out of state. time's almost up. adios amigo. ",y,y,y,y,n

2003\_368.txt,"Well, here I am; doing a paper that was assigned weeks ago hours before it is due. I do not know what it is that causes me to procrastinate as much as I do. Lack of sleep, maybe. Laziness, probably. I consider myself a good student, but when it comes to doing papers or projects I always put it off until the last minute. I just got home tonight, its past midnight, and I am tired. I really want to go to sleep so I am not dead during classes tomorrow. I am worried about how things are going to work out grade-wise. This is my first experience with a grading system such as college, with so much emphasis placed on tests and very few other grades. Pretty much all my classes are going well, but I am not sure how I am going to study for exams. However, I think that if I keep up my study habits that got me here, I will do just fine. I am really hungry right now because lunch was my last meal and I do not want to eat now because apparently it is bad for you to eat before you sleep. My eating habits worry me too now. Three solid meals a day used to do it for me, but now breakfast is gone and one large meal a day is usually all I go for. My head itches a lot now that my hair has grown out. I really love music. No matter how my day is going, there is always a song out there that can raise my spirits. I enjoy all different kinds, and I have listen to a variety since I have started writing. It is quite weird now that I think about it, but music is one of the only things that can truly mellow me out. I have always been a calm, collected person but there is just something about it that I truly love. The whole college experience has been great so far. I love the campus, the professors, and the people. Most of my professors give great lectures, and class is actually enjoyable now. I almost look forward to each new school day now that I'm at the University. Being on my own and experiencing what life has out there is so awesome, but there are times that I wish I was still back home in high school, not worrying about anything. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_369.txt,"I am sitting at my small desk, looking at my computer I am not sure what I should be writing about, so I just type my shoulders hurt and I am ready to go to bed but I have so much more to do before I leave tomorrow to go home I am excited about seeing rich I wonder what we will do I know I have to work a lot and I w2ill probably be tired when I am done, but I will probably still want to go out because all I do here is work, study, work out, and try to keep my life in order cleaning my root day was a pain in the ass, finding places for everything sucked, and I still am not done. it will feel like a dark cloud over my head until everything is in place, which is likely to never occur. my roommate passed out tonight while studying. she works crazy hard and is so focused. right now she keeps mumbling in her sleep. it is pretty funny. I hope I don't disturb her. I don't know if she would want me to wake her up because she fell asleep in her clothes and stuff on her book. I'll probably just turn the lights off or something like that. I am craving some ice cream right now. I want vanilla frozen yogurt with granola. mmmmm. that will be my reward for getting this done early. I am glad that I finished my astronomy assignment tonight. it was just another thing that was hanging over my head. I have all this damn reading to do. and I can't seem to get past any of it because the second I finish one chapter, there is another chapter due in that book and in my other classes. Plus studying for that menu test. it should be fine though. I always get more stressed than I need to over everything. I like my laptop, but these keys piss me off. I don't understand why certain things happen. the cursor moves and it messes up what I am typing. grrrrr. I also want a diet coke. I am having trouble understanding why people gain 15 lbs when they go to school. I walk my ass off to and from classes. I am so afraid that I am going to gain weight. I didn't have time to make it to the swimming pace today. grrrrr. and I haven't done the firm today either. I really should. I need do. but I woke up too damn late to do it. I hope I get up at a good time tomorrow morning. I wonder when rich is going to call. I think when I finish this I am going to take a shower. that will feel good, and rich will probably call super late, whenever fox's closes. I miss him. I hope he is having fun, I wish I was 21 already. it is such a pain in the ass. I feel so much older. this juv del class is totally opening up my eyes to understanding different cultures and ways of thinking. and it is making me seriously doubt the stigma of underage drinking. I know they have their reasons, young drinking affecting high school, and drinking and driving accidents and whatnot, but still. How can I be treated as an adult in the court system, work place, and everything else, but still not be allowed to drink alcohol? That doesn't make sense at all to me. how can my friends be allowed to fight in war yet not drink beer? that is silly. and frustrating. and now that I know how the laws came to be how they are, I am even more stupefied by it. I love that class and teacher. he teaches basically directly out of the book, so I just have to skim read it, and that is pretty awesome. and his lecture is interesting, and he makes me laugh. that is so important. a sense of humor is everything. I like my nut teacher too, but learning that stuff makes me fee guilty for eating. if these damn pop-ups don't stop soon, I am going to have a serious problem. I am glad I am leaving again this weekend. even though everyone says leaving is bad, I still have a great time at home. and right now, I don't feel like I am missing out on anything here. I am going to try to balance it well, but I love spending time with rich. I love him, and I think he brings out the best in me. he has such a great sense of humor. and I laugh all the time when I am with him. I laughed so much at dinner tonight with them and bryttne. not at brytt so much, but em and I are so open ",y,n,n,y,n

2003\_373.txt,"Ok well here I am sitting in my dorm room trying to finish this assignment. Earlier today I had called the student financial aid services because all of my financial aid hasn't come through yet. But now they said it should be getting here anytime soon. And one more thing I still need to do is go get a book for my government class because earlier in the week, they had said that it had been ordered although it wasn't there yet. So I'm probably going to have to go later on today. Then my roommate is going to the football game tomorrow morning. I still don't have a sports package and I didn't buy a ticket so this time I won't be seeing the game. I have a paper due for government on monday concerning my political views and where I come from and who or what has influenced me to think that way. I'm still unsure as to what exactly I will be saying. I just have a couple of ideas written down in a piece of paper. Oh man, yesterday some friends and I went to go work out and for some reason my legs are kind of sore right now. We're probably going again today, but who knows. I'm starting to get a little hungry now, I ate breakfast this morning but I'm getting hungry again. Oh I almost forgot, today is my friend's birthday, I need to call him after I finish this assignment. He is back at my hometown, El Paso, but I'm still calling him to wish him a happy birthday. For some strange reason our room always gets real cold. And then our neighbors have the little thing to control the air conditioner but supposedly they can't move it unless we fill in some sort of request. And then other people down the hall complain that it's too hot in their room. I don't know but whatever. My board here in the room looks kinda plain right now. I was initially going to put up some posters a while back, but I ended up doing other stuff and then I would get lazy, so till now the board still looks bare. All I have is one poster on one of the walls here to my right. And then the curtains we put up kept falling at the beginning but we finally got them to stay. All I need now is to actually get the other pictures I wanted to put up already. Oh and then there's my calendar on the wall too, but that's about it. I'm definitely going to finish that this weekend. Last night our neighbors were making a lot of noise and I just couldn't fall asleep. Soon enough I did though. And then I had to wake up early because I have an eight o' clock class, but I managed to do it. So now I'm just here waiting for my roommate to get back from work because we need to go to the store and I need to get a book. Then she said she wanted to buy some jersey for the game on saturday. While I'll be sleeping in, she will be at the game. she can later tell me how the game went, because last time it was raining, hopefully it won't rain again. Now I'm a bit thirsty, I think I'm going to go get myself something to drink from downstairs. Ok that was all for my 20 minutes. finished. ",n,y,y,y,n

2003\_374.txt,"I am thinking about why exactly I am writing this. I am thinking about how each of my fingers move to touch the keys. Roseanne is on and it is starting to distract me. I really should pay attention to the writing but the sound of the people speaking is distracting me. The show is talking about feminism, which brings up an interesting point. I really don't like women who are amazingly feministic. I just forgot what my next thought was. Oh well, I feel kinda of hungry. Maybe I should get something to eat. But instead I have this laptop sitting on me while I try to type my steam of consciousness. Speaking of stream of consciousness, which I spelled wrong above. The stream of consciousness is something that I read in the textbook. Some doctor of psychology came up with this idea that monitoring the stream of consciousness will lead to people understanding more about themselves. Roseanne just made a joke and it is funny. But as I was thinking or writing which ever one your prerogative chooses. Before I digress, or maybe I will or maybe I won't. Now that I choose to reflect on my day I realize that I didn't get that much accomplished, but there is still a lot of the day left. I am really not sure where I am going from here. There was just a commercial about the aggie came against utah. boy I sure do love hi I just answered my phone and it is Kristi my friend she is also in psychology. we are talking about this assignment. she is walking back from the dobie center. I am supposed to meet her and her friend Richard. I am going to play Richard in football on the video game. Boy I really like football. Like I was saying I love football and I can't wait till the game against Arkansas. Boy that is sure going to be a good game. I just happened to notice that I only have six minutes left to write. I really like this assignment it is really fun. My hands are getting tired of typing and I just thought back to when professor said that someone put in instructions to a vcr that is definitely funny. I really don't like Roseanne but somehow she is getting my attention. I am really trying to concentrate on what I am thinking but I believe that is the reason it is hard for me to write more, because I am thinking so hard. My computer fan just turned on and that means it is starting to get hot. But in here it is actually cool. Speaking of my dorm room, I really like it. Well my 20 minutes is up but I am just going to finish writing this last line right here. ",n,y,n,n,n

2003\_375.txt,"Right now, I am thinking about my chemistry homework and test. I am very nervous about it and I am worried that I may not succeed to my fullest potential. I am also very nervous and anxious about doing this writing assignment because I have never done this before. I'm also listening to music because it helps me to relax. I am cold and sometimes in makes it difficult to concentrate because my attention is focused on my coldness. I pretty much just look around the room every single day and it helps me to think things through. I also think about the things I have done wrong in my life and how it is that I can go back and correct them. There is this person I love so much with my entire heart, but I don't like him hanging around my best friend. Wait, its more like I don't like for her to hang around him. Yesterday, she just freaked me out because she just came up to us, my friends and I, and she just leaned on my boyfriend. What kind of a friend is she to do that? She knows that I hate for her to be around my boyfriend. And every time she is around him I end up getting mad at him, when, in reality, I should be getting mad at her. There are so many things I want to tell her, but I'm afraid I'll end up hurting her, but I feel she needs to know that it does hurt me a lot when I see her flirting with my boyfriend. She has always been boy crazy, its just that people don't know that. Every time she is around him I get this ugly feeling in my tummy like there is something very wrong. And then today just out of nowhere I told her that she needed to find herself a man, a companion that she could spend time with and stay away from me and my boyfriend. I know I shouldn't say that, but its true. I have always been very insecure about myself, but my boyfriend always tells me that I am beautiful and that he loves me very much. I truly believe him and in my heart that we love each other. Its just my best friend somehow interferes. I figure is she keeps on doing that I am going to let her know how I feel because I don't want to keep my feeling all bottled up inside of me. First of all, I have never been able to deal with my feelings so I pretty much just kept them bottled up inside. I don't know why I did that but I did, up until the time I started going out with my boyfriend. He changed me and the way I felt about myself and I cherish that because he has made a huge impact in my life. I love him so dearly. Anyways, enough about that. I talked to my dad about an hour ago. I call him every day, twice a day in fact. I am what you call Daddy's Little Girl!"" I am very proud to say that because I love my father very much. He has done so much for me and I wish there was a way that I could give something back. The thing is I used to be able to tell my dad everything, but then something changed. I stopped telling certain things. I guess he kind of saw me as something I wasn't and that made me very sad. In fact, I'm getting teary-eyed right now. It's like my father had this whole other image of the daughter he wanted. I tried to tell him that I was different, but he just wouldn't understand. And now that I am over here at college its like, I wish I could take back every bad thing I did to him. I want to tell him everything that has happened in my life, some good things and some bad. I want him to know all the obstacles and temptations that I have encountered throughout the past few years. I feel he needs to know what his daughter has gone through in her life. A few days ago when I talked to him, I felt homesick. When I hung up with him, I started crying. I poured my heart out right in front of my boyfriend. I told my boyfriend everything about how I wanted to have a better relationship with my father. I want to let him know that I love him so much and that I appreciate him for everything he has done for me. I also miss my mom because she has always done things for me and taught me different things. She is special to me because of who she is. I love her dearly. I miss my little brother and older brother too. I also miss my dog and my cat. They are like my children. They are growing up without their mommy and that makes me sad. I want to be there for them. I love my dad, mom, brothers and boyfriend. I hope they know that they mean a lot to me and that I am lucky to have them as a part of my life. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_376.txt,"Well, first I'm thinking that I should've done this a few days ago instead of on the last day. There are still a few hours left, but it's never good to procrastinate. I guess it's ok because I've been very busy lately doing work for other classes. I'm usually in my dorm doing work instead of going to 6th street and getting drunk, which is what I thought I was supposed to be doing. Some of my friends call me a hermit"" now because I'm in my dorm doing work a lot of the times. I don't really care. I'd rather be responsible. I do go out though. Yesterday I went with some friends to go watch a volleyball game. Now I'm feeling full and satisfied because I just ate a pizza and I was extremely hungry. I haven't felt this satisfied in a while. I don't really like most of the food in the cafeteria, but the pizza is good. I miss the food at home. I miss home a lot. I miss my family even though I talk to them over the phone just about every day. It's just not the same when you are away. Life at home this summer was so simple. I was just in my house very comfortable and without worries. I would go out with my girlfriend every few days. I miss her desperately. I think I was supposed to also describe what I'm smelling. I don't really smell anything right now. I wish I could smell my girlfriend's perfume again. I think that's my favorite smell of all. It's weird because I sometimes ""remember"" what the scent was. I don't think that's supposed to happen. Now I'm thinking that I've been typing too damn much and my hands are getting tired. Oh well. It's in the name of science. Now I'm thinking that someone might probably be reading this. I feel sorry for whoever has that job. Sorry for writing this much. Sorry for not being very interesting. Now I'm remembering that I missed the rain again. I missed yesterday's rain because I was in my psychology class. When I got out, the ground was wet. It happened again today on the count of my pre cal class. Now I'm thinking that I probably should've done this thing on internet explorer instead of netscape because I think there should be a timer above this box thingy. Now I don't know when to stop. I'm probably going to stop too soon. I'll get an F in this assignment. I'll fail this class and be dropped. Then I won't be considered a full time student because I'm only taking 12 hours. I'll be forced to go home, and I will go home a failure. Hmm. that probably won't happen. After all, I've been having so much here, even though it is away from all that I hold dear. I think I have 10 more minutes to go. Now I'm feeling that I have to go take a leak. Dammit. It'll have to wait. I'm still not sure what this is for and what it studies. Maybe someone will read this and say that I'm crazy. That would be funny. All I need is confirmation. Now I'm thinking that my time would be better spent outside. Outside the air was cool and the sky was cloudy. A very pretty day. I hate being inside. I'd much rather be outside. I have a good view of the outside from my window. I'm on the seventh floor so it's pretty cool. I think I'm doing this wrong. I'm still not sure why. I think my time is coming running out. Yup, I'm done. ",n,n,n,y,n

2003\_377.txt,"Well I'm sitting here wondering why I have to do this assignment. Should I type correctly, capitalizing words. I don't normally when I chat on I'M or email someone. I really wonder if I'm ever going to get that song I'm practicing on the guitar. It's so hard to hear the parts because there are so many other instruments, namely the piano which is really getting in the way. Maybe I should try something simpler. but I get so bored with the simple stuff. I wonder if I can eventually get a Jason Mraz song or get to the point where I can just play something cool and everyone recognizes it. Will I ever lead worship at a church? Who knows. I don't really think that's my thing. there are so many cool people that do that already. In fact, I loved Friday night worship at the Sanchez Building. I really want to go back. I don't know if Hope in the City is the church that the Lord wants me at, but I really like it. I love how everyone is so friendly and genuine -- the worship is passionate, and I love that. I walk in and go, this is how Christians SHOULD be. "" not like the majority of churches you walk into and see all the little cliques of friends, most of which are too comfortable and exclusive to open up to a new type of person or just a person in general. however, I know that there are some really cool places in Austin that I want to try: The Austin Stone, Hyde Park Baptist. who knows. Oh, EV Free. Oh, I saw court rode today. Man I love that girl. I hate that it's sometimes a struggle to talk to her though. It's cool if we talk about the general stuff, but not normal enough to just say whatever or something stupid because we haven't spent much time together. I mean, she is really cool, but she is a senior and has her own stuff, and I doubt that she would ever just want to hang out with me. However, I should give myself some credit -- I mean, she has called me and invited me to places (church, a cook-out. ), so maybe she is interested in introducing me to some cool people. Cool people -- I'm finding some but still missing Steph and Allison back home. Man I love them, too. They're great. I miss being so comfortable with someone that you can just do or say whatever's on your mind. or if nothing, you don't have to say anything, and it's totally fine. I wonder how they're doing. I wonder how Allison is doing in the dorm, meeting new people, finding new good friends, like Amanda. I'm really excited that Allison is branching out and exploring A&M, but I'm not ready for loss of contact completely, and I don't think she is either. I think she wants to (as do I and as does Stephanie) ""make new friends but keep the old; one is silver and the other gold. "" I can deal with being silver, or bronze even, but I would like to keep a place in her life. And man, I really want Stephanie and I to stay the good friends that we've become this summer. after Leslie's death. I love how she always understood and felt the same way I felt. We agreed that we never knew what Al was thinking but that we wanted to. Leslie -- man I miss her so much. Silver Taps at A&M is tonight, and I really want to drive back. I know I would miss Spanish in the morning, but I just want to see my friends and talk about her and remember her. I feel like things would be so different if she were still here: Stephanie and I would never have become as good of friends as we have because they would still be hanging out all the time. They would still support and love me completely, of course, but I think I would be more like Allison -- really branching out and finding new people. Plus, Stephanie would have someone to chill with in College Station. Sarah is cool and all, but she has her own issues, and I really would like someone there to keep Stephanie accountable, to pay her the attention that she needs. because we all do! I would really like to find someone like me, but not too much, and without a boyfriend (because the only cool girls I've found so far have boys. long-term boys, I think). I really want someone (a girl) that I can just play around with -- be stupid and say stupid things, but also have fun and be silly. I want to be able to plop down on her bed and either cry or laugh incredibly loud. Amazing, I actually already have that. Do I need/want new friends other than camp friends like Megan and Meredith. They love me so much and support me like crazy. They like it when I'm around and like to spend time with me and hear about things with me. especially Meredith. Megan has got lots of other stuff that's she is doing -- which is cool -- but she just doesn't really have all the time for me. which I guess sounds kinda selfish now that I've typed it out. But Meredith -- truly loving and sincere and like a big sister. Just seeing her around campus encourages me and makes me feel at ease. Not that I'm so uncomfortable here. I am SO GLAD that I left College Station and A&M to come to Austin and UT. What a blessing! this place is amazing and fun and new and exciting but also is quickly becoming a home. I find myself either almost getting lost or just finding new places or directions or whatever to go around town, and I love it. I love being able to know what street takes me somewhere else, or where my friends' houses are or where to go shop or. whatever else. Friends' houses. the boys -- haven't talked to them, want to see them. The girls -- looooved going over to their house the other night. I got to chill with Meg and tell her about school and life and etc while she shared the same. Liz and I also got to talk about Spirits and applications and all that jazz. Oh and I made it to the second round of the Texas Spirits app! Exciting. I can't decide what I think about it though. I know who I am, and I just want to be myself, but from what I hear and have seen, it might be like a sorority. Blah. I just don't want to conform -- I want to be a part of something cool and unique but without being stereotyped as something. I don't know. cookie-cutter, I guess. I hate that. I want people to like me for who I am. stupid and crazy and silly and fun and smart and perfectionist that likes crazy things and crazy music. crazy music -- ACL! And Russ is coming into town, and I just don't know what I think about that. Do I like him? Does he like me? I have no idea. I don't think I'd ever date him. he is younger and in Colle Sta and whatnot. But he is pretty great. I just have no idea. Ok well honestly I can't stop looking at the timer and how I have thirty seconds left. So I hope that I wasn't graded on capitalization or anything because I'm sure that I messed up all over, but hey it's all good -- all we had to do was write this thing. I'm confident. I'm happy. Class is cool. Don't want to take the tests ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_379.txt,"First of all I really need to use the restroom but I also need to finish this. I've actually been thinking about this-whoa look at that timer- this experiment I don't really agree with because I am an awful typist and a perfectionist which makes this sort of painful. I am going to use this time as uh um um time to meditate. I needed to do this monday- that psy webpage- oh I listening to everything its amazing -I keep on hearing my roommate peck at her computer-my sense are keen at this time because I just am hearing everything- this experiment is scary. I don't think I would feel comfortable if thoughts of sex or murder came into my head. I have trouble being blunt with God, how could I tell you. Who is you? That sounds like some black talk with makes me think of linguistics I love linguistic- Kyle in my office was the first I think I should change his name- Peter in my office was the first to mention the stream of consciousness I was at a black poetry I got really mad because no one got there on time African American History. the light on my charger is red no, it green this experiment is longing my thoughts while I think so I have in essence to streams of consciousness- no I'm probably wrong. I felt like am in a mirror and another one is behind me and what you see- Is another ending process- my mind is so physical not in the sense of I like to look at hot boys but it just - am getting tired of-there is goes again that stupid delete- I was scratching my head now my neck itches. I guess this experiment is not so weird after all it is kind of like me. I never feel like I am living my like I think its because I am so analytical. that period and I an that an word I spelled wrong-I am getting on my own nerves can I please just spell. I am taking a breath when I'm not perfect I cause myself stress. I got sad last year when I finally found out that I was not perfect. I am looking into the computer as if I will remember that moment I sound like I am in a movie, so poetic, I am scrounding up my nose. I have a snob nose some people think it is cute. the question of beauty since I am doing this exercise for a minute I'm not going to care if I type right because I have to work On being perfect knoe one can be pertaect that is only a bplare for Goreds hs is the perfect one I feel soreey Okay the message just came back up I don't have to type so bad now. My physically feels heavy why does feel and physically sound alike? My my teeth taste salty I ate some how do you spell pretzels I think the imprint of the desk is in my arms. I just scratched my head I wonder what kind of people go after the 30 minutes, nerds sick demented people I no that can't be the case then I would fall into that category and I can't have that even though I feel like a nerd. People tell me I am pretty, but down inside I feel Like a nerd. This reminds me of that Movie will anybody every read this e-mail does it really even matter. I want to go back to my movie but I am being pulled lead in another direction. Hopefully it is God. I need God the time is 2:26 pero mi clock is fast a couple of minutes. I quit in essence monday. I wouldn't just walk away I gave my boss notice that the weight of school and job are too much. I really want to focus I my life with God Life with God what does that mean. I am ready to know God. I am happy for the things He gives me pero I desire him more than the things I think that is maturity when children start to think what they can so for their parents instead of vice versus I this experiment has revealed in me my fear I leaving this world without an impact. I not trying to confess fear. Just want to know I guess my life meant something. I hope this class will bring my closer to God. I just got to belief that what I feel is just more than chemicals in my brain. I am ending it here though I am tempted to write a song. though I have never written a some I have put down- Emily Dickerson- I have to read her poems she seems like a shady character. what can I say of her character I didn't or don't even know her. Ok Ok goodbye ",y,y,n,n,y

2003\_385.txt,"Ready, set, go. Wow, my grammar has gotten pretty bad. I wonder if this thing has, I hate these stupid pop ups, spell check. I just woke up, feel pretty worthless. Saw Pink Floyd played to the Wizard of Oz last night pretty cool probably cooler if I was stoned. Only been stoned once before, didn't like it, no desire to do it again. I'm a beer girl. Need to work out, clothes don't fit as well as they use to. Josh won't like that. I'm glad Laura is coming this weekend I hope she has fun. I really miss my family, I hope my sister can can, Fuck these pop ups, come up next weekend for Austin City Limits. I don't know where anyone went, they're probably eating lunch. Damn, 11 more minutes, I don't really know what else to write about, maybe or is maybe if I turn on some music. This is one of my favorite songs, I like it better than the original, I think it was remade for Good Will Hunting, it makes me feel so. I don't know, introspective. Bad word, but can't think of anything else. I love words, probably the only reason I did well on the SAT. Damn I'm still so tired, don't know why, must have slept for at least twelve hours. I think I might be getting sick. Spring break best vacation of my whole life, some of my favorite memories. Memories are an odd thing. I wonder why you remember the things you do. Walked into the GEO building the other day and the smell of it-deja vu-it was such an odd feeling, and I can't quite pin point what it reminded me of. I wish I knew. Deja vu is such a weird thing I knew more about it- what triggers it and everything, maybe some day. ",y,n,n,n,n

2003\_392.txt,"OK, I have writer's block. I guess I'll think of this assignment as a diary. Today was a pretty interesting day. I met a lot of people who spoke Spanish, so that made me feel more at home. This stupid bracelet is bothering me. I miss Isaac, my ex-boyfriend. I wonder if anyone's going to read this nonsense, and who ever is reading this, I feel sorry for them. I'm not that cool in my head. My room mate is gone. She is bowling. I wonder what she is doing. Maybe sitting there bored. She is always bored everywhere we go she has this face, that makes me bored. I miss my family, even though when I'm there I don't really talk to them. I guess I'm just used to them being around. I wonder if I'm prone to meningitis? Should I get the shot? Knowing my luck, if I don't get, I'll be well, to dead in 24 hours. I'm scared of needles. Damn, I'm scared of everything! Oh, crap almost erased everything I had written. Computers are not for me. What is for me? I like Psychology. The lectures are super interesting. Do I have any better word? Nah, interesting is an OK word. I feel so non-intellectual. See, that just shows my inability to express myself in words. Physically I'm very expressive. But I that's what I think. My ex probably doesn't think so. No, he does. I miss reading in U. I. L. I just realized that being in college makes you miss a lot of things. I wonder if I'm going to make it out of here? Sometimes I meet people just like me and tell myself, don't worry you're not alone, but other times people are so articulate in class it intimidates me. I set a goal for myself when I first got here and I can't do it. I'm suppose to ask at least one question per class per week. But I just can't with all those people staring at me. Once I open my mouth, they're going to realize what an idiot I am. This sounds so clich�. Other people probably wrote all these philosophical questions on their stream of consciousness, like Why are we here? Did Aristotle believe that as humans. Well, I don't write like that. I'm just a bundle of unanswered questions. Ahhh, my back's starting to hurt. I like that guy who walked me to my room. Is that all were suppose to write. OK never mind. That girl from Columbia is really nice. She reminds me of a friend from Del Rio. I hope I meet more people like her. It'll help me sleep better. I've had really bad insomnia. I could be depressed or just a freshman in UT. Maybe both. I don't get what happened to my first letter in every sentence. It disappeared into the left side. What did I push? OK 40 seconds left. I'm so glad I'm almost done with my first assignment. Is this what he wanted? I hope I did this right. Bye. ",y,y,y,n,y

2003\_393.txt,"This is harder than I thought! Imagine trying to write down what ever comes to your head. most of the time there are so many thoughts coming to my head I don't know which ones to notice and write or whether they are appropriate to write in the first place. hmmm. ok . psychology. I'm glad I took psychology, never down it before it is actually interesting, getting graded for thinking for horrible that lamp which I am looking at right now is- insane! Why did I buy it? Oh this is a great song!. UT-Austin?. amazing place. I can't believe I didn't like in the first week. It is so full life. I actually enjoy . classes! Commitment has taken a permanent vacation, procrastination has settled in big time. I HAVE to make an effort to get everything done on time and not leave it to the last minute. Am I the only one like this? I hope not!. I glad I finally went for a workout yesterday thought. I felt good. arundathi u moron why did u eat so much ice cream- that is another half an hour on the treadmill serves, you right! Another great song. ! My day is already working out pretty good- hope it stays this way. Water. where is the bloody water when u need it. I should start swimming again. I should call home this weekend. it is ok to miss you dog more than your parents?. I can't believe I have come so far away from home. Ok I am here- now no regrets!. Its going pretty great though so. I wish I could change the attitude of some people here though about international students!. I mean what do they mean by do I know english?. jeezz I think ignorance is biggest fall back of most people. where did u become so philosophical. you are just as ignorant as the rest of them on certain issues arundathi. Phone call!. god this is an irritating ring tone. ok I'm back. what am I thinking now?. hmmm. should I go for that concert tomorrow. go go. you might enjoy it. but u better STUDY! ok I'm feeling hungry. I think ill go eat. ------------------------------------------------------------------------ Dear Dr. Pennebaker, This is one of the most interesting exercises I have ever done. I never realized there are so many voices in my head till I actually paid attention to them. Thank you! My subconscious ness mind is telling me in hungry! I think I will go with Mr. Freud and listen to my subconscious mind - ' free association'! Thank you once again, Regards, Arundathi ",y,n,y,n,n

2003\_394.txt,"I am downloading stuff on kazaa. I've saved so much money this way. I need to make sure my grammar, punctuation, and spelling are correct. I have a basketball (plush) on my table, although I never play with it. Yeah, my web cam sucks. It's old. But free. My roommate is cool. He is sitting there doing the survey. I had a good day today. I want to go to the church next to Dobie. Probably this sunday. Yeah. Sunday sounds good. 1608 is my room number. I have a song stuck in my head right now. I can't remember the name of it. actually, I didn't know the name to begin with. Its a rap song. I need to charge my Palm m505. And take a shower. That would feel good. My mouth is dry. I need something to drink. Now I need to piss. It's really dark in here. This apple juice is not good for my teeth. I think there's sugar in it. Not good. Wow, it's only been 5 minutes and 20 seconds. That sucks. I'm getting bored. I want to play some computer games. Too bad I'm stuck with this assignment. Oh, now I have a different rap song stuck in my head. I think I'm obsessed with them. I remember listening to this song a few hours ago before dinner. I was at my friends house if I can remember correctly. Humans are funny. I need to spend my taco bell coupon. Coupon or Coupon? I've heard it pronounced both ways. I wonder when my parents are going to call? Probably soon after 9? Or maybe 9:30? Haha, I just remembered something from dinner. My friend was taking pictures of girls with his phone camera. The asterisk looks like a snowflake. I noticed that I like to stand my chair up on it's front two legs. Well, that is if it had legs. It's more like a bar on both sides and connected in the middle. At least its comfortable, unlike the ones in San Jacinto. Yeah. San Jacinto. I went on a field trip there. No, wait. It was Washington on the Brazos. Maybe that is close. I don't know. I like the way you do it right thar. A line from the song I have stuck in my head. Geez, its been 9:50 only. Like I said earlier, this sucks. Damn, I'm typing too fast and my grammar is messing up. My speaker system and subwoofer rock. My hands hurt from typing so much. I should study more. I haven't even opened any of my books yet. Oh well, the weekend is coming up. I can do most of my stuff then. I hope I'm not going to be like this later on in the year. It's a bad sign. I hope I don't get lost in my homework assignments. I can't seem to find the Philosophy 301 website. Not good. Yeah. I got a nice view from here. I need to email my parents and send them more pictures. Awww, how sweet of me. I never realized how long 13 minutes can be. Wow. It's like. long. Yeah, anyways, I feel kind of weird talking to myself. Weird? Or is it spelled wIErd? I will have to look that up later. I'm sore from sitting like this. Well, I only have 3 more items on my download list in Kazaa Lite K++. If you read this, get the K++ edition, not Kazaa, not Diet Kazaa, and not Kazaa Lite. K++ &gt; \*. Yuuuhhhhhhhhh. I'm bored. I need to shower. I already mentioned that didn't I? Awesome, only 4 1/2 minutes to go. This sucks. It's boring. I'm not thinking of anything. My neck hurts. I don't smell anything out of the ordinary. I guess I got used to the smell of my room. 3 more minutes! I don't think I can last that long. I don't want to go to prison. Heh, it's not a confession or hinting at anything I've ever done. I'm a good guy. Yeah. Good. Maybe too good. Nah. 1 1/2 minutes to go. Wow, I'm really slowing down. This would probably take up 1 to 2 pages in Microsoft Word, 12 point font, Times New Roman. It's kind of sad how I can know this. I will test it out whenever I finish the 20 minutes. I also need to test out w(ei/ie)rd. SAT format baby. Yeahhhhh! 15 seconds! I think I will just wait it out. I'm so happy now. YAY! ",n,n,n,y,n

2003\_396.txt,"I don't understand how it is I'm supposed to write this thing when I can't even type as fast as I can think. it's crazy because right now at this moment I am under pressure to think. at the same time I am trying to spell every thing correctly because I am a horrible speller. I have trouble with double letters in words. for instance tomorrow. is that right? it's funny that someone who is supposed to be smart. I hate when people call me smart because I don't feel it. it's even wrong to say that I just work hard because I really don't. I was one of those loser high school kids that never studied and was only interested in class if there was some hard core discussion happening. my teachers never knew and neither did my parents because they always assumed I was studying hard. well they piss me off because they or rather my dad kicked me out because of stupid crap. I think it was because I never talked to them I hated talking to them. they were so bluh. I mean I talked about sports and politics and crap with my dad. but never anything serious that involved me. and my step mom lied to me about most of her life. telling me that she was so sweet and innocent as a young person but she actually had like 3 abortions and now she can't have kids. then when I got kicked out she tried to be all nice and stuff to me. people never I'M me and now that I am trying to write this thing everyone wants to talk to me. that's like when you are on the phone talking to someone you haven't talked to in a while all your friends start to call you or when you run out of minutes. I think it's a rip off to society how these stupid phone companies and internet providers make us pay. last month I had to pay $117 on that stupid cell phone. I didn't even realize I had talked that much on the thing. now I have lost my train of thought and have no idea what to write. can I cuss on this thing. I don't want to sound dumb or uneducated (which actually to some degree I'm not and early I did say I wasn't smart) does that make me crazy. I wonder if I can type stuff in another language. say for instance people who's first language isn't english like my boyfriend. I think he thinks in portuguese and then translates everything to english or maybe not I do that for spanish when I am trying to understand people but I can't speak it for the life of me but I can somewhat write it. and I normally understand it too. but I really want to learn it big time for when I become a doctor. I want to be a teacher too but I'm afraid because I'm like super mean and right now my hands are tired from writing and I really hate the fact that I keep up with my chemistry and this homework, but my pre-cal I dread. maybe because that loser assigned 80 discouraging problems. they are supposed to be really easy but the way he teaches confuses me and it really ticks me off. I think I'm just not going to go to class and just do the work on my own and ask my really smart friends who are in calculus right now if I run into a problem. but how hard can it be I took that crap in high school but I forgot it all because I never went for understanding just for the right answer. I am developing absolutely horrid study, sleeping, and everything else habits here. I don't even clean as often as I used to. I just want to be lazy and go out. I mean I never got to do that stuff when I was home because I dad was super strict. I never even got in trouble at school. not that that is to be rewarded because you're supposed to behave in school and make good grades. which I did. but I had a job and participated in sports and did well in them too. but my dad wanted too much he wanted me to be perfect and to not make mistakes. I'm not just exaggerating either. my grandparents not even his own mother understand why he did what he did. and he has explained why he kicked me out. it sucks because I have to pay for everything when I thought I had everything. sometimes life sucks big time but I'm not about to complain anymore because I'm still here and my grandparents are helping me and I am trying to help myself but I just get so tired sometimes. I want to keep writing but I'm supposed to do my pre-cal so I can go to target with heather at like five to spend money I don't have. ",y,n,n,y,y

2003\_397.txt,"I am beginning to write this assignment and I'm thinking that is a pretty big waste of time. I'm already bored and I don't like it. I can smell the bread I got at la madelines and it smells pretty good. I don't normally eat there so it was a treat and I was there with a good friend so it was pretty fun. my friend/roommate just flushed the toilet and I think it sucks down pretty hard. alright only eighteen minutes to go. the more I smell the bread the more I want to eat it. it smells really good. the tv is on right now and it is on mtv, the voice of our generation. I was watching a show on christina aguilara and realized how gorgeous she really was when she dresses normally. man I'm hungry! I got to say I want to pierce my lip. the more I think about it the more I want to do it. I think it would so cool. and I want a tattoo. too bad my dad is anal about stuff like that. oh well, one of these days. we better beat the hell out of arkansas next saturday or I'll be pissed. my friend made me laugh because he heard this commercial for the dumbest movie ever, malibu's most wanted. I could go for some cereal. my mom's in europe on a cruise right now. queer eye for the straight guy is the dumbest excuse for television ever. what a waste of time that was. they don't even dress like straight guys. they are really gay and there style sucks. jimmy fallon is a funny guy I met him in new york. it is weird how peoples minds drift. I wish I could be a professional assassin. not even a ninja assassin, just one with a cool silenced gun. I don't know why. it just seems cool. to take care"" of evil men. like in the boondock saints, the greatest movie ever. I hope I get to run track in the spring and I make the team. that would be like a dream come true. I would be a college athlete. that would be neat. and all the ladies love that. I think music is a great thing. I hope I find a bassist for my man while I'm here and we can play a show here at emo's. this is taking a lot longer than I thought it would. beyonce knowles is a good looking' woman. I don't know why she likes jay-z. to be famous would be nice, but to be a doctor would be nicer because I earned that. good charlotte sucks. they are terrible live and I don't get why people like them. the guitarist isn't even good. I'm half way done. that is nice to know. my mind is being strained. the texans one today and they beat the dolphins. that is awesome because some thought the dolphins would win the super bowl. we'll see about that. texas football rules. my old high school one its first game of the season yesterday and they did well. my little brother one his first high school of his career and he was pretty proud. He is on the a team and that is a big deal. blah blah, that is what my mind thinks. its neat to see what people can think of. I need to buy some milk for my room. I could go fro some cocoa-cocoa dyno bytes. they are so good, and chocolaty. mmmmmm. delicious. instant messaging is an interesting concept in these connected times of ours. that would suck to be a worm. have no legs and what not, I need to get xp for my computer so I have word, excell and power point. that would be nice. only six minutes to go. I don't know why people love asses so much. its kinda gross when people think about what they really are. chris rock is pretty find. he just has a really big mouth and I'm surprised he hasn't gotten beaten up. it was jack black's birthday not too long ago and he is really funny. I just started showing my friend how to play the guitar and she is doing pretty well. probably because she knows how to play the violin. david blaine is the most amazing street magician ever. the olsen twins are worth over a billion dollars. rock music is the best sort of music because I can get into it more I think. rap isn't real music. just like good charlotte. I like evanescence because that girl is hot and linkin park is good because they are different. the white stripes suck however because that girl can't drum to save her life. it is interesting to see how people interact. I don't know why. maybe that is why I want to be a psychiatrist. I'm trying to spell correctly on this and I don't know why. maybe so you can understand what is being typed on this crazy assignment. linkin park won the best rock video award. it was interesting. I don't know why. that band has a lot of asians in it. metallica is a well received band because they are good. I could never be a typical rock star because I can't think I could be that mean to people. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_399.txt,"I just got out of psychology class like an hour ago so I thought I would do this paper while I am still in the thinking mode. I thought what pennebaker said about how students new to the college experience, like myself are under lots of stress. that is true. and how they are more prone to get sick when they go home because their stress is relieved. but I think I am sick right now because I've been coughing a lot and my nose is all clogged up. I think it's from the air conditioning in my dorm. but I'm not supposed to be sick now, right? anyways I've been here in austin for almost three weeks now and I have had lots of new experiences but I am beginning to get homesick. I miss my mom, dad, and sisters, and the city of houston. I am glad that I have friends from high school here that I can lean on. just ate dinner. it was really good and now I'm really full. my dance class starts tomorrow, can't wait for that. I don't like sleeping on the top bunk, don't sleep very well, been taking lots of naps. probably cause I stay up too late and have to get up early. lots of traffic noises outside. can hear buses. reminds me of when I got on the completely wrong bus the first week of school. I met a guy and have been hanging out with him. he seems really cool. I want to us to be friends but scared he might want to be more than friends. just adds to all the stress. I really need to be at the library studying right now. I think I will go when I finish this. just learned how to play racquet ball the other day. it's really fun, but very exhausting. I am so sore. also my legs hurt from walking around campus so much. I am really out of shape. everybody is concerned about the freshman fifteen but I really don't care if I gain fifteen pounds. it is highly unlikely since I eat like a bird, but I would be okay with the extra weight. I'm not going home until the end of september which means I will be going five weeks without seeing my family. I've never gone for more than a week without seeing them. can't wait to go home and see them and go to a pat green concert in houston. seems like not many people here listen to country music which is mostly what I listen to, although I do like other kinds of music. my twenty minutes is up. got to go! ",n,y,y,y,n

2003\_400.txt,"wow I didn't know it was going to time it for me that is awesome. I'm just kind of tapping they keys waiting for something to enter my head for me to write down. I'm really getting tired of hitting the backspace key because I keep typing the wrong letters. I wonder if I will get anymore mail, hopefully. Its kind of fun opening the mail box and actually having stuff in it. I didn't know where the laundry was until last night. It sucks there is nothing cool in the north tower everything is in the south tower and that is too far for me to want to walk. The light in my room is really big and the papers on my bulletin board are waving around from my air-conditioning. Its hella hot outside, I can't wait till october or november when it will cool down. The animation on my beer poster sure is shitty, I definitely got to cover it up with other pictures, I suck at spelling, its only been 6 minutes this really does feel like forever, I really just don't have a lot to say. HA the radio just said hello to me its so polite, I'm trying to decide whether or not to turn it on. For some weird reason my roommate but an empty water bottle inside a drink cup, it kind of reminds me of abstract art, like when homer tried to build a barbeque and ended up with a big pile of bricks with an umbrella sticking out. I wonder if the McLaren really is the fastest road car in the world. I'm pretty fast I think I could beat it. Al pacino looks a little up set its ok though he is about to snort a whole big pile of cocaine, what a crazy guy, all this typing is making me thirsty again. Bottled water is so stupid. Why would u pay for water that somebody else just filled up out of a tap in the backroom when u can get a cup for free. some people are just idiots. People really do look funny when they cross the finish line in races. It really is a lot harder then it seems to put the top on a bottle. I wonder if I will ever use this stapler that I brought. It does make my desk look very professional though. I ate way too much pizza, rolls, fettuccine alfredo and chicken, they all really don't mix. A blue viper is cool. My hair is getting long again if my dad sees me he will be like so son when do u want me to set up an appointment for you to get your hair cut. just because his dad was a barber doesn't mean that he knows when other people need hair cuts. But my grandad did have one of those cool barber poles and my grandma always tells me what each color stands for and says one day when I'm on a tv game show they will ask me that question and I will win lots of money I think the white is for the skin, red for the blood and blue for the veins. I think. I just spilled water all over my shirt I need to work on my mouth hand coordination. but I suppose water is better then throw up. Stupid reed throwing up on my only UT shirt down in cancun. my roommate sure has some girly colored push pins they are all pastel colors. the freeway is pretty busy right now, I wonder where everyone is going. I really did eat to much, just sitting here typing is making my stomach hurt. I need some tums. They taste like chalk though, yuck even though I have never eaten chalk before I still know what I would taste like, All dry and chalky. it really would be funny if david still went by texas time instead of Maryland time. ",y,n,n,y,y

2003\_403.txt,"I REALLY DON'T KNOW OR THINK THAT I HAVE HAVE ANY CHANCE OF FINISHING COLLEGE. I FEEL SOMETIME THAT THE ONLY REASON I AM HERE IS FOR MY PARENTS AND FAMILY AND THE SATISFACTION THAT I WILL FEEL WHEN THEY ARE ALL TOGETHER AT MY HOUSE FOR MY GRADUATION PARTY. I PERSONALLY FEEL THAT COLLEGE IS A OLD WAY OF THINKING. I FEEL THAT ONE IS BROUGHT UP TO BELIEVE THAT THEY HAVE TO FOLLOW A CERTAIN TRACK IN LIFE ALL TO OFTEN. WITH THE WAY THAT THE ECONOMY IS NOW AND THE WAY THAT JOB SECURITY IS, I FOUND IT HARD TO BELIEVE IN THE BELIEF THAT ONE SHOULD GO TO COLLEGE GET AN EDUCATION AND GO OFF INTO TO WORK FORBE AND WORK THERE WAY UP THE COPORATE LADDER. A LADDER THAT HAS BEEN LAID OUT BY PEOPLE WHO HAD THE KNOWLEDGE TO KNOW THAT IN MOST CASES COLLEGE AND THE EDUACTIONAL SYSTEM IS DESIGNED TO TRAIN OTHERS TO BECOME PRODUCTIVE WORKERS FOR OTHERS. I FEEL THAT THE SMALL AMOUNT OF PEOPLE WHO DO BECOME FINACIALLY SECURE AT THE LEVEL I SOMEDAY WISH TO BE UNDERSTAND THAT IF YOU WANT TO MAKE MORE MONEY THEN OTHERS YOU HAVE TO DO THINGS THAT ARE OUTSIDE OF THE NORM. THE REASON EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK YOU DON'T SEE TONS MILLIONAIRES IS BECAUSE ONLY A HANDFULL OF PEOPLE HAVE THE COURAGE TO STEP OUTSIDE OF THE NORM OF SOCIETY AND DO THINGS THIER OWN WAY. THIS IS THE PROBLEM THAT BRINGS ME THE MOST STRESS RIGHT NOW IN MY LIFE. I CAN'T HELP BUT TO THINK THAT MAYBE ME THINKNING THIS IS A SIGN THAT I AM MEANT TO FOLLOW THIS PATH OF BREAKING OUT OF THE NORM. BUT AGAIN I LOOK INSIDE OF MYSELF AND WONDER IF I HAVE THE COURAGE MYSELF TO DO IT. I HAVE TRIED NUMEROUS TIMES TO STEP OUT OF THIS NORM BUT FIND MYSELF RUNNING BACK TO THE NORM FOR SECURITY. I WONDER SOMETIMES IF THIS SHOULD THIS EVEN BE A FACTOR IN MY LIFE RIGHT NOW ONLY BEING 21. BUT THEN I SEE PEOPLE WHO I WOULD LIKE TO BE LIKE AND THIER LIFESTYLES AND SEE THAT THEY HAVE THE THINGS I WANT AT MY AGE AND SOME CASES EVEN YOUNGER. AM I IN FACT WASTING MY LIFE AWAY SITTING IN A CLASS ROOM FILLED OF 500 PEOPLE WHOS AMBITIONS IN LIFE MIGHT BE TO BE NOTHING MORE THEN NORMAL. I MYSELF CAN'T STAND TO BE IN THE NORM. I WANT TO GO MY OWN WAY AND DO THINGS THAT MAY BE A LITTLE CRAZY OR RISKY, BUT THEN AGAIN I GUESS THAT IS WHY I'M WRITING THIS NOW. A SAD ATTEMPT TO FILL TIME UNTIL I HAVE TO COURAGE TO DO MY OWN THING. MAN WRITING FOR THIS LONG HURTS YOUR HANDS . I BET THE BEERS WILL KILL THAT PAIN. WHY DO I DRIN K EVERYDAY. IS IT BECAUSE I FEEL I HAVE BETTER SEX AFTER I HAVE HAD A FEW DRINKS? I KNOW THAT IS WHY. I FIND MYSELF DOING THAT A LOT. WHY ARE WOMEN SUCH A BIG PART OF MY LIFE. IS THAT THE REAL REASON I WANT TO BE RICH AND FAMOUS, SO I CAN GET ANY WOMEN I WANT? WHAT MAKES ME THINK THAT I CAN'T GET THOSE WOMEN KNOW. WHY DO I FEEL ASHAMED WHEN I TALK TO WOMEN NOW ABOUT MY MAJOR AND HOW I REALLY DON'T HAVE A HIGH PAYING MAJOR. I GUESS I COULD SAY I'M WAITING TO BE A SELF MADE MILLIONAIRE BUT HOW MANY PEOPLE SAY THAT. WHAT IS THAT SMELL. DAMN MY ROOMMATE STINKS. WHY IS HE SO SHORT, WHY DOES HE HAVE A SEVERE CASE OF LITTLE MAN SYMDROM. I THINK HIS GIRLFRIEND WANTS ME. DAMN I SOUND LIKE A NIP TUCK SHOW GUY. THAT WOULD BE A COOL JOB. BUT TO MUCH SCHOOL FOR PLASTIC SURGEN. I REALLY NEED TO STOP DIPPING COPENHAGEN. I WONDER IF SOMEONE IS GOING TO READ THIS. IF THEY DO I WONDER WHAT THEY WILL THINK. MY ATTENTION SPAN SUCKS. I KNOW I HAVE ADD BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO TAKE THE TEST, BUT ILL TAKE THE MEDICATION. WHY DID I DO SO MANY DAMN DRUGS IN HIGH SCHOOL. HIGH SCHOOL MAN THAT WAS FUN. DRINKING BEFORE SCHOOL. XTC DURING SCHOOL . MAN WE WERE A CRAZY CREW. I'M HAPPY I STILL TALK TO LIKE 70 PERCENT OF THE OL BOYS AND GIRLS. ITS COOL HAVING GOOD FRIENDS , EVERYONE SHOULD HAVE A FEW. I WONDER IF THEY LOOK UP TO ME FOR BEING ABLE TO DRINK THE MOST. IS THAT WHY I DO? THAKS FOR THE TIME. ",y,y,y,n,y

2003\_409.txt,"I have no idea what to type. am I supposed be be capitalizing and what not? oh well. hmm its mike's birthday today. he is 22, that must be nice. wow, this is a great song straylight run - the tension and the terror. it's freezing in here. I need to finish reading government and psychology, and hopefully on the road too. it's a lot easier reading that though. yoga's at 8:30. am I supposed to meet melissa there or is she coming back to the room? o well. I miss mikey =( man, as I'm whining as if this is a diary entry. man, I forgot to call alex again. I guess I'll do it later. hmm, I wonder how tough rowing tryouts really are. o well. man, all I'm saying is o well. still not really sure what I'm supposed to be writing. now I'm listening to the juliana theory. good stuff. I'm not all about the class dj's choice of rap stuff. I don't think he is right about it making people more energetic. hearing a song for the millionth time that wasn't good the first time does not exactly put me in a great mood for an hour and a half psych lecture. but I do think I'm going to like the class (as I'm kissing up to the computer). no, its interesting stuff though. hmm, I'm still not sure about how government is going to be. I want to do law, and I think it's really interesting, but there's no way I'll have time for all the reading. and a lot of it is way too boring. hopefully if I take notes in class and what not I'll be ok. I hope calc won't be too hard this semester. a lot of it should still be review from high school, but I bet the end will be new hard stuff. too bad mikes not still around. the engineering majors are too damn smart. am I supposed to censor stream of conscious writing? because I figure that goes against the point, so I shouldn't go back and fix stuff, but this sure as heck isn't formal. o well. of course I am tempted to go back and count how many times I've said o well. ridiculous. hmm, I should really clean this room. but I guess most of the mess on my side is amber's junk. o, I guess no psych tomorrow. more time to nap in the afternoon, which is good because I know I'll be up way too late if I'm going to get close to finishing the reading for government. how late is gregory open? I think 1 but is that every day? I guess megan will know. we can always run outside too. the heat sucks, but I guess we should get used to it if we're going to have to do tryouts in the afternoon. texas is too damn hot. I miss wisconsin. we got to road trip over xmas. I don't know what to tell the parents though. hmm I'll have to plan. that way we can go by michigan like we told mike we would. hmm I miss summer. I know fall won't compare. I'm so sick of stupid frat parties, etc. at least I have awesome roomies. well, looks like times almost up and I've spent 20 minutes whining and doing this assignment completely wrong. once more, oh well. ",y,n,y,n,n

2003\_410.txt,"I am wondering why I decided to wear this shirt today. no I'm not. I kow why I did. I wanted to look nice. Gosh! Why do people keep sending me messages? I put my away message on. Wow, I can type pretty fast, but I'm getting distracted because I'm wiggling in the chair and my ponytail is tickling the back of my neck. I hear voices outside - what are the girls in my dorm doing? The door just slammed, so I guess they just got home from class. Hope they're not doing anything fun without me. Ouch, my stomach kind of hurts. I guess I'm not under that much stress because (darn, I always mess up because"" when I type!) I think I might be getting sick. I really liked that lecture. I learned so much! My neck is kind of tense now, and I hate typing for too long. I type much too fast, or rather I think much too quickly. It's only been 3 minutes. this writing assignment will be a long one, I'm sure. I'm kind of worried about running for RHC vice president. I hate elections, I hate campaigning. Everytime I run for an election, someone always tries to do something really underhanded, like spread rumors or tear down posters or just do something really mean. Gosh, this folder on my desk is really in the way and I think the fan in this room is much too loud. I wish my roommate was her - I'm kind of lonely. I would like to go to dinner, but I think I'll wait until she gets home. But if she is not back soon, I'm going to eat a cookie from the pantry to tide me over. Speaking of tide, laundry accumulates much too quickly in college. I've had to wash a ton of clothes since I've gotten here, and it's way too expensive. Pkus, our washers and dryers don't work right, so I don't think that they're ever really clean. Gosh, I worry too much about my punctuation and grammar. I really doubt whether I sound intelligent in these essays - the structure is not right, the grammar most likely isn't, and the spelling is constantly corrected. There's a blinking light telling me that I have an I'M, but I don't want to answer it. I'm trying to type! Go away! Gosh, there's another message. Leave me alone. NOOOOO!My neck still hurts too. I could really go for a massage. I keep thinking about today's lecture. it really made me feel so much better. I'm so glad Dr. Pennebaker told us that everyone feels kind of stupid and lonely when they first get to college. I know I do. Now the phone's ringing. grrrr. I guess I'm not that lonely after all. I really like the new people that I have met in college and I think that the classes are really interesting, but everyone in my FIG seems to absorb info much faster than I do. I mean, I'm a smart girl, but I have to read and read to understand information. My parents are like that too. They don't understand what they read right off the bat. They have to read it two or three times ot really understand it. I really like having examples or analogies for the stuff I read. It helps to illustrate the point. I don't understand. grrr, the fan is still too loud. just plain definitions. I need more than that. The sun is really bright. I wish my desk didn't face the window. I really wish that we had a better view from the window. All I see when I look outside is a brick wall. C'mon, a brick wall? That's hardly a view. And the girl next door just left to go to the gym or something. She always wears a ton of keys on a lanyard around her neck, so she jingles wherever she goes. Darn! I don't remember the names of the boys I just met outside. They were really nice when my friend introduced me, but they were from Nigeria and had really foreign names. One was like something with an F, I think. And the other. who knows? Yay! My birthday is on Friday. I can't wait to see what surprises are in store for me. I want to go out and have tons of fun with all my new friends, and then I want to go home and see my family. I really miss them. My mom sends me a card like everyday. I can't believe I left my keys in San Antonio the last time I went home. My mom finally sent them to me today in a card, which was a relief. Haha, I sighed just now, which I guess truly illustrates how relieved I was. I really want to get more mail. College students should set up some sort of program, like a buddy thing, where they could get more mail. The mailbox hardly ever has anything in it, but today I got a magazine. Cool. And someone just sent me an I'M, but I don't know who it was. I'm almost done. I can answer them! I think I'll do that right now, and answer the other IMs too. haha I guess people do love me! :) Yay! ",y,y,y,n,y

2003\_411.txt,"Hey what is up. Just writing my homework. I wanted to get it done before I forgot. I hate when I forget to do homework. Most of it is pretty easy but I just have bad memory sometimes. I write things down now in a little blue spiral that fits in my back pocket. I like to write down things in there that I feel are necessary to remember. Today I watched a movie called The Rules of Attraction "". It was cool. It was meant to be one of those ""teen movies"" but it told things on a more real basis. Most teen movies end with happy endings and the main characters fall in love. Life is not like that always though. It consisted of a big love triangle that went terribly wrong. I cannot spell very well. I like microsoft Word because it makes those wavy red lines underneath words that I screwed up on. My computer is making a funny noise. My head hurts. I am running out of ideas to write about. 4 minutes 22 seconds. Still a while to go. I get my braces off in 2 days. I cannot wait. If you have never had braces, take it from me, they suck. Imagine not being able to smile for one year. It sucks really bad. I like music. My roommate is playing some music on his computer right now. He was playing a cool song but he turned it off and is playing something crappy. I told him to change it back but he did not. Now he did. Sweet. 6 min 8 seconds. Still a while to go. When I started this I did not know how much I could write in 20 minutes. I can remember assignments in high school that I would write in under 20 minutes. I really had an easy time in high school. It was fun. My school was small nothing like it is here. I lived in Little Elm, Tx, which is in the dallas area. I liked it there but Austin is so much better. I want to go to school here and finish my major (kinesiology) and go to graduate school in California. I really want to check that place out. Most people that go to school here have become Longhorn fans but I have been a fan as long as I can remember. That is cool and all but it just seems like they go to games and like the team just because they are wining. I can remember seasons where the Longhorns would win only 4 games. It sucked but you have to stick with a team. My roommate is asking me how to work the dvd player in the living room. I wonder if the teacher is actually going to read this. That was funny how that kid did not even write anything he just pasted something on the screen. good times. 11 min 20 sec. Today is Wednesday. 9/3/03. September 11 is coming up again. I read on the internet that 9/11 was a drug deal gone bad with George Bush Jr. and Osama Bin Laden. Heroin is a major export out of the middle east. The USA Gov't controls the drug flow weather we like to believe it or not. Heroin was the largest import into the United States in 2001. I bet you did not know that. Something went wrong so terrorist attacked us. I wonder if the truth will ever come out. George is a moron. If I ever saw him I would call him that. I would probably say f-ing moron. I hope he would get mad. I do not like him. I also believe he is a member of illuminati. One the one dollar bill, there is a picture of a triangle with and eye in it. The eye is a symbol that represents the devil's eye. Also in bar codes, there are three lines that represent 666. That kind of shows how evil money is and everything we buy we are supporting the devil. These are just some crazy conspiracy theories I believe. I also believe that we have not been to the moon. Woogie from borrington high. Sorry my roommate is watching Something About Marry and that is a line from it. Have you seen my baseball. 17 min 23 secs. I am getting close. So what up. I rented two movies from blockbuster. I am hungry. after I am done with this I will eat. No eat. eat eat eat. I like to eat. This is getting boring. I am almost done though. It is almost time to go. I got really drunk on Friday night and threw up in front of the building we have this class. I tried to walk home from the fraternity houses. I made it to the stadium and passes out. Eventually my roommate picked me up. It was good times. And I am done ",y,y,y,n,y

2003\_412.txt,"I didn't know there was a timer on this thing. This is kinda weird typing all my thoughts. My ring is broken. My ice cream is really good. That place down stairs has good ice cream. I'm tired. I need to go look for a new job today. I am going to 3 different Chili's to apply. I like my mousepad. My roommate just came in and it scared me. She just turned on the water. I'm thirsty. This ice cream is making me thirsty. I want to go home today. I miss my friends and family. But I'm not going to go home today. I am going to stay here. 20 minutes of writing your thoughts is a lot of time. which means a lot of thoughts. I have to read like 3 chapters for oceanography because I keep forgetting to read. So now I'm really really behind. I need to catch up so I don't fail. I need to go to the grocery and get some more food and drinks for in here. I'm almost out of Cokes because I go through them so fast. My roommate is talking to me about laundry. I haven't done laundry here yet. I went home last time to do it (to Round Rock). She said the washing machines are really small and the dryers are really big. We just swept in here. It gets dirty pretty fast. And you don't even notice. I want a College of Education t-shirt. I saw one today but it was for the education council. and I don't think I want to join that. I don't like ""counseling"" haha. But really I don't like speaking in front of people or anything. So I'm sure that would not be fun for me. But-I don't know what I am talking about right now. Klint just came online. Yay. He must have just woken up. It's kinda late. But he wakes up late. That's ok though. I wish I could sleep late. I have classes too early to sleep late. It's kinda weird because I don't like to go to bed early. So it would be really good if I had late classes. Education Council sounds like you just bond with the teachers and stuff. Like student council. So yeah-not for me. I like Klint. I have not seen him in a while. I also have not seen Chris Russell in a while. My phone is ringing. Stop ringing. It's Carl. I have not talked to him in forever. Sara likes her pants. I have some like those. I got them from Target. I want to go shopping. I don't have any money though. I saw Tiffany's sister in class the other day and I didn't know if it was her. So I didn't know whether or not I should say hi. But she had her eyebrow pierced so I didn't say hi. And I told Tiffany that and she said I was lucky that I didn't say hi to her because she would have been really mean to me. That sucks. I don't like mean people. I hate making friends. It's so hard to be able to tell who your real friends are or not. I don't really have any friends here yet. I met one guy. And I have a few other friends who I see off and on. But still. All my friends left. Which is not very cool. I want to burn a CD. I have a whole bunch left. I need to renew my internet service. It doesn't expire til Sept. 23rd though. I need to look for those blue books. My spanish teacher said we need some for monday. And I have some because Jenny gave them to me. The lawns outside must be getting mowed. I hear a lawn mower. Anywho Desiree needs a blue book so I need to find them so I can give her one. So yeah. I like the pictures in my room. They remind me of my friends. I miss them. Jenny is having a lot of fun I think. She has 5 roommates but they all share an entire floor. And there are 3 bedrooms and 2 bathrooms and a living room and everything. That would be cool. I wish I had money to buy that here. But next year I am getting an apartment with Katie I think. She wants to get fish but I don't like fish. They die too easily. Katie gave me a big Texas poster. She knows that I hate museums and stuff like that and she went to the Bob Bullock museum with her family and got me that poster. To be funny. So now I'm going to put pictures of my friends like riding the horses and stuff. I just realized that my psych class is not 2 hours long. It's only 1 and a half hours. I just thought we got let out early all the time. 20 minutes is a long time. Although it seems a lot shorter when you type everything you're thinking. But that's still a lot of thoughts. I would hate to grade these things. Almost over. Only 20 seconds left. I want more ice cream so hurry up and finish. I need to get a new pencil sharpener. ",n,n,y,y,n

2003\_413.txt,"Wow, I really don't feel like typing for 20 minutes, especially because I can't type all that well. My foot really itches. It is so hot in here, my roommates keep the air up way to high. My hands are sweating, and it takes a lot fir me to sweat. I feel terrible. I really hope that I'm not getting sick. MY nose really itches. BAD! sniffle. I really miss Thomas. I wish he were here right now. Now my elbow itches. And my nose again. This commercial is so gross. I would run the other direction too. my legs are sweaty too. I wonder if the sweat will mess up my keyboard. I wonder where Ky is. gahh I really hope he doesn't like me. He is cool but I just don't want to go past friendship. My eyebrow itches too. man, stuff really itches when you are paying attention to yourself. My shoulder and nose both do. I have a lot of knots in my shoulders too. Maybe Thomas will I have me a massage when I go home this weekend. That hair is on my nerves. I have so much reading to do, I don't think I will ever get caught up. I am really worried about Kim. I hope she can get everything figured out money wise and also with her math. I don't know what I would do if she weren't here. Man my hands are sweaty, it is so hot in here. I wonder what Thomas is doing. He is having that dumb study group at his house tonight so I probably won't be able to talk to him that much. I love him. I wish he would be able to come here and visit. His parents would never let that happen. He is coming to the Nebraska game so maybe him and his dad can come see my place. My arm itches. Now the other one does, and my shoulder. I have a lot of knots. It felt great for them to be rubbed. My nose itches. I am so stopped up. There comes the air, maybe it will cool off. Kari must keep her air on like 80. I cannot type at all! my legs are stuck to this leather couch. I really need to go to Kim's to use her nair. My foot itches. I really need to go work out. I cannot gain weight this year. I need to shave too. I have so much that I need to do, but there's no way I can do it all. My hands are still sweating, but it feels better now that the air came on. Only 3 more minutes. This sweat better not mess up my computer. There goes Jayme's alarm. My eye itches but I can't scratch it because of my make-up. I have to change the TV. felicity just gets on my nerves. My ear itches. and my thigh. and my other ear. and my eye. wow! oooh Friends is on. but so is Trading Spaces. I love that show. Genevieve really gets on my nerves. Oh this is the kids version ugh I sneezed. I guess I will watch Friends now. Oh my 20 minutes is up! yay I can stop ",y,y,y,y,y

2003\_415.txt,"Okay so I was thinking about what our dj said in class on the first day that he played some music on the topic that dealt with bot hip-hop mainstream music and trance and how they differed. This was something that I really wanted to see if there was a difference in the way the music makes you feel and I seemed to have noticed a difference. I first tried it out on reading a book. I realized that it was much easier for me to concentrate on what I was reading, as well as, getting more into the book because the trance music makes you think of what you are reading about. When listening to trance music it affects your brain in a way that is very interesting to me and I kinda want to look more into this whole topic of discussion. I am listening to a dj named Paul Oakenfold who is a trance dj, and even as we speak I can feel that beat bouncing all around inside my head causing me to think about what I am writing. Yesterday, last night, actually I was doing some reading and I started to first listen to hip hop and I kept on distracting myself by trying to sing along with all of the different rhymes because I know a lot of them. I ended up spending about 30 minutes and I got through about 12 or 13 pages which is incredibly slow. After that I decide to try out some trance. I actually used to always listen to trance last year when I would read or study because I always helped my expand my mind when I was either designing things, reading, or writing. So when I was reading I noticed that I was much more attentive to what I was doing and got a lot more than 13 pages read in a 30 minute time period. As of right now I am trying out this trance thing again. The funny thing is, is that there is a lot of things going on around me right now. The TV is on, my roommate is sitting next to me on his computer doing his homework, and my girlfriend is on my bed reading her book, and at the same time we are all extremely focused in all of our own independent studies, not even paying attention to the TV but to the work that we need to get done. After thinking about this right now I am at 9 min 30 sec and I have already written a lot. I believe that if I would have not turned on the trance music that it would not have given me a basis to explain my theory on what we were talking about in class. Another thing that kinda triggers my mind now that I am talking about class related things, how does this affect your nerves inside your body and inside your brain? how is your body receiving these messages that make you get like this numbing feeling all over your body if you are just listing to music? I mean does this feeling involve the way the sounds of the music are mixed together? Or is it the repetition of sounds and randomized pitches that might throw off your body's response system that makes you feel all numb inside. Could this be another type of an anesthetic, but instead of a shot, gas, or gel, could it be because of all the sounds and beats like a hearing anesthetic? Who really knows. But anyway that I am sure has been looked at for a long time. I really am interested though in why trance music makes you feel this way because it really does have a positive effect on me. But right now I really don't know what else I wamt to talk about because I am out of time. ",y,n,n,n,y

2003\_420.txt,"Today is September 11th. I was reading some articles on MSN. com about whether or not we should commemorate this. I had a class at 9:30--I wish I didn't have to wake up for this class. It seems like whenever I have to wake up for a class it drains me of energy. I'm glad that the only other class I have is in the afternoon today. Speaking of which I'm going home for the weekend--that makes me happy because I will get away from everything related to UT Austin. My roommate was in the room, he just left. I am writing on my laptop--it's very hard to use this keyboard. I am tired right now. I don't know what to do. I have calculus homework to do. I feel like it has been looming over my head. I can't wait to go to home. I feel more comfortable here at UT now. I think I'm getting along with everyone. I don't feel stressed out anymore. I feel like there is nothing to be bummed out about. I will find what I like to do here. I might join the badminton club. That sounds like fun because I used to play badminton and now I don't anymore. I don't play it anymore because I don't feel like it. Being at UT is a lot of walking, I'm tired cause of it. I think a lot of my thoughts are being filtered when I'm typing. I am Indian. My parents are from India. They are very nice people and they are at home. Sometimes I feel like they miss me and I miss them. I am going back to see them. I am getting tired of typing on the keyboard. I think I am a smart person. I wonder if other people think I try to act smart. I don't really care if they do. I'm just being myself. I get along with others. I don't think I will be completely satisfied in life thinking I have to be something when I grow up. I should just stay happy as I am right now. I think that would be a good life plan. Just take it easy. That's what I'm doing right now. My computer is a Dell and it's a laptop--with a small keyboard. I got it new. My roommate just came in. He is doing the laundry. I feel like he feels that he has a lot to do. It seems to me he likes to work. I am going to keep my life simple here at college. I won't expect myself to be a superhero. I think waking up for class is good because then the day doesn't go by. In college you have a lot of free-time. I think I spend too much time studying ineffectively. I should set good goals and then spend time making friends. I am very happy right now. I feel kind of just like sitting here and not getting up. I have to get up to get the trash. Whenever I do work, I think of doing it in sequences. Sometimes I act smart. It's okay--I like to make intellectual jokes a lot. My parents used to take the trash from my room when I was young. They did a lot of things for me. Now I have to do a lot of things on my own. That's okay--we're almost out of milk. I'm going to get paper plates and paper cups so I can just throw them away after using it. I'm getting hungry. My roommate is eating Spaghetti from downstairs. That tastes good. Am I being artificial? Am I talking as if I want people to hear what exactly I'm saying. I don't now. bye ",n,n,n,n,y

2003\_421.txt,"I have been asked to do similar exercises in the past in which I was supposed to just write nonstop and track my thoughts or create a story, a cell phone is going off right now but it is not mine, I just got a brand new phone, it is a really cool camera phone, sometimes I hate having my cell phone because people just won't stop calling me and it gets really irritating, especially if you don't want to speak to the person who keeps calling you. I met this one girl Amy, and she called me so many times but the problem was I was trying to avoid her because I was not' really interested in her. But I didn't want to hurt her feelings because I know there are times when I have felt lonely or hurt myself. Anyways I would rather too many people call me then nobody call me. Last year I didn't have a cell phone and I wasn't really as socially active as much as people expected me to be or as much as my friends were. I really hate the keyboard that I am typing on. I am in the library right now, in the RLM building, I came here to come to a spanish class to see if I could get into a class I wasn't registered for. I promised my mom I would come and check this class out because most of my classes right now are not to difficult and I have a lot of time. Something I am not really used to. Anyways my mom has been bugging me about taking a foreign language for some time now because she desperately wants me to learn something. she owns a translation company and thinks it is vital that I be able to communicate at least in Spanish if I am going to live in texas. I really do agree with her but I don't really want to learn a foreign language. I took french in high school and it was really tough. but maybe that was because I didn't really work hard my first two years of high school and I never really paid attention in class. Maybe I will be better now. Anyways before when I was asked to do similar assignments I never was really able to write anything down. I remember one time I was asked to just write nonstop and then later what ever I wrote about I would use later for the topic of a story. The problem is that I really wasn't able to write anything down at all. Usually when I write something I like to think long and hard about what I am writing about and then phrase whatever I am writing in a very articulate and cleaver way. I am really hungry right now, I never ate breakfast. I usually don't eat breakfast but I usually don't' get up this late on the weekdays. I had a rough night last night. couldn't fall asleep and I didn't wake up till 12:25. I had a class at one otherwise I might have slept later. There are some people passing by me and I keep looking over wishing for some reason that I recognized them or that they went to my high school. my eating pattern since I got to college has taken a weird pattern-back to my no breakfast-I have 14 meal tickets back at the dorm but a lot of times I will only use 5-10 of my meals a week and that is being generous. the first week I had 10 meals left, last week I had 6 or 7 meals left. I am trying to get my brother to come to towers and eat with me, he can use one of my tickets but he won't come because 2 years ago he got kicked out of towers and I guess he is afraid of going back. somebody must have really scared him or something because fear or boundaries are not usually things that get in edward's way. he has no problem breaking rules or trespassing or anything like that if he wants something or wants to have a good time. He is by no means a bad person, he just doesn't like to be told what he can and can't do if he doesn't agree or approve of limitations he also can not work on someone else's time schedule. He use to be different, he use to be such a little goody good, he would follow all the rules and stuff like that he was such a wimp, I use to hate him when we were little and then other times I would love him but mostly I would hate him. Now I think he is one of my best friends-I think that this is because ever since I have been around him in the last year or so he has been really great and accommodating to me, he always makes me feel good and tries to make me feel welcome and special, my parents will say the exact opposite about him, they will say he is selfish and inconsiderate-they fight a lot-and in a lot of ways they are exactly right but in other ways they don't see things that I see. I am really grateful to my brother because in a lot of ways since I have been around him he has somehow taught me how to relax and have a good time. My parents will say that this is his specialty-relaxing and having a good time-they think he is really lazy and can't be bothered to ever move, but actually I have noticed that when edward wants something he will do whatever is necessary to accomplish his task, since I've been in Austin it has been him who has called me several times to play tennis, and he also is surrounded by his friends and by women-this is not by chance. well my 20 minutes already passed ",y,y,n,n,y

2003\_422.txt,"sick nose running I feel like shit I think being sick makes me look ugly. I hate when I feel ugly especially in psychology class where there are so many beautiful girls they're all so different amazing I have a lot of anger in me sleep deprivation is getting to me gentle breeze made by a rickety fan in my room ac is not working like it should 14 years old I'm thinking what a dance club would be like I want to play guitar when this is over I wonder if playing can compensate for the lack of female companionship. I have tried, it all I think about. blinds dirty lips a little dry eyes burning butt getting tired would it feel that way if you got laid? wonder who came up with that word. fight club I wonder if tupac shakur could have played tyler durden's role, that is if edward norton's character was black. its friday and I don't have many things to do I think of what a date would be like. sometimes I can't believe how hard college dating is I mean is not this time about exploration so why do girls hold back so much. I don't know, it very important to me for some reason I wonder if you look better when you're sick or just like that sickly? this exercise is not free flowing as I thought it would be, I want to type continuously but can't I have to pause and formulate my thoughts into words, sucks I have so many abstract thoughts not thought in words, see I was hoping to excel in this too because psychoanalysis was a career field I was into. being good at this kind of exercise without practice would give me a flash of brilliance I hate looking out the window I feel like an old man depressed about life contemplating I have a strong sexual urge in me right now, I want to make love to a girl not sex I want to pride myself in the fact that I'm a rare college guy who can make love and not just have sex or get laid. I think about when girls smiled at me or were attracted to me, does that necessarily mean there is sexual chemistry. in my thoughts, yes. but real sex is different from thoughts, too many details you forget when you think about it. there are so many girls I want to get with at my 500 person psy class but I still have not and probably won't. I wonder how that affects me, especially on an unconscious level. maybe it translates into a low self opinion because I think that every girl thinks I'm ugly. how do I get over that negativity. is there a way to feel good, even if you don't get girls? can someone that does not have what someone else has, can they be as happy as that person? my sexual thoughts are gone now, I'm still sick, about to sneeze, wow my thoughts are a lot more free flowing now, I have not stopped typing for about 5 minutes. I think I see it now, I'm getting deeper into my unconscious or preconscious maybe I'm thinking of all the girls that walk by. do they know, that if they snap their fingers, they can have any guy they wanted, what power. makes me wonder how I should deal with them. I think it would be very hard to get with them sexually because they all want something very specific. I thought about listening to music while doing this, but for the first 3 minutes I have found that it limits your thoughts to the subject matter and emotion of the song. I would rather get in touch with myself and hopefully have this analyzed and see what it means. next thing I want to do is free word association although not sure what it is. thoughts of mine still not as deep I thought, oh well ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_425.txt,"Well here we go. I'm so tired I really don't feel like doing this. But I only have one day left so I guess it'll be good to get it over and done with. I haven't even started reading yet. I really need to start. God I'm hungry. I can't believe all I've eaten today is some bagel bites. I need to go hit up the grocery store tomorrow and stock up on some food. I'm so happy it's Thursday. This week dragged on for so long. It's probably because this was the first week where we had class on Monday. This music that I'm playing in the background is really effecting my stream of consciousness. I think I'll change the song to something more mellow because this song I'm listening to right now sucks. That's better. I wonder what's going on tonight. I think after I'm done typing up this paper I'll call up Farhad (my cousin). Whoa he just I'M'd me. That was weird. I should probably tell him that I'm working on something because I don't think I can do both things at once. I can't wait to go back home and visit. I've been feeling kind of homesick lately. I wonder what all my friends in Dallas are doing right now. Probably nothing. Carrollton is so boring. I kind of need to go to the bathroom. But I have to finish typing this paper. I guess I have to wait. I think I'll go back to Dallas next week and see what's up with everybody. Man, my stomach's starting to feel all queasy. I should go eat something. I can't wait to DJ on that boat in a couple of weeks. I hope I don't get sick before then. Everyone's been getting sick lately. I slept a lot today. I need to go out and do something tonight now that I'm all rested up. There are way too many chairs in this room. Whoa my keyboard is vibrating. That felt weird. I wonder what's making it do that. It must be something outside. This CD I'm playing is so stupid. The song just finished and now I've been hearing crickets chirping in the background of the silent song for like two minutes. Awesome it's over. Man, the whole CD's over. I should put in a new one. I hate working in silence. Or wait a minute; I remember the stream of thought instruction thing saying that one of the things you should describe is what you hear. Right now all I hear is car's driving by from the outside of the balcony. That's pretty boring. I think I'll bump some 2Pac. When I go home for the weekend I need to make sure to stock up on some food. I think I need some soap too. Maybe I should make a list. Sweet, only six more minutes to go. This wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. I'm already almost finished. Why are my eyes so red. They've been red for like the past 5 days. I bet it's those stupid contact lenses. They're so crappy. I think I'm just going to have that Lasik eye surgery. I wonder if I spelt that right. I don't think it really matters. My stream of consciousness can't spell all that well. I think after this I'll look up the bus schedule so I won't have to walk half an hour to my class tomorrow. I hate walking that far. And I have flat feet too so all this walking is really starting to suck. I guess it's good for me. Only two minutes to go. Man, I keep on having to think of my stream of consciousness. Maybe that's a bad thing. I have a blank stream of consciousness. That can't be good. I guess it's better than those people who are constantly thinking. I bet I'd be really good at meditating since my mind goes blank so much. I wonder if there's any classes on that. I want to take that Kapawaya class. That'd be cool. I'd learn how to fight and break dance simultaneously. I don't see how they expect to teach you such a complex fighting style in 8 days. That's pretty stupid. I ",y,n,n,n,y

2003\_428.txt,"my room mate is listening to wierd music again. I have never heard of all these canadian bands. I really want to go to sleep. That would be so great right now. I can't wait to go home soon for the weekend. I would love to see my family soon since they are so fun. I really need a hair cut. I have split ends. There is a girl in our hall learning to play some sort of trumpet. She really sucks and I just wish she would give it up or practice somewhere else. I can't believe I have only been typing for 3 minute! I really want to paint my dorm room. White is such a boring color. My suite mates got a beta fish this weekend. its a really pretty color. Better that the white of our room. I really want to sleep. looking at my bed makes me want to sleep. I can't even keep my eyes open any long. I have the longest, skinniest fingers in the world. I am also really not liking the fact that I have to read some much more in all my classes. I have 2 really cute cats at home. They are so fun to play with and cuddle. I really wish pets were allowed in dorms. I would so bring them up and then everyone in the hall would get to see them. I ran over my phone minutes again this month. I seem to talk on it a lot more that I realize. I am going to get a brain tumor by the age of 30. I really like the fact that I have gotten lots of mail since being here. All my friends have sent me mail. I got some today! Mail is fun. I feel bad though cause all my room mate gets is bank statements. sucks for her. Lots of people I know are in Psychology. They are all going to do this assignment too. I really can't spell well. Sorry if you are reading this. Well I think nothing really sticks to the walls in this dorm. I tried to hang curtains last weekend with this hook that was supposed to stick to anything and hold 20 lbs. But all it did was all and pull off a huge chunk of the wall paint. I can't get my pinata to hang from the ceiling either. I wander if anyone has been able to get stuff to stick? I will have to ask around. I am the world smallest stapler on my desk. It was part of a dorm set I got for graduation. My friend who goes to A&M gave it to me. I wonder what she is doing. I am going to call her when I am done with this. But I am over my minute, that is ok. I think my suite mate is doing the pretesting experiment. She is enjoying it too. I asked. I am going to learn to play tennis. My room mate is done playing her canadian music, but is not from Canada. She is from plano os that is kinda odd. How did she ever hear about this music. I think I will get a beta fish too. They look fun and it would be something different to add to my room. But then I don't really like cleaning stuff so maybe not. I am so tired and my head really hurts. I need so aspirin. I need to exercise too. I ate too much for dinner. I like what I ate though. I got a catered dinner for free. What could be better- a nap. I wonder what my friends are doing. I got really good tickets to the football game- need to thank Steven. Its dark out. That is a huge tree ",n,y,y,y,y

2003\_429.txt,"Ok so here I am sitting here writing what I am thinking. crap forgot to look at the clock. ook 4:43. kinda took me a while. analog clocks. hey what did the digital clock say to the analog clock? look ma, no hands! yea that is pretty lame but it just popped into my mind. hah I almost wrote pooped into my mind. that would been shitty. does anyone care if I write curse words? because I think in curse words all the time. dammit my eye itches. alrighty that is a little better ok I'm still just writing not really thinking about what I'm writing or at least trying not too because I keep making all kinds of spelling errors. I can type fairly fast but when I do its fairly shitty. I keep making mistakes and having to go back and erase my mistakes so it kinda takes away from my train of thought. or stream of consciousness (sp?) as u call it. I'm not really a psychologist type person. I'm only taking this class because it sounded like the least boring of the 30 or so choices I had. plus I could tell my friends why they are so stupid. or, well, that was my original plan. I don't know now, but it still seems fairly interesting. I'm not trying to kiss ass there like I sometimes do, and am fairly good at by the way, I really think its interesting, for them most part. like the lie detector test. I found out how to beat on of those things. just lie a lot, then tell the truth occasionally and switch it up enough that it confuses the shit outta the machine. and also make sure that the investigator person does not know whether your lying or telling the truth, you know kinda play stupid. lie when you don't need to. tell the truth but make it sound like a lie. convince yourself its a lie even though you know its the truth. heh my foot itches. reminds me of that time in class you were talking about this assignment. whenever you mention this stream of consciousness writing my foot always itches because you had that stupid itch comment. it was not really stupid just annoying and it bugs me and it was annoying. and it still is. hey my typing has gotten somewhat better of the the last few minutes probably because I'm not concentration so much of fixing my mistakes. so you'll just have to live with all my shitty typos so there ha! yoo can't stop me because you just said write what on your mind and what if there are a lot of rtypes in my mind? hihn? huh? what u going to do about that? this charis too low. there we go that is better but now it won't rock. htere fixed that too ok now this is linda wierd because my legds are pusing against the bottom of the desk which sucks because/ I can't lean bakc as much. and my wrists are stargting to get tired because they have nothing to lean on. I have no where for mu wrists theya re ruined! damn my desk for now havign a wrist rest. ok this chari is too high now. and mt arpmits are sweating and I have no idea why. thta happens a lot and I hate it. it makes me look like a nervous fool evcen if I am. ok chair lowered back to where it origicnlly was ok now I'm not even looking at the words I type I'm just staring at my fingers as they type the words and not relallyt thinking about what I'm typeing that sit be interesting to see wat kinda crasyt shit comes of out omy head I know what kind of mistakes I'm makeing but I'm trying tnot tot chrorect thim and now I'm tryinf nor ro ecen hink just let my ifngers flow and let them do the talkjing not me oand now my eytes are closed that is not workingbla bla bla bla bla I'm still writing now how do u like that? ur not even going to read therse are you? I just know it your just doing this for some reason that no one knows yeet but it will be so obvious after u explain it that everyone or at least me will fdeel stupid. u know kinda like that lie detector tesxzt. if u had explained it before then it wouldnt have worked. if I knew how a lie detector test worked then it wouldnt really be that hard to beat. and since u said that they're so accurate, that is making us think that they work all the time so then if we ever get convicted of a crime, or at least on trieal then we'll think that the lie detector works and we won't be able to fool it but then you told ous how it worked and so now we know that is it is not har as accurate as u originally tol us that it would be ok maybe I should just randomyl type letters and see what comes out I'm fsitting here typeing words onto my computer screen and I really doint beel like isttint here typing words I really want to be sleeping of playing counterstaiek or fucking my girldfirend. ytes that last one idont know wny trs last but that sounds really good right now, don't u think. / but you have a wife I'm sure that uve been doing for a long time so it kinda lost its spart me and meagan have been together 2 years and have been fucking for one yea she thot that she would wait till he was married but yea that is just jddidnt turn out and its not like I forced her we just did it one day without really thinking about it and it was good and I'm getting a little hard now just thinking aobut it myabe I shouldnt be tell ing u this shit but hey u asked its ur own fault if u don't like what I'm witing mmm yea that sex sessions sounds really gfood right now I wish she was here. shed kinda bubm tho so she is goin to acc but hopefully she will be smart enough to transger to a good skoo like ut next year and we can get an appartment together and fuck all the fuck we want. that wousld be fun I would like that. come home after a long day of school to come in my woman yea, tat would be nice. are you still following me? hey my roommate just walked in es in his air force unouiform hold on I'm going to explain to him what I'm doing ok no I'm not he didn't ask so he problably does not carel; ill assume he does not care. aww I stopped thinking about meagan and my erection went away now I see what u mean about how himans can just think about a ember of the opposite sex ad get ariysed but then they can be in the same room as them an not be. let me tell u that does not happen that often. the second one that is. us being together and me not wanting to jumop on her. unless we;kre fighting or my friends are around. either of those. ok my roommate is talking on the phone and its kinda distracting me ookk he is done now well I think its beed 20 minutes I just looked at my watch and yteal I think tis 20 minutes, 5:03 ok cya in class oink ",y,n,n,n,y

2003\_430.txt,it is cold in my room the room is the freezing rain which chills my typing hands numbly I feel all of this through skin of course the skiing is always on top of the muscles but the muscle are in the yurget zone of the world I know that the skin is there but it must be cold roommate types next to me like a fearlees wombat that he is I must crack him open and fry him up like an egg an egg of a tale of this land which I live in is the way to a free market economy an economy which the uzbeks can have a say in their government because karimov allow them vote in private elected parties in the spindletop texas cynthia harrington went to that and saw the president president george bush sr was there and he was wearing a green rain coat a coat which I saw on the picture which was on their refrigerator door I knew that it was there because I saw it there next to the pills that their daughter constantly took she was addicted and I tried to stop her but she was depressed and I tried but you can't always help others that don't want to be helped especially those of the race of the unwilling the unwilling whose bones shall be used to pave the way to valhalla which is the greater good of the viking society which I will use to fight off the endless hordes in my brain the viking are outnumbering in my spaceship which I use the toothpaste goo food I eat it and shoot out transformer feces into my face of the po po man I will see the super lucky cat on the last date that I went on in beaumont it will be here that I go and see everything that ever was and everything that will ever be because that goes towards the greater good of mankind and I will see the sphinx before the phoenix rises out of the creamed corn of the children man man yogurt blossom in the cafeteria like bomb shells exploding in the darkness of siagon I will see them and laugh like the little devil that I am the yogurt man of my brain laughs with them and he laughs at the absurdity of it all at the absurdity of the Caribbean chick which is in my class but does not see the truth which is me in the flesh and doe not see the truth which is me in the flesh of life I want to know everything I want to see everyone I want to fuck everyone in the world I want to do something that matters but the things that matter don't matter anymore my yogurt blossom repairman I thin k that I like you yogurt blossom time stream of consciousness test we are one in the same you and I watching as other s write time ticking endlessly away and our scroll bars move down ever so slightly and we presses the finish button and everyone goes wow that test really sucked and the professor get all the money and I say to you blessed are the meek they shall inherit the turf of the astrodome where I went when I was twelve to eat a dome dog and watch that team play my dad gave us peanuts to eat and I ate them and then I beat some poor bastard in the head with them and then I laughed because it was very funny and I laughed and it was funny but a whitney brown was not funny instead he was a stupid son of a bitch and not very funny at all except his face and his small groin which was funny funny funny hahahahah this must sound crazy to you I know because like me everything is crazy I am the crazy man bob who howls at midnight and I will always be crazy and good but I am the bob man I am the mystical food poisoning which one gets on prom night and throws up all night long while the lesbian you brought to prom hates your girlfriend and they presume to bight each others heads off all night long because they are the spawn of the devil whose name begins with baieszselbub I am the spawn whose e name is fish egg mc chicken pants and you shall know us by the trail of dead which spits tobacco out of his face and eats the eternity of my growing head and you see that I am the man whose face is in the shape of a marshmallow and the crackers of his should are in the face of them man who is the mouse pad mc cheese and the man who is in t ehldfsdjljdjd the lavalamp in the brain of the man is interestingly enough the same orgasm of a young boyscout whom saves the squirrel for later if you get my drift talk about safe sex it does not get much safer than having sex with a squirrel squirrels are cool dudes but dudes are not cool squirrels and then you can eat them and they taste quite goodly in a stew pot but don't eat the pot because the pot becomes you and the pot is the pot which is not like other pots but a magical pot of endemic portly proportions which name is nut tickling nipples nancy mcgee and you shall know this pot and know it well you should for in it lies your salvation and undoing for you will fear me for I am the scourge of god If you had not sinned he would not have sent me hither to punish you ,y,n,n,n,y

2003\_431.txt,"words are pouring out like endless rain into a paper cup they (?). but I like to use periods. before, I was tempted to say, last night my ears met their lover. too bad they didn't. haven't? I just wanted to use that nice quote I stole from an editor of epitonic. I have an hour till I have to go to LINK but I really don't know about this whole Christian organization on campus thing I need to find one that fits me! oh thoughts and feelings sometimes I stare out at nothing in particular and it's in those times that I am thinking about absolutely nothing oh I just got a call. but I'm still typing! darn you booksellers call back after nine thirty. I wonder if typos make a difference because I don't like leaving them behind like that, so careless. So, I need to get a haircut. But how do I know which kind? You know, some people just look good no matter what. I think it's a level of achievement that I will never reach. Oh well. What if people were the same inside and outside? Like, for example, if all the pretty people were extremely good souls. Now that'd make things different. I can't really imagine what it'd be like, because I'm so busy thinking about what I should write next. Man, what should I pursue? My stomach is really full. I used to think that if I ever smoked, I could quit anytime, just because it seems so gross. Well I can't even moderate my eating habits. And I bash myself about it, but when hunger calls, I respond. In full! So yeah. Sometimes I fear for my safety when I'm walking around at night. Nothing ever bad has ever happened but I think I should still be careful. But I don't think so enough since I'm going to do it tonight anyway. I'm going to watch the Goonies at the Texas Union Theater. Theatre. Yeah. Hey. I wonder if I'm going to make any good friends here at college. It's bad hanging out with old ones all the time, and believe me, sometimes I just don't want to. Excuse me. I just sneezed. What if I do really think in sentences? I think I have a cold. My nose is rubbed pretty raw (well, not really) from all the tissues. I'm not thinking about anything. Actually, what I would like is to complete everything I need to get done soon. I don't know how possible that might be but then that would leave me time to do leisurely activities, like reading and responding to other people's e-mails. I'm so bad at that. And so I could have time to read the Bible and pray. Ah, I cannot control what I do, or at least I'm not trying hard enough. It seems so easy to be a good Christian when the pastor is talking about it but then laziness gets the best of me. Oh I can wait. You know, I don't want to think I'm invincible. I want to make a difference and experience life fully. The things I am most scared about now: public speaking. I just want to die when all eyes are on me- the bigger the audience, the more humiliating. You know, it's not like I can control how I feel, to an extent at least. I am also afraid of getting into a car accident because my close friends just did and it seems unbearable, the time in the hospital spent recovering. So many tubes. I'd cry out. And I'm afraid of falling off my bike or getting into some other bike related accident. It's not so much the pain that bothers me, but the public scene it would cause. How embarrassing. Oh well. Sometimes I don't care what other people think. Sometimes I wonder what they think of me. When I'm shy, I tend to come across as being mean. I haven't really opened up to anyone before. Why should I if I don't trust them or if I'm not sure that they care about what I feel or think. I think I'm good at observing people in their behaviors. When I'm talking to someone, I can tell if they lose interest in what I'm saying. At that very moment when they look away for a second. I don't feel bad when that happens but it just makes me lower the probability of me finding someone or some people who can connect with me. I know. People need people. And I need a tissue right now. Is this going to be read? If it is, it's okay. I don't know if my thoughts are interesting, but it would be a fun thing to grade. I feel like I'm spending less quality time when I'm reading out of my textbooks. I want to go back, but then I just get this feeling of urgency. Even when I'm surfing the net. Imagine that. What do I have to do anyway? What's the difference between an erection and an ejaculation? I think I might know, but it doesn't matter so much to me. I don't like it how professors can say whatever they want to say, like curse words and sex related and other inappropriate topics. Just because they can talk about it doesn't mean they should. Sheesh. I also don't like how repeated exposure to talk I don't agree with and cuss words will desensitize me to it completely, probably by the end of the semester. Here I am in college and I don't know everyone but a lot of them are making me less pure. I don't think they realize what they're doing to the rest of us. What rest of us, you ask? I guess we are a minority then. I wonder what I'm going to do for the final project in my freshman seminar. Either fencing, a Christian organization on campus, if I ever find a good one! or a concert. Although a concert might be kinda difficult since I'm not going to one until October 7th. Yay for Beulah! I'm so excited. When I go to shows, I feel like I belong. I don't know anyone there, but I like to observe them. Most of them have styles. I wish I had a style. I want to be like them. Or do I? I want to be like me! But, I need to be more like me then. Maybe if I had a lot more money. I do have a lot of money. What does being fashionable feel like? Not as great as I think, of course. It just hurts to see people wearing things out of fashion when they think they are in fashion. We are the elite. At least my mind can distinguish between the two. But only street. What do I make of myself then? It's easy not to care, but it's not so easy to do that completely. Will that make people like me more? Is it easy to avoid everyone and keep to myself? Is that what we were meant to do? The answer is no. What if it's different for me? Everyone dies alone, right Donnie? I think I need clothes to reach the next level. Of making me satisfied. Oh, if I had a different body. No, no. That's alright then. People who know you don't care. It's the people you are trying to impress who care! Hah. I wonder if I ever hurt anyone's eyes. It pains me to think so. Before I left for college, at the goodbye dinner thrown for me by my uncle, the message in my fortune cookie (or rather, one of them) was be yourself and you will always be in fashion. "" I suppose that's valid. Ooh I can continue writing. Maybe for a bit longer. I wonder what it would be like to be very fashionable. I mean, come on, I already struggle against feelings of superiority when it comes to music. What good does it do? There are always better, there are always worse. But I won't say any more about that. You know, I can't give all of myself away and to a stranger! (ok, I finished editing my paper)\_ do you think that this (spilling out thoughts on paper) is healthy for all of us? not that it's not, but compared to making no difference I think so. ",n,n,y,y,y

2003\_435.txt,"Ah! 8secs! O no 16 sec! er. er. what am I supposed to type. this is kinda stupid. ah! phone! must not answer. must not answer! hi Shawn! er. talking to Shawn. typing with one hand. not thinking straight. can't multi-task. Ah! 2min 17 sec! hang up Shawn! hang up! eeek. panicking! Talking about tomorrow's chem Exam. Man, didn't even know until just a few minutes ago when Shawn called to remind me. Hm. I should start studying right after I finish this. I got to get more organized and responsible. I wonder what other peoples thoughts are like, I watched What Women Want not too long ago, that is a very interesting movie. it says a lot about how women think. I wonder if any of it is actually true. wouldn't it be nice to know what women are thinking. I would like that power, I can never really tell what they are thinking. my room mate is watching an anime with cute girl voices and drama. I think it's called Kare Kano or something like that. reminds me of Fruits basket. o well, hm. there never seems to be adiquet lighting around my work area. maybe I should get another light, my room mate is laughing. the anime sounds funny, making all those funny anime noises. I miss something. I don't know what. I should call An-Vi earlier today, I think she was kind of disappointed that I didn't call her the other day. I wonder how college is like for her in UTSA, she says it is nice and all, but I bet there are a lot of good looking guys there. heh, what am I talking. thinking about. shouldn't worry. hm. I wonder. don't know what I'm wondering, Juliet's thoughts were much better I think, mine are just not really relevant. ice cream. why? I don't know. being influenced by others thoughts :p o well. need more water, can't drink water from first few weeks of school. I miss hugging her. I feel lonely. don't know why, there are a lot of pretty girls in UT Austin, a lot of asians. wonder why everyone likes to party so much. mom always says that there will be someone for me, there are tons of pretty girls in UT. guess she was right, but don't know if any of them will like me. :sigh: I would like a better hair style, mine seems too plane, I would like to spike it like Goku but not as short as most guys nowadays. 14 min. I wonder how much I've written, I should learn to type faster. ice cream. food. hm. I've been eating less lately. pretty much only eating lunch. a late lunch at that, The hills are a live with the sound of music!"" heh, don't know why I just thought of that, 15 min. hm. :looking at finish button: I wonder if I'll be able to print this out. I feel like I'm not thinking deep enough, I wonder why. should I go back this week or no? I want to because my parents probably miss me, and I want to tell them to be less stressed so their immune system won't become worse. there is a potluck party this weekend back home apparently. my roommate is going back, I'm not really thinking any of this I think. it's more like a cover of what my mind is really chaotically thinking about. I don't know, I can't explain it. I can't sleep well. never could. wish I could. then I could stay awake in class. :blank:. well, Merry x'mass for you is on my songs list. it's sung by Aya Matsuura. wouldn't it be nice to be friends with her, I wonder if I can ever become really important, eh, I think it's more important to know as much as possible and help more people, like superman or something. well, hm. about 55 sec left. I feel like I should type something more meaningful, I've pressed backspace a lot. I wonder how my sister is. I want to go to a party. and meet more people. I wonder how Daniel is, he was mad at me, don't know for sure now. Juliet is cool, she likes some things that I didn't know anyone else would like, interesting how life works out. didn't know my friend in high school's hobbies would make me interested in something that someone else would be interested in. funny how life is. I've coincidently met people I've not really known but just know on the streets of the campus lately. like Grace and LiLa and some other friends. I think I'm getting better at talking. I want to get smarter. I feel small for some reason. dreams are for the lazy. goals are for the ambitious. I like to dream. I'm ambitious. is that bad or good? I have no idea. ",n,y,y,n,y

2003\_440.txt,"This is the psychology writing assignment. I hear people talking and I do not like what they are saying I have so much to do today, and I've already done so much. what am I going to do when I get home. I think I'm hungry but I don't feel faint like usual. I want to talk to matt about things but then again he just gets upset. more talking that I don't want to hear. there is training going on and he seems to be annoyed with the guy. like I'm annoyed. I wonder if carol has written me back. this is actually a weird assignment, but very easy, my fingers are getting tired because I type quite fast. I know I have some mistakes but I doubt the professor cares. I met some guy in class the other day. his name is, well I shouldn't tell you the name. he draws stuff. that reminds me he gave me a website to go visit and I don't have it with me. that's a bummer, huih? I wonder what bill is doing. I shouldn't be thinking about him, I should be thinking about mat. matt matt matt. I know that guy that just walked in. he was in my mis class and he was annoying. why do I keep saying that word. annoying annoying annoying in my head. I'm really not like that and it's only been 3 minutes writing. what if someone can't type very well and they do this assignment. their brain processes stuff faster than what they are typing. I bet they would only get a few lines out before time was up. what is the point of this experiment. I would like to know professor! anyhow I'm still hungry I just want to vedge out because I've been at school all day long and it's already 7:10 in the evening. I want to go home but I'd rather not ride the bus. you know this morning the bus was so crowded. stop talking man! I want you to shut up. this guy is always in the computer lab. he mentioned that he went to college but never managed to graduate and now he works here. I don't know what I think about that. At first I felt sorry for him. Old Navy. must go there to return some clothes that doesn't fit me, not because they're too small, but because I bought them one size too big. That's not like me I bought the clothes in San Francisco. I know and now I'm returning them here. I think it was definitely an impulse buy. I bought a shirt that had #24 on there. oh god, it's only been 6 minutes. this is way too long. this is going to give me what is it calle? carpal tunnel syndrome. thanks a lot prof! I'm just hungry don't mind me. I actually talk to myself that's great to know. matt told me he thought I talked to myself, but I only do it when n someone is in the room because I know that person is listening. my sister on the other hand, talks to herself. in the shower, while getting ready, while doing something. she doesn't realize it, I don't think. and now she is a professor at a community college in san antonio, where my parents live. I'm actually kind of scared of what I might write here today because now there is 8 minutes left. can't wait for this to be over over over. yesterday I felt horrible. it was just a bad day all together and I recently took that pretest thing that 301 requires. it made me think of all this stuff I don't want to think about. I wonder if I'm really crazy and the survey is going to tell me that. like they would send me an e-mail saying thank you for participating, and you're crazy"" ""go see a psychiatrist"" yeah that's what they would do. well they wouldn't because everything is so damn professional now a days. you have to sign consent forms and give up your unborn child and all that stuff. I wonder if I'm being funny. prof, if you're reading this, you must have a lot of time on your hands. that guy that asked me if he could borrow my pen. he had some thing on his head. it looked like pantyhose tied at the back. what is that? what's that for? I don't even think that prevents you from getting hot or cold. it's one of those fashion things I obviously I don't understand. yeah things are too strict now. you can't do things you used to and people feel ""safer"" but it's just a lot of fear building up that's going to explode one of these days. how sad is that? I hope I'm in another country when it all blows up. I don't even think people realize it because not everyone is thinking that way. they just live their lives and not care. like people who don't vote. I just think that kind of indifference is why the country is going to s#$@#$ yeah I'm not going to cuss here. I bet you're having a good time with this, professor pennebaker. ok now there is only 7 minutes left and counting. whoohoo! I can't wait to go home. I've done all this crap online today because my internet does not work at home on my computer. it works on my roommate's but not mind. that's just a bunch of crap. that reminds me, I should get a netzero customer service number while I have the internet available. I bet it's dark outside. what am I having for dinner? sometimes I just have popcorn for dinner. isn't that sad? I just don't have that much money to be spending here and there. oooh. but yesterday I did buy chik fil a for lunch. that might have been a bad move because I was feeling nauseated after that. it's not good when you have to sit through an hour and 15 minute class. yes that's yours, professor! I like your class though. it's so different from what I've taken here at UT and I've taken A LOT, believe me! I just think this whole pre=health thing that I am doing is just me trying to prove something to myself (first and foremost) and to others. I just want to know that I can do it. I think the profession I want to go into, optometry, is a good profession. I think I spend a lot of time slacking off. sometimes I'm really down on myself and I'm very hard on myself. I wish I were not like that but what are you going to do? at least I'm not like I was last fall. I was such a mess. my survey will probably prove that. it was a very dark time in my life. yesterday part of that came back and that is why yesterday was not such a good day. I cried like I used to cry last year and it wasn't like me. I thought a lot of that aspect of healing was over, but I guess every once and awhile it comes back. I just have this feeling that she is not gone and she is going to somehow come back into my life. is this supposed to make me feel better? well gosh darnet it's working. I usually don't say things like ""gosh darnet"" but today must be your lucky day, professor pennebaker. I like that last name. I bet you have a lot of fun with that. I'm curious to hear what music is played tomorrow before class starts. uh oh only one minute left. better make the rest of this good. mmmm. chicken tenders. that's what I wanted last night but was too lazy to drive and get it. I'm not that much a lazy person. I worked out on sunday morning and am still sore from it. that means I'm supposed to work out today. only 10 seconds left I hope you've learned a lot from me prof. because you won't set ",n,y,y,n,n

2003\_444.txt,"I'm hungry, but I don't have any of the food I normally eat. If I had a car, I'd go to the grocery store and buy myself some more Myoplex (protein shakes) and some cereal and some milk, but my parents heard too many horror stories about first year college students flunking out of school because they drove their roommate to wrestling matches and out-of-town football games and such, so they wouldn't let me bring my car this semester. If I had gone to school out of state, like both my brother and sister did before me, I wouldn't be getting a car for the entire first year, but since my school tuition is roughly one third of what theirs was, and I have some scholarships on top of that, my parents are considering letting me bring my car to Austin at semester. I really don't know where there's room to park a Ford Expedition in this town, but I'll find some place. My car would have been nice to have last last Sunday morning, because there was a rowing team meeting at the boathouse, which is too far to walk to, and I ended up not being able to go because I couldn't find a ride. I was pretty upset, but My R. A. Danny, the one who talked me into trying out for the rowing team, told me to go to practice this morning anyway, and the coaches wouldn't mind. He was right. I just added my name to their list of names that they got at different meetings that I wasn't able to attend, went through the workout, and they told me to come back on Wednesday. It was a lot tougher than I would have thought, in some respects, but a lot less strenuous in others, when I look back at it. The one mile jog wasn't hard at all, and neither were the pull-ups, but eventually the sit-ups wore me out, and the jump-squats actually made me nauseous after a few sets. I think that's mainly because my legs were really sore from the gym the day before, which was a bad move on my part, but it's hard to say. I've never done jump-squats before, so I might have felt sick afterwards without being sore. We didn't get to go out on the water, which was somewhat disappointing, but the group of guys I was with are supposed to take a boat out on wednesday, while the other groups run body circuits, since that's all our group was able to do. We did actually take a boat down to the dock, and set it in the water, but I wasn't able to get in, and the boat never left the dock, so it wasn't as much fun as it could have been. I'm somewhat nervous about the next practice session. We get to use the rowing machines for the first time, and I've never used one before. I'm not sure if three sets of ten minutes is going to be a breeze, or if I'm really going to throw up this time. I work out 6 days a week, and I run, and most of my workouts are repetition, not heavy lifting, so I could definitely be in worse shape for rowing, but I'm still not sure how far away I am from the kind of endurance I need for the urgs"" (rowing machines. ) I would actually be stronger, but have less endurance if my shoulder hadn't been giving me problems all through high school. I pulled it while unloading some suitcases for some elderly friends at the New York airport after a two week cruise through Southern Europe. We went to the doctor, they told me to lay off it, and I did, but apparently it wasn't long enough. I was too anxious to get back in the gym, and I never let it heal completely, so about six months later I hurt it again. Six months after that, when it happened the third time, my parents took me to a doctor, and eventually to physical therapy. The therapist told me that my scapular region was too weak in comparison with my pectorals, triceps, biceps, and deltoids. Apparently I hadn't trained my back well enough to keep up with the rest of my upper body, which was causing my shoulders to carry all the strain of my movements, where the muscles in my back were supposed to be assisting the shoulder. The doctor was amazed that both shoulders hadn't been more severely damaged, but I was told that I wasn't beyond repair. A full month of therapy, very specific exercises, cross-friction massages, and ice massages helped a lot, but my shoulder is still pretty fragile. If I push myself too hard on the bench press, or if I don't put ice on my shoulder while stretching it for about ten minutes after every workout, it's sore for the next few days. I'm hoping that rowing will help develop the muscles in my back, especially the scapular region, so I can push myself harder at the gym when I'm training the rest of my upper body. The pull-ups we did the first day of training worked parts of my back that I can feel had been neglected, because the muscles were all tight and sore after only two sets of the pull-ups. Apparently some muscle somewhere in my back is getting some work, so I'm happy with the training so far. I was actually worried for a while that I wouldn't be able to train the rest of my body if I got serious rowing, but the coaches talked to us about how rowing really only works out your back and your biceps, so the rest of your body will need developing too, like your chest and triceps. This means I can still go to the gym, and I actually have more reason now than ever, because I have to keep my chest strong enough to balance with the back muscles that I will undoubtedly be developing. Running and jump-squats in training won't come anywhere close to giving me the leg workout I want, but I'm not sure when I'll be able to work legs without being sore at training the following day. I suppose that after a few weeks of real practice, assuming I make the team, I'll be able to decide when to work my legs, and how hard. Some of the guys there seemed to have been working out, or playing football in high school, because they were pretty used to running body-circuits, and jogging, and weren't too beat at the end of the day. Some of the other guys were obviously novices in the world of fitness. A few people vomited, one guy passed out, and I heard talk about a guy who was trying the rowing workout a few days ago who fell flat on his face and started convulsing. I'm not sure exactly what was going on there, but I'm glad nothing like that has happened to me yet. I can't wait for it to get cold outside, so I can actually stand in that boathouse without wanting to collapse. It was so hot and stuffy in there today that going outside in the 80 degree weather felt like walking into a refrigerator. Once it gets colder, I'm sure I'll have to buy a sweatshirt, and some warmer gym shorts, but the cold will be much more welcome than the hot sticky boathouse. It'll be a lot colder if I fall in the water too, but I'm hoping that won't happen too often. ",n,y,n,y,y

2003\_452.txt,"What an odd assignment, write about anything for 20 minutes straight. I really like UT but it is so huge, sometimes I wished I had stayed in College Station. My boyfriend and friends are still in College Station, I was so close to Houston and that is were my family resides. Its only a hour and a half drive but from Austin its an extra 30 minutes and you can definitely feel the difference when driving. My brother is nearby in San Marcos and that is only spitting distance from here. While living at home this past summer I didn't like it that much, now I really miss those crazy people I call my family. There was always a fair share of fighting but in some weird way that is how we express our love. I really need to start working out again because living in Austin is making me chubby. You would think that walking around campus would be enough exercise but you are sadly mistaking. I have so much math homework which by the way is due tomorrow, I can't wait to see my boyfriend who is coming in tomorrow. Its our 6 month anniversary and most of the relationship has been a long distance one. I have known him for about 2 years now and its definitely better to be friends first. My family loves him except for my crazy step dad, he is pretty weird guy anyways. He is always grumpy about something especially when it comes to money. Money really is the root of all evil, but you can't live comfortably without it. Everything is so expensive now and days, the cost of gas is absolutely outrages. What is crazy is that me and my boyfriends anniversary is on such a tragic day in American history. So many innocent people lot their live for no apparent good reason, and it all happened instantly. Its very scary to think that today could be your last on this earth. Its hard to imagine what I would do if somebody close to me perished in such a horrific way. Its hard to think about without getting emotional. I would hate to grow old and have to watch my loved ones pass first, I would rather go before everyone even thought that sounds greedy. Its pouring down rain right now, and I hate living alone when the weather is nasty outside. I'm tired of being broke it seems to suck my spirit right out of me sometimes, I definitely feel I'm paying my dues though and hopefully I can do something positive with this college education. ",y,y,n,n,n

2003\_470.txt,"My name is Ashley Mitchell and I am getting ready to write everything that crosses my mind within the next 20 minutes. Right now I'm thing about all the reading I have to do for my classes and what am I supposed to do with myself since I don't have a Psychology book. The book won't be coming in until Monday. I believe in God so I now that he will make a way for me to get my hands on a Psychology Book. What tv show comes on tonight and how long is this scholarship dinner going to be. Why does the Rugrats tv show come on in the middle of the day. What is my sister up to today? When is their next Battle of The Bands? My back hurts from typing so awkwardly. It's only been 4 minutes. It seems like I've typed everything I can think about. The lunch was pretty good I had I just wonder was it too fattening. I need to call the football trainer and see if I can get in touch with him. I need to start making connections now as a freshman if I want to accomplish my goals. HHMMMMmMMMm. I don't think the new Romeo show will be any good. I need to go and practice the piano since I haven't practiced since I left home. I need to find an organization that's perfect for me and I think the Texas Gospel is perfect. HMMMMMMM. I've never met the professor yet and I really have no idea what this class is going to be about. It seems like it could be interesting though. I'm glad I made the decision to come to UT. I feel like I've made a major change with myself. Spiritually, socially, and physically. I've grown up with black people my entire life. At first I thought that it was going to be a total culture shock, but I shocked myself when I found out it's pretty cool to meet people other than your own race. I enjoy being with my people and all, but sometimes in life you have to step out and do something for yourself. If I had a went to a school with most of the people I already knew I probably wouldn't make any new friends which isn't good. I need to get a job when I get back to Houston. What time is it. What time does my Psychology class begin. It begins at 3:30 so I still have plenty of time. Let me put my folder into my bag so that I won't leave it here. Boy I sure don't feel like walking to class in this heat. Burdine hall is too far away. I know that it's good exercise and all, but I just don't feel like walking. I don't see how people can stand to live in Austin. There is nothing here to do, but go to school. At least I haven't seen anything here that would make me want to live here. I need to turn the tv volume down a little so that I can really think. I'm going to work out today. It feels good to work out. My roommate is probably wondering what am I still doing typing on the computer because I have been on the computer for almost and hour and I've been typing for almost 20 minutes straight with slight hesitation. So what is Prof Pennebaker going to do with all these thoughts when he reads them. My head is itching and it is too cold up in this building. ",y,n,y,y,n

2003\_473.txt,"My head hurts so bad right now, why. I need more tea, I'm thirsty. what do I have to do tomorrow. bio. lab, lots of reading. that sucks, I wonder how many pages I actually have to read, like 4 chapters. ew. I need to turn in this form to the health office, actually I'm not sure where I need to turn it into, I should call Alexis and find out. I wish I had frozen yogurt right now. I need a job. where are my roommates are. my head hurts so bad right now. I need to get one of those egg crate things for my bed, I think that'll help my back, I'm so tired, I need to take a nap. I need to do homework. I should call my mom later and tell her about the stress causes immune suppression thing, what's my brother is doing. I should call my dad too, I haven't talked to him like four weeks. I need to send him the letter I wrote. wow, my head really hurts. I should call Lora and see if she is going to be in College Station this weekend. I wonder why her and her boyfriend broke up, he is a jerk, oh well. I need to call Ashley and tell her to buy me a gift for Jena's birthday this weekend. I wish it was my birthday, I need a vacation already. how many tests I have next week. Adam's coming next week, what time does his flight come in, I should call him tonight and find out. what time does he get off work, I need to find a nice place for us to eat, what's on sixth street, I should call Ashely she had know. I need to clean my room before friday. yesterday was grandparents day I think, I need to call my grandma. I want to go to New York for the winter break. I'm so tired right now. Sept. 11 is this week, wow, that is like two years, goodness. wow. I need to go to the grocery store. oh yay, Amy's home. this should be fun, except not at all, I wonder if she is driving to class tomorrow, I should get a ride, I hate riding the bus. I hate standing up on the bus. I think it should be a rule that if you're a boy you have to stand up for girls on the bus. my first class is at 10 in the morning. I have so much to read. did I take my medicine this morning. I think. I can't believe how much I forget lately, I need to get that checked out. Sarah's team is playing us in a volleyball tournament this weekend, I should call her and see what time so I can go watch, Staci is coming in this weekend. oh, that's going to be so much fun. we should go downtown. I need money. I need a job, I wonder if I can get a job here at the apartment complex, I bet that'd lower my rent. all of a sudden I stopped capitalizing my I's . I think it makes me type faster. that's neat, I love my smell-good candle, my head hurts, how long does advil take to work, I need to go check my mail . when's our electric bill due? I'm hungry, what did I eat today. I need to buy more milk and sweet n low. I'm not going to the grocery store till sunday, oh, I have to get my film developed before monday, I should take it to one hour photo, at the grocery store. I wonder what Alexis is doing, I should go chill with her instead of reading for bio. discussion. I need to clean my room and do laundry before this weekend, oh my stomach hurts too. I wonder if I took my ulcer medicine this morning, I need to get my prescription filled. I have to go register to vote in Austin this week, or next week maybe. oh my gosh my head is killing me this sucks. oh my 20 minutes are up. ",y,y,y,y,y

2003\_476.txt,"Trying to talk to my friends on the computer but I have to do this writing assignment. At least its easy, right? Oh well. I was bored anyways and this should keep me occupied. what am I going to do tonight. don't really want to go to southwest with kyle again. it usually turns out to be rather boring anyways. I really like this new piebald cd. its happy. I hate the keyboard on my laptop though. not very anatomically correct. I think that is the way of putting it at least. what difference does it really make though. time for new music though. piebald is only good for so long. I have rather odd taste in music, strange how much it can vary really. this time is the last time, so be here now. no reason to worry, everything will be fine. soundtrack for our movie is an excellent song. I wonder if I say that just because this girl likes it? odd how people can have influence on decisions. I need to read more. especially for school. I just can't focus and retain any of it. and then it makes me not want to read for myself, which sucks. I'm tired, I should go to sleep. but I know I won't and I probably won't get much sleep tonight which sucks as well. so much to do, so little time. its cold in my room, I should put on a sweatshirt, probably won't though. weakness of will, is that an example of it? not necessarily I suppose because there is no right or wrong in that example. but is there such thing as right or wrong, at least as an ultimate, underlying right or wrong. there has to be a determination of right and wrong in every person, with his or her own definition of it though, right? or in some instances could you just act on instinct and impulse and not have any understanding of what is the right course of action and what the wrong one is. can anybody tell me what is right or wrong, especially with no previous concept of what my ethics and morals are? no, so therefore nobody can tell anybody what is right or wrong so there is no ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_484.txt,"Basically right now I am feeling a little bit stressed out. I have to go to this Fiesta tonight for my sorority and I think it will be really fun, but we have to dress up. I have no idea yet what I am going to wear. On top of all of that I have class pretty much all day today. My Freshmen Seminar is really interesting, but we stayed last week for the entire 3 hours and that is just kind of a long time to be hearing about libraries. For some reason I am also feeling kind of overwhelmed by school. I don't know if I am behind or if I will be prepared for the tests or what. I always thought that I would have so much more time in college because I wouldn't be at school for 9 hours a day, but for some reason I never seem to have enough time. And wow, right now I am really tired. I wanted to try to get to sleep kind of early last night so I could wake up early today and get some things done, but of course that didn't happen. I'm also pretty hungry so I need to decide on something to have for lunch. We really need to go to the grocery store because we don't really have any good food. I could go eat in the cafeteria, but for some reason I don't just love that food. I mean it's not really bad, but I just don't really like everything that they have downstairs. I'm really glad that we have the kitchens in Towers because I like being able to make my own food. Now I'm back to worrying about what I am going to wear tonight. I should have thought about this a lot sooner. I tried to go get something yesterday, but I couldn't find anything. From now on I am going to get all of my costumes together much sooner. My problem is that everyone always goes to do all of that stuff in the afternoon and I always have class in the afternoon. Oh well though! I'm pretty excited about tonight, but I really just don't want to stay out too late. And then one of my friends from high school is coming in to town on Friday so I think that should be really fun. I'm excited to see her. I've been feeling randomly kind of homesick lately, but I am going home for a visit in like 2 weeks and I can't wait! Now I am seriously getting so hungry. As soon as I finish this I am going to make some lunch and I then I have to do some reading. Reading is really the only homework I have, but it is so time consuming and I feel like I always kind of put it off. I don't know why I feel like that because I am not really behind in my reading or anything. oh my, my alarm clock is going off and that is really annoying, I guess I never turned it off. I wonder if there is anyone here. I know my roommate is at class, but I'm not sure whether my suitemates are here or not. It's really quiet so I'm thinking maybe not. I am definitely going to go get a Coke and some lunch after I finish with this. I am so tired, maybe the Coke will wake me up a little bit. Goodness, I just wish I knew what I was going to wear tonight. I think maybe I'll call my sister later and see what she thinks. I just don't know though. My Zeta Bud never called me which is strange, but I can't go to the activity today anyway because I have class. Oh well. I think someone just walked in. I wonder which one of my roommates is here. I will have to go check on that and then I have a lot to do before my class at 2. I also need to find a map to where I am supposed to go for my Seminar discussion today. ",y,n,y,n,n

2003\_488.txt,"It was a really humid day today while I was walking around on campus, but now since I'm at home looking out my window, I see so many people coming home from campus, getting off the bus with water bottles. I realized that Texas weather is crazy. At one point it's humid and then the next it is super hot. It's nice and clear now. I'm sure its not that hot because it's going to be 6 pretty soon and it cools down around this time. Earlier today I thought it was going to rain. I really don't like walking around in the rain. My first day of class at UT it rained and I didn't know where I was going I was really miserable. Before you get home you get soaking wet and then the AC units are on all around campus so your freeze through your classes. Sometimes I wonder how the students at UT feel away from home. I know that my first semester here I was extremely homesick. I hated living away from home even though I was only 30 minutes away. I lived in an apt my first year and I regret the fact that I didn't live in a dorm because I would have gotten to meet so many more people that way. But then again I liked living in an apartment because I had my own space. I didn't have to share a bathroom with anyone and it sure wasn't a crowded community with only two people in 1200 square feet area. My freshman year I didn't meet very many people, but my second year I was introduced to so many more people and I started enjoying college rather than just staying at home and reading or doing homework and watching tv. There's been a big change from then and now. I actually like to stay in austin instead of going home on the weekends because I always have something to do. At home I get bored very easily. Of course I still miss my parents but its so different here with all my friends. All kinds of crazy actions go on. College life it super busy. This semester I feel is going to fly by. Before I know it I will be on Thanksgiving break then studying for finals and then home again in two weeks after that. Sometimes I feel like I need to be more active in school programs and associations. I never have time though. Something is always coming up. I have a load of homework or a test coming up that stops me from attending these functions, or most of the time I am just way too tired to do anything. For example, right now I wish I was lying in my bed taking a nap because I'll probably have to hit the books as soon as I'm done with this writing assignment. I never knew twenty minutes would take this long. Twenty minutes is a very long time. As you can probably tell I am getting very restless. I have very short patience. I like to take care of my business and get going on to the next. Time can be very crucial sometimes. When I'm late to class I wish I had more time to take are of all my stuff before I have to head out but other time when I have too much time on my hands I wish I had some chores to do or homework, despise the fact that homework can be a killer sometimes. I don't like the way this apartment is never the right temperature. It is always too cold or always too hot. It is never the right temperature. I think its because all of the rooms in this apartment are at different angles so they get cold and hot and different rates so my roommates and I always change the temperature on the thermostat according to how we each want it. Oh well I guess that's the way it works. I just looked at the timer and I have a minute or so left so now I'm thinking about time and going totally blank on my other thoughts. It's nice to randomly talk about different stuff. It's unusual but good writing assignment. Kinda funny that I sat here and typed away for a good twenty minutes, and I just got stopped so I guess that's it. ",n,y,y,n,n

2003\_489.txt,"I just started playing the Smiths. I kind of consciously did that because I wanted to see how that would make me feel while doing this assignment. I think it would be pretty funny if I had put whilst on that last sentence instead of while. Anyways, I had to put it down now because I'm now conscious of the fact that I started listening to the Smiths so I could say I was listening to them whilst typing this. There I did it, I put whilst. I also kinda put the Smiths on here probably so that if someone reads this then they'll know I listen to the Smiths. I do that a lot. I specific music whenever people around, I don't know, I guess so they'll think it's cool or something. I've been feeling really lonely recently. I was thinking about that because I wonder if anyone is going to read this, and if they do, if all this stuff being collected is going to be used so we can learn something about ourselves. I don't really want to hide anything, because I'd rather someone tell me what the hell is wrong with me, than type jive like, oh I don't know what to write, blah blah, school was fun today, because I feel really fucked up recently. I don't want things to change, this shit is so gay. Sorry, I know we're supposed to type thoughts but that's still pretty bad. I was happy this summer with a girlfriend and my friends around, but then we had to break up because she went away for college, and I freaked out on her which wasn't cool, but I was just really scared. Yes, this song is awesome. I should probably go to the mental health center, but I'm scared of the process of signing up for an appointment, probably more than actually telling someone something, because then I have to talk to real people and I'm not so good at that. That's why I'm really lonely lately, I don't know how to talk to people, and I'm meeting all these new people, and I have no idea what to say, so I just don't say anything. I'd kind of really like to meet some new people, because I hate sitting around my room all the time, even though that's all I do. I'm scared to like walk up and talk to someone though. It's quite a frightening experience, and I get all nervous when I'm around people. This typing is really hurting my shoulder because I'm on my laptop. Shit, I just hit the back button. Alright, I'm going to keep typing, but this is really gay, now I got to tack on another 10 minutes. Whoever reads this is probably going to be pissed that they have to read a 1/3 more than everyone else. Well, I better not get in trouble for it is all I can say. Speaking of gay, I called my girlfriend, I guess ex-girlfriend, because I want to keep in touch with her, and she told me about how she saw this guy with a Dashboard Confessional sticker and a Smiths sticker on his backpack, and she told me about how she and her new friend went up to him and asked him if he actually listened to good music or not, it being assumed that Dashboard Confession is pretty crappy, (and who's to blame that assumption, with lyrics like, Far away from all the stupid questions / 'Hey, did you get some' / Man that is so dumb"") nonetheless, what the hell is she talking about, she didn't even know who the Smiths were until like a month ago when I told her about them, and I mean, I still think it's funny, but a lot of the music she is into now is from me. I don't know, I think I am just pissed off because she wanted to break up. But, it's perfectly reasonable, we're completely across the country, I'm being ridiculous I know, it just ended so fast, and I'm still upset. Ahh, this isn't fair, I still have 13 minutes left because I hit back somehow, this is going to take forever. My shoulder is kind of starting to hurt, I think this is a really cool assignment, because it's just stream of consciousness, but it's taking forever, Agamemnon. That's what I say when I'm saying Aggh, or something, because it sounds cooler. I can't stop thinking about my girlfriend. I really think I have some sort of problem with dependence, I feel like I HAVE to be around people most of the time or I start to feel sort of depressed, like no one cares about me. This being away from some of my friends and alone in this new environment, is making things worse. My History of the Banjo teacher, that's a freshman seminar, told us we had to grow our nails out longer to play the banjo, and it's driving me crazy, because I hate semi-long nails, they always feel dirty, and I can feel them now whilst I type, clacking against the keys, it's irritating. I think there's something wrong with my smell, I don't think I can smell anything. That wouldn't be surprising anyways, I think there's something wrong with everything about me and everything I do. I always seem to fail at anything I try, I can get good grades, but I've been missing assignments in college already, which is just compounding things and making things worse. aggh, or I mean agamemnon. I keep looking at this scratch on my arm, where I cut myself with a razor. I don't think I'll do that again, I was feeling really depressed on Saturday, I didn't eat anything all weekend, and I normally regimen my meals very carefully, but I didn't eat anything, and feeling depressed and having read about self-injury, I wanted to try it, but cutting myself with a razor didn't feel particularly painful or punishing, and hardly seemed worth the effort involved, considering you have to clean up the blood, so I don't think I'll bother with that again. I can't even do that right. I've actually been feeling better the rest of this week, but I kinda want to talk to someone, just because I don't think there's any guarantee I won't feel like I did on Saturday again, and I felt terrible Saturday morning. That was until I did DXM, which of course made me realize that things will eventually work themselves out. I just wish I could manage to carry that feeling over into the real world, because not worrying about things is such a beautiful feeling. I think I worry too much, but I'm always sure that as soon as I get by myself no one's going to ever want to see me again and I'll be stuck like that. I wish I could meet some people here, but I don't know what to say. It's hard to just talk to someone, it's always boring conversation, and at the end, they always go their own way, and never want to do something with you again. No matter how good you try to make the conversation, they never seem to want to continue after that, despite reading constantly that the way to make friends is to simply talk to someone. Bullshit. ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_491.txt,"This is my first year here at the University of Texas and I am very overwhelmed with all of the expectations. It is so hard for me because I have had to learn how to get around in such a large town, on such a huge campus, and living on my own for the first time is crazy. I have to find a job because I need to be able to pay my bills and I still have so much school work that I have to keep up with. At the Junior College I attended everything was very personal and it was easy to talk to a teacher or advisor whenever you needed to. Here everything is done over the computer which I guess is good since we are in the electronic age, but I just like the old fashioned way of pen and paper and face to face. I miss my family, especially my sister. I moved here by myself and I really don't know anybody here in Austin. I've never had to do so much walking in my life! I guess I should get all the exercise that I need walking back and forth to my classes. I'm worried that I won't be able to keep up in classes. I think I'm just nervous because everything has been a big change and I'm still very overwhelmed by all of it. I just wish sometimes that it would be a little bit easier and people would be a little bit more explanatory about things. Twenty minutes is a long time to write. I never thought I would feel pressured to think. I guess my thoughts don't come that often or just don't continue for twenty minutes straight. I still have ten more minutes to write. I wonder how these will be graded. I have so much to do today. I need to wash clothes, go to the grocery store, I have to clean since a friend is coming to visit me this weekend, and I have a test I have to start studying for. I hope the test won't be too difficult. I always worry about the first tests in a class. They pretty much set the tone for the rest of the semester. If you do really bad, then you have to bust your butt for the rest of the semester, if you do good then your pretty much set for a successful semester. I wish that all teachers would do a review. Reviews for tests really help me to learn the material because I end up going over it again and again. I guess its really repetition that makes me learn. Man, I still have five more minutes to write. I have never been in a class that was as big as this psychology class. I was totally blown away by the amount of students that are in that class. I bet its really hard to teach to an audience of that size. There must be so many distractions for the professor because I know I get distracted just sitting there. In an auditorium you can hear so many noises because of the echoes, sometimes your focus drifts away. I think that I'm going to like this class. It seems like it will be interesting and fun. I think that if every class was interesting and fun, then the college would be full of 4. 0 students walking down the street. My finance class is one of the classes that interests me the very least. ",y,y,y,y,n

2003\_492.txt,"Man these computer labs on campus are so sad, everybody seems dead. I guess its probably because its sunday. I feel tired too wish I could go to sleep. I guess I would if I didn't have all this work to do. can't believe its already 2 weeks into school. it still feels like summer. well I guess before I know it its going to be finals. man I need to call nathan and get that HW of him. wow that girl is pretty hot. she probably is not that hot but I guess being in the engineering school you got to accept what you can get. man I wish I didn't do engineering. can't believe its been 4 years. I really hate it but I guess it will get me a job. I guess that is why I did engineering. I wish I had done architecture. I can't draw but still its seems so much more fun. I used to suck at drawing in high school. I guess its a talent. man I wish those two girls would shut up they have been liking whispering for 20 minutes. I hate people who whisper I rather them just talk loud, even though its lab. its very irritating. thank god she left. man I can't believe dallas lost that game. they played so damn carp. so much for paying bill parcells 17million bucks. they are never going to win if they don't get a new QB. carter sucks, its been like 3yrs they should realize he can't play. well screw it. I so want to be done with school, I can't believe these freshman classes. they all look like a bunch of kids, they seem so damn enthusiastic and happy to be in school. it will be funny to see them in 4 years and see what they think then. that girl in government class, I have never seen somebody so happy to be taking a class. I wonder if I was like this when is was freshman. I guess I was excited to be in college. always wanting to party and stuff. but I don't know if I was as crazy as sara's sister. she is well on her way to the freshman 15. crazy girl. but I don't think I partied as much, maybe I did. I feel old. I really need to get out of austin. getting tired of this town. ",y,n,n,n,y

2003\_493.txt,"My window is just above my bed. I can't see the stars but the lights of the city substitute nicely. I wish my bed were higher so I could lay in it and look out the window over the city. This is the one place that I feel on top of the world even though lately my world has been crumbling down. I see the cars going by, some steadily others as though they were racing. and the last remind me of my drum major in high school who used to yell at us for lollygagging. "" I imagine they are going to exciting places. Places where they don't worry if their boyfriend is cheating on them or why they can't seem to motivate themselves to do the assigned readings for class. I pretend for them. I make them my social group. I have named the girl who sits on the wall outside dobie Lisa. I think its a nice name. She is always out there to smoke cigarettes, I imagine because her roommate is the type that is anal and can't stand to have the rules bent much less broken. Lisa hates that. That is why she wears shorts 2 sizes to small that make her legs dimple while she is perched atop the wall. I am lonely. When I look out my window I feel like everyone else is too. We are a disjointed people connected by this city, these lights and sounds that are the stuff of civilization. I'm sure someone else is in that blue building with the step-like structure. sitting somewhere looking out, feeling the same as me. I like it when it rains, when the sky is heavy and dark and sad. I wish it would rain here. I have never seen that from my window. I think that I might like to live in a tall building like this later on in life, but I would have to live there alone. Its hard to bask in my emotions while my roommate debates who loves who more with her feminine boyfriend before they discuss what they're going to do for their umpteenth month anniversary. My suitemate fits me better. I feel how she acts, but I can't express myself that way for too many reasons. one very big one being my excessively religious parents. They would flip. No one understands my thoughts. I care so much more about the whys than the what is, but I act the opposite. I wish I could do nothing but read all day. I'd go in the living room in the pappazan or however you spell it chair by the window in there-but it would have to be higher too--to see out the window. That is what connects me, keeps me here, keeps me from floating away. So I would sit there and I would read. I would go all sorts of places and be all sorts of people but my window would be my anchor as I sailed through these many parallel universes. I think my favorite would be in a Jane Austen novel. they're so warm. There's such a sense of how to act without ever having to think. I wish I didn't think. I try to keep myself so busy that I don't, but my mind won't be constrained. Its only controlled by the window, my looking glass sanctuary. Its solitude without loneliness. I feel the most lonely with lots of people. on the south mall at noon, walking to class. So many people with such well put together lives, purposeful strides and slender hips. I watch them. I am behind a tree. I wear long skirts to cover what I wish wasn't there, with my thick dark hair pulled back, tugging on my wrinkled shirt that won't ever stay into place. I am magic though, I have powers. I can be invisible. No one ever knows that I'm there. No one ever knows I'm at my window with its menagerie of colored lights. I don't know about anything anymore. I wish someone would just tell me what I'm supposed to do. that there was some fated order of things. That would be easy to accept, that is why we have religion. It gives you all the whys and leaves you only the what is. but for some of us that won't suffice. No doctrine will halt the whys of my mind, I will always wonder about it if not the things it claims. I'm confused and lonely and at my window. It doesn't make sense. But tomorrow I'll get up and I'll go to class. I'll say hi to all my friends and smile. The weird thing is I'll even enjoy it and be distracted so that I only focus on the what is. I'll watch TV and do homework, and probably even go to a club with the cute guy I can't ever date because he happens to be my untrustworthy boyfriends cousin. (yes there are so many problems). But then I'll go to bed. I'll lie and look out the pane that sensitizes me to my pain, and I'll think about all the whys of my life and how I'll probably never figure them out, just how to distract myself from them. ",y,n,n,n,n

2003\_497.txt,"I am thinking right now that this is kind of difficult. I don't want everyone to know my personal thoughts. I guess I have to do it anyway to make a good grade on this. I need to get everything done so that I can go home. I have to clean my room and do the psychology experiment, which takes a long long time. I don't know what to expect from it either. Oh well, it's required so I am going to do it. I can't wait to go home because when I do I get a snow cone. That might sound juvenile to be happy about something like that, but there are a lot of people who like them. I especially like pink lemonade with ice cream in the middle. I think I might get that. I always get it though. I guess I don't like to try new things. This is actually kind of fun. My friend Monica is in this class too. Are ya'll going to take off for backspaces? I don't even know if ya'll can see when we erase stuff. I am a fast typer, but I make a lot of mistakes. That's why I am saying that I erase. My friend Monica also made me a cd. It's really good. It's funny because it has songs on it that apply to my life. Well not necessarily my life, but a boy in my life. I'm very confused about him. I'm not saying that he is gay. I just don't know what to do. It seems that I have been thinking and talking about him all the time. I e-mailed him and everything. I think that if you think about something too much it gets boring after awhile. You just confused yourself even more. What happened with him is that we liked each other, but I didn't know what I wanted from our relationship and so I guess I got scared. Now I don't know what to do. I always say that if it is meant to be it will be later. God is the only one that knows the future. That's what I don't like. I wish I just knew all the answers to everything. Man I just lost my train of thought. That's not cool. Anyway this writing assignment is pretty easy. I think it helps to get things out. We think a lot. Gahlee. My grammar is bad. Oh well, it doesn't really matter. Let me think of something else to talk about. Hmmmmm, I guess I can talk about my room mate. Maybe tell stories. Not bad ones of course. I'll write down how we met. I was really afraid that I would be shy at orientation since I was in high school. High school was crap. I wasn't made fun of and stuff. I was just ready to get out of there. I went to orientation and she was my roommate there because we are both in Preview which is a group that takes summer school and they pay for everything except for $350 of it. It actually helps you a lot. You get 6 hours of credit for $350 and you make a lot of friends. That's actually where I met that guy. Monica and I got a long really well. It seems that we are exactly alike. That's really cool. She lives in San Antonio. Well, she is from there she lives here. Ok so we met and I was pretty outgoing which is a good thing. I have changed a lot. I changed when I got here. I think that is weird because usually it takes me a long time to get used to a place. You get off track in these things easily. I was just thinking a second ago about how I went to my pal teacher's class and it threw me off. I thought of it because I talked about how different it has been coming here. My friend and I went to her class so that we could see her and she ended up making us talk about college. I miss Pals so much. It was a lot of fun just really difficult sometimes. It was kind of like Preview in a way. People could get in your business easily. I can't stand it when people don't mind their own business. That's funny because I am really nosey myself. Not in the sense that I like to learn everything about everyone's personal lives just that I am curious about everything. I really like this cd. She did a good job. Daniel, Monica's b/f is coming to visit her this withe. I hope that ya'll know what b/f and withe mean. Monica really likes him I think. He seems like a really sweet guy. The guy that I like is sweet too. I haven't even said his name yet. I guess I should but somethings need to remain private. Then again it's not like ya'll would know who he is. Awww friends are friends forever. I love this song. It's so sweet. Man my time is almost up that's not fun. I like doing this. I'm singing in my head. I would type that out but it would take too long. I wonder who else likes this song. ",y,n,y,y,n

2003\_502.txt,"Here I sit in the Jester computer lab, wishing that I didn't have to be here. Why don't I have a computer, better yet, why don't I have a friend that will let me use their computers? College is not like what I thought it would be. It definitely is as hard as I thought it might be, school work wise, but I thought that the friends part would come easily. I have spent 14 years of my life living overseas with americans. It was a military base in Asia. The people in Dodds schools systems are incomparable to the people in America. They are open-minded and excepting. I was raised to believe that all man-kind was this way. I figured than when I got to college I would miss my old friends, but be glad to meet some more great people in this world. But here I sit, in this lab, alone. It's not like what I expected, and worse than I ever thought. I walk around alone, and although there are worse things, I use to be known for being loud and fun. I was the person that everybody knew, and everybody liked. I was somebody on my tiny base, and in my little high school of a hundred people. But here, I am another face in the crowd. Of course I didn't expect college to be just like Turkey (where my base was), but I didn't expect to have no friends at all. People haven't even given me a chance here. I'm just hoping that things get better. They say that everybody has the same fears that I do, but then I see a ton of people hanging out with friends. Not everybody is in my boat, all of my friends are either across the Atlantic Ocean, or at least in another state. I don't want to be a pessimist, and I definitely don't want to dwell on the bad, but it gets difficult when everything that I do everyday is a reminder that I am alone. And here I sit in the computer room typing this thing, not because there isn't a computer in my room, but because it is my room mate's, and she won't let me use it. I let her use anything of mine, I don't even understand how people can actually be so stingy and be okay with themselves. My friends have always come before my possessions, and people's feelings have always come first, and I always know when somebody is feeling down, and I have always tried to help them. I am waiting for that what goes around, comes around"" saying to come into action for me. Also, I had decided to be a teacher overseas for my life anyways, have my children grow up like me. This has at least cemented my life goals for me. My children are definitely growing up in a military school overseas. The people there are very warm and accepting, and living among cultures makes everyone open-minded. I don't like the way that the people act here, and most of them don't even realize what they are missing in this world. They just turn up their noses and avoid people who are different, and don't like any kind of changes. I have been through two evacuations from my base, and I was just fine. I think that I can probably handle a lot more than other people, and had they been stuck in a situation like mine, a new place with nobody that they know, they might be feeling just like me. But I do know that I will get over this, and I will feel even more blessed to see my friends and live back overseas; and I will be positive that I am doing the right thing when I give the life to my children that I had growing up. I think that it shaped my character in a good way, and if anybody here were open-minded and accepting enough to talk to me, maybe they would understand that as well. anyways, I'm back, still here in this lab on this same computer. I'm still here in this school with no body that I know. People keep on coming in and out. Do they maybe feel like I do? It is so weird to be standing in a crowd of more than 500 people, and not knowing anybody's name. But that is 500 people that I could get to know if they gave me the chance. That thought use to make me happy, now I hate the idea. I miss my old life. But I wonder, if I feel like this, there has to be at least one other person that feels like me. One other person who feels like they don't know anybody. That thought doesn't make me happy, but optimistic that maybe I will be able to meet people sometime. In the mean time, I am thankful for all of the true friendships that I made during my time spent else where, and I am glad that I at least have a loving family and friends to pick up the phone and call, no matter how far they may reside from me, I know that they care. I no that no matter how alone I am on campus, I am not alone in the world, and every night I go to sleep thinking of my friends, and smiling. And I know that in my four or five years here, I will at least make one friend. Maybe even tomorrow, so I'm just going to stop stressing about today, and pick up the phone and call a loved one for now. ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_504.txt,"Right now, I am sitting here sick to my stomach and the world feels so small. I am waiting for a phone call that is so important, and if I don't get it, I am going to feel like a really big loser. Yes, I did just get all the blessings I could ever ask for, so I am selfish to be wanting more, but its something I really really want. All I want is to make my parents proud and to give my family something they can brag about. I have spent my whole life wanting to achieve the best, and I get so sick when I let myself down. Rejection sucks. its so hot in here, and as all my friends call because they just got the call,"" I feel like a loser. I am proud of myself- but rejection is not something I handle well? What if the call does not come-- will I cry, will I blame my inabilities on something else, how will I react? The anxiety I feel right now is extreme. On top of all that, I am homesick. I have a great life here in Austin, but since my family is a huge part of my life, I feel kind of left out being so far away. Everything back home seems to go on without me. my roommate here is annoying and the tv here is always on. she follows me around and sometimes I feel used because she really does not know people here. She is not in a sorority and so sometimes I feel as if she is angry at me for that. I am so anxious. my boyfriend is supportive too, but I wonder sometimes if he really has deep feelings for me. Yes, I know about his fear of commitment and all that crap, but we have been together for way too long for me not to feel totally secure with him. Oh, that stupid seventh heaven song. turn off the dang tv. All I want is peace and quiet without all the noise. Oh, and I have to worry about yesterday too. My sorority is awesome, but it makes me really uncomfortable to drink around some of them. Yes, I know. Its silly if we all drink together. But, sometimes I feel as if I have this image that I have to uphold. and that image reflects back onto all aspects of my life. my family, my faith, my school, my friends. How do I act? How do I dress? Who do I associate myself with? All of these things constantly flood my brain, and sometimes all I want to do is get far away from those thoughts. Do people love me for me? Do they love me for who I am here or the grades I make or the house I live in or the money my parents make? How do people view me? And that tv, always on. what I would give for that chatter to stop for 10 minutes. I can't even study with the noise. I am worried about this year. I need a job, I have bills to pay, I am in hard classes. how will I measure up? I love my life, I love my life. but I could seriously do without the stress. I am determined, and I already have accomplished so much this semester, but will it end? I want it to stay this way, but there is so much to lose. I am scared that I will lose it. How do I not lose it? I pray all the time, and I count my blessings. its hot in my apartment and it smells like paint. why did I choose to live in an apartment with a girl I don't like? What possessed me to do this? Did I feel independent and like a big girl? Now I feel young and naive, and way out of my league. oh, the insanity, but good things come to those who wait and I put all my trust into a higher being so things WILL work out. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_505.txt,"I just woke up and I am feeling so drowsy. I just went to a belly dancing show yesterday and I am thinking about how fun it was. Man that iranian guy at the club was so hot, I wish I could go up to him and talk to him, but I'm too scared. I feel like I'd be rejected in two seconds. He didn't even look at me, or did he? that dirty old arab guy was freaky though, he kept asking me to dance with him and that made me really uncomfortable. I am really really hungry, and the droning of the refrigerator isn't making the situation any better. I'm afraid to even open the refrigerator door because it smells so bad in there. We really need baking soda. I wonder if the chemistry test is going to be hard, I really hope I understand the difference between atoms and molecules and I don't completely blank out during the test. This assignment is really cool, it's helping me empty out everything in my head. it is extremely cold in here and I want to go talk to that guy on the second floor. He was such a nice person and I haven't really met any Iranians here. I hope the iranians in the ISACO club are nice and they aren't like all those fake iranian girls that dye their hair blonde and all have nose jobs and live at the mall. That reminds me of Bahareh, she was such a rude, mean stupid girl. She had no right in saying those things to me, and for some reason I can't get over it. I am thinking of Erfon, I wonder what happened to him, he reminds me of Kourosh, I hope he doesn't become afraid of me like kourosh did though. I wonder why Kourosh is acting like that? I haven't talked to him in a really long time, he shouldn't be intimidated by me! Anyway my hand is beginning to hurt and my pants are really loose on me I think if I lose any more weight they will fall off! UT's campus really makes you work out man, I wouldn't have even lifted a finger if I had gone to a college in Houston, but this school makes you work. I am taking a lot of science courses, and I hope I can handle it. I talk to God at night and I hope he hears me, I hope he helps me get through all my classes successfully, I mean, my parents expect me to get all A's. Dad said if I don't' come home with a 4. 0 GPA then I shouldn't even come home. That's not fair and how come they always compare me to Neema? It's not fair that I'm known as the not so good"" kid, even though I've never done anything BAD in my life. I mean for God's sake I've never even gone on a date so why should they think I'm the ""BAD KID""? I guess it's because Neema gets along with mom so much better. I really wish I had a good relationship with mom, it sucks how we can't get along ever. She was right when she said yesterday that we can't stand each other for more than a few seconds a day. We just don't understand each other, she keeps lecturing me and it pisses me off. There is only so much one person can stand, you know? I can't take being lectured three hundred hours a day, it makes me sick, how would you like it if someone kept telling you bla bla don't do this bla bla don't do that. Dad is so much easier to get along with, although he has a temper like a mofo and he is stubborn as hell! He is such a kind gentle man, I love my dad, he works so hard for our family, I hope to repay him with success. I hope he lives forever, I hope they both live forever. My legs are beginning to hurt and there is a piece of hair that has fallen on my arm and it tickles me! For some reason, I woke up this morning and my hair was curly, it was the strangest thing, usually my hair is a giant nappy fro, but today it was pretty and silky. Ut isn't as humid as houston, and I'm glad. Dude I really miss Nasim, she is such an awesome person. I emailed her the other day, but she never ever checks her email. I wonder why I never call anyone! I feel so rude when people call me and tell me, ""uh how come you haven't called us that's so inconsiderate"" but I'm just not a phone person, I guess. I really should call people back and let them know I care, I think I get this aspect of my character from mom because she doesn't like calling people either. It's not that I don't like talking to my friends, it's just that I never think to call them. I will though, definitely, today I will call sogol and ponta and nasim. I will call stephanie and jennifer and batool. Well I'm sitting in a room that is covered with various books and study guides and it's all a bit overwhelming. I really hope I can handle everything, although, I seem to switch out of every class I think is too hard. which is really a dumb thing to do because it means I can't handle challenges. I really need to swallow my fear and just take risks. I would take risks although all my friends are grandmas and they are so cautious that I think it might be rubbing of on me too. I need to go find friends that don't mind driving around campus at 2 a. m. but I don't want friends that drink. What on earth is up with drinking? what is so great about it? There is no way in hell I'm going to drink. So many people have told me ""oh don't worry marjon, you'll start drinking when you get in college"" Uhhh no I'm not, I think I know myself better than anyone else knows me and I know I'm not going to drink. I don't even think I'm going to date, I'm so afraid of rejection. I've been rejected a million times before in my own head that I can't fathom going out and actually trying to get a date. I mean I don't really know if people reject me, I think I'm being paranoid when I say that, sometimes a flicker of someone's eye sparks me off and I think they don't like me. I guess that makes me kind of insecure, or paranoid. Sometimes I make too much of situations, I over analyze and I think that what was a casual gesture was a gesture of hate? I don't know what I'm getting at here, perhaps I am not a very good judge of character. Although if I weren't a good judge of character than I would have horrible friends. Like nasim, nasim's friends are absolutely terrible, they teach her bad things and they put holes in her brain. She is such a pretty girl I wish she had stray away from that stuff and start studying so that she can come to UT. Man if you have brains and beauty, that's a big plus in this world, everything in America is aesthetic, I've noticed that. People are more inclined to talk to you if you are pretty. People don't give a crap about you if you aren't pretty. It's so superficial and stupid. I wish people's inner beauty could shine through, because most of the really gorgeous girls aren't deep. they are like a pond they are so shallow. I think it is time to get up because my feet have both fallen asleep and I know when I stand they will burn like pin pricks in my fee ",n,y,n,n,n

2003\_507.txt,"As of right now, I'm pretty happy with my life. The only thing that I question are relationship issues. After breaking up with my long-time girlfriend 6 months ago, I haven't dated any other person. I think I'm just lonely and miss the having a girlfriend"" lifestyle. The girls I have met as friends I might have considered them possible girlfriend-material when in actuality they weren't, again because I missed having a girlfriend. Recently, I've gotten over the issue a bit. I've spent time with all my friends. That's the good thing about being single, you have more time for your friends. When I was going out for my ex, which by the way the relationship lasted nearly 3 years, I didn't have much time for friends. Not only that, but I chose to be with my girlfriend as opposed to my friends. This issue of mine, it's made me a bit more self conscious. I got the idea in my head that looks really do matter. Seriously though, having a ""deep"" relationship is important and yadda yadda,but I really do feel that looks matter too. A friend and I were discussing this. She is been there for me a lot. When I broke up with my ex-girlfriend, she was there for me to complain to. Anyways, she said that looks don't matter and it only matters a small percentage of time. I argued with her saying that she is right that looks are only a small percentage but unfortunately that's what matters at the very beginning. I met this very interesting girl this summer. Her name is Serena. She was telling me about her past, how she was somewhat of a ""geek"" in high school. She didn't care about her looks or anything. She is a very bright girl, very deep. Likes art and many things most girls just don't take interest anymore. She said that she realized she felt she HAD to start dressing up to attract people first, then and only then would they be able to see the ""real"" side of her. I completely agree with this. There is no way people can see the real side of you unless they give you a chance and unfortunately being given a chance means you have to attract them somehow. Ever since then, I've gotten a bit obsessed with my physical features. I never did care about it much. I was in a long relationship so thoughts of attracting others didn't really enter my mind. During this recent period, I've started to lift weights a bit and work out my body. Another thought of relationships I've always wondered is at what point do you really have to ""settle""? The reality is that most likely you will never find the perfect girl. When you date someone, how far into the future should you consider? Unfortunately for me, I should've realized in my last relationship that there was no future. Instead, because of my fear of being alone, I stayed with her. for nearly 3 years. It was fun and all, but we had many arguments. The reality was we were two different people. Two different backgrounds, interests, ideas, practically everything. My parents didn't like her because she wasn't chinese and wasn't very bright. (I'm Chinese by the way). I'd like to talk about my family for a second. I was born in Taiwan, and moved to the USA when I was four. Thus, I speak/write fluent English but can only speak chinese(Mandarin) since I still speak it at home. I would like to think that my family is still pretty traditional, which I really like. Like most chinese families, my parents stressed educational when I was growing up. Sometimes I think this is why there is the stereotype of ""asians being smarter in school"". I think it's because traditionally, chinese families stress education a bit more than others. The bad thing about growing up in a ""traditional"" family is that living in the USA, I did not experience certain American family activities. My dad never took me fishing, camping, or anything ""fatherly"". I think that was one of the things I really disliked about him. Growing up, I always favored my mom more. Now that I'm in college, I talk to my dad a lot more when I go back home, including cars, sports, politics, etc. Going home, I'm spoiled with food. My mom is always thinking I'm going to starve to death. Everytime I come back up to Austin, she makes me bring a whole bunch of food. My grandparents(dad's side) also lives very close to me in Houston. My grandparents came to the USA a couple of years before us, which is how we were able to. I remember growing up and laying awake at night, my biggest fear in the world was that I'd lose my grandpa (to old age). It's still my biggest fear because he is been an avid smoker since almost forever. We've tried to tell him to quit and he knows its bad for him, but he just won't. He says he has nothing better to do during the daytime, and to let him enjoy it. He is even said something close to ""I've already experienced everything in life. My family is doing good. I have nothing else to live for"" Now, don't take this to be a suicidal comment for anything, he was saying it as if it were wise words. On my part, its hard to argue with him. He is my grandpa and I can't really tell him to just stop what he likes so much. Personally, I have a very big problem with talking to people. This problem has been solved a bit ever since coming to college. Since there are so many people around, it's hard to not get use to it. When I'm around people, I'm always worried that what I say will make them think negatively of me. That's why I'll usually always rethink what I want to say in my mind before I actually say it. Funny thing is, my chinese name translated to english is ""brave speaker"". I know I have a problem with caring too much what others think of me but I just can't help it. Growing up I didn't have that many friends, so I thought to myself a lot and that's still true. Around strangers, I'm really quiet. Only around friends am I a bit more active. And my 20 minutes are up. This was pretty useful. Glad I could type out what I was thinking. Now I got to go get caught up on reading those boring chapters from the psychology book. The lectures are much more interesting. ",n,y,y,n,n

2003\_509.txt,"Well, first I'm thinking about what to write about because this is probably the weirdest writing assignment I have ever been given. I'd like to write about my boyfriend, whom I'm very in love with, but I really do not think that that would be appropriate for this writing assignment. My roommate just left to go to her pledge party, and I really wish I was hanging out with her rather than doing this assignment about a week and half before it is due, but I guess it is better to do it now than to wait till last minute. Which is what I am going to try to do in all my classes, not wait until last minute to do all the stuff that I have to do! I think that if I can just do that then I will be able to keep with all of my work and get grades in my classes that I will approve. I also need to get into the college of communications so therefore I HAVE to keep my grades up. I really can't wait to become a speech pathologist, I'm very excited about that. Also, God willing I really do think it would be awesome to go to the University of Iowa for their graduate program in speech pathology. They have the best in the nation, and plus ryan goes there. and if I'm going to marry him then being in the same place as him would be a huge plus! Ok, dee you are completely wondering around here and I'm sure whoever reads this is going think that I am a weirdo, but I really don't have much else to talk about. Hmmm. I am excited about going home this weekend and seeing not only my parents and brother but the rest of my entire family! I think we will have a lot of fun and I'm excited that I get to leave tomorrow to go home and don't have to wait until friday. I'm having loss of words at the moment. And someone just imed me. uhh oh, have to tell him to hold on! Ok I did. lets get back on track here. I'M curious as to who gets to read these because I bet that would be a lot of fun. I'm sure that there are LOTS of different things said on each persons assignment. Gosh only 8 minutes of typing! Is this ever going to end! (hey I'm being honesty here!) I bet other people are making this a lot more amusing than I am, but I really am typing my thoughts and feelings. Actually I'm typing the first thing that pops into my head, which is probably why this is making NO sense at all. I think that sitting here and typing out what I'm thinking is distracting me from thinking about what I would really be thinking about, because I'm trying to find something to think about that I can type about. Wow that was a confusing sentence. I'm surprised at how much fun I'm having here. I honestly thought that I would become homesick and miss everything back home and I also thought I would miss ryan a lot more than I am. I mean I do miss him, yes! But there is just so many new things here and everything is so different than usual that my mind is constantly busy thinking about other things. Not complaining because I'm glad I'm not sitting around moping about him, I need to enjoy life, especially college life! I really can't wait to live in a condo next year and get out of this dorm full of nothing but girls. The girls are nice but being around too many girls all the time can really get to you, but I'm sure if I was a guy I probably would not mind. Sitting here wondering what I'm going to type next. I'm not supposed to be planning anything out, which I'm not, but sometimes I just don't think about anything. I don't always have to have something on my mind do I? Much less a feeling"". feelings are sometimes so over-rated. Simply type continuously, tracking your thoughts and feelings for the entire 20 minutes. Well I just re-read the instructions and it said to type my thoughts and thinking about what the instructions say is a thought, so I had to type it. Ok 5 more minutes to go, I'm almost there! Gee I didn't realize how often I just don't think about stuff, but I usually do think a lot about different things, I guess just not now. I consider myself to be a pretty deep thinker, and have more mature thoughts than other people that I know. Take for instance the girls yelling outside my dorm ""yeah theta!"". very loud, annoying, and obnoxious. Yes these are the people I am living with, sweet girls but nothing like me. I don't get into all the sorority stuff. Times running out. whoo hoo! Now I can get back to talking to the guy who imed me earlier during the middle of this wonderful assignment. which is, I must say the easiest graded assignment I have ever done! So I think all the rest of the writing assignments should be like this. Good idea huh? Now I can think about is how I want this to end. I have about a minute to go. So I will take this minute to say hello to whomever is reading this and I hope that you had fun reading my thoughts and ""feelings"" for 20 minutes of my life. Sorry if I bored you, which I probably did. but its ok, I'm really not a boring person! Well have a good day and goodbye! ",n,n,n,n,n

2003\_510.txt,"Well, I am almost ready to leave tomorrow back to my house in fort worth, although I would like it to be better to go back because since I have to work tomorrow, that makes it kind of boring and I cannot stop thinking about work instead of enjoy my time over there. Every time I go I always expect to spend some time with my girlfriend, that actually never really happens, I don't really know how I feel about it because sometimes I feel frustrated that I cannot do anything about it but then I analyze the circumstances and then everything gets better in my head. The fist thing I have to do before I leave is get all my homework done, including this assignment that I didn't want to leave for tomorrow because then it would keep me awake all night just like all my homework does. Since the first day that I slept in this dorm, it seems that the bed is not for me or something, I cannot fall asleep, and if I do, I wake up every 20 min and look at my clock to see if it's time to go to class. I remember I used to love school when I was in high school last year, everything was so cool, nothing was going so bad to call it bad, grades, girlfriend, family MONEY, but now some times I feel so ready to just drop out and get all this stuff over with, I cannot handle so much stress, never had so much actually. anyways, the only thing that keeps me up is my own will because I know I'm not a failer. Hard times are only tests that will lead me to a high hill and then the way down will feel really good!. The biggest problem that I have and that I think already gave me a pain in my neck, well that's because I cannot sleep and keep on moving at nights so I think that my neck pain is indirectly related to my economic problems. I have to pay my whole semester rent next monday, that's one of the reasons I'm going home tomorrow, to get a juicy check that will just fly away from my hands. I only I was living in my house and going to a college near, I would be able to keep all that money and use it to get rid of my debt and actually be able to buy a gift for my girlfriend. I have bunches of pictures of her all around my room. I also have pictures of my mother and little sister. she is 6 and I miss her. I hope tonight I can fall asleep easy so I won't be tired during my 2 hour drive. everytime I drive tired I get nervous and think that I may fall asleep and all these thoughts come to my mind that I'm going to crash a big truck and never make it home. I know that the odds are really small and then I get better once I start listening to this exact same music I'm listening to right now. its a band called mana, is from mexico and they play really good kidda alternative music but is really meaningful and then they talk about world peace and they help children with massive foundations, with no doubt my favorite band. they are coming to dallas next october, I can't wait till then to go to the concert, I went to one last november and I still remember almost every second of it, this time I'm thinking on taking my girlfriend to make the concert even better. I just hope that I will have money to but the tickets then, cause now I don't. jeje, A few hours ago I was doing my physics homework, it's just really hard, when I was in high school I was the best kid on physics and now I just feel really bad when I don't understand!, never happened before, I don't know if is because I cannot concentrate or because it's just really hard or because I'm loosing my intelligence, I think of that all the time, I have this scholarship that is helping me a lot with my finances but if my gpa goes down 3. 0 , they will take it away and then I will really be in deep trouble. I just saw a picture or one of the pictures I have of my girlfriend in my room and that reminded me that I have to ask her if her dad said yes! finally. we have been going out for almost a year and she just turned 18 last saturday, I was a really nice night, the problem is that her father doesn't know about us yet, we are afraid we might not like our relationship and then all would fall down. I feel guilty for making her disobey her dads rules but we love each other and finally I would be the happiest guy ever if I can make it trough this semester maintaining a good gpa and if my girlfriends dad agrees on our relationship. When I think of these, it feels like everything is worth it to wait and suffer and not sleep and study like crazy, so that's what I'm going to do ",y,y,n,n,n

2003\_511.txt,"how to begin, I have started writing my stream of consciousness paper and now I'm trying to think its hard to think when your are asked to think about thought or your own thought why I feel this is a strange assignment o well I don't smell much right now but I hear the tv which I fixed last night I did a pretty good job even though I still have an extra screw left I'm watching scooby doo its very funny to watch now the commercials are on which I hate its 3 11 tonight I'm going out to eat and to the book store with my friends and maybe to an art museum I'm glad I get to get off campus the football game and weekend start tomorrow I'm excited to see the texas arkansas game as the season progresses the competition will become harder the band is a neat experience I have always liked marching and now I get to do it for a very widely known organization its a lot of fun I have only been typing for 3 minutes this is going to be a long 20 minutes there is nothing I can do to make it go by quicker even if I type slower, no I'm trying to find something else to think about, so I am disrupting my stream which is ironic that I have not really because I'm on a new one and recording it right now which is even more ironic and it will never end . until now. so her ei am looking for my new stream and hoping this assignment will be over soon so I can start my weekend and maybe get some food I'm very hungry now I have not eaten all day and I'm hungry now I need to get some food, maybe ill get some chick fil a or taco cabana or some kind of fast food most likely seems like that and cafeteria food is all I eat lately its not a very good realization drew just walked in the door he is my roommate he just asked how I watch scooby doo its so mundane"" he uses vocabulary to impress people and I just wrote it in my paper to impress people. very ironic as well john ridder died today he is the star on threes company and 8 simple rules and he died on set suddenly its a weird thing I would like to live a long life and maybe die suddenly tho and not have to know I'm dying although I'm not afraid to die I feel I have a place to go though, my afterlife is set many people here don't believe in God and I don't know why it seems to me to be the only answer we have not even figured out the human brain and we dare to declare that there is no being beyond our comprehension we can be a very proud society for a people that can't stop murdering and slaughtering each other anyways I have been trying to help people understand that Christ came to give love and to break us away from sin not to tell us how to live I guess that makes me intolerant many people here feel that me showing what I believe is imposing my culture on them which I guess could be true but I'm not trying to break them from their traditions I'm just trying to . my roommate just started talking, ""arafat refuses to leave, and the USA is blatantly pro-israel. ""no, if the us was blatantly pro-israel world war three begins. I stopped following the conversation with california governors my roommates friend is here now and they are arguing politics, current affairs, the such, . scooby doo caught the bad guy, I'm satisfied now, man my fingers hurt and this writing is getting very tiring I wish I could be done now but I have to keep writing they are talking about proposition 12 now bla bla its very hard to concentrate on two things at once but I guess that is what college is about my physics homework is next to me I'm very glad I am understanding most of it I was proud of myself today because I finished most of my hw which is due next monday we have an exam in two weeks and I think I will do very well I also have an exam in this class and I'm very not prepared hopefully I can sit down and read through the text we will have to have read thus far and begin to see what this class will teach me I also remember that I have to do some experiment hours for this class hopefully I will have some free time in the weekend ahead to do some of them I am beginning to smell food man I am so hungry I'm not thinking about much now because I am so focused on how hungry I am and what I would like to eat yet I'm thinking about thinking about what I want to eat and so forth. this assignment is very weird because you can't have people record what they think because now they are thinking about it so its in a way rigged and it will always be there is now way like this to have people understand how they think because whenever they think about it the point is gone, the twilight zone is on now I love that show me and drew are collecting the videos of them we have 12 episodes now and they are all classic ones the shows are not only always very ironic but they have social issues of the time in them which is very good, I like them, I have seen a lot of movies lately maybe because that is the easiest way to divert myself, its weird how humans always need diversion and now when I can't even write my thoughts I have to divert myself by talking about diversion man I can't wait to see what heaven has to offer, soon enough, only 20 seconds left now I can't wait till heaven its almost here three two one z ",n,n,n,n,n

2003\_512.txt,"Well here I am doing my first assignment for college. I really like it so far. I had some problems with my course schedule at first but it all seemed to fall into place. My life is like that though everything seems to just work. I don't know if I am the only person that feels like this (I doubt it) but I feel like I will accomplish something big in my life or at least be happy with my life but I don't have a clue what it is that I will be doing. My dad seems to get pissed whenever I tell him that I don't know what I want to do with my life but other adults think that it is a good thing. I think that it is because they don't fund my bill. My dorm room is freezing I am going home this weekend to get some sweats and such. My girlfriend is in town to get her stitches looked at (she had surgery) I hope she is ok. We have been going out for awhile now and I think I love her. I know that I am 19 and don't know what love is but it just feels so right. She is in her last year of college at SFA now so I will only get to see her once a month or so. Everyone says to break-up but it is only one year then she (hopefully) will come to UT. I don't understand the idea that breaking up is a good plan. I mean maybe if I was one of those people that just love to be in love I would but it isn't that I miss the physical part (though I do) I miss her someone else won't replace that I want her not a body. Now to bore you out of your minds, I am very interested in nutrition/bodybuilding. I played football for 4 years and weighed in at a fat laden 290 lbs. my sophomore year of high school but hey that is ok you play football. well I quit due to many factors and guess what it isn't ok to just be fat. I have worked my butt off literally. I now am 200 lbs and have gained strength. I estimate myself at 13% body fat but I want to do better and I know that I can. I spend a lot of time researching various aspects of training and diets. I think it may be dominating my life. But it isn't a hobby it is a lifestyle. But really who else eats every 2 hours? And for that matter what the heck do they eat on campus I have these cursed dine-in dollars but I can only eat about 3 things here everything is terrible for you! I am not exaggerating ok maybe I can eat 5 things but come on! Why do we not have fat-free cottage cheese? lean beef? real grilled chicken not the baby pieces I am paying for now. Why is it always free pizza at 11 at night complex carb+late night=fat why no free tuna, or free vegetables? why is Gregory closed from 8-12:05?! So what if I am not in the friggin weight class I know how to lift better than they do let me in! I worked in a weight room for 2 years you think I can't be courteous and rack my weights or get out of others way let them work-in etc? come on want to fight the freshmen 15? get better food! we were ranked last in dorm food LAST Texas should never be last in anything except for people you wan to fight. this is outrageous. OK Now that I have ranted and let that out I want to know if there is anything I can do about it. NO there isn't how many students would eat fat-free cottage cheese? or tuna straight from the can? not enough to get the food people to bring it in. Oh well survive this year and move off campus next year with my girlfriend and eat right and be happy! something just buzzed in my room. my hands are numb spend the a/c $ on some real food! ",n,n,y,n,y

2003\_513.txt,"Crap, I was half way through this assignment and my computer just cut out or something. I really hope it didn't already submit because I don't want to screw up my credit for this paper. Great, now I'm completely paranoid that I've managed to screw up something so simple. I'll keep my fingers crossed. I need all the help I can get to do well in this class. Actually, I haven't worried about my grades in a long time. When tests start, I'll panic. It's really hard to focus in my morning classes during lectures. I never get enough rest. My schedule's all out of order. I can't fall asleep until around two or three and then have to wake up at seven. I'm tired all day long. I hear my TV and want to go watch it. I always put stuff off and watch too much television. I have a problem with procrastinating. I never used to be this bad. I'm scared that since I can't get on a study plan, I'll fail. I hate it when I over use a word when I'm writing. I feel like I haven't written enough, but does length matter? My birthday is next week, which somewhat depresses me. I'm not close to any of my friends, and I'm scared they're going to forget about me. I feel like the only loser out of my friends who's not having this great college experience. It's not that I'm homesick, just kind of restless and bored. I haven't met that many people and frankly, feel like an outcast. My head hurts, but I have no tylenol. I hate swallowing pills. I used to break them up and put them in yogurt. I'm such a wuss. My roommate went home for the afternoon. I'm glad she is gone. She can be a little much with the extreme cleanliness. I went out of town one weekend, and she made my bed. I don't really want her invading my space and touching my things. ",y,n,n,y,y

2003\_514.txt,"Stream of Consciousness? How do you start something so vague. I keep a journal which I write in occasionally, but I can not remember the last time an assignment consisted solely of write your thoughts. "" I'd be willing to bet that the beginning of most of these streams is a self consciousness, because that is definitely what I am feeling right now. It's late Monday night and I am taking this time to break up the reading that I have fallen behind in. While I am technically still studying psychology, it does provide a nice change of pace to the abysmal pages of text. What is the point of this assignment anyway? How could one person possibly gather a conclusion from over 600 students listing off whatever pops into their mind? I guess the biggest amazement for me is how these psychologists are able to gather data from such an unreliable subject. the human mind. There really is no other single entity (besides the female mind) which is so complex and irregular. Humans are an interesting study, which explains why so many students choose to take anthropology, sociology and history. But psychology really is the king of the social sciences, it's all but required for a college student. I couldn't believe how stereotypical I felt when I uttered the phrase ""my psych class"", it's the single most overheard expression on this campus outside of the greek alphabet. Now that I mentioned the greek societies on our campus, I'd like to delve into that a little. After overhearing a pack of sorority girls outside of Kinsolving today, (they travel in packs) their conversation only bolstered my opinion that Sororities and Fraternities actually limit social interaction. Sure it's great to pile in kids to the parties and attempt to shack up with a sorority chick, but I honestly don't feel compelled to join a fraternity. Free beer and life long friends may be something that is promised upon the rush season, but it seems to me that in exchange the member loses their individuality. Fraternity issues become the mindset of the member, and any excuse to discuss those issues with another person, be they in the same frat or not, is almost always taken advantage of. Yes, some fraternities do some good community work, but it limits people into one train of thought, their loyalty is admirable to the members, but to the outside they seem transparent and single minded. Of course, coming from a freshman non-frat male, that sounds like every other person with an opinion, ready to lay waste to the organizations with his individuality. I really don't oppose the fraternity/sorority concept, because it is a need some people truly need filled. But the sight of another party where 70% of the attendance is male, 20% are lifeless girls not interested in meeting people, and the other 10% are passed out, it makes them all seem the same. I feel that rant about fraternities could pass as given off by anybody, but not only did that illustrate my frustration with constantly hearing about the Kappa party or the Pi Phi foam bash, but helped me vent to something beyond my friends who also are constantly kicked out of those parties. I feel definitely stereotypical again, from discussing my feelings toward psychology to my frustration with frat parties, could I possibly be the more prototypical male? Well, here's the sinker, it's time to discuss sports. I cover them for a newspaper, but honestly I'm just like another fan, but willing to put in the work. Too often the news pages are filled with guys who belong on the radio, it's like their verbal garbage should be filling empty air time instead of priceless page space. Any fan with a computer can put together that the Cowboys are in a rebuilding year, but how many fans would be willing to go to the practices, meet the coaches and do the dirty work of actually uncovering the story. I guess I am frustrated with the lazy column writing which features another talking head giving his 'take' about the latest controversy regarding sports. That's not to say that all of them are garbage, but too many of them I find repetitive and dull, and bringing nothing new to the argument. Covering a sport is different than giving an opinion, and I enjoy covering sports because of its complexity and difficulty of trying to shape a story out of thin air. I love the hunt, and that not only makes me strange, but a pretty good fit for a newspaper writer. Of course, as a college freshman, I really don't have an inkling of an idea on what is my true calling, but I figure the experience couldn't hurt. Much like my decision to take this psychology class, it may seem stereotypical, but the experience and exposure to a new understanding of the human brain could not hurt my chances on a better understanding of myself and others. My time is up, I am sorry to whoever is reading this, it must seem very much like the others I'm sure, but I look forward to this class and I thank you for this very interesting assignment. ",n,n,n,n,y

2003\_515.txt,"So here goes. I am really starting to stress out about all this college stuff. It seems like my to-do list just keeps getting longer and the time I have to complete everything just keeps shrinking. I hope and pray that as time goes by I will learn to better deal with all the pressures associated with college life. It has been so hard to find a way to balance the fun with the work. But as my brother once told me, you must work hard in order to play hard. I'm trying to keep that thought in my head constantly, and keep thinking positive about my situation. I'm hoping that I can pull it off and walk away from this first semester satisfied with my accomplishments and confident about my college semesters to come. Well enough about that. I'm really starting to miss my family a lot. I think that is really lame but I can't help it really. Like I love Austin and school and everything but there is just something about my good ole hometown of Sunnyvale, Texas that I miss incredibly. I went home last weekend and had a blast reuniting with all my old friends. Gosh I love my friends here but its just not the same. There is just something about the familiar that keeps me constantly wanting to latch on to it and never leave. But I know that that is impossible for someone like me who constantly strives to better myself and achieve my goals. And UT is the place to do it. I love this place! The people sometimes freak me out but its nice to be exposed to strange people for a change. I am so excited about this weekend! One of my best friends from back home is coming to visit and I keep thinking about what we are going to do all weekend! Gosh you know what. I'm really starting to worry about the whole freshman 15"" theory! Because I sure do eat a lot these days. The food is just constantly in front of you so its difficult to resist! Its not like at home where you have to make yourself something because your mom refuses to wait on you. No here the food is just there and all you have to do is go to it! Its great! Its amazing to me how different college life is from high school. Like in high school everyone cared about everyone else's business and there were like cliques and stuff but not here. No one cares about anyone else's business at all. people are just concerned with themselves. And another thing that is so great is the total absence of rules! Like you can do whatever the heck you want and NO ONE will tell you that you are wrong or that you can't do something. Oh it really makes me laugh how in college classes if you suddenly get the desire to get up and walk out of class while the professor is talking, you can! I laugh every time I see people doing that in my classes. I would never be able to make myself do that because I'm too much of a chicken but I think its so funny! Gosh. I'm really starting to get hungry again. that is so bad! NO! I can't eat again! I am really not looking forward to going to class again at 7pm. that is really late and I'm extremely tired! I really hope that I can find a date to Anchors Away. that is really bugging me. I wish I knew exactly who I wanted to take and who wanted to go so that I wouldn't have to worry about it anymore! Alright well the time on this thing is officially almost over so I'm going to stop babbling about stuff that no one is interested in except for me. haha! This was good. its kind of a way to let your problems go all at once. I actually feel better to get all this out and see my thoughts on paper. Not to mention that I feel better knowing that this writing assignment is out of my hair so that is one less thing I have to worry and stress out about. Well that is all I have to say for myself at this point and time! Peace! ",y,n,n,y,n

2003\_530.txt,"Sorry for any grammar mistakes in this timed writing. There's a bit of pressure writing every thought you have within 20 minutes and try and make it completely coherent. The music in the back ground plays that of falling falling falling. Then hits a note as if the journey of which it began will continue. Adversaries in between as if rapids in the path. The sun glares in as it goes lower in the sky. Now at this hour of the day is when my apartment is the warmest. The light carries in like the rays dance and shuffle past the leaves of the tree outside. I watch my friends sit next to me. One is a zombie slasher with a chain saw for an arm, the other sits and types quietly. The music is quieter now with bell like rings in it. The bass has a slow but progressive sound to it. The guitar sings about as the music moves on. Over the middle window, the one with the blinds shut, we keep the blue mask. It has sharp looking teeth which are yellow. The teeth match the horns. I'm now half past the time of when I started. Some pauses have been taken in between sentences or paragraphs. Sorry for the time of which I slacked. I loosing ideas of what to write now. I have little more to to tell of my surroundings more. The music is now more of a popping sounds. It also mud like sounding guitar now. My phone is ringing now but I got my friend to pick it up. I will call them back. This is now the end. ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_534.txt,"My roommate just had a sandwich from subway, and the smell is killing me. It's one of my favorite things to eat. He gets somewhat annoying, though. Right now he is playing a video game, and he is got the volume turned way up. I don't mind so much; it's just hard to get my thoughts straight. I hate the way milk leaves a sour taste in your mouth. I always end up having to chew some gum or brush my teeth again, but it is so good. Everything I am saying sounds really stupid. I guess that's how the mind works though. I've never actually had to plot out my exact thoughts. Most of them just kind of run through my head, with the important ones being the only truly pondered thoughts. He (my roommate) keeps talking to his game. It's getting old. The game is cool though; a bit violent but very addictive. It even gets a little scary at night some of the time. Nights are so weird here. It always feels a lot later than it is, or not late enough. I always end up forgetting to call home and my girlfriend because by the time I remember it's too late to be calling the east coast. I don't know where my relationship with her is going. We've been dating for almost four years. Maybe I should tell my roommate that the talking gets annoying. Would that offend him though? I don't know. I don't know about a lot of things. And I just realized that I just used the word don't know. "" The internet lingo is getting out of hand. I used to be online almost all day long. He is still talking. At least I can look forward to the game this weekend. For once I won't mind the noise. It's kind of exciting. My first Texas game. I am so bored. I really need to meet people. Being from out-of-state definitely has its downside. Everyone seems to know everybody here and that doesn't help me very much. It seems a little awkward to walk up to someone and introduce myself, but that's what I have to do or I'll be spending a lot of time in my dorm room. That, my friend, was a run off sentence, but I'm much too lazy to correct it right now. Stayed up too late last night because I don't have any classes today. I should really finish my homework after this, but I am way too lazy for that. There it goes. My roommate made me lose where I was going with that last thought. I'm kind of thirsty right now, I should get a bottle of water. The Austin water is gross. I'm definitely not feeling the fact that there are no agents in the water to clean it. We've been buying water left and right. We should really get a Brita filter. This game really is addicting. I just lost all train of thought watching it for a matter of 30 seconds. I don't think that it's a good thing to do that. This whole writing is filled with vague pronoun references. My 11th grade english (is that supposed to be capitalized) would murder me if she knew I was writing like this, but I suppose it is okay as long as I don't get into the habit of writing this way. I am really slack. I'm only taking 13 hours this semester and I still don't do any homework. At least I am doing okay on my graded assignments. Oh well. This is college life and for once I'm not going to have my mom around to push me to study and do my work. The timer seems like it is moving a lot slower now than before. Just like when I'm running; it always takes so much longer for 20 minutes to pass when I'm on one the treadmill. Very dull, indeed. ",n,n,y,n,y

2003\_540.txt,"Today I went to class at 8AM. I didn't want to get up at all. Even though I slept by 11PM, it was really hard to wake up this morning. I do not look forward towards Tuesdays and Thursdays. My first class today at 8AM was all the way across campus and it made the walk there more dreadful. Also, when I got up there I didn't learn a bit. You know how in Charlie Brown the teacher talks like wah wah wahhh wah wah. "", the teacher's aid voice just seemed to trail away. As the class neared the end, I left early so that I could go home and catch a couple of z's before my next class which was at 11AM. Soon as I got home, I just fell asleep almost instantaneously. For some odd reason, I had a dream of home. Maybe I do miss it more than I think. By 10:30AM, I woke up to get myself prepared for the next class. I left late and arrived to class late, leaving me to sitting on the floor next to the door. Taking notes is such a pain in the ass, when trying to use your legs as a desk. I just sat there thinking about the repetitive information. Then soon after the 2nd or 3rd example, I blanked out and started to think about what I should do when I get home (back to my dorm) and that I needed to study for a quiz the next class. After the very monotonous class was over, I head towards my dorm room to eat some lunch with my roommate. I think he is feeling the same way as I do, tired, hungry, nostalgic, and lethargic. After lunch, I got prepared for my quiz. I ended up studying for 10 minutes at most. I should have studied more but I wasn't up to it. After studying a little, I watched the news and then headed for a class. I also went to that class a little late. For some reason, today has just been an ""off"" day. I think I did rather well on that quiz and the information didn't seem like it was ""out of this world. "" I guess the best way to track my feelings/ thoughts for this 20 minutes is the way I felt and thought about my day. I feel like this day was pointless in some way and that I should have done something productive. It seems like I always feel like that. The only thing I've achieved today was canceling my friend's plane ticket from Northwest Arkansas to Austin. She was coming to watch the old rivals play. I cancelled the airplane ticket because she found a cheaper mode of transportation. Other than that I set up my new computer and caught up with the news in Iraq and in California and also the hurricane in the Atlantic Ocean. I think I need to be motivated more. Someone to tell me that I need to go do something or someone to go do something with. I guess it's because I am feeling nostalgia. Back at home, I usually had someone to go do something with me or ask me to do something or whatever. But in this new setting and the freedom, I haven't done too much. Maybe I am doing more than the usual because I've finished most of my homework and chores this weekend and I'm just thinking that I need to do more. I guess it'll take me a while to get use to the college life. ",n,y,y,n,y

2003\_541.txt,"ben stiller and his movies crack me up I wish I was up stairs watching it right now and not writing for 20 minutes on what is on my mind but maybe this way I will tap into my subconscious or something my girlfriend is not answering her phone but she always does I wonder what she is doing. I'm happy that I'm going to dallas to see her but last night she was making me mad by hanging around other guys and at all these parties. I like ut but I think I would have a much better time at smu with her, not only would I be with her a lot more but I like the school better and its not so overwhelming and is a lot smaller. I feel bad for lying to her the other night about having our neighbors, some girls over, but whatever I mean she goes over to guys apts to hang out and I mean since I'm the dominant male figure I guess that inviting girls over means that you like them or something. whatever it just does not register right, I mean like its cool for her to go to a guys apt, but its not for me to have chicks over, like that is not fair and Its not like I like any of these girls its just that I want to be social and have girls as friends just as much as she does. you know its weird that I have these feelings but I almost feel like I could spend the rest of my life with her. she is fun witty sexy as hell blonde rich great person in her heart and I think everything that a guy would want, although she has great things about her there is also some downsides. like in party situations I always find her wondering off and talking to her friends and when I come up to her she acts almost as if she does not know me. is she ashamed? I don't think so but it could seem that way to others. but maybe its because I do it to, I mean when I'm at a party I like to be with my friends to so I guess were both guilty. damn that movie meet the parents is funny and I want to go watch it badly and I have only typed for 10 min, o well halfway done. so its like the glass is half full not half empty because I am a positive, optimist. I like the new book jarrett gave me. sometimes I'm just real un positve about things and a book on being positive can help me out in life and with school. this interview or presentation I went to last night for this sales company was pretty cool I think I could potentially make some money doing it but as I sat there and listened to this over-energetic guy talk about oh yea you can make all this money and blah blah blah I thought to myself this is just one of those get rich quick schemes because at the end of this thing you pay 50 for a application and some of there products, what company just lets you sit through a presentation and BAM you got the job. jarrest going to do it so I think since he has been successful in his endeavors with business and sales I think hey why not give it a try what is the worst that can happen. Bud sounds good right now although I have not smoked in a while I wonder why, I guess its cause I act different when I'm stoned and maybe I don't like it, I like to get high after I workout cause for some reason it feels good and makes me feel as if I'm not just a lazy pothead, is pennebaker going to care that I'm talking about this? o well that is what is on my mind so take it or leave it jk. yea I'm almost done with this , I thought this was going to be a formal paper with research and stuff but what a badass assignment, I think I'm going to like this teacher unlike my eco teacher Wolitz I can't stand her ugly face and bad teaching I just don't like her you know just one of those ppl. I bombed her test today to because she is boring and does not make the class want to learn anything. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_544.txt,"As I'm sitting here at my computer I'm thinking about how bad I started off this semester. I know that I should have handled my financial aid situation a lot earlier. Plus not to mention a class of mine got cancelled which threw off my whole my whole schedule. Causing not only a first week of overcrowded bookstores and no parking, but also one of unnecessary involvement in the mass confusion of adding and dropping courses. I'm also thinking how tired I am from staying up all night studying. In the back of my mind I'm hoping to get this work study job so that I can be independent and have money but something keeps telling me it may be too much for me to work and try to stay focused on school, considering how I took 12 hours and worked this summer. I keep smelling my cologne (CK1) that I accidentally poured on my clothes this mourning. A lot more came out then I expected and it has a distinct and very strong smell that overlaps anything else. Had I not been so tired maybe I would have realized that I only needed a couple of drops. Not to mention everywhere I have went today people either say, someone put on to much cologne, or , you smell good. I 'm looking at this clock above the page trying to pace my thoughts and time. I'm also looking at the clock in my room trying to set a schedule for my self that will allow me to do all assignments and class work in a good timely manner. My brain feels cluttered with many thoughts of how much work I need to do. I'm homesick already. I miss my family and I have only been here a couple of weeks. I didn't expect this my sophomore year. I thought it only happened to freshmen. I feel really hungry too. I haven't ate all day unless you call a frappachino from starbucks as a energizer a meal. I feel pain in my knee from over playing yesterday at Gregory. I'm hoping to get a chance to play on the the basketball team. But with my luck they won't have tryouts for the second year in a row. I wonder how all my high school buddies are doing in there schools and colleges. I wonder if they found the transition from high school to college as hard as I did. Probably not because they all play sports. I think if you play sports it makes you work harder because you know if you don't you won't play. I think a lot of people have a misconception of college athletes. they think they have it easy and that they get free grades. They don't. They have a job. there coaches expect them to be robots that never get tired. While fighting through the daily soreness and injuries, they have to try to get school work done. I think that is tough. I have sympathy for them. I hope that I can get everything done today that needs to be done and also I plan on changing my shirt before this CK1 gives me a headache. I probably will never wear CK1 again. I hope all my friends and family are doing well. I plan to get some good sleep tonight also, of course after all my work is done. time is running out so bye. ",y,y,n,n,y

2003\_545.txt,"I am so hungry. I Can't wait until lunch in 40 minutes. I'm going with my twin sister and our new friend Kristin. she is my sorority sister. I love being in a sorority. I'm kinda nervous though, I hope I make a lot of friends. I hate this song that is playing, its so annoying. I really want to change the station. I can't wait, I want some pretzel and a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. and some fruit, definitely a banana. I'm worried that the peanut butter is going to make me fat. I'm not used to the food here, even thought I don't really look fat, I feel a little fatter, but I'm not eating bad junk food, just normal food, but its not like the food from home. plus I'm not getting as much exercise here, its just so hard to fit everything in, and I'm not in a schedule yet, I hate that. but I really want to be more easy going. school I scaring me right now, I'm worried because we have not had any tests yet so I don't really know what any of them are going to be like, so I don't know how I will do, and I'm not at all used to doing bad, I always get high a's and I don't know if that will happen here. I hope a good song comes on now that one finally ended! so anyways I'm really really freaked out because my hair is falling out. like I sit here and . wait I love this song! I want to turn it up. anyways I think its because of all the stress I'm under. this happened to me earlier this summer and then I winced I finally relaxed it stopped, but its like a chain reaction because I get stressed and worried so my hair falls out and then once I see my hair falling out I get even more stressed and worried because it always looks so bad in a pony tail and when its down it just never looks good any more and it makes me feel ugly so that stress me out more and I continue to worry and it just does not stop. last week was really hard but this week I think I'm more used to everything so hopefully I will stop stressing so much because its not really doing me any good, I just want to have so much fun at college and I totally am. I really like all the friends I have made so far. I have a really fun group of girls in my dorm we call ourselves kin's klan lol. we all live at kinsolving, I m so happy that we are friends and that we have so much fun together. I can't wait to start making some good guy friends. it sucks because they are always so drunk whenever I meet them so they never remember my name even though we've met like 20 times but that happens to everyone. I'm not really hungry anymore but I just want to go to lunch and see my friends. o crap I have to go to stupid calculus after that and I really don't want to go and watch my t/a get chalk dust all over himself he is such a mess and I can't understand him at all I hope I am able to figure out the last five problems today so that I don't have to do it anymore and I can just submit the answers and get one thing done. o yah I have to ask eklly about chemistry I hope she remembers how to convert celcius to ferenhright and how to calculate water displacement because I definitely don't remember. ooo my fingers are tired. but I like typing lol. I'm really enjoying reading all this psychology stuff its fun but at the same time I'm totally self diagnosing myself. I'm like oo my neurotransmitters are so messed up and I need drugs for these and I need drugs for these I think its kinda funny at the same time. I can't wait until our mixer tomorrow night with sae it is going to be awesome. and then the match on friedya I really want to dress up whitetrash but that will be weird wehn we go to ato which we willdef do because I'm a totally ato groupie and I'm still dressed in my white trash outfit. the music is out how annoying it must not have good reception. I never listen to music here anymore and I barely watch tv I kinda like that there is just too much other stuff to do and if there is time to relax then there is time to do homework which I always haved or time to hang out wiht kins klan or time to sleep. I really need more sleep I just took a 20minute nap in between my two last classes it was great I love feeling so refreshed I felt like I slept for hours. why can't I feel that good in the morning? ewww that morning that makes me think of the disgusting yogurt they had in the cafeteria, first it was not mixed. like I could see gross water in it so I mixed it and then it was plain,. who serves plain yogurt. op I'm hungry again. and know I have to go to the bathroom. I hope I get used to community bath soon because its so weird like just uncomfortable I don't want to listen to other girls going to the restroom lol. o well I'm sure ill get over it its only the 3rd week but it feels like I have been here forever I love it so much freedom and I can do anything I want it will be so weird going home next summer. next summer we already have to be renting apartments for next year its way to early I have only lived here for 3 weeks I hope I get good roommates and live in a fun complex like either the new new villas or the new boardwalk that would be crazy fun,, maybe a little too much fun lol I hope I'd be able to get my work done o well I can't wait to have so much fun. I really think I would be nice to meet a cute /nice guy here. ugh I'm tired of typing but enjoying this stream of consciousness thing its a good way to think umm I need to call my mom and tell her she owes me some money! yah but not really I had to go pay for a text book myself so I need to get paid back for that I feel like all I do here is spend money I just want everything I see thank goodness for bevo bucks and dine in dollars speaking of bevo I also most got a tattoo of a longhorn on my butt last week but now that I have had time to think about it I'm not so sure but I think It would be totally awesome if I did it ",y,y,y,y,n

2003\_554.txt,"The start of this semester has been again full of stress and anxiety. I wake up everyday depressed and knowing that the day will only bring about more problems. It is a bit pessimistic of me but this is what I am used to. For instance, right now I can feel my head throbbing because of my headache. The only reason I have it in the first place is because of school. The hardships of being a pre-med student have already taken a toll on me and sometimes I think I'm not strong enough to continue. The only think that keeps me going is the thought of one day making my parents proud. Yet, this means that I have to do extremely well in all of my classes and for the past year I have done far from that. I constantly worry about my GPA and not getting into medical school and it gets to a point where I tune out everything else. I'm even thinking about my chances at medical school right now typing this diary"". This is the sad truth about me and I try to cope with it. I remember in the summer I had lost all care of school and GPA and I was finally happy and in a world of peace. I had thought that my return back to school would be much for more exciting because I had stopped worrying about this whole pre-med issue. Sadly, I'm here again thinking about it non-stop. Its almost like I go to school to impress my family rather than trying to have a fun filled 4 years. Why is it so difficult to become a doctor if you know that its what you want to do? Why do I have to compete with my peers for the few spots open in medical schools? Sometimes these questions drive me nuts. I try my best to distract myself from it. Like right now I'm listening to the rain hit my window. The sound of it crashing my window is so soothing and peaceful and I wish I was just outside splashing around. My life has turned into this academic challenge and I hardly have time for myself and my needs. I guess that's why I join organizations. Then again, they make matters only worse when they share with me how wonderful their GPAs are. I would do freshmen year all over again in a heartbeat if someone ever gave me the chance. I regret the recklessness I showed toward my work, thinking it was all going to be a piece of cake like high school. Maybe that is why I make my brother study so much. I never want him to make the mistakes I made yet am I ruining his own social life by doing this? I believe I don't. I think that in the end he will be thankful because he won't have to worry about taking 17 hours very semester just to raise his GPA so that schools will think of him as ""competitive"". I wish sometimes I had had a guide. My roommate from last year was a business major and all he did was read a textbook for 10 minutes and then watch TV and I would undoubtedly get dragged in. It makes me so angry to think that I was so immature and nonchalant. On a side note, I've never ranted so much before especially on the computer. It's kinda helping me to take off mental burden that I carry. However, staring at this bright monitor is only increasing my headache. Anyways, I basically just frustrate myself over this whole medical school dilemma. I wish I could just go into the future and not have to worry about this anymore. The day I get the acceptance letter (or rejection letter) will be the happiest day of my life. I'll probably try again the next year but it won't matter to me as much anymore. I don't really know how to explain it but that same anxiety that goes with ""first times"" won't be there anymore. I've considered many majors and have really thought about doing something else with my life but somehow I'm always dragged back into medicine. Maybe its the challenge that I like even though at times I would gladly give it up. Maybe I worry so much about my future because I really want to see myself become a doctor. This is truly my passion and I'll never give up on it no matter how hard it gets at times. I just hope I'm not the only one going through this hysteria because it would really make me look like a psychopath after this. Even so, something tells me that I'm not alone out there and sometimes that just brightens up my day even if it's for a short while. ",n,y,n,n,y

2003\_555.txt,"It's kind of weird writing about what I am thinking of right now this moment. there is not clear direction what I want to write about. I hope my english is good enough to make a sense to my TAs. well, I am really hungry right now. Maybe I should ask Bora to go to Chipolet with me and have dinner. I just love that place. I think it is the best fast restaurant in America. Well I did remember seeing the news column with Chipolet is voted as the best Fast Restaurant. "" I think it was the Austin local newspaper, because I can not remember the name of the newspaper. By the way I really should start reading the newspaper more. well I wonder if Doctor Griffen is gay or not. He really is funny guy, but today's outfit really was more like cloths that gay people would wear. I really think that he need a exercise. He can loose weight around his stomach. Well I really shouldn't criticizes him with the weight because I know that I really really really and seriously need to loose a lot of weight. I should start swimming again. And bring my old swimming suit from home. I can not believe that I forgot to bring it to school. I really want to go home. I wonder why mom told me not to come home this weekend. I know that I need to find the ride and everything. but This sunday is her birthday and coming up monday is unni's birthday too. I wonder ""Don't come home honey. It's too much trouble to you. "" means like "" Oh yeah come home!"" kind of deal. sometimes I don't really understand her. I hope I would not be like that. well this time thing is really going to slower then I thought. I should have ate first. Man I have only dome 13 min. umm now 14min. ha ha. yeah just 6 more minutes. well let's see. I should be worried about the psy class too. Man the class is too long to stay a wake. and chapters are too long. I feel like I'm reading the whole new different language. but It is fun. I wonder how tough his test is. man I really do need to catch on the reading. (I really will go read after chipolet if you are reading this. ^\_~) Let's see what else am I thinking right now. I really can not think of it any more. Ahhh man this pop-up ads. why can they just leave me a lone. I mean really nobody reads the whole think. man that must be the John. Boyfriend of my roommate. they are just cute couple. ",n,n,n,n,n

2003\_557.txt,"hmmm. at 18, my life thus far has been where I want it. The USMC has given me the newfound sense of self one craves after a monotonous high school career. Football, basketball, summer activities, UIL academic meets, clubs, and band, they say, will be the things you cherish for the rest of your life. Memories. They will be the best years of your life say those who never went to college. The next 4 will be your best years of your life. "" say those who have. But will they be? The Crucible was more difficult than anything I could ever imagine attempting, but I made it. Lying in a pit covered in barbed wire and mud and feeling the wildest sense of dread, failure, hatred, anger for being awake for 3 days with only 2 MRE's to last the entire ordeal. Feeling that the sun would never set. Being away from my family and everything that I loved for a quarter of a year with no means of contact besides staying up after lights out, sitting on a stone cold toilet in the head because it was the only source of light by which to write. Knowing that you're giving up the sleep, the rest, that will carry you through the next day. Hate towards the others in the platoon for their Goddamn stupidity, hard-headed, fight without listening to reason, their never-ending bitching and trying to hold an edge over everyone else. It's a real life world of shit. Brings to mind that show on MTV called ""Oz"", haven't seen but advertisements for it. Prisoners talking about ""the hard life"" of prison. What do they have that I didn't have at MCRD San Diego. Prison vs. Boot Camp. They have TV, books, newspapers, double ply toilet paper, free time, phone calls, a weight room, good food, the right to lay on the rack whenever they wish, the right to sit down, cigarettes, the ability to do whatever the hell they want. What did I have? Not a single one of those things. A month in the desert, worrying that one of North America's pit vipers or coral snakes would find its way into my sleeping bag as I slept on a rocky desert floor, or the guy next to you on the firing line would trip and put a 5. 56mm round into your back, or falling while hiking without light on a steep slope in the middle of a moonless night with 80 pounds of gear and splitting my grape on a rock. Days go by slow when you're having a bad day at the office or in the classroom. Time is suspended when you're so miserable that you would almost rather die than continue through the rest of training It was a different sort of feeling felt in life. Hadn't had if before. but I miss it. I'd never felt so alive. What we take for granted in life: friends, our favorite book, the faithful German Shepherd, a home cooked meal, a grassy lawn, a drive down a country road that reminds you of your childhood. those are given new meaning. The feeling of infinite pride, accomplishment, belonging, knowing that you live your life not for the boss, not for others, not for money, not for possession, and knowing that you cannot be defeated. I felt that during Marine Corps graduation. That is what I will remember and cherish in life. Throwing the ""greatest party"", making $100 grand a year vs $40, driving an Aston Martin. What does that crap mean if you don't truly own yourself? Like those who fawn over celebrities or drive expensive cars that their ego thrives on but their families at home cannot afford. They will never know the meaning of life. I know that I may never be the investment banker that all college kids know they will be, but I will have a rich life. I will not be the movie star that everyone knows they will be, but I know that I will be loved by those who matter to me. I look forward to the future. ",y,n,y,y,y

2003\_561.txt,"My name is jon krebbs and I forgot my code I'm really sorry my roommate wants to know what this paper is about I answered ""stream of conscious no I'm thinking you dumbass and damn that tool in the background sounds awesome. I wander why I'm so forgetful? probably all the smoke. let me see hear this is my day off oh my god cole just let out a crazy yell from his back he strained it wow manard g I feel really light headed this is awesome cole is on the ground wow he is trying to get up ""are you alright fool?"" I ask I been crawling on my belly wow do I delusions? cole wants his matches I say get em I got to keep typing this paper wow I home they except this even though I don't have my code with I live and grow will I be paranoid this is awesome. so anyway live or to lie that is the question earlier this morning my mouse trap I set owned a mouse in the side or the head cole s phone rings welcome to atlanta andyway the mouse was just laying there and I felt like wow that poor bastard my phone is ringing one sec its joe he is at the daoroorawww hist this is nuts anyway back to the topic the mouse was making all kinds of squeaky noises dying and I thought what if there are some mice in the afterlife that trap us that would suck I probably won't set another trap I look at joe wow red headed we are going to game soem counterstike I know it I'm thirsty 'gulp' water now that is something you take for granted talk about taking that away from someone they get a little antsy I feel like I appreciate most of my life sometimes I feel a little guilty about being a son but its ok I think it will go down for me like that wow no music! this sucks kazaa lite yes the grudge wow. honestly there was like 2 seconds just then I didn't think about anything wow so I wander what all those girls in my class are like some of em look good coles back is killing him I see the grimace in his face 'toke' where is it ? humble hahaha to be humble somebody told me that was the highest form of pride and aint that the truth I brag about my shit it I know its someone that can be shot straight I wander why there is so much depressing in the world haha that was just for you I know why its cause in america at least we know longer have the preoccupation of thinking about SURVIVAL like what we are going to eat you know what I mean controlling let this go so yah if people would not be so strange I feel a little young I mean change PLEASE DON'T TAKE of points from my grade maynard is yelling someone signs on aim maybe its a friend a good friend what am I going to do tonight I wonder ? my brother imed me ",y,n,y,n,y

2003\_562.txt,"clear waters beckening - wow - this is not going to work - my mind is blank - or is it. - is it just blank because I have to write down what is going threw it. hmmmm its 20\* degrees celcius right now. that does not even really matter, I prob. won't go outside unless I need to smoke a cigarette or something. spike tv. what kinda dumb sh\*\* is this. this show sucks - why are they trying to advertise this show with some crazy exciting name like spike tv"" - 20 minutes is a long time to be typing. I wonder if it matters how crude my thoughts are. better keep tha inappropriate thoughts out. is that possible. yeah. school takes up a lot of time - and I don't know if getting a degree will even matter, so what is the point. I should just stop typing right now, pack a bag, get in my car, and drive to mexico. I wonder what the point of that survey earlier was. where do all these ""personal type surveys"" going. is some little guy sitting behind a desk compiling information about me based on the questions I filled out about once a year since I was old enough to go to publicly funded schools. if there really is a guy that is comparing all my information right now - I wonder how much someone in that position would get paid. hahah - getting paid to make assumptions about a person out of a bunch of personal questions. I think that job would be pretty boring. I would have to get intoxicated or something before going to work everyday, that tedious paper work would drive me crazy. that is prob. why people go all postal and shoot people at work - cause they have to do tedious crap everyday that has no bearing. I hope nothing pushes me over the edge of insanity. that would suck. it might not be bad though - I imagine the government would provide a pretty comfortable living for someone who was ""mentally handicapped"". I bet a few people have thought they were insane and really been on the same wave as everybody else. its crazy to be alive and conscious. consciousness gets dull - nothing modern intoxicants can't handle though, in moderation. joe millionarie was a gay show I resent that guy. I think I'm going to go smoke a cigarette. I can't really think of what to say. I need a cigarette to calm me down. that is not even how you spell ""cigarette"" but spelling is not even that important. I mean - its like this - professors and anyone else in my life has ragged on me about spelling and grammar. but they know - and I know - that they knew what the meaning of the word I misspelled. that kinda shit pisses me off. need a smoke. ",n,n,y,n,n

2003\_564.txt,"ok, I'm really stressed out right now! I've been running around all day, then I got back to my friend's dorm and remembered that I had to do this writing assignment! Of course, stupid me. I didn't know the web address to get here. I had to call my roommate and have her look up the address on my computer. and now its almost 5pm! GREAT. Well, anyway, I'm so happy about last night. This really hot guy that I like invited me over last night to hang out at his apartment :) Exciting! It was a lot of fun. Now I can't stop thinking about him! I also can't stop thinking about Ryan. He still won't talk to me because of that stupid bitch he is dating. I HATE HER. She got between me and Ryan's relationship, firstly, and then our friendship as well. It's only been 4 minutes. I can't think right now. I'm so anxious for this weekend. Well, back to Ryan. every night for the past couple weeks, I've had dreams about him. They won't stop, it's getting annoying. Even last night I had a dream that we ran into each other in Houston and were immediately friends again. That's what I wish would happen. He looked so cute in the dream. so I wake up thinking about the stupid asshole. BUT, at least this morning I woke up next to a hot guy :) :) That makes things a lot easier on me. the only way I know how to get over a guy is by dating a new one. I need distractions, GOOD distractions, to keep my mind off of Ryan. It sucks. I miss him so much but I know he probably doesn't give a shit about me. SO, I just want to feel. wanted. And if it's by this guy, Jason, that would be PERFECT. He is awesome- cute, cool apartment, easy to get along with, funny, and he is even in the business school at UT! Pretty impressive. Of course, with my luck, I'm sure he has plenty of girls after him- so why would he choose to be with me. Hmmm well I can pray that he does! At least he wanted to be with me last night, that's a plus. I have to think about something else! It's driving me crazy. I need to go hang out with Laura soon. she will make me talk about something besides guys! Yummm can't wait to order those delicious cookies from Tiffany's Treats! 13 minutes. ALrighty then. I think I have about a million thoughts running through my head right now and I can't seem to distinguish any certain thought. Does that make sense? Ehh, oh well. School is a stressful place, especially now. What we do now creates what we can do for the rest of our lives! I don't want to fail. yet I'm actually scared that I might. I've never been scared of failing a class- ever. I never made below a B on my report card in high school. College is SO incredibly different! I really do love it here. Even though the classes are challenging, UT is awesome. I like having a big campus. it makes it feel like college. It's the way it should be. At least I have a little workout every day- walking to class and up & down all those stairs all the time. Its tiring! OK, 2 minutes left. JC is distracting me. I want to stop typing now! I'm sure whatever I just wrote down is somewhat interesting. I don't even remember what I said. What should I do tonight. hmmm everyone is going to the game tomorrow. My dumbass didn't get the sports package so I can't go :( How sad. ",y,y,y,n,n

2003\_565.txt,"I am pretty tired today. I haven't had much sleep in the last couple of weeks. I have been working pretty hard and now with school starting it is going to be even busier. I work with the youth group at the church I go to. It is getting very busy there as well. We are really trying to get the numbers back up. After the summer the kids seemed to move away and the number of kids seemed to falter a little. Right now I am making a pot of coffee and getting ready to put in a hard day of studying. I was supposed to go to work today but there is nothing for us to do so we are staying home. We are working construction on our new church building. It is very exciting. We have to do a lot of demolition, and to help us out the fire department said they had some guys to train to breech walls. So for the last week they have been breaking through walls. It has been really cool to watch. My coffee smells really good. I am listening to some Audio Adrenaline. They are a Christian band I just downloaded. They sound pretty good, nothing that great about them though. I am switching majors this semester from Engineering to a dual major in History and Spanish, pretty drastic transfer huh? I think it will be good. I got accepted into the UTeach program and so starting this semester I will be in an Austin public school teaching and observing. I will be in the classroom starting next week. I am very excited. My arms are getting really tired from writing so much and it has only been six minutes. I think they are going to fall off. I have a lot to do today. Since I am not working it will give me a good opportunity to catch up. I think I will be pretty far behind in this class PSY 301 because the Co-OP does not have the book(it is out of stock) They won't have it until Monday the 8th. I'll just have to read a lot next week. I need to do laundry today and maybe clean my truck. I am trying to sell my truck. It is a big beast and gets horrible gas mileage. About 10 miles per gallon. I think I will put it on Auto trader and see what I can get for it there. My coffee is done and it is calling my name. Come. Drink me. "" I guess I will just have to wait another. oh my gosh. 10 minutes. I am losing my thoughts because my arms hurt so bad and I am really tired. I have to read six books for my History class. It's not so bad I have alreay read one of them and have started on another. The first was very boring. I think the rest will get better. This is a good song. I am also taking Chem 302 I think it will be a challenge because I don't really remember Chem 301 that well. I kind of breezed through it and didn't really learn any of the material. What other classes do I have?. I am trying to teach myself Spanish right now. It is fun. I think I can use Spanish a lot later in life. I hope to do some missionary work and maybe go into youth/college ministry. But who knows what the big guy has in store for me. College age has a lot of possibilities. I am hoping to maybe get something started this semester. I don't know how that is going to turn out but I think it will be fun. THis last summer me and a couple of friends went to Colorado did some fly fishing, landscape photography, and climbed Mt. Elbert (which is the highest peak in the Rockies @ 14,433) It was a lot of fun. I and looking at a picture of me and my friend Chris. It is of when we went skydiving last year. That was a whole lot of fun. ""People may doubt what you say, but they will always believe what you do"". Reads a poster on my wall. I read it every day to help my fully realize how much more my actions speak than my words. I would like to be a great orator but if somebody could only know my through my life practices and not my life speeches I would want them to say that I had a heart like David "". a man after God's own heart. "" That would be the testimony of my life. I pray that I can life according to the beliefs in which I so strongly hold. K2, Everest, Anapurna some of the greatest peaks in the world. I someday wish to climb all of them. But we will see how things play themselves out. I think it is so funny how people grunt and groan and try to figure it all out. The things that are above. are always going to be greater than those below. And tru faith means you don't have to have all the answers. The End ",y,n,n,y,n

2003\_566.txt,"I am in my room right now typing with my tv turned on to MTV channel. It's playing justin timberlake song. I just got back from my biochemistry I class and the professor in that class seems very boring. I noticed that he never stop talking in his lecture which makes it hard for me because I feel like I missed a lot of what he said while I was taking notes. I can't seem to take notes and listen well at the same time. I feel I'm more of a single tasked person. Besides the music going on in my room, the water cooker is almost, and I can hear it's boiling right now and I think I need to check on it before the water boils over. I'll be back. Well, I'm back. This week will be a tiring week for me since I have so much to catch up with anthropology reading. I pretty much understand my biochemistry professor after a few lectures of how he is not good in lecturing, so that means I have to spend more time reading and studying, which definitely sucks. My other teachers are okay and I seem to absorb a lot in their lectures. I don't think I can work out much this week and I maybe be able to work out next thursday and saturday. Plans for weekends are unsure since I haven't made any. Hopefully, there will be something fun that my friends will invite me to. I had already met some people in my dorm, but I haven't really met people in my classes. I also met the people from Longhorn Pre-Pharmacy Association. Man, there is going to be a football game this coming saturday and I don't think I can usher again in the football for the Longhorn PRe-Pharmacy since I haven't finished much in my school work and haven't played really since a long time ago. I hope this week and this weekend won't turn out to be terrible. It's unexpected that somehow right now I feel more energetic than when I was about an hour ago when I was in biochemistry class. Maybe professors have a lot of effect on student's energy level or maybe the breakfast that I ate about 3 hours ago now is starting kick in. Something about the song in MTV just made me looked at the screen. It's R. Kelly in a Japanese culture setting, which made me look longer because I am from an asian culture. In America, asian culture is not that widely dispersed, so it's good to see it every so often. As I'm watching a fighting scene in that R. Kelly MTV, I think America has a misleading view toward asian culture because whenever there is something with asian culture, there has to be martial art, which is misleading because asian culture is not just about martial art. Instead, we have other things. I don't feel like listing them right now. It's good to see rap songs are being more popular because it shows America is diverse and multi culture. Speaking of culture, in my anthropology class, we are discussing about culture. I have a lot to read on The Forest People, who are people have very different culture from Western and Eastern culture. The book is ",y,y,y,y,n

2003\_569.txt,"I am so glad I made this assignment. why do I always leave things to the last moment like this. classic Laurie"" ivsuppose. I don't even want to write correctly -grammar and punctuations. It won't matter though. I am looking at all my different rings I have and how shaky my hands feel from working all day. I hope my dad will like my apartment. and I hope Chris does not find out that Bryan is going with me tonight. what am I going to wear. what kind of dance will it be. will the main dancer be technically perfect or will I sit through the whole performance being annoying and critical. I hate lying. especially to my best friend. I can feel the guilt weigh my arms down. right down to my shaky hands. the rotating fan keeps whizzing past my face. I need a printer. I'm surprised chris lets me use hers. the marker is going to dry out and chris will get mad. her shoes have no shoe laces and are very dirty. man I wonder what those things have seen. lots of drugs probably! but they are retired now. the donnas are very self assured with themselves. I wish I had a d-cup that people stared at. no not really, I like being petite, brenna always complains about her boobs. and Misty is getting fake boobs! what a freaking dumbass. she is like the classical example of female american mistakes. gets married at 19, boob job at 20, child at 21, divorce at 22. don't come crying to me because of your bad decisions. well no I would be a good friend I just feel very betrayed because she left me! and at a whim at that. ugh I wish ollie was not such a bad cat. the more I write the heavier my chest, I realize that I write about bullshit! maybe micheal will ask me out, that was what he was ""trying"" to do right? he is cute in a hispanic way and I love different cultures. but why is bryan perfect but unreachable. I would feel devastated if C was doing what I was to me. why am I sweating. haha. I am kind of nervous for tonight. I hope it won't be awkward with Alex there. I told Garry not to worry about Chris. shit what do I do. ""classic Laurie"" I don't think before actions enough. and what the hell am I going to wear tonight. I have to have that put together tight look. maybe stilettos and hair up. shit I am late and I still have 8 minutes of writing left. I thought I turned that dryer signal off. it irritates me. I can hear my bass from my room. that means Chris can hear an awful lot. ok dad should be here at 8 and I leave at 610. arg what to do with Christina. eek my phone is ringing, but I won't get it. now brennas phone is ringing. its a very strange ""why the hell did you put it on that"" ring. ahh my fav radiohead song just came on. it makes me want to be sad. I was talking to CHris last night about depression and how easily slipped into it is. I would like just for a day to transform into someone else and see if they feel the same way all the time like its a characteristic of the human race or just me. I never close my jaw tight enough and Ill find myself with it hanging and it makes me so angry. I wonder what everyone else is writing. I need to take a shower and chill the fuck out. I am turning into my mother. it would be nice to have more plants in our apt. fix it up more. finish a painting. crap get canvas materials and you better not forget your books again. I really like charles. he is a good teacher, I like him because he reminds me of myself except he is 6 ft and black. very soft spoken. people seem to like me in painting. I should talk more tho. not like this tho. well shower time, this has actually relaxed my chaotic mind! ",n,n,y,n,y

2003\_666.txt,"I've been thinking a lot lately on the topic of studying other people, using them as test subjects, objectifying human beings, I really feel that it degrades their very being. I don't understand another human's need to study and examine what makes another human tick. I wish that I could say that I am exempt from this curiosity, but sadly I am not. I find myself hypocritically fascinated by the way that people lose themselves in their jobs, in causes, in religion. They somehow manage to pound it into their heads that whatever it is that they're involved in is important, means something, when in reality 100% of professions and causes are just as pointless as the lives of the people lost in them. None of it will rally matter once these people are gone, and the strange thing is that I think they all know this deep down, they've all had that thought in their life before. Yet they still go on, slaving their lives away, building the modern day pharaoh's modern day pyramids. Just pawns to those that were lucky enough to be born into wealth. God only knows what they would do if they were forced to face the reality of their banal situations. Which raises another good topic, religion, now everyone knows that religion is make-believe for grown ups, just another thing to keep perpetuating the myth that our lives matter in some deep and profound way. Religion as we know it was made to control the masses, sort of a justification for law, and also something that keeps people inline above law, like a conscience. But the religions that we have come up with are so ridiculous we have to implement them to our young at ages when they are too young to tell the difference between real and fake. We teach them religion as fact when they are too young to differentiate for themselves the difference between fact and fiction. It's funny that we act as if what religion we pick matters, as if one is even different that the others, they all have the same common goal to keep people living in the hierarchy, keep believing that by divine right the rich were born to a life of comfort and luxury and the poor must suffer in order for rich to have such pleasant lives. In tribal societies religion doesn't have to be forced on the new generation, rather they welcome it with open arms, just as they aren't forced to work in their lives, rather they do it out of necessity and a primal urge to conform to your own society. People allowing themselves to be controlled really bothers me, it's clear that people can live, sustain life, off very little, and will slave their lives away rather than die. However I can't comprehend how our society got to this point, where the slave drivers now wear a smile while fucking people in the ass. We somehow fib ourselves into believing we need cell phones, computers, tv's, cars, when it's a fact that none of these things even existed 50 years ago. People actually lived without any of this bullshit for 3 million years, people just like you and me, people just as smart, and just as naive. It's clear that society breeds evil not the other way around, the pilgrims committed mass genocide on the indians, but it is forgiven as they were just spreading the one right way to live, that we have so enlighten found. People lived without all this none-sense that we tell ourselves we couldn't live without for nearly 3 million years. But those are all things that no one wants you to know, except maybe Daniel Quinn, Derrick Jensen, John Zerzan, and Chuck Palahniuk. Those are the men that will save our planet and our existence if it isn't already too late. The doomsday clock is set to 40 years from now, that is the point of no return, if things stay the way that they are now, there will be no hope for the future. If we had all just stayed with animism, and believed that the earth is not something for us to own, or control, if we would acknowledge that we are the weakest animal alive in that we are totally and utterly dependent on other animals giving their lives so that we may survive, how could we take away their right to the same land we live on. But there are no classes teaching what people really want to know, what they need to know, only classes perpetuating our way of life. Only classes brainwashing the brainwashed so suddenly that we don't even notice. So why study me when there are billions of other mindless zombies in this world. Now I realize that my writing may sound bleak, as if I'm in a state of utter depression, that I'm innately sad, but it's my very strong belief that with the world the way it is everyone should, and deserves to feel the depression that haunts us all. We keep on trying to come up with ways to hide from ourselves the atrocities being carried out everyday by white collared crooks, making executioner executive decisions. But humans shouldn't need pills to control their feelings, they shouldn't need pills to make them happy, they shouldn't need pills to force their inner feelings into submission. It pains me very deeply to see the day to day transfer we are making into a controlled society, and the people that don't see it, if it isn't already here. Our phones are tapped, our emails are spied on, the government we live under even monitors what books we are checking our in order to make sure were not reading anything that could be dangerous. People wake up everyday and take zoloft, prosac, ritalin, adderol, valium, zanex, anything that will keep them from deviating from what is considered acceptable behavior, to keep them inline. Anything to keep them from focusing on how ridiculous it all is, anything to keep them so fucked up they just don't care anymore. Anything to hide the fact that the light at the end of the tunnel has gone out, there is no hope for the future we are writing now, at least none that includes us. For a species that holds it self in such hich regard, the top of the food chain, the center of the universe, in our own special classification, we sure act stupidly. If we were to open our eyes we'd see that the real criminals are the rich old men living in their mansions, with drugged up kids, both pharasudically, and illegally, allowing oppression, deforestation, slavery, pollution, and the lot to continue everyday, infact they make sure it grows, because you can't stop progress. They are very rapidly destroying any traces of another way of life with every indigenous tribe they try to save"" by spreading the word of a god that allows his people to be in a constant state of submission, so that they may enter an endless world of happiness once their life here is over. I'm here to tell you that no such place exists, god is just santa clause for adults. Where was god when the twin towers were hit, where was god when the indians were wiped out by the white man, where was god when the germans were killing the jews, where is god now when people are so cleverly brainwashed since the time they are born that they don't even notice when they're doing it to their own children. I for one would hate to be responsible for bringing another life into this god forsaken waste land. Everyday we scorch the earth with new roads, we rip the earth apart for new buildings, we destroy the earth for a made up monetary system. No one seems to see the bull shit that is going on here, before civilization no one had to work, in fact tribal people have no concept of work, they do what they have to in order to survive and they spend the rest of their time living, doing whatever it is that they want to. We have some how been duped into believing that this way of life is unacceptable, lazy, pointless, a waste, yet we fail to see that our way of life is just as pointless, just as wasteful. Only we have to lie to ourselves and children right from the day they are born, because the way we live is so heinous, so vile, so wrong that our children can't handle it, and for the most part neither can we. We could change everything in one generation, if we all started living a different way one day the whole system would collapse on itself, but we lie to ourselves and force our own minds to believe that this is right, that this is the way things must be and that there's nothing we can do about it. ""People cannot risk being overwhelmed by the anxiety which might accompany a full cognitive and affective grasp of the present world situation and its implications for the future"" - Grimspoon JG4EVER ",y,n,n,y,y

2004\_1.txt,"I am eating a Hershey's bar with almonds. I told myself that I would only eat one little square of it, but as I can see, that didn't happen. You would think that eating chocolate would spoil my appetite, but actually it's making me more hungry. For more sweets. That's interesting. As I'm typing, those little notices that people are signing on AOL instant messenger keep popping up, and for some reason the cursor on my laptop keeps moving over the words I've already typed, so I have to keep going back and deleting and starting over. Annoying. Over the Labor Day weekend, which happened to include my birthday, by the way. On that note, I used to not like having a birthday so near a quote ""holiday"" because all of my school friends would have some vacation of some sort planned, and I wouldn't be able to get together with all of them. Now that I've entered COLLEGE (smile), I've grown - in two short weeks - to love having a long weekend for my birthday. To spend with special people (bigger smile). Anyways, this weekend (my computer did that thing again) I celebrated my 18th birthday with my family and my BEST friend. My mom used to attend UT Austin, in fact, both of my parents did. Unfortunately, due to health complications she was forced to transfer to another college back home. Anyways, she is a registered nurse, although she took maternity leave long ago, and at the moment she's decided not to go back to work until my little brother gets into his middle-elementary years. My dad is a self-employed architect. He used to work for a large corporation in Dallas, but hardly had time to have a life. A life away from work, that is. My mom likes to say that when I was a baby, she would have to show me a picture - AHHHH! my best friend just called! - she'd say that she would have to show me a picture of my dad and say: ""Look, there's your Daddy. "" Now my brother has the luxury of him coaching his fall baseball teams, and attending soccer practices, and taxi-ing him to karate class and piano lessons. My little brother, Matthew, was born when I was nearing 10 years old. Currently he is seven years old, in second grade. He came as a HUGE surprise, being as how physicians had told my mom that she was infertile. But obviously, as my case proved, they were wrong. He is very active, and shows so much love that I don't know how such a little body can produce it. Right now he's almost infatuated with copying my best friend, Patrick. Speaking of Patrick, I met him in high school. We both attended Health Careers High School, a magnet school in San Antonio. By chance, we've had a few classes together over the years, and, by chance, we only just met each other at the end of senior year. That was largely due to our parent's cooperative involvement in putting together Project Graduation for our senior class, to be held the night of graduation. Actually, we've been aware of each others presence for awhile now, being as how our school is relatively small in size, housing around 1000 students total; around 204 in my class. I didn't get to what I was saying, but I guess I'll leave the juicy stuff for next time. ",y,y,y,n,n

2004\_2.txt,"Seriously in my mind right now I have so many levels of thought that I can easily access by simply starting to think about something, Everything runs in these little spurts of thought but once I analyze them long enough they are all working together to form what I think is the cycle of my mind and it all works together simultaneously and perfect as the world is, because everything has its specific purpose. A lot of things that I thought before were just meaningless pieces of metal and serve no purpose in the world are really there for means of our (human) use and that is what they are specifically there for. Everything is for us. Humans. Everything. We utilize this world as it is our lemon and we must make as much lemonade for ourselves as we possibly can. This alternates from being a very good and positive thing to being a terrible and selfish thing that makes us thing that we all must worry about ourselves and no one else matters unless they are aiding us on our rise to the top of the pitcher of our own lemonade, making sure that on one takes any along the way. If someone takes our lemonade, we must simply acknowledge its loss and move on but how much is too much? When and where is the point where the lemonade that is taken is too much and we need it back? But if someone drinks it then we can't get it back, so how much lemonade do we personally owe to others if we are making much more lemonade than they are? Notice please that this lemonade is still very much so a metaphor for what we provide for this world that works specifically for us. Even the controversy in the world is there specifically to get others to be mentally in touch with ourselves and make sure that they know our way of thinking. Controversy evolves from people trying to get other people to think the way that they do. Basically, this is important in deciding which factors of society are more acceptable among a large number of people instead of just one person. The more people widely accept a thought, the more it is thought to be what we think as ""normal"" but just because a thought isn't in everyone's mind, then why do we think it is abnormal or crazy? In our minds, social situations and experiences have led most to believe that minor variations in behavior are ""weird"" but this is the main problem with our world. If everyone could just accept everyone for the way they are then no one will be right or wrong and the only controversy will be because. well there will be no controversy if everyone stops being so damn judgmental all the time, please pardon my language but I felt I must stress the importance of the statement. May I please stress it again? Damn, There I did it. There is a flaw in our perfect world and if people are wondering why they may be unhappy that is probably why. They must accept everything for the way that it is and do their best to utilize what they can without being selfish and they must utilize the time that they have in order to make their life the best that it can be. People that are typically unhappy and depressed tend to think that the world needs to be changed but if they stopped thinking like that then they would be happy with the world the way it is and they would no longer be depressed. I see the irony in my statements above because I said simply that we must accept the world for what it is, but here's the thing. I have personally not yet learned to do this because I still see the flaws of judge mentality in our world that I wish to change or eradicate: the fact that people don't just accept the world and people in their ""out of the ordinary"" state of minds for just the way that it is. Simply put. the way that it is. THE WAY THAT IT IS. If I could understand that then I believe that I will have reached a level of happiness that no one could reach. I am actually much closer to this state of bliss and happiness than I ever thought I could be. I don't think there are any major flaws in our world that I cannot look at with an open mind and. accept, if you will. I say ""if you will"" because I feel that ""accept"" may not properly convey what it is that I am trying to express. By accept, I mean. look at something with an inner peace and happiness that yes it exists and it must but why? well who knows and it is okay not to know. I need not know the meaning of everything but I have a deep appreciation for it. There it is. I HAVE A DEEP APPRECIATION FOR IT. I was trying to find the phrase that conveyed my sight of the world. I appreciate the beauty of the world and the diversity among people's personalities and I choose to embrace everyone not hoping that they will change but hoping that they will continue to open the door that is my mind. No one can say they appreciate this until they really feel it. I feel it with everything that I do and I only hope that everyone can at one point or another feel this appreciation for people and not to mention mere intimate objects produced by either nature or a human being himself. Everything is there for our pleasure and we must utilize it to our best capabilities (without bearing harm to others of course, because that is the definite point where a specific line is crossed), and this is simply our duty to the world. ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_5.txt,"well another week of classes has started and I can't wait until this weekend. I just want to relax for a while. there is so much to do during the week. I start on one thing then I have to work on something else. there is like ten million things to do. I am taking these hard classes and I hate them. I have to read a lot of course, but oh well. I have a quiz tomorrow in my Bio 211 discussion class. gosh I hope am ready. I really want to do well. its my first quiz. am going to be nervous. I did study some last night. I am extremely tired because I stayed up late looking over stuff for bio 211. I feel I am not fully prepared. but then I study so hard I go take the quiz and what if I fail. I hate that feeling. I study so much but then my hard work wont pay off. I feel so awful that I cry, I know crying doesn't do anything. but its just you work so hard and you want to do well. I am going to study some more tonight though. I want to go over to jester and go to the learning center for my calculus homework due soon. gosh so much to do today. right now am just tired and hungry. I ate junk food last night. the cafeteria was closed and I just didn't feel like going down to the strip by myself. I just always want someone there with me. I am scared though to walk on the strip by myself. maybe this weekend I will walk on the strip in the afternoon by myself. I want to go look at the stores and just walk and chill out. I am just stalk in this cubicle just putting my head into the books. its like I need to get out get some fresh air. its just am so stressed and I know I got too much to do its like I don't even have 10 minutes to just relax. there is so many things to do on campus and I want to join clubs and get to know some new people. I want to join like the medical clubs and maybe a Persian club. that would be fun. I want to meet some Persian people on campus since I am Persian too. its fun to meet someone from your own culture. you can relate to them and stuff. I just need to get out there and explore my possibilities. I need to join some clubs not just for writing in you resumes but for fun and to learn and explore and also to meet people who are also interested in the same things you are. I want to go to the medical field so I need to join some medical organizations. I am sure there are many of them. I am a biology major and now am thinking to change my major to psychology. I think psychology will be an interesting field. I talked to my cousin who recently graduated from medical school and she said it would be a great idea. I want to do something that I am interested in and like to study. biology is hard but any subject is hard, but now the classes am taking I am just not having fun and its really stressing me out and I want to do something that I will enjoy. and I want to get into medical school. I am sure every person who applies to medical school like probably most of them are biology majors. I don't want to be a biology major. I want to stand out. I want to be different. I also think that if I don't get into medical school then what am I going to do with a biology major besides teaching and maybe working in the lab, but is it really what I want to do? if I don't get into medical school am sure there are many possibilities with a psychology major. I can go to graduate school and such and maybe be come a psychologist. I think that would be more fun and interesting. gosh all am thinking about now is how hungry I am, ha-ha. I didn't eat any breakfast this morning even though I have lots of junk food in the dorm room, that I can eat. I will wait another hour or so to go have lunch with my roommate. my next class isn't until 1230. so I have plenty of time until then. I am going to study some more for my quiz on tomorrow and maybe I will eat something to before lunch, because right now I am way too hungry. I am glad I have some food in here. its not healthy but I am just way too hungry. I want to take a nap too, but am not going to I will try to go to bed early tonight maybe. well see how long it will take to finish up at the learning center. hopefully I can be done by 9 or 930. I am going to leave the dorm around 630 or so, so I can be at jester by 7. I want to finish my calculus homework so I wont have to worry about it that much. I already got enough stuff to worry about and do. I just want tomorrow to be over with. after tomorrow's quiz I think I will be okay. ",y,y,y,n,n

2004\_8.txt,"Wow, hell week at the chi phi really put me back. I have homework out the ass. Damn I type really slow. I wish I could type faster. This song I'm listening to wasn't so bad. The next song I don't recognize, oh yea I do , hell yaw this song is great. time sure does go by. Wow this song really fits me maybe I should just roll with it. no more stalling just go and roll with it. May I should just do it. Fine the next time I see Dina I just let her know how I feel. This writing assignment is really making me hate all of those people who type fast. Maybe I should have taken a typing class in high school. Damn this song brings back way to many memories. It always make me stop and think about the girl that I like at that time. Now I'm thinking about Dina, she is just so nice. It just kind of grew and since we started out as friends it's hard to just transition into a relationship. Hopefully the feelings are not all one sided. Well I have plenty of time I see her almost every day. But if I wait too long she will become a permanent friend and I would have lost my chance. She is also my Spanish tutor so then my Spanish will be tied to my relationship. She has so much patience for me though. She can be my sugar momma. Damn I really can't stop thinking about here. I wonder why here phone wasn't working today, I kind of glad though. I need more time to think things out and its not always to do things in the spur of the moment. The tickets I got for the game suck. I can actually spit on the rice fans from my spot. Oh well, I got an extra ticket for Dina, I'm actually glad I could only get one extra ticket. Now here friend can't come with us. I'm felling really anti-social lately. I'm not really hyper or energetic either. And have been sick with a soar throat and stuffy nose. I just want a few days to catch up. This assignment is almost over . I bet almost everyone else has more written then me. Oh well. Hey now. I have too many posters It looks like a kids room in here. I just wish I could concerto ",y,n,n,y,y

2004\_9.txt,"So I'm not sure on what I'm supposed to be typing about. What I smell, taste, feel like??? Well I'm chewing gum. I've been chewing it for over like 3 hours now. I hate it when gum starts to get really hard in your mouth. My gum got hard a long time ago. But somehow the flavor is still intact. It's weird though- like with some gum, the flavor is gone after you chew it for like literally 2 minutes. However, I've noticed that Wrigley's chewing gum tends to have flavor for a very long time. There are many pictures on my wall. I stuck all these pics up like 2 days ago. There are pictures of my friends, one of my dog, and one of me and my sis. I don't have one of my family up there. I kind of feel bad in a way. But I don't think it's necessary to have them up on the board. I have a picture of them in my drawer if I ever need to see them. But I think it's better with them in my drawer. Every time I look up at these pictures of all my friends, I miss them like no other. Man, I had so much fun last year, in high school in general. But last year was definitely the best year. Man, me, Caroline, and Shaheen in government and Spanish. Those were some good times. I kind of even miss my teachers. And our elephants and doing SCN all the time. We have so many inside jokes. And although I'm sure I'll see Caroline again, I'm afraid that when I meet her things won't be the same. And for some reason I'm scared of that. I hope I can go to LSU in the spring. Or actually, I hope Caroline can come to Houston for Thanksgiving. Or both would be the best. And we can't forget about going to Europe next summer. I'm so used to traveling with friends because we always went on vacation with Xerx and Zahra. But now with this whole separation thing, I know that our traveling days with the Tegra family are over. Those were some fun trips too. I feel so blessed to have a friend like Xerx. And even Zubin and stuff. People that I've known my whole life. That even know I don't see them too often, when I do, you can tell that there's something there. Like I feel so close to them cause I practically grew up with them and their parents are like my parents. It's a really nice feeling. I'm also blessed for Shenz and the whole family. God, Shenz and Fred really do care about me and Tash like we were their own kids. And just knowing that really means a lot to me. And I hope that mom feels the same way about Zareen cause that would only be fair. So we're talking about fairness in my freshman seminar class and I'm thinking that maybe this class isn't going to be that easy after all. But I love the Professor; we call him Dr. EO. Hahaha, he's really cool. Like I walk into his class and he's like ""do you want a drink?"" Wow, I was like thinking ""what is this?"" Oh, and his classroom is in his office which have weird scary looking statues of people's heads. The office kind of reminds me of the The Vinci Code. I don't know why, maybe the whole ""Louvre"" idea. I always say I hate France and stuff but I really don't. I just think it's kind of funny to say that. But I really don't know why it's funny. But I mean I've said it so many times now that I really think I've instilled the idea into my head. Like I really don't want to travel to France in the summer. But I mean if Caroline wants to, then I really don't care. I think I'm pretty easy going when it comes to life. Like about my grades- I mean if I don't so well in college, what's going to happen to me? I mean, I'm still going to get a job and all, hopefully get into a good grad school. But I mean if for whatever reason I don't, then I think I'll be ok. I mean, it's not like I'm going to die or anything. Plus, if I have my own family then I don't think I'll be able to work and have the kids and stuff. Man, it's a complicated issue. We got a phone in our room, the same one I had in my room at home. But I haven't used it once here. If anything, Jennifer has used it way more than me. Man, I haven't even given anyone the number to this phone cause I don't want them calling in case they call when I'm not here and then have to talk to Jennifer. I'm not sure what I'm more afraid of, them talking to Jennifer or Jennifer talking to them. No, but Jennifer's really cool. But so is Joanna's roommate. Man, I wish I had a roommate like her. Dude, me and Jennifer need to start hanging out more often. But I never want us to have the same friends. John is one of Jennifer's friends. Majoring in Japanese and stuff. Wow, that's cool, especially since he's white and all. I've always wanted to take some random language like Japanese. I don't know, it's like you gain more respect if you fluently learn a language that is so not from where you are. Like me learning a African language and spe ",y,n,y,y,n

2004\_10.txt,"This must be the easiest and hardest writing assignment ever. There is nothing easier in a writing assignment when context and grammar doesn't matter, but there's nothing harder when one has nothing to write about. OK, how am I feeling? Hmm. I have a light headache and my contacts are bothering me. Right when I wrote ""light"" headache, it started to hurt even more. Anyways, in class Pennebaker did this statistical project or what not between people who are afraid of death are more likely to support Bush. Then, people who are more terrified of terrorists are more likely to support Bush. Hmm. I on the other hand, am not terrified of terrorist because I support Bush and feel safe with his leadership. That's how I would see it. If you are not afraid of terrorism, then you must think that Bush is doing a fantastic job with keeping America safe. Oh man, it's only been five minutes and my wrists are already starting to hurt. hmm, maybe I'll just type slower. My eyes are bothering me. Man this really sucks that I can't use the tab button to indent. I don't really want to keep pressing the space button because I am lazy and my wrist hurts. Ok forget any form of organization. I'll just babble about nothing. My eyes are watery. I bet it's due to my stupid contacts. My nose is runny too. Hehehe snot is gross. I wonder when anyone will ever read this. Never. Completion grade. Yay! Ok what am I thinking. I am thinking that I need to think of something so I can type whatever that thing is that I think ok. This is hurting my brain. I bet this is great for my headache. Wow, nine minutes already. This looks pretty lengthy. Ok I am positive that no one will ever read this. I mean who is going to read 300 plus random thoughts. Wow I just felt pressure to make mine interesting and jestful. What if mine is the most boring writing essay. No way, I bet that there's way more boring-er people than I am. I am just so cool like that. hehe no not really. Ok ::sigh:: 11 minutes. Wow. Time just slowed down. Ok I'm out of things to think once again. I rather be sleeping. It's in the afternoon and I just had lunch. I want to take a nap. Like pigs, they take a nap after they eat. I'm a pig. Only one minute has passed. What is this assignment suppose to prove. That class is composed of 300 hamsters in an experiment. Don't get me wrong. I don't mind. I'm in a fishbowl. Who's not a fishbowl? I am getting very sleepy. hehe I just thought of those guys who use a watch to hypnotize someone till they fall asleep and they say ""you are getting very sleepy"" in this creepy tone. well I feel like one of those guys being hypnotized. yayayaya! only 5 minutes to go! wow this is the best writing assignment ever. this should count for %50 of our grade. it's only fair. ok ok ok what am I thinking? I am thinking that I should be thinking of something to think of. ha that was gay. I'm hungry already and I just ate rice and steak. man I am a pig. I just have a big stomach capacity, I can't help it. headache. snot. itchy eyes. 3 minutes to go. I would be so mad if this whole thing got erased. hmm I wonder what everyone else is writing about. oh no, what if theirs is more articuling and witty. oh well I don't care. I hate competition. ha-ha ut's the best place for that. oh my gosh the count down begins. we have seconds left ladies and gentlemen. After much ado this fun is coming to an end. I must say it has been lots of fun. ",y,y,y,y,y

2004\_13.txt,"It's amazing how much free time you have in college. A totally different experience from when I was in my grade school years. Grade school, seems like I was in the 5th grade. It's hard to believe that my high school years were actually my grade school years as well and now I'm in a place of 60,000 people where you're lucky if 50 people know who you are. But with all this free time, it's hard to fill it with stuff to do all the time. Naps are a great way of filling up lots of hours, but you can only sleep so much. I remember laying in bed last night and having a feeling of homesickness even though I only live 20 minutes away and can go home with the push of seven digits. I feel bad for the people who are from small towns a million miles away. Not only are they far from home, but being thrown into the fire that is UT and surviving is a difficult task for anyone, let alone coming from towns 1/30 the size of UT. But I've been enjoying my college experience so far. Being able to sleep late, wake up late, take 3 hour naps, all of it. Not having to sit in a classroom for an hour and half every other day is a major plus as well. Come to think of it, I have no idea how I sat through those days and actually was focused for its entirety. The Xbox is calling my name as I write, taunting me with glimpses of football and shooting. It's amazing how people think that video games are responsible for their child being violent and whatnot. Parents are blaming a series of circuits and programs as the reason their kid is messed up? If people were being better parents, these kids would have better things to do than rot their brains in front of a TV screen. In today's world of money money and more money, it's hard to find time to put aside what is quite important in the world and spending time with the people that matter most. Not that TV's bad. Heck, I watch way too much of it myself, but my parents also ingrained in me the difference between right and wrong and I was lucky enough to be born right before the start of the technological age, so I get the best of what the world has to offered right now but had my values and beliefs ingrained in me before this ever-growingly corrupt world took over. Growingly, is that a word? It's hard to write for twenty minutes straight without going off on a tangent and starting to focus on other things, like the Schlotsky's cup sitting in front of my desk that's been sitting there for a few days and is probably starting to be a safe haven for mold. Speaking of which, there is also a box of fajita toppings that have been sitting in our refrigerator since school started, and yet even though I remember, I still don't get off my butt and throw it out. I keep telling myself that I'll do it when I actually take out the trash but heck, we only take the trash out like, once a week. I remember doing a stream of consciousness writing as one of my creative works in high school for a book we read because I thought that stream of consciousness writings would be really simple. Heck, you just write whatever comes to your head. Not too hard right? But man, I think I've grown up in a very rigidly structured school system and always have to plan stuff out before I actually start writing. So I found myself doing more thinking than writing, trying to find the right words and grammar usages so that my ""paper"" wouldn't sound like a first grader wrote it. But sometimes that's what a stream of consciousness writing has to be. It doesn't matter if you use fifty letter words or ""big,"" because these writings aren't about the content, they're about collecting your thoughts and putting them down no matter how random they be. I found it funny how when you gave out this assignment and asked if there were any questions, 20 hands shot up in the air. Questions arose like, how many paragraphs? How many words? What's the structure? We grow up in a world of rules, where everything is set out before us and we either follow or be considered a problem child. We spend more time defining the box rather than thinking outside it. Heck, we rarely even spend time thinking inside of it. My dad's friend is starting this school in which they let kids pretty much do whatever they want. They provide guidance but not rules, set boundaries but don't fence the kids in. Their objective is to let the kid develop his or her own self-discipline, not letting some adult develop it for him or her so that when they get out into the real world, they don't curl up into a little ball and hide or rebel and go crazy and not know what they're doing. While I think it's a pretty cool idea, others reject the fact that a school like this exists because people are ingrained with rules, their lives governed by the boundaries of the box. So hopefully, someday, people will be able to think for themselves, that we won't become robots that only exist because God told us we could exist at the time that we do exist. ",n,n,y,n,n

2004\_15.txt,"Today has not been a very good day for me. I found out that my roommate is secretly dating my ex-boyfriend behind my back. My friend and I caught them together last night in the courtyard outside of my dorm. This is one of the worst feeling I have ever felt. I am dating a boy right now, but the feelings for my ex have started to resurface. She fully knows that I like him, but she is deceiving me. I was very irritable today and I was rude to a lot of people. I really am not a rude person, I just do not understand why people find it necessary to take advantage of my niceness. I went to Pappasito's last night to pick up some to go food. It is sitting in my refrigerator and I am very anxious to eat it. I already had some chips, salsa, queso, and guacamole today. I love Mexican food. I have a French test tomorrow. This is our second test. I thought I made an A on the last test, but when I got it back I found a much lower grade. It upset me, so I am going to study very hard for this test. Right now I have a 4. 0 at the university, and I want to keep it as close to that as possible. I have noticed while typing this that I never capitalize 'I'. I have gone back and fixed my work at least ten times. I am used to typing informally online, where grammar and capitalization does not matter. My roommate just left for an environmentalist meeting, and I wanted to go read some of her AIM logs. So, I walked over to her computer and was starting to read some when the door started to shake and I thought I heard her key in the door. I was so scared that she was going to come in and catch me. From that experience I have realized that I don't want to be snooping in her stuff anymore. It would not be worth it if she came in and caught me. We already are going to be on semi-bad terms after I talk to her tonight about Chris. One of our good friends thinks that once I talk to her about it she will drop the whole thing. He said that she felt really bad about going behind my back and she knew it was ""too good to be true"". Oh come on. She met him like three days ago, there is no way she likes him that much. It just hurts me so bad to know that she ignores our friendship and goes after something that she knows will hurt me. Last night our friend talked to her about it and told her that she needed to drop it or else neither of us would talk to her. She told him that she was not sure what she wanted to do because Chris is ""special"". That is what got to me the most. She is willing to throw away two friendships for a boy she just met like 3 days ago. I am already stressed out enough with school, I do not need roommate problems. This is the reason I do not hang out with girls, they do this sort of thing to each other. My guy friends have never hurt me intentionally like this. When they try to get to me, they use force. Like one time my guy friends all attacked me with pillows. It got frustrating, but I did not get emotionally hurt by it. Girls get you in the worst possible way. Tonight Mean Girls is showing at the Union. I want to go see it so bad because I love that movie. It is so good. I would go see it if I did not have to do all of this homework. I already had a test last week in French, I am upset that there is another one this week. Our teacher also assigns us homework on the night before our test. It is safe to say that we are going to be studying for the test, so there is no need to assign homework. Oh well. I have not done laundry since I arrived here in Austin. I am down to my last pants and shorts. I will probably do some tonight, if I don't get too lazy. I have treated this writing assignment as like a journal. I have a lot of stuff on my mind from this whole roommate thing, so it is good that I could write it all out. It has been kind of hard to keep writing constantly. My hand are getting kind of numb. I think it is because I never use the shift key to capitalize things, and now I have to. Well, my time has come to an end. Time to get back to more homework. ",y,n,y,y,n

2004\_16.txt,"Hey you, So far so good, I've got Chem done and don't have to worry about this when I finish typing. wish I could type faster, without the errors too, that'd be great. Like Tony the tiger. Anyways, I'm happy as of the moment. I get to see Anthony today, and any day that that happens is a good day for me. (At least, most of the time) =) I like rings, that was the only thing I could think of. Sometimes when I write, (normally I write letters/notes to people) in this ""stream of consciousness ( which is a pain to spell) type of writing. But sometimes I try to be random and that just isn't fair to anyone. I don't like this delete button, (I just don't like the fact I have to use it so much) anyways. I've been waking up on time so far. What has it been, 5 days? dear me, I'll never keep it up, being such not a morning person and all. But maybe I'll adjust, or not. I want internet access in my room, I don't' have it yet, but I will on Wed??? I think. But that ain't soon enough, cause I got calculus homework due by then, and I hate using the library computers or Jackie's. She's such a good friend, what would I ever do without her? no one knows. not even me, or you, whoever you are. Sorry I'm not interesting today, must have picked a bad day. The phrase ""academics first"" just seems to be such a lie. Cause everywhere you go, it seems that ""athletics is first"" or at least that's how it is in high school. Where you're AP physics teacher is also the softball coach and miss 1 class every week, (and you only have 2 or 3 classes a week to begin with) anyways. it's a pet peeve of mine. What others do I have? I'm not sure at the moment, I'm not sure about a lot of things though. Anthony is always saying ""you don't' know a lot do you?"" and it's true, cause when I don't' know, I don't know, and I admit it. I wanted to take that polygraph test yesterday. I always wanted to see if I could beat one. But I can't lie very well to begin with. Can't lie to Mom, Jackie, and Anthony. but everyone else I can pass a few things by. By the way, (there's is nothing to add on to that, it was just what I thought) That's what you get when you assign this type of assignment. but I'm not complaining, I really enjoy it. it lets me think. cause when I think in my head, it doesn't' really work, I still don't know what I'm thinking. but when I write it, then I can at least see what I'm trying to think. My finger nails keep getting in the way of my typing. I must sound like a hick when I talk/type. but that's okay, cause I'm Texan and if that's what it takes to be Texan, then so be it. Damn don't' I sound spiffy. (not really) don't' know why people (Anthony) hates Texas so much. I mean, common on! It don't ever get cold. That's the best part. (well it does sometimes, but not as much as other places) Finish. I type what I read, and then go from there. Can you find the ""finish button"". Oh, yesterday I had the overbearing urge to watch the ""fox and the hound"". Why? I don't' know. Don't' care to much either. ""Hi I'm Copper!. I'm Todd. "" One D or two. I don't' know. Don't' think I care too much either about that. What do I care about? Can't think of anything at the moment, but I'm sure there is something. Anthony, grades. (Anthony's my Boy friend by the way) Look, there's that phrase, ""by the way' again. BTW. Blah. that always reminds me of Jackie, (my friend, happy PR chick) ""Blah"" does. She says it a lot, and now I'm saying it a little more. Hmmm. 2 mins! The brisket will be ready in 1 hour!. sorry that commercial always pops up in my head when I start counting down. Down the hill, over the hill. Where's grandmother? Who knows? I guess I Don't. Do you? Good question. bye for now, farewell. Godspeed. Choa! Bye. ~ME. Oh I didn't know that we could keep going after the ending. I was all prepared to stop and all. Well I'd keep writing, but I'm sure I have stuff to do, and this ain't ever going to be read anyways. so adios amigos!. ~ME Man, I type slow. ",n,y,y,n,y

2004\_18.txt,"Well, I'm 18 years old now and I'm in college. So far it has been kind of boring really and I still have not received my math book so that kind of ruins everything. Ok not everything but it's not a good thing and wow 20 minutes is a long time. I want to watch this show on television but I guess I won't so let's see what else I am thinking. The dryer is kind of loud and only 2 minutes have passed since I've been typing nonsense. School is also exhausting. I take naps like everyday and you know I actually like writing about nothing because why? Hmm. Well, because I'm not stuck with a certain topic and I just have to decide what to write about. I would talk about smell but there is nothing exquisite in the air right now if that makes any sense. However, about 1 hour ago I was eating meatloaf that my brother made and it was pretty good but now I'm hungry again because I didn't have much to eat. So I'm thinking of going to Starbucks and getting some delicious Mocha Frappucino. Is that spelt with 1 or 2 ""c's"". Anyways before I go to Starbucks I may go to the weight room hopefully not the one at UT because I may still have other assignments to attend to and UT is too far of a distance. Man I wonder what time Starbucks is closed. I also want some ice cream. I sure hope that I don't gain the Freshman 15 because that would really suck. I hope that doesn't offend whomever has to read this because I didn't mean to. I sure hope that I learn to manage my time later on or sooner actually. My throat or something hurts and I wish that I could just sleep all day. I hate some of my classes and I hate being in the Gateway Program. It's alright but not what I expected. I definitely didn't expect to take a class for that program but I am stuck in the most boring of boring classrooms. I feel like what am I doing there and can I get out of the program without hurting the Coordinator? Also, when should I try to get out of the program? 6 more minutes to go. what to talk about? what to talk about? Oh yeah, I had a fever last week and I hope that I don't get sick again this year. Another thing about the Gateway program is that I have to go to some social events and that takes time out of my life. I definitely don't know what to do. They like helped me register or whatever and I have to wait 3 hours and 30 minutes on MWF before my last class on those days which is Psychology and I have no idea what to do during that time and I tend to feel drowsy or sleepy during that class. Sorry. 2 more minutes. I'm looking at this sheet and I have no idea what to do with my UT email address and how to get into it. Does that make me dumb? I wonder if I'm even going to get a response for that question. yeah 9 more seconds. ",n,n,y,n,y

2004\_21.txt,"well its Sunday night and I'm just chilling in the room. I'm enjoying not having my roommate here. it is so nice to just do whatever without someone here talking and making noise and talking to everyone under the sun on the phone. that's what my roommate does. instead of going out like a normal college student she sits in the room and talks to her parents like a million times a day. I guess whatever floats her boat though so whatever. as long as we are ok with me going out and coming in whenever I want then we have no problems. last night was pretty fun. I went to sixth street for the first time and had my first legal clubbing experience. I kind of got hooked up with this guy that game with my friend so that was fine except he wasn't that good of a dancer because he couldn't keep up with my rhythm but it was fun anyways. the funnest was on Friday when me and Kayla went to the hitching post where the iron spikes were having their recruiting party. we drank and had lots of fun then we got to spend the night at this guys apartment that I met at camp Texas. he was a counselor that I had spent the entire first morning talking to about just whatever. I really didn't think anything of it at the time because I thought it would be like off limits to have any kind of fling with the counselors so I kind of kept my distance. I e-mailed him once school got started just to see how everything was going and see if he still remembered me. he did, which was good. I was hoping he would. I think I kind of like him but I have no idea what he thinks about the whole situation so I'm not going to stress over because it is so not worth it. and plus he is the guy and I grew up in a place where the guy always made the first move so I'm not all about jumping in here with my opinion and try to get something started. maybe that's my problem. when I want something I tend to let it come to me and I just wait around till something happens. maybe I should go after the things I want. speaking of things that I want, I applied to be a Texas lasso. I got a call back today saying that they wanted me to come in for an interview. I was so excited. I have wanted to join something like this ever since I got to campus. they do everything, from socials to community service. I heard about it from the guy that invited me to the iron spikes party this past Friday. he is an iron spike and he suggested I look into it because he thought I would enjoy it. and the lassos do social events and stuff with them so maybe I could be able to hang out with Joe a little more but whatever about that. I really hope I get in to this because I really want to be apart of something and have those group of friends that are in the same position as me that I can always count on to be around for me to go out with and things like that. I have been recently hanging out with Kayla who is one of the girls I met at orientation. we do everything together and she just got into longhorn singers so that pretty much takes up all her social time now. that's why I want to get involved in something of my own so I wont have to sit around my room waiting for a time when she can do stuff with me. that's not what college is all about. its about having fun and enjoying yourself, not sitting around your room all day and only coming out for food or class like my roommate. she is trying to get involved though. she signed up for the rowing team so we'll see how that works out. it seems kind of weird to me but whatever floats her boat. I'm no one to judge. I have got the music on my computer going and the TV so there is all kinds of stuff to keep me occupied while I sit here and type for twenty minutes. I have like five minutes left so that's good because I'm kind of getting tired of typing. tomorrow me, Kayla, and her roommate sheik are going shopping at Barton creek mall! I am very excited about that because I love to shop and I want some big sunglasses. I have seen lots around campus and I want some of my own. I really don't want anything else but u never know once you get going. I'm a big shoe fanatic so hopefully no shoes will impress me because I will buy them and add to the collection in my room. its going to be fun whether I get stuff or not because I just love shopping in general that's why my major is retail merchandising. I will get to shop for a major company like mace's or Nordstrom or even tiffany's. that is my dream. I want to have a base office in new York city and then travel all over buying merchandise for my company. I want to eventually be head person because I don't like being under someone else's control. but I know ill have to start from the bottom which is fine but u better believe I will work my butt off to fulfill my goals and dreams. my parents have been wanting me to come home for a weekend but I think not yet. I don't want to miss anything up here. it is so much fun at college! ",y,y,n,n,n

2004\_22.txt,"I just read in Alfred Adler's Understanding Human Nature that a person's psyche and action is driven by an ultimate goal, and that that goal is irreversibly influenced by experiences, emotions, failures, and other memories from childhood. And I consider how closely indeed my present ambitions are tied to my trauma and exhilaration as a young child. Now, I feel the only way I can attain happiness is to create something. To form a tangible pillar of my individuality and soul. I need to see my doubt, anger, passion, fear, fascination, and every substance of my mind materialize. Now, in this search to form and mold the outer world, I turn to literature, to books and stories of others, tales with which I can empathize and understand. My hunger for reading is insatiable. Everything from novels, to scientific articles, to textbooks, to philosophical papers, I want it all. I want to absorb it so that I don't miss an ounce of life. I want to share every shape and substance of time, to reflect on all thoughts before me so that I can mold those after. And in all of this, with all the knowledge, as I absorb the mind of others through their literary creations, I feel great anxiety in that I have not made a contribution of my own. Many projects that I saw as the key to overcoming this inaction and dullness have fallen short. My passions flow like a liquid, undulating and turning over, never constant, never culminating into a final insight or enlightenment. Several novels begun on my own, yet my mind drifts to other settings, other plots and themes, other characters and personalities. I can never immerse myself in the fictitious, because my own thoughts are unstable. The worlds I put on paper dissolve, evaporate and disintegrate into the torrent of my consciousness. I am always looking forward to what I will be, what I could possibly become, my intellect, my insight, my ambition, the materialization of all my passions. And it fills me with great anxiety, dread that the person inside of my my never emerge. And I think back to my early life. My parents. Childhood. When everything rested on today, on that ice cream cone after enduring an afternoon of chores, on that TV show that I've waited for all night. These were simple pleasures, now caught up in the mad flood of responsibility and maturation. It makes me so tired to look forward. To never be now. My parents were demanding. Good grades, a clean room, church attendance, moral infallibility. Always left behind in someone's expectations. Enslaved to your own dedication and attachment. I loved them then. Cherished them. Everything I did was to attain their approval. Then I would dismiss any pleasure if only for a few words of gratitude or a compliment. An ovation of some sort. I need approval. I still do. My father was a loner, and now I am a hermit as well. He never shared his thoughts. Compassion, empathy, conversation, all foreign in the house. I made up games to express myself. My imagination was as abundant as the grown-up books I read. The stuff everyone else hated. The big thick books on science, philosophy and religion. When people were still learning their multiplication tables. Science fiction. Fantasy. Anything that made life a little more exciting and unpredictable. And I wanted to escape. Straight A's, top of all my classes, and only a pat on the back. Still not good enough, because no one would share it. They wanted to play outside, go to the bayou, ride bikes, play in puddles, watch a movie, go to a party, raise hell. I just wanted to be alone. With my books. My imagination. And I've never had a close friend, because I was always so afraid of betrayal. So afraid that I would be cast out, and many times I was, when I just wanted to think. Now I don't know if there is much else than my own thoughts, and there is nothing for them to do but bounce around in my head. I hope for someone who can share my mind. Someone who can relate to life, looking back on it, reflecting, not just living it. ",n,y,n,y,y

2004\_23.txt,"Right now I am thinking about the convocation I have in about 45 minutes. But I'll definitely need to leave in around thirty. that boy Michael was really cute. really cute. he is the first nice looking Mexican that I have seen yet. Ok maybe there were a few others but he lives on my floor and he introduced himself. that's one of the things I don't like about this school. no one introduces themselves to each other. it's like everyone only cares about their own lives and won't be bothered by anyone else's. but you know what. I think everyone else wants to meet people too, at least the majority but they just don't know how to go about doing it so they act like they don't care and disinterested or they act like they are much too busy and much too good for anyone else. it's very sad I think. at the beginning everyone is all excited, expecting other people to be really nice and friendly and then they meet the first bitchy person. Now they realize how things work around here and in an effort not to get thwarted and rejected by another person, they too take on the same attitude and on goes the downward spiral. just because we all fear a little bit of rejection. Sad really. that was my friend matt from economics class. He's not really my friend but I sit next to him in class. he seems nice enough and he is going to let me borrow his econ book since mine has not come in the mail yet. I'm going to be so behind in economics. I tell you. I really like that class though. so anyways. I know how this goes because I thought everyone would be nice and friendly but I was met with blank stares when I smiled at anyone anywhere on campus with the exception of a few. A very few. whatever. I am still going to smile and I am still going to introduce myself and be nice because otherwise I will be miserable and unapproachable like those people. ugh. I just put ""so anyways"" instead of ""so anyway"" I think that sounds as dumb as ""laters"" when one really means ""later"". that is really very jr. high. I miss those days. I wonder how Cindy is doing. ugh. I really don't want to go to the convocation because everyone is just going to be with their own little group and I will be an outcast once again. I'm pretty and nice and outgoing and popular and smart. Damn that sounds really conceited. Maybe I'm a little of that too. I considered erasing a couple of those adjectives but I think that's pretty dumb considering I really do think those things about myself. it's not socially acceptable to think good things about yourself. It's much more appealing to not know any of the good things about oneself. I confess that I too am attracted to ignorance of ones own worth and humility and modesty. But if you know it about yourself I think it is worse to act like you are modest and humble than to just admit it. Within reason that is. so anyway. I am these things but I feel like people don't want to reach out and meet new people and therefore I get shafted. I know they will like me if they get to know me but it's that introducing part that is really limiting. kind of stops the whole getting to know you thing prematurely. I am so proud of myself lately. I am being such a good girl. Although my habit of exercising everyday at 5 has been rudely interrupted with today's events of the five o'clock dinner at Trudy's which was pointless to attempt because I missed it anyway. I should have just gone to work out anyway and not let meetings and such get in the way of my schedule esp. when they are unimportant. I'm really irritated by that. but back to the story. I have been developing such good habits. I make my bed everyday, I wash my face twice a day, I get all my assignments down early or at least I begin them really early. O shit. I just got a little flash of procrastination. That sneaky devil. NO GO AWAY!!!. I'm not going to be a procrastinator this year. I just don't have the time for that. I run every day . Mon-thurs. 2 miles a day. plus I see a few cute boys in the gym that's always nice. kind of a motivating factor. when I get back from the convocation I'm going to go run otherwise my whole system will be screwed up. Damn that dinner. UGH. What else do I do. O yea. I didn't even go out last weekend and I had no desire too. I haven't been drinking. I haven't been too flakey. With the exception of ross but that's quite not my fault most of the time. Anyway we are good terms at the present. I'm being a pretty good daughter. I finished my scholarship applications stuff. what to write about now. I want to write about something cool. No luck. I really want to join the p2 chamber music group but I hope that they allow flutes. Bad flutes in lol. I'm probably really bad by now. I wonder if there is practice rooms around. I need to find one anyway to practice the piano anyway. I thought it would be a lot easier to get guys here. I thought they'd be all confident and just come up to you. And then I would act all shy and innocent. It's just how I act. Natural reflex to wanted attention. Sometimes I think I'm so stupid. And then they would flatter me and ask me out. And I would act like I wasn't really sure. I little bit suspicious of their motives. (and rightly so I imagine) and then I would say ok and give them my number and things would be lovely. well I have to go to the convocation that will steal hours of my life away. see yaw. This has been a pleasant venting experience I tell you. ",y,n,n,y,y

2004\_24.txt,"I really need to study for chemistry, but I just remembered that this assignment was due. I would have done it earlier, but my computer has been giving me so many problems. First all these warnings about ""you have spyware and adware"" started coming up and then it started working really slow--it took 15 minutes to open up the internet!! Then after a while it wouldn't even do that--it just sat there! So I tried to shut it down and it still didn't do anything--but if I tried to start a program, it said ""This program cannot open because the system is shutting down. "" So I unplugged it and let the battery run out. Computers are so stupid. But I guess we couldn't live without them. I really hope I don't fail this chemistry test tomorrow. I'm really nervous because it's my first real college test and it's also over some stuff that I don't completely understand. My roommate is in the same class as me, but she's at the PCL--she calls it her home because she's there every minute of every day--I don't know how she does it!! Studying for 10 minutes makes me feel like I need a break--she stays there for hours!! She's really sweet though. I so happy I got good roommates (yes--that's plural--I have 3 roommates--I'm in supplemental housing--it's not as bad as I thought it would be) 2 of my roommates are really nice. The other one is kind of weird, but she's hardly ever here--she's always at her boyfriend's house. That's kind of rude to her parents though--I mean--they're paying for her food and housing and she's not even sleeping here. The only thing I know about her is her name really. That's okay though--at least she's not using my computer all the time anymore. When we first moved in she didn't have a Ethernet cord so I said she could do her add/drops on my pc. But then she printed off all her lecture notes for her classes (on MY printer--with MY ink) so at least that's not happening any more. Andy Roddick lost in the quarterfinals of the US Open tonight. That made me so sad--I LOVE Andy Roddick--he has to be the sexiest guy ever! I met him last year and the Tennis Masters Series in Houston and he signed my shirt--me and 3 of my friends had made shirts that spelled out ANDY--he and his coach really liked them!! But I really wanted him to win--he won the Open last year and that was his first so I really wanted him to defend it. Oh well. The guy he lost to was playing really good. He played the same type of game as Andy though. They were calling him a Swedish Andy Roddick, but he'll never be Andy Roddick--he wasn't cute enough. Chemistry and biology are going to kick my butt this semester. I'm not really sure if I want to major in biology any more. I think it might just be too much science for me. I thought I could handle it, but I just don't know anymore. I know majoring in biology will probably help me make a good score on the MCAT, though. I really want to get into med school. I want to be a pediatrician. It's just so much school though. OY! But I think it'll pay off. I really want to do something with kids and I could do that and make money at the same time. I mean--it's that or teaching right? and teaching is definitely NOT on my list of things I want to do. My mom is a teacher and they don't get paid half of what they deserve! She works all the time--sometimes she doesn't come home until after midnight--and she only works with 5th and 6th graders. I mean--it's probably worse with older kids right? I don't know--I just couldn't handle it--I'd feel like I deserved more. Chemistry time. ",n,n,y,y,y

2004\_25.txt,"Wow, Its the end of another week ,and finally I get time to relax . My idea of relaxing isn't partying or drinking. My idea of relaxing is sleeping. Yes sleeping for long hours with nothing on my mind, is my favorite hobby. My roommate is reading what I'm reading so I had to halt before I continued typing. There's another friend in my room and he's laughing at what I just wrote. He shouldn't be reading other people's thoughts! Wow 3 minutes over already. I got 17 minutes left . I'm just feeling really light right now. Light in the head. I can't think of anything to write. This is supposed to be a spontaneous writing assignment. It's definitely better than the other assignments where you have to prepare drafts and correct mistakes over and over again. Tomorrow's Saturday and Saturday means another football game for UT. I couldn't go for the first game, because I didn't have the football package and the tickets cost a lot out of the package. My roommate is making me listen to one of her songs right now. So basically I'm doing two things at a time-typing and listening to music. Some people can study with music playing, I still haven't tried studying with music playing in the background. Maybe I should try it out sometime. I think it is important to knock before you enter a room. But that just doesn't happen in Jester. One of my friends just barged in, and I jumped in my seat. This is crazy. I should tell him not to do that again. I'm not that fastidious actually. But certain things annoy me. The things that would annoy me would actually annoy any normal human being, so I know I'm not a freak. I have to call my mom tonight and tell her about the week's events. It's been a great week. My chemistry test went well. I really want to maintain high grades throughout the semester, so I can get some kind of scholarship. I don't want my father to pay so much for my education. He doesn't grumble or anything, but I just feel guilty. I know that I have to work extra hard because I have been given a wonderful opportunity to study in a great school like Stand I must make good use of this advantage I have over other people. I'm loving it here. I came to America exactly a month ago. Wow I should be celebrating today. It's been a month in the United States. This stupid friend is irritating me, Wish I could ask him to leave, I can't concentrate on my thoughts. He's asking me why I type with just two fingers. God. I'm going to tell him to mind his own business. I better change the topic . Or he might read this ,and get annoyed and abuse me or something. Yeah but making friends has been tough. I haven't made too many friends. My roommate is my best friend as of now. I couldn't have asked for a better roommate. We just get along really well. Today at Chemistry class I met another Indian girl. She was from Houston . She was basically an ABCD -American born confused Desk. Desk refers to Indians Ok my 20 minutes are up so I'm going to sign off now. I'm going shopping with my friend Rashmi, right now. I'm going to the Target store. Then I've got to come back and do my laundry. Ok. I'm going. Bye. Writing this assignment has been great. Thank You ",n,y,y,n,n

2004\_26.txt,"Well, I suppose I should think of a topic to write for 20 minutes. It is a mystery to what kind of issue or topic the professor wishes me to explore. I know he says to just type what I think, but the topic is so broad there are an infinite number of paths and possibilities to explore. What exactly is the professor trying to look for in this writing experiment. It can't be the simple fact to see if a person is capable of typing for 20 minutes. My mind currently draws a blank at what I should write about. Perhaps my first impressions of college as a freshman? Well so far, I think I'm still getting used to the fact that I am living on my own, and I do have a greater sense of independence from my parents. However, there are responsibilities I like and dislike having. Wow, it's only been around 5 minutes since I started. I really doubt I am capable of typing about no specific topic for a whole 20 minutes. Now I am thinking if I am required to type for the whole 20 minutes, or if I can simply hit the finish button when I have finished this stream of thought. Earlier, I started to complete a few experiment requirements. The prescreening requirement was not available, which is kind of depressing since it seemed like an easy 1. 5 hr worth of experimental credit. I hope it becomes available later. Now, my mind continues to draw a blank with nothing to write about. Honestly, I'm watching TV while typing this assignment, hoping to pass the time a little faster. It doesn't seem to be helping much though. It's strange when you try to force yourself to type about anything, nothing comes out. Not just nothing good, but ABSOLUTELY nothing! Well I'm nearing the 15 min mark, and I seem to have less and less to write. I wonder how long other people's assignments will be. Perhaps most will be longer than mine, but maybe not. Some soul must be just as stuck as I am. ",n,n,n,n,y

2004\_27.txt,"I'm glad I'm doing this assignment right now, I can't wait until Friday so I can get hammered That's the guy that was eying me like I was going to steal something it's kind of hot outside I wonder if I should change before we go to Bennigins tonight. Did I spell Bennigan's right? I hope I did the second time. Young Buck is a good lyricist. It's too bad he doesn't get that much shine. I feel like I'm going to get Carpal Tunnel Syndrome from all this typing. General, I salute. Lloyd Banks is good too. Damn, It's already seven o'clock and I'm just barely getting started on homework! This running nose sucks. I picked a hell of a time to do this. I don't know why I get sick so often. I'd be great if I had health insurance. Why is that fool looking at me like that. What does he think I'm going to do? He just doesn't know. Damn my muscles are so sore and I'm so tired. I got a good workout today. I like to reflect on my day towards the end, It's just what I do. Shit what the fuck do I do now? I lost track, but now I'm back on track like a train. The Little Engine that Could is what you COULD call me. LOL that was so lame! Why is Ben laughing? I don't why I'm writing the dumbest shit. I'm pretty smart. I must be, I got into UT. Hook 'Them Horns! Get off the phone! Stop talking. What's up? What's up? What's Up? Martin! They don't know me up in here. Who do you love? I love myself. I got sunshine on a cloudy day, when It's cold outside, I got the month of May. Too bad it's on September. Just two more weeks and I turn 20. That's going to be crunch, yaw know. Hell yeah! My nose is stopping to run. There are a lot of hot girls in my Psych class. Shit, there better be, there's fucking 500 plus people in that class. Why do people look at me funny. I think it's the way I dress. Just thuggin it up. Oh hold up dog, you better let me in. Fuck that let's get in started come on, let's begin. I don't even know what to say next. I smoke everyday because I stay stressed. And stay dressed, fly fresh to death, head to toe until the day I rest. Just give me some air forces and fitted hat to match matter of fact give me two of those with a white new era, now who dares to. Even approach me. I'm known in the ATX, but in H-Town it's locally, express myself vocally cause I fight with words I ain't the one wild in out stay tight on curbs swerve right in burb, high like them birds. I'm feeling kind of lucky, you could call me Larry, you call me anything. Homie I don't ball with jokes so you could me anything, just don't call me broke. Most hated M to the is-h phenomenal get up and get straight in your abdominal I'm warning you, stop your blood clot, and keep your mouth shut, stop talking shit you don't know what I'm about OK now I'm back, used to be little, but now I'm stacked like change on the dresser and spot the fakes, the streets is like a jungle you got to watch these snakes, cause they'll come up and bite yaw, act like they like yaw, pour gasoline on yaw then ignite yaw, start the fire, just like Banks, my pockets fill with money just like Banks and dating girls who model, just like Banks ",y,y,n,y,y

2004\_28.txt,"Hi, I'm sitting here in the computer lab at the FAC, and it is dark outside and I'm a young attractive female. . I'll definitely need an escort when it's time to go home. Home, that's what I call my dorm these days. it's just easier for me. I want to have some established place to live and stuff that way I'll be more plugged in to the university lifestyle. I used to laugh at LT when she called her dorm home. I guess I am following in her footsteps. although her strides are quite different from mine. and talking of strides, I miss cross country and all the guys. it was so much fun. I enjoyed every moment of it without even knowing it. I wish I could rewind back to those days when everything was so nice, so quarantined and all the laws of nature followed as they should. what went up came down and so on. I wish I could just see the fruit of my hard work as I did in cross country. the family atmosphere that I ridiculed and even took for granted at times. how could I have been so? I who loves others, I who cherishes all my friends. they were all my friends, all 23 of them. some more than others, but we all had that common goal that I find characterizes friendships. we were a sister hood. gosh, what a mourner I am, lamenting over the past. but they were good times. I'm sure, and I hope to God that I'll have some more good times or even better than ever times still to come. but this I can only hope that God gives me. For who knows tomorrow may never be. perhaps this is all I have. I'm not afraid though, just not prepared to meet my maker yet. I don't think I've done what I was purposed to do. therefore I'm not ready to go yet. in fact,,, I don't even know what it is that I was purposed to do. perhaps it is not a single great thing, perhaps it is just all those little things that I should be doing that I was purposed to do. who knows? who cares but me and my maker? Anyway, I guess that's life, not figuring out what one was purposed to do but just doing it. I guess it just comes naturally as all things in life do. I don't think planning is such a great idea. I don't think MLK planned to lead the civil rights movement when he was a freshman in college. I guess the civil rights found him and appointed him leader. or so I guess. and whatever it is that I'll need to do will find me and use me for what I am worth. when put that way, it sounds almost prostitution. but it cannot be. mankind is not a prostitute race. or is it. I don't know. sometimes I think it is . other times I think it is a dignified race. but then again to think mankind a dignified race is to give it too much adoration. too much more than it deserves. Mankind is a fallen race. lower than the angles -which we should have been higher than. but then again mankind is a dignified race made in the image of God with the ability to tap into the supernatural/the unknown unlike any other creature. There is no intelligent life in other planets, we are it. Now, I don't mean to say there is no other life forms out there, but that it is not more intelligent or even as intelligent as mankind. but then again what do I know? I who was born only 18 years ago? I don't know much, but then again, I have know a lot more than I credit myself. I have the ability to tap into the fountain of knowledge that never runs dry. there are things, great mysteries, that I knew even before I was born. but how is this?. oops my 20 minutes are up and that popup really disrupted my stream of consciousness!!!! what an ass! ",n,y,n,y,y

2004\_29.txt,"well I'm sitting in the library doing the writing assignment for psychology class. This is really fun. I just finished writing down my notes for astronomy class because I have a quiz in there on Thursday. I went home this past weekend. Nothing really exciting happened. I visited with my family for memorial day. My cousin was nominated for homecoming queen. Wow. Not. Anyway yeah. I'm back now. It was weird having to pack to go home. I saw a movie over the weekend, wicker park was the name of it. It was really good. I thought that it wasn't going to be that good but I really liked it, it was a love story and I'm always a sucker for those. well the time is going by really slowly. I want to get back to my room so I can watch my favorite TV show of all time. Big brother. it's almost over so it's getting exciting. I don't think I spelled that right. O well. This is the easiest assignment I think that I've ever been assigned. Wow. 20 min is a really long time. I still have 15 more minutes to go. ummm. I've been in the library a really long time. And I still need to finish the pre-screening survey for this class so I can get experiment credit. I'm really tired. My friend Jennifer is sitting next to me. She already did the assignment. I wish I was in my bed right now. I'm always tired these days. I'm liking college so far. I miss home sometimes and it seems like I miss it at the weirdest times but I think I'm adjusting pretty well. At least I think so. I left my medicine at home so I'm having trouble breathing. But my mom is sending it to me so I can feel better soon. I have to go to a UT football game for an assignment in my freshman seminar class but I didn't buy a sports package which by the way I think is the stupidest think I've ever heard of. I think if you're a student then you should be able to get into the game for free but what do I know. Anyway so I need to find somebody with an extra ticket that they want to give me. um I like all my professors except my freshman seminar prof. He picks on me because I'm quiet and I don't talk much. I hate when teachers do that. It really bugs me . I like listening to people talk. O man I still have 8 min to go. Blah blah. um a little while ago this guy was sitting next to me and he kept farting. It smelt so bad. Luckily he left because I don't think I would have been able to take it much longer. well now I can't think of anything to write so maybe I'll sing a song. ""on Monday I'm waiting, Tuesday I'm fading and by Wednesday I can't sleep. Then the phone rings I hear you and the darkness is a clear view because you've come to rescue me"". That was Ashley Simpson. I like her because she has the same name as me even though she doesn't spell it the right way. That's ok I guess I can forgive her. I like her sister, Jessica, too even if she is a dumb blond sometimes but at least she's herself unlike so many other people I know that try to copy what other people do and they can't come up with a unique thought if their live depended on it. Well I only have 3 minutes left. Thank goodness. It seems like I've been typing forever. Well my hand are getting tired of typing and I keep misspelling stuff so I have to keep on pressing the backspace button and I'm really tired. I've already said that but that's all I can think of right now. My eyes keep wanting to close. Good only one more minute and then I'm going to go and take a nap. O wait I can't. I have too much reading to do. That's all I do these days is read, read, read, and then I read some more. bye ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_32.txt,"WELL, I FINALLY GOT TO MY WRITING FOR PSY. I HAVE BEEN AT HOME DURING THE LABOR DAY WEEKEND. I MISSED MY FAMILY SO MUCH ESPECIALLY MY DOG MENO. I REALLY DID NOT WANT TO LEAVE. I ACTUALLY WANT TO GO HOME RIGHT NOW. I HAVE TODAY OFF. MY CLASS IS NOT UNTIL 3:30 PM AND THE CLASS IS BIO 212. MY BIO 212 PROFESSOR IS PRETTY FUNNY EVENTHOUGH I ONLY UNDERSTAND HIM HALF OF THE TIME. THE FUNNY THING IS HE LECTURES BETTER THAN MY BIO 211 PROFESSOR. MY BIO 211 PROFESSOR REALLY CANNOT LECTURE AT ALL. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND ANYTHING THAT COMES OUT OF HIS MOUTH. I REALLY DO NEED TO UNDERSTAND HIM OR ELSE MY EXAMS WILL BE EXTREMELY HORRIBLE. I HAVE A HUGE HEADACHE RIGHT NOW. I'M WATCHING SOAPS RIGHT NOW. I'M WAITING TO WATCH ALL MY CHILDREN. RIGHT NOW I'M WATCHING PORT CHARLES WHICH BROKE OFF OF GENERAL HOSPITAL. RIGHT NOW ALISON IS LOCKED IN JAIL. EVERYONE THINKS SHE KILLED HER BEST FRIEND FATHER BUT IN REALITY SHE REALLY DIDN'T. ALISON IS A PERSON THAT IS SWEET AND INNOCENT AND CAN NEVER KILL ANYONE. THE PERSON THAT REALLY KILLED OR HURT ALISON'S BEST FRIEND LIVIE IS A WOMAN THAT DIED 300 YEARS AGO. SHE HAS BLACK MAGIC. SHE CAME OUT OF THE PICTURE. IT IS REALLY FUNNY. KNOW WONDER THIS SHOW WAS CUT OFF OF ABC. IT'S ABOUT MAGIC AND VAMPIRES. WOW I CAN'T BELIEVER I HAVE ONLY BEEN WRITING FOR 9 MINUTES. 20 MINUTES FEEL SO FAR AWAY. I JUST SIGNED UP FOR THE PRESCREENING SURVEY. I WONDER HOW THAT WORKS. YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T GONE SHOPPING IN A LONG TIME. I MISS IT. THE MALL DOWN HERE REALLY SMELLS AND IS PRETTY OLD BUT THEY HAVE ALL THE STORES I LIKE. LIKE BEBE, BEBE SPORT, WHITE HOUSE AND BLACK MARKET, NORDSTROM. I MISS MY GALLERIA IN DALLAS. I USUALLY GO SHOPPING ONCE A WEEK BUT NOW IT HAS BEEN A MONTH SINCE I HAVE GONE. I CAN'T BELIEVE MY BROTHER IS STILL SLEEPING IT IS LIKE ALMOST 12 IN THE AFTERNOON. SPEAKING OF MY BROTHER. HE AND HIS GIRLFRIEND AND MYSELF OF COURSE WAS SPEAKING ABOUT OUR FUTURE CAREER LAST NIGHT. I REALLY DON'T KNOW IF PHARMACY IS REALLY THE WAY I WANT TO GO. I LIKE IT JUST BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE TO GO TO SCHOOL THAT LONG AND IT MAKES GOOD MONEY, BUT I DON'T KOW IF I REALLY AM GOING TO ENJOY IT. I WISH I COULD FIND SOMETHING IN UT THAT WOULD POP OUT AT ME. I WANT A CAREER THAT WOULD MAKE ME HAPPY AND MAKE GOOD MONEY. I WISH I HAD A DREAM THAT WOULD TELL ME WHAT IT IS THAT I WOULD DO IN THE FUTURE. I WISH GOD WOULD COME INTO MY DREAM AND TELL ME THAT THIS IS THE PATH YOU ARE TAKING TO THE FUTURE. WOULDN'T THAT BE NICE TO KNOW. I REALLY WANT TO FIND THE RIGHT PATH TO MY FUTURE. I DON'T WANT TO WASTE HALF OF MY LIFE ON SOMETHING I WILL HATE IN THE FUTURE. HOPEFULLY SOMETHING WILL TRIGGER ME SOON. I AM STILL WATCHING SOAPS IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES ALL MY CHILDREN WILL BE ON. WOW I ONLY HAVE ONE MINUTE LEFT TO WRITE. I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD SO MUCH TO SAY. IT REALLY MAKES ME FEEL BETTER JUST TO SAY EVERYTHING ON MY MIND. ",y,y,y,n,n

2004\_33.txt,"I'm still trying to figure out why I always procrastinate. I think I like to work under pressure, I have a philosophy paper due in a couple hours. I wonder if this class is going to be hard, or easy as long as you read and listen. I hope the second because I have never been one to study, and I would prefer not to now. why do people go home on the weekends? I thought that was what college is all about, going out on your own, more independence. calculus is going to be difficult this semester, I can already tell I'm going to have to do the homework in there. microecon shouldn't be too bad, I already covered most of the material in high school. if there's one thing in life I want to accomplish it is to understand what girls think, and what they mean by what they say or by their actions. I'm hoping this class well help me in that pursuit. its like you could be best friends, always hanging out have a great time, and think there's something there, but she just is gone for a while then. I'm still interested in this sleep deprivation thing. I read that some guy did an experiment on himself and stayed awake for over a hundred hours. after that everyone he saw he thought was Satan or the grim reaper or something like that. I think that would be an interesting experience to have, hallenacion and what not. I hope bush wins the election, although my family is die hard republican, I am more agree with things from both sides, with a slight lean to republican. I just believe bush will do a lot better job than Kerry, and the whole Vietnam thing I just don't was right. its funny how people can overreact and stereotype. there is currently a couple of bills in congress trying to resurrect the draft for military and civil service. while I don't know everything about it, I was looking over it and it appears to be supported by democrats. and the people I heard about it from were complaining that bush was the one that is trying to do it. I just hate it when people don't get their facts straight before they try and argue things, it just makes them look stupid. poker is a fun little game. I wish I could play it more often. trying to read people, and make decisions based on their actions and words. I wish I could find a girlfriend. there are many beautiful girls down here, but I don't know about some of them. there was this awesome beautiful girl at home, but I don't really know what happened there, I guess that goes back to understand what is going on in a woman's brain. I realized 20 minutes is a lot longer than you think it is, or maybe it is just appearing to be longer because I am thinking about how long it is, or I'm not doing an activity I find to be exciting. figuring a person out by the music they listen to is a fun activity. its hard because some people listen to all types of music. coffee is a life saver, going to sleep at 4 or5 then having class at 8 the next morning is not fun, I'm surprised I woke up for it. I missed class the other day when I slept through it and it was at 12. that's just strange, getting up at the 8 one, but oversleeping the 12. I wonder what the real world has in store for me, no more school and someone there to help. but as one professor I met said, remember these days, these are heaven. because after school you are going into hell. which I would agree with although I haven't experienced life after school, but I think it will be hell. ",n,n,n,n,n

2004\_34.txt,"There's a picture of the two of us up on my bulletin board. It's right behind my computer where I can see it when I'm working. I look at that picture and remember my past. I remember a time when I thought that things were different than they really are. I don't think anymore that it was anyone's fault, either hers or mine, that is. I respected her so much though, and it hurts to be let down by someone you think so highly of. In the picture, I look so innocent and young, in my white cheerleading skirt, and the royal blue shell with Eagles written across it. Her arm is around my shoulder, and she's holding her sunglasses in her hand. I recall that she had just taken them off before we took the picture. There are people in the background behind us, and the gym is visible. I remember how beautiful the day was; it was so crisp and blue and wonderful. It's hard to tell, and I've wondered many times, what exactly she was thinking when we took that picture together. When I look at the face, the eyes especially, sometimes I see something warm and trustworthy. Other times I'm sure I see something sinister and strange. I don't know why I still struggle with this issue so much. I've never really gotten over it. I went into this assignment knowing that I wanted to write about Carla because in class, I heard something said about how writing about something can change your opinion or the way you look at something. Well, it is true that I'm noticing things about the picture, minute details, that I didn't pay too much attention to before. But her face and her eyes are still an enigma to me. I can't explain in words how much I want her to care about me, to love me, and to think I'm something special. I want to tell her everything that I've done today and yesterday and since I arrived here. But she's back home, and I'm here, and there's something ominous to me about writing her an email. I don't know why. I miss her so much. She was there when I really needed someone. I see now more and more, that this was mostly situational. It's not like she planned to be in that room when my whole world fell apart. But she was. And she told me how to get through it, and she cared. More than any person has ever cared about me on this earth, at least that I'm aware of. The picture is truly beautiful, even though it's more than 5 years old. The light is in our hair, coming from behind, and our faces are bright and illuminated. The beauty of the day is apparent. I just feel like something needs to happen between us. There was never any closure for me, or continuation. Our relationship just sort of drifted off and never returned, and now I don't know where we are. I saw her by chance before I left for college at church because we are making a new church pictorial, and her family happened to be getting their pictures done on the same night as our family. I was very surprised to see her, and I know my heart skipped a beat. I hadn't seen her in such a long time. probably since before school let out for the summer. The truth is, I was a little bit upset with her for not being around. But she was nothing but warm and kind to me. I don't know why she always does that. I see her, and it's like I'm the whole world. But then when we're apart, I don't hear a peep. I don't understand our relationship sometimes, and it's very hurtful to me to analyze her possible motives. Anyway, she hugged me, and touched me, and stood close to me, and made me promise to keep in touch when I'm gone. She even promised to make me some chili or something when I come back and come over to her house. I fear that that's an empty promise, like so many of the others. But at the time, it was easy to believe her. I really think it's something to do with her eyes. You have never seen anyone with such power behind their gaze. She is so earnest with her eyes, but so untruthful with her actions. It confuses me to no end. I don't even know why I brought the picture with me, or why I decided to place it in such an obvious place where I can always see it. But I did. I guess my hopes die hard. I still hope that maybe she really does care about me. Maybe she really does think I'm special. Maybe, she does even really love me. I don't know what to believe. I think maybe this evening when I have some time to myself, I'll write her that email that I've been meaning to. I think maybe I could even get up the courage to be totally honest with her, and get everything out in the open. Well, maybe that's a little too unrealistic, but maybe I can begin to open it up for discussion. I think it would be very good for me to do so. I want to know what's really behind those eyes. I've got to know about the truth. I really desire to understand the enigma. My dear Carla. ",n,n,y,y,y

2004\_35.txt,"Here I sit wondering just what to write that involves my stream of consciousness, which shouldn't be too hard. Writing for me is usually pretty easy, however this assignment seems to be particularly hard. Maybe because I feel partially tired and torn down from my long day. I am looking forward to tomorrow because Thursdays are probably my easiest days because I will not have to wake up at the usual 9am and oh yeah it is also one day closer to the weekend! Although I have to say that 9am is also a lot better than 8am, which was time I had to arrive at school during my high school days. Since high school just popped into my mind, I have to say that college is a major leap from high school. Despite the fact that it is more enjoyable it also is a lot more stressful. For instance, leaving your family, friends, and so forth behind. Not to mention your adolescence. I am happy to say that the transition for me has ran pretty smoothly although the major bumps are yet to come. One of my ""bumps"" that I am experiencing is the massive amount of reading involved, at one point I enjoyed reading but maybe that is because the reading is not usually my preferred choice. Another obstacle is that it it is your choice whether to read or not, in fact it is just another realization that I am out in the real world and everything is based upon my choices. I find that very scary, yet also very exciting in a positive way because I can make my future what I want it to be. ",y,n,y,y,n

2004\_36.txt,"I am sitting in my room watching the sandlot. Alessandra, my roommate is here too. She's getting ready to go home for the weekend. Shelley and Liz are both going home to. They offered me a ride, but I'm not going to go because I went home last weekend, and I don't want to go home two weekends in a row. Although I would really like to see Jordan, my boyfriend. He's at work right now and I'm waiting for him to call. The sandlot is on the part where Benny decides to jump the fence and get the baseball back from the neighbors yard. I've seen this movie a thousand times, the next thing to happen will be the dog chasing all the boys all around the town. This is probably one of my favorite baseball movies. My favorite of all time is definitely Field of Dreams. I always cry in the end where Kevin Costner's character plays catch with his dad. They didn't get along when he was younger and he never got to say that he was sorry for everything before he died. My dad and I have been getting along a lot more lately than we have been, I know that I would regret it if I just gave up on us getting along and said fuck it, so I'm glad we are at least trying to work things out. He apologized to Jordan this weekend for all the things he said to him this summer. Jordan came over and they had a talk on the back porch. I stayed inside and folded laundry because I felt awkward and tense about the whole thing. But apparently it went alright. I need to talk to my dad and tell him that I appreciate him doing that. I forgot to before. Actually, I just realized now that that's something I need to do. Probably should have said it earlier. I hope I didn't hurt his feelings. Oh well, like I said, I felt awkward about the whole thing in general. Which reminds me of a funny awkward moment I had today. I was at the Union with Shelley, and I went to the bathroom. Another girl was going in just as I was, and this made my shy bladder act up. She went into one stall, I went into the other, and I just couldn't go. Well, she wasn't going either, apparently, so we both just sat there for about a minute. I was trying hard to relax and finally I peed a little, but then it stopped. So the girl pees a little, and I pee a little more, but I still can't go all the way. I guess she gave up, because I heard the toilet flush and she left, so I was finally able to go. I went back to Shelley and told her the story. We were cracking up in the quietness of the Union 3rd floor. We started talking about Alex's engagement (again), which I feel guilty about because I am usually not the type to gossip, but it's hard to avoid talking about it. Before I saw Alex's ring (which is her grandmothers, Joe did not buy it), Shelley told me that it was 1. 7 carats, which is pretty impressive, but then I saw it, and looked at it closely, and it's not that great. Its color isn't that good, and it has a gigantic flaw in the side which I suppose Alex either hasn't seen or is just pretending that she can't see it. Jordan just called and I told him I need to call him back in eight minutes. Anyway, Alex is being really unrealistic about the whole engagement, wedding thing. She wants to get all these diamonds and a new setting for her ring, and she's looking at dresses that are 30,000 dollar, designer dresses, and the whole thing is just like a little girl planning some fantasy wedding. She doesn't seem to realize that the average middle class family can't afford something like that. But who knows, maybe her parents have more money than I think. Also, I don't know how seriously her parents have been taken her engagement. She's only been with Joe for about two months. I can hardly think about my future with Jordan now, and I definitely couldn't have thought about it after two months. The only thing I can say is that if we're still together when I graduate, I'll probably marry him. But I find myself thinking a lot that I want to be single, and I want to do all these things like travel and study aboard and maybe live in New York, and if someone is going to hold me back from those things, then I have to wonder if that's the person from me. I love him so much, but I also feel like I might be holding on to him because he's my first love and all that. He's such a great person though, I hope no matter what happens, that he will always be in my life. I just don't want to break his heart, or have my heart broken. I hope when it stops working, it just stops working for both of us and we can still be friends. Well, I have ten seconds left, so I think I'm going to call him now. ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_37.txt,"At 855 I should be done writing this paper!!! I am so excited that I get to go home and see my man today. So my body really hurts right now but I feel great because I have worked out every day for like the past week and now I think I am addicted to working out. it gives me such a rush and whoa!!!!! someone just slam their door and it scared the hell out of me. I hat when people slam their doors it is so frustrating. We have designated quiet hours in the dorm AND THERE THEY GO AGAIN!!! no one ever follows those quiet hours lalalala I really feel like dancing I think it would be cool it is funny how my typing can't keep up with my thoughts so in essence all I can think about it the typing of this paper and how sad it is that I have to do it for 20 minutes which I originally thought would be a short period of time but I look at the clock right now and it says 420 which means it is time to smoke. Lol that is if I smoked weed which I don't I actually find that to be so stupid. why do you have to smoke or drink anything to feel good about life. Sounds like a lame excuse of trying to cover some sort of problem you have. psychology is such an interesting major. I just got to find a minor for rotc and actually rotc seems, surprisingly, like it will be a lot of fun! I am so ready to prove to myself and to everyone else that I can cut it I just hope I maintain my GPA and can be like what now! I love the idea of pushing myself to achieve something because once I finish it is the best feeling kind of like the ""high"" I get when I exercise I need to call my mom and tell her to pick up some water at that case lot sale I am excited to be going home to see my b/f but I really don't want to see my family that is probably the one thing I don't miss all that arguing I can't wait to graduate from college one thing that scares is me is my relationship with my man. he is older I know and I do love him or at list I think I love him and I would never want to hurt him , but I am scared about settling down after college for so many years I saw college as being the perfect time to party and meet boys, but now it isn't like that I LOVE TO FLIRT but I have someone that cares about me and that I care about but I just don't know to I want to settle down with someone that doesn't even have a high school diploma. I'm scared he's going to end up using me or something stupid like that. I know that is mean but so far he doesn't keep his promises to me and he lies and I pay for EVERYTHING but it doesn't matter he will pay me $200 I think I have spent over $1000 on our relationship. Going out to eat and the movies and just things like that and it sucks. Oh well that is life goodness this is the longest 20 minutes of my life I am starting to get typer's cramp. Is that possible? well staring at this screen sure isn't helpful at all!! I am so hungry and want to go downstairs and get food but first I have to wait to finish this paper THEN I got to go get my laundry and put it into the dryer so this could take awhile. I wonder what I'm going to wear I want to wear my brown shoes but do I have anything natural colored to go along with it I have my green shirt my stripped one is dirty hmm I really should look would white go ummm I need to paint my toenails!!! I can so do that when I get back from eating actually I think naw I do them when I get back look only 3 and a half more minutes I think my roommate is back nope someone else I wonder where she is because her class got out at 9 but normally she comes back early. I really hope I make the crew team I think that would be so cool. I want to make a team And feel special just something else to tell myself that I can do it everyone keeps saying because I am tall but it will be a whole new experience because I know nothing about the sport man I need to brush my teeth what can wear damn I got to remember my list to take home call the court got to ad that to the list so many things to do this weekend I think I'm going to take summer courses yay! almost finished 3. 2. 1 ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_38.txt,"I am sitting in my room and I look around to see my roommate and my boyfriend. Trying to make my train of thought come to me so I can type it. All I can think about is all my boyfriend's theories about life and his many different issues. He believes in ""Boxism"", he was a little out of it when he thought of this, were everyone was born in a box which was placed in a bigger box, hospital room, which is part of a bigger box, the hospital hall, which is placed into a bigger box, the whole hospital building itself. Then he goes on to state that we are then taken home and put in a box, the crib, which is in a box the room, part of the bigger box the whole house. After this we go to school and the classroom becomes our box after we graduate we our placed in our dorm room box and walk from class to class or box to box. After we finally manage to get a job our cubicle or office which then becomes our box. Then he goes on that when we die they dig a box and put you into a box. My boyfriend's theory always brings a smile to my face as I remember when he first told me this. Wow, that only took me ten minutes. I look around my room and see all my pictures and think about going back to high school, I believe that those are some of the best times in my life. My class was very small and we all got to know each other very well. I have always been told that college is the best time of you life but it will take a lot to compete with high school. I hope it becomes the best time of my life. I have already come to enjoy it and have become adapted to college life. I love being able to do whatever I want when I want to. I hope these next few years will become the best years of my life. ",n,y,y,y,n

2004\_39.txt,"I REALLY ENJOY THIS CLASS. I CAN GET INTO IT AND NOT BE BORED LIKE MY OTHER CLASSES. THE CLASS THAT I HATE THE MOST IS MY CHEMISTRY CLASS BECAUSE I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE TEACHER AND I SONT UNDERSTAND THE SUBJECT. MY MAJOR IS NURSING AND PRE-MED. I REALLY HOPE I CAN GET INTO MEDICAL SCHOOL SO I CAN BECOME A SURGEON. MY ROOM JUST LEFT TO HER LAB CLASS. HER NAME IS KATRINA BUT I CALL HER KAT. SHE'S SO AWESOME!! WE BOUGHT A FISH TOGETHER ON MONDAY. HIS NAME IS SENIOR SOL. OKAY!?! THIS THING JUST WENT BACK SO I CLICKED FORWARD ON THE WEB BROWSER AND MY INFORMATION WAS STILL HERE, BUT MY TIME STARTED OVER SO THAT SUCKS!!! I'M KIND OF WATCHING TV AND DOING THIS ASSIGNMENT AT THE SAME TIME, BUT MOST OF MY FOUCUS IS GOING INTO THIS. I REALLY MISS MY FRIENDS!!! ESPECIALLY THE FAB FIVE!! EMILY, LAURA, MIGUEL, ARON, AND SOID!! I LOVE THEM SO MUCH!! I TALKED TO EMILY YESTERDAY ONLINE AND SHE'S ROOMING WITH LAURA AT SMU AND SHE TOLD ME THAT LAURA IS GOING GREEK AND IS STARTING TO ACT LIKE A BARBIE DOLL!! I WONDER IF AS SOON AS I GO HOME IF ME AND HER WILL STILL GET ALONG!!?? HMM. WONDERS. I REALLY HAVE TO GO TO THE RESTROOM AND I DON'T THINK I CAN REALLY GET UP AND GO OR IF I HAVE TO KEEP WRITING?? I REALLY HAVE TO GO SO I'M GOING TO GO AND I'LL BE BACK SOON!!!. . . . OKAY I'M BACK! I HOPE THAT DOESN'T EFFECT ANYTHING BUT I THINK IT MADE UP FOR THE TIME THAT GOT ERASED. I'M WATCHING WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONARE NOW AND I WISH I COULD BE ON THAT SHOW BECAUSE I THINK I WOULD ACTUALLY MAKE IT AND BECAUSE I REALLY WANT TO BE ON TV AND MAKE MONEY AS WELL. IT'S REALLY COLD IN MY DORM ROOM AND I'M STARTING TO GET SICK. I REALLY MISS MY BOYFRIEND RIGHT NOW. HE'S AT WORK THOUGH. HE GOES TO ACC AND HE'S A SECOND YEAR. I THINK IF HE WASN'T HERE IN AUSTIN WITH ME I WOULD GO CRAZY BECAUSE I WOULD BE HERE ALL ALONE WITHOUT FRIENDS OR FAMILY. HIS NAME IS REY AND ON THE 14TH. ITS GOING TO BE OUR 2 MONTH ANNIVERSARY. IT HAS BEEN ONE OF MY LONGEST RELATIONSHIPS. MY LONGEST RELATIONSHIP WOULD HAVE HAD TO BE 6 MONTHS AND THAT RELATIONSHIP WAS OFF AND ON. THERE'S ONLY ONE PROBLEM WITH MY RELATIONSHIP WITH REY AND THAT IS THAT MY FAMILY STILL DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT HIM AND I THINK I SHOULD TELL THEM SOON. I REALLY LOVE HIM A LOT!! HE TREATS ME RIGHT AND WE HAVEN'T REALLY GOTTEN INTO A FIGHT THAT WE DON'T SPEAK TO EACH OTHER. I TALK TO HIM EVERYDAY AND WE TRY TO SEE EACH OTHER EVERYDAY AND SO FAR SINCE I'VE MOVED HERE I DO SEE HIM EVERYDAY EVEN IF ITS JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE. I THINK THAT HE MIGHT BE THE ONE. HE TOLD HIS FAMILY ALL ABOUT ME!! AND SO FAR THEY APPROVE. ONE OF HIS COUSINS THOUGH SAID THAT SHE IS GOING TO THROW WATER BALLOONS AT ME BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T WANT HIM TO HAVE A GIRLFRIEND. I ALSO MISS MY FAMILY A LOT BUT I REALLY DON'T WANT TO TELL THEM THAT I MISS THEM BECAUSE THEN THEY'LL BE LIKE I TOLD U SO AND I TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE GOING TO MISS US. MY MOM EMAILS ME AND CALLS ME EVERYDAY. EVEN THOUGH ITS NOT NECESSARY SINCE I HAVEN'T LIVED AT HOME SINCE JUNE SINCE I WAS ATTENDING SMU BUT SHE JUST STARTED CALLING EVERYDAY AS SOON AS I MOVED TO AUSTIN. MY LITTLE COUSIN JONATHAN THAT I MISS THE MOST AND I CRY EACH TIME JUST THINKING ABOUT HIM IS UPSET AND CRYS FOR ME BECAUSE HE DIDNT WANT ME TO MOVE AND HE NEVER SEEMS TO WANT TO TALK TO ME BECAUSE HE WANTS ME TO GIVE HIM A BETTER REASON THAN SCHOOL FOR ME MOVING. BIG BROTHER 5 JUST STARTED AND THAT'S A REALLY GOOD PROGRAM, BUT A LOT OF THE DECISIONS THAT ARE BEING MADE IN THE GAME DISSAPOINT ME BECAUSE THERE'S A LOT OF BACK-STABBING GOING ON. I REALLY NEED TO READ FOR ME CLASS AND I NEED TO STOP PROCRASTINATING. I NEED TO GET ON THE BALL AND START STUDYING OTHER THAN DOING NOTHING AND WATCHING TV AND GOING OUT. I REALLY LIKE UT AND I THINK IT'S ONE OF THE BEST DECISIONS I'VE EVER MADE. ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_40.txt,"This is a very interesting homework assignment. I wish the rest of my assignments were this interesting. I am a home right now. I can home for the weekend. It has been two weeks since I left for college and I came home. I know it is not recommended to do this but I did. I don't think it will affect me. The only thing is that I don't want to see my mom cry again. That is the worst part. I love typing, it is so much easier than writing by hand. I have not spoken to my two best friends. One of them I am kind of upset at because she is so infatuated with a guy that she blew her two best friends off. That really hurt my feelings. Wow, only two minutes have gone by. I wonder if I am going to have enough things to write about for twenty minutes. Doing the assignment for this class reminds of the class and the cute guys in the class. I have so much homework and I started to work on it at noon, but it is chemistry and it was difficult. I got very frustrated. I also had a lot of distractions. For example, I brought home two weeks worth of laundry and I have been doing all the loads since I woke up and had breakfast. That was about ten this morning. I wonder what is happening down in Austin. It feels weird not to be there, and when I am there, it feels weird not to be there. I wonder what is happening at the Castilian. What is laundry boy doing? Is he doing his laundry again. It feels so good to be close to my mom and getting her cooking. She is the best cook in the world. My sister's birthday is tomorrow and I am glad I got her her present early. My mom and dad came home with her presents today and she is really excited. My mom gave her her present and it was what she wanted. She was given the chance to get dad's present early too, but she decided to wait. The big game is about to start and I am contemplating about watching it. I really wish I would get around to doing my homework. I have been really bad at managing my time lately. I checked my loan status and everything has been approved. Thank God. Yes I will be in debt forever, but right now the important thing is to get an education at the place of my choice. I have to pay off debts that are roaming around. If I have money left over, I want to buy myself a lap top computer. It is so different how everything at UT is so technologically advanced. Is that how it is on other campuses. The big game is tonight. I wonder if I will ever get around to going to a football game. I think maybe for the experience. I sister was disgusted by something on TV. I can hear the dryer. It has been going almost all day. I had a lot of clothes to wash. How am I going to make time to do laundry. I think since I was instructed by mom to wait until I came home, that is why it piled up. I think I will do it weekly in Austin. I wonder what Jessica is doing right now? What is she thinking about the issue? Does she know what is going on? I really want to talk to her, but I will not look for her. I think it is her responsibility to see what made us feel bad. I think I have justifiable reasons to be mad at her. Wow, the time is almost up. I thought I was going to be dragging this on and on. I was just thinking of the ride home yesterday. I almost made a driving mistake that could have cost me. There were so many cars. Since I have not been driving in Austin, it was weird. I tried leaving Austin right as the schools had let out and there was a big traffic jam on I-35. I was crazy. I was just inching along. It took me about an hour to make it out of Austin. My dad is such a goof ball. He was telling me how things are just not the same without me here at home. Everyone is really emotional. My text books were so expensive. I am still blown away by the prices. Then yesterday I had to buy a stupid calculator. I had a quiz and could not use a graphing one. ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_41.txt,"I'm tired, I just cleaned our apartment and now I'm tired. But I feel satisfied that I cleaned the whole place. My roommate is extremely messy and is hard to live with at times but I've known her for 15 years and I love her to death. Now my mind is being tracked to when we met at the baseball field when pur older brothers were at practice. Evan, my brother is now is Africa and I miss him a lot I think it hits me in waves. I wonder what it's like there, hot and rainy I suppose but I wonder if he misses us as much as we miss him. I think he probably does he just doesn't hank about it as much as we do. My boyfriend lives in College Station and I miss him too. It feels silly at times though to have this person you love and car about so much to have them so far form you let you still can keep close. Technology is incredible. I'm able to talk to Evan once a month. He's in Africa for goodness sake that's an ocean away. I talk to Michael every day usually more then once. Now I'm getting hot, and I'm so thank ful the ac just flipped on. I find it hard to believe people were ever comfortable without the air conditioning. This summer at the camp I worked at we didn't have an ac in the cabin and I got used to it. I fact I would get cold when I was in the ac. But still the comfort of it is much better than without. I miss camp I miss my campers. It's the one place that I really feel at home way from home, I am so confident there. not that I'm not here I just have been there for ten years and have grown up there. All my best friends are there. Of course I have other good friends but there just f=something about living with someone for three months that gives you a new look at them . They learn your morning routine and you there's it comfort thing because someone else knows you so well that they know how you wake very morning. I miss those guys. And it's not like I can't call them or even hang out with some but I don't. Isn't that strange that I love these people so much yet I don't call and hang out either them. Yes they call me and sometimes I don' t call them back because I'm nervous. Why? I don't understand my strange want to be with people but my stronger want to be alone and watch TV and just do nothing. I need to start working out again, I t has been so long since I have I think I would have more of a desire to get up and go if I had more of a pep ""I just worked out"" kind of look on life. I really love Lance Armstrong. He had inspired so man people to get in shape and be healthy and support the fight against cancer that you just have to respect that. I also respect him because he had the same cancer my daddy beat. That was an awful time in my life. Freshman year found out that my dad has cancer. He's fine now but wow that scared me he wouldn't be here for so many things that he has seen it's incredible. Medicine is absolutely incredible. It makes me appreciate everything he does a lot more. Funny how even when he was going through all that awful stuff I was pretty unaware. My parents kinds kept us in the dark. Not like I asked but we just didn't talk about it. I feel like I really don't know what happen to him during those months except that he got better and now he's doing great. I wonder if he still thinks about it everyday or if he's let that terrible memory flee from his mind. Wow he is one funny man, he can say anything and I'll laugh but I guess that's how it should be. He should be my hero. I wish every girl had a daddy like mine I think the world would be a make more relaxed kin of place. He always makes every tense situation funny and more laid back. My mom is the opposite and I wonder how hey have been together for 29 years when they are so opposite . But I know she loves him and I think he loves her. He does he just doesn't always shoe it in front of us but I'm sure he does to her. He'll do really sweet stuff like on Valentines Day. I think she just needs to relaxes a bit and realize that not every situation needs to blown out of proportion. Wow that was really neat. ",n,n,y,y,y

2004\_42.txt,"go back back back to the disaster . I can't get that song out of my head. It was so weird on Courtney's board I couldn't understands what it meant till I read it out loud I wonder if spelling counts on this and if you can go back and correct mis spelled words like they care. I am so bored but so excite about the job I have essentially been doing the same thing for the past three years and I think that I can handle the work load but this is college and its suppose TO BE HARDER BUT SO FAR IT HASN'T BEEN I STILL NEED TO read some of the info in the art history book that girl pre adviser said it would be fun but so far it has been a snooze feast. what else to write about I though that I would have bad dreams after watching train spotting with the dead baby in the cradle but I really having been dreaming much probably because I stay up half the night hanging out with the hall everybody seems pretty nice and all the guy are hot especially matt oh baby but I think that he likes Courtney everybody likes Courtney she has that Chicago accent and she pretty and nice I couldn't even get drunk guys to dance with me on Saturday the only guy I danced with was p and then when Steve said sorry to interrupt while we were dancing he said there was nothing to interrupt what a jerky think to say I mean I was standing right there it wasn't like he was drunk and didn't know what he was saying pritvi is funny but quite the little gossiper I really like my floor when they offer me a spot out side of supplemental housing I probably won't take I because I know so many people here and hopeful we can become good friends I haven't had any real friends for the past few years I been so involved in school but the weekends were so boring with out a school activity to do I seen a movie with a group of kids twice one was after a school event and the other was after a church h think. I saw movies that I didn't want to see and it was pretty much like any other movie I've seen by myself but I remember them better I only have ten more minutes left I like to count I'm always counting things like yesterday I counted lance Armstrong bracelets 9 on the way to the theater building and seven on the was back Courtney's doesn't count could I didn't see it on the walk I am so bored right now but I am going to be so busy with soccer, broccoli project, circle k, and hopefully crew or rowing which sound the same to me but apparently with rowing you only have one ore and with crew you have two I don't know what else to right where is Chris I so think that he forgot to knock on my door and just went off to lunch with Courtney. I can't believe he slept with jo I mean they had just met and a hour ago she had been kissing Steven I mean if I was Steven I would have been pissed what if all my thought were filled with profanity since I don't cuss I just thought about it constantly but I think cussing is stupid and you have to be a certain type of person to say certain words I sound so stupid when I cuss ",n,n,n,y,n

2004\_46.txt,"man I should have waited and gone to the restroom before I walked into the library's computer lab. . Geez!!!!!!!!!. . I really need to go but I can't because I have already began to write. . Well now I know that I must hold it and wait for these 20 minutes to past. Which could feel like forever. Wow! looking around I see a lot of students working on something that must be important since they sit quietly stuck to the seat in front of their computer. . Finally. Today was the first day in which I ate with some friends from high school. . Whom right now seem to be my only friends here at UT if I am lucky to see them around in between classes. I know I should try and make new friends because you know what they say, ""you meet your best and closest friends in college. "" I have made attempts to talk to new people on campus, whether I'm sitting on the bus with someone I have never met or waiting in the hallway with another student for my next class to begin. I mean I want to meet many new faces but then again I am worried that the people I approach don't want to be approached by a complete stranger. I don't know but I need to figure something out so I can enjoy every little bit of my college experience. hey? wasn't there suppose to be a timer at the top of the screen? oh no I didn't bother checking what time I started to type!well it doesn't seem like 20 minutes just yet so ill keep typing about something. Well, lately I have been having doubts about whether to change my major or not. I am currently a mechanical engineer major but have been thinking about switching to computer science. I feel like I will have an easier time in computer science because I find it more interesting. GEEZ!!!!! my arm is staring to hurt from all this typing and my fingers are all worn out. I knew I should have taken that keyboarding class in middle school so I would learn to type properly and not with the same index fingers. lately my mind has been full of worries and things that I need to do before deadlines. this morning I went to the Austin Municipal Court to turn in my Defensive driving certificate and they didn't accept it because I need to pay off the balance of my citation first. Now where am I going to get $137 right now? My books left me with an empty wallet and I have at least 2 weeks to come up with that money. I think I'm just going to have to sell some of my valued belongings and maybe even donate plasma again. Yup! I have donated blood before and have received money for it and I told myself it would be my first and last time to do it. but it doesn't seem like its going to be that way! so I think its been 20 minutes now because I only had 45 minutes of log on time and I was just informed that I have 25 minutes left so yeah. . ",y,n,y,y,n

2004\_47.txt,"ok wow I didn't see that timer going. I put some music on so I could let my mind run free / walking from class to class is my exercise of the day / people were out running in the track at one in the morning/ I was just studying/man I have a lot to read/ the way I see it I either work hard for these four years or work hard for the rest of my life. I don't even know what I want to be/ I guess your not suppose to/ I don't fit in right here/ the little people I've met here have 30 credit hours and are sophomore status/ I'm no where close/ I'm suppose to be doing laundry but I guess ill do that when I go home this weekend/ my hub is doing laundry right no with I forgot some clothes I left at home / I miss me some home cooking/ ummmm food. / I can eat food all day. even though I'm tiny/ chomper is what they call me. / I want to play 'halo' maybe when I go home we can play. I forgot I also have to get my license renewed. / don't I need a v. O. E. how would I get that in college/ everything is much more complicated here/ I don't know the town very well/ I like Austin's weirdness/ it reminds me of new York/ everyone doesn't care about how different you are and the way you look means nothing. / a guy thought I was a cop and I was going to bring him down for selling fake Rolex/ I'm 95 pounds/ I feel like playing some softball/ maybe when I go home/ everything is when ""I go home"" I need to read after this/ got to make people proud/ I can't wait for next year when Edward comes here/ hopefully they accept his transfer/ it was funny trying to get into my dorm. / oh well I guess sleeping in a car isn't so bad/ I like jewel/ she makes a lot of sense in her music/ and a lot of her music is on issues that are arguably big topics/ one of her songs made me think of ww2/ dogs were parachuted down with rations/ I found a dog around my street and named him 'black dog' /I'm not very creative. / I tried five different places to put him in because I don't have money to take care of him/ I tried the places that don't put them down/ no one had space though/ the ones who are supposedly his owners are cruel they poured gasoline on him one day and I washed him up/ I used to watch that animal police shows/ what a dork/ I liked them though/ one of them had a case where they got to the suspects house and tried to take this dog in and it refuse to go. it kept pulling in order to stay and it kept digging on the floor/ it turned out the dog was trying to save her 12 puppies that the owners tried to bury alive. / that's sad. / people are insane/ no matter how ill treated pets are especially dogs/ they will always love the owners/ its weird/ people wont get that/ being on a ferry in new York was crazy there were lots of people. /pushing to get anywhere/ I saw jerry Seinfeld/ it was cool/ it literally is the city that never sleeps/ at four a clock in the morning they were still walking around/ I wonder when my roommate is getting here/ she likes Irish stuff/ I never asked if she was Irish. / maybe I should ask. / we need a bath mat and air freshener for those not so pleasant moments/ I should probably go down and rent us out a broom/ but I probably wont/ I'm hungry again and I just ate/ I'm going to become obese I can feel it. / I don't want to get fat/ what a typical thing to say for a girl/ oh well I guess I'm typical/ can't wait till I go back home. ",y,y,n,n,y

2004\_48.txt,"Well its after classes on this Friday. I am sll freaking' stressed out. Stupid Fahkerrdine's quiz kicked my ass. It's not that I don't know how to do it, it's just that I doubted myself. I don't know, ever since I have been here I think that I have gotten dumber, when in reality I am not. I am actually pretty damn smart. I am just letting what everyone says get to my head. So it pretty much is my fault anyway. Well from now on, I am going to walk around and take these stupid college quizzes and tests like I am smarter than the professor that made them. I probably am smarter than most of these professors, unless they are freaking geniuses, which some of them are. Damn I miss my girlfriend. She is like so freaking hot. Yeah I know she is sixteen but she doesn't look like it and I wouldn't be with her if she acted like a little girl. She is more mature than most of the girls I have for classes and some of my close girl friends. Damn I am sneezing well I am doing this in a friends room so yeah. Well Jessica is hot and I miss her. Its not really a distraction. Today I was tired I have no idea why I have been sleeping more than I ever have. I don't even read for classes. College isn't even hard. I could not read and make a C in all my classes but I want A's damnit. Stupid medical school. Wish I could fast forward my life about 8 years. But I'll be a pinche viejo by then. I wonder if because I am cussing the person that reads this will think I am an immature kid or ignorant, when in reality I probably have a more extensive vocabulary than them. And its not like I am a big cusser. Its just I have been so damn stressed lately. I was doing my chemistry homework and I ran my hands through my hair and my hair was falling out. Not like one or two try like 10 to 20 strands of hair. Um. went blank. Nah its frustrating that thoughts come and go faster than I can type them out. This keyboard's keys are all gay anyway. Well, here I am in college. Everyone once in a while it sets in. They are a lot of hot girls here. I really don't know if any of them are hotter than my girlfriend because I am in love. and yeah love makes you blind in some ways. I have been in love before. Went out with one girl for almost all of high school cept the majority of my senior year. Four damn years. My feet stink and its driving me nuts. Its like I can't wear sandals because they make my feet sweat so much. I wonder if other people have that problem. I am just going to by frebreze and shoot my damn sandals. Its probably all the bacteria on my feet. O well. Tonight I think I am going to get drunk. I have never drank before, well I have taken some sips like four. Beer tastes like shit. I am just going to drink ""chick"" drinks. I don't care what guys say. And if I do something stupid tonight o well, I need to wind down. I have been more stressed than this before, but this seems to take a lot out of me and it doesn't feel like it, until you realize it. O well. Sucks to be in college. You know my uncle is a millionaire and he is a college dropout. In fact I would say most of the worlds millionaire's are college dropouts or didn't go or went because they were already rich. I know I could do that but I don't know I guess I don't have enough confidence in myself to make it out there on my own. I don't think I like to take chances that have that great of a chance to fail. I don't like to leave things to chance. But then life has screwed me over so many times before even when I was doing all the right things so what was the point. I mean I didn't drink or do drugs I mean I tried marijuana once but c'mon that's not that bad. I love God I would go to church and like it, I would have my quiet time, I would be a pretty good Christian example till like my jr. year and what happened? My parents got divorced, my dad made like all the money, there's five kids in my family, my dad went to jail for what he did. Gosh damn I am still embarrassed of what he did. So yeah all things this I was going to have like a nice car, my college paid for, super nice clothes I would have had it. He mad 80,000 a year and my mom made 40,000, and that's not too bad when you live in the valley. Its next to Mexico, and no we weren't drug dealers. Hah. that's funny if I hadn't put that in, you might have thought that. Nah he ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_49.txt,"I thought of a million different ways I would start this, and now I can't think of any. Well, one way, actually, was to say that this one time I had a conversation with my teacher about whether people thought in complete sentences or not. I told her they didn't, but now I think they do. That is, unless, they're answering questions. In thinking that it's hot, I don't think, ""hot"" I think ""It's hot. "" In any case, it's very cold in my room right now. My hands and feet are especially cold. I wonder if that's simply because of the temperature of the room or that stress stuff Dr. Pennebaker was talking about. Well the temperature used to be just fine, and now it's cold all of the sudden. We have to call those eminence guys. They came last week and fixed our toilet in like 10 seconds. We didn't even see them, we just heard them. I was joking with my roommate that God came and fixed our toilet. God rocks. ha-ha I have a black t-shirt that says that in white letters. It's my old youth group t-shirt. I designed it. I'm quite proud of that. It was cool and promoted God. One guy once came up to me and asked me if it was being sarcastic. that wasn't cool. He felt bad after asking though, he said he didn't mean to be rude. I believe him. He was a cool guy in several of my classes. His name was Charlie. There was this other guy named Charlie, too. He worked in the Emergency Room at the hospital where I used to do my clinical rotations for school. He was really cool too. Actually me and my friend, Erin, that got along with him really well kept in touch with him. She just saw him recently at the mall with his kids, and he told her some details about a friend of ours that died about three weeks ago. He was in the emergency room when it happened. She was in a car accident and died almost instantly. It was pretty sad, but it didn't really affect me personally because she wasn't that close to me. However, my OA during orientation reminded me a lot of her, and that's kind of eerie. I say a guy that was an OA this summer at school last week. That guy was the one that stood out the most to me because he was the nicest looking. (Not as in attractive, as in sincerely nice. ) Some people have that effect on me sometimes. Like recently I went to Hawaii and the guy that was the scuba diving instructor was named Jimmy. Jimmy was really cool, and he had that effect on me. He just seemed like a sincerely nice guy. I'll probably remember him for a while. I've had several people have that effect on me. It's interesting to meet so many people around the world that are absolutely amazing, and they may not even know it. They're absolutely amazing to me, and I don't even know why. It's awesome. I wish I could keep in touch with someone halfway across the world for a long time. I need to find someone first. Maybe if I get to study abroad in Italy I'll find someone to keep in touch with. Things always seem to get in the way of stuff like that, every day life I guess. I don't know what it is. I do have this one friend, Marcus, I've kept in touch with him for about two years now. I met him at a medical program one summer, and we've kept in touch since. That summer I did lots of stuff. I went to Canada for World Youth Day, and I got to see the pope. Some people got really emotional about that. They were crying and stuff. I kind of felt bad because I wasn't crying, but I know there really is no reason I should feel guilty. God did not say, ""Thou shall be overwhelmed with emotion upon seeing the pope and come to tears. "" hah it would be kind of funny if it said that in the bible. Anyway, that summer I also went to LDZ. That was one of the greatest experiences ever. I've stumbled upon a few people here at UT that said, ""You were governor at LDZ, right?"" It's pretty cool how lives cross. There are so many people at UT, who wouldn't you find? ha-ha The Monday before classes started I had an audition to try out for the longhorn singers and we were in this tiny room in the music building, and who should walk in the door but M. C. Hammer himself!! Hahira It was hilarious!! He was apparently showing his daughter around because she wanted to get in choir at UT. That's definitely a story worth telling. I didn't recognize him. I'm to young I guess. I always figured M. C. Hammer was white only because I knew Vanilla Ice was. ha-ha Anyway, this whole time I've been writing I've also been thinking about Alex. Alex (in one sentence) is the boy I've been in love with almost my entire life. The reason why I've been thinking about him now is because a lot of the times I write anything in journals or about what I'm thinking it's usually about him. I know this is simply ""stream of consciousness"" but I guess I can't just write what I'm thinking without thinking of him. Recently he wrote me an email after I hadn't emailed him in a while. I was waiting for him to write me. It was short and mostly insignificant, but he wrote. I just want to be friends, I think. I don't know what I want. I want to have lots of fun in college. I want to experience life, then I can figure out what I want with him. It's probably not even my choice to decided what I want with him. Anyway, another thing I also always thought about was whether deaf people saw signs in there heads instead of heard words when they were thinking. ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_50.txt,"I got home from Burnet today from hunting and it wasn't that great. The dove weren't flying when I was there maybe its because I'm bad luck. Sometimes I think stupid things like that, like maybe for instance people were catching fish before I got there then when I got there I didn't catch anything and neither did anybody else. Super smells really good right now I think mom is cooking mashed potatoes and ribs. Sounds really good because I'm so hungry I haven't eaten all day. Speaking of not eating all day I just realized how fun my weekend was. That's why I haven't really eaten that much. Food sounds so good. Friday night I went out to a few parties and tried to get into frat parties but they're all gay and wont let any dudes in. Even though it was me with a bunch of girls they still wouldn't let me in. I'm pissed. From now on when I have a party I'm not letting any frat people in just hot sorority girls. Some of my friends are in sororities they seem cool. Anyway, then I went to the UT game on Saturday and we stomped all over North Texas. I kind of felt bad but not really. Its weird to be at a UT game and say ""this is my school. "" I'm so used to being in high school and going to high school games I'm not used to seeing 80000 people at a game for my school. I wish school didn't involve class. I love the college atmosphere but not the class part. Maybe my psychology professor will give me an A. That would be great of him. He's a cool guy though I like his class. All my other professors are boring but he knows how to have fun while he lectures. I'm glad I got out of my calculus class and in a different one because professor radin is not cool at all. he needs to learn how to be not so uptight. My new calculus professor is cool though he's more laid back and knows how to teach things and give examples. Gosh I'm hungry I wish dinner were ready already. Taco Cabana is really good late at night I just realized that. I'm glad it's open 24 hrs because where would I go eat at 3 a. M? Speaking of Taco Cabana San Antonio was fun I just wish we went to Cowboys and danced a little. San Antonio was cool but not as cool as burnet I want to hurry up and go hunting again. maybe this weekend I'll go back and shoot some more birds. Girls make me so mad. Why does a certain somebody have to be stupid all the time? She bitches too much at me for little things. I should just not talk to her anymore. I don't know why I can't just not talk to her. All girls are the same to me, they all bitch about stupid things and get mad at you for saying hi to other girls that are your friends but they go off and say hi to their guy friends and expect us not to get mad at them. It's dumb. Jenna is dumb too. She should have ditched her boyfriend to hang out with her quote best friend Kelly on her birthday. She is stupid for choosing someone she just barely met over her best friend. Kelly doesn't deserve to cry I should yell at Jenna for that. Jessica is a cool girl she cares about me and doesn't want anything to happen to me I should hang out with her more. Stony Point football will always suck. They lose too much. New coaches are cool though I wish he was there when I was there. I need to do chemistry homework. He needs to stop mumbling and getting off topic to. My TA pisses me off so much I think I'm smarter than her. All the answers I had were right and the ones she gave me were wrong I can't believe that. 66 on the first hw is crap. there goes my confidence. She's a good looking girl though I'll give her that much but she can't help for crap. hopefully by this weekend I'll have my work done so I can hunt. I really can't stop thinking about hunting. I want to shoot me a deer I've never shot one before. Season opens soon I think so dove will have to do for now. ",y,n,y,y,n

2004\_52.txt,"I am sitting here thinking about what I am going to eat . I am very hungry. for lunch i had a sala, some pasta and some soup, oh that guy was really hot . when I work out today those guys are going to be really hot too. oh god something stinks. i wonder what it is . I hope its not the person sitting next tome. what is that girl wearing she looks very tacky. when I go to my dorm later I am going to fall out. First I have to call my parents or they will get mad . this is a library why are people walking around and talking so much. I wonder why my roommate does the stuff she does, and why is this person talking so what is wrong with his hear okay it is really starting to stink. oh crap I'm supposed to meet my roommate for lunch but oh well it doesn't matter, this is much more important. Last night the MTV music wards were so crazy, there were a lot of crazy things happening everywhere, I thought I was going to flip. I absolutely loved what Beyonce and Alicia Keys were wearing. I wonder when will Destiny's child get back together hopefully soon. Man I hope I did good on my Spanish quiz it was fairly easy I think. What classes do I have tomorrow hopefully easy ones because I can't stand some of my classes. i wonder what my roommate is doing right now. I wonder if my exboyfriend has a girlfriend right now. man when will this be over 20 minutes is a long time to just write about anything. ooh another hot boy oh and there is his girlfriend. That's okay I look better than her anyways. I wonder what my friends are doing in El Paso maybe I'll give them a call when I have time. I'm so excited the first football game is this week what am i going to wear who am I going to go with Hopefully we will beat north Texas. oh my god games mean after parties and after parties mean really hot football players too bad I'm only 17 I can probably still get into some clubs. the ones that allow babies. Man it seems like I have been on here for years when is this crap going to end. wow my stomach just growled really loud, hopefully no one heard me but if they did ohg well I know they are probably having the same problem. I wonder what my brother is doing I wonder if he quit the football team yet I told him he should just do track but he didn't believe me so that is his fault, but he'll learn they always do. I wonder did my mom send my money for my ATM because I know I could still use it Oh crap the time is almost up I thought my brain would explode ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_53.txt,"that fish tank sure is loud as crap I didn't know havoline was a 100 years old corona sucks I am hungry and it is hot in the apartment that bastard didn't come fix my garbage disposal I wasn't to play golf I need contact solution this guy is a douche crap its hot I am hungry as shit I want dry I don't want to do homework tonight and I need a can of dip bad so much for quitting time Warner sucks the stros better win and hopefully barry will die along with the giants I want to play poor tonight I better call trip and fox and peter this piece of shit is turning into a list of things to do and now I am talking to the list I want to go to a game and get drunk tonight that prescreening took for fucking ever I wonder how old frank Thomas is I am only on the 4th minute I wish I still played baseball maybe if I didn't suck at catching I could be should've tried short I need to get that little league thing done and the volunteer shit I fucked my neck up and damnit I am hungry I should be turned on a light my eyes hurt and this laptop is hot laundry son of a bitch I have no quarters well that and homework will be my kick ass thruway night after this is over in 14 minutes. I haven't done anything in the last 3 Thursdays that is pathetic pasta or rice or potatoes. potato pasta and rice take to long to make crap I want to eat 13 minutes no one is at the rangers game that is a tall pitcher he is like 6'6"" I need to shampoo the carpet and that ass needs to fix my garbage disposal that guy got the shit knocked out of him like the guy yesterday who got hit in the stomach I cuss a little too much even in my head new vocal might be nice hey the fish light bulb works now I think my weekend will suck now because I have too much stuff to do 10 minutes and that is only half way there I could probably stop here and type shit for the rest but that really wouldn't do me any good I hope I can get a good job with this fucking degree when do the stros play I wonder what the score is I am proud of myself for doing at least somewhat better this semester than I did last semester and fucking pot cost me last fall I want to smoke but I know that it just screws me over pail konerko never used to be a homerun hitter if no one reads this then what the fuck is the point of it I will have to print it out just because I don't not want to have it and it will sit in my spiral until mlynn sees it and reads it because she is nosey and then will give me shit about it and what I am typing now because I am s o mean this is kind of nice to just be able to type and bitch and moan about my day or what I need to do chest was good today I hope I get up to 190 before December I need this and spring break would be fucking awesome ripped up and bigger this time my eye is dry as shit and this contact doesn't work any more the towel under the computer better not fuck it up but that thing was hot nice job rangers too bad you suck and can't get to the playoffs go stros go durfing is for fags or people more skilled than I need to get tickets to Vegas 21 will be trouble all over the place if not the bars then the poker will definitely fuck me over and then I can finally be online legally 4 more minutes and then time to grunt like there is no tomorrow if I waited any longer I might eat myself I need more tuna, that chicken is to expensive ricky wont go back tot he nfl pothead will just piss his life away nice grab buerhle devin screwed hat guy up at baseball 2 and a half minutes and I just need to stall this blows nonetheless I need to go to the store but they don't have grizzlyi wonder where else would have it, 711 does but that mean I have to drive but I am lazy as shit I still have to read and cook and have time for poker and then go to bed early because I have to work out and I can tae the bus to the rec which is horribly undereqiuped but at least it is free I could do cardio there but then go to class smelly and shit, that is a good way to make friends but it doesn't matter because mlynn takes all our time and when we are through I want have any ",n,n,n,y,n

2004\_55.txt,"This is weird and different. I'm not exactly sure what I should be writing. I really love it when guys can play the guitar. I don't know what it is but guys who play the guitar are my biggest weakness. I hope, oh I forgot what I was going to say. that happens a lot. Twenty minutes seems like a long time. Anyway, I'm listening to Hotel California by The Eagles and then I think I'm going to listen to my Sublime Cd. The Beatles were like musical geniuses. I bet them and Frank Sinatra are the celebrities that got the most sex from random women. I would have had sex with Frank Sinatra back in the day. I made a list of celebrities I would have no problems having sex with- it isn't very long but I'll share it because I really don't care. It's not like I'll ever have sex with these people anyway let's see it was Lindsay Lohan, Michael Vartan, John Mayer, and Jake Gyllenhaal. I bet John Mayer is an excellent lover. No one who plays the guitar (and sings wonderful love songs) with that much emotion and feeling is a bad lover. Huh, I don't think that made sense, it made sense in my head. I'm so glad Stephie is my roommate. We have our differences but for the most part we get a long so well. Sex and the City is such an awesome show. I think each woman has a little bit of all four of the girls in them. Is it bad that sometimes I want to push my morals aside and do things I know are ""wrong"". Since I've gotten here my friends that go to other schools are bashing my new life style. I hate that they judge me. Why can't I just live my life the way I want to? Being active in the church youth group in high school was one of the best things I've ever done but now that I'm doing things that The Church wouldn't approve of I'm noticing that I'm pushing everything I used to stand for aside so that I can ""experiment"" with different things. I don't regret anything I do, but sometimes I don't think I make the best decisions. I'm happy though and I guess that's all that matters. I'm sure God is an understanding God. I'm not sure what's worse living my life as a straight edge or being taken up by the flashiness of college life. sounds like a lose lose situation to me. I really need to lose some weight man. I was sitting in the hookah bar tonight and this girl said she lost 73 pounds in a year and that she used to weigh 210. So now she weighs. 137. wow. I need to lose that much weight. I wonder how she did it. I should have asked her. some days I'll feel really self confident and pretty and I'm like well I guess I love myself the way I am so someone will love me for me as well. Then other days I'm like ""fuck, who's going to love a fat slob"". I hope I meet the one in college. I hope he's amazing in every way. Is it too much to ask to meet my soul mate? That would be sweet. First things first though. I need to shed the pounds ASAP. yes. After this I have to study Italian. That's going to suck. I probably should have done that instead of sleeping the day away. oh well. This week was a lot more productive then last. So this weekend I plan to really catch up and get my shit together. I really need to pull my GPA up. I want to do good. I'm going to do good. I just wish I weren't so damn lazy. Bah. I wish I were going to college station tomorrow. I want to see my old friends but I don't know why if they're just going to look at me like I'm the devil. My leg is still twitching. That probably isn't a good thing. I'm sad pookie's leaving this weekend. I wish I could find someone who enjoys my company as much as I enjoy theirs. I miss Chris so much. I wish every time I was with him could be like that night after the John Mayer concert. he's so much fun to be around. I think I come off as bitchy and annoying but I'm not sure. I wish someone would tell me. I have the Beatles song ""Black bird"" stuck in my head. I want to take guitar lessons I just wish they weren't so damn expensive. I'm so glad I only have one class tomorrow! Yay! I kind of don't want to go to the welcome retreat thing but maybe it will be for the better. Otherwise looks like I will be going to college station. We'll see how that works out. ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_56.txt,"I can't believe that I missed my first class this morning. I don't know what happened. Maybe my roommate turned off my alarm early and didn't tell me. But I don't think so, because he's a good guy and he wouldn't do that. I hope there wasn't a quiz in kinesiology today. That would just be my luck. The one time I miss it, there was a quiz. Man this sucks not having books, I'm getting so far behind in all my classes reading. It's going to be hard to catch up. There are some many people in all my classes it's ridiculous. You know what else is ridiculous, not having books. Why can't I get into shape faster? I know it takes time, but I've been running for 3 weeks and I don't see much of an improvement. If I am going to walk on the cross country team here I need to be faster than I was in high school. My old high school team mates are not doing so hot right now. The top runners are running about one minute and a half behind what we were running last year. I was running 16:26 for a 5K, but these guys are running like 17:40 for a 5K. They are going to have a lot of time to make up if they are going to be competitive in one of the toughest districts in the state, second to only the woodlands district. God, I hate the woodlands, and cedar park, and Georgetown. I wish I hadn't injured myself during track season, cause I had to take 3 months off the heal. And three months with no running killed me. I gained like 20 pounds during the summer session here at UT. But summer school was so much fun. I met lots of cool guys like Kevin, rahim, and Justin. And a lot of girls. Actually too many girls to count, but out of all those girls, I don't think any of them found me attractive at all. And when ever some girl approaches me at a party, some one will swoop in take her. Some one like Kevin or rahim. I'm still mad for what Kevin did. I can't believe that he ""made out"" with my best friend and the girl that I love so much. That just sucked. I felt like some one had ripped out my heart and then run it over with several big rigs, then dropped it off a high building, then feed it to piranhas in the Amazon rain forest. But I know Kevin didn't do that one purpose, or did he? But I had a long talk with both Heather and Kevin, and we're cool. Oh and Heather is coming to visit this weekend! I am so excited! I haven't seen her since before school started like 4 weeks ago. I'm disappointed because she was supposed to come to UT but she didn't get into articture school so she had to go to atm, but she is going to transfer her in a year. I hope. I have to plan a fun weekend with stuff for us to do, so she and I can have a good time again. But what do I do? I have to work part of sat and sun, but we still can have fun Friday and then after I get off work. I just want her to be happy, if its not with me then so be it. But I will marry her, I will marry her, because I love her so much and she is my best friend. I hope she feels the same way. I don't know what to do, cause I don't want to mess up our perfect friendship, oh well. We will have to see what unfolds. ",n,y,y,y,n

2004\_57.txt,"Today was a pretty calm day. Nothing outrageous happened. Right now I feel hungry, probably because the last time I ate was at 6:50 or so and I didn't have much. I tired this new stir fry stuff and some mashed potatoes. It was ok but I guess it was only filling for the time being. I almost forgot I had this assignment due tomorrow. I sprang out of bed as soon as I remembered. earlier my suite mates and I watched a movie at the union called Mean Girls. It was good and they showed it for free too so there were a lot of people there. They show a lot of movies at the union. The next dorm family event planned for us is to go and watch the movie Troy. My roommate's friend is going to make her and I watch the movie schindler's list sometime soon. He is a big movie fan and is going into the college of communication and he wants to be a director later on. He has already made a movie. He made it in high school and he went around and just videotaped the different events and people at school. My roommate said it was good. She just told me that her chemistry professor wrote the book they use in class. Its not just him but he has contributed to writing the book. He has his name on the cover of the book and everything. I'm going home to Houston next weekend to see my family and to attend this bayou bhangra competition that all my friends are going to. Its going to be really fun. I can't wait to see my baby sister she's just too cute for me. I love her and she's a miracle baby too especially because she serviced through my mom's accident and all the medication my mom had to take during her pregnancy. But I guess that's God's love and blessing and I am very thankful for everything he as done for me and my family but I don't know what to think of him after my aunt and uncle's freak accident and death. I don't understand why he sends us these extraordinary people and then just takes them away from us before its time for them to go. I don't know I suppose its just one of those things that happen and can't be explained. And I believe that things happen for a reason but I don't know how God can justify their death and all these things that have been happening to our entire family. Things haven't seem to be right ever since my grandmother passed away. Well that's all I can think of to write about and its time now too, how convenient. Bye ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_58.txt,"twenty seconds and I still haven't thought of anything. Jennifer is crazy for taking all those chemistry classes! I couldn't even work on my math problems, and concentrate. I don't know how she makes it all those hours with science and math. We're going to watch that movie tonight, in a little while, so I need to finish my homework pretty soon, and get a head start on the week, so I don't have too much to worry about. I need stop freaking out the ghost in our community bathroom! Those shower curtains don't open themselves! I wonder is molly is going to be happy for me and jen about being the new wing representatives? wow that's a big word. I wonder if that's how you spell it. I need to clean up my room before my roommate throws my stuff out in the hall. Stupid jose can't really mean what he said. He said he's not IN love with me, and just loves me. But I know we'll get back together. I'm sure of that. Now. . Whhooooahhhh I clicked that button too many times. I really hope they don't run out of the poster I want. I signed up to work for 5 hours at the poster sales to get $50 worth of credit for that poster starry night. wow that hairstyle's weird. That guy must work hard to get it like that. maybe I should stop looking out the door. it's too quiet in here, since jen doesn't listen to her music out loud. I love that people miss me back home, and that makes me feel like I was someone back there. the more I look around this room, the more I like the color purple. I remember the superman theme from stucco, and the way Michael looked in his cape. I wish I had my photo album with me right now to show jen. mmmmmmmmmmuuuuuuuuuuuaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaaaaaaa the eyes of Texas are upon you. . Today's lunch was super cool, because me and jen went back to the buffet, where she saw her friend who also happens to be Hispanic too! I was so glad when I saw Hispanics here. I need to add more people to my yahoo, because I only have four people. I don't know why more people here don't have messenger, like people back home. this is so cool, because it keeps you thinking, and you see it right in front of you. This is so much fun, I should do this more often and then find the pattern of what I seem to think about more often. darn! my time is already running out. this was fun. I'm down to like 15 seconds. I hope I did this assignment right. ",y,y,n,n,y

2004\_61.txt,"I am sitting here in my dorm room trying to organize my time for the rest of the day and night. I have a lot of reading to catch up on. I have trouble sitting down reading for a long period of time. I would rather sit in a lecture and listen to a professor. That is, if he/she is interesting. I want to read and understand my psychology book, but for some reason I haven't been able to concentrate on it. I feel like I am behind in this class for some reason. My mom graduated with a degree in psychology. She loved it. My biology class is my favorite. My professor is interesting and the book is interesting to me too. I wish I knew what I wanted to be. I have so many different ideas and I can't decide right now. I talked to my mom today and she suggested marine biology because she knew I used to be interested in that. She also suggested being a doctor. I don't know if I can go to school for 8 more years though. Four more years seems like a lot to me. But I know I will do it. I just feel weird right now I guess because I am just starting. I am 3 and a half hours away from home. I like it here but I miss it there. I always have a lot on my mind and I think that is why it has been hard to concentrate on reading lately. Eight months ago, 2 days before Christmas, my boyfriend of 3 years, Phillip, was killed in a car accident. I almost didn't come to UT because he was supposed to follow me here and live in Austin too so we could be together. I thought about that a lot the first week I was here. It is just really hard. This is one of the reasons I am being in my reading for philosophy and psychology. I've been doing homework all week making up for last week. When it comes to school work I love being ahead. Which is why I am doing this writing assignment a week in advance. I'm hoping that I will feel better when I finish this and I will be able to read 2 chapters and comprehend it. When I stay ahead in school I always feel so much better. I like to read the sections before lectures rather than after. I am the type of person that takes on big load and I tend to get stressed out easy that way. I decided that when I came here I was strictly going to concentrate on school. In high school I had a full schedule of ap classes, a job, and participated in athletics. I loved all of it but I decided I need a break from every thing else which is why I'm not working this semester. I worked 6 days a week this past summer to save up for spending money this year so that I would not have to worry about working. My parents are paying for my school and all my bills, even my gas so I don't ever want to ask them for spending money. I received some scholarship money from Dobie, UT from my home town. We have community scholarship that they give out every year. There was a scholarship made in Phillips name this year. I got that one. That made me feel good I guess. I like being here but it is just really weird. I hope I adjust to Austin soon. I already like it a lot better than when I first move here 2 weeks ago. My best friend Stephanie helped me move down here and it was hard when she had to go back home, but I am going to see here this weekend so that makes me happy ",y,y,y,y,n

2004\_62.txt,"I feel that I have so much to do in the next few days. College is so overrated. The few actual moments that you do have to go out and party and have a good time, or do whatever it is that you like doing, equal all the other times you are reading, reading, studying, or doing other school stuff. I had a French vanilla cappuccino at like 9:30 tonight and it gave me so much energy that I can't sit and focus on one thing. It seems that I have been procrastinating all night. Oooh all that I need is you (so the song I am listening to right now) but anyways. now I don't remember what I was thinking about a moment ago. It must be that caffeine I'm not really used to but have consumed so much of it in the last 48 hours. O no. I'm not really sure what I just did. I hit tab because that's what you do to indent but it hit the finish button instead. So instead of having a stream of conscious thought for 20 minutes I think it was more like 2 so now I'm thinking about how I need to get in contact with the TA or the professor and explain how I will probably have two submissions but I'm not really sure because I don't know how computers work. They are so complex. I don't really understand them. Like earlier I couldn't log into the prescreening experimental stuff. I have put off the computer oriented stuff to later because in a way it scares me because I don't really trust them. I'm very skeptical of them. I feel like if I start something the computer has a mind of its own and is going to do whatever with it. Like just now, I'm panicking because the stupid machine is making an awful whirling twirling noise. The song I'm listening to is sung by a different group, but the same song I did a trio to two years ago and it is bringing back memories of practicing and performing. During a heavy practice time I had mono I remember. Kind of a cool time because I got to miss almost two weeks of school but the makeup work wasn't fun but I did get to know my teachers well that year. I wonder how the other two girls that I did the trio with are doing. They are both a year older than me so they've been doing this whole college thing longer. Speaking of long I just looked at the time and I've only been doing this for like five minutes. Looking at the clock and counting down the time reminds me of times during drill team practice after school when they seemed to drag on forever I made it a goal to not look at the clock so hopefully the time would pass by faster but of course it didn't. I actually saw a girl from my drill team this weekend. She is a choreographer for a dance team I was interested in trying out for, but I decided not too because it brought back to many memories. I am thinking about trying out for Steel Dance this weekend but I don't know yet. O yaw that reminds me that I need to email one of the girls on the team and ask her what the dress code for the clinic is because I really don't want to wear pink tights and a black leotard. It makes me feel fat. Which reminds me I never ate dinner tonight and its like 110. I guess all the Julius chips and salsa I ate will have to do. Thank goodness for Julio. He makes some awesome chips. I wonder who Julio is. Or even if Julio is still alive. My roommate brought his chips back from Del Rio. My Hippo something we learned about in class today must be working hard because it is bringing back many memories. I think ill remember the name of it well or not the name more the function of it because my boyfriend has a horrible memory and we always joke about being big like hippos and stuff so I definitely will remember that one. O look more remember things. I guess the hippo thing is working right now. The song I'm listening to reminds me of two girls on my drill team. Rachel and Shea. They were awesome dancers. I wonder where they are now. There is a girl in my architecture design class that reminds me of shea the way she looks and talks. Actually Shea has a pair of my comfy pants that I loved that my friend Brittney had on tonight. Shea is in Utah so I don't think I will ever see them again. Speaking of comfy clothes I wonder why all I wear to class now are soffe shorts and a t-shirt. It must be that whole college thing. O no. Here goes again. That whirling noise and now my instant messenger signed on when I didn't even click on the program. This computer is so random. Maybe I just need to update the AIM program. but then again I don't know that much about computers so I'm not really sure how I'd go about doing that. With my luck I'd probably download some computer virus with it too. And viruses. That thing about getting sick when you are most stressed. I will probably be getting sick soon because I am feeling very stressed right now although a huge weight was lifted off my shoulder today when we turned in a major project. Which didn't go exactly how I hoped but its over so I don't want to think about it. If I say I am going to get sick will my body start thinking that and make itself sick? That is something else we learned about. If you start thinking one thing you can convince yourself of it. O man I don't remember the name of it. I am really going to have to study for this test. I should probably start this weekend. Well there is one more thing to add to my to do list. I started one earlier and it just keeps getting longer. I need to add that I need to talk to a TA for this class and then email that girl from steel dance before I forget. My 20 minutes is up now its a good thing I ended with that to do list so maybe since it is the most recent thing I will remember. Now I really like this song. Its from 13 going on 30 that movie. I have started watching more movies since I got to college I think that is what I will ask for for my birthday-movies. O yaw my time is up. I need to get ready for bed so maybe I will get a decent amount of sleep tonight. ",n,n,n,y,n

2004\_64.txt,"I just got back from the University Democrats meeting. It was really fun and informative. Lloyd Doggett was the guest speaker. He was very eloquent and well-versed, and he did an excellent job stating what he stood for and how the current gerrymandering is unfair, but we're not going to let it stop the party from victory. I hope to get really involved with it. It seems like a great way to get to know people and learn a lot about the political system at the same time. Other than University Democrat, I'm going to try to join UBC, Undergraduate Business Council. You have to fill out an application to become an At-Large member. The questions appeal to the creative side in applicant, so I hope that my creativity steps up to the plate. I think that UBC would also be a great way to meet people, especially since it's for students in the Business school. I also want to join Student Government. I think that some of the causes that they fight for are so worthwhile, like trying to extend the hours of the library. Student Council in High School didn't really accomplish that much, but I think that Student Government actually gets things done here. I'm listening to the Shins right now, they're a really good band. I love the melodies and guitar. Other bands that I like include Bright Eyes, Death Cab for Cutie, The Sounds, Belle and Sebastian, The Strokes, and so much more. Basically anyone on Saddle Creek records tends to be really good because they all sound so different. I haven't really been able to find out about new music lately though because I've been sort of busy. I'm taking 14 hours, and my classes are Statistics, Latin 506, Psych, and Microeconomics. They're all pretty good so far, all my professors are pretty nice. I've had a lot of reading to do, and I've been pretty much doing my best to do it all. I'm waiting for a couple of books to come in. I'm waiting for my Microeconomics book and a Latin book to come in. I really wanted to take Intro to Political Philosophy instead of Latin, but oh well. I'm thinking about doing International Business, and Latin is the basis of all the Romance languages, so I hope it will help me with other languages. International Business seems to be like an interesting major, but I still don't know what I want to do. I'm probably doing Pre-Med as well, and I also want to take some RTF classes. I don't think that you can take RTF classes without majoring in it though, so I'm going to have to apply to that college, I guess. I hope I figure out what I want to do because International Business, Pre-med, and RTF are pretty hard to do all together, and I don't want to take longer than four years to finish all that. I honestly don't know what I want to do, I want to do something worthwhile, something different, something exciting, something that's definitely not your average 8 to 5 job, something that truly helps people. I only hope that someday I will realize what I want to do. Although in life, everyone wants something more, no matter what people have, they usually want something more. I hope that whatever happens, I am content with what I have. Man, this Shins song, ""Saint Simon"" is so good. They're coming to Austin soon, I can't wait to see them. Bright Eyes is also coming soon, in October. That is going to be such a good show, it's been like two years since I've seen them live. I think that I can do those three things in four years though, if I take summer school, I think. I came in with 36 hours of credit, so I really hope that it's possible. I need to talk to my advisor about that. He's really nice, his name is Lovelys. He's also my FIG mentor, I am in the Business of Non-Profits FIG. I've always been really interested in Non-Profit Businesses and how they run. Maybe I'll work for a Non-Profit Business. We're supposed to get guest speakers, and we're doing a Community Service project, so that will be cool. Well, my time's almost up, so I'll end here. Ciao. ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_69.txt,"I'm thinking I don't know what to write This popsicle tastes good, I'm really bored, my roommate is gone I'm sitting here in a stupor, not really thinking about anything I'm thinking I miss my girlfriend and I should probably call her when I am done with this the popsicle tastes good. I hear the bass from the stereo of person in the room next to me and I think it's kind of annoying. Tonight is going to be fun, I am looking forward to that, this popsicle is really good. I think I need to clean my room, it's really messy. I need to throw out the food wrappers, put my clothes away, that persons stereo is really annoying, I hear loud voices in the hall, I wonder who they are, it sounds like a cute girl, I need to put my papers and homework away. I am going to get another popsicle. It tastes good too. I wonder if a m doing this assignment correctly. I am looking around my room for things to think about, but nothing really sparks any interest. I'm really bored. I think I will turn the radio on. Never mind, I think that that might interfere with my stream of consciousness. I hear one of my friends voices outside talking about the start of intramural football with somebody. I can't wait for that to start, but I am upset that I have to play coed instead of men's. This other popsicle is really good too. I feel papers in my pocket and I take them out, its my bank statements. That makes me upset because I see all the things I wasted my money on. I throw them on the floor. I'm thinking that my time is a little over halfway done, and that makes me feel good because I am looking forward to stop typing this. When I am done I think I will take a shower, and then maybe, I'm thinking about something interesting I can do after that, I'm playing racquetball at 5 so something in between that. I don't know, maybe I can figure something out when my roommate comes back. I'm hungry. Now I'm eating chips. I'm laughing because I'm thinking if you actually read this one you will think I have an obsession with food, which I kind of do but that's just because I am hungry all the time. I really like the chips. I'm kind of sleepy too, maybe I'll take a nap. I was thinking about typing and how I am good at it and that made me think about my grandpa for some reason because he looks really silly when he types and that made me miss him because I haven't seen him in over a year. Maybe I will call him this weekend I love chips and salsa, it's damn good. My roommate is going to be pissed because I am eating them all without him. It doesn't matter though because I am really hungry. 2 minutes left I can't wait till this is over, its been interesting but I want to do other stuff. I'm excited though because this counts as a grade and this will be a good start for psychology class. I really like these chips. Well times up and now I'm really happy because I'm done. ",n,n,y,n,y

2004\_72.txt,"This is what I need to do. Type with my friends in the messenger its really ADDICTING. LMaoOO. Well I love to listen to music. Its really soothing for me and I fell weird with out it. I LOVE TUTY of BRazeros Musical( ; ; my favorite group) I wonder when they are going to come back. (this there one of there songs. Lloviendo esta y atra vez de la lluvia te llevas con tigo a la cuidad entera mis lagrimas no miras la lluvia las confuendedn y aunque yo este llorando por mi no te preocupes. Te esperare te esperare aunque no vuelas mas. Llenaste mi rtecuerdos a la cuidad entera. Y aunque yo se que nunca mas tu volveras. "" Lagrimas y Llubia by Brazeros Musical. Who did I get backstage. It was all a rush. But am glas I did. I meet one of my favorite groups. They were nice. There performance was great. Although at the end they stinked musty and were all sweaty they were forth it. Armando and Junior were the cutest of them all. I was surprised that Luis recognized me. there is nothing special about me and well. He was remembered how my face looked like. I Hate this song put I cannot tell my roommate its from the 80s or something like that its OLD. ""In the car wash. "" maybe because I heard it for too long. Its a remix. Its lonely in my room. I have nothing to do but be here in the computer. Reflecting back on high school it was exciting but I wish we could've done better things to make it wonderful and more unforgettable. I Made it to PROM Court. I was Beaten by a girl That never attended school. How can all these people that don't go to school ever always pass and get better things then me and my friends. We were all great students. And never broke the rules!!! Its beb 11 mins and well I have a million things tuning through my head. I miss my family (as whole) because they went to MEXICO with out me. This the first year they do it and I feel left out. But am having a blast here in the University of Texas and I cannot ask for anything better. I Love Austin. This were I been living for 18 years. I think I love music because of this ""The Live Music Capital of the World"" music was everywhere I turned in the neighbors house, down in the drive through of McDonalds. In the Laundry thing and well my mom Loves to dance. Which leaves me think. What am I going to do with my obsession of taking pics of different artist that come and do concert. I love to meet them and makes my groups of friends grow more. ""the artist"" for most part are really down to earth and I look forward to every dance there is. Its Been two weeks since school started, yet our room still STINKS!!!!!! We cannot take the smell out. Being in the ninth floor. We cannot do much of it. plus were in the middle of Nowhere land stuck in a Corner were no body comes an visit us. That's good in some part because we can study and listen to music as high as we want to and none says anything. Its sunny outside its not HOT like it usually is. I love it when it rains but there is also going to rain. That little breeze of air that vlows thriugh my hair is unbelivable. I love that smell of wet grass as well. UMmmmmmmmmmmm. So one did PoPcoRn and I smell it all the way over here. 10,9,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 sorry I got distracted by the timer less then am done. It been distracting since it started ",n,n,y,y,n

2004\_74.txt,"I'm finally getting around to typing this stream of consciousness thing. I don't know why I was procrastinating before, maybe hesitant because I'm subconsciously afraid of what I'd write. But my dorm doesn't start its, um, food service thing for 20 minutes and I'm getting tired of uploading all my course assignments from syllabi up to Mozilla Calendar. I'm already typing more coherently than I thought I was going to (caffeine, maybe? Doesn't it clear and speed up your thought process?) 1:56 already. If I get to the cafeteria too early I'll have to have cereal or something just kicking around until they start preparing real food; that happened earlier today, for the first time in fact, because I ignored the Castilian Food Service schedule. I guess I'm bound to forget some stuff over the long weekend, first time going back home from Austin. Roommate's explaining The Facebook to suitemate right now. His music used to be catchy, but he needs to get more variety. I've heard Beenie Man and uhhhhh Young Buck maybe two dozen times a day, it's dumbening me. I was expecting my writing to be more Ulysses-like; that's a great book: I even brought it to my dorm but haven't had time to read any of it all (not that I did at home, either) There's a guy in my intro linguistics class that looks a lot like James Joyce, down to the facial hair and everything. God he's annoying, sucking up to Herr Doktor and asking questions that --- A nerf basketball just hit me. Damn --questions to which the answers are overly obvious. Not that I have anything against him for looking like James Joyce. I picked my glasses because they looked Joycean (My dad has the same glasses as Noam Chomsky). The tiny old Vietnamese woman (7:23) at my optometrists (all the employees have been Vietnamese. Ong, Doan, Tran, Quach, Nguyen, &c. ) said something bizarre about them making me 'look powerful'. It sounded cool at the time, but in retrospect it was really creepy. (8:39) Suitemate probably thinks I'm vaguely antisocial because I'm typing furiously instead of playing Nerf basketball with him and my roommate. The ball just went under my bed; there, he got it. Missed it from as far back as my bed, dropped it again, shot again. I was tempted to bring ummmmm not Ulysses. Finnegan's Wake (no apostrophe, I remembered) up to my room, as my roommate seems not to care that I already have too lofty of literature here (I was afraid of seeming to effete if I was stuck with some anti-intellectual jock from College Station, but it's fine) but I already have enough unread books on my shelf. Not that I don't intend to read it all sometime. Last time I checked I was on page 168 which I think is quite far for something with almost no coherence at all. Somewhere I read that Joyce revised the text continuously, making it more and more obscure and pun-filled and incoherent with each revision. which would make Strauss happy. It's funny what you learn from Harpers Magazine. Apparently the record at shots at the Nerf basketball hoop from printer-desk range is 4. Or maybe 8. Maybe Adam made 8 and David 4? I wasn't really paying attention, but Ooh, my sister just signed onto AIM. We need to try that Mediterranean restaurant on 24th sometime. I occasionally laugh or say something noncommittal or vaguely supportive to show that I'm paying attention to their little basketball game David made 3 now. Adam's trying from distance, missed. Standing right next to me, apparently I'm 3 point range. When I grow up I bet I'll have to patronize my kids similarly. 16:14 I can eat before too terribly long, then I'll have to read for history and such and add this class to mozilla calendar David just backed into me. Ewww This 50 cent song is so violent. At first I thought it was catchy, but really it's just creepy. 17:41 He's putting the Onion volume 14 back on my shelf, upside down. They're leaving for dinner, asked me if I wanted to come, explained psych writing assignment. He doesn't think he like's quesadillas. They're ok, but I prefer them without too much stuff in them. Which they always have, except that it's the do-it-yourself line which should remedy that. So I'll be down in a few seconds. unless the elevators take too long which they do. What else. AIM. Got my course packets today. IT was easier to find but Abel's I had to search for. DONE! ",n,n,n,y,y

2004\_75.txt,"Well. Actually, I don not know what should I write down here. I think that this can be a very easy assignment, or this can be a very hard assignment. How stupid! Honestly, today, I asked about it to a TA because I could not totally understand what should I do? I knew that there is no topic, but no topic can mean the huge categories. Anyway, this assignment made me confused. But, interestingly, a American student asked about what she should do for the assignment in the today's class. At that time, I thought two. One is that there is also a person who do not understand the purpose of this assignment like me. And. the other is that ""Oh, my god! Don't ask me. Don't ask me. Because I am an international student who came here in America a month ago. So. I am not good at listening to what people say yet, especially in the casual conversation. You know, young American university students talk so fast. Hum~~~ it is a big problem. So, I made her ask the same question three times, and finally, I could tell her what she should do for this assignment. How stupid!! Now. I am in a big dilemma. I have a difficulty keeping up with classes now, but I feel happy and can relax when I meet friends and drink with them. But, I have to study. So, I thought that now, I have to meet lots of friends to learn English instead of only studying in the library to keep up with classes. I thinks it is a great excuse to play. But, what is the priority for me?? Meeting friends to learn English and American culture? Or studying hard to keep up with all classes with no meeting others?? So difficult!! However, I suddenly wonder. Can I deal with both of them perfectly. . . . ?? So confused. Wow, time is almost over. but, I do not much. 36. 37. 38. . . 44. Ok! I have to finish this~~!! ",n,n,y,y,n

2004\_76.txt,"I finally got to see Matrix: Revolutions. I don't know what everyone was talking about, saying it was awful. It's funny, everyone I've talked to that loved the 2nd one hated the 3rd one and everyone that hated the 2nd one loved the 3rd one. I'm in the latter category. I've been thinking about why this is the case for a long while now. I think it might have to do with our expectations. I loved the first one. I was waiting for the second one to come out ever since I heard they were making a trilogy. I had good expectations for Reloaded, and I went to the theatre to see it on opening night and I was disappointed. The interesting thing is that about a month earlier, X-Men 2 came out. I liked the first one a lot, but I wasn't waiting with bated breath for the 2nd one to come out (like how it was with Reloaded). My expectations were, shall we say, nonexistent. I hadn't given it a lot of thought about what to expect. When I went to that movie theatre to see it, it blew me away. After about an hour and a half had gone by, I checked my friend's watch because I was worried the movie would end soon. Enough Matrix talk. I just got back from Vegas, and I got to see David Copperfield. Hmmm. It might be interesting to look at what he does from a psychological researcher's standpoint, being an ""illusionist"" and all. I saw through one of his tricks, though it might have been due to the fact that I'm very proficient in visual media. I think it might be because I've seen all of those Goddamned behind the scenes ""documentary"" stuff for the extended versions of Fellowship of the Ring and The Two Towers. In a way it's kind of spoiled the tricks that movie makers use. Maybe it would have been better to remain ignorant and enjoy movies strictly on the visual surface. I had a point to this. Copperfield. Yeah, it was fun. I found it interesting that his show used a lot of technological ""illusions. "" What I mean by that is that he used a lot of video footage or complex audio and video queues in the show. Again, it might've been better if I had remained ignorant of how simple it was to do some of his tricks. The older audience members must have been stumped. Kenji's very cute. He's finally decided to settle down for the, oh, I don't know. Next hour at the most. Whenever I'm on the computer, he tends to sleep on my CD book so that he can still be close to me, but he's chosen a different spot. Instead of being directly to the right of me, he's directly to the left of me. Big difference! Before I'd moved the computer onto where it is now, I had it closer to the bed on Ryan's desk. Ken would spend most of his time while I was on the computer on the corner of my bed. Er, sorry. AMANDA'S bed. I still can't get over the time when I talked to her (a very rare time since the Kerry people have been working her little ass of ever since she moved out and I took her old apartment) and I was so excited that I'd bought this silky linen for, and I quote, ""my bed. "" ""You mean MY bed,"" she said. ""I bought it. You're only keeping the things in that apartment while I'm gone working on the campaign. "" Bullshit. When we were kids, do you think we would go around saying to are friends, ""Oh, I have to go now. I need to go to my mom's bed. or what I should call my mom's bed, because she bought it even though I sleep in it every night. "" Yeesh! She's just being possessive because she really likes to identify herself as being financially independent. I hope she'll get over it, because I really resent the fact that she believes I'm supposed to look around all the furniture in this apartment as hers. For some reason that really bugs me. Ken's awake and about now. It's making it difficult to type now, because he's trying to claw the keyboard while I'm typing. My times up anyway, so tah! ",y,y,n,n,y

2004\_79.txt,"well since I have this assignment in front of me it is obviously the first thing I am thinking about. I wonder if the fact that I have been thinking about doing this assignment will affect what I write down. it probably will. like, I knew this would happen. I was thinking as soon as we got the assignment that sex is always on my mind and since this is college, I think it will be ok to mention it. my back itches. I got a sunburn yesterday at the beach. I knew I probably should have put sunscreen on, but I am a procrastinator, so I never got around to it. I kept asking my girlfriend if my back was burning yet, and she kept saying ""no"", but I guess she couldn't really tell how bad it was. my roommate just asked me what we had to read for this class. I haven't really been keeping up with my reading lately. I skipped class today also just because I didn't feel like waking up on time. my girlfriend probably is not as smart as me, but most of the time she seems like she works harder than me. when we first started going out she never used to get mad at me for anything. now she is always getting mad at me for everything. she used to laugh when ever I would get lost driving around because I have a bad sense of directions, but now she just always yells at me and says ""where the fuck are you going"". I never get mad at her for things she does to me though. I have infinite almost patience with her. she lost a piece to a puzzle I have had since I was like 2 and all I did was tell her not to worry about it but when ever I do something small like step on her sandal at the mall she gets really pissed off and says ""fuck Eric, watch where the fuck your going, that fucking the second time you've done that shit"". I wish she was not always like that but I still love her very much. we've been together for nearly a year now so I am pretty sure we can last if we want to. I have economics to do. ",n,y,y,n,y

2004\_84.txt,"So I have no idea what I am supposed to be doing with this. just typing I guess. Damn aim. No one ever wants to instant message me until I start doing something. There are so many times when I am just sitting here playing on the computer and doing nothing really, and no one wants to talk. The minute I start doing something productive, there is like five people trying to talk to me at once. All that typing and its only been two minutes. I have no idea what to type. Can your mind really go blank? I mean, I want to use the expression right now, my mind is blank, because I'm not really thinking about anything, but obviously I'm thinking about something because I am typing this stuff. So my mind really isn't blank then. So I guess your mind doesn't really ever go blank. My roommate is funny. I keep picturing her when I walked in the door from class earlier. She was asleep on the couch but she had the pillow on her face. How someone can sleep with a pillow on their face is beyond me. Its looked so funny though. I should have took a picture. I'm really sleepy already and its only going to be seven o'clock in the evening. I am still not used to this getting up early for class stuff. Ah. The new real world is on tonight. I absolutely love watching that show. All the drama. Its interesting to watch. Its kind of sad though I think, the way people love to watch reality shows. I mean, they are not really a true picture of reality. They film for hours and hours and hours, but the show itself is usually only a half hour episode, and they usually only run for a few months, once a week. Can u imagine how much film ends up on the ""cutting room floor"" as they call it. All the drama and stuff is pretty much made up by producers if you think about it. If not made up completely at least embellished. And its all because of editing. Birthday. Someone on TV just said the word birthday. I'm so excited. My birthday is a week from tomorrow. Yeah! but I also have my dad's birthday next week and my boyfriend's too. And I have no idea what to get them. Actually what to get my boyfriend. My dad is easy. A gift certificate for tools or golf stuff and he is happy. My boyfriend. I don't know. He already has plenty of cologne (did I spell that right?) so I don't want to get him that. And I always buy him clothes. I want to get him something different this time but I have no idea what. And he is going to be 21. Lucky. Everyone is leaving me behind. I am the youngest of a lot of my friends. So now they can all go out to the bars. Without me. So sad. I still have a whole year to go. Bleh I hate waiting. Bleh. Is that a word? I type it a lot on aim. Its my way to say yucky or boring or I don't know. I heard it from somewhere though. I can't remember where. Ha-ha. My roommate is up. I wonder if she knows she was sleeping with a pillow on her face. Because it fell off when I came in. Bleh. I am not looking forward to waking up early tomorrow again. I think we should have a fall break. kind of like spring break. I need my rest. Its only the third week of school and I'm already so exhausted. I need a break. ",y,n,y,y,n

2004\_85.txt,"So school has been interesting so far. I've come into this with preconceived notions of what it was going to be like, and I've surprised myself to find that it would be completely different. At the time, I have become increasingly known by a nickname that wasn't even self imposed, I've created a superficial personality that people associate with and attach themselves to. People love ""dat Boi Tony"" but hey. I guess I'm not too mad about it. it's good in the end, in some ways, and in some ways not. like for example, if I want people to know who I am, then they really do know who I am, and the introductory part of conversation is out of the way, but on the other hand, since people think they know who I am they won't bother to finish out the conversation and actually get to know who I am. really who am I anyway? can it be defined by a label or name? does it matter if I am Anthony Derrell Williams, Tony, or Dat Boi Tony. because some people can remember my name at all. I guess in some facets it really is irrelevant, but nobody really wants to be considered irrelevant. lol. it's like significance drives us, like a since of purpose, much like Agent Smith from the Matrix, but that movie was flawed in itself. It had no purpose. It started out as a great action flick that wanted to mean something in the end, but that just didn't work. However Quentin Tarentino, did it right when I he made Kill Bill, it was a simple plot with a unique character development, and that was the important part. many people thought that it was the action, but it truly was the characters that made the movie. that's why vol. 2 is better than vol. 1, no matter what the next person tells you. sure vol. 1 was composed of the best action sequences since the old Bruce Lee days (who is still better than Jackie Chan and Jet Li), but the story itself is what should draw you. on another note, a friend of mine has been dealing with several issues and decided he would post his thoughts and troubles on the internet for everybody to see, and now he's getting chewed out by a lot of people because nobody really has it in their hearts to really care. The problem here really is that he thinks he is opening his mind, but he really has closed the port and he has yet to mature. he can't take in new ideas or criticisms to better himself, the thinks he is fine as who he is. Emo SUX though. I had no formulated opinion about it until I seen what it is doing to him. he needs help. for real. the funniest part about it, is that my friend ended his cruel convo with him by quoting Nietzsche. ""God is Dead. "" which is a very interesting quote. a statement made just to test the bounds of control that the state held on the people thought their interpretation of religion. if the person blindly tries to refute the statement without the use of reason. they are a tool, if they inject reason and use logic to prove why God is alive. then they are less of one. the point is, that the religious texts, such as the Koran, the Bible, etc. were written by man (inspired by God), which means they are subject to flaws. inherently and maybe intentionally, if you could tell the people ""thus said the lord"" and you didn't want them to kill or steal or eat shellfish. then that's what you'd tell them. after all some people read from texts translated by Shakespeare. but I digress. I as a Christian would only have this much to say in return. if God is dead then that is irrefutable evidence to the fact that he existed. And if he truly is God and did exist, Death has no binding power. defining death would then become the point and focus of reason and logic. What is death, what is death to a man, what is death to a beast, what is death to a god. And then I would say. yes, God in the form of man (Jesus) did die, for you and I. there's always a way to explain something in the logical realm, however some people are too closed minded to see even that. Sometimes, philosophy, even pomo philosophy, can be used to solidify faith because it makes somebody question themselves and why the believe what they believe. and if the answers to the self examination are satisfactory. that persons faith has become that much stronger. Well. yester I went to a labor day cookout. and there were some fine ladies there. You never notice how good somebody looks until they try to look good for you. that's the funny part about it all, I don't try that hard enough. I just wonder what other people's perception is of me. could I have had a chance with any of those girls, probably, but not likely. and this is where my reckoning begins. what are these girls looking for. attention? relationships? or just good sex? I could provide them with all 3, but hey there's only a small amount of me to go around. all jokes aside, with the truth being told, I really think attention is the centric thing that girls want. how they translate different actions to be attention is a different story, because girls are all so different. but all so much the same when the picture is generalized and magnified to show detail. and I like to look at detail. that's why I think I might be staying single for a while. even as hard as that is in a place like UT Austin. ",y,n,n,n,y

2004\_89.txt,"Oh damn! Wednesday was awesome! please give me some water. My friends are funny and so is this movie the brain is really cool with all its disorders and shit for the love my friends are so sarcastic but I love it and I do it too damn I need to stop smoking I'm like a chimney they joke about killing themselves which is really funny because i9 no they're joking I'm normally a good writer damn sorry. the critic is awesome and my professor is so fucking funny I lived in midland too for awhile cool I'm a psychology major I need gum can I have some. Sweet I got some. I'm not suicidal or anything so don't worry I just sneezed and it hurt I hope I don't wake up my roommate this late I'm tired it seems like all my professors smoke weed. tight! anyways puppies hahahaha anyway I miss my dog and my dead cat I have ocd not surprising I think its genetic but my mom wont admit it and I just realized how much I love them because I could imagine them at my age and relate I almost feel sorry for being so hard on them almost hahahaha I'm hungry I'm good at Spanish TACO C sweet! please help me! just joking again. god damn this is so fucking long oohh sexual stimulation like the rat that was so funny the astros suck dave chappelle rox ooooowwwww shit! that hurt. whatever. the simpsons sweet ummm sleep balh blah balh blah blah I can't think my friends are heavy wow I miss my friend in the air force he says it sux : ( like that insert I like my linguistics class this is all bullshit and so is life. why are we here? oohh too clich� sorry I'm im I'm im I'm I'm im I'm im I'm whatever ""because this is my united states of whatever. I don't mind bush or Kerry. they're both right. but I don't see why shit I forgot oh people in Austin are so liberal to the point of offense. maybe I'm blind (not literally) sigh puke? no pee oh. I love the graduate and Donnie darko is my favorite movie ever but I actually saw it when it first came out I like I like I like I like maybe its a hotel sorry took a brake oh I think I can actually relate a lot to the movie because my family is just like that children with problems with drugs (psychiatric or other) in a wealthy family with the money craved superficial mom and many marriages on either side and divorce with children all over the place and step dad lawyer asshole. did good in school mental problems family support of prescription drugs grandmother and ",y,y,n,n,y

2004\_93.txt,"my boyfriend is in the room and he stinks like a dirty/sweaty boy. I came over to his apt to do this homework. and then we were going to go to tops as well to get some super cute pictures of ourselves. I am also eating cheetos so it it causing me to type slower than normal. I'm usually a really fast typer, because I've had a computer for a long time. my dad is a programmer so we have always had a computer in our house. he wanted me to do computer science and I did as well, but when I came to UT I found out it is totally wrong for me. I just switched to retail merchandising and I'm not sure if that is right for me either but better than CS was. I think its funny how older people(no offense) are not really connected to the computer. the computer, can do so many wonderful things, I can't even see my life without one. don't think I'm a dork just because I said I was in CS, but take for example doing this homework online. its just so much easier to sit here and type and then turn it in electronically and then its saved to some machine and no one really had to put too much effort into it. it was a very easy/simple task. that's amazing. they said that my generation will spend like 12 years of there life online and I believe it. there is just so much to do online. I feel like I might be typing bad, but I'd like you to excuse that. I'm not really checking spelling and what not just typing. I wonder what you actually look for in these type of things, how you judge people off what they typed and then how you sort them into groups. I mean I'd hate to see what you think of me now, but it would be interesting to see if any of it really matched up to be true. so I totally love Paris Hilton, she is such a riot. I think its funny people don't like her because she has everything and because of the way she acted on her show. but I wont get into that, however she came out with a new book. I want to read it, I think it will be amusing. on a side note, I'm not really sure why I'm eating cheetos, I don't really like them, just every now and then I crave them. I absolutely hate how they make your mouth orange and gross feeling. I just dropped one on my lap and it left that residue and its gross to think that is all in your teeth. I really hope this thing is self timed and not expecting me to be timing myself. I never realized 20 minutes would feel like so long. maybe because I'm starving and I just want to go eat and go to tops, it feels like that. I hate that. how are you suppose to do something that feels like eternity. I feel bad because its like my boyfriend is waiting on me to finish this so we can go. I was going to do it earlier but I was having a hard time getting the pre-screening thing to work. then once I did it takes so freaking long to load each page its like pointless. you almost just want to not look and just click each thing as fast as you can to get it over with, because its so freaking slow. I still have to go back and finish that and I dread it. however, I think my boyfriend is entertained now because I can here he is playing playstation two in the next room. gosh I'm so hungry and this is taking way to long. I have now moved on to goldfish to eat. speaking of eating in that pre screening thing all those questions about food and over eating. wow. I feel bad that so many people have eating disorders, I know quite a few. so many things for girls to be stressed about. I hate how people just think you can diet and loose it all. they think its all just food related. I hate how little kids are so fat today. I wish people would help teach kids how to eat. they let them eat ANYTHING. they are so worried about other things it seems like they forget to teach them about diet and exercise. or they don't set the example themselves. my hair stylist has this really great trick where she only lets her kids have 1 coke aka soda per day and they only get it in the evening if they have done ALL their homework and their daily chore. then they also get a snack sized candy (the little bitty bite size) as a treat as well for doing their homework and stuff and the kids thing that is such a treat. then there are kids who drink like 8 cokes a day. crazy crazy. I wonder what it is like for your generation to look down on us and you probably think we are all lazy. we use the computer for everything and our clothes and music. its just rather funny how everyone is amazed by the last generation. I'm really starting to wonder is this is self timed or computer timed. I can't imagine it not being computer timed. I can't imagine being the person who reads all this crap. it has to get old and what happens if you miss something important? that could suck all that work and you miss a small detail. but that could happen anywhere I guess. I'm so hungry its not funny. I'm glad I don't have to pee or anything that would just suck. I feel like my mind is going blank because I'm so bored. I wonder if people ever fall asleep doing this. it would be easy. gosh its really bothering me the time thing at the top doesn't have any numbers. like its keeping time per say. I'm quitting this at 4 o'clock even if this thing doesn't stop itself because I know I'll be over the time if I wait till 4 so you can't cut my grade cause your thing didn't work. oh crap this clock is fast so I'll quit like 8 min before 4 and that should be even. I feel like I started this at 3:30 hmmmmmm I can't really remember. damn it. this sucks ass. I don't see how this is helping you. just making me get annoyed because I don't know when I started so i dont know when I can end and just go on with my life. I wonder if you really do read all of these or just skim it or run it through a word finder. I feel like this is pointless and I'm past my typing time. I have no concept of time, but I don't know if anyone really does. just depends on what they are doing or what's going on around them and etc. time is a funny thing. more goldfish to cure my growling stomach/boredom. ouch I just kicked the computer or something underneath me. and it hurt. to bad I'm not on my computer cause then I could be laying in bed doing this. wireless and laptops. genius. the count down to me hitting the finish button and quitting all of this is t-minus 3 minutes and counting. 3:55 will be the new time for completion. 3 more minutes. and I'm stumped. I don't know what to type/talk about. ooooooo 2 minutes and counting. ok randomness: I am not sure what I'm going to do tonight, I might go to a party or something, however I'm not going to dress up really cause I'm just feeling a chill vibe. 0ne minute. . and probably have a few drinks, or either rent movies and stay the night in with my boyfriend. sweet guy. not sure we are completely on the same page, but we have years for that to develop. . Times up. ",y,y,n,y,y

2004\_94.txt,"So this is the third time that I have tried to do this for some reason my computer is having some problems this morning. Explorer crashed and so I had to reboot my machine which can take a while. It's amazing how slow PC's get after you install Anti-Virus software. In the process of it rebooting I went and made a cup of coffee. Bavarian Hazlenut form HEB, delicious. So I was thinking about this assignment and how it was similar to an assignment I took in a Humanities class a while back. They asked us to spend 20 minutes alone somewhere, anywhere just thinking about anything and making notes. I spent it in the campus parking lot, a wide open space, fairly peaceful, trees swaying in the summer breeze and began making notes, not really sure of the purpose. After the 20 minutes was up I realized that I was much more in tune with all of my senses than at the start. Normally I would walk around just using the sense that were needed, sight, hearing and focused on coordination, driving, etc. During the 20 minute period in the parking lot I became aware much more of my sense of touch, the feel of the paper I was writing on, the smell of my surroundings, the movement of the trees as they swayed in the breeze, I've mentioned that twice now, what does that mean? I just finished my first cup of coffee. My apologies about my spelling. I have a tendency to just type first and ask questions about my spelling later. I don't know how this app handles me jumping back to correct spelling. I hope I'm not confusing it. Probably not. A thought of sunny beaches just jumped into my head for no reason. South Padre on a breezy summer evening. Again this breeze thing, what's with that? In fact I'm thinking about the breeze that may be outside right now. I just went out to feed the cats and it was cool and a little breeze was in the air. Perhaps I need to go outside when I'm done here and soak it up. It's like a vitamin that the body is lacking, eventually you crave something that subconsciously you know gives you that vitamin. For some reason , perhaps I didn't get out enough at the weekend, I need to feel the breeze. Central Market, I have a coupon to Central Market sitting in front of me. I like that place and apparently if I go there this week and spend $30 or more then I can get $10 off rib-eye steaks. The fan spins slowly overhead, a gentle clicking, a low hum, the sound of my typing and then, silence. Why are keyboards so awkward. Isn't there a better way to do this. Surely a Psychologist somewhere has studied this and come up with something, more ergonomic. I'm thinking about my brother. I just spent 2. 5 months in the U. K. during the Summer working for him, selling. They are a web services company. He is the owner and a good guy. He is the glue that keeps many things together. He has 3 kids who are all precious. One has a spine problem and can't walk. That unfortunately is the extent of my knowledge. English people are strange in that they make it hard to communicate simple things to each other. They do things that they think are right but in fact are completely wrong. I got attacked while I was in the U. K. In the street at 8:30 in the morning on Friday the 13th. I was on my way to work and got attacked. The Police there are awful. They just don't care. They are nowhere to be found. In the most obvious situations where you would think they would be they hide and when you least need them they are there to hassle you. I have not been hassled but they are that kind of personality. Just my impression. Power hungry wimps. No idea for the big picture, just CYA and demonstrate what little power you have. Why can't they quantities the biggest problems and formulate a response and go about resolving it. Did you know that England has now clearly taken over the spot of the capitol for drunks in Europe. The British government will be introducing laws next year to combat the problem. Why do they not have a public intoxication law now???? You can be drunk in the street hassling old ladies and get away with it while the police stand by and chat to one another!!!! Well my time is almost up in fact a notice just came up. Time to go. Hope this has not been boring. Have a great day. Go USA!!! ",n,n,y,y,y

2004\_97.txt,"I don't know why, but for some reason I am extremely nervous about this writing assignment. It most likely won't even be read! Random, but I started thinking about what an awful driver I am in Austin. All of the one way streets and stop signs that people don't stop at are very overwhelming. I've already ran two red lights. whoops. Since this writing assignment is online, I can't help but read the instant messages that pop up while I'm typing. I love talking to people online, I think I'm addicted. It really is a great way to keep in touch with friends and family now that we are all living in different cities. Especially since two of my best friends are still in high school and my younger sister is a freshman in high school, I can talk to them all at the same time. It is very convenient. Since coming to college I have become obsessed with downloading music from itunes. Tomorrow night the Sig Eps are having an 80's theme party, so last night I spent about an hour downloading hit songs from the 80's. My friends and I are going to have a pre- dance party in my dorm room. It will be awesome. Today my friend Melanie and I went shopping at thrift stores to find 80's garb. I found the best 80's pumps for only six dollars. Can you say jackpot? I think my favorite 80's song right now has to be Jessie's Girl by Rick Springstein. I wish I was Jessie's girl, because then I would date his best friend. Speaking of dating, I think dating in college is going to be rather difficult considering there are approximately 50 gorgeous girls on campus to every one attractive guy. Not that looks are everything, but that is what generally draws two people together to start talking. Actually I think that is usually the case, but I am definitely drawn to the shy awkward boys as opposed to the attractive hard asses. Racquetball is my new favorite sport. I have played five times since I've been here. It's really the best work out. It's so much better than running for 20 minutes. just play racquetball for 45 minutes and you can't breath. It's such a great feeling. I have had a few complaints though, because I tend to accidentally hit the person I am playing with a little too often than necessary. I've hit my sister like twice and I couldn't even guess how many times I've hit Christy. Whoops! I love going to concerts. They are probably on my top 5 favorite things to do list, along with snowboarding, eating, sleeping, and dancing. I wish we had some snow nearby, but I would hate to live in the cold so I guess I don't really want snow close by. I almost went to school in Boulder, Colorado but I realized I would have to wear about 5 layers of clothing just to walk to class and I decided it just wasn't worth it. I am a Texan, if I didn't break a sweat between classes I don't know what I would do with myself. I can't wait to take trips over the holidays with my new college friends. I have been looking forward to that for a ",y,n,y,n,y

2004\_99.txt,I am currently thinking about how ready I am to go home this weekend. I didn't go home for labor day weekend because my girlfriend came here to visit me. I can't wait to see her and see if she is feeling better. She has been sick for the last four days. I also can't wait to drive my new car. I just got it this summer but I haven't been able to drive it because I don't want to bring it to Austin. I wonder what we are going to do in Psychology today? I wonder if he is going to do another demonstration like he did last class? I just drew a blank and can't think of what to say next. I really want to go watch a movie this weekend because I haven't went to the movies in a really long time. I wonder what I will buy Kim for her birthday in December? Probably some flowers and some chocolate and maybe buy her a gift certificate to get a massage. I wonder what she will buy me for Christmas? She said it was something I have been wanting but I didn't know I have been wanting anything. I hope the camera I bought on Saturday is going to be here this week. I bought the new Sony DSC-T1 which is the credit card size digital camera sony makes. I can't wait to get it I have been wanting the camera now for six months. I miss my 1967 Camaro. I restored it this year and during the summer I went to Florida and traded it in for a 2002 SS Camaro. Wow what a change that car hauls butt and is nice because it has air conditioning which the 67 didn't. I still have my 68 Camaro and I will probably be wanting to restore that one pretty soon. My dream is to be a Orthodontist and I can't stop thinking about if and when I will realize if this dream could be a reality. I know I have to wait 3 more years to apply to dental school but I can't tell if I will have high enough grades to get accepted. I really hope my Chemistry class isn't as hard as I am making it out to be. I took Chemistry AP last year in high school so I would be prepared but I feel a little discouraged. I wonder what experiments I will sign up for in Psychology. I have been looking but I haven't found one with my interest? I wonder if my dad is really going to help me get a racecar because I have always wanted to race and two weeks ago we went to the track to see if we were interested and my dad said we probably will race next year. My father raced when he was my age and I have always wanted to follow in his footsteps. He was very good and I have seen proof from the programs that he was in. I am starting to smell the food I just recently cooked. It smells like pizza. Maybe because that's what I fixed. DUH. My eyes are starting to hurt from looking at the screen without looking away. I am getting really annoyed by the people living on the top floor. They keep making noise. It sounds like an elephant is walking on top of me. It is disrupting my train of thought. I am really hoping that tonight I can take a break and not have to do any homework. ,n,y,n,y,n

2004\_101.txt,"wow I just turned on my music a little too loud. that really scared me for a second. let's get this straightened out a bit I'm so glad I'm listening to this cd it reminds me of Chris, who I miss terribly at the moment. I wonder why he didn't call me back last night well I guess it was really late and he probably had stuff to do, his chemistry homework and stuff like that. I think it's really funny that his roommate's name is hank and he's Chinese, that's just funny. my feet are really cold even though I have on socks and my slippers I guess it's just that I always get really cold in hardin house I don't know why they keep it like a refrigerator in here. everything's going to be alright, rockabye. I like this song a lot. all her friends tell her she's so pretty, she'd be a whole lot prettier if she smiled once in a while. so Fiji has a foam party planned for tomorrow night and I think that's going to be a lot of fun, except I don't know, the thought of being in a room of foam really freaks me out. I get really claustrophobic, especially when I feel like I can't breathe, kind of like when I go to sleep and I like to pull the covers up over me but I always have to make sure there's a way for a lot of air to get in and out because otherwise it just freaks me out. anyways, I think it'll be fun but I'm not sure if I'm going to get in the whole way. I've been in a whiteout once, that one in beaver creek or wait no it was park city and that was so scary, I kind of think this would be like that except a lot closer and like in your face, and hopefully not as cold. though part of what makes me claustrophobic is when you get all hot and everything as well as not being able to breathe, like you feel like you can't get any fresh air like a breeze or anything. but I still really want to go in just for a minute to say I've done it. but Leila was telling me about how people like do stuff in the foam, and I don't know I'm worried because mark is a Fiji which makes me kind of not want to go over there I wonder why he's been telling his friends about me I really don't like that because I really don't like him and I know he likes me but he's kind of crazy and obsessive almost, though he's really nice, it just seems like he tries way too hard. like too hard to be so interested in your conversation and be listening and just making that ""hmmmmmm. interesting. "" like too pleasant psychologist kind of face that makes me think he's like analyzing everything I say, like I sound stupid but he's just not saying anything kind thing. I don't know I just really don't like that at all. and I think he's a little gay. well maybe not gay, but definitely metro. I think it's really funny that I've spelled definitely my whole life, and it's always been wrong but I just can't retrain myself to get it right. kind of like weird or weird. I still get them mixed up because I know I used to always write it one way and it was wrong, but now I don't know which way is right because I can never remember if I ever actually fixed it or not. I think it's weird. weird. whatever. weird. that looks a lot more right than the other way so hey we're going to go with that. I don't know what I think about will. he's also a Fiji, so if I go to foam I get to see him but I also have to deal with mark, so that's kind of like a double-edged-sword-damned if you do damned if you don't situation. I got sick of the hyphens. anyways, I think he's a really sweet guy and all, but he's just so quiet! but at the same time it's like I'm drawn to him almost because he's a dry pledge and he's cute but not all at the same time, I'm sick of this song and I'm changing it this one is happier but back to will I just don't know what I think of him. or that. whatever. I am leaving cause I love you, I am leaving cause I don't and I'm hoping you will follow and I'm praying that you won't let me go. I want to know who sings this song, Chris never told me. I still can't believe he made me all those cds on the night he left it was really fun to talk to bo yesterday, I really liked talking to him he seemed so lonely and desperate to talk to someone his own age. I miss bo. I could never tell if he really liked me or not, kind of like Travis, because it always seemed like we had the same kind of conversation every time, like hey bo how you doing I'm good ok talk to you later awkwardness kind of thing. I don't know. scratch my neck. anyways I never really knew about that but I've always liked him, 3ven after he insulted the cake at my 16th birthday party, I can't believe he didn't remember that at all and I thought it was so funny that he was just completely horrified at himself. I love that story, it's almost as classic as the cookie analogy from homecoming my sophomore year when he and Chris both wanted to ask me, and then after that when bo liked me and I liked Chris and they were fighting over me. I wonder if it was right that I brought it up that last night we were all together that was so much fun I can't believe I actually stayed there until 4 in the morning and I'm glad Chris never lit his cigar up around me that really would have made me mad even though I know bo really wanted him to, I'm glad bo didn't force the issue too much though because I would have felt bad but I didn't want him to do that around me I hate smoking so much I hope Andrew quits it'll kill him I think it's so funny that Leila figured out that he was the guy that was making out with marry at the Fiji island party, I'm glad I wasn't there because I think I would have been really embarrassed. I guess that's part of the thing about always being the sober one at different places. it's a lot of fun because you can laugh at the people that are just getting really drunk and doing stupid things but at the same time you have to take care of people and it's like you get embarrassed for them because they just have no idea what they're doing. but I like not drinking, and I like feeling like I don't have to and people accept that. it's really kind of nice wow I only have like 3 and a half minutes left that's pretty cool. but I sure am getting there. two dimes in the telephone alright, no it's not easy tonight. good song I really do love this cd I wonder if Michelle is ever going to get me that nello cd, I really would love that. or maybe if Chris could give me the cd that has that new nello song on it I loved that. he first played that for me outside of casey's house. what were we doing over there? were we going to a concert or something. maybe? I don't remember. ha-ha Hailey used to always say we went over there to see casey's brothers. they're so hot. but Kevin's married now. I don't like how I just sounded like a bimbo there I really am smart I promise. I feel really stupid in my world lit class though because I've never taken Latin and I haven't studied Greek, and I don't know I just feel like I'm behind the ball here on Dante's inferno. I like the book a lot but I'm worried about the first paper that we have due in a few weeks. starting a paper and getting the initial idea is always the worst part by far. so don't make the wrong impression I don't want raffa to think I'm like stupid it's like in hagood's class though I guess I just have to learn when to speak up, it's like I'm wow that just interrupted me and I had no idea where I was going. . I guess I just get writing and I have to get really into the stream of consciousness without letting myself put myself into editor mode. I guess that's what I have to do when I start writing a paper because instinctively I start editing myself before I even begin and then I just end up never really getting anywhere. well I'm done here. goodbye. ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_102.txt,"Damn, I'm really hungry. My girlfriend was really hungry too, so she came over to make some Spaghetti. I guess it's already almost 6pm, so dinner wouldn't be a bad thing. In fact, it would be a good thing. It's pretty hot outside today. I have a horrible crick in my neck. Almost like I've been looking in the same direction for ages and never had my hinges oiled. When I look to the left, it all seems to go away. Perhaps I should start sitting on the other side of the classrooms. I should start studying more often. I passed my Computer Proficiency Test today. not like I was terribly worried about it though. I had my first quiz at UT today as well. I ended up reading for my Financial Accounting class for an hour and a half at the AIM reading room at the school of business. I did a few homework problems at the end, but didn't finish them. If I would have been reading for my MIS class, I probably would have been prepared for the quiz. It's pretty straightforward stuff though--especially with me being a certified Microsoft and Citrix network administrator. My roommate Chad has been really sketchy lately. I think it has to do with the fact that we moved in together as 'eligible bachelors' after both breaking up from serious relationships. DAMN, those Italian herbs smell really good. It's making my mouth start to water really bad. I took a painting class last semester and did a few works -- one of them is sitting on my desk and keeps catching my attention. I also have a double Dave's cup on my desk -- which is one of my favorite places to eat. I think I'm going to turn some music on now [empty thoughts] I'm now listening to the sound of 311 (their self titled album to be more specific) I wonder if you all will actually read these. My thought pattern seems to have become more spaced out since I've started listening to the music. Oop--now it's picking up again. I have a stack of CD's on top of my monitor. Do you? Do you have a stack of anything? I once saw a stack of hay at my friends ranch. The code to their ranch was 1991, because that's the year they purchased it. The funny thing is, he now incorporated that number plus the first initial of him, his mom, his dad, and his two dogs into being his screen name. This sucks that the time is going by so slowly. At first it seemed to pass by really quickly--with the lines of text slowly appearing, but the time going by in increments of 30 seconds. The spaghetti is ready. Damnit, I'm hungry but I have to sit here for a little while more and type to no one. I wonder why brass was chosen as a doorknob color. Maybe because it looks similar to gold -- and gold is a precious commodity. My stomach feels like it's burning right now. Those aromas are filling my nose. WOOOOO HOOOOO! My girlfriend, Laura, just brought me a plate full of Spaghetti and Meatballs. to have a bite As much as I really want to sit here and keep typing, I think I'm going to grab a drink to pair with my spaghetti. Dr Pepper is pretty awesome. I can type and watch TV at the same time. I never thought being able to type without looking would be that good of a thing Now I get to use it while trying to complete my psychology assignment. Yeeeaaaah! The assignment is over. ",y,n,n,y,y

2004\_103.txt,"this writing assignment is very interesting. it is strange how it is somewhat difficult to simply write whatever I am thinking. sometimes it is hard to tell. I really need to catch up on some of my homework. I also need to find a job. high school was so much different than college is. that isn't necessarily a bad thing. just different. I like living in Austin. there is much more to do than there is in a town of under 300 people. I am hungry. where should I eat lunch today. my parents are coming down this weekend. I think I'll leave. to many people in a little apartment. I don't really think I could handle it. I got a cat. well a kitten actually. to keep my company. it whines a lot. and likes to crawl up my leg. I haven't really talked to that many people from back home since I have been here. but that doesn't really bother me. I need new people. meeting people here is harder than I thought it would be. I figured since this is a huge campus that it would be easy and just kind of happen. but it turns out I think I might actually have to make an effort to meet new people. I really need to find a job. hopefully on-campus. that would be great. I am looking forward to psychology class today. it is interesting. I want to learn how people think. because I wish I knew a lot of the time. but I don't really think that is something you can learn. because everyone's mind works differently, so how can you learn how people think if it not the same with any one person? how can you know the emotions and thoughts of the people around you? I have a hard time knowing the thoughts and emotions of my closest friends. and even myself at times. the mind is so complex. I have thought about majoring in psychology. I just wish I had some clue as to what I want to do with my life. it's like I am here, in college, finally, and I have no idea what to do with it. I guess I will figure it out. I just get tired of waiting for that sudden thought to just pop into my head and me know that is what I want to do for the rest of my life. that's a long time. I want to do something I enjoy. somewhere where I will be happy. but I guess that is what everybody wants. but why do some people find that, and not others. what makes the lucky ones different. I guess if everyone did what the wanted then there would be nobody to do the dirty work. but it just seems unfair that some have it so could. and some can never find that place where they feel content. does that place really exist? I think so. I don't think I have quite found it though. I think I will though. maybe I'll be one of those lucky ones. I miss Jason. is this going to work? do I want it to? I do but there are so many things to experience here. will it change me? he thinks so. but I don't know. maybe it will. maybe it should. but where does that leave us? is there an us? I have no idea how to handle that situation. my parents are going crazy. they miss me so much. I miss them, but am relieved to not be in there household anymore. I needed some freedom. I need to learn to live on my own. I really don't want a job though. it will be hard to balance work and school and homework. but I need to money. I guess I have to eat and pay rent. I am really getting hungry. I am not really that tired considering I got up at 7 this morning. surprising. I haven't even taken a nap. I don't think I will. I rode the shuttle from my apartment this morning. I usually drive. but I can't afford to pay $7 everyday. it wasn't that bad. but I didn't really know where it was going to take me. but I made it to class on time. and didn't have to walk that far. I just hope I am able to catch it this afternoon. I think I know where it will pick me up. but I don't know what time it runs really. and how late it runs. but I should be done here around 5. cause I have a class from 3:30 till 5. I really need to go to the gym. I think I am going to talk some dance classes. that sounds like fun. and I bet it will help me meet more people. I need to talk to Jason. let him know I care and that I think about him a lot. I know he worries. I worry to. I need to quit stressing about everything so much. I worry myself to much. I guess that is human nature though. who knows what human nature really is. maybe that is just an excuse for the way we act. I know I use it as an excuse at times. that's kind of sad. but I guess everyone probably does. wow my times almost up. that didn't seem like 20 minutes. when you just start letting your thoughts go I guess time goes by pretty quickly. I think I might take a nap. but I have more homework that needs to be done. dang there is so much reading. I get tired ",y,n,n,y,y

2004\_104.txt,"I am watching an episode of Mad TV and they were doing a parody on the whole parish priest / alterboy thing, singing Nelly's ""Hot in Herre"". The whole thing makes me sick when I think about it. My desktop died on me while I was up at UT and I am shopping for a new computer. The soonest I could get one would probably be Christmas, because of the long delay in shipping and the safety issues of shipping it to home and having no one there to sign for it and shipping it to the dorm where someone might take it and I would never see it. But it really sucks that my desktop would just crap out like it did. At least I still have my laptop, even thought it is a brick, weighing over 10 pounds, but I chose it and paid for it. All in all, life on the computer side just sucks. I wrote this during Labor Day long weekend, so I just sitting here at home in Houston until tomorrow when I go back to Austin for a long haul, as I call it where I don't go back home until another holiday/long weekend. But I don't mind, I really enjoy living in Austin, although the dorm I live in sucks due to construction noises. I have late classes on TTH and I don't get up until like 11, but I still am awakened by construction at 10 or so. Even though I didn't know my roommate until I move in with him, I do not regret going potluck. He is pretty cool, and he respects my wishes and I do the same for him. He has early classes on the same days that I do, so he doesn't bother me when he gets up in the morning, and I don't bother him when I wake up, because he has the same classes at the same times as I do. So that is cool. It's an oddity that I am writing this, for I do not really know how to write papers. So I decided to write this like I would for my blog on LiveJournal, like I am writing to my best friends. When I get back to Austin, I need to get my Calculus book and maybe find a movie that me and my friends can go to, just as kind of a day off thing to kill time before the daily grind starts again. Sadly II feel like this after only one and a half weeks of school at UT, into my freshman year. But the work is not the problem, the problem is the walking, but I will have to just get used to that aspect of UT. ",y,n,y,n,y

2004\_107.txt,"Ok, well here we are. Typing away at our writing assignment. YAY! I hope I'm doing this right. The TV. is really distracting me right now. Not so much that I can't type, but I keep thinking about Abe Lincoln. I love that guy. He's tall. Tall I sure as hell am not tall. That's a shame too, I could have a good tall guy. GEEZE, it's only been two minutes. This sucks. Now, now, give it a chance. I hate you. Shut up. Ok so lets see here. I like apple sauce. Definitely going to have me some apple sauce as soon as am done with this assignment. I have a giant jar of apple sauce sitting in my frig. Hate people. They're so stupid. I hate the way they act and treat others. Ah. I'm rambling, stop it. Ok lets see, I like toys. Toys are fun. I remember the good old days when Christmas was all about the toys. Now Christmas sucks. I hate Christmas so much. I hate the way we have to spend time with the family, I hate all the cheery people, and I hate how everyone is happier than me. I mean if people would just concentrate on . I hate my roommate. Always drinking my water. Why must he touch my stuff without asking. Sorry he just walked in and I remembered that he took my water bottle. Crap, where was I, Christmas blows! It's just I think people have forgot the real me, I just saw some breast on the TV. and now I've lost tract of what I was saying. Ah yes, Christmas angers me. It's just that people, I think, celebrate jolly old saint Nicholas and the bright lights and trees, more than the birth of Jesus. I'm sorry know I'm watching ROCKY IV on TV. I love rocky, he's amazing. I even named my dog Rocky in honor of Sly. Wow not even ten minutes. Well I'm just saying I'd be happier with Christmas if people just went to church all day on Christmas than celebrate Santa Crap. Oh no, I'm talking to myself again, blast I hate when I do that. DING DING, sorry, it's a line in Rocky IV. Favorite line in ROCKY IV, ""Age before beauty,"" as Apollo Creed lets Rocky, fucking roommate took my boxers. Sorry I just pressed enter as if I was sending a message on instant messi, how do you spell messenger, oh there we go. It's just he was shopping for boxers, and I found a pair that I liked and then. we weren't shopping alone, we had to girls with us, (just for the record. ) anyways, what, ah I liked a pair and. wait, I think I'm screwing up the assignment. QUICK ding dong the witch is dead, the witch is dead. I'm tired and I'm really really dumb. Hi my name is the undead and I like sleeping. ok lost train of thought there. hmmmmmmm, pizza rolls. I smell pizza rolls because my roommate just made some, probably mine that he stole, fucking ass. I want to be an actor. I love that they made five Rockys, I wish I had an accent, like a scottish or german one. The word Finish looks German. I tried learning German, FOR THAT FUCKING WHORE!!!!!!! I hate everything. Especially her. Not really, I actually love her(possibly), I just grrr. , hate that time of my life. I wish I was six feet tall, that would be badass. Hot, now there's a funny word, sorry I just heard the word hot on TV. Now Lacrosse, there's a fun sport. I hope I get to play sometime , fucking roommate always distracting me. NO NO, he cool, it's just I. Get back on tract. School is very educational to me. I like it. Now drugs are bad, very very bad. I got to start eating better, much better. YAHOOO, almost done. I'm not even sure what I've written about, but you know what, it doesn't matter, because I own shit and I run shit. Peace ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_108.txt,"Hello, my name is Jason. I felt like I needed to introduce myself since someone will be reading this assignment, and I am not familiar with that person. Anyhow, lets talk about some stuff. Hmm, where should I begin? I was born in Alice. If your thinking this is like a biography, then I think that you will be wrong. However, back to what I was saying. I don't really like traveling to Alice, TX. I find it kind of boring because I don't have anyone over there that is my age. All of my relatives are much older than I. These people don't tend to interest me because they are always bogged down with the problems that they create. Lets talk about my uncle for instance. I will not mention his name, however, he was. I mean is a drug addict and is constantly in and out of jail. Why would I be interested in going and visiting him unless I wanted some crack or something? He is a liar anyways, and I don't like affiliating myself with those kinds of people. Speaking of the kind of people I affiliate (if that's even how u spell the word) myself with, I think that I accidentally roomed with a gay person this semester. Had to look over my shoulder to make sure he's not behind me or something. However, he makes a lot of homosexual remarks, and although he says he is just playing, I think he does it all too frequently to be playing around. Anyways, I'm sick of talking about him because that guy is more and more annoying everyday. Lets talk about my big brother. Now this guy is someone who has his crap cut out. This is the reason that I look up to him. He knows how to manage his time, talk to his gf on the telephone for hours at a time, go out on the weekends, and still get all A's! I have to admit that I am somewhat jealous. However, he does help me out and gives really great advice. When he tutors me, I feel like he teaches better than a lot of professors. Maybe this is because he has known me for so long and knows how I retain material. He is two years older than me, but I am tired of talking about him because he always hogs the damn spotlight. Lets talk about my boxing, because that always gets me the respect and acknowledgement that I feel is so precious to a person. I hated not being respected. It made me sick to my stomach when someone would cut me in line or throw a pencil or whatnot at me and I couldn't do anything about it because that person had a physical strength advantage over me. However, I put an end to all that crap when I joined the boxing team in the summer of my freshman year in high school. I learned how to fight the hard way though. My coach sucked and didn't teach me a thing, so I just kept fighting and watching fights and picked up on different styles and tricks of the trade. I adopted a slugger's style of fighting. The reason is because my foot movement was never all that great. My strength began to get developed when I began lifting weights in my freshman year, and it suited my fighting style great. That year, a couple of kids decided to mess with me, so I took them to the mat room (part of the gym in my high school), and floored them one by one. Man it was great, the respect that those fights generated was awesome. From then on out, word of mouth about those fights got me my respect. I didn't even have to fight anymore! But I kept on because I got too competitive and I kind of liked it. Currently, I'm undefeated in my hometown. However, I was just an average fighter when it came to the Golden Gloves. I stopped when I started college. That's enough of that. My father is the next person I want to discuss. He has worked his way from rock bottom, and I admire that. He slept in a car for 6 months and bathed in a nearby river when he was working in maintenance away (for a railroad company called Southern Pacific). He helps us out so much and he's funding my tuition for college all by himself (cause my mom divorced him a couple of years ago). I still love her and all, I just don't agree with anything she does. She seems to have tunnel vision, u know what I mean? Let me explain because my time here is almost up. She is one of those people who will see something she wants, and direct all of her attention to acquiring that one thing, no matter who she hurts. Today she seems more like a stranger, cause I don't see her all that much. She didn't invite me to her wedding. My time is up. Talk to u later. Bye ",n,n,n,n,y

2004\_109.txt,"I just failed my chemistry quiz. I feel . depressed? I could have gotten the correct answer it was just that I was answering the question incorrectly. At first I thought it was the TA's fault, maybe she done the test wrong. But as I was turning in the quiz I finally realized that I had been solving for the wrong question. Hey there's a squirrel with a piece of pizza that is bigger than him !! Ha-ha, cute. Anyways, I was turning in the quiz when I realized this. Oh well it was too late anyways. I wonder if that's how it feels when you die and go to heaven and actually realize you were praying for the wrong person or to no one at all. Just a waste of time. There's a lot of people around here, thank you the group of people that came up with wireless internet. There's really nothing much going around in my mind right now, except for the whole feeling guilty/depressed for failing that chem quiz. I went to the HPO to pick up the application for the JAMP program they want at least a 3. 25 gpa and 3. 0 gpa in the science areas in order to be admitted into it. I already failed my chem quiz , what to do. I have a test next week in chemistry, hopefully I will learn from my previous mistakes in my quiz and I will get an A . Hhahaha, squirrels they are so funny and cute, they are everywhere around this campus, that's what I love about it here, the whole not so dirty as Houston thing going on . Its so clean , well around here it is still haven't seen the rest of Austin. I bet squirrels back at home wouldn't even come up this close as the ones in here do, What is love. I have been thinking about that , I want to believe my practical side and think that it is nothing but a bunch of hormones hitting your pleasure area in the brain. Or that love is just conformity, you find someone stay with them because you never want to be alone again. Or is love really something else, do we stay alive for it? Is it really forever even after you die? Maybe that's just something we want to believe in because we are also afraid of being alone even after we die. Do we really need love to be happy? I mean love as in an ""only one"" your significant other, do we really need that kind of love to be happy in life , or is it really just another experience we go through? What is love to women? Are they just trying to find another paternal figure in their life in order to replace the one they had when they were young? I mean think about it, if a girl had a bad experience with her dad, she'd view all men the same. So lets say she lost her respect for him, we'll she then lose respect for all men? Will she be able to be in a healthy relationship? All these questions, and I can't type fast. I'm a slow typer. But yeah, why are we here anyways. Is life nothing but insignificant events that happen in no random order and were really just nothing at all. I mean I'm sure if all of humanity died, the earth would still spin, maybe the earth will be better with out all of us. Sometimes we think we are the center of the universe. But really we are nothing at all, just a speck in the abyss of the dark universe. Ew, there was some stuff on my hands where did it come from. Maybe a bird pooped on me, you can't trust those birds. I rubbed it all over my forehead, maybe I should check what it is, wait I have to finish this thing. I'm thinking about majoring in some other field now, like psychology, but I love my current HAHAHAHA there is a squirrel in the trash can !! HOW CUTE. So psychology sounds interesting buy I also looooooooove biology. Maybe there's a biopsychology major out there, I mean biology and psychology do go in hand right? ",n,n,n,n,y

2004\_110.txt,"Right now I'm feeling overwhelmed at all the work that has been given to me. There is so much reading that I have to get done and so little time with all the classes I am taking. Right now I am thinking of a way to manage my time and get everything done. Right now I am hearing dead silence as my roommates and I are all studying in the same room. I am also hearing the fan and the doors slam from others people who are down the hall from me. Right now I am feeling very tired and my eyes are about to shut but I'm trying my best to stay awake. As I type, I'm thinking about other work that needs to be done by tomorrow and wondering if I'm ever going to get that done tonight. At this instant I'm noticing how there are so many pictures of friends in front of me and how much I miss them. I'm wondering about how tomorrow's classes are going to be and what other will be assigned for that day. I am also thinking about how hard my classes are and how I am going to pass them. I'm trying to figure out a way to manage my time, a way to prevent me from procrastinate, and a way to stay in control with my study habits. Right now I also feel sad because I really miss my family. It's so hard for me to be away from them because I'm so close to them. I especially miss my little bother and little sister. They always make me laugh. Today my day was tough. I hardly understood what was going on in there so I had to stay after class and ask questions. As for my critical thinking seminar, I had a hard time participating mainly because of what the topic was about. Right now I'm hearing no noise at all and it's just making me tired. I feel very cold right now because the fan is right in front of me and it's making my eyes dry. ",y,y,y,y,n

2004\_113.txt,"ok, so I guess I just type here. for twenty minutes. Hrm interesting you know I think this will get very boring really fast. (and my roommate asks ""so you just write? anything? crazy dude"") wow. I thought at least something would come but er. Never mind. I do not know really what to write about. great and only a minute and a half into it. er. hrm, maybe write about this computer, or the fact that I do not have one yet. that sucks. in college and I have to either go to a lab or use someone else's computer while constantly I see others around on their own machines. I have a phone call! yay. my 'mentor' telling me about an event in front of ECJ. weird trying to type and talk at the same time about two completely off different things. eh. phone's off. coming on five minutes now. almost. So I was early. you know this can't all be that interesting typing for a solid twenty minutes. most of these papers must be extremely boring. unless someone goes off and just starts telling a story or something. hrm, sounds like maybe something to do. well, it all began a long time ago. well, long in the sense that they were young when it began; that time period to others may just be what they consider a few years or so. (did you know that is you try to hit tab to indent it takes you out of the typing window. very annoying I must say) (I need a name. Er, Samsung monitor, ok the character's name is Sam) Sam had been a small child when his father disappeared, therefore he had little memory of him. all he could think of was being told stories as he was falling asleep or going to the occasional trip to the park. nothing really stood out to tell him what his father was like. many others that had known his father would tell him that he was an odd person, constantly coming up with random ideas or running off to work on something new and exciting, except that no one ever knew exactly what he ran off to do. they also told him of when his father was younger; he would disappear for days on end, supposedly off camping or exploring by himself, and would return different. how different, they could not quite say, but something changed in him. , not always for the better. often he would come back slightly depressed or would remain to himself for weeks, but after time, he would return to his energetic self. (I notice I seem to misspell quite a bit and even though I try to catch and fix the word as I type it, some words do get through without my notice and I'd rather not go back and change them. Also I tend not to capitalize much when typing. this is probably due to the fact that I have grown to accustomed to writing in Word and it will capitalize certain things automatically; that and I am usually too lazy to remember to do so. ) After Sam's father disappeared the last time, his mother fell into a strange illness. there was not a doctor who they could find who could explain the sickness. it was as if something from another world. Something definitely there but not ",n,n,y,n,y

2004\_114.txt,"well I guess I am just supposed to start writing. Well I will start by telling this computer about my day. Today I went to class, well first I was supposed to wake up at 5:45 am but instead I pushed my snooze button one too many times and ended up sleeping until 6:45,my bus leaves at 7:00. So I missed my bus, the third time this school year, I just can't seem to get it together. But anyways I arrived to my class 25 minutes late, and since it was my third time late to this class it was slightly embarrassing, especially since the only two doors into the classroom are right where the teacher is teaching. So I slowly made my entrance and went and sat in the back of the class, and for once I didn't fall asleep! AMAZING! I then decided to do my chemistry homework that I thought was due today but its really not due till Thursday. So I wasted my time off doing homework that wasn't even due, not like I understood much of it anyways. Well so then I was out of school for the day! My boyfriend, John, doesn't get out of class until 1:15 and it was only 12:30 so I decided to go to Barnes and Nobles and finish reading an interesting book I had started a week ago. Its called ""A Boy Called It"" its actually a very upsetting book because its about this boy who endured horrible child abuse for the better part of his childhood. His mother was basically insane. She played horrible games with him, like making him burn his own arm over the stove, making him eat his brother's dirty diaper, and starving him to death, not to mention beating him to a pulp everyday. And his family just stood by and watched him take it. What kind of father could watch his son be abused like that and not do anything? That just makes me sick. Well so anyways I almost finished the book when John called and picked me up so we could hang out. So we watched Hannibal. Oh what a creepy movie! The grossest part was when he took the scalp off one cop and scooped out some of his brain while he was still alive. AND THEN, fed it to him! It was pretty disgusting. So after that we just kind of hung around his house doing nothing, but I love the fact that I can just do nothing with him and not be bored. But oh the drama that our relationship has caused with our friends! I don't even want to get into it. HMMM I'm thinking about going downstairs and getting myself another cookie, I'm addicted! I'm a chocoholic! But seriously I need to start working out, or eating less or something because I'm feeling a little on the chunky side. Maybe tomorrow I will do that. Yea right, like I have the time. I'll just starve myself, naw those cookies are just too darn good! I'm so happy that this medication I'm taking is finally feeling like its working! I'm so tired of feeling sad and depressed all the time, and a couple nights ago I just took it way too far. The thought of cutting myself again just makes me sick now. So I'm getting better! I think its funny that Professor Pennebaker told us not to make this a cry for help, because a few weeks ago it might have been and I would have been one of the lost causes. Wow, that cookie really sounds good. This music also sounds good, I like music a lot, it just seems like a great way to express yourself! Even though I don't play anything, and I can't sing worth crap I like to listen to music as a release. Right now I'm very into alternative rock and new age rock. Last night I downloaded 6 hours worth of music onto this computer so now I'm set for life! Nirvana is a cool band, too bad Kurt Cobain killed himself he was a great musician! He killed himself on my birthday, how weird is that? Speaking of birthdays I need to get my mom a birthday present! Maybe I will have time on Thursday before Defensive driving class! I sure hope so. ",y,y,n,n,y

2004\_115.txt,"It smells really good in my apartment. My roommate's girlfriend is making chicken and I'm cooking out. I love Monday night football. Its on tonight. it is Thursday night but this is the opening game but abc is covering the game. watching football is putting me in a good mood. I am in the process of cooking out on the grill. I'm really tired right now but I have a test tomorrow. last night I had like three hockey games. on real game and then the school team, we had practice. we got a new dog and it sometimes keeps me up at night. he is a jack russel terrier and his name is miller. the washing machine is going and it is really loud. just like the dishwasher. the patriots are winning now they just kicked a field goal. my girlfriend is doing her homework over in the dining room. I wonder what she is working on. the dishwasher stopped and now it is quiet in here. john madden annoys me. I'm not really watching the game because I'm doing this but I hear him commenting on the game. all he does is state the obvious. I don't need to hear him tell me what I just saw. I can believe he gets paid. I hope I get a good job like that were I get paid very well and the job can be fun. it just got really hot in my apartment really fast. I need to turn down the thermostat. I don't want to study tonight. I just want to chill. I am worrying occasionally because I changed my major and I am now trying to get into upper division. my new major is sport management. it used to be economics. a beer would great right now. I just saw a Coors light commercial. that's good advertising. well I'm halfway done with this thing. there is not much to say I just keep thinking of the same things. I hope Texas football wins this weekend. Arkansas beat us last year but I think we will beat them this year. I need to go put the meat on the grill because I am hungry. I have to do this for 7 more minutes then I can do that. I'm cooking this really good sausage that my girlfriend bought in Elgin, Texas. I'm so hungry. its making it worse because of my roommates food that they are making is smelling really good. hopefully the patriots will win this game. they are winning this game. they won last year in the conference championship. I'm ready for the hockey season to start. I wish I could go play hockey tonight. I wonder what my dog is doing. my roommate is yelling at him so I'm sure he is doing something mischievous because he is always doing stuff like that. be quiet john madden. this is a long twenty minutes. I'm still hungry. I'm ready for the weekend. it will be fun. dang the patriots are punting. I need a new car. mine is a 2 door Tahoe that is a 93 so it is eleven year old. I can't wait till next Wednesday for the incubus concert. they are my favorite band and they are coming to Austin to play. it will be sweet. I'm going with all my friends. I should call my mom and let her know what is going on with me I wonder what she is doing ",n,n,n,y,n

2004\_119.txt,"there is so much going on my room right now, some it probably isn't the best time to be writing right now well I guess it'll give them more to think about. There is this song on rt now I think its called legionaries its cool it makes me think of like knights and stuff, its kinds up-beat and fun my roommate is talking to her dad about her palm pilot. I love the way he said boulevard its like the greatest British accent. I've been to Britain well I mean England. Either way I want to have a friend who is British like a guy friend I guess because I don't think id want to date a British guy, they all have gross teeth, I don't really understand that like do they not go to the dentist or know what a toothbrush is or something. Oh I don't think I've ever seen a British person with braces either I guess it has to be something to do with the dentist. I just changed the song on my cd player, the song was called Clementine which reminds me of my favorite movie, well one of my favorite movies, I have like a ton of favorite things, they are never ending. I'm always like yeah this is my fav song or this is my fav band, and the person I am talking to will be like wait I thought you said that blah blah was your fav band, and then I'm like well yeah them too. Well anyway one of my fav movies eternal sunshine of the spotless mind, its so weird but you know those are fav type of movies, I don't think I have a fav that everyone else like and I don't so it on purpose to be diff or anything oh and by the way I absolutely can't stand those type of people who feel that they have to be diff so they do stuff so blatantly different just so that they will be the center of attention, drives me nuts, like people who dye their hair like crazy colors or people who wear weird like way out there kind of clothes, and I bet is you were to ask them why their hair looks like that or why they're wearing that they'll just tell you. I've lost my train of thought, what I was going to say wasn't really going to make any sense. My roommate uses her palm pilot for everything, I don't know if I could deal using one of those for everything, I couldn't live without my comp, but my cell phone has a lot of the options that palm pilots do like a calendar and alarms a phone book so whatever. I think I should get my blood sugar measured, because I think since I have been at college all I do now is eat, and not healthy foods, I have to have something sweet all the time, it is kind of showing on my figure. I was just thinking about how I looked in a leotard today in my ballet class, I'm not as comfortable being in one as I used to be. Oh this girl in ballet class had just done some center combo with me and we were waiting for everyone else to go and she was like are you gong to try out for the dance team? and I was like no but I think I want to try out for the steel dance company and she was like oh aren't tryouts this weekend? and I was like yeah and she was like oh you will do great you're really really good, I was happy to hear her say that, just to have someone compliment me on my dance skills is such a boost of self esteem especially before tryouts this weekend, I got back to my dorm room and I was so happy, that can also be because I talked to David rt after my class, we are really doing well I think after this weekend, things have steadily been getting back on track with us, I really think I am in love with him, I think the whole break up only made us stronger, that happened the first time we sort of broke up, I wish we could just spend all of our time with each other, I really do miss him a lot, and the thing is if we hadn't broken up this summer I wanted to break up with him before we started college because I wanted to date other people, but the truth is I've only been comparing other guys to him, I guess that's what happens, I mean I have seen cute guys but I haven't really met any yet, so I don't know if that's a good ting or not, anyway David wanted to make it official that we were back together last weekend but its hard because I can't really trust him and neither can my parents, so that really sucks because I really do still want to be with him but my mom is like Seville your a fool and blah blah and sometimes I feel like I kind of am because I start to doubt myself so much about the decision I'm making about us, its like would I follow my heart or mind? it sounds like a stupid line out of a movie but that's really how I feel, I think things are looking up and I think my hearts motives are starting to blend with my mind's ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_122.txt,"I'm thinking I don't know what I'm thinking. its like my mind is still working although I don't know what to write. I wonder how the keyboard came into invention and why the letters on the board are the way they are. my history class will be more difficult than I anticipated, my instructor really seems to know what he is talking about. I wonder if he's married, I think if he is married he probably has a very attractive wife. I knew a guy at my high school like that, he was sort of feminine but attractive girls were attracted to him, I never understood it. he was friends with the craziest people. terrill had a death wish. he never understood the value of life or he understood it completely and wanted to live it at the very edge. I wonder why the timer isn't working. I thought a timer was counting down when Pennebaker did this site as an example in class. I'll just stop the timer when 20 minutes have elapsed and count it myself since this fucking site is obviously not working. I hate computers. I hate computing. computing is going to be a bad class that I am not looking forward too. UT is a beautiful campus. I like the way all the sidewalks are shady and all the buildings are very rustic looking. I want to get a bike so I can ride to psychology quickly on Mondays because its a pain in the ass walking all the way there and all the way back with nothing to go to before or after. I'm worried about kaitlin. I think she will be fine and not get hurt or killed but I think war might change her in some way. she says she is ready to die for her country but she still has doubts about the validity of the war which could wear down on her morale as she is in a foreign place with strangers. I hope she can find something over there to keep her interest or just keep her going. Iraqi sandspiders are the scariest fucking things I've ever seen in my life. if a sandspider attacked me I would probably try to kill it and then be traumatized for the rest of my life. rishi is making a weird ass noise. like breathing when you are lifting weights or something. brian is my best friend and he almost died. it is very scary to think that someone my age and so close in all aspects of life to me can die. I am 18 and invincible or so I thought. this must change the entire way he views life. don't treat it as something to take for granted. it is definitely a gift and some people just don't understand that. they either die young or never appreciate what they have which is almost worse. I need to get a rug our room is dirty. I'm looking around to spur my thoughts when something goes on for too long. I like the way the window faces north. I can see almost the whole campus and its pretty in the morning. I want to buy a hang glider really really bad. what is my fascination with flight, it must be something deep in my past or the fact that my dad was a pilot I don't know. I hope I didn't choose the wrong career path with the one I have chosen not really offering me much of a chance to fly unless I become moderately rich. I hate that the common man cannot fly his own vessel, even though the commercialization of flight is just about the coolest thing ever. I wonder what sort of experience it takes to becomes someone who works at the airport. that might be a fun job. maybe even just working in the fucking coffee shop would be cool because you get to meet lots of people from all over the world. Austin is a cool city. I think if my job permits me, I would like to stay here for a good portion of my life. I also want to live outside the US for a while. in a country that has ancient cultural significance. maybe Greece or France or Italy. that would be the shit. I feel like stretching. my back always needs to be stretched after I wake up. I wonder why that is. ok so the timer should have reached 20 minutes by now so I will hit submit. ",n,n,n,n,n

2004\_123.txt,"Ok. I'm here in the CPE building during mandatory study time. I'm trying to catch up on some missed work, like this stream of consciousness writing exercise which I couldn't do before hand because I lost my class code number. Well. Anyway, let's see what's on my mind. The Mets are really bad. I've actually begun rooting against them so they'll fall into last place and Art Howe will be fired. He really is an Awful manager. Personally, I liked Bobby Valentine. Sure he had a couple rough moments, but overall he was a much more effective manager. Hmmm. well. my friend Scott Neff, who used to work for the mets, sat down with Jim Duquette the other day and JD pretty much vented all of his anger about this season and his distaste for Art Howe. They've begun to give him nicknames in the clubhouse. For example: The Wizard, The Wiz, and The Grandfather. There was a little bit of a pause there because I took a swig of water. I'm pretty sure the guy behind me is looking at what I'm writing. Is that a little bit disconcerting. Yes. Oh well. I'm glad I will be taking advantage of this time. 3 hrs of studying a night can really keep you on track. I just turned my cell phone off. James has handwriting that's hard to understand. My battery life remains surprisingly high. Wireless internet is pretty awesome. Wow. This is the first time I've used wireless internet. I wonder how long I've been typing? Probably 8 or 9 minutes which means that I should probably stop around 8:56. I wonder what I'm going to have to do after 11 pm. I should have brought those quarters. I knew I should have. But then I would have been late. I've got this compulsion for grammatical correctness. Is that weird? Well, I talked to my mom today. She and my dad took the top down in the convertible for the first time today. That's sick. My dads had that car since before I left for school. That's over a month now and he hasn't even taken the roof down!!! He spent 70 grand almost on a convertible and doesn't even bother to take the roof down! tell me that's not a disgusting waste. Someone came in and asked for the sign in sheet. I wonder how the ghs theater stuff is going. I thought Id miss it a little bit. And I kind of do. I miss the actual acting aspect of it. But you can't imagine the relief of not having to deal with kohn at all. It should be pretty cool to come back home though and visit. It must be all the more liberating to view that whole situation from the outside. Or maybe it will just bring back weird memories. My finger. No my thumb really itches. I'm thinking I should wash my hands. They feel pretty grimy. I did wash them after I ate that sushi though. The sushi was surprisingly good. On the other hand it should be good if its $8. The smell in the room. Well there is no distinguishable smell. Back in jester though. WOW. That place smells incredibly bad. It's always a mixture of body odor, popcorn and some sort of Lysol. Really nasty. I wonder how Lauren is doing? I really like that girl, but lately my attraction to her is more as a friend. Sexually, she is pretty frustrating. I assume all Mormons are. But when I have numerous girls around me who are much more. um. Liberal sexually, it makes me think twice more often than I'd like. I wonder what she thinks of me. That situation with Tyler is fu. Messed up. I'm sure she knows that. But now that I think of it. That whole thing is pretty messed up. OH well. Someone came in the room and kindly asked us to be quiet. He's walking over to someone. Whispering in his ear. Smiling. Oh well. I think my battery life is running low. I think my 20 mins is up. ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_124.txt,"I just finished taking the prescreening survey and I could not help but feel that some of those questions were ridiculous and repetitive. I'm not even sure that I will agree to participate in any extra surveys even if I'm qualified. I don't feel comfortable being subject to any questionable tests - the guinea pig feeling makes me feel lesser, I guess. I have a lot on my mind concerning a specific event that happened yesterday, and I surprisingly feel comfortable talking about it. I feel alright talking to people, but somehow it's different typing my feelings onto a screen. this screen represents nothing to me right now, I don't know if anyone will ever read or really care about reading this. somehow I'm still making sure that I am spelling words correctly and using acceptable grammar. anyway, the event that I found out about yesterday. involves losing a person that I knew in high school. I can't stop thinking about the fact that just two years ago we were sitting in the same classrooms and wandering the same halls, and now one of us isn't here. it's very clear in my mind that we weren't the best of friends, but we shared the same circle of friends and some of my best friends knew her very well. I personally haven't spoken or seen her since graduation, but I knew she would accomplish everything she wanted and do it better than anyone else. now that I think about it (and I can't stop thinking about it) she is one of the most brilliant people I have met in my life. she graduated 5th in our class, and spent this past summer at Princeton for a research project; definitely someone who was going somewhere. I never thought that something like this could happen to one of ""us,"" the people that basically built the foundation for the person that I am today. I know we weren't the closest that friends could be, but my best friends are wrecks right now, and that affects me. it's a direct and indirect effect, not so much one thing with a yield arrow leading to another thing, but more like a huge web of thoughts that are clinging to me. I'm tangled and I'm not sure where this leaves me. I hate that I can't remember the last thing that we said to each other. nevertheless I was perfectly fine knowing that she was off in her world, and I was off in mine, both separately pursuing the things that we love most in the world. it's not fair that her life wasn't complete enough for her to fulfill everything she wanted to do. it's not fair that they found her the way that they did; it's not fair that we don't know and we won't know for a long time. the truth of what happened. everything is so complex. I can't call anyone; I mean, I can call, but I don't know what I could say that would offer any comfort. it'd be different if I were there with our friends, must to hold a hand or sit next to someone who understands. nobody here at UT went to my high school, and I doubt that anyone on campus can come close to saying that something like this happened to somebody he or she knew. I feel alone, I feel helpless, but at the same time I feel like I'm connected to everyone else who knew her because, well, we're all probably feeling alone right now. college is supposed to help us branch out and find ourselves, become good individuals in this world. at the same time, in the time between our high school graduation and now, we've all become isolated from each other. it sucks that it takes something like this for me to finally feel like we belong together and that the time that we spent together was precious. all time in the world is precious now. things that I was worried about before I heard the news, any stress that I felt weighing on me in the past week has disappeared. homework and little things seem trivial to me. in a way things seem simplified now: we either are. or we aren't. just being here doesn't seem right- but is it selfish to be so so glad that I am here? I wonder if I deserve it, or if I can earn my place here. then again, who knows if it's so bad on the other side. I see that I have less than three minutes left to stream my consciousness. what a perfect day for me to tell my feelings to nobody in particular, and for them to disappear into a screen as soon as I press ""finish,"" yet for them to linger in my mind still. any other day I would have felt that this assignment was worthless, but I'll admit it. feeling like a part of myself is being put out there-a huge or small risk, I'm not sure-makes me feel the slightest bit better. maybe ",n,n,y,y,y

2004\_125.txt,"Well, I'm really not thinking about anything in particular except for the fact that I know I have to do this. Just got back from school and had lunch. My whole apartment smells of black pepper chicken; spicy stuff, but yummy. I cooked it last night, ah. the life of a college student. I've left the TV on. I always like to watch something as I eat. Something to entertain, or dull and numb the mind. It's been a good week, but everything has passed so fast. I've always wondered about the concept of time. How it can feel so simultaneously fast and slow at the same time. I have the worst memory. but it wasn't always the case. I'm not getting old so much as I had a lot of problems after being involved in a hit-and-run accident a few years ago. Headaches and a somewhat irrational fear of cars. I was in a car accident a few days ago, on my way to San Marcos to do some shopping. My boyfriend was driving, the roads were wet and a car rammed us from behind. What a nasty shock!. At least no one was hurt, definitely not a major accident. I left the TV on way too loud. Funny how I sometimes like to be in a roomful of silence, and others I love background noises. Leave the TV on just for ""company"". Talk about true desperation. CSI is on. Love the show. Absolutely fascinating. I am such a TV addict, a skilful channel surfer, a couch potato with well developed curves; my belly and bottom. Got an exam coming up on Monday, got to start studying for that. Hope it's not too tough. Gosh, I really miss home and family. It's tough being away in a foreign land. I can't wait to get back to Sydney and Singapore. I am so looking forward to my trip in Europe at the end of the year. I am so excited about Vienna and Italy. I love to travel but things are always so different when you're actually living in a country. It was hot out today. I'll need to buy a fan for my apartment. The ceiling fan just doesn't cut it. I'm glad I missed most of summer, can't stand the heat. Like winter so much better. I'm hoping to see and play with lots of snow in Europe. Have to admit that I don't really know what else to talk about. I just know that I want to shower after this but knowing me, I'll probably end up lazing on the couch and watching more of the CSI marathon. have to go pack my stuff later so I can continue the moving process. My new apartment needs a lot of TLC before it will be in tip top shape. Then again, only about three more months till I leave the states and am back on the road to Canada, Europe, Asia then Australia. This year has been a most trying one. But I know that I am a stronger and wiser person for it. I've been through so much in life, but I know there's so much more. I'm really hoping to have some time to visit my cousin in Harvard before I leave and a family friend in New York. My body's cooling down, feeling a little chilly now. Maybe I won't need/want that fan after all. There's no need for it. but wants are the way the world works. I am almost there, just 2 more minutes left. I really need to focus my time and attention on what I'm doing because of all the surrounding noises. I'm actually speaking as I type. Is that normal? Or more precisely, that's normal for me. I wonder what Professor Pennebaker would say about what it means when people talk a fair amount to themselves, out loud. Ok. back to CSI. ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_126.txt,Ok so I am writing about my thinking. Well tonight was interesting. I had a great time at the Phi Lamb meeting. Laura was really sweet I hope that I will get to know her better. I wonder who my big sister will be in Phi Lamb. Hmm interesting. I love big sisters in organizations. Which is kind of crazy because I just talked to my big sister from the drill team I was a part of in high school. Random. Even though it kind of sucks because my own big sister is completely insane and never talks to me. I promise when I have kids they will never be more than like three years apart. I can't believe that in ten years I will probably be married with kids and all that. Oh my gosh. Where has the time gone? I am actually excited about being a mom. My mom was amazing. She may have some interesting points of view and be a little too concerned with my appearance but you have to love her. No one can argue like her that's for sure. I miss her. But I will see her this weekend. I can't believe how awesome it is that she got tickets to this game. It is crazy. I can't wait to show her around now that campus has started to feel more like a home. Which is totally crazy. I never thought I would get this adjusted to living in a strange new place this fast. But I guess that is a good thing. I will be here for four years so I should probably make it feel like home. So now that my boyfriend calls I am thinking about him. I can't believe I am doing this whole long distance relationship thing. It is the hardest thing in the world. I miss him so much and there is like no way to see him until late October. I wonder if we will make it. I know we can but it is so crazy. Four years of being six hours apart. I wonder what we would be like married. It would be amazing to be his wife. He is the most amazing guy I have ever known. Everything I could ask for he has. But still I get scared sometimes. I wish I could be just a little bit closer with a little more access to him. I guess it is kind of good that we are this far apart because it kind of lets me experience life on my own yet with that amazing love and support only a phone call away. I also know that if we were here together we would spend like all of our time together which wouldn't be good for either of us. I believe you need to explore yourself in college and it would be hard if I had him there with me all the time. Anyways wow it is already eleven. I really like this song. I had never really listened to Jack Johnson but it is very relaxing. I wish song number four would come on it is definitely my favorite or the song that is playing right now I like this one too. It kind of relates to the whole long distance relationship thing which is probably why I like it so much. I wish we had a TV though that would get me away from this computer and talking to people on instant messenger. Which is great but I don't know whatever. Tomorrow is Thursday. I don't really like Thursdays. My classes are harder and there are more of them which is ok I guess. I had a lot of homework for tomorrow. College is a lot different than high school in workload. Like actually having to read all this stuff in every class is crazy. I guess its good that I am typically an overachiever. Well that is what my boyfriend and friends tell me. But whatever. I hope tomorrow goes by fast. I can't wait till Friday. I get to go out on a boat. That is going to be so much fun and then Saturday is the football game. I can't wait for that. I have never been to a UT game so it is definitely going to be an experience. Wow it has been twenty minutes. I guess I am done. Ok bye. ,n,n,y,y,y

2004\_127.txt,"Yeah so I am so stressed right now and I am wishing that I wouldn't have eaten that popcorn because eating isn't exactly that best reaction to stress. I could get FAT!!! I don't want to be fat. I mean I know that college girls gain weight naturally and then they lose it after a few months at school! Right?!?!? But I am trying to run a lot!!!! That way, I can burn stress and burn calories. EXTRA CALORIES!!! I am having a hard time not getting irritated when I eat a lot. that's weird huh!? That it's when I am hungry that I'm not most irritable. hmmmm well Today when I went running, I realized that I should have stretched because it's going to be hard to continue running everyday when I'm tight. and get this! I've lost 5 lbs since I got to school. But How?!?!? I've been everything in sight and building new leg muscle through running! Oh well. Still I was kind of excited! But I am mad that I haven't started my period yet. My mood swings are terrible and so are again. My eating patterns! And that's when I find it hardest to study especially when the subject is something I don't like. SPANISH!!! UGH! I want to move to Spain and learn it by living with people who speak it! But I really don't want to go to a class everyday where my instructor hardly knows English so she is slow to interpret and yet teach. Does she really think that if she say's something over and over again that people will just ohhhhhh I've heard that word before. and oh I know what it means! Poof! I mean we have to LEARN something before we can know it. Did she know that she had to use a toilet on earth sooner or later when she came out of her Mother's womb. NO! She was pottied trained. RIGHT! Well My high school Spanish teacher was horrible and I had the worst experience with that . while I got a great grade, I didn't learn that much which was really disappointing!!! I mean I am glad I got an A but she didn't prepare me for UT where my prof speaks in SPANISH all the time. not just when she is interacting with us but when she is giving us instructions on how to understand it! Would I say to a baby. Ok this is how you open your mouth. open it open it. Do you know what I am saying?!?! It kind of reminds me of those ignorant people that yell at people who can't speak English well. they aren't trying to be mean but they may say ""HEY HOW ARE YOU"" really loudly and you're like ""Dude, they aren't deaf! They just don't know that words you are speaking or the way you say them might be very confusing to someone"" Right?!?! grr. So I feel bad for whoever has to read this because they are going to be like ""MAN this girl is so negative!"" Golly, I am right now because I see my Spanish prof EVERYDAY! like I said before. so yeah! uhhhhh well I am excited about this weekend but at the same time I keep thinking of how behind I am compared to everyone else here at UT, intellectually and academically! I mean I feel so insignificant some times. However I know where I get my wisdom from and that is Jesus Christ who makes my knowing God possible! He saved me from the depths of HELL! And even after doubting him so much and having to research Jesus' life and creation and all that. I have found that He is the one . He is my sufficiency! I mean who knows more than the God of the universe, the creator of the heavens and I am so in awe in how he provides for me materially and more importantly Mentally, emotionally, Spiritually, and Intellectually! I mean who could know how to live like a human any better that the God that came to live like us at a point in time (point in time meaning 33 years roughly out of so many thousands of years) There is just so much opposition to him right now. I mean there always has been obviously (that's why he was put to death. well actually God let him die as a sacrifice for us!)but I just want everyone else to know his love and I really don't feel the need to push it off on anyone in a ""bible beating"" manner but just to love them through how I treat them. Hopefully. I wasn't too negative for . you know what I'm just going to shut up and whoever reads this. PLEASE LOOK FOR JESUS WITH THE PRE\_SUPPOSITIONS that he doesn't exist. expect to find him and I know you will! To his glory alone! ",y,y,n,n,n

2004\_128.txt,"ok so I'm doing this stream of consciousness writing thing and its a little weird, but then again I love to type and just let loose on the computer what my mind is thinking. so this is kind of fun. I just wish that my strep throat/tonsillitis would go away so that tomorrow (Thursday) I can do well in the challenge. and so that I can play well for the clarinet sectional Friday night, because I need to pass off the pregame music by memory and personally, I haven't memorized all of it yet. I guess it comes from being an alternate, because half the time we practiced pregame (which hasn't been much) I was forced to sit on the sidelines and watch. oh boy, don't I love watching. I really hate just sitting there as an alternate, because I feel like I'm a cheap addition to the band. like I wasn't quite good enough to deserve a marching spot. but on the flip side, they must think that I'm good enough because I'm expected to jump in on game day and march pregame if someone is sick, late, drunk, or too hungover to march. I feel bad for thinking this but I kind of want Kelvin's knee to keep him from marching on Saturday. maybe he'll have me march pregame for him, since taps stride is a lot more painful. I don't want to wish that pain on him, though, because he's a sweet guy and deserves to march every game. plus he's a 5th year and he doesn't have many more games left. thank god this room has finally warmed up. or maybe its because I put some pants on. do I smell smoke?? that wouldn't be good. Maybe Gina and I shouldn't leave the towels over the vent. even though it is blocking the freaking cold air from coming through. Oh my goodness this room is so cold in the morning!! holy cow you would think its January, not September! man, sleeping over at rustic's place last weekend was awesome. I was warm the entire night, and when I got hot I just kicked the covers off until I got cold. I guess the fact that I was wearing his pajama pants helped. no nothing happened. he's a really good guy. A Christian. his mom has a funny little story about premarital sex. it has to deal with a unicorn. Yeah I wont go into details. but it proves that he's a good guy. not to mention I spent both Friday and Saturday nights at his place. he didn't try a single thing! funny how dad thinks I trust guys too much, and make myself too 'available'. if only he knew me better, he would know that I'm VERY skeptical with guys. especially after so many of them lying to me. I'm sick of being cheated on and lied to, so I basically play hard to get. I don't think id consider it that, but I don't go easy on them. I'm not the stupid blonde you think I am. I really wish I was one or two steps up on the ladder. my whole life I felt like I wasn't quite good enough. I never won any student council positions, never quite made it to area band, made first chair wind last year on account of a new director but lost it the next semester, made alternate up here at UT, and wasn't elected as Newman representative. I don't understand it. I work my ass off to do the best I can, but that never seems to be good enough. why? my dad was valedictorian at his high school, and if I had good grades in elementary school where did the smarts go? why did I all of a sudden screw up math class in 7th grade? granted mrs glover refused to help me, and probably told me the wrong way to solve problems, but still. I did awesome in 8th grade prealgebra, and then algebra and geometry in high school. but once I hit algebra 2 and precal, shit hit the fan. I just hope I don't have to take calculus in college. but since I don't know what I want to do, I may have to. I really need to get that career test done. I've got to figure out what I want to do with myself by next semester. unless I stay in liberal arts, this whole semester has practically been a waste. not quite, because bio psy and band count (for nursing at least), but other than that. I don't know what I want to do. what do people do if they can't decide? take a lot of random classes I guess, but that's not me. I'm coming in with so many hours that I was hoping to graduate in 3 years. that way if I go to law school I can get in and out before I'm 30, ugly, and still single. I hope I meet someone up here. I'm not built to be single or to date for years to come. ahh nose needs to stop itching. why the heck do I have to be sick? I hate this! once hell week was done I got sick. yeah, that makes the first week of school start off real good. let me tell you. oh well. at least I did all the partying last weekend, before all the symptoms hit. and before my parents decided to come in. dangit! rustin has a kappa kappa psi thing at 8am Sunday morning, which means he probably wont party after the game Saturday night, which means I wont get to spend the night at his apartment because he wont be able to get up and take me back to my dorm at that obnoxious hour. oh but maybe after we paint his living room on Monday I could stay over. I don't have a class until 12:30 so that might work! jeez I'm a dork. I need to stop reading into things like this. the time will come when it decides to come. until then I got to sit back and watch things happen. oh look, I have 10 seconds left. dang ",y,y,y,y,y

2004\_129.txt,"It's only the second week of school, actually the first full week and I'm already so stressed out from studying. I'm not sure exactly how to study but I'm learning. I think maybe I should just make study guides so that's what I'm doing. Oh my gosh, I got to eat at the nicest restaurant last night, TrueLuck's. It was so good and I had such a good time. This past Saturday I wanted to go home so bad and was trying to get my boyfriend to come meet me in Waco to eat. It didn't happen but in the long run I'm glad because I finally made some friends. I'm the kind of person who likes to have a lot of friends to hang out with and usually they are mostly guys. Though this doesn't much help my boyfriend's peace of mind. I'm not sure my roommate is that way but whatever. Anyway, well I met these really cool guys who I really like hanging out with. Sometimes I don't think Ashley likes them as much and it pisses me off because it makes me feel like she thinks I'm wrong to hang with guys because I have a boyfriend and so does she and well we're just really different. Well these guys ended up needing dates to a dinner for their fraternity so we said we'd go, I think Ashley only said yes because she had been drinking. Well I had so much fun and the guy I went with turned out to be really nice. It was great to finally go out and do something with people. I feel more at home now. Now to my boyfriend. We were best friends for 2 years before we even thought about dating. I love him so much and although I'm only 18 I pretty much believe he's the guy I'm suppose to be with when I get married. But my going away to college has been hard on both of us and in some ways harder on him. I understand that he's back home and doing the same things he's done for 3 years so he doesn't have as many things to keep his mind of missing me as I do but before we never argued and now he's always mad at me about something. He makes me feel awful when I go out and I know he doesn't mean to but it happens. He can't understand where I'm coming from. The guy I dated never cried every night and now he does and it gets depressing and makes me feel guilty. I want to have fun here without knowing that he's at home mad or crying. He's not the crying type of guy so I just don't understand. I love him more than anything and he should realize that, that is all that matters. No other guy here will ever take his place but that doesn't mean that I won't make other guy friends and go out with them. I don't even look at guys the same way because of Brent. My life here does not mean that what I feel in my heart is suddenly going to change. I just wish that he would go back to being the same Brent as before I left but I know that it is going to take time and I just need to realize this just as much as he needs to realize how bad he's making me feel. It's a compromise situation but I think everyone should have to go through this because if we're still together in the long run I know our relationship will be just that much stronger. I'm going home this weekend and I can't wait finally I can show Brent that my feelings for him are the same and I get to see my mom and sister. I have to go to my dad's and since he just moved out a few weeks ago it will be my first time to go and I'm not really looking forward to it. I want things to go back to normal with my family. The way it's suppose to be. If there is such a thing. The months before coming to college were so hard and stressful that at times I'm glad I'm here and away from all of it. At least I don't have to listen to the screaming and fighting. I wish my mom would try to fight for my dad and like lose weight or something. But she's being stupid. I miss my sister so much and my dog Tinker. My sister and I are so close we might as well be twins so I hate being away from her. ",y,y,n,y,y

2004\_130.txt,"The crotheres computer lab is perhaps one of the worst on campus, but I don't really know since I have been to only three. I'm real glad that I got into the college of communications. Its unfortunate, however, that I can't spell worth anything. Jeez, I hope this writing assignment is not graded on spelling or grammar or any of that sort of nonsense. Why is it oh so hot in here? honestly, every other building on campus is freezing, but in here, I just want to wear beach clothes. I remember when I went to the beach for the first time in my life. It was this past summer. Myrtle Beach. Oh family vacations. I hope my mom and pop are doing ok at home. Since I'm gone they only have each other to yell at. no more marjon for yell fest 2004 at the rostami household. Good people. They just need to get out more. This keyboard kind of sucks too. Some of the keys get suck and it is oh so inconvenient. There we go with the spelling again. In the eighth grade my English teacher once told me that spelling is not a sign of a gifted student. At the end of the year she gave me the award for best student. Yep. English has always been a good one. I hope I make the staff of the daily Texan. They emailed me today and told me that I had to write another column. Can't they tell just how amazing I am from only one column? I guess not. I need to be more creative. Creative like all those communication kids. I'm ONE TOO!!! YAYAYAY! Yes sir, all the cool kids are communications majors. AT orientation a radio station person told me I was a cool kid. This city makes my face break out big time. My skin is horrible, and I hate having to scratch my skin when my fingers have been typing and I most obviously have contracted all sorts of bacteria that I am now rubbing on my face. OH my face. The communications kids I interviewed with today (the Texan) had bad skin too. I think I'll fit in swell with them. If I just get in. OH man oh man oh manoh man. I really hope I make the staff. I find out on Thursday. I also have to submit another column by Thursday. I had a teacher once who had really long nasty nails and a nose ring (those weren't common until a few years ago. then everyone started getting them, including white kids. I am white. My people are from the caucus mountains and you just don't get any more caucasion than and Iranian. again with the spelling. and again with the messed up keys. I should have just gone to use the computers in the ugl or the cma or cmc, whichever one has computers. I thought not having a computer would be a major hassle, but it is pretty decent so far. knock on wood! My hands are dry. That's another think about this city, it makes my skin dry. Maybe that's why my skin is breaking out so hardcore-because it is so dry that it is producing more oils to balance out my skin tone but it just proves to be detrimental to my skin. Oh shoot. I never cared about my appearance. I was the homecoming queen. Me. not some ""popular slut. "" Man, there are so many sorority girls in this school. At the beginning of school I mistakenly walked through the area in front of the ugl and walked through a mass of girls who all looked the exact same!! WHERE IS YOUR IDENTITY LITTLE GIRL? they have none. My phone just vibrated. It could be my mom. she calls a lot now that my sister and I are out of the house all she has to talk to is my pop, and well, he is not one to talk. LAME. Or it could be some fool from my high school warning me of the fat pagan. I hate her, if it is one person who I hate it is jenny pagan: my theatre teacher for 4 years and I had her twice a day. YUCK! Jesus I hate her. I'm going back home on the 24th to crown the new queen and I might have to see her and a whole lot of people I don't want to see for the rest of my life. Including Steven, the king. My ex best friend, and my ex boy friend. (again with the spelling, I do realize all that is one word, but I am hesitant to go back an change it because I am at 18 minutes and 7 seconds right now. I love this kind of writing, we should do it all the time, always. Landon used to always say that. A good man, that Landon Phillips. Too bad some girl named Roxy had to go and taint such a good man. I had a lot of friends who were boys in high school, but not in college. Maybe that is because I live in Littlefield. Ladybugs! oh man, I like to steal the doormat and put it in front of other peoples doors. ha jokes on you ",y,n,n,y,y

2004\_132.txt,"Yesterday, I went tubing with my family on the Guadalupe river. It was a blast! It was the first time since I moved to college on Ague. 20th that I have spent time with my mom and sister. They are the two people that I miss the most back home and I was so happy and relaxed to get to spend time with them. I also got to see my little baby puppy bichon frise named Bebe who is absolutely spoiled rotten. It was weird going home and sleeping in my own bed for a night but it was also a great get away from school to just hang out with my family. I guess that I have been putting off any kind of homesickness by staying busy with school and trying to meet as many people as possible. I find that the more that I see my family the more I think about them and get sad so. I am refraining from going home for just that reason. I am waiting to find out if I am going to get an interview from the Texas Spirits and I have mixed feelings on whether or not I want to join. Part of my doesn't want to be joining an organization I am not 100% interested just because I am looking to meet some new cool people, but on the other hand I need to get involved in something at UT so that I can find so sense of belonging in this large school. I definitely am worried that if I get busy with an organization I would overstress about my classes and meeting the clubs requirements as a member. Deep down I know that most of my worries are pretty trivial compared to most peoples problems. I know that I am very lucky just to get the chance to go to college and that is why I am so concerned on whether or not I am going to blow it. I am very concerned about my Chemistry class and I have been thinking about how much I need to study all weekend. . Well, two classes ago we discussed on a scale from 1-10, what is your fear of death. My feels like it is 20. This is not because I lack a faith that their is a higher being or an after life, it is because I am afraid of losing someone I care about while I am away at school. I have been thinking a lot about a friend of mine who was going to be a sophomore at UT this year who passes away suddenly from a pulmonary embolism/clot. I am now grieving the loss of someone so young and so beautiful that I feel that my sense of security has been ripped away from me. I am now thinking if someone so healthy and young can lose their life so suddenly, whose to say that the couldn't be my brother/sister or mother/father. I guess that you could say that I am one of those people who worry to much and I worry that I will lose someone again and I wouldn't have had the chance to say goodbye. Anyways, this all sounds so childish and ""heavy"" for an 18 year old college student to be thinking about. Well I am so happy that these 20 min. have flown by and I can get to my real homework. It really felt go to get all of my thoughts out in a way that was quick and easy. I hope that I can get all of my work done tonight so that I don't get behind this week. This was a great assignment, I would not mind doing more of these. Have a great day! ",y,y,y,y,n

2004\_133.txt,"I feel so blessed to be here right now. the game tonight was so fun. I can't believe that we won 65-0. that's such an incredible win. poor north Texas guys. They must feel pretty embarrassed. I feel so content here and settled even though I've only been here a couple of weeks. I think that I am really getting comfortable with all of my classes and the people around me and am really getting to feel like this is my home. I miss judd so much. the time we get to spend together is never enough. its funny to me how I haven't missed my parents at all but I think about and miss judd all the time. I just love the way he makes me feel, so warm and so complete. I'm so glad that I have friends here like oshley and that I totally lucked out with allyson as my roommate. I'm so relieved that me and my friend ben worked out the awkwardness between us so that we're still good friends. I was so surprised when I saw him on the jumbotron tonight. I feel so proud of him. I can't stop thinking about how lucky I feel to be here. I just love it here and can't wait till judd gets here. I think I want to convince all my friends still in high school to go to school here. Its just so amazing. the people and the opportunities and the culture make this place so amazing. living in new braunfels was such a bubble. this feels more like the real world. I know that people say college is still a bubble and I think they're right, but its more of a realistic world than life in new braunfels. I miss high school, but just the idea of knowing everybody and where everything was and the comfort of it being my hometown. at the game last night, I felt a little sad that I wasn't down there on the track cheering. now that judd and I were together, part of me wishes I could go back and have that ultimately typical high school relationship - the varsity football player and the varsity cheerleader. it would've been so much fun to have that sort of experience! I'm just a little jealous of those girls down there on the track because I feel like they aren't taking advantage of what an incredible opportunity they've got down there. those were the best times of my life thus far. I know that better are sure to come in my years here at Texas, but I just wish that I could go back, just for one Friday night, and cheer under the lights and yell for the boys and be right down there with judd. it makes me so sad that I probably won't ever get to perform like that again. my dancing and cheering days are over and I just want them back. its not that I miss the actual belonging to the cheerleading program, I just miss being in the spotlight and performing for the fans. I thrive off of that and now I feel a little empty since I don't get to do it anymore, and I especially feel it when I see the new girls down there on the track. I feel kind of dumb reminiscing so much on high school memories now that I'm in college because all I ever talked about in high school was how I couldn't wait to get away from the drama and just come to college to be just a normal student. granted I definitely don't miss the drama of high school, I do miss the girls and the games of high school cheerleading. the more I keep thinking about this the more sad I feel. I think the biggest problem is how much I miss judd. we spent so much time together this summer and I just miss him not always being there to hold whenever and wherever I needed him. I can't believe I fell in love with him. he's just an amazing guy. the one thing that scares me about him that makes me feel nervous is his uncertainty about his Christianity. its so hard for me to explain my faith to him because it was just engrained in me and I was too young to question it and now its just a part of who I am and I'm so thankful for that. but judd didn't grow up going to church or with any faith instilled in him so now its hard for him to understand or trust anything that he can't prove really is there. I think its a matter of pride. The idea of giving himself to someone else that he doesn't really know is there doesn't settle well with him. or maybe its a trust issue. Or maybe both. its just hard because I can't really understand how he can NOT have belief, and he doesn't understand how I CAN. oh man I have a lot of homework this weekend. I really have to finish it all tomorrow so I can go home and see judd. I can't wait to see him tomorrow. I wish he could be up here experiencing all this with me. I can't wait for him to come to school up here and be with me! that will totally complete me here. I don't know if I'm complete without him. I've never felt dependent on someone like that before. well I think my time is almost up. in conclusion, I feel so amazed that I'm actually here. I miss my friends who aren't here, and I especially miss judd. I want to work hard here and prove myself to everyone and make really good grades and fully experience everything ut has to offer. ",n,y,y,n,n

2004\_134.txt,"Well where should I start. First of all this has got to be one of the strangest writing assignments that I have ever had to do. I'm not even sure what to write about. My day started at 6:30 today because I have an 8 o'clock class which is really fun. not as fun as this class but fun non-the-less. then I went to my medical terminology class which could be more fun but its hard to make a class that is based on memorization fun. then I had a break from 10 to 3:30 which would really suck if I didn't have plans. so after my class I went to jester then met up with a friend of mine an signed up for a I'm flag football team. well anyway, I'm not even sure if I'm doing this assignment right because all I am doing is describing what I did today. any way I really enjoyed today's material in class. at first I wasn't sure if I would like the class but now I really believe that it might be my favorite class right now. Considering that I have and extremely hot instructor for my RHE 306 class. Its crazy hot attractive she is. But now I'm thinking about another girl that I have a crush on. Today she invited me over to her apartment to have some burgers with her and her roommates. I'm not sure if she knows how I feel, but I'm having a hard time reading her. Usually I'm pretty good about being able to tell if a girl is feeling me but she seems to be different which doesn't make things any easier. I also got to talk to my roommates about things that had been on my mind which was refreshing because I had been wanting to talk to them for a while. Things seem to be really good between us which isn't too surprising because we're all pretty decent guys, though one does tend to get to us sometimes. I am going blank right now but hopefully something will come to mind. On yeah, I got to talk to my parents today which wasn't too bad. My dad didn't say much because he had football practice but he said that the team was coming around which is always good to hear because he puts a lot of effort and time into his work. My mom called on her way to a Bible study and said that she would be sending a few things with the girl I have crush on this weekend since she is going home Friday. anyway crush is such a high school word now, what I really meant was girl I'm attracted to. What's really funny is that this is the girl that my mom has been wanting me to get with since I was in 10th grade. and every time she would tell me I would brush it off knowing that the girl was attracted to me but now that I'm into her it kind of sucks because now I have to put much more effort into it. Now don't get me wrong, because I'm not trying to make it seem like I'm am lazy but I truly am not used to putting in so much work. I know it may sound cockeye but if it does I'm sorry, please don't think of me like that. what's even funnier is that who ever reads this may not even get to meet more or me meet them but any way its been about twenty minutes so we'll talk later, or I'll type and you'll read later. ",y,y,n,y,n

2004\_136.txt,"Well today I went with my friend Kai to his Texas Crew orientation. He tried to get me to join, but I just don't think that Crew would be the sport for me. I prefer to play volleyball above all other sports. Just this past week, I signed up for the volleyball teams here at UT. I would really enjoy to play for the school, or at least on a team, competing with others. I used to play volleyball every weekend with my family back in Houston, I guess that's why I like it so much. I miss being around my family, but I know that they are proud of me for being here at UT. I wanted to go back this weekend, since it's a 3 day weekend, unfortunately, I am a little behind in my classes, so I wanted to take advantage of this time to catch up and maybe get ahead a little. The reason which I am behind in my classes, which is so unlike me, is probably because I am having trouble reading and concentrating at the same time. I believe that this is happening because of the long summer. Well just now my ex-boyfriend instant-messaged me, which for some reason I have been avoiding. I guess because I don't want anything to do with him, I don't even consider him a good friend. Just now, my friend whom which I met through Hang Out, a gay organization here on campus, instant-messaged me asking me to go out. He has been taking me out, to places I wouldn't even think of going, since I arrived here at UT. Now him I do consider him a good friend. He is a really good guy, really fun to be around with. I don't know if I am starting to develop feelings for him, which would not be a good thing at all since he is about to leave the school. I spent last night at his house, just hanging out, talking about whatever came to our minds, and fell asleep on his bed. Nothing happened, but for some reason, I sort of wanted something to. I believe that I wanted something to happen because I have been feeling very lonely these past few days, maybe because of I need a boyfriend, or the whole owing the bank money and not having any to give, or not going home for the weekend. Or maybe I just genuinely like him. Well I guess we will soon find out because my scholarship check arrived at my house in Houston 2 days ago, and my mom is going to mail it to me, and if all goes as planned, I will be able to keep the money for myself, if financial aid allows me to. So I will use that money to pay off my bank bill. And today, my mom called, and I felt like I was there even though we are 3 hours away, which took away my wanting to go there for this weekend. Right now, I don't want a boyfriend for various reasons. One, I have decided to put off sex until I get tested for HIV. I don't have suspicions that I may have it, but I have had unprotected sex, and so I just want to be sure. Second, I need to stay focused on my school work, and having a boyfriend may distract me. Third, I just don't know if I can handle going through what I went through with my ex all over again. Not that it would necessarily happen again, but I just don't want to take the risk. Or maybe I should just be brave and take a risk. I need to do a lot of soul searching to come up with my decision. ",n,y,y,n,n

2004\_139.txt,"As I sit in this library for the first time in my entire life, I feel as if I don't belong here, in this setting. I'm not usually the completely studious type so I'm just trying this library thing out. It's really deathly quiet and I'm not used to the absolute silence that surrounds me. I feel quite rude as my typing is unusually loud in this setting. I hope people around me aren't annoyed by this ""tapping"" as I am. I'm sitting alone in the corner, but at least I'm next to the window. I picked this spot as to not go completely crazy and be bored. People watching is fun. it's interesting to me how every single person walking around outside has their own story, their own point of view and I often wonder how different it is from my own. I haven't had any quiet time or alone time to myself since I've moved up here to Austin and just now, I realize that I indeed do miss it. I think I'll visit the library by myself a lot more often from now on. next time, I should remember to bring a jacket; I feel like I'm turning into a humansicle. but I don't like walking all the way from my dorm to here. it's quite a walk. I really should learn how to use the bus system here. I'm used to having the comfort of my car. the comfort I've had for four years. I miss it. I went home this weekend, the very first weekend after school started. it's not because I missed home or I was homesick or anything. I've been away from home for much longer periods of time and have never even thought about home much. like this summer, my 5 weeks overseas, I don't think I even thought about my family or home-life all that much. As horrible as that sounds, I'm not the type to miss my family or anything. anyway, I just went home this weekend because I felt that my dorm room was too bland and I wanted to bring up more stuff. I ended up coming back up to school with a huge suitcase and three boxes worth of crap that I should have thrown away. instead, this wonderful crap adorns my newly decorated dorm room walls and desk area. it looks so much better. I also got a new webcam. my mother had one at home that I wanted to bring up but she said she used it a lot so she ended up buying me another one. My mother's a funny person. She came to the states during her college years about 20-something years ago. I wonder how her college experience was. It must have been hard. I can imagine living in a country where no one understands what the heck you're saying. I've experienced it. still, she managed pretty well, I suspect. she's just that type of person. she has a really strange accent though in her English. Normally, Asian people have a really ""fobbish"" horrible sounding accent but she has a peculiar twang to it to make it sound incredibly different. It's not a perfect English accent but it sounds slightly European. I don't know why. My mom is a very peculiar person. Oh, going back to the webcam thing. I think one day I was using her computer at home and I looked at her picture folder. There were all these webcam shots of her smiling and trying to look cute in several different outfits. I almost fell out of my chair laughing. My mom is so cute. I believe she chats more than I do online to her friends. We've never chatted before but now that I'm not home, we've started to talk online through MSN messenger. It's incredibly awkward and a strange experience but I'm sure I'll be accustomed to it soon. My mom's awesome. I wonder how many of my friend's moms chat online to them. NO ONE. well, no one that I've met anyway. Now I've run out of things to say so I'm slowly gazing around this room. I'm next to a beigish wall. I don't think I enjoy the color beige too much. I wish I had better posture. typing on the computer makes me slouch. sitting back while reading makes me slouch. eating makes me slouch. I think I'm just a natural sloucher. I want to grow at least two more inches though. I look taller if I'd stand up straight but it's so hard. I also heard stretching makes you taller. I should try that sometime. I always say I'll start things and never do. Or usually I start things that I never finish. I wonder if it's a kind of disorder. there are a lot of books on the shelf that look amazingly old. I should go flip through some of them before I leave. they look interesting. I like that old book smell. I don't know why. it'll probably make me sneeze. someone just walked past me and we both sort of glanced at each other. I should have smiled or something. I feel so rude and mean. I think I look mean when I feel emotionless or I'm not making any faces on purpose. my mom says Asians naturally look angry all the time. maybe it's true. I should smile more often but then I feel like an idiot if someone sees me just smiling to myself. oh well. it's college now, I'm sure nobody cares and there are weirder people than me here anyway. time's up, I'm done. ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_140.txt,"OK, so I'm sick and I don't feel good. But I feel better than yesterday and last night. I woke up about a million times last night feeling horrible and my temperature just kept climbing. I finally took some Tylenol at about 4am this morning and I woke up later sweating, so I hope that means I broke the fever. Now I just have this stupid cough to worry about. I hate coughing because it hurts my throat. I need to call my voice teacher and tell her I can't come to lessons today because I'm sick. Which sucks because I haven't had a lesson in forever. And she's the best teacher I've ever had. I guess keeping the extra money is good. Ugh. I'm coughing again. It sucks. My dog is looking out the window. I have a lot of studying that I need to do today. I need to catch up on a bunch of stuff so that I hopefully can go to Dallas tomorrow to see Sister Hazel in concert again. But I seriously don't know if I'll be able to go since I'm sick. I'm on medicine, so hopefully getting another round in me today will help. Goodness this stupid clock is going so slow. I've only been typing for 4 minutes. I think 20 minutes is a bit excessive. There's not even a pause button. What is I have to go to the bathroom or someone comes to the door. Seriously. Plus, I want to lay down. I want to get something to eat and take my medicine. I need to call my voice teacher. So, I want to go to Dallas this weekend but I also want to stay to go to some stuff that's going on down here. Mostly because the guy I have a crush on will be there too. And he's been giving me very mixed signals lately. Which is so frustrating. I don't know what to think or how to act around him. I'm trying to act almost aloof, as if I don't care. Part of me thinks he's just toying with me to stoke his own ego. And I refuse to play into anyone's ego. I don't want to get hurt. It sucks. And this cooler weather is reminding me of couples. Being able to snuggle and all that. Not that I've ever had that. I'm 22 and I've never had a boyfriend. Which is OK. I don't define my self worth by a guy or if I've had a boyfriend or not. But sometimes I do think it world be nice. But it's whatever God has planned for me. If He thinks I'm not ready, then I'm not ready. I need to start spending more time with God. Just get my focus back on Him. So many things have happened these past few weeks and I feel that they've all been for a reason. And I'm graduating in December and I have no idea what I'm going to do. I'm excited and terrified at the same time. Will I get a job? Where will it be? Will I like it? Will I actually get to end up doing what I want to do? Why am I so scared to put myself out there sometimes? The worst that can be said to me is no. There are always other options. If you want something, you've got to spend that time and effort it takes to make it happen. So I just called to cancel my voice lessons and my voice teacher is going to charge me for this week anyways because its a ""late cancellation. "" Well, I know that, but it's not like I knew I was going to be running a fever. I mean, seriously. Have a little compassion. And my stupid thermometer just ran out of batteries. So now I can't even take my temp anymore. Guess that means I'll be making a Wal-Mart run later today. I need to get some more Vicks Vapor rub anyways. I hate being sick. I've always thought of myself as a singer and singers can't sing when they're sick. OK, only a minute and a half left. I can do this. I can get through it. If my cough doesn't kill me first. Blue skies, shining on me, nothing but blue skies do I see! My dog is barking at something. She's loud and it's annoying. I need a drink of water. I want to be well. I need to study. I need to do a bible study. YES! I'm done! That's all, folks! BYE!!!!!!!! ",y,n,n,y,y

2004\_141.txt,"So yesterday my boyfriend from A&M came down to Austin to celebrate our 9 month anniversary. It was a lot of fun but I stayed up late so I'm pretty tired. I hate that feeling of no energy and I just want to sleep but I know I can't because I am so stressed out. I am still really adjusting to college life. It's is so different from high school and its not all that it's worked up to be. I really like all the freedom, along with everyone else, but I am finding out that its hard to keep up on my studying. I am only taking 14 hrs. , which is supposedly and easy load, but I feel so bogged down. I tell myself I am go into catch up on the weekend and it never happens because other things come up. I have so much I want to do but there are not enough hours in the day. But everyone says this is what a lot of college students feel like and it will take time for me to adjust. I just don't hope it will reflect in my grades. I thought I had a calculus test next Friday, but I came to find out today that it is nest Wednesday. That is really scary. Bit I took calculus my senior year in high school so I feel I know some of the stuff. Everyone studies hardcore for tests, which I am pretty nervous about. I don't really do to much homework in that class because I have so much to do in my other classes. I really hope I'm doing the right thing on this paper and that every other student doesn't type super fast so my paper looks really short and that I didn't try. Anyways, I have a problem with the nest football game which is TX vs. Rice. I didn't realize they sold the tickets so early. I guess the draw started yesterday. I want to go but I haven't really met a lot of close friends to go with. This guy friend from high school wants me to go but I really want to go with a big group of people. I have never been to a large football game. Actually the only games I have gone to have been my high school games. But my high school had like 3,000 people so it was a big school. A lot of the seniors from our school went to A&M because it's only an hour away. I don't know why they would want to go and pass up living in the city like this. I am originally from California, which was so pretty, and Houston isn't the prettiest place in the world. I forgot so sign off instant messenger and people are trying to talk to me. It is getting really annoying. Seems like that is a such a popular way to communicate with people now. I like it but some people are obsessed with it. But I guess I am obsessed with my cell phone. I don't even use any other phone. I am always on it. I think it is so funny when you walk to class and everyone is on their cells. I feel like I have to take mine to and call someone so of course I do. Plus, walking to class gets kind of lonely. I feel like these thoughts pop in my head and I then I go in a tangent to try to type. But then my mind goes blank for a second. I never really thought I was a good writer. In fact, I thought I was horrible. My teachers never gave me feedback and I never felt comfortable sharing my papers in class. It wasn't until the end of my senior year, my English teacher told the whole class that I was one of the best writers in the class. I really thank her for that because that really boosted my confidence and I feel like I do write well. It almost makes me look forward to writing instead of procrastinating like I do everything else. My critical thinking teacher said that is the number one regret for students after their first semester. I believe him because it is so hard not to procrastinate. I try not to since it's such a bad thing, but I guess it's just human nature. ",n,y,y,y,n

2004\_142.txt,"Wow, I have some pizza stuck in my tooth. Aw, why did that song have to end, it was good. the AC is really loud. Man, I like shrek 2. tonight, I'm breaking the habit tonight, I like Kelly Clarkson, she's so talented. man, I'm so bad at spelling. I haven't heard this, oh, yeah, it's by clay aiken, or maybe it isn't. Oh well. Ozarka Natural Spring. It was probably from Fort Worth, I'm from Denton about thirty miles north of Dallas. I saw Jenny a couple days ago. She's got curly hair. Movie Night, um I don't know. I'm supposed to by typing what I am thinking. I'm talking with Victoria my roommate. She is wearing a hat. I have a hat just like it. It's in my closet on top on a shelf. Victoria is leaving now. I shall say bye to her. Ok, now that that is over. I am going out to lunch with this girl from Christians on Campus. Sounds like it would be fun. Her name is Joselyn and she just graduated, I think from this college in Boston but she is here for just the semester. Only 4 minutes have gone by. Wow, this is taking forever. I have chemistry oops, mistake. I don't like commercials on the radio, why couldn't they just play music commercial free. My folder is blue. I finished all my psychology reading (all of chapter three). I learned way too much info on the nervous system. It is going to take forever to study for the test. I'm glad there is a lot of info in the chapter though, because I'm going to med school and will need that info. I keep making typos probably because I'm typing too fast. Oh, I have ice-cream in the freezer. Mmmm. It is a blue bell ice cream sandwich. I like Wendy's. Ah, yay, another commercial free hour of music. YAY. I like Avril Lavigne. My Happy Ending is a good song. Everyone criticizes her for not being ""punk enough. "" I laugh at how much time people spend criticizing artists. They should just appreciate the music. I think by saying that I was being a hypocrite because I was criticizing the people who criticize. Does admitting that you are a hypocrite make you a hypocrite. Deep, huh? I'm wearing contacts. I like my sunglasses. They are on top of my head because it is pointless to wear contacts indoors. Wow, I am only have way done. Hey, maybe that means I'm optimistic. I am such a bad speller. I spend way to much time thinking about school. I'm such a nerd. Everyone else goes out and parties and I stay in the dorm and study for hours and hours. But I do tend to watch a lot of TV, wait, I haven't been watching much TV during this past week at UT. Only about 1 hour per day. I'm so proud of myself. I can't believe that I haven't procrastinated this assignment. I don't like this trend of girls wearing too short skirts. I guess I'm just too conservative and wear long jeans or caprice. I bought new caprice. My mom just washed them. I went to the B. E. S. T. thing sponsored by the business school. It was so much fun. We went to the lake. Hello, Jenny wrote me a note. My printer is off. I can't think of anything else to write about. I was valedictorian, I was nervous when I said my speech. YAY for 5. 0 GPA. For having such a high GPA, you would think that I wouldn't be so scatterbrained. I think it is just because it will take me a little while to get used to the whole college experience thing. I have to sign up to do that psychology experiment. I want to do the prescreening. Victoria says that it takes two hours. I want to get it over with and not procrastinate. I have that awful habit and am trying to get rid of it. I like this song, and that song, well, maybe not. I want to go so sleep. I went to sleep early last night 9:30. Oh, this is that singer Chad Kroger (I am such a bad speller). I liked Spiderman 2. I have always been a fan of stuff like that: Spiderman, Batman, Superman, etc. I like Smallville on the WB. It is a good show. What else. I can't think of anything else. Ok, I have about 3 and a half minutes left. What else should I do. I have chemistry in an hour but I should leave in 1/2 an hour because I want to get a good seat in class. I'm so blind, even with my contacts. I don't want to sit in the very front row because then I will strain my neck having to look straight up at the Professor. I have Professor Laude. He is very funny. I went to a discussion session at 11. Wait, it was at 10 and ended at 11AM. I think is was fairly productive. I'm a business major. Did I mention that. I'm also pre-med. I want to be an pediatric ophthalmologist. That is just a fancy term for a kid eye doctor. It will be able to be cool to say that though. My mom was a doctor. My dad has a PhD, so he is in a sense a doctor. He is asst. Dean of the Business School at UNT. I like this song. It is by Maroon 5. Nigel, my older brother, he is 23, I think, likes this song. He has this CD and will never let me borrow it. He called me last night and was ",y,y,y,y,n

2004\_143.txt,"Today has been a terrible day here in San Antonio, because it is all ugly and humid outside. I am really glad that I came down this labor day weekend to see the family. My uncle is very mean he needs to be a bit more nice to me. He always makes fun of me ant telling me that I need to stay up in Austin and that I can't come down for the homecoming football game. I need to move to another room where the air conditioner is not so loud. I need time to think and be alone. My sister really needs to turn the volume on the TV down while I still do my homework. It is not fair that I am a very considerate person and then there are people who aren't towards me. Right now I am listening to my country music while I am typing. I find that country music soothes me and it very easy to understand. This always runs through my head: Why does this Hispanic girl listen to country? I feel that this is what runs through peoples minds, it runs through my sisters mind, she likes to listen to rap, R&B, and ""party music"", and I never ask her why she likes that type of music. I don't mind that music either, but I prefer my country. Another thought that crosses my mind is: how come this girl doesn't listen to tejano music? I ask myself if I am adopted in the family, because it takes me awhile to get something's, I have this hyper personality, and I have an ""Irish persons'"" chin. I am smelling the fresh grapes that have just placed in front of my face. I have a bad habit of smelling things. I also have a bad habit of constantly washing my hands or using antibacterial hand sanitizer. I think that I am obsessive compulsive in something's. I always feel the need to be clean, and being organized. It is quite funny how as I get older I need to be clean, but when I was younger, I didn't care if I got dirty, or if I didn't take a bath; I hated taking baths. I am noticing that the time is running out on me and that I doesn't feel like it has been 20 minutes, it seems a lot faster. I thought that UT was going to be a SUPER SCARY school, but it isn't because I have awesome classes and the environment here is awesome, everyone here is friendly. I ",y,n,y,y,n

2004\_146.txt,"I just woke up a little bit ago and decided to go ahead and get this done. I tried to sit down yesterday and do all my homework but when I got an offer to go shopping, I just couldn't resist. My boyfriend's sister was in town and every time I go to Houston, she is really sweet with me and takes me out so I couldn't just let her sit at the apartment. We went to the Arboretum and looked around. Honestly, I don't have any money to be spending right now so I didn't buy anything but as soon as my check comes in, there are a few things that I have in mind. This whole not working thing is really different for me. For the past 4 years I've always been working and able to by my own stuff. But now, my parents decided that school is more important and I should take 15 hours and just not work. So at first the idea sounded really great but the more time passes the more I realize it's not going to work out. My parents are giving me living money to go out to eat and to the movies and stuff but on top of that they pay for my apartment, all the bills, and school. There's no way I would ever ask for more money, the money that I need for my friends and sisters birthday, plus my boyfriends birthday and Christmas. Carlos' b-day is Dec. 12 which is not too far away from Christmas, so I wanted to sort of combine his presents. In January some of my best friends and I always go skiing and this year it's going to be a bunch of us with our boyfriends!! So I was going to pay for half of Carlos' skiing trip as his Christmas present. But now that my parents pay for everything for me, I can't ask them to send me on this trip plus another half of the cost for Carlos, I would just feel weird asking. So I plan to tomorrow afternoon, after I get done with class, to go and apply to a few places here around Far West. I really just want a few hours a week, something for a little extra money. Hopefully I could work in a coffee shop, that would be ideal. I thought about Starbucks which is literally 1 minute from my front door but what I'm afraid of is that they'll give me the early (like 5am) shift. There is now way I can handle that on a Friday or Saturday morning. So we'll see, hopefully I get something soon. Ok well now what do I write? I have 5 more minutes left. oh some good news. My dad called me last night and gave me the great news that he won Incubus tickets!! My dad is so amazing when it comes to wining things on the radio. He's won a car, trips to Cancun, London, Arizona, Seattle, New Mexico (all paid for trips of course), probably 100 tickets to Six Flags and Sea World separately, and so many concert tickets you wouldn't believe it. He's just really good and always has about 4 radios going at the same time, all on different stations. Ok well I just realized that I only have 1 minute left so I guess I'll wrap things up. I do wan to say that I liked this assignment very much and that we should do all of the. bye. ",y,y,y,y,y

2004\_147.txt,"A steam of cousiness paper is kind of a weird thing to do, but in a way simple. At the moment all I can do is think about this paper and the impression I am going to make by putting down what I have to say. Will I sound smart, dumb, or am I completely doing the wrong thing. Oh well I guess there is not to much I can do about it now. I almost waited until the last minute to do this and I was afraid that the system might be backed up or something, just like the prescreening survey. Wow!!! I waited until the last minute to do that and I was sitting at me computer for just about 4 hours. I guess that proves I procrastinate pretty often. Sometimes when events like this happen I try to fix the problem and I do good for awhile. For example I won't but things aside and and do things sooner than later, but after about a week, I am back to my old habits. Today I actually got stuff accomplished, but then ageing I didn't because, here I am a couple of hours before this assignment is due, trying to complete it. I am hoping that my internet connection won't crash or some other phenomenon, such as bad weather, won't affect me turning in this assignment. Thing of bad weather made me thing of all the unfortunate events that have happened due to the hurricanes in the Florida area. Bad weather, such as tornados, hurricanes, floods, is something that really frightens me. I think it is really a big fear of mine. When I hear that a tornado might be in the area, automatically, I thing the worst and am afraid for my life. I guess I just wouldn't want to go that way. Although its not a popular way to die, like cancer or drunk driving, its just scary to thing about. But after all the destruction in Florida there haven't been to many deaths reported, a lot more than there should have been. This is a very serious topic and never thought it would take me to this. I just hope the situation clears up soon and the areas recover as soon as possible. Recovery can sometime be the hardest thing to cope with and get through and that goes with any kind of recovery. Such as when you get in a wreck and have to recover from that or even recovery from a long night of partying and drinking. That requires a different type of recovery. my fr ",y,y,n,n,n

2004\_151.txt,"Got a Beatles play list going in Winamp. Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds first up. Possibly my favorite. I remember back senior year of high school, I gave Jamin crap for liking The Beatles. Stat bwaahaha. Moreover UIL math and science bwahaha. Hey, Kilborn has that guy from Office Space, I think his new movie is Little Black Book. Doesn't look too good. Napoleon Dynamite is funny, I should take Jennifer to see it. I should call Jennifer sometime tomorrow before she calls me, if she calls me tomorrow. Last weekend was cool, hanging out with her like every day. Ah, Strawberry Fields Forever next up on the play list. ;Staring at the empty Sonic bags on the floor I like Sonic. Saw Saved yesterday, kind of hits the spot somewhere inside. Not having a religion isn't bothering me as much as I think it should, but then why should it? Still have two pages for HIS discussion tomorrow. Discussion sections for HIS, American History 1492-1864?? Just talking about history. Boring. Talking about the mind and why we think. Interesting. Ooh, good song now, Come Together. I wonder if there will be a keg tomorrow afternoon? It's always nice coming back from class, taking a nap-a-roo, grabbing some grub, and filling' up a cup. I ordered a BMX bike tonight. Ok, from that pre-screening thing today that took way way longer that 1. 5 hours, but that's probably because of my connection, it has been crappie' up all day, absolutely ridiculous, we live in an age where technical difficulties like these shouldn't be. Anywho, yeah so mark me down for a little anxious and nervous about this recent BMX online purchase tonight. I got an email verification and all but when I typed in the tracking package number, nothing showed or came up, so. A little worried. Next song, ;drum rolls please. Let It Be. Sears Tower? 24. 305? Strawberry? Crazy things went down today, cops on motorcycles, people slamming into the back of other cars, anti-freeze spraying all over the place, high speed chase, people being arrested, all before logic?!?!?! You know it's sad but true. Next song, Eleanor Rigby. Good commercial, Corona Light, mmmmm. I should play golf sometime. I have one ""Pimp My Room"" upgrade point. I don't really mind letting my fellow co-opers use my truck, just don't mess up the trust, right? At least they lock the doors. Gas though? Other perks? Will it last all semester? All year? I find it interesting because I don't know the answer to that. Last song, Revolution. Welp, the pop-up just told me my 20 minutes is up, so I'm out! ",n,n,n,n,n

2004\_152.txt,"As I am writing this, the Red Sox are playing the A's. I think this really may be the year for the Sox. I hope so because how cool would it be to see the ""Curse of the Bambino"" broken. Their lineup is killer this year, and they are finally playing the game the way it's supposed to be played: defense and pitching. They look like the 1996-2001 Yankees. I'm ready for a World Championship for my Sox. I just read an email from home, from my Dad. I miss him, just having someone around to talk to. I guess I am really lucky to have the kind of bond with my dad that I do, most guys don't. I mean, not many people have the kind of Dad who taught them how to play sports and things like that, but I have vivid memories of being 8 and 9 years old and my Dad throwing me passes in the parking lot at the ferry. With football season starting, I really realize how much I miss the game. I mean, it's been 6 years since I DIDN'T play football during the fall, and it is kind of hitting hard. I miss putting on the pads, taking the hits, the excitement of Friday Nights, being the Captain. I miss D a lot too. we had such a crazy fall last year, always know that we should be together but never being able to get it right. I miss 8th periods with her, driving around in my jeep and talking. I miss Saturdays, the days after games hanging out and eating hoagies, watching football with Micah. I've been gone 3 weeks, and I'm not homesick, I'm just kind of missing the Crew. I miss Meghan a lot. For 4 years, she's been one of the biggest things in my life, and I really think she is finally being able to grasp the fact that I am one of the biggest things in her life too. Which is good, because I really cannot see either of us drifting away from the other. I hope Andrew is doing ok. I'm sure he is, such a small school is good for him. He really craves that small environment where he can stand out and garner attention for being the ""Big Guy"", the built guy. a school like this would be terrible for his self-esteem. But oh well, whatever floats your boat, right? I really hope Micah does ok. that kid has never been in a social group or circle that I didn't bring him into. He may really struggle with finding his niche at school. I hope not thought, he's my best friend and I need him to be self-confident and happy so I can stop worrying about him. I can never really tell if worrying about people is a good thing or a waste of time. I worry so much about Meghan, with her mother walking out on her and everything. and Meghan is so reclusive when it comes to her emotions, even to me. it betrays her every once in a while thought, when I have a beautiful, crying girl in my arms, and it's almost satisfying to see a basic human reaction/emotion out of her. I hope D is doing ok. being the only one of US not to go to college has to take it's toll on her. but from what she says, she is getting her act together. I just couldn't take seeing one of my best friends throw their life away on such a worthless guy as Lee. thank God she's finally going in the right direction. Maybe I won't have to live out that diner scene in my mind and deal with a haggard friend down the road somewhere. Of course, if it was going to be anyone who did, it would be me. Going away has finally moved people to express themselves, and it really does making me feel satisfied that I AM having an impact in someone's life. or, a lot of someone's. I really don't mean that to sound arrogant, it's just that I invest so much of myself into those people. and I really believe it has paid off. My family seems to being doing well. I'm glad. The girls will be back in school soon, and next year Maggie will be in my position. That's crazy. Go Sox. ",y,n,n,y,y

2004\_153.txt,"Today was pretty rough. My bio test was incredibly hard and I don't know yet what to think about that chemistry quiz I just took. I've got this spot on the top of my foot that is rubbed raw from my cheap flipflops. I'm really hungry. I wonder if we'll go out to eat tonight or just go to the cafeteria. I only have one class tomorrow, thank goodness. I need a break from school but I find it hard to concentrate on work. there's so much more to do around here. my roommate is never around but I don't mind because my suitemates are awesome. I don't know what to put in this thing. Tyler came to visit me for labor day. we're not 'together' but we're still really good friends. maybe sometime we will be but I don't want a serious relationship right now. Esp. not a long distance one. Tulsa isn't THAT far. But it's still a trek. Esp. since I don't have a car. I have to get a 3. 8 to even consider getting into med school. I hope that bio test didn't just screw me over. everyone's like ""oh it's only your first semester"" but I don't have time to screw up. my family doesn't accept failure. my parents were both brilliant and so is my older brother. I guess if I screw up it'll give the younger 5 kids a little breathing room. give them an opportunity to be 'average' and not feel bad about it. my main problem is procrastination. notice how I'm writing this 'paper' the day before it's due? not to say that I haven't had a lot going on. Because studying for that test was definitely important. 20 minutes is pretty long when you think about it. I can be on the phone for 2 hours straight with no problem, but just typing for 5 is already killing me. I hope psychology is one of my easier classes. I took it because it interests me and I needed some sort of break from my math and science courses. I've been really stressed and I eat junk all of the time. I think I'll go running tonight. but I've worn all of my Sophie shorts around the dorm so they're dirty. And I haven't done laundry yet. I've never done laundry before and it kind of freaks me out. my mom has been a stay-at-home-mom my whole life so she did all of the little things. pack my lunch, make after-school snacks, organize the family's schedule. it was pretty rough trying to organize everything when all 7 of us kids lived at home. But she always managed. as I earlier stated, she's brilliant. my dad works for shell. not like at the gas station or anything but downtown Houston. he does computer stuff. And that's the extent of my knowledge about his job except that he's an IT manager and yeah. veronica is making popcorn and it smells SO good. my blinds are closed so they leave streaks of light across my keyboard and monitor. It's annoying but peaceful at the same time. I have road rage. so I guess it's a good thing I don't drive around here. too many pedestrians and bad drivers. I'd probably get an ulcer or get shot for screaming at the wrong person. I want ice-cream. or pizza. we had McDonalds yesterday. Daron thinks their food is gross but I love it. Sarah and Meghan were going to do dancing sometime. I think this weekend?. So that'll be fun. I suck and dancing, but whatever. who really care? there's a quote I like ""those who care aren't important and those who are important don't care"". :) I love that. my other favorite quote is ""a life of love will have some thorns but a life without love will have no roses. "" that's helped me through relationships and crap- my sister Erica taught me that quote. she's cute. Looks just like me! ha just kidding. she's a senior in high school and it would be awesome if she came to UT next year but she wants to go to a small east-coast college or to a Mormon one in the Utah Idaho region. wherever she goes she'll be great. my older brother, Bryant, is serving a church mission in Italy but he'll be back at UT in 2 years. Kevin is probably one of the smarter of my brothers. he's in high school and wants to be an architect (sp?). then there's Kara. she made the volleyball team (7th grade) and I'm so proud of her. I tried out when I was her age and didn't make it. Because I sucked. And then I was too embarrassed to try out in 8th grade, which I regret. Steven just started middle school. I'm worried about him because he's such a little, sweet kid. he's completely sarcastic and hilarious, but you have to get to know him or he doesn't talk much. Shannon is the baby of the family and my mom said she's just like me. ha-ha poor kid. but she's loud and obnoxious and doesn't take crap from anyone. she's funny and flirty and has all kinds of friends at school. I used to be completely shy so I'm so proud of her for being the outgoing type. she picks up crude phrases from me and the older kids in the house, though, and so that's no good. I like my dorm. some of my friends stay in these crappy small dingy places and I don't understand why they'd pay for that crap. gross. plus community bathrooms freak me out so I love sharing the toilet/shower with just one other person. 2 more minutes on this thing. Gosh. I bit off my nails the other day and so now they hurt. Which doesn't help when I'm typing long papers for psychology. do grammar and punctuation and sentence structure really matter for this assignment? I sure hope not. I figure it's not English class and since I'm fairly good at keeping my grammar understandable, I should be fine. 10 seconds! that is all for now. adieu (sp?) adieu. Whatever. ",y,y,n,n,y

2004\_154.txt,"I really miss Desiree. she is my best friend and it hard not being able to talk to her everyday seeing as how I don't have my cell phone here with me. my not so intelligent sister was supposed to send it to me in the mail Saturday, but how much do you want to bet that she didn't send it until Monday and I wont get it until Thursday before I leave to go to Houston. I'm drawing a blank. how am I supposed to write for twenty minutes when I'm struggling to think of something to write after only two. I guess I shouldn't think so hard, should I. is that supposed to be a question mark? anyway. I'm really enjoying this psychology class. I thought that it might have been boring but as luck would have it Pennebaker is actually a really energetic professor. I like that. it almost seems as if he can relate to his students on a deeper level but at the same time he is still able to get his lesson across to us. kind of reminds me of Brink, my science teacher in high school. he has been there for quite some time now and he never ceases to amaze his students with his ability to connect with us. I do not know one person in Cleveland High School or one person who came through CHS and had Brinkley that didn't like him or his approach to teaching. I miss him. I miss high school. college life is really overwhelming at times. Right now I'm pretty much struggling to stay in school and let me tell you that it is not easy. I partied way too hard last semester and it would be a shame for me to go home and have to endure the horrible comments from everyone. Oh nikki couldn't handle that big school. She got the big head and got shot down as soon as she got there. Look at little miss I'm smarter than you back in Cleveland. I guess it was lonely up there on her high horse. I have to be a success and that is why I have buckled down on my studies and reading this semester. it is so important that I become somebody. I can't stress that enough. I refuse to go back home and end up on the same path that the rest of my family has chosen for themselves. its not easy living up to others expectations when you know that you can do it but aren't sure if you know how or if you have the drive to do so. My family is a bunch of nobodies and I hate to say that. Well in an educational sense of the term. None of them went off to school in order to better themselves. but then again I can't really blame them for that. I mean we really don't have the resources required to be true leaders or successes when coming from an educational stance. I'm here on financial aid as it is. its not easy walking in my shoes. some people think I have it so easy but they really have not idea what kind of challenges I had to overcome to get here. it was not an easy road to tow. I been through it all and still have managed to survive only by the grace of God. Speaking of God I miss TJ and Trinity and Tristan. I only wish that I had more time with them before they left. especially TJ. He was and still is my baby. I love him and miss him so much but his psycho parents took him away from me. they could have left but why him. I remember there being a time when he wouldn't even go to them when I first started working in the nursery and how he could only say no. that was my little boy. I love him and miss him like you would never understand or maybe you would because I'm sure you have kids and even though he wasn't mine I loved him like he was. ",n,n,n,y,n

2004\_163.txt,"Today has seriously been the longest day ever and guess what? It's only the 4th day of classes. that's a horrible thing to think about. I stepped off of the 7th floor elevator at Jester and was once again overcome by that odor of hamster cage. It's awful. I've been on some other floors and it doesn't smell like that. I wonder if it's the carpet or something, but obviously nobody cares enough about it to fix it, so that's cool I guess. I got a sign on my door that says they are going to paint all the doors starting tomorrow. I'm totally sure that its going to smell so much better on this floor after that. yeah right. This oatmeal cream pie is great, I'm so hungry because I haven't eaten all day yet, and all my professors successfully fried my brain. I hate when I don't know everything. well I don't mean everything because nobody knows everything, but more like. I hate when I can't understand something right away, probably because I know that means I have to spend extra time learning it later on and that's never any fun. I swear that when I used to eat these oatmeal cream pies they were bigger, so maybe the manufacturer downsized the product or something. I wouldn't be surprised, or maybe now I'm just so much bigger than the cookie itself, instead of when I used to eat them years ago. Who knows? or actually who cares. Kate just called me and she's not going to eat until later, so guess that means I'm going to the chem. review at 5. It'll probably be really good for me so I shouldn't complain, but complaining is so fun, yet so annoying all at the same time. I can't believe that I'm actually excited about going home this weekend, not for long, but I kind of feel like I'm missing out on so much in San Antonio, even though I'm not. I can't wait to get some good Mexican food. it's been too long. What a horrible affect working at a Mexican restaurant all summer had on me. Oh well. The football game this weekend should be extremely awesome !! I'm so excited, my first UT football games as a STUDENT in the STUDENT section. ha-ha. and actually I think my 3rd or 4th game ever to see, how cool. I saw something on Austin's news talking about ordering the games on PPV. that's crazy. I really hope that doesn't mean that here in town all the games are blacked out and I can't watch them. like the away games for example. That'd be so cool if I could get tickets to the OU game. I hear that there's nothing like it, and I'm sure that's true. but you have to get pretty lucky and then you have to pay 85 bucks. and assuming that you get all that taken care of. you kind of have to make sure you know at least someone else going, meaning that they have to get through that whole process as well, pretty crazy, but I guess if all else fails I can order ir PPV for 40 bucks. yeah right, that game better be on ABC or something. I actually called Kenny today, after my first Biology class. he didn't answer, hopefully it was because he was in class. I don't know why but for some reason I really feel like he doesn't like me the way he did before I went down to San Antonio this past weekend. it's cool I guess. since I'm here and he's there, but I don't know. I wish that we wouldn't of met, so that I wouldn't have to deal with it. But then again I don't wish that because he's a cool guy. so much like me though, it's kind of scary. I wish that I could be the only one playing games and he would just profess his like for me everyday, but then again. if he did that I wouldn't like him, since it's all about the chase. crazy how those things work out. he's been exceptionally mean though. well just yesterday, but like he says it's his way of flirting, but ha-ha whatever. I like that boy. dang I just admitted it. I don't like him actually. I just don't know. I definitely don't think we're each others types though. he belongs around a much more rowdy ""Karla"" type and he might just be a little too crazy for me. Sounds like a challenge. I'm pretty hungry for like some real food, I guess I'll go down to JCL in a little bit and find something, that cinnamon toast crunch and oatmeal cream pie just didn't do it for me. and I'm exceptionally tired too. I ended up being 5 minutes late to my calculus discussion this morning, and I don't think it even helped me that much since I barely got a B on the homework. Man, I miss high school math classes. Everything was definitely explained SO much better, so yeah needless to say I'm pretty freaked out about that, I'm actually freaked out about all my classes. Oh well. ",n,y,n,y,n

2004\_165.txt,"Okay, I am writing this thing called stream of consciousness writing. I find it hard to type right now. I don't know if I should follow proper grammar. My Norton firewall just detected another blocked intrusion. I don't like this. Annoying hackers. Why don't they just go one with their lives without bothering decent people like me. I have 4 roommates and they are all good except for one. He is nice and all but he does have annoying habits and it seems he does not know proper manners. He watches TV loudly even though he knows people are trying to sleep. He even woke me up listening to music using my own computer without asking my permission to use it. That is so annoying and I can't stand it right now. My goodness, it has only been 3 mins? I've been writing a lot of things already. My arms are hurting because I can't type for so long and I hate typing. I'm not a typer, my brother and cousin are flawless typers but I am not. I already had so many errors in typing right now it is so annoying me. I want to destroy this key board. I want to use the voice typing method but even that is a pathetic technology which is still in its infancy. This is really annoying me. I want to take the psych research right now but I can't because I am not 18 yet. That is a load of bullshit if u ask me. can't it be 17? What is your advantage to your peers in the same batch or class who are older than you by a few months?? A few months of extra knowledge??? I don't think so. I hate my birthday, there is also a math midterm on my birthday, hooray for me. how nice, what a nice birthday gift. I have a tendency to measure how much I type. I always limit myself and not going to much bec. I always fear my efforts are being wasted or something and I am very lazy so I will rather do nothing or stop doing something if there is no punishment involved. Like this writing assignment right now, if this was not graded or the lose of not doing this is very minimal, I will just stop and just receive the consequences rather than waste 20 minutes of my time doing nothing but write, senseless writing. And I ate writing, I hate the damn typo errors, I hate now typing fluidly like others, I hate making mistakes, I hate typing because it hurts my hands and fingers! I hate this activity. I am not in a very good mood right now, I kind of understand that, I wonder why? Is it my roommate? maybe, is it this senseless activity? maybe. maybe its because University of Texas has cut my freaking internet, no I can't download beyond 8 gigs. nooo bec. u are taking up too much bandwidth and leaving none for the others. What do I say? I say to hell with the others, what do they care if they don't really use the internet in the first place. They are just wasting bandwidth on nothing. This is just pathetic. You guys are afraid of the recording companies, the RCAA or something like that. That's what you are. Afraid. Why don't you just leave us alone like other schools? They have FREE internet, not this cheap limited ""u have to pay"" for internet. I am just ranting away all my frustrations on this thing aren't I? I hope no one reads it, if u do. the hell do I care! Damn it. College life sucks. To much reading. Everyone expects you to read all the chapters and expect you to understand the next day during the lecture. Well, tough luck, we are not that smart. Some people do well in lectures and some do well with books. Some people just can understand with the book so why do u pick on us?? Everything you test should be on your lectures. The book is just for bringing your knowledge of the subject to a more concrete manner. Lectures are what really is important, and you just read the book to review. You don't test what u do not teach in lectures!! Thank God I only have a few more minutes left. My fingers are burning now. I cannot be stuck doing the same thing for prolonged periods of time. It is just not right. It is so boring. Funny though. if u come to think of it. Ironic. I cannot stand doing a same thing for so long but I can stand doing nothing for so long. What kind of person am I? Indolent. Lazy. Pathetic. That's what I am. A person who does not want to leave his little protective sphere. a controlled sphere. I am afraid to do things with risks, I will never succeed in life like that. Doomed not to be a leader. ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_167.txt,"I am worried about my brother, Bobby, right now. My mother just called me and told me he was in a bad car accident and was taken to the ER. She said he is okay, but they are stitching him up right now. Tonight I went to church with my best friend, Amanda. We sang a lot, which I love. I'm not necessarily the best singer, but I really enjoy it. All the songs we sang tonight, I knew from my church at home in Plano. That made me happy. I also signed up for teams at church. Right now I am a little frustrated though because Amanda and I are trying to do our Art History homework, but the website won't let me download the article I need. Very Frustrating!!! Oh, I need to go wash my dishes when I'm done with this. Amanda and I made chili-cheese dogs. They were great!! My roommate, Sijia, is not home yet, and this worries me because it is pretty late, and she shouldn't be walking around Austin alone in the dark. I have to write a paper for my freshman seminar class for Friday on two pieces of music that I have not been able to listen to yet, which frustrates me. I just found out about the assignment today. School is going well though, a little stressing, but all around, it is going well. All day I listened to one of the best songs I have heard in a long time called ""How Could I"". The music in this song is very well played, and the lyrics are really good (sad though), and the lead singer (of oleander)'s voice is very soft and pretty. I have to do a geology assignment for my discussion section tomorrow which is a little stressing because the article for the paper I have to write is about 20 pages long. I didn't get much sleep last night because I was trying to read for Art History because I don't learn anything in that class because it does not interest me at all. I woke up early this morning to look over my math homework. I won't get much sleep tonight either. Amanda has music playing in the background right now, but I don't know who is singing. I like the way it sounds though. Tonight I taught Amanda how to tap dance. It was interesting. we went into my bathroom (because it's really big and has a good floor for tapping) and I taught her a few basics. She and I have both danced our entire lives, but she has never taken tap, so I am going to teach her. She is going to teach me pointe, because I haven't done ballet in three years. I have a bad knee, and last summer I had knee surgery, so I haven't been able to do very many classes the last few years. I only took tap and jazz. I miss ballet though. Since I've moved to Austin, I've really missed dance because I don't have a dance studio here. I would like to go take some classes, but I think it would be better to concentrate on school, at least the first semester, and I can just practice at home. I bought new pointe shoes the other day. We had to walk many many miles to get them. Today in geology class, we played football and sang the UT fight song standing up with the ""hook 'them"" sign in the air. It was a very interesting class. right now I wonder if anyone has IMed me on AIM. I'm really tired, but I won't be able to sleep tonight because I need to do school work. My parents might go to the Bahamas in a few weeks, hopefully I may go as well. I haven't been to a beach in two summers now because of the knee surgery and rehab (for the knee), and this summer we were just too busy. That reminds me, I miss my family in Virginia. Maybe I can fly out there this summer. That would be fun. Virginia is beautiful. The Chesapeake area especially. I'm glad my brother is alright, but when my mother called it worried me. But he will be fine. I cleaned the guest bathroom tonight (I have to do chores around the house because I live in a co-op). Tomorrow I think I'm going to sleep in between classes. I only have two discussion sections. Sijia just got home!! ",n,n,y,y,n

2004\_168.txt,"our world is pretty fucked up. I've been watching and reading the news lately, and that is the only thing my mind is consumed with. well not the only thing, but almost the only thing. the world has enough problems with natural disasters, why do we have to create more disasters for ourselves. between hurricane Frances and soon to be hurricane Ivan, why do we need Chechen rebels, and radical terrorists, and radical governmental regimes to make things worse. why is it that people can't seem to answer to the moral code everyone knows in the heart to be right. be it a Christian, a Muslim, or an atheist, every person on this earth knows the difference between right and wrong. so why is that not only do terrible things like this happen, but also, others make excuses about it too? ""they're religious. they're unstable. they're on medication. they've had a hard life. man fuck that. people need to first take responsibility for their actions, and secondly they need to realize that what is right is right and what's wrong is wrong. I don't understand this blur of morals and truth. how have we allowed this world to sink to a level where the average human being doesn't know the difference between right and wrong? I suppose I'll get off my soap box now, I just can't fathom the world getting worse, and yet I know that tomorrow, will be even just a little bit worse than today. the only thing I can do is try and change my own actions, my own beliefs, and hopefully lead by example. so I was just reading bush has tried cocaine, while bush senior was president. ha. that makes me laugh, I say more power to bush, he says he's clean, I believe him, I don't think his past should be this big of an issue, especially when he is running against john Kerry. I don't even want to vote, but I feel its my duty. so who am I going to vote for? its like picking the lesser of two evils? and which one is lesser of a SOB than the other one? man I don't know. I suppose I'll vote for bush, being that this is Texas. but I don't know if I'd feel right about that. maybe I'll just write in a vote. I mean I know all of Texas electoral votes are going to bush so does it even matter? maybe I'll run for president one day? naw, I doubt it, I'm not moderate enough. not that I'm a radical, just that I don't think I could say things to appease one person or another. I have my beliefs and damn it, I'm sticking to 'them. that doesn't mean I'm not open to listening and even changing them based on solid arguments, but I'm not going to change them based simply on needing more votes, that's a fucked up way of doing business. this feels good by the way. I'm sitting at a coffee shop and there are two frat daddies in front of me, they're very loud and annoying. I kind of want to say something to them, but then again they're very large men, and, since I'm making snap judgments, they're probably alpha males who would want to fight me. so I'll just let them be. my friend broke up with her boyfriend recently. they're a couple years older than me, and I'm pretty sure he wanted to marry her. she dumped him because she didn't feel ready for that and needs time to get her life together. I can understand and appreciate where she's coming from, but he was tore up about it. anyway, they're here and talking about stuff, I can tell things are getting intense. I didn't even know they were going to be here, and technically I was here first so I suppose they invaded my space but its no big deal. she will probably start crying soon, and he will just shake his head because he doesn't know what to do. man, I feel sorry for them both. he just wants to love her, be there for her. and she doesn't want to hurt him, but she has no choice, she isn't in the same place he is. love is a funny thing. love is a fucked up thing too. I've only been in love once. and I've fallen out of love once. its a painful process. but then again, I wouldn't replace it. it was a profitable, great, shitty, learning experience, one that I can completely support. so why is it that humans love? or choose to love? or choose not to love? I'd like to be able to love someone again, that's a good feeling. to be able to call someone and just talk to them. see how their day was, what they've been up to, and to know that they wanted to talk to you, and ask you about those same things. I wonder what my wife will be like? I wonder when I'll meet her. my brother and his girlfriend are close to getting married I think. I may be wrong, but I doubt it. I think they're both in a place where they're ready to commit for the long haul. that's kind of scary. hey, my brother is going to be married forever. I'm going to have a sister in law. maybe I'll be an aunt or uncle soon. now that is really weird. its crazy how time moves. I feel like graduation was a long time ago, but at the same time I feel like I still think and act like a 6th grader. oh 6th grade, those were good days. I thought I was the coolest kid in the world. and at the time, I may have been right. I was one cool 6th grader. it rained today. I love the rain, its so refreshing, so new, so clean, so pure. it makes me appreciate the day that much more. I've spent a total of almost 7 hours at this coffee shop today. reading, writing, talking, thinking, listening, all things I can support 100% though, so it hasn't been a wasted day in the least. I ate at freebirds today too, that was so good. I'd say the feeling I have after I eat freebirds is one of the closest feelings I'll ever have to being completely content, lacking absolutely nothing in the world. because when I've finished freebirds, I don't even desire love, because I am so full and content I don't need anything else. its a good feeling. I'm thinking about what I'm thinking about writing. if that makes sense. it is supposed to be stream of consciousness, and I'm working on that, but I think that I'm thinking too much about it. I've had pretty streaming thoughts up to this point, now I'm thinking too hard about writing something. its ok though, because I only have like 15 seconds left. maybe I'll eat cookies later tonight, I bet those will good ",y,n,y,n,y

2004\_173.txt,"o. k, so now I'm writing for this assignment. I'm going to turn off the music I'm listening to. ok, all finished with that. it was bizarre love triangle by new order, I like new order. I like order in general. reminds me of the balance between chaos and order. I'm probably more into that than most people I know. I wonder if most people think about chaos and order. the fan above me feels good, generating wind. my neck has been hurting a little today because last night I ate it hard on the ground while riding my bike at night. I totally busted my ass. my foot slipped which made me lose my balance and I crashed sideways with bike still in between me. gave me a few bad strawberries and I hit my head pretty damn hard. for a split second my world was ""bamn"" and multicolor. my front door opened, it was my mom probably watering the plants. this makes me comment on the fact that I still live at home, I still live at home. I'm nineteen though so it isn't a huge deal but I'd like to have my own place. but I don't have the money for that because I pay for my own tuition and books and expenses. that sucks. but I do feel good when I say that to other people, usually at work is when I do that. I work at a restaurant that also makes espresso drinks, it's called satellite cafe. I got promoted and got more hours making it feasible that I could work through college and not have to worry about loans. loans blow. there's the door again. I keep looking at the finish button right underneath this never disappearing text. seven min, six seconds. my dad just walked in and we had a ""how are you"" exchange. things are going better with my parents and I. there was a time before ut,(I'm a transfer from acc)where I didn't really care much about things. probably because I wasn't being challenged, except from work which I enjoyed/enjoy. anyway, I was in with what the counterculture does when the norm of society isn't watching or around. the popular bob Marley type stuff. I have a need to use code, with this being a college assignment and all. although I wonder about the likelihood of this being read by someone that shouldn't, it's probably close to zero. I stopped writing to notice the spaces in between rows of words which goes diagonally from top left to top right. how interesting. internet, seven thirty seven pm. I wish I was done now. funny because I was looking forward to doing this, but I thought it would be more of a stop/start thought process. it seems like I'm just narrating my last couple of days. I was just rearranging myself to get more comfortable. and I am somewhat. wish I had my own place, privacy. being alone is nice at times. hmm, I have to write for an entire twenty minutes. I wonder if people that are slow at typing have a hard time with this. my face is all rough and ""treated"". I have avg acne, not really the worst I've had. I am using treatment though which helps. my mom just went into the laundry room which I assumed meant she would go right across the hallway into my room and make a comment about it not being clean. because I told her that I would clean it last night because I went on a bike ride instead. in a few aspects that bike ride was a waste of time. but for some reason I like wasting time. there she goes back into the laundry room. and no comment, but no inspection either. I have a good view from the office room where I am typing this twenty minute thing. itching my eye felt good. my right arm is getting annoyed at it's position. now that I noticed that, I noticed I'm sore a bit all over my body, which made me think of going to Gregory gym and how I can't really yet because I am a gimp. Not really though, I could easily tough it out, I'm competitive and athletic, or use to be. sucks not being a true youth, in high school where you can dick around for four years. I knew I'd miss high school for that reason. I like when I repeat words and they are on two lines above and below each other, like when I typed the words high school and they are repeated in appearance. I was so rudely interrupted by (a) the phone line for my dad ringing and (b) the twenty minute marker, which came faster than I had expected in the end. ok, that was interesting, something I don't really want to do again, or do I? it was nice to get stuff out in writing, or typing. ok, finished. ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_174.txt,"Wow I can't believe I waited this long to write this paper. I was in a shock when I found out that this was due tomorrow. Deadlines motivate me more than ever. I told myself that I was going to do this earlier or on some sleepless night but I guess getting it done is what is most important. I just played some Starcraft with my roommate. I used to play this game with all my friends from school before War Craft III came out for the computer. This game ruined any chances for me to finish my homework. I'd have to say this game was the devil. It made my parents really mad when they would walk into my room and find me playing in the middle of the game. I told them I would shut it off after that game but it was too addicting. My parents somehow figured out that I started a new game and threatened to throw my computer out. This wasn't a very good feeling. Well, anyway, this girl from high school asked me to go to the homecoming dance with her less than 24 hours ago. Somehow, all of my friends managed to find out in that amount of time. This was extremely strange because I didn't tell anybody about this news. I tried asking them where they heard this gossip but they refused to answer my questions. This aggravated me just a little bit because my curiosity was at its peak. A few friends from Houston already know. I mean, what's the big deal. I don't understand why gossip can travel so fast. I guess it is because everyone wants to become involved in other people's lives. I think this knowledge makes them feel superior to others. I find myself talking on instant messenger and the opening statement would be ""what's up"". The basis of a conversation is what is going on with the other person's life. This type of conversation doesn't really achieve much but it makes you feel like you belong. Figuring gossip about yourself is a strange thing. You never know who's watching and points out the smallest detail to tell another person. I figured my actions didn't speak THAT loud. But any kind of gossip sparks a conversation like no other. It immediately captures the center of attention. I think people should be more concerned about figuring who they are. This is not an easy task. Starting college this year has sure caused a lot of changes. Changes in friendship, responsibility and so on. College is a good way of determining who your real friends are. These are truly hard to find. I knew this girl that had about 3 parties a year. There would be over fifty people over at her house and she seemed to be enjoying their company. But one time at lunch I saw her sitting by herself and she was by herself for a little while today too. It's crazy how things can turn right around like that. Well my hall is being pretty loud right now playing music or what not. My friendship with existing friends have sure been tested and I think that the conversation we had strengthened our relationship. We hardly ever talk about serious matters, so this was refreshing to me. I hang out with a bunch of guys that aren't really open to their feelings. We seem like a bunch where we tell each other everything but we know that we're just buddies. I mean we'll be there for the other person in a heartbeat but no one really knows what the other is thinking, especially about relationships. We'd always give one of the guys a hard time because we found out who he liked or what not. I always thought that we would support them and tell them to do what he felt. But this was never the case. Three out of the four guys go to school here in Austin but the fourth person is in San Antonio. I can tell he really misses the guys from high school and all of his gaming friends. Everyone makes fun of him about his intelligence but I feel obliged to back him up. I know it's all in fun but after a while I think it's just mean. I miss the guy too. I hope he makes it to Austin next year. ",n,y,y,n,y

2004\_175.txt,"I keep thinking about this White Stripes song and I cannot remember the name of it so I can download it. It continues to anger me. Its really dark in here so I should open the blinds, but I think right now there is a glare through a window and that would not be good since my computer faces it. Just a minute ago my keyboard was making me really mad. It would freeze up and I couldn't type certain letters. It made me so mad. I wonder what Ben is doing right now. He wasn't online but I know he doesn't have to work today so I am curious what he is doing. I called him earlier today and then when I got out of school. I really miss him and I am glad I get to go home next Friday. I also miss my dog, Rosie. I wonder if she thinks about me or maybe thinks I am dead or something. Mom said she looked for me a little bit. I can't believe my credit card got denied. That makes me so mad since Mom sent the check like a week and a half ago. I wonder if I can get on the website and look at my balance. Dad is such a cheap guy. I can't believe that he thinks I can live on $250 a month. I guess I could but that would mean I couldn't buy everything I want and since Mom isn't here to take me shopping and buy stuff for me, I have to buy it for myself. I just got back from Walgreens and I am also getting really mad because my car is really dirtier every time I get in it. There is bird crap all over it since it is under that tree. I kind of like the spot and the shade, just not the crap. I wonder when I will start to feel better. I need to take that medicine. I can't stop coughing now and I couldn't in class either. I bet it made the people around me hate me. It feels weird to have already eaten dinner at 6:30. It kind of sucks that they serve it from 5 to 6:30 because I am used to it at like 7:30. The food here is not all that great but there is a better variety than Mom makes. I am so excited about going home next weekend and sleeping in my double bed. It is really hard to get used to sleeping in a twin when I usually sprawl out all over the double. My bed also has that poofy thing that needs to flatten out because it makes it harder to sleep. Bennett borrowed one of my scarves today and that also made me mad. I don't mind that she borrowed it but I really wished she would have asked first. Some of her clothes are really ugly I think. I don't know I guess that is what you get coming from Podunk, TX. I like her a lot but I just feel like she thinks she is hot stuff and it also pisses me off that she rushed and I didn't. I really would like to know how someone like her was accepted and I wasn't. I'm not saying that she is gross or anything. I just think that I should have gotten into a good one also. It makes me mad and disappointed and upset all at the same time simply because I always pictured myself being in a sorority and I never expected rush to go that way at all. It kind of hurts even worse since everyone on my hall has all of the decorations and all of that stuff. Claire also made me mad last night when she started eating all of my goldfish and stuff. I have so much homework to do and all I want to do is go to sleep. I feel awful because my nose is running and my throat and ears hurt, plus I keep coughing. I wonder if it is just allergies or if I actually have a cold. Mom said she would make an appointment with Dr. Eldredge when I go home so that he can see me if I need him to. I really like him a lot more than Dr. Audrey because he isn't psycho and he is really young. That makes me think of Paschal and Fort Worth because his office is down that way. Man I really want to go to Ol South. I really am kind of homesick. I have been trying not to think about it because it makes me really sad. I think I miss Rosie and Mom the most. I miss Ben but I am beginning to think that we are not right for each other. The other night when we went to those frat parties I was thinking that I don't know if I can do it or not. I am not sure whether I am missing him or missing the attention and also I know that we are not really in love and I don't see myself loving him. I really miss what Eric and I had and I think that is really the only relationship that I have been in where I was in love. I think Eric is mad at me because I called him the other day and he never called me back. I wonder if things would have ended up differently if he had gone to school or even had a better career path than he does. I really miss him but I don't think I could do the long distance thing with him any better. Plus, I know there were things wrong with him too. I really wish I could combine the traits of both people I like and make a boyfriend specified to my desires. I bet everyone does. I can't believe how tired I am. I wish I could just go to bed right now. Maybe I will take some Tylenol PM. Although that didn't help me at all last night. Everyone is gone to their sorority meetings now so I think I am the only one here. Oh well that's okay I will get a lot done. There were these guys in class today that ",y,n,n,y,n

2004\_178.txt,"Right now I'm writing about the things I am thinking of. I just got my hair cut and now I'm drinking a coke float. which I probably shouldn't be due to the fact that freshmen 15 is a big thing these days. my boyfriend just called and I like him a lot well actually love him to death, but sometimes I just wonder like if I'm doing the right thing. actually I wonder too much instead of living life as it should be lived. now my dad is wiping the back door off because we're having a party for my grandparents tomorrow - they will have been married for 50 years - that's a long time. I'm glad that they're both still alive because a lot of people don't even get to meet their grandparents. today I went and bought some clothes, which I probably should not have because I have a lot already. this chick keeps getting on and off of aol which is really bugging me because little messages keep popping up saying she is doing this. today we had a parade in my home town. yeah I'm home again. and it was cool. Kyle is a senior. I wish he was a longhorn because it would be so much easier to go to school together and see each other more often, but no he has to be an aggie. today is the football game, I wonder if Texas will win. LaGrange lost really bad last night - Hahira their not as good as they think they are. mom is sleeping and she snores a lot. dad keeps brushing the windows now and it is somewhat distracting. coolcherrychick has just signed on. cool. lol wow my hair is really short. man I can type faster than I thought I could, I guess that's good - hey it rhymes! omg stop with the window! I can't believe I found pants long enough for me at Bealls, that like never happens because I have really long legs, well not really but longer than normal. now coolcherrychick has just signed off. why do I like coke so much? I mean I don't drink it that often because I don't allow myself to, but I do enjoy it a lot - I guess the caffeine. I have problems spelling. this coke float is super good. thank god he stopped. ha-ha I just wrote stuffed before I erased it, anyway with the window. my hair is really cute, at least I think so. for once I'm not cold, its amazing. rowing is going to be cool, even though it might be really hard, at least I will have a coach forcing me to work out and I can identify with a team. I wonder if some people use really big words when trying to do this assignment, I mean I can use big words, but I really don't think in big words. my cognate. however you spell it process is not always so high smart or yeah that. I hope rhea's oh regina's home, I hope rhea's reunion - that's it - is going good, I don't think she really tried very hard but I mean she hasn't been doing her best in the recent time on being responsible. regina and laurie just got home and as I'm trying to think they are telling me about some kind of tattoo or something I don't know and I feel bad but I have to do this assignment. oh well I hope they didn't think I was being rude. this is kind of hard because I think so much faster than I type. mija just ran with laurie. she is so cute! sometimes she smells really bad though, but I guess I do to when I don't take a bath for awhile. I want to see regina's hair because she got it done today too it looks really cute and it has red in it and blonde and I think she looks good with it. Kevin called today and wants mom and dad, well everyone to put their money they're contributing for grandma and grangpa's thing in cash so they can give it to them in this game show thing. the lady who did our hair is like 50 something but looks a lot younger. like 35 or 40 - no lie. well the television was just turned on and was talking about football now something is on about a comedian. I like black people, they are so much fun to be around and they are not as uptight, well when it comes to their family I guess they are but not just in general. I like jz he's cool but I don't know I think that I like all kinds of music, not any kind in particular. sometimes I feel really left out because so many people know these alternative bands, but I don't because I don't really like the music as much as I like oh wow mija is getting a bath by laurie, yeah! other music like pop and rap. It's amazing how fast this time is going by like I thought it would take a lot longer or seem like I was typing a lot longer. I like that song and I can't believe a 14 year old sings it - jojo what kind of a name is that! I like the bangs I got cut, but I don't know if I am going to be able to fix it like this myself. Kyle is coming over later and I hope he likes my hair. and if he doesn't well it's not like I can do anything about it. I wish I was better at volleyball and could have done more with it. I mean I can jump high, but I can't hit hard. wow the gymnast was really short, but the volleyball player standing next to her she was so tall, I am glad I am tall, except when it comes to finding pants long enough wow I really have problems typing. today I changed in the car, that was really not fun I should have planned it better. oh well I guess no one saw and if they did then lucky them, just joking. usa wow I'm really lucky to live here and have my own choices. shampoo always smells good, well not always, but most of the time. it would be so nice to be rich. I need to read my psychology book and my biology book man both ologies, lol. breathing is a good thing. laurie can't reach the shampoo that's no fun. my fingers are starting to get tired from typing so much. ",n,y,y,n,n

2004\_181.txt,"I am beginning to think I am committing to too many activities. I want to be involved, but maybe I am doing too much- I wish I did not have eight o'clock class on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I hate having to get up early- I need to buy my Chemistry book and Biology book still. Books are so expensive-oh well- I am excited for the football game this weekend! It will be nice to have Monday off- It smells like Lucky Charms-probably because I just ate some- I need to get a transcript request from quad C to transfer my chem class from this summer to here- I need to go by TOPS pics to look at pics from the other night- I need to call my camper back- I should do some reading for my classes tomorrow- I am excited to do the SHINE program for the nursing school. I wonder who my professor that I get to help out will be. I need to look up hospital info online so I can decide where and when to volunteer this semester- The people who live above me constantly make loud noises- are they obese people or just loud stomping walkers?- I can't decide if I want to get my nutrition book- the teacher does not require it-but it may be beneficial- I need to get some more picture frames for my room- I love pictures- I am excited about a new skirt I bought today-wow I really got a good deal on it- I like shopping too much-ever since I have been in college I feel like it has become an addiction-from school supplies to clothes- I love how random my thoughts are right now- I need to talk to my parents about sorority stuff and my credit card- that was a bummer when I got denied today at the coop-I should have just used my other card-oh well- I can't decide if I want to go to the ranch this weekend-it seems pointless to go but then again it is only an hour away-hmmm I want to download some ringtones after this- I can't believe it's almost September- wow the summer flew by-pretty soon it will be Christmas- I love hanging out with Katy-she is so sweet- I can't wait to go to the rodeo sometime this year- My neck has been itching lately in a random spot- I wonder why- It would be fun to go on a random date-I wonder who will be first-Brandon or myself-hopefully myself-I need to be able to move on, but yet with a friend- It's going to be kind of random meeting up with Kelsey tomorrow-gosh and she wants to sit with us-of course Court is already busy-I bet that is the only reason she has called- I hate when girls do that-girls need to learn time management with friends and guys too! I want to lay out by the pool tomorrow-hopefully it will be nice and sunny - ",y,y,y,y,n

2004\_193.txt,"I'm feeling a little stressed right now. I have two tests coming up in about a week and I'm kind of behind on my reading. There is so much stuff to take care of now that I am out on my own. It makes me miss my family; I'm feeling kind of homesick right now. When I woke up this morning I found myself crying. I'm having a little bit of trouble because this guy in a really intense e-mail told me how much he likes me. It just happens to be my friend's brother so I'm worried about what I should do. I don't really have anyone to talk to about it and I just wanted someone to comfort me and hug me. But, I did talk to my friend today and he helped me out, I'm glad I had someone to talk to. I'm thinking about going to a movie tonight with my section but I'm not sure because I think I need to stay and study. But, I think I'm going to go anyway because I need a break and I need to feel more involved. Hopefully some people will go. I wonder what I should wear. I want to go shopping, I'm getting tired of always wearing the same things. It kind of smells like spoiled milk in my room. There are still boxes everywhere and I feel lazy for not getting rid of them, but I just don't feel like it. I keep hearing door open in the hall, I wonder if my room mate is back. It's kind of awkward with her here. I don't really know what to say and she is not very talkative. I still can't believe she told me to be quiet so rude like she did the other night. Oh well. I'm watching this movie on TV about a drill team and it makes me miss dancing. I mean I know I'm still taking classes, but its just not the same, it's not as often. It makes me feel out of shape, I hope that I don't gain a lot of weight because I'm not working out as much. It felt so good to be back in class the other day. I love the Modern class, it feels so good to be able to move again and that class makes me feel free. I guess it's more laid back because the dancers aren't experienced and I'm one of the most experienced in the class. That kind of makes me relax because I don't get as nervous as I do around all the good dancers in the other classes. I get so nervous at auditions. I don't know how in the world I'm going to get into those major's dance classes. Then what am I going to do? My RA just knocked on my door to tell me that we are going to that movie. I feel kind of stupid going because I've already been and my friends aren't going. But, oh well, I guess that I will just go. I feel like I need to meet more people. The only people I've have hung out with while I have been here are Rockport people. I thought I was going to get away from all that, but I don't know. I don't know what to write anymore. I'm thinking to hard about this and I know I shouldn't be. I should just type whatever it is that I am thinking. The time is almost up. It went by surprisingly fast and I kind of enjoyed doing it. It actually made me feel a little better and sorted things out for me. It's weird how writing can do that; Professor Pennebaker did mention that in my class. I guess it really is true. I feel like I should have an ending to this. But, I guess not. I guess your thoughts never really end. It kind of makes me nervous when I can't think of what to write. What does that mean? It's kind of like when I blank out talking to people which I seem to do a lot. I'm kind of interested in how this experiment thing will turn out. I wonder what the point of it is. ",n,y,y,n,n

2004\_194.txt,"I'm a little worried these past few days because of the work study award. I know that I have a certain time limit to get a job and I'm trying to get a job but it's so hard. It's even harder when you've never had a job experience before. And my older sister keeps pestering me about getting a job. I know what I need to do, she just needs to lay off of me sometimes. That's one of the bad things about sharing a dorm room with a sister, she'll be able to spy on you and tell on our parents what's going on in my life. It's not always bad because I don't do anything that will disappoint my parents. The other thing that makes me a little mad is just because she is older than me, she can boss me around. It's not like I'm her slave or anything; it's just that I don't like the feeling of being told what to do and when to do it. I like being my own person, making my own decisions. If only I had been able to do that since I was a kid so I wouldn't have so much problems now. Ever since I could remember, my parents have always wanted me to become a doctor. Any doctor is ok as long as I made it. Well, what they want has followed me into my college life. The only reason why I would want to become a doctor is because my parents insist on me being one. So now I don't really know what I want to major in. I had never been given the chance to really consider my career because it has always been what my parents want. I'm just so obedient. I don't know why but I'm just like Ella in Ella Enchanted. Always obeying what others says. So, my college life has been ok so far. I like the campus a lot and I also like Jester because it's in the center of everything that I need. The PCL is across the street, and the gym is adjacent to it also. The food is right down on the 2nd floor of Jester or downstairs at JCL. Very convenient. The only bad thing about it so far is that I have a TV and that means trouble. I have become addicted to the show Three's Company. I have to watch it everyday. Let's see. It comes on ch. 40 at 10-11pm, ch. 41 at 12-12:30am, ch. 49 at 1-2am. So I stay up late just to watch my Three's Company. I know it's very silly especially since on Monday's, Wednesday's, and Friday's I have a 8am class. But somehow I manage to get up and not feel tired at all. Amazing isn't it? But it probably will wear off soon. Another thing I have to mention, I am getting very tired of eating American food for every meal, I need something from my culture. I need my rice! So, I had a very wonderful Labor Day Weekend because I went to Houston to visit my new baby cousin, Jason. He's 7 weeks old and o so adorable!! And Jason's almost 2 year old brother is also cute. Whenever we say anything to him all he says is 'I know' or 'I don't know' and laugh. Just so adorable. And when I had to leave, he was all sad. When I picked up my bag, he took it from me and put it back on the floor so I won't leave. I could talk forever about Jason and Jonathan. But I didn't really like the Houston whether because it was raining the whole time so when we drove anywhere bugs would hit the window and front bumper. So by the end of the trip, the front of the car was smothered with bug guts. YUCK! hehe =) Oh no! My time is almost up! Well, I guess I can spend the remaining time saying my good byes. Goodbye, chao. Write to you laters. Got only a few more seconds. It has been good writing down my feelings, getting it all out of my system. I feel lighter. OK, BYE!!!!!!! ",n,y,y,y,n

2004\_195.txt,"So today has been one of the worst days ever. I found out that I didn't do that great on my biology exam 1. and I aldo didn't do that great on chemistry quiz 1. I have been trying to do this prescreening survey for over two hours now and I am still not done with it. I am hungry too. I haven't had dinner tonight. Well not yet. so the prescreening system is really not working and it is making me mad now. This is crazy. I don't know what to write. Its hard to write for 20 minute. it has only been 3 minute. This is crazy. I wonder how long I will get to use this computer. Oh, I don't know if my class code is right or not, but I think that's what it is. So we will see. I hope This is the right one. Who knows. I have no idea what to write. I don't even know what I am suppose to write. I am really hungry. Why wouldn't this Prescreening Survey thing work? This is very frustrating. I feel like crying now. Oh gosh the thing worked and I want to get it over with but I can't stop writing. I wish I had started writing earlier. I think what I just wrote didn't make any sense. No I am pretty sure it didn't make any sense. I think it doesn't matter. I realized that u think faster then you type. well at least I do. May be because I type slow. But who knows. I think everyone thinks faster then they type. Anyways, so I want to go finish the prescreening survey thing but I can't. So I wonder what Liz is doing this weekend. I have to study this weekend , because I am really behind. I make a lot of typing error. I have to improve my typing. I want to go to JCL and eat. Then again I don't want to go by myself. I wonder if Kristi would come. She probably would. Liz needs to come get her book. I kind of feel obligated, but I don't want to call. It's her book and she should care for it. She should call me. Besides no one ever calls me other than Kristi. Liz is a very nice girl and I want to be good friend with her, but she is always too busy with her high school friends. They are nice too. Why is it only 11 minute. It needs to be 20 minute already. I wonder what Annette wrote for her writing assignment. OK so this is not a great assignment. I mean its very simple. It's very easy, but it is kind of annoying. It's like talking to yourself, only you are writing to yourself. I mean you are writing for the class. Who knows. this is getting old. Actually if you don't think about the time it goes by pretty fast. Ashley was telling me earlier today that she wrote about cookies. Now that's crazy. Well now I am hungry again. This is not great. This is actually kind of annoying. I think I wrote this line twice. I am not sure. Like the way I am not sure about my class code. I know I am right but its kind of hard to agree with it. Ok so I don't make any sense again. See I am telling you , this assignment is kind of crazy. I know he is not going to read this but what if he does? He is going to think I am idiot. Why am I like this? I don't get it. no I am really annoying. I can tell. but oh well. I am who I am. People should deal with it. See now I don't make sense again I don't even know why I thought about those stuff. and wrote it here. I can go back and delete that , but that would be kind of cheating. Except that there is nothing to cheat about. You will be cheating yourself. yay. only two minutes left. No it is true if you don't think about time it goes by really fast. I need to stop chatting on the internet. I can't even write a sentence properly. Internet does no good to you. well at least not to me. Ok I guess this is it then. only 30 sec left. yay. I guess I will need to find more to stuff to write about on the next one. this is crazy. but ik ",n,y,y,n,n

2004\_197.txt,"This is kind of weird. I never set aside just some time for me to type and write and think. It's crazy that my thoughts are not really coherent. tiffany is typing next to me--her music is loud and kind of weird. I'm not a big fan of rap. wow look at how the font looks smaller after you don't capitalize. tiff's talking to me and going into the bathroom. Stupid homework. I am typing but I don't know what I'm thinking about. man it's so loud in our room. she's yelling at me. she wants me to finish my work so I can talk to her. silly girl. the TV is kind of annoying I want to turn it off but it's so far away. college is making me lazy. that reminds me of Dante's inferno. I can hear the wretch is that how you spell it? wrench clanking in the background. tiffany is struggling to put our brand spanking new fluffy toilet seat onto the crappy and dirty jester toilet that who knows how many people have urinated in gross!! I realize that even though I am writing my thoughts down as I type, some of my thoughts are not being recorded in this stream of consciousness writing because my mind is going crazy and I can think about a billion things at once but I can't type it all fast enough. stupid fingers! type faster! type faster! this is such a crazy assignment. I love how unstructured college is. I love how you can do whatever you want and no one gives a damn. it's pretty spiffy! some girls is getting her face redone for plastic surgery. I'm glad I'm not heinously ugly or I'd be tempted to get some plastic surgery done too. crazy. crazy reminds me of a song. can't remember which. man I kind of miss high school. those days of knowing everyone in all of your classes--- I'm sad that they are over. now I walk into class and I'm lucky if I know one person. got to meet some friends. but Stuart is kind of holding me back. I love him but I don't know if I can take his clingininess! he's such a sweet guy but I wonder what it would be like to be single again. wow look at how much I've typed. I love my new ibook. it's so cute. I just want to look at it all day. how cute is it! right. dang I'm weird. noises in the background are distracting me now. too bad I can't reach over real fast and turn off the stupid TV. I really think that TV dumbs people down. interesting. my fingers look weird when I type. they look like little spiders. ha-ha. website! that's the weirdest word. weird. indweirdo. too bad jaya and I aren't really friends anymore. she's in psycho with me though--maybe we can rekindle out old friendship. Shelby was so mean to me. oral interp man-- at least I made some more friends. don't need friends like that anyways. JESUS!! LOVER OF MY SOUL! JESUS! I WILL NEVER LET YOU GO!!! dang I wish that I could see Jesus now. I know that faith is what makes Him real to us, but wouldn't it be cool of they could make some Jesus bears to hug when you're sad? I miss my parents a lot. actually, I just miss my mom!! \*sigh\*. it's all good. Frederick the printer. ha-ha bio II. such a good class to go to. I love the learning, hate the quizzes and tests. high school was hard. waking up early to study, staying up late to study. bummer! and all to get into a college to repeat the cycle all over again. man it's weird not to have my parents around! why do people have rhinoplasties? they're so nasty! ccccccccccccccrunk is what that is! tupac. why do people die? I so do not even get it. I think about death in that it's scary. I believe in Jesus, so will I definitely go to heaven? I'm such a reasoning person that I wonder if there is a heaven sometimes. but that's sin. purgatory according that Dante inferno website is where I'm going. yay! will see the Son and the Father one day. I need to use the bathroom. dangit. still have 9 minutes left. my hands are kind of sweaty. gross! man what a loser. this girl is 16 on TV and wants a nose job to feel better about herself. that's so crazy. why are people so low self-esteem? like ling. dang that girl acts like she's all that, but she has no self esteem at all! it's all an act, a facade. yay! my battery is charged up to 99%. the % button is always above the 5. weird, eh? eh? mission! that reminds me of Monica and mission trips. I wish I had gone to Hong Kong with everyone this year. I almost feel like I let God down. your love is amazing. your love is amazing. Your love is amazing to me. my grammar and punctuation sucks. man I wonder what she's doing. haven't talked to that girl in forever. I can't believe I've been typing for almost 15 minutes! this is nuts. ha-ha Michelle from full house. Chad Michael Murray is so hot. gosh' can't believe he's marrying Sophia bush. wonder what sofa and Sharon are doing at UTSA right now. UTSA-- that's the root of all of Stuart's problems. that's why he's so clingy and insecure. I want to help him. but how? man these apples are cute!!! the little apple logo makes me feel all warm and fuzzy! ahhhhhh the door is not locked! tiff forgot to lock it. got to lock it after I'm done with this thing. I'm getting tired now. I want to watch love actually. that's such a freaking' cute movie. freaky Friday. ha-ha Lindsay lohan and her weird boobs. no way can a teenage girl grow boobs that fast! why are guys so obsessed with boobs? freaks me out. anyways let's change the topic. I wonder if dr. Pennebaker or his TAs will read this. poor people their eyes must be boggling out by now from all the reading. tiff is drumming on the toilet seat. gross! she put my stuff on that dirty grout- stricken floor. the time is going by freakishly fast. dude it's already 17 minutes and counting. I kind of don't want to stop doing this. maybe I'll keep an online diary just for myself to do this everyday. how do you know who you will marry? how do you know you won't get sick of them? 911. scary day. Stuart's birthday. the phone is ringing. the door opens. flip flops are dirty. I feel like a loser sometimes. but this is not a cry for help. I love you JESUS! hahha I hope whoever reads this doesn't think I'm a loser. the little AIM man looks funny. I can't wait to read this after I'm done with everything. I want to see what I was thinking. Kim basinger and this dude are on TV for this new movie. who sometimes movies really scare me. like Sarah Michelle Gellar in the new movies. tiff is wailing. she forgot about a homework assignment. uh-oh. doesn't sound good. my tummy feels weird. I think I'm getting fat. out!! peace ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_198.txt,"I have twenty minutes to write. It feels weird that I'll be writing about anything that is going on in my head right now. Looking at the keyboard. It's a black keyboard. I'm so hungry right now. I haven't eaten anything today except a bottle of Nouriche and some cookies. I'll be eating at Kinsolving after I'm done with this assignment. Is that what I am thinking about right now? Eating? Actually, there is no thought in my mind right now. Or it's just that I am too concentrated on thinking about this writing assignment. What's the purpose of life? ha-ha. I think about that a lot. What really is the purpose of life? People all die. Some people with their names left behind and some with no recognition in their lives whatsoever. How am I going to be like? Which of those two will I become? My parents expect a lot from me. It might be because I am the oldest child. But it really does put a lot of pressure on my shoulders. I know they love me a lot, too. Ahhh. What am I saying. Love. ?? What is 'true' love?? A guy falls in love with a girl. And does all kinds of crazy things for her. Then. All of a sudden. He falls OUT of love. And starts looking for another girl to fall IN love with. It doesn't make sense. Nothing in the world makes sense. I want to be an energetic, fun-loving person. But I tend to take things seriously. How can a person be fun? ha-ha. I met a girl yesterday. And she made us(my friends and I) laugh so hard. The entire time she was with us. I wish I could be that kind of person, too. Hmm. Stream of thoughts. What am I really thinking right now? ha-ha. I don't know again. I don't think I'm really thinking at all. I'm just concentrating on typing now. NOT THINKING. or am I? I am confused. &. &. money. I want LOTS and LOTS of money. Money can buy everything. Actually. Every materialistic things. I have 8 minutes left on the clock to write. I want to go to New York. That was really random. Ha-ha Well. I want to travel all around the world. And taste their food. happy thoughts. Happy thoughts. what are some happy thought. ?? basking under the sun. ?? No. I hate getting tanned. eating delicious foods. ?? No. I hate gaining weight. Well. But I do love eating. Especially eating delicious foods. but also very worried about gaining weight. Vocabulary. I had to memorize tons of them to prepare for SAT. very random. Why do people dream the way they dream? I have very weird dreams sometimes. And whenever I do not feel well. as in I feel lonely or sad. I get really weird dreams that make me feel really really really weird. I hate dreams that feel like reality. I've had many dejavus. 4 minutes left on the clock. I want this assignment to be over so fast. I don't know what to write. Well. I have to write what I'm thinking, but I don't know what I'm thinking. Houston. Well. Houston is a really hot and humid place. Austin is hot and humid as well. But Houston is really really worse. I think I have allergies. Hatred. Is a strong word. Hating someone is not good for the people who hate, either. well. Now 2 minutes left on the clock. psychology seems very interesting. psychology. Study of people's minds. how does my mind work? I want to try the lie detector thingy. ha-ha. I want to try it on other people to see if they lie or not. I'm sitting up straight right now. ENTIRE 20 minutes. STREAM OF THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS I want a desktop. ",n,n,y,n,n

2004\_199.txt,"As I sat down to start typing, my mind became filled with questions about this writing assignment. A lot of times, I will start writing sometimes for no apparent reason about how I feel and will end up on a totally different subject and sometimes I will even start talking about the songs I've heard and how past situations that have happened in relation to my feelings. To be perfectly honest, I am thinking a lot about what my life once was like, all the good times, all the bad times, the lessons I've learned and through which ways I learned them. I must say I am definitely a thinker, and someone who dwells on the past. Today has been a rather unusual day for me because I am somewhat sad but also happy at the same time. I really miss my ex-boyfriend, who was also at one time my best friend. It's like I am missing a huge piece in my life. I keep trying to figure out ways to go back in time, thinking what if, and if only I had done this differently. The only conclusion I come to is that there was nothing I could have done or said differently, I guess the feelings just weren't there anymore and the basis of our at one time � great friendship was not built on a strong enough foundation to withstand tough obstacles set before us. Yay, my favorite television show is on, well one of them anyways, 7th Heaven! From watching that show, I become relaxed and more open-minded. The lessons and values taught from it are in my thoughts, very useful in life and this day in time. I could sit down and watch the shows episodes for days and not be bored because I like it so much. However, watching this show makes me somewhat hungry but I know if I eat, I will get sick to my stomach. Eating is a major thing to me, partly because I am very self-conscious about my weight. Up until I got into high school, I never worried a whole lot about what I looked like or weighed, but freshman year hit me and I became paranoid. I saw three doctors at a time back during my sophomore year in high school after getting Caught doing what I had been doing. Of course my parents were disappointed, but they didn't get mad at me, they were just worried. I saw a psychiatrist, a counselor and a Dietician. The psychiatrist and the dietician are the people who made me have a strong disliking for doctors and people in the medical field, but my counselor, she was really nice and cool and pretty down to earth. In fact, it was her that inspired me to want to become a psychologist; however, she does not know that. I would really like to one day become a child psychologist. I have always been interested in helping children. Hmm, I do believe the chicken nuggets I am fixing in the oven smell so good. I cannot wait for this weekend to come; I am going back home to see some friends and I think my friend Adam and I are going to a football game Friday night, and then Saturday night, I get to race, which I am pretty excited about. We didn't get to race last weekend because it got rained out, which sucked, but I got to hang with my friend later that night, so it was okay. Wow, I just realized that I went from feeling down about missing my ex boyfriend/best friend to thinking about this weekend and the fun I had from the previous weekend, and I just remembered about my hand. There is something wrong with it and I'm not sure what it is, but it hurts. I have a bump on it and every time I move my wrist downward, something pops over it to the left and when I bring my wrist back up, that thing pops back over to the right. It is really gross and hurts, but luckily, Friday, when I go back home I am going to the doctor to get it checked out. It's crazy how your thoughts so quickly change and you don't even realize it. Wow, its been over twenty minutes already and it doesn't seem like I have typed very much. ",y,y,n,n,n

2004\_201.txt,"I am watching mtv cribs with Chris Pontius. Today was hot and I'm supposed to go running with Nathan but it's still too hot so I want to go later. Maybe I'll get some of my work done before then so I won't stay up so late like I have been lately. I'm really tired so I took a nap today and slept like a rock. I don't know when I'm going to supper though because I don't want to eat before I work out or I'll feel sick so I might just get Nathan to cook for me tonight. I am starting to miss everyone from back home because I'm not usually away from my family, friends, and Sam for this long. I guess I will just have to wait a couple more days to go home for labor day weekend. I want to go home to see everyone but I really don't want to go to the football game and that's what all of my friends are going to want to do. I'm running out of things to think about because the TV is on and it's distracting me. The song on this commercial is going to be in my head now for the rest of the day. I like all my classes so far but I'm still kind of scared. Especially about biology because my prof is going really quickly over the information and it's hard to stay up with him. I'm getting tired looking at this computer screen. my eyes are getting droopy but I can't get tired and go to sleep now because then I won't get anything done and I won't be able to sleep well tonight. just like last night I couldn't fall asleep forever and then when I finally fell asleep I kept waking up so I felt like I didn't sleep at all. my strawberry smoothie was really good just now. I'm kind of hungry but lately I haven't felt that good so I don't feel like eating. Maybe ill just wait until later when my roommate wants to go so I'll have someone to sit with. I hate going to the cafeteria without knowing someone because then I sit with people I don't know and we're always eating so we can't really talk with food in our mouth but I want to meet them and not be rude. I'm sure they understand because here at hardin house all the girls are really sweet. they are all in sororities though and me and my roommate Madison are they only 2% not in one. oh well I have way too much school work and other stuff to do and I know if I would have rushed I wouldn't have time for anything else and I really need to do good this first semester and get it behind me and get used to everything. My back has been hurting a lot lately because of an injury from track season but I can't get into a back specialist for a while so I kind of just have to live with it. and I love to exercise but it hurts me for days afterwards. I decided that I'm just going to start working out and if it hurts oh well because I really don't want to gain the freshman fifteen. ha. my boyfriend goes to school in Lubbock at Texas tech and it feels so different not being able to see each other everyday like we used to. it seems like we fight every day no matter what and yesterday was our one year anniversary so I went and got him a present Saturday with my mom at the mall in san Antonio. she wanted me to go back to Hondo with her just for the weekend because her and my dad missed me but I wanted to come back up here for the weekend and party with some of my friends. my parents got to see my yesterday though. they came up after lunch with my grandparents and they brought even more stuff for my dorm room. my mom has been keeping herself busy at home by being creative and making cute things to decorate with but I really enjoy when she brings me stuff. we went to eat at hula hut on lake Austin and it was really good like seafood/Mexican food. I've never had a shrimp enchilada before then but it was great and my dad ordered an awesome dessert tray that we all shared and loved. then we went out on the deck and watch all the people on the lake and just talked for a while. ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_203.txt,"This past weekend I took a short journey back to my home city of San Antonio, Texas. I went there to get some more items from my house, and as you can tell I'm still in the process of moving in all of my belongings into my dorm. The dorm itself I like very much because it is a good enough distance from the university itself so that I can feel as though I am actually going home each day after classes; plus the food here is excellent. This semester so far has been going by a little slow just as the first few weeks of every school year do. However, last week was very satisfying due to the fact that I got much accomplished. I got much of my studying done and I finally got my book situation in order. At first when I went to the Co-op I bought all these different books for each of the classes I am taking and then I came to discover that I didn't need about three of them. So then I had to make time to go back and return the books that I no longer needed, and I had the pleasure of standing in the horrendous line it seemed they formed just for me. This weekend I also went to the football game to see my favorite team in the land play a not-so-good team, but I still managed to have a great time. I bought two tickets for my brother and my best friend who came in to visit me. The day after the game when I went back to San Antonio I got to visit with my baby brother who is now about seven months old. He is beginning to talk and make little noises that babies make. I was a little sad to leave him so soon after his birth, but I will see him every now and then when I get a chance to journey back home. I also got to spend time with my girlfriend of about two years. We went out to eat and to see a movie. We weren't sure what movie to see so I thought I would let her pick because of the nice that I am, and she - being the girl that she is - picked wicker park which is a story about this guy who falls in love with a girl two years ago and he sees her walking down the street. He immediately bolts out the door of the shoe store he is standing in and tries to catch her, but his friend stops him to talk and he loses her, but to make a long story short he gets sidetracked bye this psycho girl who falls in love with him and is trying to keep him away from the girl who he originally wanted. In the end he finally gets to talk to the first girl and they are happy as can be. I can't wait for winter time. It is definitely one of my favorite times of the year because each year my family and I go skiing in Colorado - occasionally some place different - and go to most of the resorts there. One of the worst times I've ever had there is when I wrecked one of the rental cars we brought with us, and also this past year we went and I jumped a big snow jump, landed wrong, and I smashed my head into some ice leaving myself with a nice concussion. All together I would have to say that I'm very excited about this year, and I can't wait to meet more people and have some of the most memorable times of my life. ",n,n,y,y,n

2004\_211.txt,"Working out is stressful. Especially if all I do is arms. Man I am tired. I wish I could have a protein shake or supplement right now to be able to maximize my workout. I need to go to the bathroom but I can't since I have to right this. I'm glad that I finished the reading assignment over the weekend. Oh my arms are so heavy! I like working out but sometimes it takes a toll. My biceps are bulging and pulsing. Man I wish I could play a game right now. And now I have gone blank a little. Its tough to do this. To think about what one is thinking. I need to move my mouse. There we go. Now I need an arm pad or an extension to my desk. Man I wish I could rationally think sometimes. Or maybe I do. I really need to extend this desk. Now I'm reaching way too far out but my arms are so dead that it kind of feels good. Wow, now I'm getting thirsty, but its probably because I just got done working out. It says it is 76 degrees outside. Let me actually check. It is. A shake would taste good right about now. Jester 2nd floor was good today, but not like I had expected it. A lot cheaper though. Its weird how they charge more if you use a different form of payment than Dine in dollars. I've always wondered why lunch is cheaper than dinner. I usually eat as much or sometimes more at lunch than dinner. So I wonder why most restaurants charge more for dinner. It probably is the belief that people eat more at dinner, or maybe they are trying to pull in crowds at lunchtime because they are not as busy then. Who knows and honestly who cares. The room next door to us has a very squeaky door. It slams hard. Ouch my deltoid. I am hungry, or maybe thirsty. I really can't decide right now. Ouch! Wow 11 more minutes. This has kind of gone by fast. I thought it would take forever but it is an okay assignment. And I'm so glad I did my readings the weekend before. It allowed me to have more fun time for me and time to do this assignment. Those 30 seconds went by fast. The people are always going in and out or maybe that's just what it sounds like to me. Up till like even 2 am in the morning I can always hear people outside my window. I wonder why they are up so late outside. Usually people up that late are either studying or getting drunk out of their mind. Well I'm going to get something to drink right now. I have had the grape flavor yet so I'm going to see what that's like. Never mind, my roommate and his friend took the refrigerated one. Going over to get more to cool down even showed me more how I was sore, or maybe just tired. Now I have a coke though. But I need to fill my food void. Some applesauce would be nice. But I do love sour punch straws. Mmmmm. They are so good. Nah ill have applesauce. There are also some grapes too. Green grapes! My favorite. I don't know why but I've never liked red ones or purple. WITHe they call it. My favorite color was purple because I loved the grape flavor so much. Now I've changed my ways because I've learned that purple is a feminine color. Now to get some applesauce. I have to have 2 at a time or its not enough. I'm a klutz. I always drop things or trip at the worst times, but then most people don't trip when they want to. I don't know why but I've been wanting to get fatter. Or at least gain wait for a long time now, but I need to eat healthy because I have high cholesterol. I always wanted to gain weight because of football, now I just say it because I always have. When buying this applesauce it was most economical and accessible. They are 4oz each. It says that each cup is one fruit serving of an apple, or just one apple. Yes! 1 minute! This applesauce is a little watery. I hate when ketchup comes out at first and its has a watery mix to it. That really disgusts me when at first ketchup isn't my favorite thing to eat. But it goes good with French fries! ",y,n,n,y,n

2004\_215.txt,"Wow, so here I go. This is actually pretty exciting, I don't think I have ever had such a fun writing assignment. Jessica's music is on, her music was playing at the same time as mine, hers was rap, mine was ""honey and the moon"", weird combination. she's still listening to it. I have an aftertaste of godiva chocolate in my mouth, my sister sent me my shirt I forgot. and I was just at drews, across the hall. I wonder how I did on my bio exam. We get the grades back today in our review session. It was stressful but I think I did ok. We'll see I guess. My sheets are bright I wonder what everyone is doing at home right now. Let's see. its almost 3, so everyone's working. I miss Jude, he's so cute and now that I'm here I'm going to miss out on him taking his first steps, him first talking, etc. But it was fun watching him grow. I miss him the most. It'll be nice to be home next weekend, I want to lay out in the sun by my pool, with my dogs. Tonight's going to be busy, with me catching up in all my classes and all. But what I really want to do is see Drew, because I like hanging out with him. But then once I get back into my room, and I shut the door, that's when reality sets in, and that's when I realize that I have to stay with Scott because he needs me right now. And it wouldn't be fair after all of this. This writing assignment is pretty crazy, I still have awhile to go. Maybe I just don't have enough to write about? Let me think here. I find myself staring into my panoramic photo of a sunrise on the beach in Hawaii. It's a pretty tight picture, and I wish I could just be back there right now, instead of stressing here at school. Even though this experience is pretty awesome. I still find myself stressing more than the ordinary college student. My insecurities keep building up , until something or someone comes along and then I'll let them fall down. One of my goals is to be able to walk around with my head raised high up, chin up, smiling, confident. I wish I could be that person, but for some reason I guess I feel too uneasy about my appearances. Most likely, that is the result of going to a school with really judgmental people. Oh well, it'll just be something I need to grow out of here. That's one thing that I love about UT, no one really cares what you look like, talk like, etc. It's a nice change. Last night I had another crazy dream, I want to start writing them down but sometimes I just can't remember them. Like last night, some guys broke into my house, and they were chasing us out. But I somehow convinced them with my kindness or something (as I do in many of my dreams that are very similar to this) that they should leave us alone. I just remember showing them my ""mastiff"" dog. Ok, is that even a dog, or did I make that up or what. Whoa, a crazy thing that came across my mind yesterday was this thought (I was actually thinking about it yesterday in psychology class): ""They say that color is the result of light being absorbed or reflected off of an object. So in order to see color, there has to be light, right? If that is true, then is it true whenever you go into a pitch black room, everything is actually without color?! I know that everything wouldn't be in black and white, but wouldn't everything be in black at least?! Everyone would be of the same color in a dark room? It's pretty mind baffling to me. "" Also, I've heard that whenever you dream, you don't really dream in color, but your mind and memory make up the colors. They are not true colors. Who really knows anyways? The zipper of my Dior makeup bag is dipping into the cap of my orange juice bottle that I had this morning. Last night was all fun and games until I got home and realized how unsure I am of everything right now, and it's really not a good feeling. I guess I'm just getting used to this whole thing, just transitioning. Jess forgot to get milk last night, so I had dry cereal this morning. There is still some left in my bowl right here, I was too busy rushing around, trying to meet Scott in time for chemistry. ",n,y,y,y,y

2004\_216.txt,"Stream of Consciousness that term reminds me so much of Virginia Woolf and my long semester studying her and Mrs. Dalloway. I can't even think about it without thinking of her and her crazy life and the craziness with how Mrs. Dalloway was written and it makes me so sad because her life was just so sad. I feel so bad for her. I wonder how fast twenty minutes really is I bet it may end up seeming forever and this writing will go on forever but I guess it is kind of interesting I just am worried my hands will begin to hurt from all of this typing. I am so glad that it is Labor Day weekend and I am going to get a long weekend to catch up on a few things like sleep and fun and I guess some studying too although that won't be too fun so that will actually take away from some of the fun goal. it is so interesting how I am sitting here all alone in my room and in fact most of the time it gets kind of lonely but sitting her and I some way expressing my thoughts instead of just listening to them and doing nothing makes it not so lonely and for once it is actually quiet in the dorm so that I can concentrate on just about anything. I hope this year goes well because I think that it really needs to be a good semester and that it will progress to a good year I if The semester goes well. I'm getting kind of sad now that because I am leaving town tomorrow I am going to miss the first Football which will be my first Texas football game and I have heard they are a great experience and a ton of fun, but at least there are plenty of other games that I can attend. My hand is really beginning to hurt that is really pretty sad considering I haven't even typed for 10 minutes. I wonder if I am missing out on anything while I am sitting her typing this but I guess it isn't that big of a deal I don't think there are many people her anyway and I don't know where anyone is. I was thinking about how when I graduated from high school that I would be balling my eyes out but I didn't cry then I thought I would cry when My parents left me here all alone. but the weird thing is I haven't cried or anything yet I haven't even gotten homesick. I mean let's face it isn't like I would have anything spectacular to do even if I was home so I guess that helps in the homesickness department. It is so cold in my room I am absolutely freezing and There is no way in which to control the air, I need gloves and winter boots. I really think that people need to something about the coolness of the buildings I mean I know it is hot outside and all but because it is hot outside students want to wear shorts and other things like that to keep cool when out in the heat, but then you step in a building and dorms are the absolute worst of all and you freeze to death like I am surprised I haven't gotten frost bite from these frigid places. Well the time has actually gone faster than I expected it to it hasn't been all that bad once I got over the whole Virginia Woolf suicide and her book that I had to suffer through and analyze. It has actually been kind of fun I mean all I have been doing is saying what is on my mind and how I am feeling and that isn't so hard as long as you know that not everyone in the world is going to be reading what you write because personally I Don't' want everyone in the world to know how I feel all the time it is pretty personal for the most part. I am really excited about getting to hang out at the lake this weekend and being able to relax and have food other than from the cafeteria not that the food is all that bad but a homecooked meal is the absolute best. that is real comfort food. Wow I am beginning to feel hungry now but I don't know for what also I really need these twenty minutes to over so that I can run and go get a drink I am really thirsty. oh my gosh my hands are like icicles between the pain from typing and the temperature of the room my hands are really beginning to suffer. but hey I don't have to type for too much longer. ",n,y,n,y,y

2004\_217.txt,"Being a twin I always wonder if my brother thinks like I do. I don't mean like does he have the same thought I mean does he see the world in the same perspective as me. My mind like to wander and I imagine many different scenarios in my head. Like where I will be in 20 years how long I will live and why people act the way they do. Everyday I think of the things why people seem to not want to try and others try there hardest. Then you have people who succeed no matter what and I wonder why them. Then there are people who seem to go no where in life. I am not seriously making this up for the past year or so I have been trying to figure out the world. I guess since I have left home many things in my life have changed some for the good and others just different from my life at home. I also wonder in my head a lot are we all determined to do a specific job or career. I felt at one time I was determined to be an astronaut, but now I am leaning towards the media business. I would like to make a movie that answers many questions that people are struggling with mainly people that are going through changes in the life. Although change is not necessarily it creates a sense in my mind at least that this could either be a bad and good experience. I am talking about me coming to college. If this writing seems to be changing topics a lot then that is probably because that is how I think I continuously switching ideas in my mind. It is a wonder of why I have some of the thoughts I have, but we wont go into that. Being my first to take Psychology I wonder what the class is going to offer me, how it will help me to explore the human mind. I have also noticed that while being at college my sleep patterns have changed I stay up late get up early sleep on the weekends. Since being here I have started some sort of routine as far as my day goes, but I often wonder why us as people have routine and if they are inevitably unavoidable. This summer I worked in a grocery store was it fun no not really but it gave me a perspective of how I should view the world. There would be weeks when I got up at before 5:00 am everyday I kind of got this feeling like is this what I will be doing for the rest of my life. I thought to myself therefore I will do good in college to help better the career. Working forty hours a week and making about three hundred dollars I wondered a lot of times how some one lived on that and I guess they do somehow. That is why it kind of bothers me that we have some of these people blaming the economy on one person when I believe there is an overall problem in certain area. But are we certain at all what goes on. ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_218.txt,"Hey what's up? I just got home from school and hopefully I can finish doing this before my sister gets home and takes over the computer. Today was cool I got my hair cut finally and the girl that did it was really sweet. I wish my hair was thicker though. I'm trying to type as fast as I can in twenty minutes so I'm wondering how much I'll really end up typing. I can't wait to go to college station this weekend. I hope mom doesn't find out that I ran into that pole in the garage. I think I'm just going to tell her that a car must have hit it. I have the story all planned out and everything. I'd much rather drive Karla's car to college station this weekend. I can't wait to see Austin again. He's so awesome. I had so much fun at Emo's last night, Minus the Bear rocked. Sometimes I feel out of place at that place though because it seems like everyone is trying to hard to look like they don't want to go crazy when the band is playing. I'm so happy they played my favorite song, too. I was surprised how many Victoria people were there too. I think Nick is so cute too! I haven't seen Lynette in a while that was surprising. I wonder if she still thinks I'm a bitch for all that crap in high school. I'm starting to realize that Austin isn't as fun as I thought it'd be. It's a crazy place to live, but after being in College Station all I think about is how fun it'd be to live there. There's so many teenagers and so much to do at night. The cat's distracting me it keeps trying to drink my water. I think I hurt it when he flew off the table. I'm going to make pizza to eat pretty soon here. I can't remember the last time I ate at the same time Karla did. Hopefully my car will be ready soon because this no ac is really pissing me off. Which doesn't really matter anyways since there's no place to park without having to pay five dollars. I don't like going to Eco class very much. I feel like the teacher is going to jump up and ask some question and I have no idea what he's talking about. I haven't even been reading as much as I thought I would in school. Maybe I should start too because it'll probably start to get hard and then I really won't know what anyone's talking about. I always wonder if Austin is getting tired of me. I know he always thinks about getting with another girl, but I'd really like to see what he does and how he is when he's all drunk at some party. That's going to be weird when he joins that frat but him and Roe fit in with them pretty good I think. I know I should have joined that one group but I think I just wanted to know someone in it before I did. I don't think I could ever afford to pay that much money anyways. I can't even hold on to a hundred in a week. I need to stop buying so many clothes but there's too many cute things I want. I can't wait to get regular cable, these channels suck. I think me and Austin will last a long time, we don't fight at all, so maybe being far away can be a good thing. I bet a lot of people think I'm stupid for staying with him ",n,n,y,y,y

2004\_219.txt,"I hate writing assignments, especially ones that have to be typed. I'm such a slow typer. Maybe I should take some sort of remedial typing course. I wonder if they have those at UT. It's weird how stressful this is I have such a short attention span, that makes it hard to just track and write my thoughts for twenty minutes, the fact that I'm quite possibly the world's slowest typer really doesn't help much either. I wonder if anyone will ever read this. The copying machine behind me is irritating, I wonder how many copies the girl is going to make, it seems like she has been making copies forever even though I've only been here for ten minutes. Has it only been ten minutes? Damn, I have to be in here for at least another ten. I'm so hungry, I wonder what I should eat when I'm done with this. For me, one of the hardest things about living alone for the first time is the matter of food. I don't have much money and I certainly have no idea how to cook beyond the scope of heating up a microwave dinner or making some ramen. Whenever I get hungry I have to choose between fast-food value menus and basically, just ramen. I miss Kinsolving food, there was actually variety and with a swipe of my student ID I could eat as much as I wanted, and maybe even sneak some dessert out of the cafeteria to save for after they closed. I should make more friends who live on campus so I can get them to buy me food with their meal plans, or at least go home and eat some of my mom's food. Wow, my twenty minutes are up. ",y,y,y,n,y

2004\_220.txt,"I really wish I didn't have to do this. Actually I don't want to do homework at all. I don't like reading textbooks and that is all we have been doing. I actually didn't even start reading any of my books until I knew I had to for an Economics quiz. This weekend the plan was to catch up on everything and I really didn't. I did catch up on economics, which is the hardest class I'm taking. I am really disappointed that I didn't get to see my friends in Arlington, but I did get to hang out with my parents and that was nice. I miss them but I love college and Austin. I also hope that I get to hang out with my cousin more and get to know her a lot better. Unfortunately our age difference is huge so we don't have too much in common but she has been calling and cooking for me so I don't mind that. Cat's here and she's talking. Jessica is here and she's messing with channels. Earlier we watched the U. S Open after she got home and we watched Justine Henin-Hardenne lose. Yay. Oh, I really have to sneeze and I'm kind of thirsty. I really want to eat some peanut butter and crackers and maybe a taco. One time our fridge was leaking stuff that looked like coke. Today I talked to Alicia's mom more that I talked to her. I actually didn't get to talk to her because her voicemail turned on. I hope she is doing ok at UNT because she hasn't sound happy or upbeat when I have talked to her. I talked to Amanda today too and now I'm so frazzled and distracted. Cat and Jessica are loud and I can't even complete a train of thought. It's kind of scary if a guy has a blow-dryer. Is William Faulkner the dean? I don't know but I'm so excited about UT. Jessica has a lot of clothes, food, and books and I think my dorm room is going to be vacuumed up by her stuff. Today I bought milk, actually my mom bought milk, and then we drove to Kinsolving. Later, I tried to put a fitted sheet onto my bed and it took a long time to put on and Jess made fun of me because I couldn't put it on. I just told Cat that she couldn't have a Kleenex and it was pretty funny. I really like college and all the people I have met so far. They are so nice and I love them. ",n,n,y,n,y

2004\_222.txt,"I feel cold, my toes are really brittle feeling, I want to get in my bed right now, it is so warm in there, I feel closest to home went I am under my covers trying to sleep, the best feeling ever in the world is being really cold and then jumping into a warm bed that is what I want right now, if my new dorm wasn't so cold I wouldn't be rambling about this topic but wow is it cold although I do enjoy is freezing at night during the day I wouldn't mind a little heat I mean come on now at camp all summer it is so warm I just want to burst every time I walked outside I got that amazing warm sensation over my whole body I remember it so clearly that thawing feeling well I who'll get my hopes up here I am now in college in the cold away from friends and family and camp but I shouldn't feel so isolated sitting in this cold and unhomely room well I should this place is absolutely depressing ha-ha that is so funny how in class we talk about depression and more sleep is associated with it and I totally know that I will be napping after this assignment but no really college is the time of your life or so I am told but so far my two weeks at ut have not been the greatest of my life but then again I have herd stories about people coming here and not liking it for awhile and then they magically start to have fun this is not a cry for help by the way you know the one you warned us about not writing because it would not be read well that is not what this is I am just thing about me and how different I am it is strange the qualities I posses I always think that I am unique and different but there are a million people out there one has to be like me but the more I think about myself the more I am convinced that there is absolutely no one else like me on one side I feel lonely but realistically I love my friends because of the differences between us I feel like all I have is me with your best friends you can tell them anything in the world about how you are feeling and you can trust them and now all those people are gone and when I talk to them on the phone it is just not the same and we seem to be growing a greater distance apart wow I just realized what a sob story this is this is not a cry for help at all what roommate just walked in and totally broke the sob story train I mean he is a nice guy and all and we will get alone fine and everything for a whole year but I definitely don't think that we will be best friends or anything and I really am not going to make a conscience effort to befriend anybody I am quite satisfied all by my self in this way I am really different I mean yes all people need to belong to the group and have friends and fit in but I think that I just have I stronger resistance to such social things as that besides a lot of people have told me that they were never friends with their roommates but that they did have a lot of fun with them so maybe I should be more open to the idea of hanging out with the guy even though he reminds me of a phony awe Holden cawfield I can't say phony without thinking about Holden cawfield from catcher in the rye I really shouldn't have read that book at the age I did it turned me on in weird ways and I don't think I understood ",n,n,y,n,y

2004\_229.txt,"Well, this assignment is interesting. I don't think I have ever attempted to write for 20 minutes straight. I wonder if I have ADHD or ADD or if its just because I am a drummer. Wow! I have only gone for a minute and I am already bored. Um. I was watching the Cowboy game and they won 20-17. Vinyl did well but threw an interception. I think he will be good this year as lond as he doesn't get hurt. He has a good delivery and is really good at reading defenses. Speaking of defenses (I doubt this has any relation) but anyways I didn't make the hockey team today and it was really disappointing. I really wanted to make it and thought that I had a decent chance. Maybe I gave myself too much credit. Maybe I am not big enough or something. I wish I could have made it but I suppose that one was up to the coach and God. Speaking of God (random again) I went to a really neat church last Sunday. Its name is Glad Tidings. It is an assembly of God Church (although I am Lutheran I think it might be a good match because it has really awesome worship and the pastor gives interesting sermons). I miss my old church though. My youth minister back home is getting ordained this weekend. I am unsure if I should go home this weekend. I don't know. I think I will stay here because I really want to force myself to become independent even though that would entail me doing the laundry this weekend. I am really tired tonight but I suppose I will do my best to continue typing the entire 20 minutes. But along the thought of the laundry business. I have tried to hold off on doing it until next weekend (was going to do this weekend but I think I can make it until then). It has been really hot lately. It was brutal last Saturday trying to run in the morning. It was so humid. It eventually rained but not until after the practice. I have never been so sore in my life. I am still sore but I guess it doesn't matter seeing as I am not going to be playing for the team. I suppose it is sort of a waste but maybe I will try and keep in shape. I don't know though. We will see. Well I am half-way there. I am still tired and I am finding this assignment very boring and I suppose that would imply that my thoughts are boring. Kind of sad I suppose. I wish I weren't so lonely tonight. Just me and the TV. A horrible invention it is. Ruins relationships and limits time for many individuals. But I suppose it helps many escape. I like to escape by playing video games. I think I might play one in a few minutes when I get done with this thing. But yaw. I really like my playstation and probably spend too much time on it but it is really fun and entertaining. I am still tired. Still tired but only about 7 minutes to go! Hurray! This makes me excited. I didn't have an antecedent before the ""this"" nor did I there but that was because I quoted the previous mistake. I wonder who just walked by my room. It sounded like two girls. I wonder if there really is a girl out there for me. Probably. I hope so. One can only hope can't one? It's funny, I accidentally made a typo and said can't none which if one thought about it logically would produce the same effect but if one thought about it from a Texas perspective it would have the opposite negative and depressing effect. I hope for the logical. I heard a Papa John's commercial. I wonder how they can claim they have ""better ingredients, or better pizza?"" It is subjective I would think. There is another weather report on TV. I find it interesting that people watch weather reports as if they could do anything to alter them (I usually just go with the flow). The flow of the easy river I guess. It is 11 o'clock. Only a minute left. Here's my chance to say something deep. I really can't think of anything but live the Golden rule and you will find yourself a better person. Love is all you need as Paul said (the Beatle of course. Lol). That's it! ",n,n,y,n,n

2004\_231.txt,"College isn't at all what I thought it was going to be. MAN, that French class is really kicking my but right now!! But, I'm determined to suck it up and get through it with a decent grade!! I feel so insignificant compared to John, he probably has no idea what it feels like to feel so behind everyone else! But of coarse, I would never let on to that around him. I really can't wait till I finish this semester and maybe next semester I will have a better experience. I really think that 17 hrs for a freshman is a little too much, especially for me. I really feel like I cheated someone out of a spot well earned here at UT. I don't feel like I'm smart enough to be here. But I'm sure that I'm not the only person that had those thoughts every now and then. I really just hope I can keep a b avg so I can keep that scholarship!!! I should probably make French a pass/fail class. I'm just so jealous of people that catch on to language so quickly and leave students like me in the dust!! Ah. I should just be glad that I have the opportunity to explore myself here instead of griping about it 24/7. And MOM!!! she can't keep her mouth shut. If I wanted John to know I wasn't feeling very confident then I would have told him!!!! But of coarse, he calls and says, ""mom said you couldn't handle your FR class. Well, just remember that school is your job!"" I know JOHN!!!!!!!!!!! he just doesn't understand that I have too much pride in me to admit that, yeah, I was crying to mom that I really didn't know if I could keep up in French! I hate it when he sees that ""failing"" side of me. I want to be as invincible as he is. And that's impossible. I can't live up to his example!! There's no way I'll graduate first in my class here at UT like he did and get some awesome job in new York that pays more money than I've ever seen at once!!! It sux having a brother that had scholarships that paid all of his college expenses with money still left over!!!!! He amazes me. Maybe that's my problem is I'm trying too hard and wasting all my energy to impress him! Its not Mom, I know she just wants these years to be the best years of my life, but john wants them to be my JOB!!!!!! What the hell!!!! Can I not have a normal family that just is happy and supportive of me and understands that I am an individual that will do and accomplish different things than they ever did in different ways than they ever thought of!!! Maybe UT's not for me. Maybe I'm meant to be at some rinkydink community college, where not that much is expected of me!! But no. That's not me. There's just something in me that won't let me settle on average ",y,n,y,y,n

2004\_232.txt,"Okay dokey here we go. just thought I would get this assignment out of the way before I'm overloaded with other stuff. Or either put off until the last minute. I hate when I do that. Must not do that any more you know you can tell yourself that repeatedly but that doesn't mean that it is going to happen. My past shows oh well. Man my stomach hurts just got done eating a salad and now omg pain. Why is that these days it seems like my stomach can't handle anything without getting upset gross. Oh well listening to a new cd I got this weekend and I'm liking it. The band was really good live too ill just have to go out and see them again sometime. Omg this is a lot of writing for only 3 min. I feel bad for the people who are going to read all the students papers. 20minutes of writing never seemed like so much well. Now that I'm actually doing it I'm sure that there is going to be a few pages worth. Once for another UT experiment I had to do this too and it was hand written for 20min I much better prefer the typing (is that even proper English. Note to self again. Work on grammar) ohm well at the other UT experiment that I was doing. I was in high school and they put me in the back o f the library (never can spell that word) and told me to write about whatever it is we wanted for 20min. Well there I am sitting writing away thinking to myself wow I've been writing for a long time. Why haven't they called me up yet. But I never saw the start time. And sadly I ended up writing for 40min. That is a lot especially be hand. These days everyone it seems is so dependent on computers. Good at times bad at other. Only 14 minutes to go. This has to be by far the most enjoyable assignment I have received so far. I think I enjoy writing it seems to be relaxing. I think I shall start writing in a journal again. Although I only seem to write in my journal when I'm angry and htne lock it away until another god awful days comes along. Maybe I should start again but this time maybe daily or so. Everyone says it is a stress reliever. Ha-ha this cd is cute. The lyrics crack me up at times. He is talking about how the bank classifies him as ""poor"" because he doesn't have much money in the bank. And believe me I know how that feels. Grrrr I need to get some source of income. Seriously. Well my stomach is feeling better I wonder what the deal was. Omg today after class. Since I'm to stub run to wait for the bus I walked up the HUGE hill to c panking and today for the first time with a back-pack full of books!! OMG the walked own the hill doesn't compare to the walk up. I thought I was going to die ha-ha but I guess its a good work out plus the what 50pounds of books Hahira damn good work out. Man 9 minutes to go. Good thing this essay isn't graded on grammar or spelling because I think I am the worst speller (that doesn't even sound like the right word) in the world. But and English teacher of mine once told me that bad spelling is a sign of intelligence. Hahahaha ironic. He was a great teacher though I really miss his class. He had a way of making the (at the team high school) students look at the world with open eyes. More mature eyes . Ha-ha and he would through in dark humor every once in a while . Woke the class up. Great teacher. I've actually loved all my English teachers in high school although I am horrible at writing and reading. But their classes were challenging and fun. Everything else in school was to much of a breeze for me. Although NOW at UT I'm a little scared. I hope I can handle it. I think as long as I can make it past the first year I should be able to have the hang of it and do fine the next couple of years . Right ha-ha. You know what this assignment reminds me of. The new TV show THE DAYS. How the teenager dude sits in his room and writes in his journal ha-ha too cute. Didn't dugie houser (can't remember if that is his name or not) do the same thing. Aww poor guy since he was a doc at such a young age. Don't you ever wonder if kids like that miss out on their childhoods. I feel bad for them. Seeing ym younger bro and sis grow up hurts because now I know they are going to be exposed to the real world. And they will no longer have that innocence and purity as they once did. The real world is harsh. Man if I could be 13 again I sure would. Yet when I was 13 I remember wanting to be 16 and then wanting to be 18. And not that I'm turning 19. Ohm DEPRESSING. Last year to be a teenager. Although I never really did all the teenage stuff. It was all to immature for me. But soon I'm going to be 20 and that means. Reaching adult. You can't be called a kid anymore. All though I love to call people kid all the time its the greatest. people should call each other kid again maybe peoples outlook on life wouldn't be so scary. Well 20min up. I bet I look like I have ADD. prob. do. Ha-ha ",n,y,n,y,n

2004\_233.txt,"WELL I GUESS I CAN START WITH MY DREAM LAST NIGHT SINCE THAT IS WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT ALL DAY. it WAS SO CRAZY. I had a dream that I was sitting on the couch in my room and talking with a friend when all of a sudden there is a knock at the door. I open the door and it is a dark figure, like a person, but the lighting in my apartment was that of the time of day that dusk sets in. Well she walks I and covers my mouth and lays me down on the floor and holds me with all force while she is chanting some mysterious chant in my ear. I don't know what she was saying but at that point I wake up in my dream as I'm struggling to move my body. I couldn't move until I realized I was out of my dream, which was maybe 3 seconds later. How creepy is that. When I woke up the chant was repeating in my head for like 10 seconds and then I completely forgot it. I don't know what that was about but it seems to me that it has to do with someone putting a spell on me. I've felt ghosts before but I never felt a bad sense coming from them. Weird. I always wonder what dreams are really supposed to mean. I mean people can buy dream books all they want but what are the chances of those interpretations being the same for all of us? I am a little worried about that but I haven't really been a bad person in the past with anyone. That I can think of. Oh well. Anyways I have to really buckle down today and do some serious studying if I want to enjoy the weekend like I should. Hopefully I will be studying on the beach Saturday night. Not that the South Padre beach ids that beautiful. After going to Cancun for a week though I guess its hard to actually top that beach. That was the best time I believe in my life so far. It is good to know that I will be going on many more trips like that considering how easy it was to plan that trip. Saving the money was super hard but I feel like if I really want to do something I am capable of making that happen. I hope this weekend is as good as last weekend. I am going back to San Antonio to see my family since it has been two weeks since my last visit. I really love the night life over here though. Maybe because everything is so new over here and I really love change period. I am not scared to completely change my patterns in friendships and relationships for that matter. I came over here knowing 3 people in the whole city. Now I know just a few more but the possibility of me meeting so many more is very high on the scale. I really miss my best friend a lot though. Her and I hung out all summer together, and all last year in school for that matter. She was all I needed and I was the same for her. Now we are spirited and she's getting back with her boyfriend and will probably end up married with children. Its a sad world when you see people you love so dependant on the wrong things at the wrong time. Her relationship with that boy is so lame. Thank god I have no time for stuff like that right now. I cannot relate to her attachment to him and would love to keep it that way for a really long time. Hopefully she will snap out of it though and realize that her whole life is ahead of her. Man. This is a really long time to be typing straight on the computer. Everyone around me is getting annoyed by how much I am typing. They keep staring at me, then the screen and back to me. HAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Lets see well I've been trying to explore the campus and look for spots to study that no one can find. But unfortunately there are too many damn students in this place to accomplish that goal. This Life Sciences Library is really nice. I think its the high ceilings that make me feel so comfortable in here. There are always open computers in here as well. Well my time is almost up. My experience in the psy class is very important to me considering I want to be a psychiatrist one day. ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_235.txt,"I am in the library right now writing this stream of consciousness. I just had dinner. It was very delicious. I ate at the Kinsolving dormitory food center. The library is really quiet and I can hear the tying on the computer. People are walking in and out and it is a little bit distracting. I can't wait until this week is over. It will be Labor day weekend. I can't believe a holiday is just around the corner. It seems like just yesterday it was summer and I was having fun playing with my friends and hanging out. Over the Labor day weekend, I would love to go back home to Houston and see my family, but I kind of would prefer to just stay here in Austin. There is so much to do here and there is so much freedom. In a way it can be good but I really need to manage my time wisely. Today's psychology was really interesting. I loved the in class experiment that was done. It was pretty cool how the experiment worked especially since the first time was easy to tell when the girl was lying and the second time was really hard. I feel tired right now and I would like to go to sleep, but I know I should get this writing assignment out of the way. I was talking to my brother about computers today. It was fun but hard at the same time since it was over the phone. My mind went blank for a while and I can't think of anything to write. Tomorrow is one of my best friend's birthday. I can't believe she will be one year older. She is a senior in high school right now and I bet she is stressing over college applications like I was during senior year. I hope she gets everything done in time. I remember senior year was really interesting. I had to research a lot with colleges and what I wanted to do with my life especially choosing a major. So far, education is what I want to do. I think it will be fun especially if I decide to work with elementary students. I am feeling really sleepy right now and I can feel my fingers moving more slowly than before. I miss my family. Even though I am used to being away for a month. I know I will begin to miss them so much more in the next couple of months. I hope they are doing well and everything is working out in their lives. I also miss my friends back home especially my church family. I can't believe I am actually going to say this or actually type it but I also miss my pastor. Especially his sermons. As I am here in Austin, I have been church hunting with some friends and the pastor's sermons here are just not the same. I guess I am really used to how he tried to make it apply to our daily lives and tried to really relate to us. Especially since I grew up in that church, I really miss all the good memories I have made there. I can't wait until the weather gets colder here in Austin. I heard last year it snowed for a day in the morning. I really would like to see falling snow. I really love the cold weather and I like to play in the snow. Today's weather was nice. I could feel the cool breeze blowing in my face. There was less sun than usual. Maybe it is supposed to rain who knows. But I can definitely feel a weather change coming soon hopefully. I still can't believe that I am a freshman in college. I thought when I arrived here I would finally believe it but it is really hard to sink in. So far classes have been fun and a little boring at the same time. I try to think positively and try to learn something out of each time I spend in class. I am really worried about the tests and quizzes here at the university. I just don't know what to expect especially since different teachers do different things. I really hope that I will do well in the first semester of college in fact I hope to do well all the years I am in college. I think I've kind of forgotten how to study. After college applications were done and over with and after I knew where I was going to attend college, I kind of stopped studying really really hard for classes. I still studied but just not as hard and not as much as I should have. I feel like taking a shower and going to bed now. My eyes feel they are slowing shutting but I'm trying to keep awake. There are so many people here at the library. I knew there would be a lot of people but it's amazing to see how a lot of people use their time wisely and study and also take the time to do their homework even when there are so many temptations to go out and party. I suddenly feel itchy everywhere. I think a bug bit me. It is really annoying and itchy. This has been the most exciting assignment ever. It will be really weird to look back on what I wrote. ",n,y,y,y,n

2004\_236.txt,"I just clicked the go button for this writing assignment for psychology and I just almost misspelled psychology. It is amazing how I can't spell psychology and how I still stumble on spelling it on the keyboard, psychology, I just did it again. At the beginning and before this page there was a precautionary note that said if people were insecure about their confidentiality. It is just an assignment, what could possibly go wrong. The teacher or TA will steal your identity! If they do they some students should sue. That is weird. I can't believe I just wrote that. I am writing this assignment now because I have some spare time and the writing assignment is due on Friday. I do not even know when I would have done this assignment. I have free time because my computer science class was, I guess canceled. I hope it was canceled because I hate missing class. It feels as if I am missing some knowledge that is necessary for my brain. I hate when I am unsure if class is actually canceled. Added to that, I hate when people are still in class sitting in the room waiting for class to start. Those students make me uncomfortable because it seems as if they know (they don't) that we actually have class. I am in the computer lab typing this writing assignment and I do not know what else to write about. Let's think. I am thinking. Okay, I am in the corner, near corner of the computer lab and I am typing. Oh yeah, speaking of writing assignments, my architecture writing assignment is going to be difficult because my TA wants us or prefers that we use Chicago style in our papers. When he asked us if anyone did not know how to use Chicago everyone was quiet and a huge pregnant pause was present. It is weird that teachers still do not understand that if students are quiet when they ask a question, nobody knows the answer. It is weird. I am now thinking if I am even doing this assignment correctly. It seems as if I am ""tracking my thoughts"" of this past week. I hope I still get credit for this class. I don't even know this class is hard or easy yet. Maybe I should reply that girl who mass emailed everyone and say that we should start a study group. A study group would hopefully help me learn more about this subject. I hope I can pass this class because as much as it is interesting I don't think I can sit through more of the same demos or demonstrations. The experimental requirement is pretty cool. I am almost done and I am happy about that. I don't have to write a 5 page research paper. Yeah! Writing research papers can be a hassle. Calculus is progressing fast and I am sort of surprised that I am grasping the notes real well. I am understanding Calculus, weird. Even though it is my major I still think that I should be able to be better than what I have been doing for that class. Thirteen minutes and whatever seconds, is how long I have been typing so far. This is sort of getting tiring. I wonder how psychologists interpret this writings. I can't wait to read what the explanation for this writing assignment is. I think it would be cool if one of our tests was just writing this kind of stuff. ""Write what is on you Mind for 20 minutes"". That would be weird. It would be a completion test grade, which would be cool. I think I have 4 more minutes, and it is weird that I said 'think' because I can not subtract and I am a math major. Well my calculus professor said that he has problems with simple arithmetic also so I am not that worried. It always reassures me that teachers/professors have the ability to forgot simple things like that. It makes myself better. I can't wait for this timer to be over. I am waiting and I am just typing stuff down. I have 2 minutes left so when I am done with this minute I will have 60 seconds left. So, yeah. Time is dwindling down. I wonder how many people are doing this assignment right as I am doing this assignment. What will I do after this. Oh yeah I have to read for my next class. Wait! I have to read for this class. I can't believe I for got, I need to read for this class after my music class. ",n,y,y,n,n

2004\_237.txt,"I have just returned to my room from my biology class. Madeline forgot her notes so she has borrowed mine so I cannot study them at the moment. I am very excited because I got a full meal for only $3. 00! I got a free coke, a free corner of a sandwich, 2 free candy bars and I bought a berry and yogurt parfait for 3 bucks, which by the way was really tasty. It is in my refrigerator now because I have only eaten breakfast about two hours ago. Well tomorrow at 3:30 I will be done with classes for the week and I am thinking of driving home for the night to Lake Jackson. It is a three hour drive, but I am not really homesick, just feel kind of lost. The reason I'll tell anyone else for going home is to pick up my new computer. See the one I have works fine plugged into the wall but for some reason unknown to myself and three Dell representatives/technical experts the battery will not charge. SO they have sent me a entire system replacement, after first trying to merely replace the battery. Which is what should happen because when one orders a $2000 system they would hope it would work. So my next class is in about an hour and a half. It is biology which is interesting to me for the most part. It is my major, but I have been planning on changing it. I chose it mostly because what I was interested in was medicine and I wanted to go to medical school after college. Now, I am not quite sure that is what is for me, although it was never a sure thing. Now I was thinking of changing to some sort of liberal arts degree where I could take more classes of interest to me and also Spanish which I recently tested out of 13 hours!! I could also go from there to med school or law school or whatever sort of graduate school I decide on. There are so many decisions to be made. Now that I have finally chosen a college. I still am wondering about that decision. I mean I Have always loved Texas, my dad went here and the school just has everything to offer. Maybe that is the problem too much?? I just sort of feel like I'm not fitting in, but then again isn't that what UT is about, being an individual? Well, I definitely like to be an individual and my own self, but I would like some friends, a group who'll call and see what I'm doing, call to hang out. I mean I have been here only 11 days and I'm worried? Well not yet, I am still giving it time. But I just feel so down on myself and anti-social. The only people I have really hung around are from my hometown. Not that it's all bad, I just was so ready to branch out into something NEW! So going home just seems like a good answer at the time, I even thought maybe I chose the wrong college, but how can I say that when I've been here not even two weeks. At home, making friends was always easy. I was the center of focus there. Had everything, here there is so many that I am, well, unnoticed. That in itself is a change. But then I think isn't everyone else going through the same thing? Then if everyone else is, then why don't we just get together? Well I guess the world does not work that way. But I have not given up yet, there is still hope. The first football game is Saturday and I know that will reinforce my love for the school. I loved going to the games when I wasn't a student at this school. Maybe I can meet some friends then. So it is labor day weekend coming up. Mostly I need to be studying, but that is what school is about. I think we may float the river, so that will be fun. I have started swimming this week and really want to go tonight, but I have a study session for Bio at 7pm, ,hopefully there will be enough time to get there swim, change and make it over to Welch. I just am not sure how to work it all out. drive, walk, ride the bus. I don't live in a city and things are so different here. The town I am from, I didn't even live in the city limits. Hhmmmm. but I really need to workout. I am not going to get fat in college. I need to lose pounds right now, not gain them. But food is everywhere, I guess you can see by the free food. Well maybe I can just eat some now and some between next class to prevent excess snacking. But the candy bars aren't good. Ok, before next class I need to read some bio and some psychology, but what I really want to do is lay in my bed, listen to music, watch TV maybe take a nap?. Nope not here in the college world. Wow, I like to write down my thoughts it is soul clearing. ",y,n,y,y,n

2004\_239.txt,"This writing assignment seems a little silly. I mean I'm probably going to spend the first 10 minutes of this thinking about the actual assignment and that doesn't seem very interesting. Actually I'm already thinking about something else. I can't wait for Austin City Limits. We keep forgetting to buy tickets, I need to write that down. I highly doubt it will sell out but I want to hurry up and buy them. Jack Johnson is so good. I can't wait to see him. We definitely need more decorations in our room. Fifty percent of our walls are still blank and its sort of depressing. Maybe that poster sale is still going on. Maybe I'll have my mom send some of my posters from home. I need to remember to call my mom later. I wonder if she misses me a lot. Oh god, it's only been 3 minutes. This is getting a bit boring. I really hope surprising Brian was a good idea. I just hope Doug doesn't give it away. Hell, I hope I don't give it away! I wonder if I'm doing this assignment right. oh well Pennebaker said himself that no one was probably going to read it. I need to do some calculus after this. I'm so pumped I actually understood it today Hopefully it'll stay like this. I'm so worried about the tests in that class. Ill be so pissed if that class brings down my grade. damnit I keep hitting something that makes the cursor jump lines its so annoying. I just love Jack's voice, its so soothing. Its hard to write as you think. My thoughts are moving faster than my fingers. I hope the other surveys I do online aren't as stupid as the one I just did. I'm happy I guess, though, that it was so hard to name things I was dissatisfied with in my life. I couldn't even think of ten. I made up half of them. well not exactly made up but they weren't things I was actually stressing over. Was that even close to being grammatically correct? 7 minutes 30 seconds. ahhh I hope this weekend is fun. I'm looking at the football stadium out my window. I'm excited for my first UT football game ever. It better be good. I hope our seats are good. I wonder what Kelly's sister will be like. hopefully fun and easy to talk to. I hope I meet a lot of people at the meeting I'm going to tonight. Hopefully guys to be exact. Although I bet its going to be a lot of chicks since its the university democrats. I hope not everyone is a hippie/chip on their shoulder/ socialist type. I mean I hope they're intelligent and not just the ""being different for the sake of being different type"" 10 minutes. half way there Yay! I'm really worried about Laura I hope she finds her dream job soon. I hate seeing her depressed because I know she is but she doesn't talk about it. I hope her and dell are working out. he can be so oblivious sometimes. Aren't most guys? My first instinct is to treat this like an essay and explain who I am talking about but I don't think this is supposed to be like an essay. What the hell would a shrink get from reading this crap? It can't be very interesting to anyone else. I need to go DVD shopping, our DVD collection is seriously lacking. I hope raising our beds isn't that hard. we definitely need a change in our room. I think I want another bowl of lucky charms but I suppose I should finish this thing first. 4. 99 for a box of lucky charms! what a rip. I guess I should have know Cypress would be like that. I should ask Kelly if she wants to go to the grocery store tomorrow. It sucks not having a car down here. I miss my jeep. Its going to feel weird to drive when I get home. I can't freaking wait!! 6 more minutes. I guess its going pretty fast. This thing just seems like a waste of time but I guess it must have some purpose if we have to do it. I actually need to finish reading for this class. can't forget to do that. wow looking at what I've wrote my thoughts seem pretty disorganized. Hmm what does that say about me? I think being a therapist would suck. I wouldn't be able to listen to depressed people whine all day long. wow that sounded terrible. But I suppose its true. Maybe I'm just not patient enough 4 minutes I need to figure out how my scanner works. I need to take pictures so I can send them to my family. my fingers are starting to get tired. I've typed a lot. I still haven't found light bulbs for my stupid Ikea lamp. Maybe we can go to target tonight I think my punctuation and spelling as gotten worse as I went along. oh well. I think he said that we don't need any of that. 2 minutes Thinking about my thoughts is hard, I'm like freezing up. I wonder what would happen if I hit the finish button now. I'm not going to try it because after all of this I want my credit for this assignment! I wish I was disciplined (spelling??) enough to keep a journal. It would be fun to go back and read stuff like 5 years later. I always start it and never pick it up again. I wonder what that says about me? I'm busy. ohhhh 50 seconds! I wonder what the FBA meeting will be like. hopefully nice people will be there I wonder how much of a commitment it is. hopefully ",y,n,n,y,y

2004\_241.txt,"Ok, I guess I should be typing, that clock is making me kind of nervous. Well, whatever, I just saw my roommate, I really didn't know she was going to be here. I feel really nervous, I don't know why. Oh yeah, I really need to work on my first paper for my English class. I hope I get a good grade, because when I work on it, I feel as if it should be harder that what it actually is. Gosh, my math class really sucked today. I did not understand a word she was saying, but that's ok, because so did the rest of the class. I wonder what my mom is doing, oh and my dogs too. I really miss them. Even though my dog hates me and is kind of crazy, I miss him so much. 6 minutes, that's it! It feels as if I've been typing forever. Before I forget I need to talk to Daisy today, man that girl is so crazy. I also got to talk to Lillian, just to see how her day went. Napoleon was being so funny last night, I really like talking to him at night, even though we talked until like midnight. I wonder what kind of music that guy is going to play in my psychology class. He usually plays weird music, today it's going to have to do with the brain, that'll be interesting, I suppose. I hope I'm doing this right. Who ever reads this, if it's ever actually read, will probably think it was lame. Oh, well. You're also going to find plenty of mistakes, opps my bad. Gosh, that sounded like a line out of that movie: Clueless. I feel clueless a lot, so that's ok. I can't wait to go to sleep, that's one of my favorite things to do ever since school started. This past 3-day weekend was great because I got to wake up so late and just hang around my dorm with my roommate. She's cool. I'm so glad I get along with my roommate, because I've been hearing some roommate horror stories lately, I guess I lucked out. Wow, I've been writing for 16 minutes! I guess it was harder to get started. I wonder if the people around me think I'm writing like this really long email to someone. they're probably thinking I'm a loser, ha-ha. that's kind of funny to think about. Daisy is probably talking to her internet boyfriend right now at a computer on campus. Her boyfriend is so funny. Some girl just sat next to me, I hope she doesn't read this. I don't know what else to say, my time is almost out. Ahhhh! I wonder if anyone is actually going to read this. Well my time is up, it was great, but I've got to print out my biology lecture. ",n,n,y,n,n

2004\_243.txt,"Well, I have to confess, this is an extremely difficult thing for me to do. I am an extremely objective person and it's hard for me focus on something when there is no clear goal in sight, but maybe this will get easier as I go. I hear TV in the next room. My mom is in the kitchen and watching the Republican National Convention. I really should be watching it you because you see I'm a government major (at least that's the plan right now). However, and ironically, the very thing that is going to earn me my government major is also what is keeping me from watching the convention. There now talking about Kerry not being a good leader but the AC which is located next to my room has just come on and now I can't hear. Wow, this is getting a little weird having to make myself consciously voice in writing what I'm thinking. It's amazing you can be so unaware of the thoughts that your own brain is thinking. Ah, pancakes are ready. I would like to go eat them now but I'm stuck here for another 9 minutes and 43 seconds. OOppss, she used baking soda instead of baking powder. No pancakes I guess. I went to the Phantom of the Opera last semester. It was a Broadway production and vg. I have a pamphlet from the evening sitting on my desk, which is why I bring it up. I was depressing though, for all the talent and wonderful set changes. Do you like the sound of the AC. I do. I don't know why but it comforts me. I think the reason it does is because when I was younger the AC would come and there was a vent right over my bed so to keep warm I would have to snuggle deeper into my covers and I like to snuggle. That was a run on sentence but that's how I think, in run ons, so I'm just trying to be accurate. I had to look up how to spell sentence. Yes, I know that's horrible, but you see I'm a very phonetically spell, always have been, and so it's very hard for me to distinguish between the phonetically pronunciations of vowels. Like in the word sentence, I'm always unsure if it's sentence or sentence. Another example is that I used to spell ""they"" ""they"" because the e sounded like a long a to me. I better fix that if I'm going into government. ",n,y,n,y,y

2004\_244.txt,"I am overwhelmed with lots of work. Yesterday was very productive, and I intend for today to be the same way. I have no history to work on but I have to work on some Latin and some astronomy and go to a help session. I need to call Andrew and see if he wants to go see Thomas in College Station this Sunday. I hope he wants to do that because I want to be here on Saturday so that I can watch the football game in Austin and spend time with Matthew and study Saturday. I need to eat some lunch soon but I have some things I need to get done before that. The lawn mower outside is very annoying, and I hate that there seems to never be a good time of the day for people to mow lawns. Last year they would start the mowers at 7 when I was sleeping and it bugged the hell out of me. There is a party on 6th tonight that I might go to but I am not sure of that, because I don't really like the group of people that are going. I don't want Matthew to go to that party in North Austin because he will end up staying there, and that makes me uncomfortable. This guy is going to Acc and his parents are going out of town so he is having a party. That sounds a little bit like high school to me. The people I have met from ACC just don't seem to have work ethic and I just don't understand how someone could not want to try their best to get far. I have noticed that there are many people at this school that don't think twice when they speak up, thoughts are never concluded when people begin to speak. There is too much individualism, people only want to listen to themselves talk. We live in a society where people are obsessed with themselves. I find that in history very few people make educated assumptions when reading literature. They pawn off what the professor says and act like it is their own words. I love Bob Dylan, people always ask him what his lyrics mean and he always just says "" oh, their just words"". Its great, I love it. I need to call my mommy today cause she called me last night, I saw this dog on campus today with its owner and it made me miss Emma at home. I love that dog, she is so cute, I swear she has human tendencies. I just miss coming home this summer and coming home to a dog that is so happy to see you. I love dogs so much, I can't wait to be able to have my own. Aww, my computer has been making the most annoying sound in the world lately, and I can't stand it, it is just this sound that keeps on going, never gets worse or better, it just lulls, and drives me crazy. I hate this place so much sometimes. there is too much estrogen in this building, and the fact that guys are only allowed on the weekends kills me. Why can't my brother come up here during the week, I just don't get it. It is so old fashioned. I understand they want it to be a learning environment conducive to studying, but millions of college kids live in places where sexes can mingle and people make their grades. yesterday felt like my true beginning of the semester. I had a full day of academics. I started around 8 and didn't finish till around 12, and I went to sleep so exhausted that I had no trouble falling asleep. But, I wake up in the morning with my back so sore. I don't know if all this work is just stressing me and giving me pains in my body, I don't know. I just know it isn't' from working out, cause I haven't done that in a while. I am perfectly fine with my appearance at the moment, I haven't gained any weight in a long time, and I don't want to let myself. Last year I gained like 5 pounds and I hated myself for it, but luckily I lost it. I need to take more pics and get that battery charged, it is annoying that my dad has that charger. I wont go home until Texas v ou so I won't get it until then, damn. I really want the fall to come, where the days are always in the 60's and 70's it is such beautiful weather, and no humidity so my hair doesn't go crazy on me. Arg, I just need to pace myself today, I don't want to be doing work late tonight, I want to finish around 8 or something, that would be nice. ",n,y,n,y,y

2004\_245.txt,"this is raechal collins. my feelings are good right now. I think I am going home this weekend for the first time since I've been up here. I don't know if it is for sure yet, but I'm excited to see everyone that I haven't seen in a while. my roommate is in a bad mood because she found out her ex boyfriend is dating a junior in high school which is just gross. also, one of my best friends from high school isn't very happy. I don't know why but she just doesn't seem happy. my absolute best friend in the world is coming down this weekend though so I might be staying in Austin for that. I just want to go home to see my boyfriend, or whatever it could be considered. I'm waiting for him to write me back right now. even though I can't really write him back because I'm writing on this thing for twenty minutes. I'm excited about this class. I think it's going to be a lot of fun. it's by far my most interesting one, next to swimming. I'm excited for that one cause it will be a good form of exercise and I need a way to get some exercise up here. since all I seem to be doing is eating. I wonder how everything is back home. it's really hard to do the long distance thing, but its weird how they say time apart can make the heart grow fonder, when all it has done to me is make me grow more detached. in a way, I guess it is good, but at the same time, it's kind of sad, because if I was home right now, everything would be the same, and we would be together. except now I'm here and I need to branch out and meet new people. I'm also doing this sorority business and I really don't know if it's meant for me. I like it, but I mean it seems like its just girls who join a group to get ""sisters for life"" and I don't know if it is something I want to spend all my time and parent's money doing. I never realized how much things coasted until I came here. it is absolutely insane. now I have to actually keep track of my money and its so hard. I had no idea how much I spent a month. I hate my anthropology class. it's hard and I don't understand what's going on in there. also my teacher is blind which is really cool and respectable but its almost distracting because I find myself staring at his guide dog or wondering what he's feeling since he is standing in front of a class of 100 plus and he can't see them. for all he knows we could be throwing stuff leaving class eating drinking and being absent. my friend is being shady and trying to rub in getting her third choice sorority when my other friend got first. it is weird. we have to figure out where I am living next year. it is kind of stressful because every body knows where they are living and I don't have a clue cause I haven't thought about it once. tomorrow night I am going to the ato pledge line. it should be fun a lot of my guy friends went ato so I like hanging out with them. I like my roommate jen. she is a badass and we all have fun. I also like Kelley, my other roommate. actually they are both my suite mates my roommate is Kim from high school. it made it easier moving in and stuff with a roommate I already knew. I would have hated moving in a finding that my roommate was someone who didn't speak English or like hated life or something like that. this twenty minutes is lasting longer than I thought. I didn't expect to write this much. Romeo and Juliet is playing in my room right now, and I love this movie. I haven't seen it in forever either. I remember when it first game out I was obsessed with Leonardo deception. now in real life, he is not at hot as he used to be. he just killed himself in the movie. the ending of the movie/play is very depressing, and my arms and wrists are starting to hurt with all this typing. I need to pick out an outfit to wear to the ato thing tomorrow night. I guess I'm supposed to wear a cocktail dress. I don't want to get all dressed up. I've done enough dressing up for the past week during rush. welp, the twenty minutes is over, it was nice talking to you computer. ",y,n,n,n,n

2004\_246.txt,"this is getting really old this is my second time doing this because the page keeps shutting down or going back and I have no idea what's happening to my other writings. so now I'm getting really annoyed because I have other homework to be doing . I also have to do the prescreening because I tried doing it last night and the computer kept crashing. I'm watching the sandlot I remember this movie from when I was a little kid me and my brothers would always watch it. they always tried to make me watch Michael Myers and I'm so scared of him. they used to dress up like him and have his mask and hide in my room at night. they were pretty mean to me. now that I'm gone I miss them so much. mayra and john keep arguing and whispering stuff to each other and I wish they would stop they make it so obvious that they don't want me to hear. I hope I don't have to start over again because that's going to make me so mad. I'm going to the incubus concert next week and I'm so excited the only thing that sucks though is that I have a test on Monday in this class and also my precal class which means I have to hurry up and study and not slack off. I don't want to be one of those students who mess up at the very beginning of their college years and then wish they wouldn't have. this timer is going really slow and I'm getting really sleepy I didn't go to bed until six in the morning. I was up watching videos and eating cereal today is Nichol's birthday and instead of me buying her something she bought me a glow in the dark wish bear. I thought that was very sweet of her but I feel bad because I have no idea what to get her for her birthday she has everything that she could possibly want. were going to go eat at red lobster on Saturday and were going to the movies to watch wicker park. I already saw that movie this weekend but I liked it so I want to see it again. it was about a girl who becomes obsessed with this guy. I wonder why people become obsessed with others I mean does it have to do something with their brain or is it just lust and they want to get their way. I hope I do good in college I don't want to mess up. I'm not even sure what I want my major to be. I was premed at the beginning and I still am but it seems really difficult and it needs a lot of determination and hard work. I know I could do that if I really wanted to but I want to have a life outside of school and it seems that's all that doctors have time for, books and work. so I'm getting really hungry and my head is starting to hurt john and mayra are still arguing and I don't like it at all. I feel bad when people argue because I feel I should try to make everything better. I know its usually none of my business but I like to make people happy. all of my friends tell me that's a bad quality because I never end up doing what I want. but the thing is I don't want to hurt anyone especially those I care about. I feel like I'm hiding so many things from so many people but they would never understand me and plus I don't want to disappoint them. I know that if they really loved me they would understand and be happy for them but I'm not sure I want to take that chance especially if I don't even know what's going to come out of it. I'm probably not making any sense right now and I wish this would hurry up because they are really getting mad now and I'm using johns computer so I feel like I'm using him and mayra is getting mad at him and he is doing me a favor by letting me use it. they left the TV on a baseball game and I don't want to watch that. I need to go and check in with my job because I need to start working already. I'm running out of money and I don't want to ask my mom for money because she has bigger things to worry about I just want to make it on my own and make her proud. they are all doing so much for me to be here that I don't want to make them doubt why they believe in me so much. I really want to go home and watch TV and fall asleep and forget about everything that's going on right now I feel like pretty soon everything is going to crash and burn and its going to be all my fault and I'm going to be left with nothing except regret. I regret not being honest with everyone right now but I'm just trying to take things one day at a time. hopefully everything will get easier and make more sense because I have no idea what I'm going to do if it doesn't. I hope that everything that is happening is happening for a reason ",y,y,y,n,y

2004\_248.txt,"Well, I today I'm feeling pretty lovely. I woke up this morning and went to the gym. Afterwards I took a shower and went downstairs to get something to eat. I met up with this boy I am talking to, he's really sweet and sexy. He makes me feel special. But I'm being very cautious in this little relationship, because I tend to wear my heart on my sleeve, and I don't feel like getting hurt. Anyways, my sandwich was really good. I'm also watching Seinfeld right now. Actually if you want to be technical with it, I'm not watching it because I'm typing right now, but it's on in the background. But yah, I love Seinfeld. I think it's the greatest show in the world. I am still amazed at how someone can write a nine season show about NOTHING. That's crazy. You know what else I think is crazy? I don't know how in world I'm going to manage my time between classes and work-study and the gym and my social life. It's like there is so much to do. Especially with all this reading I have to do for psy. Now that's crazy! Why do we have to read so much. Why can't the teacher just teach it to us. Maybe I'm just being lazy. Who knows? Yes! Another episode of Seinfeld is coming on. Anyways, on Monday there's a Seinfeld marathon. It starts at 7am until the end of Labor Day. That is really cool. I can't wait. But yah. I wonder what grade I'm going to get in this class. I've done all my experiments. I be damned if I had to write some 5 page psychological paper. So you know I got started on those experiments ASAP. Okay! Anyways, I really don't know what else to write about. So lets see. let me think. What else can I talk about. Oh yeah! There's a football game tonight. I hope we win. I wish I could go, but I didn't but any tickets. I don't even know where to buy tickets from. I should of just got a sports package. That would of made my life a whole lot easier. I have this football player in my class. Actually he's in two of my classes. He's nice. We study together, because our rhetoric class is kind of difficult, and he's always falling asleep in class. I don't blame him. They work those football players really hard. A little bit too hard. That's just ridiculous. Sometimes I feel for them, because like how do they expect them to do good in school, when there only getting like 5hrs of sleep a day. That's not good, especially with all that strenuous activity they do. I know I wouldn't be able to do it. I know after I come back from the gym, I'm ready to go back to sleep. So I really feel for the football players. But I guess if you really want to make it to the NFL, you got do it. You got to stick with it. And that really goes for anything. If you want to accomplish any of your goals, then you have to stick with the game plan. Anyway, you know it really hasn't hit me that I am in college yet. I mean it kind of hit me last week, when I was going out with some of my friends. And it was like, I don't have to call my mom and tell her what I'm doing, I don't have to worry about her sending out a search party for me. I don't have to answer to nobody. It's so great. I love this! Anyway, the way I see it if I just find out some way to manage my time with work, gym, classes, and my social life then everything should just work out fine. Yah in a perfect world. Anyways, looks like I got about 4 more minutes to right. Okay lets, see. You know what my favorite episode of Seinfeld is? The very first episode, when Jerry and George where doing laundry. That's a really good episode. I know like every word, scene, move. everything about that episode. Anyways, looks like I'm going on only two minutes left. Two minutes and forty seconds. Two minutes and 30 seconds. Two minutes and 20 seconds. Two minutes and 10 seconds. Two minutes and now we have ONE MINUTE LEFT. All right I'm on a roll here. Lets see, I guess I'll just sign off now. Well this has been really fun. I hope whoever is reading this has enjoyed reading this. Have a great day and a great like. 5 seconds left . and GOOD BYE! ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_249.txt,"It's a bit past 4 pm on a Sunday, and I only just woke up a while ago. So here I am, writing a psychology paper which has no definite topic as such. I usually listen to laid back electronic-type music when I do papers, which is what I'm doing now. I feel it helps me free up my mind, and help me think more clearly. I don't know how this paper is going to end up, or whether I'm writing what I'm supposed to, but I suppose that's the point of the exercise. So - tracking my thoughts. Well first off I just realized how annoying the timer at the top of the page is. Watching it tick away while thinking of something to write (which shouldn't be a problem anyway since I'm supposed to write what I'm thinking and not the other way around) just seems to get on my nerves a bit. I wonder what the rest of the writing assignments this semester will be like though. They need to fix this page up though, it didn't work in my primary web browser, Mozilla Firefox, and I don't like Internet Explorer all that much. Oh, the music just changed, it's a bit faster and slightly more aggressive now. I got myself some candy too, though I probably shouldn't have since I'll be having lunch in a bit. It's getting a bit warmer in here, someone probably increased the air conditioner temperature again. And now my roommate is playing basketball outside in the living room. One of these days I think he's going to break something. 10 minutes and the clock's ticking. I really should get some work done today. I pretty much wasted the last two days, but hey, what are three day weekends for? I've got some Math and CS homework, as well as a freshman seminar paper. Math's an interesting class even if it is too easy. Not to sound self deluded, but I do think I know more calculus than most people in that class, at least so far. Computer Science is a different story though. The class is a bit harder than I expected it to be, but nothing beyond me. A little googling and I should easily be able to look up anything I don't already know and complete the assignment. Java isn't really one of my strengths, but that doesn't mean I can't make it one. I like psychology though, at first I thought it would be impersonal and intimidating because of the sheer number of students in it but that's changed. 17 minutes. I just have to continuously keep looking at the timer. And the music just stepped up, now it's a bit faster than before. And I actually got this paper done! I'm so proud of myself! well, not really, but I'm glad I got it done anyway. And now my mind's a blank really. Looks like my time's up. Did I mention I hate popups? Time to click the finish button. ",y,n,n,n,n

2004\_257.txt," well, I wonder why I'm here. languages can be a real problem especially when you have 100 pages to read every day. Maybe this is what people called college live. no time, no entertainment, no nothing. maybe it's not the case for native students! so why am I here? Am I anywhere better than them? Or will I ever be better than this advantaged people? what advantage will I receive once I finish this college hell? hell with it. It's not so bad actually. maybe. I don't know. There are so many things I want to do, but don't have time for. I have to fit into the class room, so I got to read the textbook, pretending that I'm cool with it. Who knows how I'm doing? I don't even know that. Sometimes I wonder what will come after. After all this years of staying and trying to fit into a culture that I don't even like. Is it money that draw me here? Or is it something else? Maybe I'm just tried of what I used to do. Although I don't know exactly what. Live repeats itself, again and again that I don't know whether I've done it already or it's just a similar experience. Memories are tricky. They fool you, mislead you, and abandon you. Am I here for the 2nd time? Or even more than that? What am I searching for? Trying to reach a perfect life? I wonder how many times more do I have to live in order to achieve that. Enough for the questions. since there will be no answers to that. Austin is a nice place. The weather is quite similar to Taiwan, but not as humid. People are busy, as they did in community college. but the more people there are, the easier you fall into isolation. I don't remember when I get my first ""friend"" in college, but people seemed more relaxed back then. Memories make things look at its best. That's how human survives. Cell phone is also a devise that's supposed to do so. But do they? People get more and more dependent on such thing. They want to be connected. but with whom? What's the meaning of saying hi on the phone and trying to find a correct time to hang up though out the conversation? Cell phone is tiring. They only work when you need to be picked up. There lots of quite Asian girls on campus; I wonder where they're from. Are they having the same troubles? I don't see any good looking Asian guys out there. Too bad, it's always easier to find good looking girls than guys. Well, as long as it nurture my eyes. Not being able to see good looking things can be a torture! That brings me to another problem in Austin. No comic book store!!! And I can't even watch the DVDs I brought. Damn capitalistic Americans. Region settings is plane stupid. ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_259.txt," I smell soy sauce in are hall some girl spilled it all over the place and now you can't be anywhere without smelling the nasty odor. Well I got back from a bible study got to see some people that I haven't seen in a while I suppose it made me feel at home and I actually made plans to hang out with someone I met this summer and haven't been able to see him that much. Anyways I enjoyed it but at the same time I wonder about my relationship with God I suppose it is a thought that always lingers in my mind. Is it strong enough to I pursue him enough am I a good person sometimes I don't know. so I'm listening while I do this music seems to be something that I have always enjoyed the way everything flows together and becomes something more than noise it seems that music in some forms is the perfection of the interpretation of emotions it not only puts words towards your feelings it gives the words syntax by adding in a conglermation of cacophonies that seem to support the words, Now even though some music doesn't appeal to me I believe that if anyone is writing the music backed by emotion and truth or feelings then they have earned my respect if that really means anything but to those who rock you have got my salutations. So lets get real I'm an 18 guy so I do also think about girls quite a bit. Today I thought of a girl in high school I missed and it is always an itching feeling or thought in the back of my head to try to commit to a girl or girlfriend. Even though I don't know what the hell I want to be honest, is that all this world is trying to please ourselves in order to feel worthy, who are we trying to impress. I don't know? but I can't deny my feeling I believe that truth lies in your emotions and that god gives you certain emotions that give you truth in your life. Sometimes I feel that the only thing we have here on this planet is love that's all we have that is really worth any value and if we give it away to others that is the only way to truly fulfill not only yourself but others, Live life love life. So as I continue to right I remind myself that love exist and to give it freely to those who are in my life. I find myself always observing people walking to class its amazing how afraid people are to look at each other simple glances are rarely seen. what a society it would be if people simply acknowledged each other in life. So many lonely people. What do I like: the smell of rain, the sound of a harmonica and an acoustic guitar blending together like reunited twins, the smell of the mountains the feeling of seeing the sunrise and the gratefulness of seeing it set knowing that were alive and living I met an 80 year man this weekend he told me that life was to good and he didn't want it to end. I agree some people have forgotten that but I hope that one day the world will realize that being alive is the hope that we all have has long as are heart keeps beating there is something to do something to live for, someone to love, something to give, man being a kid was freaking awesome and I could play all day doing something as simply as climbing a tree or hide and seek and it was amazing. I wish I had a glass of milk before I went to bed but hey what can you do. Well there went 20 minutes I suppose I will go a little over to leave a quote from jerry Garcia ""live life to the fullest and in death all you can be is grateful. "" ",n,n,y,n,y

2004\_260.txt," How much time do I have before I need to do some more homework. This week is going to be pretty busy. It is hard to find out what is due and when because their are way to many different places to find out. All the teachers should use the same service. This would make it much easier for students to keep up. My goal is not to fall behind, but I have missed some classes of geology. I need to find out what I missed. That class is going to suck. I wish I had a car so that I could get places farther than a mile away. I hate writing. I hate typing. It is hard to write down everything you think. Our minds work 5 or 6 times faster than one can type or speak. So if we could talk faster, we could get up to 5 times the amount of information to someone else, leaving us with more free time. This would shorten classes and anything that requires communicating. I'm glad my spider bite went away. It sucked that I had to go to the health center for it. They gave me a shot in my ass. It left a bruise, but it didn't hurt until an hour or so later. It just sucked that it was on my face. It made me nervous when I heard that corterzone lowers the immune system because I had been putting it on for many days. Thank god the over the counter medicine does not do harm. I spend much time alone now that I moved away. Luckily I enjoy being by myself. It is nice to have the peace and quiet. The parties are fun, it is just that I would prefer to chill with just my friends, not a million people that I don't know. I don't know too much about bull fighting, most other sports I have played. I do not see the glamour, passion, and joy of bullfighting. It seems barbaric to use ones instincts ",n,n,n,y,y

2004\_261.txt,"the weekend was nice. an old family friend came up to visit. I've known him since 3rd grade I think? something like that. bowling. Bumming around. Gaming. pool. Eating. Etc etc. Was fun. now back to class after a long weekend. ugh. These classes aren't very interesting. But that's ok. it's just basic sequence right now. once I start taking major sequence classes. I think it will become more interesting. these classes just seem like a hassle. I never liked writing assignments. Mostly because I've never been a strong writer. I'm not very skilled at thinking of what to write. words never seem to flow. I don't know. I really wonder what I'll do with my life. biomedical engineering sounds all fancy and stuff. But will it really provide me with a decent life in the future? I really don't know. it doesn't seem like there's much flexibility with this major. I do take cem, phys, bio courses and stuff. So it seems like my work covers over areas from different majors. I guess I'll have a wide variety of knowledge. But I won't be an expert in any of the areas. plus with competition from foreign sources. The future scares me even more. I guess I do get somewhat bitter when I think about how researchers may earn something like 40-50K a year. But then the MBA that hired them gets 100+ perhaps? that's just bs. I don't think it's very fair at all. But nothing's ever very fair. man. I really want a job. I have time I guess. But no transportation. and then not all the jobs I've looked through were at the right times. I applied for something at the LAN cave in jester. I hope I get that. then I need to start looking for scholarships. Internships. Summer research. Etc etc etc. oh yeah. I need to look for an apartment for next year. I really don't want to end up in the dorms again. as much as I like the fast internet. I really want a room of my own. And the freedom that comes with living in a place of your own. I guess it is pretty free in the dorms. But I can't blast the music when I want to. Or turn up the volumes for gaming. besides. Blanton isn't really the best dorm out there either. not having a sink in the room really sucks. it's not a big deal to walk to the bathroom. But for stuff like making ramen. A quick wash of the face. Or maybe just a drink of cool water. I have to make a trip. I guess I'm just lazy. But it's odd that some dorms have sinks in the room and others don't. only ten minutes have passed. Feels like a lot more than that. time passes slowly when you're not having much fun. I like seeing things animated. Or in motion. sitting and writing. Or reading. They're not that interesting. I do like reading about computer technology and astronomy and cars and stuff. But it's hard to make myself sit down and read a book like harry potter. I haven't done that in years. yeah. I don't think I've willingly read a fiction book since middle school. I remember those redwall and mossflower books. I guess they were the trend back in the day. I signed up for the 3rd coast gaming competition later this month. aiya. I'm a bit worried. playing at the arcades isn't like playing on a console. the controls feel different. plus. When I play at the arcades. I get beaten a lot. I guess it kind of hurts my confidence. But that's ok. I'll just see how I match up with the other people in the competition. besides. It's only $10. And I think it'll be fun to watch the l337 play. I could really go for a huge huge glass of orange juice right now. Maybe some pluckers wings too. I don't know. What should I write about. ""anything at all"". it's so vague. I like having a little more of an idea of what I'm doing. \*shrug\*. Oh well. don't use this as a cry for help huh. I don't really cry out for help. well. Not in very noticeable ways. keeping secrets hurts you huh. I guess I've probably shortened my life a lot then. aiya. Being Asian. That's my excuse. the guy isn't really supposed to show weakness. Heh. What a stupid way of thinking. But after 18 years. It's hard to break the habit. I wonder how people can be so carefree. I hope the year goes well. I really do. Too much tension everywhere. I really just want to break lose and forget all the responsibilities I have. But I don't think I can. it's just not something I'd do. I'm tired. I need to find something. Someone amazing. I don't want to just cruise through life. ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_262.txt,"Well I am just sitting in my room on a rainy labor day, all my roommates are either out of town or napping so it's really quiet in here, which is actually really nice considering I hardly ever get alone time to just sit and think about stuff. Too bad that I have so much reading today and preparation for the bible study I will be leading for kappa that I have little time to rest I really have trouble relaxing once school starts up because I have so much going on that I feel guilty if I am not always being productive. I know that I need to take time every day just to sit with God and tell him what is going on in my mind. So that's what I want to do with this exercise I am going to type everything I think about but it is going to be in the form of a prayer to God. I hate that I feel like I constantly need to be watching my money, or what I eat, or anything else in my life that gives me a sense of control and like I am making wise decisions, why is it so hard for me to accept my screw ups? I know I human, and that I am sinful and that I can't do anything on my own. So I don't know why I get disappointed in my failures, why should I expect anything else??? I feel pretty guilty about how much time I put into some of my relationships as well, like I wish I was there for Lauren F. more and really was keeping up better with how she is doing and holding her accountable. Please give me the time and desire to talk to her and pray for her. I also really need your help in not letting the devil get a foothold in my thought life, I need you to make me aware of when I start to count calories (eaten or burnt!) or when I start to keep a constant tab on how much I spend or what people owe me. Lord I want to see every blessing in my life as a gift from you and not as something I deserve because I know that I do not! I also know that I need to take a nap this afternoon if I want to get any work done later so I pray that I would be able to do that as well. I have so much stuff going on that it can really make me lose sight of what's important. YOU and my family and friends and everyone else in my life. Lord I want to see everyone in my life as a divine appointment. I feel really excited about this year but it's discouraging when I can already see myself getting caught up in the unimportant stuff. I really want to crawl into bed right now and get some sleep instead of finishing this assignment, but what can you do! I hate that I was so irritable with my mom and dad this weekend and really hope that they can fix the problem they're having communicating, I am also so worried about David, MP, and Nancy, I just want them to see that all the worldly pleasures they are looking to escape the sadness of a broken home will never fill that void and that they desperately need to know you Lord, and understand your love for them. I wish I knew what to expect on this PHL test coming up on Thursday, but there I go again with wanting to know things before the right timing. I am worried that I am not studying for my classes as dedicatedly as I should be but I know that I am doing the best I can and they shouldn't be consuming my life. I am so glad I got to spend time with ford this weekend and I really hope that he doesn't have a flight delay because of the rain here and in Atlanta because I know he has a lot he needs to do when he gets back. But I know he was supposed to be here this weekend and I am so glad that he got to talk to Chris last night and really hope that he calls to tell me what they talked about. I feel a little anxious right now about getting all my work done today and for some silly reason I am really upset that the tuna fish I bought and that 7up drink turned out to be busts, because that cost what, maybe $4???? come on Louise you are so cheap get over it!!! surprisingly I am not really nervous about bible study tomorrow night but I know that I need to be really giving that to you and I really hope it doesn't all hit me at once tomorrow. I am really hot so I had to go turn on the fan. I wonder when becca and Martha are getting back, is it wrong that I kind of like that they aren't around right now? Why is it that I like to be alone so much, is it selfishness??? I am kind of worried about Kyle maybe liking me, I really don't want him to, because I really love having him as a friend and I really don't know what makes me think that he might want something more but for some reason I've been getting that vibe lately so I really hope that I can act in a way that doesn't lead him on but that is still nice. Man that 7up stuff I got is disgusting!!! why do I always try those things. Healthy soft drinks?!?! what a joke!!! of course it's going to taste awful. I really hate that I am always feeling like I need to be repaid when I do something for someone I mean seriously! why can't I just give out of love and show like grace like Christ did to us??? I am really excited about this PSYCH class though because it'll be cool to see if this is really the direction god wants me to go for my career. I am so glad to have this day off to rest and catch up in studies and for the 12 hours of sleep I got on Saturday I really need to get rest because I know I don't get nearly enough, help me allow more time for sleep and rest in my schedule because obviously you didn't make us require so much sleep for nothing! I just wish I would enjoy it I pray that I could have a peace so that I could sleep right now. ",n,n,y,y,n

2004\_265.txt," last night I laid down and I Couldn't go to sleep for anything. sleep would be nice right now, I have class all day today. my classes are pretty cool though. I have music psychology and ceramics. I'm good at ceramics though cause I got grounded a lot in high school. high school was fun. I have a lot of great memories. I miss my friends sometimes, but it was time to move on. I feel more free, no one knows you or anything you can do what you want and be who you are. I am finally realizing the value of that too. I think its the art . I love art its constantly running thorough my head. The way I look at everything, the way I find beauty and perspective in simple and complex things, the way I am so attracted to things that are gorgeous. not only on the outside but personalities for example and music. I am going to incubus on Wednesday and they are brilliant. its cool too cause my homework for music class is to go to a concert anyways. my music class meets too often . 4 days a week. that shit is ridiculous. I feel like I am taking 15 hours but I'm just taking 12, which allows for a job. I am going to work at the frank Erwin center hopefully . I was a waitress this summer at el Chico. I love Mexican food. I am so damn hungry right now. oops can I cuss? oh well. my stomach is rumbling and I felt it necessary. I feel tired and hungry and event the sound of punching these keys is annoying but the relief of finishing this assignment is un-explainable believe me. lately I've been dead set on being responsible and I am hell bent on making all A's , so when I can make a check on the 'old to do list, its like its lifted from my shoulders and that no joke. my back hurts so bad every day from stress. its actually kind of funny that in class we talked about the correlation between stress and the immune system because I was stressed to hell the first couple weeks of school and a couple of weeks before with bills and work and money , etc. and I could not get over a dinky little cold for 3 weeks, and now that I've gotten into the scheme of things its so much easier. its so much easier just being a sophomore in general. I remember when I moved into the dorms my freshmen year. we moved everything in and I remember after my dad left standing there looking around. I had no phone, no friends, and no clue and I think it was the scariest moment of reality in my life. but when I look back I have learned that you can't always know everything at that second. you have to give yourself time to grow and learn and not be so anxious to know it all. what is this an autobiography? I don't know I am just writing as I go along. I like to write. I write often actually, sort of like this but mainly about things no one but me cares about. I like to vent, I NEED to vent. its almost like when I write something down it jumps from my mind and onto the paper and is no longer stressing me out. I don't know maybe I'm weird. I wish I could find really unique ways of expressing myself, so I do poetry as well. but I am getting bored with this subject so lets jump to another. how about love? I am in love. I am not quick to say that either and it is not something I was trying to do or even wanted, but I have found my soul mate believe it or not. he is perfect, and believe me I am not naive. he is the most unique person in the world ( maybe its the ADHD ) and I love his mind because I appreciate things I cannot understand myself or find how its done, and he fascinates me. really all I want is to be fascinated, and to laugh. I love to laugh. you know those times when you just laugh your ass off so hard you cry. man that's the best. seriously. that's why I like to surround myself with people who make me laugh. I make myself laugh too. I am quite lonely during the day and end up having to entertain my head with humorous thoughts. or just dress weird and laugh inside when people give me weird looks. I love that. ",y,y,n,n,y

2004\_266.txt," Right now I am doing this psychology ut what will I be doing in the next couple seconds. Oop, my roommate just walked in and I have to talk to him and do this stream of consciousness writing at the same time. Hard! My room mate said hi and I am having trouble responding to him, it looks like Stephanie is impressed with my bass. All right you all have a good one. Roommate has left, that is weird. I wonder what Misung shin yeah interesting ats salivate when they win him and Stephanie are going to do together, probably nothing much, I can hear my roommate, err my people across the way talking about something they usually play madden 2005 until the wee hours of the morning which doesn't really bother me but I think it might a little, who knows its probably just something to complain about. I want to go out to dinner tonight and was thinking about going with David but I don't have his number so maybe ill call mom and dad to find out his number oh man that paper reminds me, I got to do the psychology experiment before Saturday I don't really understand the experiment system but I think it is explained somewhere in this syllabus well I have been going on for a while now and I still have a ways to go, phooey. I like my psych teacher though, he can somehow make the things we talk about in class not only funny but very interesting. oh man I think I accidentally typed some words in the wrong spot oh well I'll just keep going so yeah my psych teacher is good, and this intro class is very interesting makes you want to learn more about neurology I was thinking about how he really knows his stuff and if I could ever be a professor who really really knew his stuff. Do I work hard enough? I think I do, I been taken it easy this week just chilling in my room but I've been working too. Another thing that I can't escape thinking bout right now is girls it the subject on every young mans mind, yet maybe I think about it more than others. I think about whether or not I'm too picky. I haven't ever gone with a girl for longer than like 2 months I really can't stand the thought of a girlfriend, I haven't really met a girl that I'm really interested in even though in these first few weeks I've already had some opportunities but I just straight decided I didn't' want to go with them why? you know it has to do with looks I probably seem really shallow but I just want a chick who looks DAMN good not just good if I find myself thinking of reasons why I don't like you the fact of the matter is I'm going g to ditch and better sooner than late I've ditched some really cool people and I feel bad about it but then I've been ditched too sometimes I think I have too many friends but the fact of the matter is if you don't want to be somebody's best friend eventually your just not going to hang out anymore so I need courage the courage to approach a girl and ask her out on a date, don't worry about if its going to be a good date just go for it and get rejected damnit that's what I say get rejected and feel that pain because one of these days your going to ask her she's going to say yes and then its just going to work these things don't just fall into your lap out of the blue at the least you have to keep yourself open to other people always meet new people I think I will ask Kim and Liz if they want to go out sometime now there's two people that look like they got their shit together Liz dropped out of sfa last year so what? she has her priorities straight you know everybody has their faults I don't want to be recognized for getting a's in class that's crap I want people to say yeah that guys is a friggin funny cool guy I like being around him, but I only want people that I can get along with to say that how do you tell the ones that like you but you don't like them gto go away it seems harsh you don't want to be an ass and the fact of the matter is you may need them some day but for what??? as long as you've got your friends you are unstoppable you are having fun you are just with your buddies and you wouldn't have it any other way like my family man I just realized how much I love them by being away from them for such an extended period of time I really missed them I didn't think that would happen but it did my sister my dad my mom are really important to me and I love them to death bottom line man I'm hungry after this I'm going to see if I can get a hold of David and singer and maybe well go get something to eat I got to talk to David man that guy is really cool maybe I have the number in my desk somewhere I don't know but maybe ill just be lazy and go out by myself, maybe just maybe ill go out an meet somebody that will play an important role in my life maybe ill have one of the best times of my freshman year who knows what could happen in the 20 minutes after I finish this project who knows? God knows? don't get me started I could write all the proofs that straight out blast Christianity to the nether regions but no I believe in that little piece of spirituality that's in us all call it God Jesus whatever its there but it is just there its our spirituality it is us so thanks for reading and ill talk to you later boi. ",n,n,n,n,y

2004\_267.txt," this is the weirdest thing I have ever had to-do. right now my roommate is watching the graham Norton effect and it is hard to concentrate. the show is really funny. he just changed the channel I am going to ask if could turn it down a little. Yesterday I had a really good date. it is all I can think about today. I hope things turn out good because I don't want to be hurt. I went to the gym today. I like and dislike working out. I like the end result and the feeling after working out, but I hate the feeling before I have start working out. I want to go out tonight. I don't have class on Fridays so I feel obligated to go out and do something. I got some people to go salsa dancing. nobody has really confirmed f they're going or not. I kind don't want to go anymore, but since some people already said yes I have to go. I am sure I will have tonight. this is really strange. I am just spilling out random thoughts. I really like the guy I went on date with. Well I don't know if I like him or if I like the idea of being with him? I guess time will show. I am tired of being single. I want a boyfriend! I was at the gym and I felt for some reason really aroused. I usually don't get aroused at the gym but today I saw a really hot guy that I couldn't get out of my head. I wonder if that is BAD THING to like a guy but still be really turned on by other guys. I know it is perfectly normal but I would have tired something with this guy if he had asked me to. maybe that's why people think I am whore. I m really sexual. I am really worried about getting in the communication school. I think about everyday. if I don't get in I don't know what I will do if I don't get in. I just had dinner by myself. I hate eating by myself. I think it is because I had no friends when I was growing up. I have friends now but tend to want them around to much. I want to have sex I hope ya'll don't read this because are going to think the worst of me, but at the same time I don't what anybody thinks of me. for the most part. I keep looking at the clock to see how much time I have left. I hope I am doing this right because if I am not than I will be really mad. my is cool but he tends to be an ass sometimes. he was just over my shoulder reading this. I told him not too and then he stop. he is watching Seinfeld now I wish I could enjoy the show right now. Wait no he is watching the king of queens. my mistake. I can concentrate now because I don't like that show. I have a lot of pretty friends. ",y,y,n,n,y

2004\_268.txt, Man today was a really long day. I'm a so tired but I have all this crap to do still. mostly calculus. I don't know why I took 408D. its so freaking hard. I hope I'll do okay because I just have to. I signed up for tutoring but I don't know how much that'll help. I like this cd I'm listening to. I've listened to it a million times but still like it. man I'm really upset that alias isn't coming on this season. I love that show. It was one thing I was looking forward to this semester. I wish I could be like Sydney and kick butt. but instead I'm really boring. man I am so freaking tired. the bathroom has gotten really disgusting. I don't want to be the only one to clean it but I don't want to be the only one to complain that its dirty. I hate cleaning toilets. I mean it would be okay if it were at home because that's like our toilet and I kind of know the germs around. but this is used by four other girls and eeeeek I just can't think about it with out cringing. college is about cleaning bathrooms or learning how to. I guess I'll get used to it. Its going okay so far. I mean its fun and all but I don't know. I really really miss home. Its weird not coming home to your family everyday. I've met some really cool people but I still miss my old friends. but I'm getting used to going places by myself. Woo hoo I'm no longer a person that asks her friends to come with her to the bathroom. sheehs its only been 5 minutes. I don't know how much more I can type. This is a cool assignment not much thinking involved but wait haha I am typing what I am thinking so hey. my fingers are beginning to hurt from typing so much without stopping. Wait I missed my favorite song on the cd. Oh well. I wish asthma were here with me. We could do some awesome stuff together. but amrita seems really cool we've had great convos. but I'm still scared to make new close friends like I loved my friends from hs. We were such GOOD friends. Making new friends involves retrusting strangers and just starting over. Its hard for me I'm not one of those people who can socialize with anyone anywhere. I feel really alone sometimes in a room full of people but I guess that's natural. wow its only been 8 min and 48 seconds. but I shouldn't complain this is better than doing limits in calculus. lord calculus. I'm so worried I have to do good I have to. After this I should start some calc go over notes and then hwrk. tomorrow is discussion so it shouldn't be so bad. but I'm still worried sometimes the ta randomly calls on people to answer questions which isn't good when I'm totally clueless. Its embarrassing. but I guess I'm not the only one. Some people didn't know the answers either. The only thing is that in the class there's all these engineering majors completely engrossed in calculus they seem to understand everything. the class would be tons easier if I knew someone in there to help me. but there is morty. he's in a diff class but he says he'll help me. He's so freaking nice. he helps out a lot and hangs out with me even though I can be boring haha. I think he feels bad for me because I'm not adjusting as well as him to college. he's having like the time of his life . So many friends and places to go. I should keep my self busy so I won't get so lonely. I'm joining clubs and stuff but that makes me nervous. I want to run for office but its so scary for some reason. I have second thoughts about everything I have no idea why. I wonder where my roommate went. She works out everyday. Its inspiring I should too. I'll go to the gym. Haha I'll try who knows if I actually will. I went once and really liked it but I just have to find time. It seems like I have boatloads of work. but college is good. I'll get through it. I just don't know why people say its the best time of their lives. so far it just seems alright. Who knows I still have at least 4 years . I'm so sleepy. 5 more minutes of this and then calculus. No time to sleep. Ooh I need to watch RNC tonight. I missed last night but Laura bush was there. It might of been interesting even though I'm not much for republicans. everything lately is so political. its funny. in every class discussion there is some mention of elections. like in psychology the polls were really interesting. how people afraid of death are more likely to vote for bush. who knows if its actually true but I think there's some validity to it. sigh. I'm going home this weekend. I'm excited. I'm getting a ride from a stranger kind of so its weird. Haha that's what's cool about being Indian. parents can always find some other Indian kid to drive you home. oh well. I'm so tired there's only 2 minutes to go. This was actually cool and stress relieving. you know when you have so much on your mind its good to let it out. oooh asthma just imed me. I haven't talked to her in a while. damn she hangs out with matt Clark now. I find that to be so freaking funny. who would of thought? anyways man all I can think about is sleeping and dreaming haha I like dreaming lately I have weird dreams last time I had this nightmare ,n,n,y,y,n

2004\_270.txt,"I have realized that my computer at home is a lot slower than my cool computer at school. I miss my computer at school, but at least this one does not have annoying pop-ups like that one. Ah! I am angry at Christina for downloading a stupid program onto my computer that had hidden programs. I am at home right now and I am happy, I miss being able to shower without shower shoes on. Everything is a lot more clean too, at least that is how I feel. I think that that's just because I am used to home. Oh my god my typing skills have deteriorated I think so have my spelling skills my head itches and I just washed my hair so now its dripping all over my shirt, because I am too lazy to blow dry my hair. speaking of which I need to bring my blow dryer to school so I don't sleep with wet hair because that gives me headaches. Today on the bus back home I was feeling nauseous hmm I do not think I spelled that right because I was reading my psychology reading hehe that's what I'm writing this essay for anyways I was feeling like I you know having to capitalize all the It's is very annoying and my weird keyboard is not helping very much either o yah so I decided to take a nap so I would not throw up. I miss my house. I hope tomorrow I will be able to hang out with my old friends who are still at home! many of them have left already except the ones going to west coast schools. lucky people they are, except they will still be in school in June when all of us are out! I told daddy about the Normandy scholar program that I was interested in, but I knew that he was not going to let me go or really try to apply. I think that my parents are way to protective of me sometimes, but I know it is for my own good because oh! I might get in some accident over there and they will not be able to help me, but seriously, if I get into a really bad accident there should be people in Europe who would help me by the way the Normandy scholar program is this thing where part of it you spend three weeks in Europe going to old world war II sites and you learn about world war II, which I think is interesting partially because I seem to be weirdly interested in wars and stuff, maybe that's why I like Ender's Game so much. but I also like band of brothers! which got me interested in world war II in the first place! and my favorite movie is black hawk down which is also kind of about a war, but more like a battle. I'm thinking about bringing my DVD's to school, but one they might not fit into my tiny suitcase and two they might distract me because I'll want to watch them instead of studying, like how my roommate and I stayed up until 2:30 for the past 2 nights watching Chinese soap operas. I think it's really funny because I am not really into girly stuff and the acting is so bad in these dramas but they sort of just suck you in and you have to finish watching them, like when you watch anime, speaking of which I need to see if the next Full Metal Alchemist episode is out or maybe I will just borrow it from my buddy. She's crazy but I like how she is protective of me. So I know that I hopefully won't get into any scary trouble! hehe it's like, now that I am away from my family at least I have someone I can trust to be there for me most of the time. I hope. I think. I don't know. maybe not that much. yea my hair is getting dry and now I have a piece of hair on my hand. I seem to be shedding a lot but I think that is normal because everyone else I have talked to say that it happens to them too. I just don't like how every time I wash my hair big wads of hair come out. I feel like I'm going bald, except I still have tons of hair, which makes me wonder how do I still have this much hair yet lose so much hair every time I wash my hair. because it takes a while for new hairs to grow as long as the old ones right? I wonder how much hair do we really have on our heads. I miss my sister and her friends this summer was really fun. even though I was only in California for about a week I really felt like I belonged there. It just seems so hard to go out and meet new people. I think I'm too shy around strangers. If I acted like myself when I'm with friends around people I don't know maybe it will be easier to make new friends. but I am afraid that eek I think I feel that I have a headache coming on. but I feel that I'll scare people away. But I mean if I'm going to be their friend they will eventually find out that that's the way I am right? I guess yay only about three more minutes to go. I think my contacts are getting kind of foggy. I should blink more. I wonder do hard contacts yah they do but I think they get more dry quicker than soft contacts. I think they might be dirty but wouldn't that make my eyes hurt? maybe I don't know I always cringe when they fall into the sink! ew so gross. and to think that I'm putting these into my eyes everyday! I forgot to bring my sucker thing home just incase my contacts got stuck in my eyes. But I guess it's okay because I hope guess think they won't get stuck. so I didn't really forget I just say I did. it's kind of like I'm like a pathological liar then? I don't know it's just easier to say things and not have to explain them because then people get bored and are like ""why are you telling me this"" so I just lie to make it easier. I wonder if that's bad? like I remember the time that my friend called me really late at night and wanted to talk for no apparent reason. now my time is up! ",n,n,y,y,n

2004\_272.txt,"Ok, it's labor day. What a great day. Good thing because I needed to do a lot of homework. Geez, calculus is so easy but they give us too much homework. That baja place really sucked. That's not Mexican food at all! It was way too expensive for the way it tasted. That dog commercial was funny! I have been eating too much Domino's Pizza lately. I'm going to lose all my muscle and just get fat if I keep it up. Halo was awesome last night. 3 Hours for one mission! That's crazy. But it was so much fun. That girl I met is so cool. She's different, and I like that. Hmm, if I try too hard she won't like that and she'll get scared off. If I don't try at all she'll think I don't like her. Girls are so freaking confusing. That chick had a guys name. Mr. Pennebaker is pretty cool and funny. I thought it was going to suck at first. Oh my god that psychology book is starting to get really hard to read. The next chapter talks about all the parts of the brain and I don't think my brain will be able to remember all that stuff. I wonder if that puppy turns girls off? Hmm oh well if they don't like it I don't care. I should get more water because its starting to run out. Is weed really that bad? Hmm, why do so many people do it? I don't know but I don't think it's that bad. Alcohol is probably worst and that's legal. My hand is starting to hurt and it's only been like 6 minutes. I miss my car. It was so freaking fast. Going 125 on the highway was freedom. Now I'm really stressed out and don't know how to relieve it. I want to play halo again. I'm going to try to call her again in like an hour. I hope she isn't too busy. Man I should just wait for her to call me, what if she starts hating me for trying too hard. I want to eat McDonalds later on. And some ice-cream. Damn, then I have to go run for an hour. Why am I starting to hate that. It used to be my favorite thing to do. Well probably because there are so many better things to do here. Church was ok. The singing and piano were freaking awesome! It was a little boring though. Mass in Spanish is better for me. I have to go look for one soon. That'll be better. If god doesn't exist that would suck. That means when we die we just die. We can't dream anymore, we can't think, or do anything. We just don't exist. I can't even imagine that. Because when I am sleeping I am still thinking. What would it feel like to no longer be in existence? Well you wouldn't really feel anything. I'm answering a lot of my own questions. Why does Pennebaker want us to do this. He has his professional degree. He must be pretty damn smart. Maybe he is studying us every time we go into his class. I miss my dog. I hope he is in doggy heaven now. I hate cats, why don't they like me. Hey it's Robert, I'm going to go answer the door. Ok lets turn on the TV. Only 8 minutes left. pp pp shee pp pp shee. He's busting a beat it sounds pretty good. I like coke better than Pepsi. How can anybody not like Adam sander. He is so funny and so is that guy on that god movie. what was it called. Hmm. Hmm. Oh yeah Bruce almighty. what was his name. Ace Ventura no that isn't it. Hmm. Oh Yeah JIM Carrey. he is funny too. Old but funny. Wow will smith looks good for him being so old and all. I want to keep looking that young when I get old. Music is awesome. I've learned so much about what I like since I've gotten here. I think I'm going to learn a lot about myself in this college. I'm glad I got accepted. Actually I like that I got that full scholarship. Man mad TV is funny. they are really good actors. I hope people don't think they are losers because it is really hard to keep a straight face and act so well. We are going to go eat again. Yummy! I hope it is like a burger place or something. Kinsolving food is pretty good. The people there are also really nice. That black guy is hilarious. He is really friendly too. I wonder when I have to take that test for the business school. I think I failed it the last time I took it. GOD she is so pretty. Both of them. Why are girls like that. Why do they lead you on. Even now she is leading me on. Is the new girl my girlfriend now? We do everything that couples do. we go out in public together and everyone has seen us. Does that make us an Item? Maybe. I'm not sure if I want a girlfriend here in college. But the companionship of a female is really good. Having a good girlfriend is hard to find. I hope that girl I met last week will be good friends with me. I can learn so much from her. But she is too attractive and it'll be really hard for me to just be friends with her. I've already kissed her. She let me, so what does that mean? Maybe just friends that think they are attractive. She probably did mean that she doesn't want a boyfriend. Well girls are so confusing. 20 minutes up, time to go eat. Later ",n,y,n,y,n

2004\_275.txt," This summer has been such a burden on me. I am dwelling in it and it is eating me up. I don't know why exactly we broke up I just know that it was completely out of place and unexpected. I find myself digging myself deeper and deeper into it and not really caring what it is doing to me. I just can't seem to let it go. It might be because we were together for so long and go so close. She was the best person God had ever put in my life. We seemed to click, it seemed so perfect, and she told me she felt the same. She told me a couple weeks before she left me that this being her longest relationship was starting to trigger her flight reflexes. She was scared. She told me I meant to much to her and that the relationship meant to me to her. She had just come to terms with the fact that she was in love with me. Something she hadn't let herself do with anyone else before me. It felt so right. I was at such a high, life was so good. I was happier than I had ever been. I became so dependant on her for happiness. I know that is something that was unhealthy, but she had gotten just as dependant on me. We had so many plans for the future. We planned out every step of the way. Factoring in everything including my going off to college and her finishing up her last year in high school. Everyone is telling me to move on, but she told me before she left that if anything ever happened between us, for me not to let her go. She wanted to get through this hell or high water. Nothing was going to tear us apart. During the summer we got closer than ever. We had many plans for the summer. We bought tickets to concerts. Then she went off to camp. She said nothing was going to happen at camp. Four days into it she calls me and tells me that she can no longer be with me. What the hell happened at camp. I go to Warped tour and she with someone else. All I can do is give her a hug and say ""Nice pick over 6 feet tall and blonde, just like I said. "" Seeing as I was joking around with her a few weeks before saying that she would leave me for someone of that exact same description. Later she calls me and tells me it wasn't what it looked like. I blew up on her. It was a normal reaction. Everything she said before camp got my hopes soaring, and then BANG, everything comes crashing down. Everyone tells me that she probably found someone up there. And I completely defended her. Cause I knew her better than anyone else, not only my thoughts but hers as well. She was just afraid of commitment because she had been hurt so much in the past. Every male figure in her past had let her down, and she couldn't comprehend someone loving her as much as I did. So because all the idiots in her past, I have to be let go because she can't handle commitment even after all the time we spent together. Why did she have to go, we were happy. I don't know what happened at camp. It was more than seven weeks ago that I talked to her. I called this week and left a message she didn't return. I called again today. She picked up we talked for 18 minutes and 36 seconds. She seems perfectly happy, just as free as a freaking butterfly, not caring at all, it seems, about what I am feeling. How is it that she can be so freaking happy being alone and I'm sitting hear eating myself up and being miserable. Is everything that has happened a game to her. I don't understand how I can move past this. I can't. I don't what to do. I gave her everything. And it feels impossible to get it back. I still love her more than I love anyone, including myself. All I can do is sit and write songs about it. ",y,y,n,n,y

2004\_278.txt," It is interesting to note that when I work on something in my head, I always forget what the details were unless I write it down. One thing I do remember though, are the feelings. I feel like what I had though was a great accomplishment that should have been written down to further my learning ability, particularly in math. With this I acn create a continuation, or a stream of consciousness type format within my math knowledge. This would help me learn a lot more on my own, rather than starting over as much as I do on particular problems. The only problem is I do not know how to keep a good organized notebook, rather I havjust not done it yet. I can keep things very well organized when I want t, but finding the motivation to do this , that is a hard thing to do. I wish I could find a way to ake a lot of things easier. Speaking of which, I always make things easier in math. I always say that I am so good at some things because I make those things much easier than most people make them. I do this because I am lazy. Simply put, I work on something to make it easier for me in the future. Ultimately I get easier work tat way, so I am a lazy, yet slightly thoughtful person. Thoughtful in the way of thinking, not as in the consideration of others. Well my roommate walked in the room, so my stream of consciousness is screwed. So hi!! Well, anyways what was I talking about?stuff. Ohhhh my laziness. That's a long subject. I am very lazy, but I really need to work on my laziness. I am trying to do this, my mental laziness is not very bad, but physically I don't do as much as I like. So, I guess signing up for intramural sports was a good thing. I am going to try flag football this semester. and I REALLY want to play ping-pong (a. k. A. table tennis, as I should probably start calling it). I was a little. Ok very. upset when I lost so many times the other day, I don't normally play as bad as I did that night. I just used a contraction, I was told not to use those in formal apers so I try not to ever use them in any type of written assignment, or even when talking o frieds, apparently I did not follow through with that a few moments ago. Well, other than that I am kind of at a loss on what to write. I am very hungry now, probably has something to do with the food I am smelling. I wishi could gain some weight. Which reminds me, I used to go around saying how much I wanted to be fat, but I quit saying that when some friends of mine told me how much that they did not like me saying that. My hands are getting tired and my mind is starting to sleep. My eyes are shutting too. Not good when I have 8 minutes and 16 seconds left. Oh well . I want to go eat now. I have a lot of homework tonight. I won't get to do anything fun, I won't ever get to do anything fun on the weekdays, I may have taken too many hours, but then again is college supposed to be asy???? No its not. ( I used that contraction again). . And I forgot the apostrophe, haha. Anyways college is supposed to be hard. So, I should probably enjoy working on homework 6 horus a day, catching up on the weekends while I do laundry, and then on the weekend nights I get time to play ping pong and be with other Dean's Scholars people and play intramural football with them. Speaking of which I played ultimate frisbee the other day. Err I mean yesterday. It was great, It was good to have some more physical activity in my life. I scare myself cause my abs. Well, where I should have abs at least. Still hurt from limbo three days ago. Also my legs hurt to. My roommate just said scrotum. I have no idea why. Scares me a little more . Just thought I would let you know that. He is nuts, I guess I should go back to what I was tlaking about earlier. Food. Haha, I wonder how many words I can type per minute, this would not be a good excercise to try out that theory though, cause if you take an averageit will be a lot lpwer cause I am getting very tired right now, that and I am not punctuating very well, and I am using contractions without the apostrophe's. My roommate just reminded me of George Carlin. Funny man!!! You should atch his stuff sometime, its hilarious. I am talking as if there is someone going to read this. Oh, only a minute and a half left. My eyes are starting to see some funky shiznit on this screen. Man, I am Hungry. !!!!! heh, I just looked at the time and it said 19 11, reminded me of 9:11, I see that all the time, or at least I used to on the alarm clock, or any clock for that matter, then I got hurt and it no longer showed up. ",n,n,y,n,n

2004\_279.txt," This is kind of new and interesting. I have never done my homework like this before. I accutally tried to get on the computer to do my prescreening, but the computer isn't loading the page so I thought I might atleast complete my writing assignment. Psychology is such an interesting field to study. It is my major in fact at this moment. I don't know if I will change though. The reason why I chose psychology as my major is because my family for a large part suffers from bipolar disorder. I was always told by my parents, since it is genetic, then one day I will have to face the fact that I will also be afflicted with this disorder. With my fate already laid out before me, I thought I might learn more about this disorder and how the brain works in general. I never liked the concept that my destiny is laid out before me. I mean, yes, genetics do play a certain role in who the person I am, but I don't think it determines everything. I guess this is only part of the whole nature-nurture arguement. This experiment reminds me of some sort of journal. I was thinking about starting a journal and writing down all the interesting experiences I go though in my college carrer. I am so lazy though, I know I will fail to write down something one day and one day will turn into two days and then I will probably forget to write in it all together. I know it would be beneficial, both psychologically and emotionally if I were to reflect on everyting, but it seems to me the time spent on writing down all my thoughts is more valuable to me than accually having a journal itself. A dark haired man just sat near me. He didn't sit at the computer directly near me. I wonder why that is? Does he think I smell? Does he think that I will become offened? Does he find me unapproachable? Or is he just scared of women? I never understood the concept really. People tend to perfer to sit with an empty seat between them unless assigned or told to sit next to one another. I do the same sometimes, but other times I sit next to the person anyway. For instance, I sat next the this guy who had a richy-rich hair cut in my psych. class. He wasn't very charming. That's okay because I wasn't interested in him in that context anyway. I tryed to make friendly conversation just for the sake of conversation. I hope he didn't think I was hitting on him because I wasn't. He really isn't my type. He is in the business school. Ehh. I mean nothing is wrong with that I guess, but people who are business majors should just wear a sign saying 'I want money'. Nothing is really wrong with that either because money is good to have, but to focus your life's carrer on that seems kind of mundane. I think money is important, but not as important as knowledge, wisdom, and happiness. I guess it is because I grew up having absolutely no money. People may say they have no money, but really I have no idea how I ate dinner. I was that poor. I think it is because of this, I tend to value education. I look for people who are cultured and knowledgable about soceity. That to me ",n,y,y,n,y

2004\_280.txt,"adrian is rather BORING to talk to. I called him first and he didn't even seem the least bit surprised or even thankful. nice. ""oh abby. you're so BEEEYOOOTIFUUUL and so PPEEEERRRRRFECT!!"" I bet he likes the attention he gets from imbuing someone adoration. maybe that's the exact reason why I'm attracted to him. I'm attracted to the fact that I'm attracted. isn't that completely vain?? and shallow too. I am ashamed. maybe I can't control it. it just doesn't happen everyday that someone at least pretends to like you for such exaggeratingly good qualities. I feel bored. I do not want to read 50 pages of some stuff I can't concentrate on while listening to the TV. even if its TV stuff that I don't want to hear. I'm listeninng to music. finger 11. not anymore. I miss caleb, jacob, pinky, ed, michelle, michael, mom, dad, janie, cesar, cynthia, everything is SO DIFFERENT from just only 5 years ago. we all used to be so close together. geographically and familiarly. I think this assignment is cool. all our writing assignments should be like this. the experiment I participated in last week was really boring. I thought it would involve something interesting like tasting some product or doing something physical like a handstand and see how gravity affects blowflow to certain body parts. THAT would be a cool experiment. it could help those poor astronauts and their whatever space effects. HUH!! they should be helping poor homeless people off the streets. its got to be somehting psychological about that because I mean. people could work if there's nothing physical impeding them. Hten it must be mental or emotional or ptsd. my cousin, michelle, said I almost gave her ptsd. post traumatic something disorder. I thought that was funny. I wish I had an awesome sense of humor to make people and myself laugh all the time. all I can do is act like my stupid self and that makes people laugh because I'm so naive or ignorant and oblivious to something. what kind of. ok. what REALLY FREAKIN bothers me about the Church's doctrine is the frenching thing. its been bothering me for a long time. probably longer than it should. man, not EVERYONE goes straight to copulation after they french. yeah, it may arouse the man. or woman, but not really. surely not. I don't see WHY we can't until we're married. its showing AFFECTION. gets to know the other a bit more I guess. I don't understand. no comprendo!!! I like my immortal by evanescence. evanescence is a COOL name. its a sad song though. I wish I could just not have ANY expectation about guys liking me so when one finally does, finally LOVES me, then I'll be surprised and it'll really reallly realllllly count. I get so Disatisfied. I want to go to rome, paris, england, switzerland, russia, romania, I want to speak all their languages!!!!! but look here. there's no FUNDING no TIME for learning all of them. I wish I could feel the ever ""playful Presence"" like in Dean Koontz's book ""One Door Away From Heaven. "" AWESOME BOOK. I've got to do chemistry and finish my calculus. CALCULUS IS FUUUUUUN!!!! the ta is cool but I DO NOT know what he tries to say when he teaches!!!!! he would've been a REALLLLLLY CUUUUUUUUTE guy if he wasn't gay. tooooo baaaad. I do not agree with homosexuality. takes away from the beauty, sanity, naturality, rightness, sanctity of humanity and the world. I ain't never lookin back, and that's a fact. I've got pride I'm taking it for a ride. I liketat song. I like tiers, I'd like a really tiny tier for a pet. that'd be soooooooo fun and not to mention cooooool. dr. moreau should have created mini-creatures for the future. my time is almost up. htis was a cool assignment. I had a cup of noodle soup. I'm really full. I feel like I don't have to eat for 3 days. maybe I should try that. see if I'm a SURVIVOR. I don't think I'd DIE from that 3 day fast. people stay around for longer without food. I wish they didn't have to. ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_283.txt," Damn if I didn't hit enter out of habit at fourteen minutes, submitted an incomplete, computers eat my soul, thinking though again on the great badmitten essay of 1999 in outdoor education, a gym coach that never read or listened to the students, known as fact, killed time by writing idiot descriptions of sporting history, history of badmitten, wrote mashed potatoes mashed potatoes mashed potatoes mashed potatoes filling my two pages, I got an A. I met my girlfriend in that class, thinking back to short, white hair and anonymous breasts, she was drunk on our first date, she'd been with many other partners, she smoked and was vulger and knew everything about kandinsky, I painted a portrait of her standing next to a giant anthropomorphic hot dog outside the kodak theater, the hot dog dabbed his own head with ketchup, like a chicken spokesman for a chicken store, a cow for cavender's, or a retarded inmate on death row for the republican party, moving on my dreams dr are a numb series of catastrophic violence, eating brains of my best friends and crying for the deaths of assholes, once fought jack nicholson in a sea of burning ember monkeys, died by the hand of an explosive ship painting, buried under the weight of fat men, my last trip to big bend found me at the base of a babble agave, watching silver linings to form concentric circles around the great javelina head, tusking my eyes out so we could share a nice moment alone at sea, crying in the arms of alien waifs, couldn't fall asleep til I beat tyson in my mind, I graduate in three months with classes outside my interests cause they told me I took too much too much so now you need to suck it up and finish with the freshmen who are there because they don't know where else to be well I know where I need to be and it's not around this keyboard spilling oil into the duck's mouth and making him chase it with a beer, my cat soon yi just came into the room, hopped into my lap staring at these words march across this screen down the page and out of my life. ",n,n,n,n,y

2004\_284.txt," I'm thinking about what I need to do before classes start again, but every time I get started, something interrupts me or I just don't feel like doing it. I'm sitting in my room in front of my awesome new computer listening to the 'Wicked"" soundtrack, it's amazing. my room smelled before, but I cleaned the kitchen so now it doesn't smell anymore. stacy just walked in my room and I yelled at her because I am not supposed to be disturbed during my writing assignments. I'm feeling kind of gross, actually. I feel gross because it's the end of the weekend and I was out partying the whole time. I hate when people are like, ""yeah I party"", but I seriously did the whole weekend. now I feel dirty and gross. I also ate like crap this whole weekend. ew. during the week I'm so healthy and so conscious of what I eat, and then the weekend comes and it's like I've never seen food before. what is that about? so now I feel gross because I feel like I ate the entire state of texas and I'm disgusting. I'll get over it. I kind of miss camp right now, even though I would never go back. I miss sam israel and hilly and weisberg. those three are like my favorite people in the world. this time seems to be going by so slowly. I feel like I've been writing forever and I haven't. weird. so back to camp. I miss it because I was so comfortable and so happy. here, I'm not used to everything yet. and I miss those three girls because I know that they will always be there and I've known them forever. I'm still getting to know people here, which is fun because I love to meet new people, but sometimes I long for that feeling of comfort and not having to impress or look good for anyone. you know what I mean? and I also miss adam. this is something I could talk about for a while but I don't really know if I want to. it's our 4 year anniversary in a couple of days but the card and present that I sent him won't get there on the 8th, I feel kind of bad about that. what can I do? it was so weird when ross called me the other night, what the f? I'm running out of things to talk about. I love traci, my suitemate. I knew her from camp and I'm really glad we decided to live together. despite what everyone said, I knew it would be a good decision. we've been getting along really well. I'm thinking about ""friends"" right now because it's my favorite show. I love it so much, and I'm so sad that it's over. but I'm excited to watch ""joey"" on Thursday. I'm definitely going to support him even if the show sucks, though I doubt it will. this is random but I'm going to run out of soap and shampoo soon, I'm going to have to go to eckerd's to buy more, and I need to return some books to the co-op outlet because there were some books that I didn't need. hopefully I'll get store credit, and then I can buy some stuff. that would be awesome! I need to return my chemistry and old psychology book. I found out that I was in the chemistry class for science majors, and let me tell you that I'm the furthest thing from a science major. I hate science. well I don't hate it but I definitely don't belong in that class. so I switched into chemistry in context which is for sure more my pace. and I actually swtiched into this class after classes had started and I found out that I bought the wrong book. I just figured something out about me. I hate bad spellers. so random, I know, but I see myself typing and every time I'm about to spell something wrong or I mistype, I get so angry. I don't know how people can just leave words mispelled. I hope nobody reads this because they'll think I'm such a weird kid. which I am, but not everyone needs to know that. my brother, danny, always tells me I'm a weird kid. he's so funny. and whenever I talk about him to other people, they always ask how old he is, and then they are surprised when I tell them that he's 16, because the way I talk about him, it sounds like he's older. danny always gives me orders and bosses me around, but in a funny way, not in a serious way. people always make fun of our family by calling us the ""brady bunch"" because no one ever seems to fight in my family. I don't know why, but we all just get along. my older sister is my best friend in the entire world. sure, we get annoyed with each other every once in a while, but she is absolutely the first person that I go to with a problem and she's the first person I tell things to. and danny is awesome. there's nothing not to like about him. he's so cute, nice, smart, funny, he's a great catch. some day, girls are going to fall all over him. they should. me and andi (my sister) always say that we would date danny if he wasn't our brother. he's such a cute kid. I'm kind of mad at him though because I haven't talked to him in a really long time and he said that he would call me and he didn't. I hate when people do that. I really don't know what else to talk about. I guess I can go through my high school friends and talk about them because then I'll have plenty to say. I hope that's still following the assignment. so I'll start with olivia geyelin. I don't even know why I'm writing about her because she sucks. I mean, I hate this girl. she might be the dumbest person I know, and she's always complaining and never knows what's going on. she gets mad at everyone for the dumbest reasons. ew. but I kind of feel bad for her because she's got the worst family life ever. ok I'm sick of olivia, now I'll talk about rikki spreckman. ok, I used to love rikki, she was so sweet and nice and always smiling. and then I realized how selfish and dumb she was. I hate sounding like a bitch but I' m starting with the people I like the least and working my way to the good ones. ok so rikki, sweet girl, adorable, but so dumb. and she's best friends with hillary, who I'll come back to later, but it annoys me because hillary's one of my best friends and I hate how much time they spend together. I'm not jealous, I just know that hillary could do so much better than rikki, but rikki seems to need hillary. and I feel bad for hill because a lot of people don't like rikki, and so they're always talking about her and then people assume that because hill is so close with her that she sucks too, which is so not true. but I've known rikki since junior high. ok now on to sarah salon. I used to hate sarah. she's a bitch. not kidding. and she's intimidating as hell, but only if you take her seriously. now I like her a lot more because I'm not scared of her and I don't take her shit. she has two older sisters who might be the meanest people ever, and she tries to act like them but she's so much better than them. sarah had a boyfriend for a really long time, and so her and I were always able to have really great conversations about boiyfriends and relationships. she's always so much fun to be around. I like her. but her and rikki had this whole feud going for a while and all she would do was talk about rikki and how much she hated her. I'm wondering if this timing thing is accurate because I really feel like I've been doing this forever and every time I'm typing, it seems like the seconds don't go by, but every time I pause, the seconds go by quickly. maybe it's in my head, I don't know. but it's weird. I'm going to start looking at another clock to see how much time has gone by. ok after sarah, I only have favorites left. everyone else left, I genuinely love, they're my best friends. I'll start with lizzie albert. Elizabeth Chandler Albert. I met lizzie freshman year and we were instantly best friends. I'm not kidding, I loved her so much and we could always talk about anything and laughed so much together it was ridiculous. and we were always on the same intellectual level because we were pretty much the same (but she was smarter). in our group of friends, we were the smartest. we were bff, I swear and then junior year, our friends kind of got in this fight and we didn't talk for a really long time. it really bothered me. I'm not joking. it killed me that she didn't want to talk to me and I didn't understand. it was so bad. we were never the same again. but at the end of senior year, we got close again, and now I think we're really close, like reverting back to three years ago. I miss her so much, she goes to wisconsin. she's probably having the best time. I can't wait to go visit her. she's so funny, I always have a great time whenever I'm with her. Love her. ok after lizzie comes simone. I met simone actually a long time ago. Maybe in 1997. she came to camp and we were good friends, we were in the same cabin. then she stopped going to camp and I didn't see her again until I was in high school. then we became best friends. I LOVE simone. she cracks me up and is so great. we finish each other's sentences, she reminds me of my mom so much, she's like another sister to me. we took this class together called 20th century history and literature, and it was the best class that I have ever taken. I'm so glad that we were able to be in that class together. I hate sounding cheesy but it's true. there's no one I'd rather be in 20th with than simone. simone's dad died the day before her 5th birthday, and so she lives with her mom. she has two sisters, so the four girls are pretty close. her mom works all the time so I feel like simone's ahead of all of us, she's already an adult. she does things by herself and is really mature. love her. she goes to bradley which is so good for her. I really hope she's happy. she rocks my world. after simone comes marisa. LOVE marisa. we always knew each other but weren't really friends until about sophomore year. then the end of junior year and all of senior year we were like inseperable. we were best friends. me, simone, lizzie and marisa were a foursome. she's so funny, so sweet, loooooves to talk. I love her family and going over to her house because I always have a good time when I'm there. marisa was the kid who was on the fast track, if you know what I mean. she had sex when she was 12 or 13, had a cell phone before everyone, never really had any rules. Which the exact opposite of me. but she's great and I love her. she has parties and her house is always the one we go back to after dances and stuff. marisa and I went to breakfast every Saturday morning of our senior year. that makes me so sad that I don't get to do that anymore. she goes to indiana, and she loves it. both her parents went there and loved it. her mom was president of aephi there, so she won't have any problems getting into the sorority. marisa goes with the flow, she's not uptight or anal about much. she's actually underrated anal but I won't tell anyone about that. love her. and last, I'll talk about Hillary. I love her. I've known her since the early days at camp marimeta. she was always the little girl that everybody loved. we didn't become friends until we were older and then became like best friends junior and senior year. she' so great. I honestly love her and miss her so much. she wanted to go here so badly and didn't get in. Ass holes. but I don't think she would have come here anyways. I can talk to hillary about everything. I love her. she goes to illinois. I can't wait to go visit her. she's so fun and we'll have the best time partying, but I also can't wait to just talk with her and lay on her bed. she's so funny and a great person to be with. we're very similar in a lot of ways and I just think that she's great. the first time I came to visit texas she came with me. and we were on poms together. She was even my big sister one year. I miss poms. and I miss hill, I need to call her actually because I miss her so much. she's so cute and so talented. she's the best dancer ever and she has a really great voice but she doesn't really sing anymore. sometimes I make her sing to me, but she doesn't sing for a lot of people. ok so now that I only have about a minute left I can talk about adam. adam jeffrey silver. I met the kid the first day of high school. I was like, damn he's hot. we were in like 3 classes together and our last names are close so we sat next to each other. we exchanged phone numbers, he asked me to homecoming and we dated ever since. he's my best friend in the entire world. he knows me better than even I know myself and more than my sister knows me. he's so special to me and I know that I'm in love with him and that I will always love him. I miss him so much. sometimes I don't' know what to do with myself because I miss him so much but I know it's the right thing to be with other people right now. how else are we supposed to know if we're really right for each other? this is the time to find out , you know? well, it's been great. see you later ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_286.txt,"At this very moment I feel anoyed and somewhat angry at what I see everyday. For example, there was a notice on my apartment door that I read after coming home from school. It stated that there was a homicide in the apartment complex. about 3 days ago there was another notice that warned about an armed robbery nearby. When I ride the Ut shuttle busses to school, I notice that now a days there is no sense of courtesy, nobody thanks the driver and students don't even bother to notice traffic when crossing streets. everyone is too caught up in their own little worlds to even show some form of humane decency. I don't know why I get angry when I think of this, maybe I pay too much attention to things I shouldn't. I have always disliked people but loved individuals, but what can be done to improve or avoid ignorence bbut to simply choose not to act irrational. enough of that. Now I am beggining to think of all the things I must do. I feel rather confused because I don't know if I should quite my job. It is not easy at all to be a full time student and work over 30 hours a week as a waiter at Antonios Tex Mex. On top of that, I just moved from apartment complexes, and I have not completely finished orginizing my stuff at my new apartment. There is an empty Burger King bag infront of me and I feel guilty. You see about 1 year and 5 months ago, I used to be very fit, I mean I had it all. I'm 6 ft. tall, and during that time, I weighed about 200 lbs but out of pure muscle, I was scorching hot. That is around the time I meat my girlfriend (I hope you don't think this is cheesy) and so we got together; about five months passed, and I just ballooned into 265 lbs. The reason I stated earlier that I felt guilty for eating the burger was because I am trying to get back in shape. And I also feel bad because I know that my partner worries about my health. But I do get satisfaction and happiness due to the choices I've made in my life, I chose to stay in school and never do drugs, also I have a person who has been with me in great times as well as tough times, and has had love for me in my horrible looking days as much as in my good looking days. ",y,n,n,y,y

2004\_290.txt," Okay I was asked to write about the way that I'm thinking this is an pretty easy assignment, but then comes what am I suppose to write about and is it really that easy to put thoughts to paper. I know one thing is I sure do really want to go back to houston where life was much easier and fun. Here people are to damn concieted and full of them selves, theis mainly means the females, maybe its cause I'm hispanic or something. Either way I never had diffulty meeting girls. Well its probably cause I miss my gurl my lil china back in h-town. Hmmmmmmmmmmm what else mann I'm bored and tired and I wonder why my led hurts. Its been doing that all week. I'm not as athletic as I use to be that makes me sound like an old person. But foreal though its so boring out here parties are bunk. Who the called me today have no idea who was that girl I wish I knew who she was thought she sounded reallly good though. Lets see what else is there to say I don't really feel like college has got hard yet but I feel it coming. I hope I'm ready when all the hard works hits me BAAaMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMmmm!!!!!!!!!!!! Just like that. I realize that I do think of gurls a lot that's crazy even right now I'm talking about gurls haaaa. Hmmmmm will I meet a girl out here who will at least be my friend. Maannn this stupid computer is slow and these dum pop ups keep coming up man I didn't realize that 20 min was this long man I forgot how to type fast so ill just use this as practice I guess. Soooooooo lets see Wow there sure is a lot of porn online stupid popups trying to distract me all the time just leave me alone like micheal jackson mann that guys weird I feel srry for those kids lol. no but really that's sick I'm on 12 min and 10 sec. hmm doesn't seem like I said a lot so man I really not liking austin if this continues I'm going back home. I don't kjnow though I got freedom here like I would have in houston there I got a person watching me which is goood but how willl I ever grow without learning on my own. I actually learned how to wash clothes out here that's a big accomplish ment seein that I never did that. Yep I can a lot if I put my mind to it those white kids won't know what hit them when I get all my grades up and start knowing more people imma take there gurls lol. Then every body willl be on my swangers foreal mann those cookies smell good but if I take my hands off the keyboard then ill stop typing and that's no good screw it let me get a cookie. Hmmmmmmmmm that's good lol. I feel like I'm chatting ca;use I just don't care about grammer. I need some music its so boring and what kind of crap do they jamm down hurrr its so weak and so is the dancing. yup good old h-town inned to go back and chill with my friends and especially Lindsey My Love man forreal though I miss her most of all its like when I say I miss houston I mean her cause she's the only thing worth going back for. maybe in the future if it was meant to be ill meet here again and well fall in love all over agian! I wish but she's beatiful she wouldn't be single and she's just perfect. I heart her. ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_292.txt," hello professor, I'm doing your little writing assignment even though I have no clue what to write so Ill do what you said to do and wirte about anything that comes to my head. today I have to do a lot of study work, not much else to do b. C I lifted weights and played bball yesterday for bout 6 hours and now I'm in the UT cycling team and its pretty damn cool. I should excel in this sport because I know how to push my body harder than anyone I know, no matter what the test I always push my body harder than everyone else. I want to be the best no matter what the sport or event. I should also be good at this because I love to ride my bike and to do it as a sport? wow lots of fun. music. hmmm I like it a lot, I have lots of it in fact I have about 15 GB of music on this computer which is about 5,000 songs so I have a wide variety of music and that's good to have, its also good to have know a lot of things which is exactly what I do, I know lots of stuff that nobody else would know. I am extremely good at jeopardy and I usually have as much money as the winner and the funny part about it is, they have had college and lots of schooling, most of the contestants were graduate students and I have just begun college. by the way my classes are in no way difficult, I hope your class doesn't get hard because I have a a lot of calculus which isn't hard, just very time consuming. what to write, haha now that I ask an opportunity has presented itself, a girl that I know just said hi, got me some of that last weekend, I've known her all my life and she looks pretty good too, she goes to tarleton(redneck city) but its ok, its still good. I have a way with people, if I can talk to them for about 10 minutes I can get them to really like me and if I want to I can make them do almost anything(no alchohol has to be used). you can ask my best bud who goes to school here, he knows that I have a way with people and I do that's what's so cool about this. I have a great life ahead of me and I want to live it to the fullest and no matter what I say on here I can't stop typing so I will continue and the music is great by the way damn I've got to go home this weekend, everyone misses me too much although I don't miss any of them except this girl that I went out with for bout 2 years, lots of fun there, I love her yes I do and she loves me but since I left we broke up and now she's trapped with a druggie b. C if she dumps him he will either kill himself or me so she's very scared but I don't care, it will all work itself out in time I just hope it won't take forever. my calculus teacher is skin a real social reject, he has no body mass, he is skinnier than a toothpick and his clothes almost fall off of him its funny to look at that finish button is looking really good right now, as in extremley good, I wish I could click it right now but I can't b. C my 20 isn't finished yet so I will continue in my efforts to type and type continuously like you wanted, geez 20 minutes is a long time to just type and have nobody type back to you although I have writted letters that have taken me 3 hours to write and consisted of about 10 pages of paper, but I don't care, I don't care about much anyways, just my grades got to keep them up, I care about my family my future and the girl back home, I care about my frineds, I care about my physical health and looks that's why I love to be in shape but other than that, I don't care about much of anything, there is no reason to care and by the way I SUPPORT BUSH he is a good man and if the media didn't give him such a hard rap about things people would like him a lot more the only reason many people don't is because of the media, I even ask them why they don't like him and all they can say is just because, I reeally wisht tthat they would take the time to research things and see who the btter candidate for the president is which is obviously BUSH!!! anyways I don't really liek the music that is playing right now its not really that cool and has no good beat at all, music is a beautiful artform wchich I believe is the best ever but who cares? nobody. I am out to change the world and I will you will see --Mad Hatter--out ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_294.txt,"I believe in the future of agriculture, with a faith born not of words, but of deeds. Better days through better ways. That's all of the Creed to the FFA I can rememeber, although I had to recite it for many times. I feel somewhat out of place in my apartment with 4 other room mates because I pay the least rent but I have the most disposable income. I'm not sure if I spell a lot of words incorrectly because I'm dyslexic. I will say that by typing, my spelling improves. My hand writing is horrible. I can bearly read the things I write. I've worked out deals with most all of my teachers in the past about letting me take assignments home and write them. Man, this room is hot. I just turned on the fan but it's still way too hot. I want to take guitar and speed reading classes. Those are two areas of my life in which I think I drastically need improvement. Although, none of which are pertinent to my life right now. I supose the speed reading class might be. I'm so far behind in my readings for all my classes, I don't want to start. Twenty minutes is a long time to write about nothing. I wonder how many books have started, or been intirely written with not forthought what so ever going into the plot. I had a dream I thought should be a book the other night, but I can't remember it. My memmory has been getting worse daily. Not just because of the alcohol consumption. I think I'm acutally drinking less now than I did in high school. I'm feeling an excess load of self inflicted stress lately, and I think it should get a little worse in the next coulpe days and then a lot better. My girl friend of over a year and a half and I broke up a couple weeks ago, but continued to date. The part that bothers me is that I don't have the same free time as she does, so all my free time still goes to her, but she's dating other people. I told her today that I wanted to sever ties for 3 weeks and see how that goes. She's totally against it, and if I were her, I would be too. She still has the comanionship of her 1st and longest boyfriend, and can date other people on the side. One of which is the same age as my 23 year old brother who is a huge reason we broke up in the first place. I feel this pain inside me I've never felt before when I hear her talking about going places with him. But like my roommate says, there's nothing like a good jam secion. He's talking about music, but I want to jam with some other girls. Get my mind off of her. I know that the migranes and headaches are from her, and that she really is being selfish most of the time, and she's not really my ""type,"" if there is a type for anyone. But I find myself unable to stop thinking about her. I met another girl the other day who has more incommon with me than anyone I've ever met. She's beautiful and got into UT. That means brains and beauty. She's just coming off of a break up from her long time boyfriend through high school as well. My main hesitation about persuing her is that I don't want either of us to mentaly, or physically, get involved just because we think we need someone at the moment. Besides, I think she's too active for me. she's the social director of her sorority. Another thing that's been stressing me out is the fact that my cholesterol is 253, and my LDL (the bad kind) is 183, higher than most people's total. The doctor told me I needed to get on medication as sooon as possible and gave me sample packages that should last me atleast a month to be sure I had time to get my perscription filled. My first thought was to get a second opinion about the medication, but I feel confident that any doctor would tell me the same thing. I would tell someone the same thing and I don't have a degree. But I can't convince my self to take it. No studies have been done to document the sideeffects of the medication on someone as young as my self. When I asked the Doctor about them, she said that I should just take half the recomended dosage and I should be okay. I decided against the medication and I've drastically changed my eating habbits, althought I didn't think they were that bad to begin with. I've never been out of shape persay, but I can tell my body's getting back into shape. I used to be very fit, but after quitting high school sports my junior year, I began to slack off. And I found the girl that I just recently broke up with, so doing workout stuff didn't compare to her. I think I'm going to start running soon. I'm lifing now more then I get my cardio up, and while it's helping my muscles get back to looking right, I don't think it's giving me the help that I need. We, the people in my apartment, have decided, because of me, to each by their own groceries. I was tired of paying for all the stuff they eat when I wouldn't have any of it. I was buying all my stuff extra anyway, and they still wanted me to pay 25 bucks a aweek for ""community food"" looks like my time is up. Adios ",n,n,n,y,y

2004\_295.txt," Usually when you know that you have to do something, you usually think about that something, you usually think about that something and wonder, ""How am I going to do it? Where do I start? Where do I finish? How do I know that I am doing it right?"" This is my situation exactly with this writing assignment. Its the middle of the week and the weekend is almost here. I can't wait till Saturday because I will attend the first UT football game this season, which I might add, will be my first time to attend one. The weeks go by so slow in the fall semester compared to when I was up here for summer school. Its a real drag. I'm always so tired I hate it. Labor day is this weekend, really looking forward to the four day weekend and getting some time to rest. Maybe I'll go visit Brett (an El Paso friend) at the hidious A & M, College Station, the drive is a drag though. The road trip that me and Lianne went on last weekend to go visit up there was sort of fun, but people down there are really rude and it just bugs the hell out of me. All they're concerned about is putting UT down or ""TU"" as they call us since we're not ""THE"" University of Texas but ""A"" Texas University! Isn't it stupid. Still admit I'm upset about them breaking the horns of my longhorn emblem on my car. Its sad how immaturity can get the best of people. They do have a lot of school spirit. Makes me wish that I was into that stuff. Who knows, maybe when all the football games start. I want to see how crazy us Longhorns really get. I can't wait till softball games start, I want to see all their home games to see what it takes to be on the team!! Hopefully next year, after a lot of hard work and practice to get back into it, I will be ready to try out. I'm really discouraged about trying out this year, I know I'm not ready. My family's encouragement helps but I don't want to make a fool out of myself. I can just imagine being out on the field suited out in a UT uniform. How amazing. That is my goal!! If I can be one of the best players in my city, why wouldn't I have a shot on the team. I just think that I lack a lot of skill to be playing at the university level. It may be outstanding for high school, but college ball is a totally different game. I love being away from home to go to school, there is so much more freedom. Don't have to be home at a certain time, don't have to check in. I love it. There are a lot more responsibilities though, but I'm picking up on the time management. The Incubus concert is coming up and I'm (since yesterday) going. I've only heard a few songs by them so I can't say that I'm an ""all out"" fan of theirs. But hey I'm open to the experience, it's going to be my first real concert. I should really save my money, but hey, why not just do it. Its worth the experience. ",n,y,y,y,n

2004\_298.txt,"So. I am overwhelmed. I wouldn't say that I'm completely overwhelmed and feel like crying, but I feel a little stressed out. I am not used to all this studying and it's proving to be a little harder than I thought. So much reading. It seems like it will never end. I feel like I will never be caught up. I have to read so many pages for all of my classes except math. I was worried about math but so far, it's my easiest class. Well, I guess it's good that it's not hard too. My classes aren't really difficult but there is just so much reading. I'm scared about the first test that I will take. I'm afraid that I'm going to make a really bad grade and maybe even fail it. I would be devestated. So, I'm trying to study a lot. It feels like I am studying a lot but I guess I won't know if it's all sufficient until that first test. Man, this is going pretty slow. It's only been three and a half minutes. Only 17 more to go. Well, this is the easiest writings that I've had to do so far. Just write exactly what is going through my head. Can't be that hard. Me and my roommate had our first disagreement last night. I promised her that I wouldn't smoke a cigarette at this party and then she caught me taking a drag. I felt really bad about lying to her. Yeah, I was drunk but it was still wrong. So, this morning I told her that I was really sorry and blah blah blah. She said that it was cool and everything but I don't want it to change our friendship. I still want her to be able to trust me. I know that it's just a stupid little fight but it really scares me that she might never trust me like she used to. I guess that it will all work out for the best. I love Austin so much. It's an awesome place to be. There are so many good places to eat and shop and just look at. My home town only has about 1000 people in it. So Austin is a good change for me. But I do miss my parents and my bed and my shower. Man, these beds in Jester suck. I wake up and I'm sore. So, I hurt my ankle pretty bad about a week ago. We're suing the 7-11 that I tripped at because they handled the situation really badly and treated me very rudly. My roommate, Dana, was awesome throughout it all. I really couldn't have done it without her. I'm glad that we don't hate eachother. But I hope that I get some money from the 7-11. It would be nice to be able to pay for an apartment next year with out having to get my parents to pay for it. They have 3 kids in college at the same time so it's going to be a tough year for them, financially. Dana treats guys really weird. I would say, wrong, but it's just different than I treat guys. She's so wishy washy and is like cheating on all of her boyfriends. It kind of bothers me but if that's the way she is, I can't try and change her or preach to her about how I think she should be acting. Man, if my other papers were this easy to write, I would have so much more time on my hands. I'm only taking 12 hours, so I feel like a slacker. The thing is that if I were taking any more, I think I might cry a lot more. When will the reading ever end?!?!?! Only 8 more minutes to go. Wow, this is easy. Our dorm room used to be freezing cold but I taped some paper over the vent which made it a lot better. It's pretty ghetto looking, but it works. I haven't been able to exercise for a long time. I have to wait until my ankle is better. I can't even wear tennis shoes yet! Man, I feel so lazy and fat when I don't work out. Exercising makes me feel good! Damn that 7-11! And I bought a Texercise pass too! I'm losing some money there. I have handicap parking but it runs out on Wednesday. It's been really handy! Bont, that's a word that my ex-boyfriend made up when he was in 7th grade. I've tought it to a lot of people here and everybody loves to say it. It makes me so happy when I hear my new UT friends say it because it reminds me of the good things about home. And it reminds me of Matt too. So, I love to hear a good ole' bont every once in a while. The girls next door are really loud sometimes and I don't think that they like me. They've been really bitchy so far and that bums me out because I like to get along with everybody. There is this guy a few doors down from me and he's really cool. We like the same music and movies and all that good stuff. He's kind of crazy though. But I like crazy sometimes. Aren't we all a little crazy? But he's not that attractive, he's kind of a big guy. But, I've seen pictures of him when he was in high school and he was really cute. It bothers me that this bothers me. I'm not the type of person who judges others, especially by the way they look. It's not even like I'm judging him. I just think that we get along really well but I would probably never date him and it bothers me to think that I'm that vain. But I'm really just rambling and none of this makes sense very much. I know how I'm feeling, but when I try to write it, it doesn't come out right. Oh well. At least I know what I feel. Or at least, I think I know. ",y,y,y,y,y

2004\_299.txt," I hate walking all over the place at this school. My calves are going to double in size and they already don't fit into boots When I jumped horses I had to buy custom made boots so that my calves could fit into them. My mom has big calves too. Maybe it runs in the family. I don't really now anything else about calves. Weird thing to talk about probably, but mine really hurt right now beacuse of all the walking. It seems like everyplace I have to go is all the way across c ampus. Oh well. walking will probably be good for me. Maybe with all the walking I could loose some weight and make my ex-boyfriend wish that he didn't break up with me. Maybe I'll dye my hair red too. He'd like that. Ha Ha Ha. I think my hair would look good red. I think I should dye it but I hear a lot of people say don't do it. I think I should. Sonce I'm so pale I would like to have some depth. I feel like my blonde hair washes me out. I feel like I'm Hemmingway. Short choppy sentences merely stating what's going on around him. His short choppy sentences had deep meaning though. I wonder if my sentences have any deep meaning. Probably not since I have been talking about calves and hair. So it goes. I think about a lot of things. Sometimes I think so much that I can't fall asleep at night. When that happens I spray some stuff that smell like lavender on my pillows and fall right asleep. Lavender smells so good. I also like that color. It might be my favorite. I don't know because I like really deep eggplant. Yeah. Eggplant it pretty, not a very good looking vegetalbe however. Good color bad vegetable. They don't taste very good either. I don't like many vegetables. I like good that makes you fat. It just tastes better. My mom always yells at me when I eat fatting food. Sometimes when I just eat I get look. I miss my mom. I miss my car. I wish I could go get in my car and blare the stereo and smoke. That would be great. It really gets all the stress out. I love doing that. I miss my car. I also miss my cats, my friends, my ex. When I see happy couples I want to throw rocks at them. I don't but it frustrates me when I see how happy I used to be with another person, but in someone else. Then I start to think of him and I get sad. Oh good this is almost over this was harder than I thought. Trying to type really slows down your thinking. But perhaps I am just a slow typer. I probably should have learned how to properly type when I was a kid. I just didn't think it was important then. They should have a service like maids who come to your house and type stuff for you. Another thing I wish I would have done is learn to play an instrament. There is something so refined about a woman who can play an instrament. There is also something very attractive about a guy who can play something, guitar, piano and whatnot. Very cool. Maybe beacuse they seem more sensative. That is very important. Oh good 30 seconds Yeah!! I have so much more to do tonight. ",y,n,y,n,y

2004\_303.txt," I went to church tonight. It makes me feel very calm and relaxed. It puts the world into such a different perspective. Everything seems so simple. It makes me want to be a much better person. The television is on. I think it's on MTV. I'm not watching it though. That's annoying song on that commercial. I don't want to go back to school on Tuesday. I have a lot of work to do including reading for this class. I can't wait till Friday. I get to go home, and my boyfriend is coming in town. I hate commercials. I don't like eating college food. I really miss not having to worry about going out and getting something to eat. My roommate went home for the weekend. It's weird being here alone. I have been going to sleep late this weekend. I turned off the TV. I went to the football game last night. It was fun. There was a lot of drunk people there though who snuck in alcohol. It makes me almost think that they should just sell beer at the games so people wouldn't sneak it in. It's very quiet. I want to join clubs here. I really want to volunteer at like a pregnancy help center. I want to make a difference that way. I'm really hungry so I am eating burnt popcorn. I will prob. make some more after I finish this. I don't know what the point of this is. I think it's a cool assignment, but I wonder what it is going to show about the way I think. I want my boyfriend to call. I miss him a lot. I saw my friends today. I bought sandals with a little brasilian flag on them. They are really cute. My boyfriend is from Brasil. It just occurred to me that I'm not sure if you spell that county with a s or a z. I'm a horrible speller. The tower was so pretty last night. I think it is my favorite part of campus. I look at it everyday, and it reminds me that anything can be accomplished if you put your mind to it. I love it. I like how you can see the capitol building too at the same spot by the tower. They're just really cool. I think I hear one of my suite mates. She went to visit her boyfriend in San Marcus. I wish my boyfriend was closer. It's hard having him so far away. I know everything will work out though because I love him so very much. Wow. I can't wait till Friday. It was really cool visiting him in Michigan. My dad's birthday is coming up on the 26th. That is also Luis and I's 5 month anniversary. Wow. that's a long time. I want to marry him. That may sound weird. too soon or whatever. But it's true. I never thought I would find someone so amazing. He told me that he wants to marry me someday. I wish that I could fastfoward college sometimes so we could be together again. I went to this meeting on studying abroad on Friday. It was pretty boring. It was interesting how many countries you can go to. I want to do that one day. That would be fun to experience another culture. I mean I've been to Europe before but only for a couple of weeks. Not long enough to learn about it in-depth. I have noticed how dead it is on campus on the weekends. It's kind of sad. Especially this weekend. I'm surprised how many people left. I love the picture of my baby next to my printer. He's so adorable. He makes me feel so special. I'm thirsty. Why isn't my boyfriend calling me? I love the sound of his voice. I forgot that I wanted to call my mom today. I wanted to tell her about the game and find out about Bridgette. I hope she is alright. The priest at church prayed for the people in Florida. I'm happy that Carmen goes to church now. My friend once told me that she didn't believe in God. I hope she does now. I almost started crying in church because I was so happy. I like when my boyfriend goes to church with me. He's such a better person now that he's going out with me. It's amazing how much he's changed. He stopped drinking. Not that he won't have a sip every once in a while, but before he would drink every weekend. He wouldn't get drunk but still he would drink a lot. I want to talk to my friend ben. He's at LSU. Wow. 20 minutes is a long time. I can't believe I'm still writing. It's getting pretty boring. I don't know what else to think about. I miss my nephews they are so cute. I don't see how anyone could ever have an abortion. That's so incredibly sad. I hope I can help put an end to abortions one day. It makes me sick just thinking about it. I really don't like analynn. Goodness she is very mean and fat. I'm glad that I never have to see her. ",n,n,y,y,n

2004\_308.txt,"I need to get out more. I work all the time and go to school, and leaves so little time forme. Both of my parents a sick and living at home was kind of already planed. It makes you a stronger person to get stuck doing the stuff I do, but I wonder what it would be like to be normal. What it would be like to be selfish or not even selfish,but to not have so many people relie on me. I want to meet boys and just hang out, but I'm so shy. I think I look ok, but is ok enough? I'm 22 years old and one guy has approched me with saying something to make me mad. A lot of my frinds insted of being happy for me are so negative. We are no dating, I've never been on a date, so should be single for ever. I miss steven, but should I he's been sent overseas probably to fight. I only knew him for a few days and then he got his orders to leave. He gave me his phone number, but I can't call him. ",n,n,y,y,y

2004\_309.txt," Well, this is interesting. Let's see. right now, I feel like I'm not even doing homework, really. Sarika, Mary and Natasha are quizzing each other on medical terminology, which seems so much more. studious than what I'm doing. But I don't mind. Let's see. my hands have been smelling kind of funny. Like rust, almost. But I haven't touched anything rusty. Except, I did clean the shower today, and maybe the combination of ammonia and old residue causes such a smell, even when you're using gloves. Other than that, I don't really smell anything. God, my stomach is rumbling like crazy now. I really want to eat. I'm so mad at myself, if I had just gone to that Freshman Business meeting, I would be eating free pizza now. But no, I have to be a ""conformist"" and go when all my other friends are going. Now I have to pay for my food. And even now, I'll probably end up waiting until the other three girls in the room are done studying. Why am I such a follower? I hope I gain some leadership qualities through my college experience. I wonder why the microfridge makes that noise, that constant hum. Did you know, something's wrong with the microfridge in my room. We had it set at level 5, and we open the door, and find that our water bottles have ice in them rather than water, and there are pearly crystals in our milk. Man, that was weird. I lowered the temperature a little, hopefully that helps. The strange thing is, our suitemates had their microfridge set at a little past level 5, and their food is fine. Aren't all the microfridges supposed to be the same? Fridge discrimination. Anyway. what else is there to say? My eyes feel sleepy. Not in the heavy sense though, where you feel as though you couldn't keep your lids up if your life depended on it. No, not that kind of sleepy. It's the kind where your eyes slightly burn when you close them, and you have mild sinus symptoms. Or perhaps this feeling is due more to an oncoming sinus attack rather than my sleepiness. Either way, I should be sleepy, I did a lot of work today. I'm so proud of my productivity today. After calculus, I went straight to the library, printed out my UBC application, then went straight to one of the desks and did my Psychology homework. That's right, two and a half hours of reading and taking notes. I even drew a rudimentary picture of a neuron. Whoa. Sometimes I think I work too hard. I mean, did I really have to write down all the processes of the neurons? Ultimately, I probably won't need half the stuff I've taken note of. Luckily, I actually kind of enjoy psychology, so I don't mind taking the notes. Man, I need to spit out this gum. It's like I'm chewing rubber or something. And my jaw hurts from all the exercise it's gotten. I think I've had this gum in my mouth for about two hours, if not more. Man, I have to laugh at the way these girls are studying. They're thinking of ways to remember all the terminology. Here's the funniest one: ""penia"" means abnormal reduction. So, what does my gutter-mind think of? Hahaha. I can't help it, I'm still immature. Hopefully my professors don't get wind of it. But you must admit, that's a good way to remember ""penia"", isn't it? I'm not even in medical terminology, and I will always remember that term. Oh God, my eyes are starting to feel a little heavy now, in addition to the burning. Why do I get so tired here? True, I can probably sleep at any time, but I've noticed my desire to get to my bed as increased dramatically ever since I started school at UT. Maybe it's the so-called stress we just discussed in class today. I was feeling pretty fit last week, maybe now I will get sick during Labor Day weekend. Let's see. six more minutes. Sorry, but I am counting down. Who knew twenty minutes was so interminably long? I like using big words, it makes me feel so intelligent. I know that's immature to think, but I really am just a child inside, filled with all the normal childish feelings of wonder and happiness and petty jealousy. Yes, petty jealousy. Like my jealousy toward all the pretty girls on campus, many of whom are my friends, which makes me feel all the worse, because aren't you supposed to not have bad feelings about your friends? But I suppose that wouldn't be human. But guilt is a totally human feeling as well, so I will continue feeling that. Sometimes I wish I was my puppy, Ginger, with my biggest worry being that I'll see my own reflection on a window. Did you know that dogs sleep about 18 hours every day? I would kill for such a luxury. Even when I'm retired, I doubt I'll receive such a luxury. I can feel the keys of the laptop getting warm. Or perhaps they were already warm. who knows. I definitely don't. Sorry, but seeing as how I only have about two minutes left, what will follow will probably be nonsensical gibberish that I'm typing for the sole purpose of taking up time. I need to go to sleep. But no, it's only six in the evening. Six! It's like time moves at a slow-warped speed here. Isn't it supposed to be bedtime? I want to sleep. I want to sleep. I want to sleep. and dream. I wish I could remember my dreams better, or that someone could analyze my dreams. Or maybe I don't want that. Who knows what would turn up. ",y,n,y,y,n

2004\_311.txt,"Good Morning. Eventhough it's 12:30pm that is still morning in college hours. They say you need a minimum of 8hours at my age, but I feel ten is a little more at par. I'm trying to wake up so the music of the late Elliott Smith, a quiet honest indie-rock musician but my roommates won't turn down the overwhleming bass of whatever it is they're listening to. It's kind of frusterating but after it's all dried up, I don't think I could have got better roommates. I love sitting at my laptop when I wake up like this with the curtains open letting the austin sun flood in like a warm bath. Our apartment is a hellhole after weekends of careless partying. It's absurd really. So monday night I found out from some of my friends in College Station that my girlfriend, or x-girlfriend, has already been cheating on me there. Damn Aggies. can't live with them, can't kill them. It's a cruel world. But I'll be better off without her I think. I talk to my brother about the experience, the unforgettable feeling of a broken heart. Where everythought of the person, especially with someone else, makes you want to vomit. But you still want to kiss them, even though they just kissed you with a boot to the face. But I suppose it's like Morgan Freeman says in the movie Seven, ""love costs, it takes effort. "" That's true. Back to my brother, he has been through this experience more times than anyone person deserves. He told me the trick is to realize that you are better off, in most cases. For instance Alyssa, my x, was beautiful no doubt. God she was gorgeous, which always made me wonder what she saw in a low-down dead-beat like your author. But she has no conscious knowledge of art. Ignorance isn't the problem, she just doesn't care about things beyond looks, impression and money. And well obviously she doesn't know what ""love"" really is. But then again maybe I don't either. But I know I loved her, I believed her lies. I bought the false love she was selling for cheap. I still love her I suppose, I can't deny it. But she loved herself, before she loved me. And now I have to do the same. I have to be strong and let time heal all. Another thing my brother said was how she didn't have that one thing. Like I was talking about her lack of care for art, and the beautiful small idiosyncracies of life. She had beauty, she had the ability to kill me with her eyes and her smile, but she lacked that one thing. And I quote Ben Harper, ""So many people to love in my life, why do I worry about one?"" I know there are better people out there so. And I have to be the nicest cheated on boyfriend ever. I honestly felt bad after I chewed her out and she was crying. Try and figure that one out. I suppose I'm just the nice guy that they say finishes last. But I don't believe that saying. Nice guys don't finish last, they just get shit on until they get the best in the end. I believe that if you hold out, if you stand true to yourself while still remain vulnerable to the love others have to offer, you will find them. I'm glad I don't have class today, makes it much easier to relax, despite the fact how much I enjoy college compared to high school. High school, what a joke. You are not pushed, you are not inspired. In high school, you are simply encouraged to be another sheep in the herd. To conform and be normal. I always saw high school as a factory for the confused and dilusionary youth of our country. But then again I am just one person. So I try to go out there, find small things to make me happy, if only temporarily to just get by. I guess that's my motive for life, for living happily and in peace. I try to never get out a high horse of beliefs or opinions. I think sometimes it's good to be apathetic and passive, and other times it is not. For instance, your friend wants to smoke a cigarette in your car. Just relax and roll down the windows and cruise. But if your friend refuses to vote when he is done with that cigarette, that is unacceptable. It's sad when people don't care important issues. I guess I just think too many people care too much about insignifigant issues, when the yard needs to be mowed or who won american idol, and too little about the major issues, war, politics, etc. I think life is a crazy thing. A conitinuous expanse of consciousness and action. I think that maybe one day, I'll have all the answer, and then I will die. Maybe one day I will find a love that is true. Maybe. Maybe I think too much. ",n,n,n,n,y

2004\_312.txt," I am sitting in my room. There is tile being laid in the bathroom next to me. The sound of musics floats in from the next room. Paint smells intoxicate me. I feel slightly light headed as I have for the past several days in my apartment. The sound of the modem next to the computer begins to hum as if it is heating up. My mama walks in the room and looks annoyed as the desk she trying to put together is not working according to her plan. I wonder whey she looks so upset about it. The air conditioner begins to run. I have a book for my government class lying open on the floor. Who would have known that there would be that much reading for one class. I cannot tell if I want to finish reading it or try and take notes from class for it to make sense. The phone rings next to me. I don't pick it up because I am worried I have waited too long to finish this assignment and I won't get full credit. I fell asleep reading earlier this afternoon and just woke up. Funny how the time just slips away like that. You are payiong attention to everything around you one minute and the next it is gone. You wake up and can't remember when you fell asleep the time before right now. My nose starts to itch which is funny,because it isn't even dusty in my apartment right now. The green wall of my bedroom is making the setting sunlight a strange color on my feet. They look a weird yellow color as if they are becoming infected with something. It makes my sheets look pretty though. The mixture of green, yellow, and purple reminds me of a rainbow. Everything is starting to fade. My mind and eyes start to slow down. Everyone around me is moving too fast for my taste. I want it to slow down. Everything should be slower these days. I like it when it is lazy like on Sundays. I watch TV until I feel like eating something. I can smell my mama start to cook dinner. She always makes such good food for me. I smell cheese melting on something. I think it might be broccoli. But you can't smell brocolli. I keep spelling that differently. I wonder how it is supposed to be spelled. How funny. Things like that when they happen. LIke when you can't remember how to spell and or something easy like that. I realized I haven't typed for the whole 20 minutes right now, but I have to have it in by five. I think I will try to do it again in a minute. I hope this isn't too bad. ",y,n,y,y,n

2004\_314.txt," I guess I will talk about the guy I was dating before I came here, since I just got off the phone with him before I got on the computer to complete this assignment. After dating him for two months I realized relationships differ greatly from person to person. There are no straight rules to follow. Everyone makes up there own rules when they date someone by what is right for them. At first I was so confused by this guy because he did not call me on a regular bases or he didn't schedule dates like other guys did. After just talking to him now has made me realized he didn't do this to be a jerk but it is who he is, because he only called me when he had something to say to me. Right now he is dating another girl but he doesn't call her and she doesn't call him. I think that is weird. I guess I will have to learn that relationships will give me experience to meet all sorts of people and how to deal with them. I still talk to this guy everyday and we are friends but I am getting to know him better than when we dated because now we are forced to rely solely on talking and no physical contact. I had lunch with this guy earlier who trying to make the long distace relationship thing work. I was thinking I could never do that. I think it would be hard to trust someone that much or not have physical contact. Because I believe that seeing someone and spending time with them is a big part of a relationship, so that is why the guy and I are not together. I thinkI'm still new to the dating thing because I don't understand it. I try not to play games, but sometimes its hard not to if the other person is. I have mostly dated older people. My first real boyfriend was seven years older than I. That relationship was not a good idea he was at a different point in his life than I was. His majurity level was that of an eighteen year old boy, that was why it lasted as long as it did. I think sometimes people stick together because they fear that there won't be somebody else in the future to fill that person's spot. After breaking up with him I felt I needed a boyfriend and I even felt a little lonely. Now I am fine and mostly dated for fun I guess you could say but my parents thought it was stupid. I gained a lot of experience this summer and have learned what characteristics of others I find attractive or of high standing and what I don't want my future husband to have one day. Not to say I am definitly marrying someone but I hope I will find that right someone. For right now though I am going to stick to being a loner because being so close to someone can be distracting and my purpose here is to stay focused on school becuase before I ever get married I want to have finished school for my own personal goal. You can't always rely on others in life so if I get a good education I can get a good job to support myself. This has made me realize that when you do something do it for yourself and not for anyone else and don't stop what you are doing just for someone else. Because that someone else might not always be there. This has led me to conclude that you shouldn't care what others think because if it makes you happy than go for it as long as it doesn't harm anyone else. I hope I fulfilled the assignment by writing aobut what I was thinking about. I feel confused by relationships and I guess I should be and I am assuming that everyone else is confused by them as well. I just hope everything will work in the long run and so I'll try not to worry about because I used to worry about things to much that I would stress my self out. ",y,y,y,y,n

2004\_315.txt,"It seems like everyone has gone home for Labor Day weekend. Lunch was really uncrowded but the food was good. We had grilled chicken and mashed potatoes. I really don't normally like mashed potatoes but I always just get them anyway. A couple people started playing Coldplay on the piano which was obviously in the wrong key. Procrastination is the worst thing to do when writing a paper for a class. The more you think about it, the more unflowing the paper will be. This dorm room must have thin walls because we can hear everyone thing that is said around us. At night, we can hear all the people coming and going through the main entrance. They tend to yell and be extremely loud. Our room is due to be cleaned tomorrow. It would have been done today, but all of the workers for the dorm have the day off. There are so many more months before the semester is over! I'm sure it will go quickly though. Twenty minutes seems like a long time right now. I still have to go to Wal-Mart today because we're completely out of snacks in the room. I'm also out of pepsi which is a must for me. Our cafeteria only serves tea, water, coffee, and punch. I've been watching way too much of ""The Real World"" in the past two days. They've been playing reruns nonstop since like Wednesday. This week is going to be a lot less stressful than last week because Monday and Wednesday are my busy days. I want to get out of the city next weekend. Maybe I'll go visit some friends at Texas State or go to the lake. I haven't been swimming in really long time. I remember swimming in my neighbors pool as a kid more than I remember swimming in my own pool. Maybe because it was more exciting since my family didn't have one at the time. Our dog would always run around the pool and bark at every splash we would make. The trees in our backyard would always have bees buzzing around it but I never once got stung. The lotion sitting on my desk is about to fall over but that's ok because nothing can spill out. Well maybe twenty minutes isn't a long time because I'm over half way done. The game on Saturday was really fun. Once the sun went down it was much more enjoyable. UNT didn't do very well. I almost went there instead of UT just because its close to home and my sisters went there. On the other hand, it was maybe a little too close to home. I don't know why I bought a thesaurus and dictionary for college when I have a computer sitting right in front of me. Its about twice as fast to look up a word on google than it is to look it up in a book. I hear a lawnmower outside. I feel sorry for whoever has to do gardening on Labor Day. My neck is starting to hurt from staring at the computer screen for so long. I should trim my fingernails. They keep getting in the way while I'm typing. I haven't seem a movie since I came to Austin. I don't even know where a movie theater is around here. Better yet, I don't know what is playing right now. I haven't seen any previews either. Someone must be sick because I keep hearing coughing coming from the hallway. People go out way too much. I can't go out on a school night without feeling badly. I always want to wait for the weekend. I'm sure that will change shortly though. This has been a very long weekend. I think I'm actually ready for school to start again tomorrow. ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_316.txt,"well I guess it'll be good to get this out of the way. Let's see what's on my mind. ok I think I need to turn off the TV and maybe turn on a little music. this seems like it could get boring. hmm. maybe that's a bad sign that I think my thoughts are goig to be boring. anyway, all right, the tv's off and now the musics on. much better. well I'm officially pledging phi delt tonight. I'm going to be assigned my big brother at the meeting this evening and I'm pretty excited. I think this is going to be a lot of fun. john's pledging with me and I guess we're going to get to be pretty good friends. this is kind of nice. this is a good way to clear my thoughts up. I've heard before that writing out everything makes you slow your thoughts to the pace of writing and it's an effective way to clear your head. what kind of phrase is that. clear your head? that's a weird thing when you actually think about it. ok I can't talk about one thing for very long. wow this time is going pretty fast. it doesn't seem like I've been writing long at all and I'm a quarter of the way done. ok well let's accomplish something productive here. what do I need to do today? I need to get khakis and a white shirt for tonight. hmm I wonder what I should do about shoes. I didn't bring my dress shoes I don't think. that's one bad thing about being 8 hours from home. when I remember something that I forgot to bring, or didn't think I would need, there's not much I can do about it. ok what else do I need to do today. its labor day. I like not having class. umm ok think, I need to study chapter 5 in biology. really I need to review all of the chapters that's got to be my biggest priority today. and I need to finish reading my psych chapters and philosophy stuff. I feel like I always have something to do. it was this way in high school too though so I guess its not that bad. there's a guy pledging with me that reminds of somebody famous but I can't place it. I don't think I've ever heard this song but I know the band. that's not saying much for the band. or maybe it is. either they have a unique sound or all of their songs sound too much alike. I don't know which it is in this case. maybe a little of both. ok the time is not going as quickly as I thought it was. do I have anything else to do today? clothes, read, umm I've talked to my mom today about everything I think I needed to tell her. I paid my stupid parking ticket. there's 40 bucks wasted on me stupidity. I thought about appealing it but they called out my exact reason for the appeal on ""reasons not to appeal your ticket"" apparently just being a dumbass isn't a valid reason. I love this song. barenaked ladies are a good band. I want to see them in concert again. oh concert. I can't wait for the acl festival coming up. and next weekend I'm going to mexico with the phi delts. oh this is going to be a lot of fun. I'm excited for so many things this semester. I just need to make sure I keep my grades up and everything. I'm sure I will. I don't forsee myself slacking off at all. if I want to get into medical school I need to have the best grades possible. but then I don't know if I really want to go to medical school. I need to talk to an advisor about this stuff. hopefully I can get into my fig advisor tomorrow and see what he has to say. I can't decide if I want to major in neurobiology or switch to liberal arts and look into psychology. I think this is a really interesting field but at the same time I feel like its uhhh I lost my train of thought. lets see. I feel like its umm something that too many people do. its over done as a major I guess I don't really know what word to use to describe it. woo! one minute remaining. umm so yeah psychology is really interesting. I'm actually not dreading reading the rest of the chapters. in fact I'm kind of looking forward to it. ok well the times up I guess I'll quit now. that was fun. ",y,n,n,y,n

2004\_317.txt,"so this is the first entry, and it happens to fall on a day when things are really. Shitty. I don't know if I have the desire to join the rowing team, though I've already told everyone that I was going to; my internet connection was messing with my earlier, a reason to cry in itself; my relationship with a boy I don't know enough about. Lets start with that. I've been dating him for about a year and a half, and I don't know who he is. will he cheat on me? is my relationship anything to be worried about? if a stranger looked into our lives, would he giggle, surprised at the immaturity of our relationship? is it anything to try to save? I hope so, if not I'm a fool. but I think I'm one anyway. but paul henry, he knows his shit, it seems. or its that he knows that he doesn't know his shit. I wish I knew. I wish I knew him as well. though his devotion is something that would automatically clash with me. I have nothing against christians or their beliefs. I wish I could give myself up to that with no regrets. But I can't. I've been down that road, and its lead nowhere. have I spoiled my chances with a true love by being with brian? will I ever be content in my own two damn shoes? will I ever feel like I'm at home? will I be successful? would I be happy without success? it seems like the lives people live are all too perfect, even the less desireable, that there's some author out there, other than someones god, writing the stories of our lives. but he forgot me? why am I not going anywhere, why can't I find this happiness and joy. my life is pathetic at this point. maybe its just this horrible attitude, but the only time I feel like I can be happy (or at least not pissed off) is with brian, laying in his bed, thinking of everything and nothing all at the same time. but how does this conflict so much with the previous statements?? it would seem that I am happy with him, but then comes the doubt and fears. I need to find myself, I say. only thing is. I don't know what that means. does anyone? its really this unattainable goal people teasing set in your minds. A state you need to obtain, but its in fact unattainable. the sad bastards who were told the same thing when they were younger are enraged that they don't know how to go about it, and they then ruin the lives of everyone after them, so they can suffer justly. I wish I were born in the old days, when you died of a flu and there wasn't such a thing as AIDS. people lived lightly, they wrote, they read, sometimes found something to revolutionize, but mostly enjoyed the simplicity of life. where did that virtue go? how has it managed to slip through the fingers of time, and where would it have gone? I wish I could sift through the ashes of our charred world, seeking only the beauty and peace that once was everywhere, but now seems like you have to search for only to get the smallest glimpse of it. how come I can't be a writer? how come I can't write? I want to study people, not medicine. why would I declare this major? if I studied other peoples lives all the time, would I have a life of my own? is true adulthood worth it? people always want what they can't get. I get what I don't want. everything always seems like it gets really good, I mean reaaaally good, right when its about to end. will college be like this? will life itself be like this? will I stop asking so many damn questions?? will he call? would I want him to? I don't want this life. anyone want to trade? I want a life of the storybooks, of unquestionable love, faith and virtue. knowledge, hope, and an impeccable body would be nice too. I want all the money in the world, I want to live in a time without money. I want to be a movie critic, I hate bad actresses with hair that doesn't fit their character. I hate living with someone other than who I love. I hate not knowing if its really the true love they talk about. I hate being inadequate, I hate second guessing everyone. I hate being critical. I hate chocolate chips. I hate gaining weight. I hate stretchy jeans that don't look good. I hate running out of time, I hate trying to fill time. I hope this class makes me realize a few things about myself, although I'm not sure why it would. Seven six five four three two one. ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_318.txt," I love my girlfriend leah. She is so awesome. I love her big butt and her hair, I love her tongue and her smile. Man oh man does she give good hand jobs. Almost as good as sex. ALMOST. there are some things I don't like about her though. She is a tiny bit chubby but it doesn't really bother me that much. She is stubborn and that at times gets on my nerves. I also worry that she is a shopaholic. and that if we do get married one day that she will spend too much of our income. I wonder what I will be doing 5 years from now. it would be so awesome to be a country music station radio dj. I think the prime time for me would have to be like at lunch time. I believe that would be best, cause then I could stay up late still and sleep in a little later. the rush hour traffic time would be awesome too. I would have fun being the dj in the morning, but I would hate the hours. I mean whoa, not my kind of lifestyle. I also wonder if being a personal trainer is going to work out. I haven't been really an active gym goer. I need to start doing that. I am trying to think of what would be a good time to go. on mondays I could go right after class at 5, same thing goes for wednesdays. on tuesdays, thursdays and fridays, I should probably go right after Spanish, because then after I am done I could go eat something, that would probably kill two birds with one stone because of the fact that I wouldn't have to eat before I go to Spanish then. I could probably focus on cardio type stuff on monday, Wednesday and friday. and then weight train on tuesday and Thursday. maybe I should do the opposite. cause then I could work my muscles more and they do say u lose weight by working out, plus on mondays and wednesdays it will be harder to do cardio at that time since it will be so crowded at that time. now about tennis. I really hope I can get to play on the real courts and not have to go to intermural courts just to practice. I should go check that out tomorrow along with all the other things I need to do. it would be cool if leah and sara came to UT next year, unfortunetly I don't see that happening when it comes to leah. I wonder how long I should wait before proposing. I think waiting til at least my junior year would be best. because then at least my parents will see that we are in a serious relationship. I mean two years is a long time to be with someone, and it was about that same time amber and jeff were together. no wait they were actually 3. 5 years I think, maybe 2. 5 when he asked and 3. 5 before marriage, I don't know, whatever it is. the only question is that when we are married what will we first do for money. I could probably go back to HEB cause I mean they don't pay that poorly. possibly even be a CCM or something so that I could bring a little extra dough in. I would try hard to at least get a job at a radio station. I wonder how long u have to work at one before they give u your own show. I should also go to the radio station tomorrow to see if I could get some kind of spot in there. even if it wasn't a show, but a technical thing. okay so when it comes to homework what should I do so that I have somewhat of a schedule. if I sleep in the mornings, or at least plan to, I don't think I should try scheduling that in. what I should probably try to do is try to be strict to making sure I get hw done first before I do anything else. because then I could go to sleep sooner too and then maybe this job wouldn't be too bad. cause that's probably my problem, the fact that I don't go to sleep early enough. I want to go to midnight rodeo this Saturday, I just wish roger creager wasn't playing there. remember to call leah tomorrow to tell her mom about staying out later. back to study. monday and wednesdays should be too bad hw wise becuase all I have is my writing class EASY, and Spanish, so getting out late on those days isn't too bad. Tuesdays and thursdays I should try to make sure I am done with hw by like 6, cause then I could go eat after I did my hw. that's a pretty good plan. only on occasions should I change that up. what I mean by that is like being invited to do stuff, never let it be online poker or TV that distracts me, that includes playing xbox. even if I think I have had a hard day so far, just think how more satisfying that resting will be once I have everything done, I mean knowing u don't have anything left to do is a nice feeling. this writing this is going by faster than I thought. I didn't know I had all this stuff on my mind. I think it would be nice to have a 6pac on my body, and some muscle. you know, it really does kind of upset me that leah doesn't want me hanging out with females alone. I find that it shouldn't matter. I mean on one hand I know her past, and I don't want to upset her on something as small as this, but on the other hand it is kind of a big deal. maybe I should talk with her again and we could go more in depth or even set up some ground rules about this. HOPEFULLY we can compromise. I am kind of tired but I really do need to study for Spanish quizzes tomorrow, and I should look over chapter 4 for this class. I wonder when the first test is, I think it is on the 20th. that's coming up pretty soon. I should look at that handbook thing I have on sample test questions on this friday. along with that I could reread philosophy and study some more Spanish, and go to a seminar for writing class. this was kind of a fun thing to do. I kind of like having a diary like this, helps me think clearly. ",y,n,n,n,n

2004\_321.txt," Right now I am realli thinkingabout buying a soccerball so that I can starttraining because I really want to join a soccer team. I did not go to the gyn todayso I thing I'l go tomorrow. My CD of the soundtrack of Queen of the Damn is one of the best CD's I have ever heard. I need to get a laptop ecause everyday I have more and more homework like whatI am doing right now and my chemistry homework which I also have to do online. I do not knw why I feel so tired. I think its because I am having too much homework. I really do not like the hot weather. I prefer winter over any other season in the year only because I like the gloomy and quiet weather. I am already getting tired of writing and I think I am going to go to sleep early today so that tomrrow I can go to the Gym and still not be so tired as today so that I can do more homework. I really miss all my family. I am so used to a lot of noise and laughter since I have two brothers and two sisters. I miss playing with my baby sister who is only three years old. I want to finish this so that I can start playing my favorite game, ""The king of fighters. "" Oh I almost forgot I need to call my family because I told my dad I was going to call them yesterday but I didn't. I am hungry. I need to go to sleep. I realy do believe there exists other civilizations in our galaxy. I don't gethow so many people can go to church every sunday and even n otherdays of the week. I'm tired of sittinglike this. I need to get a chair or my back is going to start hurting. The lyrics from the CD ""Jaguares"" are so amazing. It really helps me to listen to these lyrics because they talk about different aspects of life and the mind. If I was to chance my major I would change it to Aerospace Enineering because love everything that has to do with airplanes. I think I am. ",y,n,n,y,y

2004\_322.txt," Oh man I'm so hungry. I can't wait for the football game tonight, it's going to be lots of fun. Wow, I think really fast, cause I'm so thinking about 3 things at once. Hunger, football, and the giant pre-screening survey thing that I just took. Can you believe that I finished it at 2:54, only 6 minutes left before they stopped accepting them. Man talking about some pressure. Speaking of pressure, I just thought of physics, which is kind of weird since I don't have physics this year. I do have math though. I played cards last time I was in class. We played this crazy Russian game. It was really cool. We tied in the end. ^\_^ Wow, ok, so now that I typed ^\_^, I thought of anime and forums since I use that on forums all the time, and it's an anime face. And now I'm thinking about how I can type without looking at the keyboard. I just moved the mouse, and that reminded me of a real mouse. Man, I make a lot of typos. Of well, did you know that I learned to type too early that I lifted my hands off the keyboard so I could type faster since, I had small hands. And so in I think 10th grade I had to fix myself, and retaught myself 10 finger typing. Cause you see this ""hover hands"" typing caused me to look at the keyboard. The song just changed and it totaly distracted me. Speaking on Song, I met a girl named Helen Song, the first Day of Psycology and she's really cool. I like her a lot as a friend but at the same time I want to ask her out. But you know that my biggest fear (and pretty much the only one) is losing a friend. And so I have trouble asking girls out cause I'm afraid after they say no, that they don't want to be friends anymore. Why am I telling you this. Oh well, for all I know you don't read these, or you read them completely. Hehe, you know why do some people type hehe, and other haha. You told us to think about our reactions and our observations. I bet lots of people start talking about what their observing and rather than thinking, pay more attention to their random observation thoughts. I bet that produces a lot of weird data. Me, well I ask a lot of questions, and think really fast. I often find myself daydreaming. ALL THE TIME! hehe. so yeah, wow, hehe sounds like a girl to me. Not to self, refrain from saying hehe. I glanced at the clock for the first time. I wonder is that means that I'm finally bored after 8:30 minutes. But as I keep typing, huh, I thinking more about the actual act of typing. I just looked at the title, ""Stream of Consciousness of Writing"" but now the music changed to a good song so I'm distracted from that last thought. This song is good. It's techno. I know that I listed to it cause it matches my lifestyle, fastpassed? wow, I can't spell. So yeah, my SAT score was 580 reading and 780 math. That's just a little weighed don't you think ^\_^. There it is again. I just though of the entire universe and big guns, and planets and spaceships, this is going by way faster than I can type, but trust me that I'm having a ball here. Soccer, now that I haven't played in a while, and I just started playing tennis. That was tiring, but I want to work to be the best. StarCraft, and my daydream story just came into my mind. You see in order to pass the time I come up with a story and slowly play it out in my head with extreme detail. A single day dream could take up to month to complete, as I start and stop it when neccissary. Man, I'm getting excited about football. You know I've never seen a whole football game before. I'm sweating, maybe I should go turn down the AC, neh, that's my mom's domain, and well I don't want to stop typing. What only 6 minutes left, Well I suppose that means 75% of the time has passed. I wonder why I converted this into a percentage. That's really weird you know. Talk, that's what my phone said, cause it didn't ring, huh, strange, why would I type that. I think that means I'm focussing too much on typing and not enough on other events, although I suppose it really doesn't matter does it. But as I progress I think more and more about my typing. So do you know javascript, did you create that timer, or did you 'steal' the code for it, and use it on you site. I hadn't noticed this song was annoying till now. I normally listen to music when on my computer, you know like browsing the web, or photoshoping (digital image creation). The only times I don't have it on is when I watch anime, or play a game. Speaking of anime, I just finished watching wow ok like 5 titles flashed through my head. Hellsing, that was the last one I watched. You know I like anime much better than TV cause they can create a long drawn out plot which is infinitly better than a single 30 minute plot. It's like watching a book rather than reading one. Reading, the last thing I read was a StarCraft book, yeah it came from the game. That's sad I know, but I just couldn't focus on Lord of the Rings you know. I wonder how much other people type, I mean, am I a fast typer. The amount they turn in has to be due to the typing speed and not the thought speed let me tell you, cause we think incredibly fast. ",y,n,n,n,y

2004\_323.txt," Well, yesterday was a good day, that is until I spoke to my boyfriend on the phone. I guess I was being overly mean to him and we got in a big argument over nothing. I was mad at him and then hung up with him, then I called to apologize and he was mad at me for being mad at him. It was just one big drama over nothing. I guess I made him extra angry because he told me he needed to sleep it off otherwise he might say things he really didn't mean. That ofcourse made me sad, because all I wanted to do was say sorry and just talk to him. He is attending college at Texas State, the big party school, and I guess I'm just scared I'm going to lose him. He's already been doing what that school is known for, boozing it up. Although I haven't been with him for long, the connection we share is the best feeling I've felt in such a long time. It makes me sad because I'm not sure if relationships like mine are meant to last. I've never heard anything good about long distance relationships, and the more I think about it, the more I worry. Maybe that's why I was being rude to him. My fears just come out in other ways. It's so strange though because I know I can see him pretty much every weekend. I'm just so confused right now. Maybe I'm just stressed. It is my first year of college and I'm expreiencing so many new things, including confusing lectures from professors. I just want everything to be okay. I want good grades. I want to have fun. And most of all I want to work things out with my boyfriend. I felt like crying when I got off the phone with him last night, but I held back because I didn't want my room mate to thing anything was wrong. When I think of my boyfriend I can only think of a future with him. I've known him a lot longer than I've actually been with him, and it's not that he's just someone to kiss and hug, he's more of a best friend to me. I know this may not last forever, and that's what makes my heart break. I'm only 18. What are the odds of he and I actually getting married, honestly? Then it makes me think why I even bother getting into relationships if they are just going to end? There really is no point. On the other hand, I need to be with this boy. Life just wouldn't be the same without him. What to do? Maybe I'll just propose to him. haha, yeah right. I just want things to be okay. I just want to be happy, and it seems he's one of the main reasons I am. Grrr, all of this stuff doesn't even make any sense. Anyhow, this writing assignment was really helpful. Got some of my feelings out, and I've never said any of this stuff to anyone. It was like a journal. I'm glad I'm taking such a cool class. ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_324.txt,"Autumn will be here soon. I wake up, get myself together, look out the window at the morning roar of the bitter city. Down. Down the elivator once again, floor 13, now floor 1. I step ouside and inhale, a cold rush of life crystalizing in my lungs. This is where I realsize that everyday is but a breath. That single inhale was a day, was a life. Old postcards line my smile. I am a story, and I tear up when I thumb through my dusty file cabnet of experiences. My eyes desperately search for ideas, while I know they are all within some governing organ I possess. Heart or head, it doesn't matter. but I find it odd that my eyes do the searching. My little fan is growling at me. It's probably upset that I always leave it on. Let me turn it off really quick. Ok. Done. I heard a door shut. The people in my dorm are an infestation. I cannot STAND them. I try so hard to see the good within everyone, but how can I if they are all the same. Everyday I walk around the autumn grasping campus and I look. Look at people, the sky, the earth, the buildings. but the people. I LOOK at the people. They make me laugh! We are so strange. I see people trying to avoid the world as they bounce down the gravel paths with an iPod pumping sound into their skulls. People who try to look sexy. People who look mad at the world, and sneer at you, the person mearly trying to understand some fraction on their existance and importance. People look at me too. What is it that I possess that makes their eyes flick up for even an instance to make contact with mine. My heart races when they do that. It's kind of a love. I love them for that one milisecond. I understand them for one lapse of time. But did they look at me because I was looking toward them? Am I attractive to them? Am I mysterious? Scary? Sexy? Sometimes people LOOK at me. That's my job. I absolutely hate being in here. Trapped between machine and the cement walls around me. I cannot stand the fact that our society is ruled by technology and media. I don't watch TV, I don't keep up with any news, I listen to music and read books. entertainment is all I need on media terms. We should kill our TV's though. As one of my favorite bands says ""I wish the world was flat like the old days"". I have to say: Amen. We need to evolve backwards! We need to get back to the old way of life, religion, and appreciate the earth and sky, appreciate our unique existence in the universe. We need to notice our equality before we notice the differences. But, I suppose it's just wishfull thinking. ",y,y,n,n,y

2004\_327.txt,"I'm thinking about if I am going to get the job that I want at the PAC at the university it would suck if I didn't I am proud that the OTC called me for a job interview, they said my resume especially my volunteer work was impressive it makes me feel like I didn't waste my time during high school and this clock it makes me nervous so I can't type as fast and I keep having to go back and erase but I like pressure I thrive under it but I don't like time pressure and as for the apostrophes in words I do not like those because I am so used to using slang that I just do not type it anymore and I also hate having to capitalize my I's it makes me mad having to go back. Right now I feel a little stress because I am espcially behind on reading not on purpose but yesterday I had a meeting and I did not know it was going to last 2 hours and a half it threw me off schedule so all I could read was Biology which is another class I don't understand I never like science and getting up in the mornings at 8 does not help either I feel lost in that class it is so difficult I feel like I dumber than everyone else and this feels like a cry for help but it is not I just keep thinking about what Prof. Pennebaker said anyways that class sometimes makes me feel. Like screaming I guess but the Professor is nice he just goes so fast and everyone seems or pretends like they understand and typing on lap tops gets on my nerves because at home I had a divided keyboard the ""flowy"" ones and now I have this laptop and everything is squeezed together it makes me really nervous as for this assignment I like but I feel like I shouldn't say anything incriminating and there go the stupid I's and I forgort to put and apostrophe in shouldn't and the I messed me up again. Well forget it no more caps; the I's are going to be in lower case. Sometimes typing in slang gets to be a bad habit I need to get into the habit of typing properly again oh and this weekend I get to go home though I want to go to the game I have not boguht the sports package and I didn't feel like getting up really early to buy tickets some guy in my floor is selling the tickets for 50 dollars is that a lot I guess so maybe oh and my friend jeremy's a football player so I feel like I should go for him but I'm not going. Now I get to go home sit and do homework college is very stressfull maybe I'll get sick when I go home like Prof. Pennebaker said probably because I feel the migrane coming. I hate migranes I hate having to find a job hopefully I get a good one I have an interview on Tuesday I hope it goes well and that I make it on time because if not it is going to reflect poorly on my but the lady undestood. I wonder how the bus works I keep thinking of the bus stop and how the place is going to look like and of the bus bcause I have seen it once after running to the engineering building because I was late I saw the bus and I think you can only take it there which is kind of sucky but I will take a look around and see if that's how it works. Now I feel like I have run out of things to say I still have to do the experiment for this class I want to do the survey but since I am under 18 I have to get my moms signature and I feel like I should be happy about going home I mean excited to see my mom and my brother but it is like ""huh"" and I hope nothings happens like the bus doesn't break down or like it is ""kidnapped' I know I worry too much but I don't want anything to happen even if it means that I have to do all the homework, I've been trying to check my spelling so this makes it easier on you guys, and what was I talking about I don't kno, I need to make friends me and my roommate get along but I need other friends and now I have 5 minutes left, what to write about anyways back to the making friends I saw wayne who went to my high school and seemed like a pretty smart Asian in the elevator today I feel bad for saying that but most asians are anyways the making friends the friends that I have are okay but I don't really relate to them why I don't kno I feel like they exclude me too much and they don't at least I hope they don't and if they do I don't well hope that they are doing it on purpose but still I have roughly 4 minutes left more like 3 because it is about to be 17 minutes the numbers on these computers are weird anyways well they are not really I am surprised I wrote this much I thought I was going to run out of this to say but I like this assignment when Prof. Pennebaker said it I was like yes no grammar rules I don't particularly like grammar but I try I mean I suck at it in my papers I always score low on it 2 minutes and I have mentioned my time too many times I tried not to look at the clock at the beginning and I did nto so now I keep talking about NOT because I want the assignment to be ove but because some one just slammed their door my head hurts I think it is the flourescent lighting I think that is how u spell that and I just put the letter u for the word you and I am kind of hungry and the clock is winding down and I keep typing faster kind of scared oh well you can keep typing oh my gosh I thought it was over but I am going to stop now because a I don't want to talk for too long and I have to go turn of this light and I am thinking about what I just wrote and what u guys are thinking or will think when u read it and all the noise in the background and if I should put my name at the bottom but I won't because I have the code thing. well this was productive and I did not put well in caps. ",y,y,n,y,y

2004\_328.txt," Well, I have to do this weird assignment for psychology. I think its neat, but kind of weird. that spoon full peanut butter was really good. I'm going to have to have some more later. the atkins diet is a bitch . even though you can eat all the protein you want. I still crave the bun on my buger. I was so upset this morning for leaving my cell phone in my dorm room. god, I felt like such an idiot. then I went crazy looking for my roommate Sam cause we are supposed to meet at jester for lunch and I Couldn't find her and I don't have her number memorized. I don't know. I felt stupid. I feel so fat. !!!! even though I'm not overweight at all I just feel fat . I have this obsession with looking in the mirror all the time. I thinks obsessive compulsive or something. I feel like I always have to look my best or that part of my hair is out of place. I guess I always feel like I have to impress everyone. shut up Sam, god she makes the most annoying sounds I've ever heard. anyway. yeah I just always feel fat. I think I way around 123 and I'm 5""1. I just want be a little bit thinner maybe 5 or 7 pounds lighter. well, I'm trying to loose weight cause my friends from back home are coming to visit me in a couple of weeks for austin city limits, and I feel like I got to loose a few. they are awesome, but its kind of weird actually because they were my coaches in high school and we've just grown to be the best of friends. I'm only 18, and its weird cause one of them is 42 and the other is 30. I'm so excited cause I miss them a lot. I think its pretty cool that my coaches would drive 6 hours to come and visit. when I went down a couple of weeks ago back home, they took me out to South padre island and we all got wasted. I like it cause I can trust them and more importantly they can trust me. I have a little head ache right now. I wonder if it was the peanut butter. I hope not. I'm really thirsty. all I've been drinking is water cause of that diet. I just started it yesterday and I probably won't see any results till maybe in a few more days. I miss isaiah. I love him so much, but he's about 6 hours away and a senior in high school. I love him but the last time I went down I didn't feel the same love for him like I used to. maybe I'm just in love with the image of him. I guess that can happen. I've been really confused lately about a lot of things especially what kind of person I am. I wanted to come to UT because it was so liberal and they actually encouraged you to be different here and no one even judges you. well, I still don't know who I am. I know that I'm sweet, kind, and talented, but there's also the me who lies to people to benefit me and bend the truth so that I don't get into trouble. maybe everyone does that. I guess I'll never know. I 'm really glad that I have a good roommate. we are exactly alike and we get along really well. I just miss everyone from back home , but I know when pam and kristy come to visit me I'll feel a lot better cause we are all going to see sheryl crow and I m so in love with her music. I recently went to a sarah mclachlan concert on july 23 this summer. now that was probably the best experience of my life. it was awesome. their friend niguel is also coming in from nacadoches, I think that's how you spell it. I 'm really excited to meet her cause she's hilarious. I spoke to her on the phone the other night for about an hour and she is hilarious and I haven't met her in person yet, but I'm looking foward to it cause she said she likes having a good time and I'm pretty sure we are all going to have a great time together. I CAN'T WAIt!!!!1. I'm tired now. I haven't gotten any sleep since I'v been here, wow the times almost running out,, ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_329.txt," I'm already starting to feel stressed out, and I haven't had any tests yet. It's only been two weeks of school so far, and I feel like I have so much to do. I guess it's typical for for an incoming freshman, since it's new and all. I've never felt so busy in my life. Watching TV, my old passion, seems like such a waste of time to me now. If I have spare time, I could actually be checking out Austin, like the duck boat, which our RA told us about. It seems so cool!! A tour bus turning into a boat ?? It's craziness, and a little scary. We supposedly may go as a hall, which I highly doubt because we don't seem to have hall unity or whatever. I guess I had a misconception of how dorm life would be. At this point, I think getting an apartment would have been just fine, other than the fact that I'm way closer to my classes living on campus. Ok so maybe dorms aren't so bad because I don't think I want to wake up like an hour earlier for the whole public transportation fiasco. I really need to figure out the bus routes because I don't know where any of the buses going other than forty acres and far west, which I accidentally got on to during orientation. It was a great detour. Wow, 20 minutes is a long time, I just realized that. I guess I was comparing it to how long it takes me to do everything else, it seemed like nothing. So yea, back to the stressed out business. I've had something to do since the beginning of summer, since I took summer 1 at a community college, then I went to Clinton, Oklahoma to see my baby nephew and help my brother and sister-in-law out with the hotel they own there. I worked and got paid. Good stuff. A few days after I got home from Clinton, I made my way to Austin. My new home in the Kinsolving dormitory with all the other chics. And I think we all know how busy things are around here. I thought Christmas break would be relaxing and chill time, but I was mistaken. For I found out my closest cousin is getting married January 15, the weekend before classes start. This means that for Christmas break, I will be helping out with the wedding, which from experience already I know is very stressful. And my cousin has asked me to do a dance at her wedding, which is an Indian tradition for a younger girl in the family to entertain the guests with a vivid dance. So now I have to pick a song and choregraph a dance and learn it to perfection so I can perform it in front of hundreds of people. Did I mention that I am a nervous person who freaks out easily ? Oh and by the way, the wedding is in New Mexico, and the reception is in Houston a weekend later, so I have to go back home after a week of being in Austin, followed by who knows how long of being in Albuquerque, New Mexico. My home is in Lufkin, a little town of pop. 35,000 in East Texas, just two hours north of Houston, 3 hours south of Dallas, and four hours east of Austin. Man oh man, this is going to be a hectic year. And to think I thought studying for my classes was my biggest worry. Well maybe I will grow from all these things, in stead of losing my mind. I guess we'll see. Hey, that kind of relates to Psychology huh ? Maybe I can be a case study, which I read about in the textbook. ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_330.txt," When I think about what I'm thinking, a void pops up. I guess because the brain never really stops, it's hard to pinpoint an exact thought in any moment. I can recall past topics that have rambled through my mind however, so that's what I'll dicuss. A topic that's popluar in my brain is my boyfriend (surprising right?) I think about how happy I am in our relationship and how much of a good friend and boyfriend he is. He goes to college at Trinity University, which is in my hometown of San Antonio. We see eachother nearly every weekend, so it's not hard to sustain the relationship. Though, I constantly wonder if he really does care about me. He tells me that he does, and I know that he does, but I'm really insecure about that issue. My insecurity on that issue stems from my past relationship where my then boyfriend would tell me that he cared about me, but ended the relationship somewhat abruptly without any sign or signal. That's probably why I worry so much about it. However, I am really happy in my relationship. I have no complaints except for my own lack of security. On another topic, I have my first test this Thursday. I'm a little scared, but I think that I'll be fine. I pretty much know the material, but I still need to go over and over it to get it down. I don't think I'll have a problem with it. At least I hope that I do well. I feel exahsted thinking about all the studying I have to do for my upcoming tests. I have a chemistry test next week. I don't know how to do converstions without a table telling me what every measurement is. But I guess that I'm going to need to memorize that sort of stuff so I do well. It's so imperitive that I do well in college because I have plans to go to medical school after I graduate. I don't know what else I would do with my life if I didn't get into medical school. I have developed some back up plans if you will in case something should happen. I could be a teacher if medical school doesn't work out. The pay isn't that great but the job seems pretty alright. I would enjoy some sort of FBI/CIA type of work also. I need something that's going to make me constantly think. Though I hate studying, as every student does, keeping my mind on the go is something I love. I think that's why I played soccer all my life. Soccer is a game of constant thinking. There is no stopping in soccer. There are no time outs, so you can't stop to regroup. You have to be on your toes and know your stuff to be a good soccer player. I wish I was still playing soccer. I really miss it. I stopped playing after my last high school season a few months back. I feel sort of empty without it. It was such a big part of my life for so long. I think I'm going to attempt to walk on next year to the UT soccer team. It's really hard to do that though. The team is extremely competative. Though, I think after I talk to my coaches back home, maybe they can help. My main concern at the moment is doing well in school. I really need to buckle down and study. I study everyday, but I need to do it more I think. Maybe I'm just stressing about my upcoming tests. I'm scared about my chemistry test. Though, I think with the right amount memorization of some problems along with some other material, that I'll be fine. I need to start preparing for my biology test tomorrow. The test is Thursday, so I have 2 days to get in all the information. I feel tired right now. I wish I had came back to Austin earlier so I would've started on my work earlier. Well, tomorrow's another day, so I guess I'll just do a lot of studying tomorrow. There's no sense in doing it right this second when I'm not feeling to good and when I'm tired. My main priority is studying for my biology test Thursday. I need to go over the old exam she gave to us. My boyfriend just called me, but I had to tell him that I would call him back so I could finish this writing assignment. I really hope I do well on my test Thursday. If I did well, I would be so happy. That would mean that I actually liked my major and that I could retain the information pertaining to it. I want to call my boyfriend back after this, but my roommate ""can't consontrait"" with my talking, so I guess I'll go outside. Though, she's talked many a times with her boyfriend while I was reading. Oh well, maybe I'm a little more respectful. ",y,y,y,y,y

2004\_333.txt,"So, I can now finally begin this writing. I am pretty relaxed right now because I have a wonderful boyfriend. He is funny, sweet, and weird like I am. I feel like I am writing in a journal. Trying to track my thoughts is weird because I feel like I jump from one idea to the next really quickly. It is almost as if I am ADD in the mind. That sounds weird. I keep hearing this ticking from this tiny pink watch that is sitting right next to me. It surprises me how loud it ticks for being a wrist watch. Now, I can hear the television from the living room. It sounds pretty interesting. I can hear the air condition vent outside the apartment complex. The air just turned off now but the vent is as loud as can be. I like the noise of the keyboard when I type. Especially when I type fast. The clicks make me think that I am really accomplishing something. I am going to stop talking about sounds now and try to see what my mind is does. Write now I am a little tired. My brain seems a little slow right now. I feel a little overwhelmed by the school work load along with my sorority obligations and my job. I am happy thinking about my sorority. I love the girls! Everyone of them make me feel important ant that I really matter. All the girls are so fun to be around too. We all love to go out to parties and dance. Man, that car outside that just passed through was very loud. The music was rap and not very good. I do not understand sometimes why people ride around at night with really loud music and their windows down for everyone to hear. It seems kind of dumb to me that it is a week day night and there are people out there thinking they are all cool. Man this watch ticking is really bothering me. It's amazing how many things I hear when I really think about things. This means I am not talking which is a really good accomplishment for me. I love to be social and visit with everyone. I just remembered that I am missing music. Normally, when I type or do any homework I like to listen to some music. When I do math, I can listen to any kind of music I want. But if I have a paper or any readings, I can only listen to classical music. Speaking of music, I had my first T. A. session for my History of Rock class. It was really interesting. The teacher is pretty cool and nice. We get to listen to all kinds of music every class. The only thing is it seemed to me like I was learning all about how music works again like as if I was in band all over again. Man, I keep looking at the clock and just realized that my twenty minutes is almost up. I remember looking at seven minutes thinking that this was going to be a long twenty minutes. I was wrong. I am almost done and it went by so fast. My stomach doesn't feel too well. I think I ate too much marshmallows. Also, my head hurts now. Maybe I just didn't eat enough today. I only have ",y,y,y,n,y

2004\_334.txt,"stream of consciousness. Somewhat reminiscent of william faulkner's ""A Light in August"" we read that nnovel in my senior AP English class and although iit was a touch on the boring side at the beginning, it proved to be quite an interesting story. Well I'm in my dorm rightnow and there is this ceaseless squeaking noise coming from the refrigerator that always is loudest at the most inconvenient times. I. E: when I'm trying to take a nap. Our refrigerator is in the closet. It was in the middle of the room, but my roommate moved it into the closet and put our television in the middle of the room instead. My roommate's name is Ricky and he's been out of town this weekend as far as I can tell. He kind of just didn't come home on friday night so my assumption is that he's visiting his family. I think he's from Laredo, but I could be mistaken. Ricky is dating a girl named Natalie and the most distinct thing about him is his cologne. Because it smells like crap! Which sucks, because it's a really expensive Dolce and Gabbana or however you spell it. It really is terrible because it's like the stink of the cologne is like a glue and has stuck to everything in our room. Especially all my clothes, which has made me start to smell like him. Oh I hate it. I always want to say something, but it would be weird saying to him that his designer cologne smells like ass and that I could make the scent personally with some onions and curry. God! I've been kind of looking around for a church these past couple of weeks, but haven't exactly found one. Well I found one on guadalupe, but haven't looked at what the times are for mass or whatever. My dad is really pushing me to start going to church because in the last few years he's become somewhat of a Jesus freak. He's not bad, but it just seems that his faith has made him so condemning of so many things. For instance, I joined a fraternity and he wants nothing to do with it; refuses to help pay for it simply because he doesn't like fraternities. But he doesn't exactly say why. And since he's never been in one I don't see how he can make such a judgement. Oh well, my dad and I went camping this weekend. We like rock climbing so we were planning on going to a place called Reimer's Ranch. So we found a new camp site called Krause Springs and it was really nice. So we camped there with a fire and the whole 9 yards or whatever. But me and my dad shared a tent and iit was so hot in there and he snored so loud that I took the plastic rain cover off the tent and went and laid near where the fire was on the ground. It was pretty bad, but I made it through. Only got about 3 and a half hours of sleep though. ughh. Oh well, when we all woke up we went and got breakfast and headed to Reimer's and it was closed! so all that work for nothing. But we didn't give up hope and went to this other place they call the greenbelt and got set up to climb there, but only got to do one route because it started to rain. So after that our hopes were pretty much shot so my dad just brought me back to my dorm this morning around noon and I took a nap that I just woke up from about 20 minutes ago. So my weekend was pretty lackluster but it'll be ok because I know next weekend will be fun enough to make up for this one. Oh well. My mom just called me a second ago and I was like, ""can I call you right back? I'm doing a project"" and she's so understanding and just said ""bye"" really quick so after I'm done with this thingy I'll call her back. I've actually been keeping in touch with my mom pretty well since I moved here which has been nicer than I imagined it would. I expected it to be annoying talking to her too much but I was mistaken. I've also been talking to my sister via email which has been fun. She's so funny and always has something to say, but whenever I call home and she answers it's like we have nothing to say and I just ask for mom. kind of funny, but it's cool. I know it's weird, but the thing I miss the most about home is my dog. I have a full-blooded springer spaniel named Lola and she's such an awesome dog. I miss her so much, but I'm hoping that if I live in a frat house next year I can bring her along so we don't have to be apart anymore. Oh well, I guess we'll see ",y,n,n,n,y

2004\_339.txt,"Ok well I'm thinking about how long of a day it was, I got to school kind of late and I was almost late to my first class. I'm not really smelling anything right now because my nose is a little stuffy and runny I think it is due to my girlfriend who has been getting sick lately, we went to buy tylenol cold at the target on 35. I just spoke to here and she said that she was going to take a little nap and I told her not to because she was complaining all day that she had so much to do and there wasn't any time to do it. Well she didn't listen to me she said for me to call her at 7:15 if she hasnt called me. she went with me to psy class today even though she already took it last semester. she was very moved by the way the professor was. I think she said I wish I had him for my psy class. I told before that he was very cool like our communications teacher dr. daly who is a very cool teacher as well, his class is awesome he's so charismatic, today we had a supplemental discussion for that class and I have my girlfriends friend from back home in that class who just broke up with her boyfriend whom she had been going out with for about two years or so, and we were just talking and she was telling me how she hated our comm. class because all they talk about in that class is relationships and she feels sad every time he uses one of the students as examples, now on the topic of my girlfriends friends. By the way her name is desiree and she is beautiful and I love her a lot, I don't know when and where but someday we plan on getting married, I think we are different than most couples, I know that everybody probably says that but I really do think that we are because yes we spend a lot of time together and I hear that that is a bad thing but were different because we involve God in our relationship, not as much as we should but more than most couples I think, in the summer we read the bible every night for the last couple of weeks. But since we got up here, we haven't read it at all, I think its because were so happy with each other and we love to spend time with one another that its hard to do something else besides kissing and having sex at night. now back to her other friend named nancy. Well she is rooming with desiree's old roommate kelly, and well a few days ago kelly had a talk with nancy, she was really mad from what I hear because she took the time to underline in the contract that no one else has permission to stay for more than three consecutive nights in their apt. without some kind of notice, and well nancy has a boyfriend who is always over there and kelly gets really mad. Me and desiree were thinking that she is just jealous because her boyfriend isn't over there as much as he should be. like my roommate said that he wasn't going to talk to his ex when he came up here because she broke up with him last year when she was still in high school and he was up here. well now that she is up here too, he said that he was not going to talk to her at all, well shit that didn't last very long, just the other night he stayed at her dorm because they had to homework for the same class that they both share. Hmm. What a coincidence, I mean me and my girlfriend had a class last together too and I think that that helped out a lot because no matter if we didn't see each other every day we definetly saw each other on those days that we had class, I mean we really werent together yet but that certainly helped out our relationship a lot. my friend oj keeps calling me because he wants to go eat at the olive garden and I told him that I don't know because I running tight on money and I kind of got in trouble the other day with my mom because I went on a little shopping spree and spent a good amount of money at diesel. the part that she got mad at was the jeans that I bought for 100 dollars and that's because they were on sale. she said imagine how many shirts u could have bought with that. so I don't know if ill go but I do want to play him in NCAA 2005 college football that's like our fav game and my roommate just bought a big screen with a surround sound so its awesome to play on that I haven't even tried it I think I'm going right now to go play laterz! ",n,n,y,y,n

2004\_341.txt," So. Stream of consciousness, right. Well, I'm in the computer lab right now because I didn't want to do this on my home computer which is pretty messed up at the moment. I don't feel like writing about it. It's quiet in here, and the computers are quite nice. All I hear are the tapping of keyboards. Tap tap tap. and what else? I don't nkow. I wish I was doing this in my room so I could be listening to music. The flaming lips which I'm especially into right. I recently bought zaireeka, a fusion of the words zaire and eureeka by them but haven't been able to play it yet. It's a kind of confusing record I guess is the word to talk about. But I've still got like 16 minutes so why not? It's a 4 cds played in unision concept record by the flaming lips. wayne Coyne says it's supposed to be about chaos and inspiration or something. it makes sense, trust me. but when I got people over to play it with me (you need 4 cd players and 4 people who want to help play and listen to it with you to play it) it was all chaos and no inspiration. no one really had more than passing curiosity, and when it wasn't going all that smoothly people gave up quickly. but yeah, I still want to play it, just need some people with passion? to hear it with me. what else? blah blah blah. I can't think of anything to write about. 933 934 I'm almost halfway done. some people are talking in another language across from me now. I don't nkow what language. oh, now they're leaving. I think they're indian? so what language does that mean they speak?? I just wrote a sentence and deleted it. I think maybe you're not supposed to do that? don't think it really matters. man, I think this assignment is kind of too long. ten minutes would've been enough. all these people are leaving around me. they're going outside into the sunshine. and I'm staring at this screen. I just spent a while trying to figure out how to do that prescreening stuff too. I registered but then I couldn't find a link anywhere on the site that led to the actual survey. what's up with that? I emailed wendy or whoever. got to remember to do that later now. prescreening survey. do it before sep 9 I think. that's like 1. 5 hours credit. we've hit the fifteen minute mark, friends. that makes this the homestretch. that's sports lingo. not that I know anything about sports. man, that football game yesterday was annoying. it brings out all the rowdy yelling people in the streets. and it's so CROWDED, you know? I hate it when it gets so crowded on campus, I dread going through it. so many people! why did I go to a school with fifty thousand students? I'm spelling out the numbers now, did you notice? because why rush? no reason, that's why. type tyep type. stream. of. conscious. yep, that's what I'm doing. almost done. nineteen minutes complete, one minute to go. come on, so close. I'm so close to being outside away from the flourescent li ",n,n,n,n,n

2004\_343.txt," So I think this is a very cool assignment for the students to complete. It gives a very good look at what we are thinking in our heads. I probably don't realize some of the things that I think. maybe after looking at this I will be suprised or shocked or some other feeling. I smell food. I just ate but food smells so good that it makes me want more. I have this weezer song in my head. I don't like weezer yet this song gets stuck in my head. I hope it gets out fast because it is annoying. my neck feels like it is rubber and just wants to fall down, taking my head with it. that would hurt. never have I done so much reading as I have done this past week. it is annoying. I do not enjoy reading much. oh well. I guess I have to do it anyway. my window doesn't get enough light through because it faces our balcony which blocks off some of the light. the apartment is nice. I get my own room and it is very spacious. I hear a ticking sound and it is not a clock. its bugging me and I think its a result of me typing. yep. I stopped and the ticking stopped. I think it is a clock but the clock is rubbing against the wall and isn't on. how ironic maybe. interesting. it stopped. they weezer song was out of my head but it came back for an encore. ill be right back sorry. blanked out for a second. the days seem to go by very fast. the weekends go slow however. I like the weekends. this weekend should be great because I will go hoome for the labor day holiday. seeing my friends from back home alwasy makes me happy. greek mythology has too many names to remember even a quarter of them. its very a nnoying. how many times have I said annoying in my train of thought. a good nap would be nice right now. I like that painting of the melting clocks. its very surreal and somehow that makes me feel good. I wanted a poster of it but they were like ten dollars. its just not worth it to me. I am a very economical person when handling money. sometimes its good and bad. a ten dollar poster wasn't a wise choice for me though. cooking. I need to start cooking more things. sure the microwave is awesome but I need to expand my cuisine. iron chef. funny show. iron chef should fight emeril. I wonder who would win. they should put those old batman captions like bam, and wham, and pow on Emerils show when he says those things. it will give it an old school flavor. flavor is good. does water have a flavor. is the flavor water. who cares its good when you're thirsty. I just wish it had like b vitamins like powerade. because water doesn't have like those sugars and stuff. or are the b vitamins coming from the sugars. ill look into it. my mouth is dry. I oculd actually go for some water right now. my neck keeps getting my head closer and closer to the table. I wish I could fly. I just saw some birds flying. I wish I could do that. where would I go. I'd probably go to some tropical climate if my body allowed me too. that would be awesome. today is the first day of the rest of my life. that quote always struck me as very cool sounding. is hould really start using my planner to right down what I need to get done. my memory doesn't serve me quite well. I want some of the energy arizona iced tea. I haven't had any for quite some time. I'm due for some. but I guess right now all I got is water. that will have to do. potpourri is such a weird word. but smells nice so I guess they are even. I bet it is fun to read other peoples streams of thought. it must be amusing to see all the weird things people come up with without maybe realizing it much. this is one of the best writing assignments I've ever had to write because there is no structure. I am a poor writer. I should practice and get help. I probabloy won't though. ill just get by onw what I can do. it just isn't my thing. donde esta el biblioteca. I need to work on myh Spanish to. hopefully I won't have to take a Spanish class. that would piss me off. I can't stand learning that language or any language for that matter. it would take me too much time. I think tex mex will serve me just fine. bien bien bien. if my phone rings right now its going to scare the hell otta me because I'm so itno righting this. I hope that doesn't happen ",n,n,n,y,y

2004\_344.txt," Hello. Good morning! I actually woke up early this morning, which really surprised me because we had a crazy night last night. Okay, I am listening to the most awesome song right now. I'm wondering if I should listen to it again. Like start it over when it's over. Or, on second thought, should I just start it over right now? Ah, who cares? Anyway I'm wondering when I should go to the cafeteria to get brunch. I had the most strange experience this morning when I got up. I walked to the kitchen to get a water from the frige and there was my suite mate with a guy asleep on the bed in the living room. Yes, we actually have a bed in the living room. I had a really sucky room mate and we weren't exactly getting along so she moved out and we used her bed as another couch. I am going to be so tired when these 20 minutes are over. Haha, my fingers are already getting tired of typing. Hold on, I'm going to start over my song. Okay, sorry. I honestly don't know exactly what it is that I am supposed to be doing in this assignment. I don't believe I ever have actually had an assignment to just type on what goes through my head. I always have a lot of crap going through my head. I am ADD positive. pretty bad actually. And it affects what I think about every day. I wonder if it will every go away. Is that even possible? I wonder if my professor even knows who I am. Doubt it. Man that sucks. I always stress about whether my teachers know who I am because I think that is awesome if you are on a first name basis. Hmm. What should I do to make him know me? Perhaps I should make a big scene in class. But I don't want all of my class mates to think I'm like a major loser. Okay now I am beginning to wonder if I should just like leave this thing going while I go get something to eat. I don't know if that would be allowed, but it is quite tempting. Man, you know what sucks? On Friday, I woke up like really freakin' sick and I missed my math class along with my chemistry class, and I missed my quiz in chemistry. Ugh! I wonder what my teacher is going to have to say about that because she like requires doctor's notes and crap for her class. Can we say IMMATURE? Oooooo, I love this song too! Twista: Celebrity Overnight. Aw! It reminds me of my ex-boyfriend. That sucks because he hasn't been too nice to me here lately. Man I could talk all day about him. Doubt the reader of this crappy paper would really enjoy that, but that is now what I am thinking about so I guess get ready. He is so cute. He is so sweet. Besides lately. He always could cheer me up, but we broke up right before I left because he is just now a senior in high school and he didn't want to date when I was living 4 hours away. I must say that is a long distance away from the person that you are dating, but I really do believe I love him. He is so the person for me, and I don't know exactly how to take that. I don't know if I should try to get over him or if I should just keep talking to him and trying to get him to come visit me. Or if I should even tell him that I love him. I am so confused! Urgh! I wish this program could talk back because I would be so happy to receive advice. I thought it was so funny when my psychology teacher. Hold on I totally forgot what I was thinking about. Anyway someone puked in my living room the other night. Yea, it really pissed me off. I wonder why they didn't just go to the freakin' bathroom! It's like. Hey I'm drunk. Oh yea I'm just going to sit here and puke all over my friend's floor and make them clean it up. Damnit, grow up! I want to take a nap so bad. I don't know what is more important, napping or eating. Perhaps I'll get something to eat and then go take a nap. It feels good to get an assignment done. I have to work on chemistry later and I'm honestly thinking I'm going to get some beer to drink before I start on it. Man, why do college people drink so much? I've never gone like a whole week drinking every single night. I feel like I'm going to like die of some liver disease. Haha, that would suck. Okay, I don't like thinking about that. I hope I make a good grade in this class. I'm kind of trying to rely on this class to help my GPA. If I can pull off a 3. 0 then I would totally kick ass. My parents are thinking I'm going to do badly. Hah, I'll show them. Drinking every night and going to class and making good grades. Damn I'm going to blow them away. Oh yea did I mention we don't have a freakin' TV in our room anymore? Yea, it sucks gathering around a freakin' laptop to watch a movie. Yes! I only have like 3 more minutes to type. Okay, now less! I wonder how long my suite mate is going to sleep today. My other suite mate apparently didn't even make it home last night. I went to bed with straight hair and woke up with really curly hair. Hmm. Wonder what happened there. I remember waltsing last night. The Australians taught me how to walts and how to do the salsa. It was awesome. until I burned my finger. I suppose that's another story. Okay, I hear someone talking. Yes! My time is almost up. I guess it just like cuts my sentence off when time is up. That sucks. I hate leaving things unfinished. I'm going to stop now because I hate I when I get cut off and I only have a few seconds. Looking foreward to class!!. . . Not really. Sorry. ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_345.txt," I am at a study hall room at the time wondering what I will think about that I am going to write. There are people behind me talking and one went Ole Miss which makes me think of a friend of mine from high school who is a freshman there now. I wonder how he is doing now along with all my other friends that is not attending UT. There are actually several people going here from my high school but I only see about half of them on a regular basis. I am a little stressed with all the things going on because I have done the thing that everyone has said not to but I think no matter what it happens to everyone. It is just the thought of all the freedom and then all of a sudden a couple weeks go by and there are quizes, tests, and papers due at the same time. I am also stressed about so many different things such as a typical college freshman is. One guy said that his fine arts was theater and dance. That made me think about when I was confused on what to take when I was signing up for classes. People ask me what this is that I am typing because they can read exactly what I am thinking. I am actually hungary with all these people talking about food. Is kind of a word? Not sure but it should be. I just found a phone on the desk but completely forgot that it was mine until I opened it up. I lost my phone a week ago so I don't have any of the numbers that I used to have, I hope this is not being graded for correct grammer because I am trying to type as fast as I think. I have already been typing for 10 minutes already and am wondering what else I am going to talk about. I also don't know what class I am going to drop, which haves to be done tomorrow. I cannot take 16 hours that I am currently signed up for so I will drop one to drop down to 13 hours. A friend of mine just called saying that he cannot make it to lunch. A guy is just now sitting beside me and he is about to start eating something. That makes me hungary again. He is reading everything I type and just corrected me on a mistake. I am running out of things to say or talk about. I am thinking now about my place and hearing some stories in the background. Most people are done with their homework and are asking me questions about this assignment, I am actually kind of comfortable right now at the computer. I don't have a computer yet at my apartment so it is really hard for me to get to an actual one to do assignments and get notes off the internet. I have yet to figure out how many notes to take from class since everything is different in college. I have a lot of stuff to do like go to WalMart, the grocery store and other places to get caught up on everything. Only a few more minutes left until I am done with this. I wonder again if this is for completion grade or even if it is going to be read. I bet the counselors read all these to see if we are all okay since majority of the class is freshman. Wow, I cannot believe that the twenty minutes is almost up. I'm going into a blank thought because of this pressure that the timer is putting on me for some reason. What else should I say? ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_347.txt," I am finally taking a break from doing my math homework. I am so excited to finally be doing nothing. I am so excited that I finally got my laundry back because now I do not have to worry about it, but I do need to do a load of some personal items. While looking around my room I see my side pretty neat and then I look at my roommate's side and it is a pig-sty. It bothers me because she has buckets overflowing everywhere, when they could easily at least be hidden under her bed. Maybe we will have a talk about that later? Who knows. But I cannot wait for this weekend because not only is it a three day weekend, but that's one more day that I don't have to go to class. I love living here at Towers but the walls are paper thin. I can hear anything and everything that my roommate/suitmate say and sometimes that's okay but when I'm trying to concentrate on something it kind of bothers me. Oh well, life could be worse. I wonder what else I have to do to prepare myself for tomorrow? I think I need to go to Allie's room at some point to get her notes from Philosophy that I missed last week, and I really need to go return a book to the Co-Op and go by the bank because the stupid people sent me my check card with my dad's name on it. Why would they do such a thing? Oh well at least it won't be too hard to fix. At least I hope it won't be too hard to fix. I am so tired but I got so much sleep last night and I don't understand how I'm so tired after only going to class for an hour and a half today? It makes no sense to me. Maybe I am still transforming into the ""college-life-style"" and I'm just not used to it yet? I'm getting very sleepy but there's no point in trying to take a nap because I know it won't happen for me. I love how I have so many pictures around my room because everywhere I look I am reminded of a fun time with my friends from home. Speaking of home, I feel like so many people are going home this weekend. As much as I would like to go home, I don't think I'm quite ready to leave here yet. I don't think I'm settled in enough yet to get up and leave already. Even if I did go home my parents wouldn't be there because they are going to the lake. I wonder if I will see them at all since they'll be so close to me now? Maybe I will call them later and ask. Oh and I need to call Mimi back since she left me a message yesterday. I'll call her later when I have a few minutes to spare since I know the conversation will last for a lifetime. Or I guess I should say it will last for a long time. It's amazing how I was here in my room for so long by myself without my roommate or suitmate, and then all of a sudden it's like they both appeared at the same time, and within five minutes they both left and I'm left alone again in quietness. I will most definitely take advantage of that alone/quiet time, but then again sometimes I do get bored sitting here by myself. They asked me if I wanted to go eat with them but I just ate a few hours ago, I might as well save my meals for when I'm actually hungry right? Wow, looking up at the clock I never realized how long twenty minutes really is. I feel almost out of breath because I've been typing so much so fast and its only been a mere ten minutes. My sister just called but I have to call her back. She didn't seem to mind because she said that her and her friend Jessi would be searching for Jessi's car anyway. So I wonder what happened to it? Did she park somewhere and forget where she left it? Weird. I hope I never do that. Although it would probably be hard for me to do that since I've only driven my car twice in two weeks. I wonder if that's bad for it? Maybe I need to try to drive it at least once a week to make sure it still works? I should probably ask my dad about that. So its only four oclock in the afternoon and I feel like its ten at night. Why is that? Well I just hope I keep up with everything as much as I'm ""supposed"" to because college is definitely not like high school. High school is like a joke compared to what I've experienced in only 5 days. Oh well at least we get a month of for winter break instead of two weeks. So about winter break. I cannot wait to go home because I think we will have like a reunion of everyone getting to be together once again. I'm sure Ill see most of my friends over Thanksgiving break but the first time we will all be together with the ""old gang"" will probably be Christmas break. That will be a fun break, and I know it will be great seeing everyone again. I wonder if my family will be taking any kind of of trip? Hmmm there's another thing I need to check into because I don't like finding out about things like that at the last minute. Especially since my best friend who lives in Virginia will be in Houston for part of the break. If I missed her because I was on a family trip I would be extremely upset so I need to figure it out to make sure I will be around. Wow my eyes are shutting so much maybe I should go get some coffee from downstairs? Sounds like a great idea and it will probably make my throat feel a little better since it's kind of of sore. I think just getting used to college life and my new schedule is wearing me out enough to feel a little under the weather. I can't wait to fully recooperate so I can feel 100% again. Then hopefully I will be in a better mood and not so irritable? Hopefully! Well now getting back to the matter at hand, this assignment. ALthough it has been time consuming, it's probably been the easiest assignment of my entire life. Wow and that's saying a lot!!! I am so interested to see what our next assignment is like, since our professor said that there will never be another one like this again. Our class is huge and I actually saw a second person that I know yesterday when I was walking out. Speaking of I should probably call that friend of mine. Well it looks to me that I just glanced up and this assignment is over! Yay :-) ",y,y,y,y,n

2004\_348.txt," I don't want to go home. I have to take the stupid bus back to campus but I'm too lazy. I'm hungry but I already ate so much I'm gonan get so fat it sucks. no exercise and just food the perfect college experience. dude I'm bored there's nothing to do around here when you don't have a car. I want my car back I miss my baby can't wait until I go back to plano and nadia is pissed off because her stupid phone doesn't have service in her apartment and her apartment sucks. there's no cold water in the shower so I got burned like crazy this morning how am I going to take a shower tomorrow if there's no cold water and the maintenance people didn't fix it yet they're probably going to come tomorrow early in the morning and wake me up and they are screaming like stupid girls and I think shara just got hit in the boob. ha ha how funny. ok its just her leg. gosh we have no life. there's nothing to do aorund here. we just sit here and do nothing and they just scream and we;re going to get fat . I think we should work out. walking around campus is exercise I guess but it doesn't really do anything. I need to work out so bad but I'm too lazy and I don't know wat else to say . I dotn feel like goign to class tomorrow because there's no point in going to chemistry because all his notes are online and he doesn't really expand on it and its so boring and its a one and a half hour class and I want to sleep and I just sit there and stare at nothing its so retarded. I don't get why classes are so boring there's no point in taking a chemistry class if I'm going to be a business major and my friends are being so freaking loud and I can't concentrate and I don't know what I'm typing I'm not even paying attention. there's this girl who got in a car accident and the air bag blew out her eye and she's suing hte company or something I don't know. I think that's really cool. Sort of I don't know I'm runnign out of thigns to say and its only been about 6 mins. how can I do this for 20 mins its impossible I don't think that much. haha that just made me sound really retarded . I think someone in my friends freshman seminar is gay. she's so mean. she doesn't want to hang out with ditzes . don't know how to spell that. there's this grl in psych that wants to form a study group. I don't even know her and I don't my phone just rang and I and we just had a wing dinner and I didn't go and my roommate went to another wing and its so retarded. I don't really want to go and we'll going to get fat. I think my roommate thinks I don't want to stay in my dorm because I haven't been back there in like a week. she might think I don't like her or somthing and my wing advisor doesn't know me she asked my friend told me she asked if she was me. I'm runnning out of stuff to say why are we doing thing. Is there a point . don't htink tat was really smart to say but tats what I'm thinking and this is the assignment so I wrote it. my friends think all I think about is sex alcohol my suicidal lova with and an ""A"" and they're laughing at nothign its so weird. there are two lesbians on the bed behind me its kind of kinky. gosh this is so retarded. I hope you don't read this because I have no idea wat I'm saying. we are depressed. We realized today thanks to our psych class. all we do is eat sleep do nothing think about sleeping think about partying and doing stuff but we don't and we just sit and eat and do nohting. and htink about classes that we should go to but don't which is really bad since we;re paying for these classes . And now the stupid lesbians are asking each other how many fingers am I holding up and they think I have blonde hair because they found one one the bed. that shows how stupid they are. its probably nadia's because she's a total blonde on the inside and out. and now they're talking about this guys butt and how he wears really tight pants. and how they want their guys friends cloths and now they're imitating how their friends stand this is so stupid I have like 5 mins left and now they want to watch porn. we watched one the other night it was so funny. it was my first time like a few days ago and now they're talking about how we sleep. shara is always squishing me against the wall. And nadia like elbows me. O I have to get tickets for plano tm. Because I'm going back this weekend to see my friend whos leaving for harvard on Saturday so smart. and she just got her cartilage pierced today with my other friend. they're such wusses. They called me and were like freaking out and asking me if it hurt and stuff and I'm like. just freaking do it. And I told them not to call me until they did it. So they did. Took them long enought. gosh 3 more minutes. can't wait until I go to plano. Get my car and probably going to see some friends and hang out and stuff. Stupid dylan piss me off. Gosh why can't he just cooperate once in a while gosh. Its so stupid . I just don't understand him sometimes. nadia wants to put my hair in pigtails and she'll pay me to go to class like tat she said she'll make me dinner but she can't cook if her life depended on it. she made these intstant mash potatoe thngs and it came out wet and dry at the same time and it was kind of grainy and stuff. It was the grossest thing I have ever tasted . and she even screws up instant noodles. she doesn't add enough water and it comes out dry and salty. Ok only 30 mor seconds. just drag it out . Type slower . And now they're talking about their stupid eyebrows and how crappy a wax job it was and she keeps looking at it and tis ",n,n,n,n,n

2004\_350.txt," I can't believe I am doing this. This homework is due on Friday. However, I am working on it instead of studying for some other assignments given by other professors. I am so behind right now. I didn't even read a page of psy yet. Why? It is all because my sis's bf lost his carkey!!! I left the book in his car on Friday. And the result of this? I have to wait till Monday 1AM. That's when he got his spare key from HOUSTON! My room is so not-neat right now. I need more time! I went to my sister's friend's apartment just now. His place is so messy. I guess the place that I live in is not bad at all. The psy class is so huge. I am in TIP classes. Most of the classes are not in the big auditorium. I am excited about being a college students. I met a lot of new people. People from different cities. There is a badminton club in UT Austin. I am joining it for sure. I love playing badminton. However, in my high school, we only played badminton during PE for a week or so. I wonder why people here don't like badminton that much. Bio is so interesting. I like chemistry too. However, there are some serious reading that need to be done at home. On top of all those, there are in-class quizzes and discussion that I have to attend. Where can I find all the time to do all the thing that need to be done? I am spending 20 minutes right now to complete an assignment that is not going to be due in a few days. Why am I doing this right now, at midnight? Am I crazy? I do need to get some sleep. However, if I get some sleep right now, I can never get my stuff done. I am going to take a hip-hop/funk dance class. I got my flight ticket back to Malaysia. I am so worried that I might have to cancel that flight when my bio professor said that the final is going to be on the 18th. I thought I might not be able to make it again. I had fun during critical thinking class. I mean, what is the purpose of taking critical thinking class? I do not get it. However, the class is pretty relaxing--so far. I wonder what the exam is going to be like. What about chemistry? How is the exam going to be like? I met some of my siser's friends. I met some new friends as well. I am still seeing some of my old friends. However, we don't see each other that often since we all have different classes on different time and date. On top of that, I have some friends that don't go to UT Austin. I want to go to San Marcos. I want a handbag. I bought myself a wallet. I went to Urban Outfitters. I will go broke if I keep on shopping. I don't shop that much. I don't really like going to mall. My sister loves going to mall. I think going to mall just to LOOK for stuff to buy is a waste of time. I would not do that unless I am extremely bored. Sometimes I like to buy artistic stuff. Am I artistic? I don't think so. I doubt it. I don't see myself as a creative person. I love sciences and maths. Those are my favorite subjects. I totally dislike government, history, geography, etc. I think psychology is interesting---so far it seems to be. I am all worn out. I had been up since 8:30 in the morning until right now. I had a really busy schedule. I want to go to my friend's apartment and start karaoke-ing. Is this the right spelling? No one will know anyway. I want to go back to Houston and see what's going on over there. I want to see my friends in Houston/Sugar Land once again. I want to go to Malaysia and start shopping. I want to go to Hong Kong and eat those delicious food. I need to get my homework done. So much to do, so little time. People who live right next to my apartment are kind of noisy. They party like almost every night. I totally understand that since this is Austin and all of them are UT students. I am just telling the truth here. No offense to anyone. Who will disagree on that? I want to sleep now. But I still need to write more and then do more reading. I don't want to be a know-nothing person when I go to bio lecture tomorrow. I can't believe I write that much in this short amount of time. I hate writing. Writing is not my strong part at all. I like to eat. I want to eat sushi right now. Korean food will do too. ",y,y,y,n,n

2004\_351.txt," The first thing that coems to mind is how much I hate the stupid popups that are getting in the way of my writing and slowing down my laptop. The man that invented those should be shot. Now I'm starting to remember what was said in class about this assignment. It seemed like a really dumb assignment to do, but I prefer writing for only twenty minutes versus actually drafting up some essay and spending hours writing and rewriting and losing sleep over it. There really isn't much too this, which should've been fairly obvious to everyone in class. Why is it that no matter where you go there's always someone really really stupid that'll ask the same question that someone else asked only a few seconds before them. If I was a teacher that would really annoy me. It would be fun to put those dog shock collars on those types of people, you know the ones that everyone growns inwardly (and sometimes outwardly) at as soon as they open their mouth because nothing good will come out. I actually really do like the psych class. The assignment is aggravating because I know that odds are no one will ever read this and I'm doing it just for my own amusement. I know if I cheat and just copy and paste something or bang on the keyboards for 20 mins, then I'll feel bad about it. Oh well, 20 minutes isn't that big of a deal anyways. I'm killing time until my boyfriend gets done with his project so I can talk to him again. My mind is trying to go into thinking about my bf, but I'm not going to let that happen. I know that most people have a hard time making a ""long distance"" relationship work when the distance really isn't that far. All the girls I've met left a bf in Houston or Dallas. I wish that's how far away he was because I could go and see him on the weekends. Actually, if he was anywhere in the US, then it would really help, but I knew what I was getting into when we decided to stay together. No more boyfriend talk. I start looking around the room to think of something else, but the first thing that catches my eye is my roommate's vase of big yellow flowers that her bf just sent her. That's really not helping. I keep thinking about something in Spanish, but I'm guesssing whoever might read this (I doubt anyone ever will) won't know Spanish so I guess I should write it in english. La ausencia para el amor es como el viento para el fuego: extingue lo pequeno y the fuerza a lo grande. That would translate to, Absence for love is like wind for fire: it extinguishes the small and gives strength to the large. Sounds much better in Spanish though. Now I'm starting to remember that anytime Spanish comes up, everyone asks how I know it and when I tell them I lived in South America they always ask if that's where I'm from. That has to be THE single most annoying question. I've been asked so many times, too many times. And no matter how many times I explain I'm from Dallas, and my parents are 100% American, people still assume that my family must be Mexican. It's like asking an oriental person if their family is originally from Africa. It's just stupid. I don't look hispanic at all. Everyone assumes too much. When I say I lived in South American, they all assume Mexico. And when I say no, then they think I must have lived in a hut in the middle of the jungle. But its not only the Americans. Now I'm remembering all the dumb questions I got when I moved to Lima. When I said I'm from Texas, they all said no you're not, you're not wearing any boots and a gallon hat. Or they'd ask where my horse was, or what happend if my horse got sick and how would I get to school if that happened. Plus I got all the dumb Bush jokes. Fern used to call me Bushwa instead of Gushwa, my last name. Pretty creative though. I'm glad he's happy at Harvard ",n,n,n,n,y

2004\_352.txt,"I'm actually really tired, but I want to finish as much homework as I possibly can. It's not terribly late so I thought it would be nice to write something on my thoughts right before I go to bed. Today was a good day. Not too much stress and I talked to a lot of my friends and family. Its always nice when I get to talk to old friends from hs. today I met a girl that went to the same elementary as me. we didn't know each other, but we had a connection because we were from the same town. MOst people have never heard of my town before, so it was pretty cool. I also met a girl this morning that went to the other hs in my town, which again is strange. I actually met a lot of people, one of the girls has a class with me and we live right down the hall from each other. I'm glad to know that I have someone that I can study with or ask a question if I need help anytime I want. One good thing about college is that it's really easy to make friends. Even if you're a shy person, there's always someone who is willing to talk to you. I used to be really shy, but I don't have much of a problem introducing myself to random people, I actually enjoy doing that now. I look foward to those that I will meet tomorrow, I just hope I can remember everyone's name when I see them again. I've met so many people in such a short period of time that it becomes difficult to match names with faces. I enjoy all of my classes, I'm feeling pretty comfortable in my decision on what I plan to major in. It seems that I really do enjoy chemistry and biology, but I'm really glad to have a psychology class to take my mind off of things that I have to do. I'm really excited about Wednesday. I'm going to try out for the rowing team. I think I'm really going to enjoy the workouts and meeting new people. I hope I make the team, but I don't want to get my hopes up, so I'm just going to see how it goes. Today I went to the gym to see how difficult rowing really is and I feel much more comfortable with my decision. I was able to row correctly, although it gets kind of confusing at times because it is not a natural movement. but I was able to row for 2000 meters non-stop my first try, and I think that's pretty good because I only have to row for 500 meters for the tryouts. I'm not sure how good my chances are at making the team. I haven't been on a sports team since middle school. but I have been in band since sixth grade. band may not be the best workout ever or the most strenuous, but marching can get pretty tiring, and I think that it has prepared me a little for this. I'm really good with endurance which is key in rowing. In high school, we had to march for 8 minutes straight. my senior year I had a solo and I had to run around to my different sets and then stand still and play a long slow balad for a couple of minutes and make it musical. That was pretty hard to play without people realizing I'm completely out of breath. But it was really rewarding, I had the opportunity to play in front of thousands at a time at our football games. I could never get up in front of a crowd and speak or sing, but I can play my flute in front of anyone. I really wish I was able to be in the UT band. I had always wanted to be part of the band, but now my major doesn't allow the time. I hope that later in my college career, I have the chance to be in the marching band at least once. I think it would be so much fun. Music has always been a big thing in my life, I love to play it, but I also love to listen to it. My favorite kind of music is country. I especially love george strait. I have most of his cd's. I know every word to every song he sings, I only need to hear the first chord of one of his songs and I'll know its him. I'm also a big fan of 80's movies. one of my favorites is young frankenstein. mel brooks makes wonderful movies, I think they're all hilarious. real genius is another good one I like. most of my favorite movies I'm able to quote from beginning to end. one of the classics is the princess bride. there are so many great one-liners in that movie. my dad and I always say random quotes from movies anytime something happens. my dad knows the most trivial things. he'll know the answer to the most random question you can think of. its pointless, but its pretty cool. my dad and I are really close, I wish I could be more like my dad. we grew really close when my mom passed away when I was little, he remarried, and now I have a brother and a sister. I love my little sister so much, she's the cutest. she never uses my real name, she always calls me sister. I really miss her. but I talk to her often and she's always so excited to hear from me. she just got a new rabit, she's had 5 and three of them were sold in the stock show and one of them died. but now she has 2. I hope the heat doesn't get to these two like the others. she's always really worried about them. she also has a dog, and I have a dog named princess. my dog is a choc. lab. she's really cute, but she's also really old. I'm glad she has a new puppy to play with since I won't be there for her all the time. I've had her ever since I was little, I miss her too. I brought a lot of pictures and things from home so I wouldn't get homesick. my room is very comforting I think. I don't think I could stand it if it were blank. most of my pictures are of my family and of my best friend kelly. she goes to corpus with my brother, so she isn't that far away from me. we talk all the time online though, so it feels like she's here. ",n,n,y,n,y

2004\_354.txt,"Let's see. I'm sitting here in my dorm room all alone. This is a great time to get some homework done before my roommate comes back. Not that she's not a cool person or anything, I just can concentrate better when I'm alone and when it is quiet. But that is almost impossibe here in Jester. There are always people roaming the halls making loud noises. Like right now! Oh well, it is something I must get used to. Or I can do what I did last night. Wait until around midnight to go to the study lounge located on this floor to get my reading done. I stayed there until 1:30 a. M. I guess I can do my work better at night. My fingers are freezing! This room is so cold! I haven't even figured out how to change the temperature in this room, it is insane. I'm cold even when I go to bed at night with my blanket. I have to constantly keep a sweater on and I cannot wear shorts like I used to back at home. Aw, home! I think I am starting to miss being at home. I called the house the other day and my 11-year old brother told me he misses me. This, ladies and gentlemen, is something that never occurs. I do go back home on Thursday night, but only so that I can get to the DFW airport Friday morning for my flight to Atlanta. I am competing in a sports tournament for my church. I am playing flag football and running track. Another cool thing about this weekend get away is that I get to see the guy I've been dating for less than a month. Well, I've known him for about 4 years, but we just started hanging out a lot after we did a children's camp for my church together. It's funny because he liked me after we were participants in a camp when we were about 13. I went to a dance with him after that, but only because I didn't want to be mean. He is exactly a year and 13 days younger than me. That was always an issue for me before, but for some reason, I really don't care anymore. He is the sweetest and funniest guy I have ever met. I actually just got out of a 3 year and 3 month relationship a month ago. Me and my ex-boyfriend decided that since we were both going off to college, we should take time apart and maybe date other people since he was my first and only boyfriend. A week after we broke things off, this new guy I'm dating told me he had feelings for me. I was so confused and didn't know what to do because I had just got out of a relationship and I was going to be moving to Austin in a few weeks. But I'm normally the uptight girl that can't let loose and enjoy myself. Because of that, I decided that I'd go ahead and be true to my feelings and attempt to actully be with another guy. We decided we'd just go with the flow and not really label ourselves. My ex found out and was extremely jealous. It just bites that he showed his love and affection for me after he hears about me being with another guy. But oh well, that's life I guess. I am really glad I continued to see this other guy, regardless of what my ex had to say. I spent every day with him until the day I left. I have never met anyone that has made me laugh so much. He is amazing. The only thing I'm worried about is that I'll fall too hard and too quickly for him. I mean I did just get out of a serious relationship and I don't think I'm quite ready for another one. That's the only problem I'm having right now. The fact that he's a high school student does not bug me as it used to. But the distance might become an issue. It was an issue in a way for me and my ex, so I do feel a tad bit guilty that I'm willing to work things out with this new guy rather than my ex. But my ex did not treat me as well as this new one is treating me. But yeah, that is basically what has been on my mind like everyday while at UT. But I am definitely loving it here in Austin. I enjoy all of my professors and classes. Having two biology classes and a chemistry class, however, can be tough. In addition I am taking this psychology class, which I dropped economics for because it seems way more fun and interesting. Other than that I have my freshman seminar class, which has the topic of promoting health in multicultural populations. I just finished the reading for that class right before I started this assignment. Ah, my hands are still so cold. What do I do?! My ears are feeling very cold too. Must I wear gloves in the summer in my DORM ROOM?! Or my bad, it is the fall now. Same thing. Today is the day for my mile run. Ever since I moved to Austin, I have been running a mile every other day at the Gregory Gym. I absolutely love that place! And it is so convenient because it is right next to Jester. Freshman 15 can kiss my booty because I am staying in shape! I find that I've been working out more here than I was doing at home in the summer. I really love this lifestyle I have at UT. The whole freedom thing is still a bit overwhelming, but I do not feel like I am abusing it. I did party a lot this weekend, but I didn't drink or anything. People keep calling me a party girl and it is actually making me a bit upset. I don't want people to view me as a party girl because I'm not out of control or anything. Oh well. I see that this writing is almost up. That wasn't too bad! ",n,y,y,y,n

2004\_355.txt," Wow this is actually a cool writing assignment. I would have never expected to be asked to sit here at my computer and just write what I am thinking for a 20 minute period. I have just gotten back from a meeting about the Texas Lonestars organization and LOVED it! The only problem is that I am just a freshman still getting use to the whole college life and time management thing. I am kind of stressed out (but not nearly as bad as I know I can get sometimes) just because I am pre med and I know that I really need to concentrate on my grades and school work while also getting involved. Getting involved, however has never been a problem for me. I love to be involved in everything. Now that is a problem because if I spread myself too thin I am not going to be able to put forth my best in each venue. I know for sure that I want to do something involving dance because it has been such an intricate part of my life for so long and is truly one of my passions. I am going to try out for the Roustabouts and the Steel Dance Company. I am beginning to get nervous just because I haven't really gotten the chance to practice anywhere here since I've been away from home. I hope that I am able to keep my grades really good while also having fun and enjoying my college experience. I know that I am here to get an education, but it's obvious to everyone that college doesn't just teach you knowlege in your courses that are suppose to be preparation for your career, but it's also a learning experience for life lessons. I feel that just in the week and a half that I have been here I have already become more responsible and determined. It has been kind of hard switching from not only my hometown to a new, huge city, but also from summer and relaxation and the feeling of ""yey school is over"" to ""wow, my life is just beginning, along with lots of studying that I don't really want to do. "" My life has just been kind of awkward lately anyway. I know that things are suppose to change when you go off to college in so many ways especially through your habits and relationships and mine definitely has. The fact that my family has been going through changes of its own has made me feel somewhat distant and like I don't belong. Yet, the funny thing is that I don't really care or maybe it's that I don't know how to make the effort to fit in again. My first time to go home will be to a different home than the one that I've lived in for the past four years (even though I lived there when I was younger) and I feel like it will just be weird to see how my family's lives have just king of carried on without me. I won't really understand my mom's relationship with the guy she is dating or how my brother is experiencing or enjoying high school. My dad is perhaps the only one that I will probably still feel just about the same with because I am use to not seeing him all the time. My time is almost up and as of right now I am just really hoping that, even though I may not be showing my priority to God right now, he will really just step into my life and help me control it in the right direction. ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_356.txt, I wonder if he is going to call me tonight. I wonder if he cares or if he just wanted some. I hate guys like that. why do I always fall for a guy and just end up getting hurt. Ray must really not give 2 shits about me. I gave him all of my heart and he just broke it. why are guys like that. I hope my cat doesn't hurt my hampster. do rats really not get depressed I wish I was a rat I can't handle being depressed anymore it seems like I will never be happy doesn't anyone care about me I just want someone to love because I know I have so much love to give. I wonder if I like manny or if it is just a fling. either way I had fun with him. I probably shouldn't have stayed with him those nights but I enjoyed it. I wish we could be together right now. I wonder what he is doing does he want me or what. I really just want someone to want me. I don't want to be alone anymore. I have so much homework I have to do. if I don't do better then I will be kicked out of ut that can't happen my parents will be so pissed I need to make a's in all my classes why can't I do it am I really stupid or what I just want to be happpy is that too much to ask for. I wish manny would call he's so cute and smart but I don't know what the deal is I don't want to sit by myself tonight. I have to work int the morning I hope I make some money because I am fucking broke I have no money I can't even eat. man when am I ever going to get out of this hole. I don't want to go to work but I need to I hope my hampster is ok over there I think he fell asleep in his little ball and titty is messing with him o wait she is going to sleep too how cute. iam really tired of writing southpark is on and I would really like to watch it they just made a penis out of clay and the teacher just picked up like she was jacking it off it was so funny. man I need to get some. what is going on cartman is so funy the just called the art teacher a art whore. I wish I was with manny he really keeps my mind off of ray. ray really hurt me I wonder if he even cares probably not he just screws people and leaves them he is such an asshole. I would really like for manny to just hold me that would be nice. I love to be held surley there is someone out there for me why am I alone I just need to get trashed tonight that will make me feel better. I hope there are some good parties tonight maybe I will meet someone tonight I think I'm pretty does no one else I always get attention so why am I by myself I really need to do something all I ever do is homework I am so tired I need more sleep it seems like I never have a break and I don't know how much more I can do without just callapsing I wonder if I should call manny but if he wanted to talk to me he would call so should I wait for him to call me or should I call him I don't know I really want to see him when I woke up next to him monday morning he told me to call me him but he didn't answer but he called last night at like 12:30 I called him back today and still haven't heard from him I hope he calls ,y,n,y,y,y

2004\_357.txt," Why don't the washing machines ever work in my dorm? I mean I swipe and swipe my student I'd and nothing. Nothing ever starts up. I don't carry change on me just because I know Ill spend it on dumb stuff, so I guess Ill never get my clothes washed. Which is a really strange thing because back home I am so meticulous about being clean and having a something new to wear everyday. I don't really care as much here. I only care when I go out what I have on. This is for the pure reason of wanting to impress males. There is so many cute guys at UT, going out is soon going to be a problem if I don't get my all my work done. I am so scared of not doing well in my classes. This is the big times. If I screw up here there may be no point of return. Its either do it or get out. There's like 10000 people here who are pre-med and I'm guessing 9999 of them are smarter than me, which really doesn't work in my favor when it comes to getting into med school. Ah, why am I putting myself down!? I can do it. I know I can, I've wanted this forever so I'm not going to just give up. I really loathe calculus though. I work so hard,and then I always seem to screw up the exams. Why? I don't know, maybe I have testing anxiety? Is that really a real thing or is just some excuse I'm making up for my bad testing skills. Well, whatever it is I need to get it under control. My roommate seems to have everything under control. She wakes up, makes her bed, goes to class, does 3 work out classes, eats fruits and vegetables for dinner, studies, then goes to sleep at 11 pm. I'm like ""WOW"" here's the model student, so of course what do I do? I try to model her actions. Yah, its not working so well. I am just not such a structured person. I do believe I have A. D. D though, or maybe once again this is just another excuse. I just cannot focus on my reading assignments for more than like thirty minutes. What's the deal? I have no idea. Oh I have so much to do tomorrow, so many things to take care of . I need to find out when my old professors office hours are this fall. I really don't want to have to see him again, but its got to be done. Especially if I want my grade fixed. I hated my grades this summer. I can't believe I let myself slip that low. Well its really taught me a lesson. I think. I mean I am actually getting more studying done, or activities persay, such as this writing assignment. But I still feel like the same old me. Gosh, there this amazing jacket I want at the mall. I wish I just had an endless supply in my checking account. But don't we all? Yah good thing I got a new job here. My job is so badass. Wait am I allowed to say ass in a school assignment. hmmmm interesting. Oh well there's no going back now! But I do get paid a lot of money and that helps me a lot, because I am so expensive. If I walk into a store, the only thing I'm going to like I can guarantee is going to the be the most money. My room is so freezing cold. I really need to find out if something can be done about this. It's 60 degrees all the time, I'm sitting here in like my eskimo clothes in the middle of summer in texas. It's ridiculous. I really miss San Jac. They had their own thermostats in each room. It was clean. And big. Speaking of san jac. Football season starts Saturday. WOOHOO. I'm the biggest dork, I get so into school events like that. It just feelsreally cool to be a part of something so big. It is sort of like when I'm walking past the tower and the mail bldg. and I look down and see the capitol building. I'm amazing, like ""wow, I really made it here!"" It's kind of surreal to me, like an out of body experience. Then there is always the kids who make it look so easy to be here and like they don't give a damn, I'm like stop that! Exclamation marks make it look like I'm overly excited or yelling or something. I don't like that so I won't use them any more. Is this 20 min up yet? okay, I don't think I'm supposed to be thinking that. Great now I've fallen into the trap of thinking about thinking of what to write for this paper. I thought all day long about how to avoid this hole. Yah it wasn't doable. Is doable a word? do able. I don't know but I like using it. uhhhh. That's the sound of me going braindead. Well not necessarily, that would mean I was dead and obviously I'm not because duh here I am typing. I just really can't concentrate with my room being so cold. My nose is like an icicle. You know speaking of stream of consciousness, I have always wanted to read Ulysses. Isn't that the name of the book by James Joyce ? Yah I read an excerpt from it and it was very intriguing. They do this whole writing thing a lot better than I do. I'm looking at my writing and I feel that I sound Childish, not intelligent, like I should be dictating more mature words. Oh god there I go trying to sound smarter. I guess all I can do is write what's in my head. This is me, this is it. Only like one more minute to go and thank goodness. I feel like I've been having to force myself to think or something for the last twenty. Plus I've been thinking in like turbo speed. Sometimes I talk like that. Very fast. People can't understand me its horrible. Oh damn my hand hurts so bad. Ok good I am finally. D-o-n-ne. ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_359.txt,"What an evening! I have every bad event that has taken place tonight on my mind right now because now I am in the worst mood. I went with my suitemate to pick up food from Taco Cabana. Everything was going good, but then we had to wait forever for our food. Then when we got to the window, we had to send her drink back because it was the wrong size. Finally, we got our food, and it was right. We drove back to our dorm. The Castilian has a very strange structure that they call their parking garage. I park on the end of the row, and it is almost impossible to get in to. After ten minutes, I finally got my car in my assigned spot. When we were getting out, she grabbed the food and I grabbed the two drinks. We had to wait forever forever for the parking garage elevator. FInally, it came and we headed up to our room. I stacked the two drinks on top of eachother and supported them with my chin as I attempted to unlock my door. As I was doing this, I even heard my suitemate offer to hold the drinks while I opened the door, but I just ignored because I thought I had them. I made it in the door successfully, but as I was going to set them down, I dropped both of them all over my area rug. Irate, I bent over to pick up all of the ice on the floor and I screamed how much I really wanted a soda since I haven't had one all week! I knew I had to get my rug washed otherwise it would be stained. I proceeded to head down to the laundry room but realized I had forgotten the detergent. All the while, keeping in my mind that my food was upstairs getting cold. When I walked in to the laundry room, I whacked my hip bone on the door knob, and even as I type this, I can feel the bruise forming. I kept walking towards the washing machines and didn't notice a puddle of water on the floor. I slipped 3 times before making it to the machine. I was so mad by this time that I just decided to wash my rug without any detergent. Now, here I am sitting in my room so pissed about all the events. I get back in my room and the internet is not working!! I realize that I am so sick of fighting with the Apogee people that run our internet connections in our dorm. So now, here I am eating the soggy nachos that I paid 6 bucks for. All I can smell is the food, but now I'm really not hungry. You should hear the neighbors across the hall making the situation all the more worse. Their TV or radio is really loud and I can hear it from here. Oh geez, now they're knocking on my door. ""Is your internet working?"" It just came back up a few minutes ago is what I told them. For a day that was going too good, it has now taken a turn for the worst. Now I am thinking about the phone call I just made to my mom a little bit ago after all the excitement. She did not offer me ANY words of advice! ""Things happen!"" she said. Wow! No kidding!! I don't think anything else can go wrong, unless my internet decides to cut off while I am writing this. I look around my room and all I can see is a big mess! As of right now, an optimistic attitude is way out of the question! I'm seeing my WET school books on the ground as a result of the tumbling tower of drinks. WOW!! I think this is the worst mood I've ever been in! My room is freezing, my floor is wet, my rug is down in the dryer (which I have to go get in an hour--great!), and my neighbors are a pain in the rear. My suitemate is playing sad music really loud and it is drifting in to my room. It is reminding me of an ex-boyfriend that I have back home! He acts so funny sometimes. He thinks he is so hard to get when I know that when I go down there, he will come right back to me. He's been acting like such a jerk to me lately along with all the other losers that live back home. I was supposed to try to get a lot of things done on the internet tonight, as far as classes, and now I am completely set back. Nursing homework, psych writing assignment, and retrieving bio notes were just a few of many things that I was supposed to do. My stomach is growling because I am so mad. It gets like this when things go wrong. I HATE WHEN THINGS GO WRONG!! My mom's words are ringing in my ears. ""Things Happen!"" ""I just got done telling dad how good of a mood you sounded in when I talked to you earlier!"" THen come my suitemate's words. ""Chill out girl! It's going to be alright!"" I don't think that will EVER happen at this rate! ",y,y,y,y,n

2004\_361.txt," it is often very cold in the Fac the smurf lab especially they call it the smurf lab because it's a student microcomputer facility the acronym and its meaning both absurdly out of date. the computers are new and black the keys crunching crisply under my sore and tired fingers sore and tired from a 3 hour lab drawing three dimensional models in a computer, changing materials, trying to get travertine to stick to cool, airy software. a man comes in (a boy a man) and sits at the computer I usually use but couldn't because his stuff was there. he pulls a sandwich out of a bag, readjusts his hat, takes a slow bite of the sandwich and gets back to work chewing and biting calmly and contentedly as if preparing for a long night which will require nourishment of a complete sort. complete nourishment completed with a drink of some brownish liquid like all other brownish liquids we drink as humans nearly indiscriminately. 4 minutes four minutes of aching arms and hands nerve cells firing the table to my brain, the itch on my right cheek to my brain, the cool air of the place to my brain. I love to write. I love to think in written form, to read the words in my brain, to think nothing but print if I can manage it. Not just in a case like this as if I ever had a case like this - but in all of my life, my every day. My speaking to others has quotation marks around it, descriptive ways of describing what I describe. I always want to write discribe and I don't think I ever have until now because always my mind ( the silent one, the one that doesn't think in word sounds or print) my silent mind stops my hand and puts an e there because it's right, because I knew that from the beginning but the part of my brain that lives in kindergarten, brown bear brown bear what do you see? - tells me so. No it tells me iiiii iii aye aye aye eye eye eye but it's eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee. I live in an apartment on my own now I can barely get it out of my head because it was so beautiful when I moved in bare clean white bright new and beautiful and I keep it so clean and I love that about the apartment and I love that about me. I love to keep it all perfect. any one in the world could walk in the door and other than my messy grammar of any one's and every thing's there would be nothing out of place. I could open the door to the world and there is nothing shameful lying about no dirty plates and cups no clothes on the floor no mess around the sink. It's all clean as I'd like my life to be and am so gradually making it. The separation of church and state - the separation of method and emotion. Somehow I now think of star trek - oh, vulcans. Those crazy vulcans. I loved the next generation but I could never stomach any of the other iterations- the other shows in the series. The next generation was so right - picard so venerable, so rarely stooping to kirks weaknesses or the others' stupidities. So french, so proud. they made this archae not anthropological finding of some skull of some ancient form of man (in real life, not star trek) and they goyt got some graduate student or artist or pro or whatever to make a cast and then cover it with skin and eyes and hair to recreate the face of ancient man and it accidently turned out to look like patrick stewart and everyone thought hey ancient man looked like patrick stewart and they said no it didn't it's just a mistake but it was a great funny mistake anyway. I think a lot about william and henry james. I just read portrait of a lady over the summer and then to read ab out william in the psych book was so great so great to think that brothers could accomplish noteriety in separate fields to think that greatness was inherited from their father but they still so outshone him. my father has a software company and employs a man named john stewart which I think of because of patrick. He (john) drives a brand new red car red what corvette that's it. a red corvette so new that at the corvette show they didn't have one and paid him to put it on display. did they pay him? my ear itches. They used to say in elementary school if your ear itches someone is thinking about you who thinks about me. The boy in the chair I usually sit in is thinking about me because I see him glance up from time to time in the corner of my eye. He eats like a man watching football, chews with his mouth open swallows gulps too large to imagine. so close to done and I loved doing this because I never write anymore. s ",n,y,n,y,y

2004\_362.txt," So the first week of school has begun and I am not ready at all! I already feel like I am loosing my mind. Which is not a good way to start off the school year. I am taking some interesting classes though with what seem like some pretty cool professors. First, I am taking CMS 306M, which is a speech class, and that doesn't seem like it will be too hard. Then I am taking ECO 304K with an amazing professor. I am very excited about this class but I have heard that it is a little difficult so I will definatly have to pay attention and study. I am also taking a geography class about weather and climate and my professor is Troy Kimmel-the weather man! So I am excited about that because he seems like a fun person! I am also taking EDP369K which is a community service class. We have to do community service every week for at least 4 hours. I think the professor sets us up with backgrounds that are unfamiliar to us and then we go to this business/place and get to experience those things that we normally wouldn't. This class should be interesting. I think it will really give a good perspective of what other people have to go through and it will help me not be so selfish. This class is just something I need to take. Finally, I am taking your PSY class which I am very excited about as well! Pennebaker seems very laid back and cool. With the music at the beginning of each class, etc. I don't know, I think I might surprise myself and acctually enjoy physcology (however that is spelled). I really need to catch up on my reading sometime soon. I am a sophomore so I am not as scared as I was last year. Last year I was very intimidated so I studied all the time and read every assignment that was passed my way-and in return I ended up with a 3. 888 (which my parents are enthused about!) But this year I am not as intimidated, so that could either be a good thing or a bad thing. I just really need to get out of the summer mode where I go out every night and do nothing but work and party. I need to calm down and study/read a bit more than I am now. I think I will be okay though because school has only been in session for a few days. So hopefully Ill get my act together soon. Anyway, on a lighter note tonight was our first Chapter Meeting. That's right, I am in a sorority-Alpha Chi Omega-and I love it! We just went through RUSH where we got all of our new members and they are absolutly amazing. My little Alpha Sis is the sweetest most cool girl ever! She knows how to control her school work but she also knows how to have a good time! I just love her. Next week we get our Chi Sis' and then a few weeks after that we get our Omega Sis' then at the end of that we get to chooose our Lil' Sis'-which will be ours for the rest of our college years. So this semester should be very exciting! This year I am living in the AXO house with my pledge class of '03 and I wasn't so sure about it last year but I really love it! I am getting to know my Pledge Class SO much better which really brings us closer and actually gives me the pride of calling them my sisters-however corny that may sound! Haha. Anywho, we have a date dash on Thursday and I am not sure which boy to take! haha. I always seem to have boy problems. But o well, that's all part of being a college student (I guess). Anywho, there is this one boy who is a Sigma Chi and is halarious and so much fun to be around. And really cute but then there is a Wrangler whos name is Matt who I kind of talked to last semester. He use to be our house boy and we even went on a date earlier before school started. Well even though he may be good to look at he really doesn't have much of a personality! Which really sucks. I think he's just really shy or something but he always mumbles and doesn't have a whole lotta interesting things to say. I mean, don't get me wrong he is a super sweet guy and I tottally trust him. And he's 21 (haha). But I can't help it if I am not attracted to someone. I mean in reality personality is everything even if this guy is amazing to look at. But in a way I feel like I owe it to him to invite him to our date dash. But then again I don't want to lead him on and then ""break"" his heart. Because that's just cruel! Okay, then there is another guy who reminds me of my ex-boyfriend (but in a good way). He is super cute and very interesting. I think I could hold several very interesting/intelligent conversations with him. I think he could teach me a lot about life in general. Anywho, my sweetmate introduced me to him and she really wants me to take him to this Date Dash and I would LOVe to go with him but I feel like I owe it to these other guys, that I have been spending more time with. So right now I am a very confussed person-and considering it is Monday night I kind of need to make up my mind really fast. Okay, so there's the Sigma Chi-names Forest-who is one of those guys that is supper fun but not long-term quality. Then there's Matt-the Wrangler-who is so nice but I would feel quilty leading him on by inviting him. Then there is Ryan who is someone I look very much foward to getting to know better. So we shall see how things go. I know everything happens for a reason so I will just follow my heart now and either way things will work themselves out! Right?? Well, I have now been typing non-stop for 18 minutes. I guess I had a lot to get off of my cheast. This is a good assignment because it always us to do what we should do every day. just let it all out! Haha, good idea! O yeah, I tried signing up for an experiment project but then I realized I signed up for the wrong day so I hope that doesn't affect my grade. Whopps! O well, there's nothing I can do about that now. This weekend is our first home football game which I am very excited about! We play North Texas and we should whopp some beee-hind! I can't wait~ ",n,n,y,y,n

2004\_364.txt," Stream of Consciousness: That time counter is very annoying, the videos that switched. a really good song just came on, I think it is by Mark Anthony. This office smells kind of funny sometimes. I met this Girl named Maria today and she is a runner for UT. I hope Parking and Transportstion appeals my ticket. I have some really random thoughts. I want the best things out of life. But I fear that I want too much! What if I fall flat on my face and don't amount to anything. But I feel like I was born to do BIG things on this earth. But who knows. There is this Persian party today. My neck hurts. But I am excited about attending this party. The girl I like will be there. She is my ex. Btu it's all good. I hope she still has feeling for me. I woke up this morning with a terrible head ache. I am wondering if I should invite my brother and hos friends to that party. I really wasn't invited myself, but I know Marjon will be there. I have some messages on my phone. How do you track feelings? That must be hard to do. I feel good! Healthy, kind of tired - but its morning time. I should call Janaina. I miss her. She is very cool. I hope no one actually wastes their time reading this. Because this stream of consciouness in BS. But it's ok. I guess I will learn something new from this class. I made a taks sheet for today. But I dought (is that how you spell that word?) I will finish everything on there. But I might. Life is much simpler when you have direction. I need to get stated on my well logging homework. I bet you guys don't even read this paper. I would be interested in seeing how people stucture this writing assignment. I mean, the way people form their paragraphs and stuff. As you can see I like writing paragraphs 3-4 sentences at a time. Yeahhhhhhhhhhh, time is almost up. I am very glda to be done with is assignment. Thanks ",y,n,y,y,n

2004\_368.txt,"I'm thinking about bush and religion. I just had a simi arguement about it. I don't really care for the way the government is trying to impose religion on everyone. country music isn't that bad. I use to hate it in high school and now I've found a liking for it. tomorrow I go to nachadoches to visit friends. I'm looking forward to the driving and getting away from it all. I don't like being stuck down here. my room is really quiet. so is my roommate. we don't talk much. hopefully we'll open up and start to talk a bit. my legs itch and so does my back. I'm really full. that large pizza was really good. but the sight of pizza would make me really sick. I still can't stop thinking about government. it all just sickens me. I wish there were better canidates to choose from. face itches. I'm actually happy tonite. I got an A on my physics homework. ugh, physics was made by the devil, I swear. its like they don't want you to ever pass that class. leg itches. I'm a little stressed though. my shoulders and neck are all tight. I think its because of my whole financial aid deal. hopefully it will all be in by tomorrow so I can have some money for this weekend. arm itches. I really like country music. stomach itches. I miss old friends. maybe ill try to fix that this semester. get back in contact with old friends or try to stay in contact. I need to stop missing calculus class. its not like its hard. I just need to go and pay attention. I need to shave. I just need the time to do it. it takes forever. my chair is comfy. I don't like how my monitor is set-up. I wish I didn't have to turn my neck to look at the monitor. I wonder who is winning the patriots/colts game. I hope the colts win. I don't want to see the pats win anymore. I really like the underdogs, except when its UT playing. got to support the home team. astros finally lost a game. 12 straight and then a lose. hope they won the second game of the doubleheader. now I see why I people don't like country music, it puts you in a more mellow mood. not sad but not happy. more of a reflective mood. man, this summer was awesome. I can't wait til next summer. college intern at cypress united methodist. 200 kids, wow! a girl from katy died today. some people from the mission trip knew her. its so sad to be taken at such a young age. texas better beat arkansas Saturday. ill be pissed if they lose again to them. I itch a lot. my beard especially. that's why I need to shave it. ugh, 8am class tomorrow. I thought freshman year was going to be the only year I had them. oh well, the class is easy and entertaining. I can't wait for this to be over. I really wish me and my roommate would talk more. it gets kind of akward in here when we are just sitting at our computers not talking to each other. I need to excercise. I'm feeling lazy. I want to play raquetball. it was great when I hit ash in the head with the ball and then when I fell on my butt when trying to serve. great times. my beard still itches. I think I'm going to go shave soon. its driving me nuts. this is a lot like writing in a journal. just a lot more random. but being random is fun, it throws people off. ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_372.txt,"Right now I am in my apartment with my two room mates and one of their girlalking to the friend and her friend. My roommate is wistling some weird tune while watching seinfeld and talking to the girls. My computer is writing unbelievably slow because of all these unbelievably uneccessary pop-ups. Speaking of unbelievable, how do you spell it? Is it with an ie of ei whatever I guess it really doesn't matter. I just answered the door and signed for some package for my roommate. The delivery guy was chill, I like UPS. My roommate just put on a Dave Matthews dvd so at least I'm listening to some pretty sweet music. I am currently eating a cliff bar flavored chocalate brownie. It looks like predigested food, but at leats it taste fairly good. I just looked to my right and noticed my bike which I have not ridden since I got to Austin. Its a Hoffman Condor, which is a pretty sweet bike, I guess I should use it a little more. Me and my roommates rode are bikes around in the snow last year up in Chicago, that was tight. You would never imagine how hard it is to ride a bike on a frozen pond. My roommates girlfriend is doing her laundry at our apartment right now. Its cool. I just looked at my other roommate and thought about the incredibly easy week he has had. He goes to ACC and has no friday classes. He then skipped monday because he didn't have his car. Today he got out of both of his classes for some carnival they were having. He just asked me ""Travis where are we eating tonight. "" That kind of funny because that for sure seems like the most important thing we have to do tonight. I love college. Dave is now playing Granny on the listener supported dvd and its kickin. I love this song. Dave and his boys rock it out in concert if you have never been. . GGGGGGGGGGOOOOOOOOOO. UT is turning out to be pretty sweet. I love the wide variety of people you get to see on a daily basis. My last school had 1200 students so I Knew just about everyone I saw, its a little different here, but its all good. Just looked at the timer and it looks like I got about 3 minutes left. Is anyone elses computer typing on like a 2 second delay? Anyway its been fun writing in a constant stream of continual conscience or whatever its called. Phsycology is very interesting I really liked the lie detector test. Props to Michael for tricking that thing the second time around. Just looked at the kitchen, it looks pretty clean who would have thought? One minute left that's really all I'm thinking about right now. The class dj is good with the tunes they seem to be a sweet mix. Talk to you later peace out whoever is reading this. Bye. ",n,n,y,y,y

2004\_373.txt,"Today has been so uneventful. I just accidentally pushed the finish button on this thing and I hadn't typed a thing. My roommate has her volume all the way up on her computer and is IMing people and it is quite annoying. \*Bahhhring!\* Ugh. I just watched this movie that I completely did not understand. I'm not sure exactly what was going on the whole time. Something about this guy who was really screwed up and then he killed his mom. But she wanted him to. Weird. I'm so tired right now, but I have an early 9 o'clock class. I have towels in the drier. I can't forget to take them out. They're pink and have my name monogramed on them in bright green. Cute. I think, anyways. I can't stop thinking about Ronnie. I hate being in a long distance relationship. I really do. I saw him just yesterday, and he is coming to visit again on Saturday, but it is still too much time in between. I just miss him so much. He means everything to me. He's my best friend. He's my boyfriend. He's everything. I feel like I don't talk to my mom as much as I should, but I really don't feel compelled. And when I do talk to her, she always thinks I am upset about something, but I'm not. I just don't have a lot to say. She is usually busy anyways. Any forty-one-year-old with a kid in college and a one and a half year old, and a live-in, senile grandmother generally has a lot on her plate. And my step-dad, not like he counts for anything. I can't stand the man. And she wonders why I was always miserable when I lived with her. He's such a jerk. But I don't have to live with him now. College life is so much different, but I think I will like it, aside from being away from Ronnie. I like being on my own and not having to worry about what every one else thinks all the time. Especially my step-dad. I do miss Ronnie though. Seeing him this weekend was so amazing. I had only been away from him for a week, but it seemed like an eternity longer, I guess because we had taken this huge leap in our lives, moving away and all. I still can't believe it. My life at home was always so monotomous. Get dressed, school, newspaper, home, dinner, Ronnie, home, computer, sleep. Day in, day out. Now all I do is homework, but still, it's a change (haha, like I ever did homework in high school!) I just realized that I can finally type without looking at the keys. I hadn't known that before. Of course, now that I notice this, I keep messing up, but I guess that's because I am concentrating too hard. I'm trying to teach my mom to type not in all capital letters all the time. That's so annoying. Of course, now she types in all lower case, but still that's a step up from reading EVERYTHING THAT LOOKS LIKE THIS, OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN. Caps hurt my eyes and run together. Wow, this really is a random paper. I went to Baylor this weekend. I could never go to that school. They have chapel every morning at 8. Wow, that's early. And they have community bathrooms. And, their dorms are small. I like my dorm at Dobie. It's nice and spacious, for a dorm anyhow. A whole lot better than Jester. I would hate to live in that cramped little space. Gross. And their bathrooms are gross because ditzy little girls are always getting too drunk and puking everywhere. Oh, the life a sorority hopeful. How I envy puking all over the place in front of everyone. My suitemate puked this weekend because she got too drunk. I've never been drunk, don't plan on being that way. It just doesn't appeal to me. In the cafeteria they had corn nuggets. Ronnie and I were talking about those just the other day. They used to have them at Church's Chicken and we both loved them, but now they don't anymore. But they have them in the cafeteria! That's about the only decent thing they have. Unless you're into greasy casserole or soggy bagels. I for one am not. I am so sleepy, and I think I might go to bed early tonight. But I need to remember my towels in the dryer. I bet they'll turn the next person's laundry pink, but hopefully not. I've washed them before. I need to call Ronnie after I get done with this. I told him I'd call when Leslie left. Leslie's gone. I bet he is busy though. His classes began today. Oh, man. I miss him and talk about him way too much. Is that bad? I really think we can make it though. I mean, if the world is like it should, he and I will be together. We just will. Every time I look down at the beautiful ring on my finger, (on my RIGHT hand), I just know it'll be okay. But I do miss him. I transferred into Comm school today. Leslie says I am a Commie now, just like her. I guess this is something to be happy about. This is what I've wanted for a long time. Oh, my time is almost up. Wow, twenty minutes goes fast when you don't talk about anything but yourself. Shameless self-infatuation. ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_374.txt, I am so happy I can't really explain how I feel just that I am feeling great. I know the reasons why I am so happy I just feel like telling everyone that I am so happy and I just want to smile a lot. I would but other students would probably freak but then that's okay cause there is to many people here in Austin that I don't think anybody would even remember the girl that told them that she was so happy. Anyways I have had so many hard days these past days butI think that I am going to be okay. I don't know why people don't even talk to other people unless they know them. Today I actually realized that eventhough austin is a big university I can make others see me. Okay right now my feet hurt so much I did so much walking today just like the other days. The difference is that I got blissters on my feet and they really hurt but you probably don't want to know that. Anyways I think I have lost weight because my pants fit me loose from when I bought them. Which is good because I usually don't loose weight or gain it just stay the same. Oh if I misspell a word I am so sorry but its just that when I am happy I can't really concentrate on spelling. I'll try not to make so many mistakes. I have gone back and captalized all the I's that weren't captalized. Right about now I feel my brain fried of so much thinking. So I met someone that can become a destraction in my education or can be the best thing that ever happened to be but I can't say who he is. Besides that I am really happy I feel like a new nickel very shiny through the inside and on the outside as well. All this happiness is thanks to God because he has not forgotten me of left me to survive on my own. So thank you so much Jesus because without you I would not be were I am today and who I am. I know that this might make someone feel unconfortable but that is how I feel and what I am thinking so no offence to no one in any way. I so wonder if my mom will come this weekened that would be so great but if she doesn't it's okay cuase I have her in my heart and in a DVD that my sister made for her. So any time I want to hear my mom's voice I just have to see the video and there she is that makes me more happy. I wish I could describe this feeling and share it with every one but I can't. It's great! Anyways my minutes are almost up but after this I am going to do other homework and get things done for tommorrow. I usually start early on things and wake up early to get other stuff done that's the way to do it. One teacher told me that if I wanted to get more of my stuff done to get up early and do them. ,y,y,y,y,y

2004\_375.txt," I'm writing this assignment feeling kind of strange because I attempted it yesterdays on my st and my computer froze right when the timer said 19:59. very ironic. I feel very tired right now and really unmotivated. I have a lot to do and I don't feel like doing anything. I wish I could just go to sleep. I need a lot of attention from people these days and I'm just not getting it. matt took my car to san antonio to go to court and he apparently forgot to tell me about it. seems very convinient of him but whatever. he is acting weird, and different but he doesn't know or doesn't see what he's doing. it seems pointless for me to even get angry or bothered by it and I'm slowly beginning to not care. but that will be his loss because he will realize that he should be paying a little more attention to school, sleep, and me then to the things that he is focusing on. maybe I'm just overreacting though, because I seem to do that so well. I don't feel like being here, my head hurts, and I smell burnt popcorn in the hall way. I have a long day tomorrow and my last class is over at 5. I don't know what the day will have in store for me, hopefully I will be able to focus on my studies and not worry about all this other stuff that's bothering me. I need to realize that I can make myself happy and I don't need someone else to make me happy. I don't even know why I'm rambling on about this, its just always in my head I suppose. I hope I get a new car. my dad said I can maybe get something now from the money well get from the insurance. but who knows what kind of car he's going to get me. It will probably be something crappy like I have now. but I can't complain, something is definatly better than nothing, at least in this case. my economics book came in today. finally, becasue I was starting to stress that I was going to get too far behind. I really need to sit down with my books and my notes and try to really comprehend everything. even though I do try but I need more. I need to focus on doing that for all of my classes. but economics and chemistry are the main ones that I might have difficulty in. just because they are very mathy subjects. I might stay at the appartment tonight but I probably won't because I have such an early class tomorrow. well see what happens I suppose. I think matts court started already and he didn't even call me to let me know that he got to town safely. oh well, like I said I'm slowly starting not to care about all of these little things. that might be bad though because it might lead me to not care at all, about anything. it feels bad to feel like you're on the back burner, or that things have changed, though one person might like the change its not good unless both people involved agree with or like the change. I'm so tired right now I could easily go to bed and not wake up until tomorrow. but I can't do that because I have entirely too much work to do. tonight I want to get caught up with my psychology eradings, and I want to study my chemistry and continue to work on hw assignment number two. my roommate just went to heb to get nick a birthday cake. I hope all of that works out ok. if matts still not back ill probably stop by the study lounge to tell him happy birthday but I'm really not into all that socializing that everyone does. I'm usually either really wrapped up with my work or with matt. I don't know how good that is but it makes me happy and that is what counts to me. I just hope it counts to him. oh well. I met with my mentor group earlier. they're all really nice people and I hope I get to know them a lot better as the year progresses. its a pretty fun experience. this weekend should be fun. I'm going to meet up with my friend laura in san Marcos and go see some people that I haven't seen in a long time. I hope I can scrounge up something to wear, because I need to do laundry and I need to go shopping, I have like no clothes anymore, I don't know what happened. my sister is complaining to me about me having her shirts so ill have to give her back her clothes if I see her this weekend. I hinestly don't feel like going home though. it gets too awkward for me. I don't know what but I don't really like it. I'd rather just stay here and study or like watch TV then go home and feel awkward with my family. I have so much to do and I'm starting to stess out and the semester has only begun. I can already see that college is going to be very hectic. I hope I can handle it alright. wow the time is up. ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_376.txt," So it is cold in my room it was like that last night too. I really have to go to the bathroom. wow I suck at typing I think it is because my fingers are cold. my feet are also cold too. I can hear the air conditioning blowing over my bed and my room. I'm so full right now-I just had lunch and it was good, but I was starving. Absolutely starting. I have this class today and I hope I don't fall asleep. I don't think I will because it is usually entertaining. I hope I am doing this right. Since I am typing, I am focusing on that and not on my main stream thoughts. I hope my friend Kacie is doing ok, she doesn't like her roommate and wants to transfer to Colorado where her brother goes to school. I can picture her sitting in her dorm all alone right now. Juliana is funny. we usually eat lunch together and it is fun. she is quiet and a lot of people might think she was a snob, but she isn't,just shy. TOnight I have a meeting to go to for 2 hours. that sucks. I wonder if my parents are going to come to UT this weekend. They said they might, but I'm going to the game on Saturday and I won't be in town on Sunday, so I guess we will see. Did I mention I have to pee? I think I did. I took my ipod to class today, to biology, and listened to it on the way. It worked fine except I kind of felt like a snobby -conspicuous consumption- person while I was listening to my music. The white earpieces give it away. Everyone knows its an Ipod. I always am picturing the bus stop I walk past to get to class. how everyone is standing outside, waiting for the bus, the shadow of the trees' leaves on the ground in the hot August sun. Haha, I feel like I'm writing some romance novel or something. I have a lot of homework to do today, and I didn't do much last night. Now the refrigerator is making noises, but it always does. I think my roommate is at class. I haven't seen her at all today. I wonder what people downstairs are doing. this kid thought I was going to eat lunch with him because we just happened to leave the dorm at the same time to go to Kinsolving, but then I was meeting my friend. So I feel kind of bad, but he went on ahead too. Its not totally my fault. Some of my high school friends are out of school now. I have class till 5 then the NSC meeting till 7. blah. And I have a meeting tomorrow night, and a couple next week. This feels like high school again. I hope people will wait for me to go to dinner with them. Last night we went to jack in the box, and I hate fast food, so I got a salad. That's what I got when we went to Burger King last week, also. I would rahter eat at kinsolving then waste my Bevo Bucks there. Mmm. Thai food sounds good. My nutrition class is so boring. Today at lunch while I got my tacos and was fixing them, and while I got my fruit, I was thinking of my nutrition class and our teacher lecturing on and on. About fruits, vegetables, the servings we ned to have of each, that kind of of thing. I'm really tired all the sudden. My eyes are starting to close. I could take a nap before psych. But I probably won't. So I still have to pee. That's kind of gross and you won't want to know that but oh well. All my friends keep signing on to I'M but I can't talk to them because I am doing this. only 10 min. left! This reminds me of jogging on the treadmill at Gregory, with other sweating people watching Ellen or Regis and Kelly in the morning. I keep looking at the clock, praying the time will go faster so I will be done working out. Should I join crew? I might, my roommate is involved, and it would be a good way to work out, and it would be done so early in the morning. I just hesitate because I don't want to be exhausted all the time, which I could very well be. My friend James goes to OSU and he had a fro last year but he shaved it this summer. I like it better with the fro because he is a funny kid. I'm getting tired of this. I don't want Carpel Tunnel Syndrome or anything. I don't think I have actually ever typed for like 20 min at a time. the girl across the hall from me isn't very friendly. She is in my bio and chem classes and in my FIG also, but she seems kind of snobby and all like ""I'm too good to talk to you"". I keep thinking of my friend from HS who is in the psych class too. I saw her as we walked out on Monday and I was like oh, hey. I'm thinking about breaking out my Thin Mints that my mom sent me right now. I wanted a cookie at lunch but they had cake. And cookies are so good. FOr some reason Kerry just popped into my head. what should I do about that? Should I vote for him? I think it was because we did a psych. survey yesterday about Bush and terrorism. My fridge stopped making noises but the a. C still is. My arms are starting to hurt. Am I going to die? This weekend my brother and his wife came in town from Boston for a wedding and we hung out with him. We went to Barton Springs, it was fun. After, we got some tacos at this place for lunch. It was good. I can see us in line at the restaurant (as a baby I called it a restoot) waiting to order, me looking around, deciding what to get, if I wanted the drinks that were really good, they taste just like a fruit. We got a cantolope one and it was so refreshing. I have the worst posture. I'm trying to sit up now. My friend kc has a yoga strap she uses to keep her sitting up straight. Owww. my arms really hurt now. oh band, I was in band last year and I remember marching and all those friends I had from band. One of my friends who is a senior now has to go to practice today. He just signed online. Wow, only 2 more minutes! Someone is slamming doors in my hall and I can hear people talking. There are some really annoying sorority girls and frat boys in my hall and they think they are so cool. One girl has they shorts that say sexy on the butt, and she is also in one of my classes. I'm not a huge fan of her. wow, that's mean. me just rambling on about the people I don't like. Ok, almost there. I feel like I'm running a marathon. I ran this morning. I'm proud of myself for exercising so hopefully I won't gain the freshman 500000. Then you would have to roll me home. I can imagine, rolling myself home past the Buccees in Giddings, the Exxon station and the little Beaver (Buccee himself) on the Exxon sign. ok I'm done, ow my arms hurt. I'm such a wimp. Now my prof is going to read this out loud and I'm going to be mortified, sinking lower and lower in my seat. please don't read aloud! haha. I know that won't happen. ok bye. ",n,y,y,y,n

2004\_377.txt,"What do I write about? That is a good question, but I guess I should write about writing, or think about thinking. The thoughts streaming through my head right now mainly consist of how fatigued I am at the moment. I have been running around all day doing errands for the actives, and I just want to sit and do nothing. I guess this is almost doing nothing except for the movement of my hands and the flow of my thoughts. Part of my relaxation method at the moment is coming through my ears in the form of some music. Jimmy Buffet is streaming through my computer waves and out into my room. I wish I were sleeping and I wish I did not have to report to the house in about 40 minutes because I just want to do nothing right now. I don't feel that physically tired but more mentally fatigued. I did not have much class today, so I got to sleep in, but I could still use some rest. Perhaps I need to get outside and exercise to increase my energy in the future. I just don't have much open time with pledgeship at the moment for anything but class. I have been in school here for about two weeks, and I think it is really quite a cool set up. You don't have to go to class if you don't want to, but it certainly crushes your grades with low attendence. Sometimes the lectures are really quite boring, but this is never the case in Psychology, only my other classes. The biggest adjustment I think from High school to college is the format of testing with only a few test grades determining your whole grade. One of my annoying friends just walked in the room and is tearing up my room by bouncing a basketball. That guy is such a mess and I was not serious about the annoying part because he is cool, but now he exited the room to go find something exciting to do as opposed to watching some guy sit in his room and type on his computer. Let's see here, it has been 11 minutes of streaming thoughts and this is pretty fun. It is even more fun that this is not graded on content since surely my dull writing is sure to bore any living human. I am trying to search for thoughts, but I just realized that defeats the purpose of the exercise because there should be no interruption, just natural thoughts. All of the jimmy buffet music is taking me away to the beach and ""margaritaville. "" I wish I were on the beach right now instead of at school, but its not all that bad. We have our own semi- beach environment with the river and other stuff around Austin. But now my hands are kind of aching because I don't think I have ever typed this long without taking a break. I am certain that I wil have great stamina in my hands when I am through with all of the writing assignments, and if it does nothing else, atleast my typing speed should increase significantly. It is pretty quite around here as opposed to like last night or other days because usually a lot of people are hanging out in our room or playing loud music. I like this serenity with just me, my computer, and jimmy. I look up at the clock and see I am at the eighteen minute mark, and only two more minutes. I feel like this is some type of race, like a time trial or a running race in which I have 20 minutes to run as far as possible and must finish strong. This writing is not so painful as I though because I was sure that I would just go braindead and have nothing to say. I do have a lot to say but it might not be the most earth shattering writing. Looks like I am out of time. ",n,y,n,y,n

2004\_378.txt," Ok, writing. I started this a few minutes ago but apparently in Mozilla Firefox the timer doesn't work. Sorry if I end up submitting two essays. Right now I'm kind of hungry. My stomach is growling, I haven't eaten since seven-thirty this morning. I didn't use to eat breakfast, but now I do. One minute down. I feel pressured, like I have to continue hitting keys or I'm not doing as well as I should on this writing assignment. Which is strange because all I have to do is write something, anything, and I get credit for it. Is it cheating if I use the backspace key to edit my mistakes? There are quite a few of them. I probably would type better and therefore faster if I slowed down, which is paradoxical but true. I am also sleepy. Maybe I will take a nap, except I have to study. Hooray. That's a thing about college that is hard to get used to - setting oneself to a schedule and keeping to it, studying and going to classes on time without being told what to do. I'm thinking about psychology and the hypothalamus, which is what we learned about yesterday. The description of the rat kind of makes me wish I was a rat whose hypothalamus was being zapped. Seems kind of nice, although dying of starvation doesn't sound pleasant. Maybe in this case it does. I wonder what it's like. Maybe conscious though takes a backseat to simple feelings of pleasure, like humans feel sometimes, in the throes of ecstasy (religious, sexual, or chemical). Maybe the human brain has a natural resistance to feeling too much for too long in order to protect itself from things like dying of pleasure. Quite a way to go. I am running out of things to write about and it's only been 5:30 minutes. My mind is becoming a blank. Perhaps I can shove something in there. Nope. Rub a dub dub, three men in a tub. I'm regressing back to childhood, oh no! Forced constant thinking seems to have brought me back to my childhood, which is not what I would have expected. If you think about it, that nursery rhyme is kind of suggestive. I wonder why I keep bringing up images and thoughts from when I was young? Perhaps those, being learned first, form the basis of the psyche and are therefore more intrinsic to the mind than say, what I learned yesterday or what I see on MTV. MTV. I do not like that channel at all. I do not like it in a boat, I do not like it with a goat. I do not like it, Sam I Am, I do not like Music Television. The channel that proclaims to be that of rebels and anti-culturalists, but is really the mainstream mass-produced mass-consumed product that everyone thinks it is rebelling against. At least they encourage people to vote. That's a positive message coming from a negative source. I guess no one or nothing is truly evil. Well, nine minutes gone. I'm feeling stretched, like butter spread over too much bread, as Bilbo put it. Like everything in my mind has already come out and I'm squeezing a juicebox trying to suck the dregs of thought through that straw. Of course, with a juicebox you can never quite get out all the liquid, and I suppose it's the same with the mind. One thing I never understood about the mind is how one gets from neurons firing and connecting with each other to actual consciousness. In the textbook it seems like a step is skipped. An analogy can be made (and has been, I assume) between the mind and the computer. One could say, well, magnetic information doesn't seem at first glance to represent data and images and text. But the former is converted into the latter by programs, which themselves run on magnetic data. Where are the programs in the mind? It's hard to believe that the human mind just coincidentally has the neurons in all the right patterns to be able to form speech and thought and movement. Where is the software? I'm just rambling now. Although that's the purpose of this paper, isn't it? Ha ha. I tried to read the book House of Leaves, I was told it was brilliant, but you know what? It, for lack of a better and more descriptive and more culturally acceptable word, sucks. It's written in a nonfiction style, but the endless footnotes serve only to distract from character development and this won't make much sense to whoever is reading this if they haven't read it. Speaking of which, Hello, whoever is reading this! I hope you're having a wonderful day. Although reading hundreds of stream of consciousness papers is not my idea of a wonderful day. Still, someone's got to do it, right? Someone's got to do all the dirty jobs in the world, until they design an automated way to do it. Then the worker loses their job. Which is better, I wonder-- working at a terrible job, or being replaced from that terrible job and not working at all? Some day, hopefully, we will have robots to do all our terrible jobs for us. We will become like Asimov's Solaria - thousands of robots to maintain a small human population. Eventually it will go to extremes -- millions of robots to one human. Or maybe not. What will be the point of civilization then? What is the point of it now? To keep people happy? Great job so far, I must say. Nowadays people think that what they need to be happy is chemicals. More and more chemicals, pills, etc. to cure the imbalances in their head. They should take a cue from computer repair people -- the problem is just as often in the software as in the hardware! Biological psychology will go a great deal in explaining human behavior, but it can only go so far. People who have no imbalance in their minds but still do terrible things or get depressed - what do we do with them? Eighteen minutes, fifteen seconds have passed. Quite a while to be writing. You know, a second never seems so long as when you want it to be short. I love time's relativity, even though this isn't really an application of it. If only there was a way to have time speed up or slow down if we wanted it to -- now there would be a best-selling invention. It all deals with people's perception anyway -- I bet there is a way, somewhere. Although messing with brains like that probably isn't a good idea. Speaking of good ideas, my time is just about up. It's been a pleasure. ",n,n,n,y,y

2004\_380.txt,"Right now I am in my room trying to study. I really don't know how to study at all. I'm way behind in all my reading cause it's so boring. Micah is printing something right now. I am so bored. I want to go home tomorrow, but I'm not done with my reading so I really can't do anything until I'm done with that. Plus I don't know whose going to pick me up if I could go home. Homer said he was going to find a way to come and get me, but I don't know if it's possible. They said there is this race they are going to on Sunday and I really would like to go. Gosh this seem to be forever to type. I really miss my mom, but when I'm around she's always yelling at me. I don't enjoy my time with her. Every time we get into an agrument I feel bad afterwards cause I know she might not be around for very long. I love her so much I just wish we can hang out and do what other family does and be happy. My sister is not talking to her right now because of what happen last week and I wish it never did happen. I would be aleast happier to talk to her everyday. She seem to always cry when I do talk to her. My life seem to suck comparing to all the other people. Micah is standing here right now watching me type. Right now I'm looking around room. My roommate is making me nervous, she was looking at me type. I think we need to start cleaning our room cause we have books and stuff everywhere. I miss Juan, he went back to califorina for the Marines and he has not called me since the last time. It's been like a week. I've been feeling a little dumb around UT cause everyone seem to be so smart. Even my friend Sarah feel this way. Maybe I just don't belong here with all the smart people. I'm a poor person, and it just make it worst to see that most of the people that goes here are rich. They talked about how they are going to get a piece of land and build their house and have lots and lots of parties. I don't know if I can even afford a house right now. My mom lives in an apartment and she barely make enough to pay for all the bills. I feel like I'm using all her money going here. I love her so much. She's always been here for me even if we get in fights. My life would have been better if I have my dad around. He doesn't even seem to care if I'm alive or not. He never sent us anything. The only thing that I get from him is a child support paycheck, which I don't really care for. I need money, but it always come and go. And it sure doesn't make me happy. Homer really likes me but I don't know him enough to go out with him. Is that bad? For some reason I still like Isrel, but he's just the type of person that want girls for sex. He wanted to take me home this one day, but I said no. I don't like people looking at me like I am a hoe, because I know I'm not a hoe. My mind is blank right now. To me life just seem to suck. Isrel seem to be a non commitment person, and I wish he was because I would like to go out with him and be with him. I guess I just like the idea that I like him and if we get together and get marry someday he would be able to support me and make me happy. My goal right now is to do good in school and build a great career for myself and prove to my friend's that I can graduate from UT if I try my best. They keep on telling my that I'm wasting my money going to UT because it's much cheaper when I go at home. I just always wanted to go to UT and here I am following my dreams. I'm trying to find a job right now but it seem so hard. So many people are searching for jobs and I'm out of luck. I think I might switch my bank to bank one because they have free checking account and the one I have with bank of america isn't free. After this I need to start reading all of my books I wonder how far I'm going to get before I decide to go do something again. I'm almost done I have less then a minute now. I really enjoy my psychology class. It's one of the best class I have here at UT so far. I just hope I'll do good. My goal is to do good and get into the nursing major. ",n,y,y,y,n

2004\_382.txt," Sleep! That's what I need to do. I stayed up all night writing my freshman seminar paper on Bond- Born an electric quartet. I asked my roommate that I was going to get some shut eye for about 10 minutes and to wake me up for my class at ten, but she woke me up 40 minutes later. I wasn't late. Thank GOD! I'm really stressed out, I have so many things to do this weekend. Why is college so easy yet so hard to manage. Management, I believe, is the biggest thing in college. I miss my family so much. I really don't know if I'm doing this right. I'm trying to type so fast that my hands are shaking and I'm pressing the wrong keys. Grrr! My roommate is leaving today to see her family. Good for her. We were both crying, actually I was the only one come to think of it. She said she never cries even if it is the saddest thing ever. How can you not cry. I guess I'm very emotional and sensitive. I was sick last weekend and when my parents came up to see me they were really worried. I hope they are healthy and son't worry so much. I want to see them and my brothers so bad. I'm done with classes and I'm free!! I love the feeling of writing in streams of consciousness. It is probably one of my favorite past times besides playing and composing music. I really want to be super good on my electric violin. After writing my paper about the electric quartet, I realized that I wanted to be like them. I actually miss my quartet. They all went to the University of Chicago and are sophomores there. I'm always the youngest in everything. youngest in my graduating class, among my friens, at my church-- that is youth bible group, and even among the freshmans here at UT. I feel so old yet so young compared to others here. I can't believe that there are 30 maybe even 40 year olds in my calculus class. I was so shocked when several older males came and sat in our lecture. They are older than my professor and TA's. What are they doing here at such a old age, I wonder. Did they flunk, not graduate, drop out and then realize many years later that school is the best place to be! I was walking out of PCL after studying late and this homeless guy walks up and asked for money. I ignored him because I was creeped out. It is my belief that if a homeless is not missing any limbs and is perfectly capable to work then he/she should. However, if they are missing an arm or let's say play the saxophone on the street, I would definetly give them some change. I feel that they are doing their best with the disabilities facing them. Last night, my roommate came in with her best guy friend, who's bi-sexual, and another guy that I later found was gay. I really don't mind gay guys although I find it sad, I DO MIND if they are lesbians!! YUCK! I'm a strong christian girl so it really is hard for me to cope with such things. I am very conservative and tend to not change my views for anyone unless the provide convincing evidence. I really want to keep writing on and on but I have 2 minutes left. I love to write especially poems. I like being creative and connecting with my inner feelings. I guess it is because I play classical music and only listen to classical music. Classical music, I think is the most sensuous, expressive and beautiful form of art every created. I would love to whip out my violin or go to a grand piano and play songs after songs. I better wrap up--oh no--it's almost time for me to go. I'll---phew--the computer is letting me write a little more. Whoever is grading this is really going to enjoy reading everyone's writing. Well, I got to head off to my Biology study group. Toodles! ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_384.txt,"ahh everyting I typeed got erased dammit I have to do this again. htat is not fair I am angry now, with 30 seconds left somehow everything I typed about got erased. that is very frustrating for me I typed about so many random things. let me try this again. First of all I talked about how I am leaving for Atlanta in the mornging. I have a flight at 7 oclock which means I have to leave my house at 530 in the mornign so I can get there half an hour before my boarding of my flight. my dad is going to take me to the airport so I odnt have to leave my car there. I have not seen my car in two weeks and I love my car. I bought the car with my own money and I paid for it for one whole year. now my dad pays for it and is thaankful that I atleast got about 12000 dollars out of the way of the payments. I bought my car on august 16 2002 and to celebrate my two year anniversary I ended up having to get my wisdom teeth pulled. it was actuall fun for me. I loved the laughing gas, it made me so goofy I amde so many jokes with my partetns and with my docotors. I also couldnot stop laughing. also I did not feel any pain but still took pain killers to make sure that the pain didn't kick in. lets see what else can I talk about. hmm. I am waiting for my shoes to get mailed in to my house. I ordered some nike shox which I got to customize the color and also got to write my nAME ON IT. oops I had caps lock on. that is wiered, I am still mad that my whole assignment got erased right before it was twenteyy miutes. oh well htere is always things runnging around in my mind. if I am ever bored I turn to sports. I love sports. I love ut sports and all of dallas' temas. I will support them 100 percent everrytime. most of the time my TV is on I watch espn, it is an awesome channel, okay it has benn twenty minutes of typing for me so I am goign to go pack for my trip. hopefully I can get an A in this class. and I love this assignment ",n,n,n,n,n

2004\_385.txt,"I didn't sleep at all last night and I'm barely making it through my day. I feel like a zombie, but hey what's new? I have an english paper due on Monday. I think I completely bombed the thesis. I guess I can always go back and change it. I'm tired, I can't think. that's a lie, of course I can. it will simply be rambling nonsensical jumble. and that counts too right? sure it does. I've been seeing this guy. he's about seven years older than I am, and that shouldn't be that big of a deal, but it's more of an age difference than anyone I've dated before. I can meet him on an itellectual level, conversation isn't lacking, there's physical attraction and the whole deal. so why am I so doubtful? I suppose because I'm paranoid about becoming an obnoxious needy stereotypical girl. Unfortunately I have been that to others in the past and refuse to ever play that part again. I'm so much stronger now, more confident and comfortable with myself as a person. Anyway, my point is I'm scared to let him know I'm sincerely intersted because I think it will freak him out and send him running in the other direction. I can make my intentions known without actually verbalizing my feelings. And I'm pretty sure at this time in the relationship- whatever time it might be- is too soon to bring up any of those concerns. Is he seeing anyone else? Does he care? Does he not want to hurt my feelings so he won't tell me he doesn't want to hang out? it's so ridiculous to hear myself think like this. basically I'm so afraid of rejection that I'm willing to do it myself, before anyone really gets the chance. I've dated a plethera of losers over the past year and I'm tired of not caring about anyone. anyone in that way I guess. yes I have friends and have plenty to do without a guy to entertain (that sounds really harsh- it is me that wants this. )but I miss that connection. I want to be in love again. but who doesn't? I suppose once I stop wanting it I'll find it. that's the way of the world sometimes. yeah but about him. it is what it is and if it doesn't work out than so be it. plenty of fish in the sea and all that. but he does have some potential. enough of this. it's making my head hurt. I don't like that my stream of consciousness has turned into more of a ""dear diary"" than anything else. I'm sitting in the student microcomputer facility among my fellow longhorns at the moment. I wonder how many of them are doing this assignment right now. maybe none. everyone's in their own little worlds. deep inside their thoughts or their research. everyone seems so disconnectced, though I suppose that's the point of this place. a quiet area to get work done, not social hour. I'm about to go to ecology evolution and society. I've been reading the assigned chapters, but I fear that I'm not actually retaining any of the information. I guess it will become quite apparent when I get my first test scores back. all I want to do here is to do well. it's the only reason I'm living in austin again, to continue my education. so that's what I aim to do. make the most out of the billion things I have to accomplish today. cross them off my list and get them out of the way in order to make room for all the new. life is pretty enjoyable when you don't let it drag you down with the minor negative aspects. so many people do that. drown in their own self pity and reamin miserable regardless. just smile sometimes, it really can make you feel better, and probably someone else as well. that's what I think, but this mind of mine is all over the place and never seems to rest. the end. my time is up. ",y,y,n,y,y

2004\_386.txt," Hello looks like a journal entry. Frustrating blank page as usual, not nearly as much pressure as a true journal might be. No, true journals (at least the ones I know) come complete with the most irrational, egotistical, subjective criticisms at all. Here, I might simply start to list adjectives. Think I will. Chair, run, cake, spoon, sparrow, harly, make, spy, insult, laughter, organization, economy, ----- complete crap!!! Ha! Adjectives are fun. What to make of this phenomenal opportunity? Don't be shy, be compliant. Or just spew forth venom, anecdotes, general life lessons. Inclination says talk about ""me"". Here's what that is. Or so we'll try. Music, menus, frustration. Solitary, isolated, friendship social butterfly. Making waves the size of anthills, feeling pretty depressed about it. The color of the water is green. Count the levels of meaning there. Anaphor. Hyperbole. Homonyms. Czech Republic. Czeska Republica. The United States of my Ass. Could I say here that I want to \_\_\_\_\_\_ the president? Protect Identity. The blank might have been filled with ""make love"" or ""marry"" or ""help through important issues"". Certainly not ""castrate. "" What else? Looking forward to making A's lots of A's, because after all purpose belongs to those classes in which one might be rewarded for hard work and ass kissing. Discombobulated this page may be, but organization's overrated. I know a quote: one advantage of being disorganized is that one is constantly making new discoveries. "" That one's right above Dad's desk at the office. Why do I experience comfort in an environment less than rational? or organized? Possibly the same reason I love psychoactive mindbenders (by this, of course, I refer to puzzles and games like scrabble!) Because true beauty in life exposes itself not in the routine, as religious dogma might promise, but at an Indian buffet at which one can stand before a plethora of unfamiliar treasures, waiting for the unfamiliar perspective of a Western mind for validation. what else? I think this weekend I'm going to stimulate myself with something organic - or possibly inorganic - and clean up the house. Make normal people sense of the place so that when Mom and Dad show up tomorrow they don't swallow their tongues. Music makes everything voluptuous, adds another layer to experiences so that they find their way to memory lane more frequently and effectively. Takeover from an armchair. Natural delicacies. TV numbs, music accentuates, pleasure reading enriches, highest level math and science is God. School puts the kind of pressure on people that creates Ted Bundies. UT is anything but a good school, just like college immidiately following high school is anything but a good idea. Just going doesn't plant seeds of positivity or success. I was the fool, caught in the wave of college matriculation, and still to this day I feel I need four more years. Just like that fucking idiot GW Bush. Right now, and not because I endorse the use of any of the following terms, I'm going to type into this mind drain a slew of derrogatory or defamatory terms that I rarely use but that for some reason are to come out when I open the floodgates. It's because I wanted to call Bush a faggot, or a fucking idiot, or a fucking shithead hyppocrite, but some mechanism that pisses on creativity and ultimate truth caught me in the act and slapped my red hand before any other utterance could follow. Well, here, you fuck, stop this!!!! Oh, I was going to go into some racial slurs, but that's just so stupid. How about cracker-ass whitebread honky guerro americano puto! that would be perfect for me. Still, something about WASPy racial slurs isn't nearly as intimidating as ""nigger"" or ""spic"" or daggerhead, or whatever. This world exists as a cesspool of religious dogma, hate, and a need to evolve. It's going to suck till that evolution takes place, but God Damn it, I'll wallow in the shit till I die and I'll like it. Couldn't qualify, for that reason, as the typical ""good people"" one might imagine a large percentage of those floating around Earth for some god or cause might hope. That's what makes music --- done. Thanks for the toilet! ",y,y,n,n,y

2004\_387.txt," Ok, I'm thinking about a whole lot of nothing, and unfortunately since I've been told I type rather fast the professor to teacher's aid will now have to suffer through the horrible task of reading through the unintelligable thought processes of Mark's mind. I hope that no one reads this seriously at all. Ok now someone is watching me type, oh they're gone. That was fast, I'm telling you this is a waste of time and I'm not going to reveal anything special during twenty minutes. I'm actually kind of depressed at the fact that twenty minutes of my own un-interrupted thought would yield so little. I miss my wife. Yeah that's right my wife. We aren't legally married but we would like to consider ourselves married and I do. I certainly hope that no one bothers to mock my idea of marriage because I actually do take it very seriously. I love her more than life, more than anything else in this world and if anyone dares to mock that love or try to deny my marriage to her as real they will have to deal with my constant and thorough wrath. Now I'll write about pizza hut. They got this buffet that's only 3. 99, not bad, but the same as cici's so if they're pizza is not far superior than I will be terribly angry at them for advertising such a horrible deal. I know that was kind of in the middle of nowhere and I will admit that something someone else just said nearby me did actually influence that statement. I hope that this world is a peaceful place for my children I will do whatever I can to ensure this. I love my wife so much. I miss her terribly. There seems to be no longer a thought in my mind except how I have many a time disputed the reality of free will. How can one expect to have something called free will then expect to be judged finally. Because if I had full free will I could have chosen not to be exposed to the information that I would be judged for my actions on earth. But since I couldn't choose whether or not I could be exposed to such information. I am a Catholic. This is a stated fact that some might take as foolish words of a foolish person. But the truth is that I consider myself a part of this religion yet I do not completely agree with all of the aspects of the religion. For example the idea that all gay people will go to hell is foolish to me. My idea of who goes to heaven and who goes to hell is this: Good people go to heaven. Bad people go to hell. Simple right? Except what I qualify as a good person is different from what other people think is good. So what now? Is my idea of good right or is theirs. But wait, the plot thickens. I have a solution to such a simple and timeless problem. You see I believe that God instilled in every human being the basic concience in that discerns between bad and good. The most amazing thing about this theory of mine is that if someone does something I find to be unacceptable I can be certain that they also think it is unacceptable. I am almost always right in this aspect. Every time I have seen something I think is wrong I can eventually approach the person about their actions and they will almost always agree with me that what they did is wrong. However, they will also go as far as to explain their good intentions. The hardest part of that aspect of the conversation is that it becomes difficult to discern between who is just self-delusioned and who genuinely had good intentions. I am not proud of all that I've done in my life. The only reason I can adopt a theory of shared thoughts of what is right and what is wrong is because I apply this theory to myself and find it to be true. I once actually cheated on one of my ex-girlfriends. One of the worst days of my life. There is no reason I can use to explain my actions. But I did it to end the relationship. Yeah, I know what you're thinking. Good job huh? Well she didn't want to leave anyway. At least that was what I thought. I was so damn confused. I cheated on her, a rule I set for myself a long time ago was that I would NEVER cheat on a girlfriend. And I did. I disgraced myself and I hate. Er hated myself for it. I did it to invoke another of my rules for myself. Should an infraction upon the rule about NEVER cheating on my girlfriend I must then break-up with her because she deserves better than that. I don't know if I'm wrong. But I could be. Man you know sometimes music can just totally change one's mood. Now I'm listening to Damien Rice. The little known writer of some of the best music I've ever heard. I think he's great. It's kind of weird I guess for a guy to like some other guy's music so much but I do. I also like this guy Joseph Arthur a lot because both of these artists seem real to me. Their style of singing their lyrics are all so real. I love the way I can relate to it. I recently read ""A streetcar named desire"". The female role of blanche. She is like my ex. She lies, decieves in the name of giving people what they ""want"" NEVER tell me what I want. Only I know that and I don't appreciate being told. If anyone ever makes assumptions about who I am before I meet them. I get reasonably angry but I hide it pretty ok. You. For some reason I have been descrimanated against for being Mexican twice in my life. Both times by a girlfriends family. I have an extraordinarily pale complexion. The funny thing about that is one of them is Mexican. Heh what can I say. ",y,n,n,y,y

2004\_388.txt," oh boy, the first writing assignment. I hope I am doing this correctly. I can't really think of anything else right now. I sort of have a slight headache. todays speech class was very boring. I am still bored because of it. sitting down and listening to one person after another talk and talk still has me a little bored. what else can I say. I am still bored because of it. my mind is still a blank. I don't know what I feel. my apt is sort of warm right now, so I guess its a little warm in here. I can hear my computer buzzing above everything else. I guess that can start to get annoying after a while. oh man, its only been two minutes thus far. 20 min of writing sure will suck. well, I still don't know what to think. I'm still bored. I'm now starting to think about a friend of mine. a special friend, who's company I enjoy very much. she lives back home in houston, and I occasionally see her on the weekends, although I've been talking to her online quite a bit lately. she is definetly someone special. now I'm thinking about another friend of mine who is over at my apartment constantly. although this guy is a friend of my roommates, he is also a friend of mine, but through our mutual friend. he's always over, always. this guy can get annoying, and when ever he comes over, he just annoys us. I'm a little annoyed just thinking about him right now. now my mind has drifted to ice cream. we all had ice cream last night. it was good stuff, but I think I had a little too much. we went to cold stone creamary on the drag. now my mind has drifted to the ice that is still sitting in the freezer. its just a little pint of bluebell ice cream. that pint has been sitting there for about a week and a half now. now my mind has drifted to my dad, who paid for that ice cream when I when I bought it using his credit card account. I guess I thought of him because he would smack me for going out to eat ice cream when there is perfectly good ice cream at home. now my mind has shifted to another friend of mine who just called me a minute ago, but I ignored his call because I am doing this writing assignment. this guy is a cool guy, I like him. he went to my high school and now goes to school in san antonio. his girlfriend goes here to ut. he's probably coming up to see her and to hangout with me and my roommate. now my mind has shifted to a looser guy I know that my friend from san antonio doesn't like. this other guy also goes to school in san antonio. these two almost got in a fight two weeks ago, and although I'm a passivist, I hope my friend and this other guy duke it out, for the other guy is also coming to austin this weekend for god knows what reasons. I thought it was funny seeing the two argue, and almost fight. although if the two were to fight, I think my friend would beat his ass. now thinking of san antonio, my mind has shifted to some other buddies of mine that live and go to school in san antonio. some of these guys went to high school with me as well, some didn't. I wonder how they're doing. its been a while since I last talked to almost any of them, and I just wonder how they're doing. maybe I should go up there sometime. although I have been saying these exact words for almost a year and a half now. oh boy, another seven minutes to go. damn that's a long time. I'm still thinking about my buddies from san antonio. now I'm thinking about a friend that went to ut, from san antonio, who unfortunetely flunked out of ut. I think his parents weren't too happy about it, because I've heard they've enforced some harsh rules for this guy to live by. now another friend called me, but I ignored his call as well. now I'm thinking about my friend who just called me. this guy I've know for almost 18 or 19 years, quite possibly one of my earliest friends. he just graduated from ut last semester and is already engaged. I'm sort of both happy for him and sad at the same time. happy because he'll be married and doing what is expected of everyone to do to get their wheels in life rolling. yet sad becuase I know things will be different once he's married. for example, he won't be able to hang out quite as much, although I'm sure his wife will be more than happy to let him go out every now and then. and also becuase he'll have other things on his mind that a married man would have and just probably won't feel like screwing around with his buddies any longer, or rather at the same level of screwing around he did in his college days. what ever the future holds for him, I know he'll be happy, and for that reason, I too am happy, for him that is. well, its about another two minutes to go, I hope that this will end soon. and now I see that my friend is washing the dishes that belong to my roommate and I, which I don't thin she should do. I think I'll stop her when I'm done wtih this assignment. another couple of seconds to go till I'm done. yippie. ",n,n,n,n,n

2004\_390.txt,"Well, I'm not exactly sure what to write about. I just finished my prescreening for the Psychology Experiment stuff and I now have to 1. 5 credits for it. So I only have to get 3. 5 more I guess to get the 5. I hope the experiment things aren't anything to bad and they don't take that long. I hate typing when I have rings and bracelets on. I really like to wear jewelry but they just start to hurt me when they rub up against the keyboard holder thingy. I don't know how I'm going to be able to write straight for 20 minutes. I just took my bracelet off, it was really hurting. I have so much homework to do this weekend. I guess teachers (professors) think that since it's a long weekend we shoudl have time to do all kinds of stuff so they give us more work. I guess the professors don't realize that each teacher gives us more and we would like to have some free time too. I also have to go to all kinds of places this weekend. I have to go to Dallas to see my half sister because she's in the hospital for something, I really don't want to go though. We never talk anymore and why should I go see her when she can't even call me when she promises to. Oh, I met these friends at UT. They are so great. One of them really. Her name is Sarah and she's really nice. I think we might try to get an apartment together next year so we can live together and not have to put up with stupid roommates like the one I have this year. She lied to me about everything and I think she might be doing some kind of drugs or something. The other day I heard her talking to some friends about sniffing some kind of chemicals in some guy's dorm. I don't know what they were talking about, that is just what I heard. Carol is talking about Sarah right now to my dad while my mom is sleeping. She thinks Sarah is so cool. I wonder if what I eat is actually eating a lot or if I'm just eating a normal amount of food. I try to eat 3 meals a day even though the food isn't always great. Oh, Kinsolving isn't all that great. Some of the food is good, but I can't stand eating there every day. They need to have food on this campus other than chicken. I love chicken and I used to want it all the time, but now since I've been here I've been dying for beef. The other day I was so stupid. I was talking to Carol on the phone and I said, ""I'm tired, but I don't want to lay down. I'm bored but I don't want to do anything. I'm not hungry, but I'm dying for meat. "" I bet I sounded so stupid. I drove home today from Austin. I really didn't want to becuase I haven't drove anywhere in like a month, but I really need to start driving again. I can't wait till I get to go to Casa Ole again. I can't believe Austin doesn't have them here. That is like the stupidest thing in the world. I take that back. The stupidest thing in the world is that UT doesn't sell Dr. Pepper anywhere! How can they do that! If you ask any person our age what soft drink they would prefer, the majority of them would say that they like Dr. Pepper the best. My mom just woke up. I finally found one places on campus that has it though. The Union has Dr. Pepper at the Taco Bell. I haven't checked anywhere else yet. My dad is talking about this guy's truck that got stolen today. I can't believe that happened. They live in a pretty good part of town and nothing like that ever happens here. My dogs are fighting. I have two dogs, Milo and Brewser. Milo is a red beagle that is Brewser's son and he turned a year old May 15, 2004. Brewser is a black beagle that turns 11 on October 11, 2004. It's weird to think of their age. Milo is really crazy and Brewser is really calm. It probably is because he is so old though. I felt so stupid today in Biology. We had to work in these small groups and figure out these questions the teacher told us to do and for the first question, I sort of knew the answer but I didn't have it completely right. The second question was to figure out the hypothesis out of a group of statements but it was hard. When I was in high school we were always told to write a hypothesis in ""If, Then"" form. Meaning that this would be an example, ""IF we put this together, THEN this should happen. "" In this class though, its just a statement. No ifs. No thens. No questions. It just made me feel stupid cause I could pick the hypothesis out of the group. There there was the last question that she asked and I had no clue about it. All that really scared me though because I am afraid of not making it in Austin here at UT. Out of my high school we had 106 seniors. Out of those 106 there were 59 that went to college or went to some trade school or ARMY. Out of those 59, 35 went to aTm. I can't get over that. Only 2 of us came to UT and that is me and my ex boyfriend, Nathan. I am afraid of what all my aTm ""friends"" would say if I couldn't make it here. I really don't know what to talk about. I keep making all these stupid noises just because I can't think of what to say. My sister is now watching Who Wants to be a Millionaire and my dad just ate some M&Ms. My mom is out feeding Milo and Brewser. Oh, Milo is actually mine. I was too young for Brewser to actually be mine so he is actually my mom and dad's. Carol has a dog, ferret, and fish at her house in Temple. The dog's name is Bart. Carol is laughing at me because she is reading what I am writing and she thinks this is the stupidest assignment in the world. I have to say, that since I've been writing it, I have to agree. I think it's kind of cool, but I really don't see the point in having to write this all out. Well, I understand that it is cool to see how the mind thinks and how our brain processes information, but this sort of seems like a waste of time. Oh, well. I'm getting credit for it. Oh, I might get to go to my first concert pretty soon. I'm going to try to get to tickets to the Austin City Limits thing. Sarah and Gabby were telling me about it and while I was in class today they tried to go get tickets. Gabby got one but while Sarah was in line, they cut everybody off like 3 people in front of her. ",n,y,y,y,y

2004\_391.txt," Right now I am sitting here. The washing machine is very loud. My nose is really stuffy. I really like that band brandston that I saw the othernight. they were really nice and really cool. I can't wait until I get to hang out with steven. I really missed him while I was in austin. stupid nose itches. I don't understand why randi and I seem to not be as close anymore. Its kind of sad. She has been my best friend for 5 years. Its really ironic that steven is now my best friend. who would have ever thought? ""Don't come crying back to me. When you're lonely and all out of love"" is a song lyric from brandston that is going through my head constantly causing me right now to basically only be able to think about that one specific song. Its a very nice song. Very simple, yet it manages to me a very interesting. I can't believe that I still have 17 minutes left to type. Its usually very hard for me to type stream of consciousnes, I've tried it before in a humanities class for some reason. I can't ever seem to really put what I'm thinking on paper. that's why its hard for me to write or keep a journal. I even lie to myself on paper. I wonder why. I also wonder why Mikey is the way he is with me. I can't believe I ran into him last night. He completely ignored me. That really hurts my feelings because we were really close. At least I thought so. I really need closure. I hate myself for not hating him. My nose is running again now. It's getting in the way of my typing. I am so stressed out right now about biology. The house is completely silent right now except for the washing machine. The dorm is never this quiet. I think maybe that's why I like the dorm. Because its loud. Ow, I just hit my ear that I just pierced. Its really sore. The pain only lasts for a split second though. Its not as hot here in amarillo as it is in austin. the weather here for labor day is perfect. I think I will go and walk my dogs. I just sneezed again. I am sick of sneezing. Stupid allergies. I need to print my chemistry notes and my chemistry homework. I also need to read chapters 3 and 4 for psychology. I am behind. I am so worried about my biology. I don't understand it and because of that I am not focusing as hard on my other classes. However, government should be easy. I've taken that class before. Psychology is fun, but I really do not know what to expect on my tests. I don't know how I will do in that class. I thought chemistry was easy, but apparently it isn't easy at all. someone is getting ice from the refrigerator. I can hear it. wow, does my mind really jump this much? that's really interesting. I guess I am sort of truly typing in a stream of consciencous. am I even spelling that right? I usually can spell. I feel like everyone else at UT is smarter than I am. I am not used to that. I'm always the smartest. No one here knows my reputation. no one knows that I am smart. But maybe I'm not smart. Maybe I am just lucky. My little puppy shinobi isn't eating anymore. Maybe its because of his shots he got yesterday. I really missed my dogs. zeb was very loving yesterday when he saw me. He licked me all over. I love dogs so much. but its ironic because my dogs aren't normal and don't show me the same amount of love dogs usually show people. other dogs like me more. just my luck. I had to explain what I am doing to my mom. this is all interesting. the fan is on now. my legs are cold. I think I'm sick. I want to listen to my new cd again. I can't believe that I got to talk to further seems forever and get put on the guest list for another show of theirs. too bad I didn't go. I can't believe mikey thought they were terrible when he saw them. oh well, he is probably just tying to be ""emo"" and all cool and is just saying that to be different and to fit in with the people that he holds up on a pedestool. why did I ever date a guy like that? and why am I still so attracted to such a stupid jerk? I hate people like him. why has he changed? my stomach is hurting now again. I don't like being sick. I need paper in order to print. and a USB cable. I hate that my printer doesn't work in my dorm. I brought it for nothing. I bought some new cartridge too. its all a waste. I can't return it. well for thanksgiving or something I will bring the printer home and have my dad try to fix it. being home doesn't feel like home really. just feels like I'm visiting. which is really what I'm doing. my nose is itching again, I think I am going to sneeze again. I feel like I've been typing for 2 hours. someone just opened something. I don't hear my dogs anymore. I wonder what they are doing. my stomach is still hurting. the air conditioner just turned on. I heard it. I don't usually hear these things. that's strange. my eyes are drooping. I'm tired. I haven't slept well for a couple days. Why does he hate me? I really wish I would just be brave and confront him. I always say I'm going to, and I really think that I am going to, but then I chicken out and if anything, I am extremely nice to him only to have him ignore me. further seems forever was so good the other night. the energy around me at the concert was so good. I was up in front. that was great. the new lead singer was great. I need to go to more places like that in austin. I just typed that sentence with my eyes closed. I am really falling asleep. my parents are talking. I can hear them. my dad is selling my car. that makes me sad because I really like my car. Even though I am getting a better car. ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_392.txt," I'm just sitting here in the library wondering if this semester is going to get a lot harder. Everyone of my friends is struggling in some way or another. I keep asking myself whether or not I'm am going to make it in my major. My major is petroleum engineering and its not exactly the easiest major. My friends say they don't know what I got myself into, but I keep telling them I'll be fine to not worry about me. When I say this I am just trying to reassure myself instead of trying to convince them that I will be fine. This library is all to silent I think I just want to make some noise but that would be wrong to mess up all these people who just feel there barely grasping the concepts of what they are doing. While I'm sitting in the library my mind keeps wondering whether or not I am going to make an A on the chemistry exam on Tuesday. I feel bombarded with chem and I don't know if I am going to be able to remember all three chapters. My mind keeps telling me that I will be fine that I just have to get used to it. High School was so much different than college in that you had to much time you didn't know what to do with it. That hasnt been my problem lately the only problems I have had all are about having not enough time. Every time I talk to my girlfriend back home, a senior in high school, I tell her to take advantage of having a lot of time on her hands because college is no where near as easy. I know older people had told me the same but I really never believed them and always felt as though they were exagerating. Oh yeah I am getting off topic but this library is just boring me. I feel that everyone is ahead of me on everything. I feel like they all grasp the ideas that I don't. In high school I was ahead of everyone of my friends but now it seems to me like all of my friends are ahead of me. Maybe that's just me overthinking. I can now smell some food as though somebody has brought something into the library. It smells like a piece of chocolate. Maybe it is a candybar of some sort. I don't really care because that smell kind of nauseates me. I am not a real big fan chocolate but I do love chocolate ice cream. Something about the sweetness is to much for me to endure. Lately I have been getting really home sick because of my girlfriend. I miss her very much and wish she would move up here right away. SHe is graduating a semester early from HS and is going to move to austin and attend ACC for the remainder of the year. I offered for her to move in with me and she said she would ask her parents. I hate to say it but her mom is a good for nothing lazy ass. Her father moved from italy to america in the early seventies with not a dollar to his name. The man now owns a 30 million dollar business that he started from nothing. He now works twelve hour days and then comes home to make a three course italian meal, not spaghetti out of the jar, for the whole family while the mom just sits on her computer or plays tennis all day. All she does is just bitcht at the whole family to do things. She is one of the most ungrateful people I have ever encountered in my whole entire life. People who have only met her once or twice do not agree because she puts on a show for them but I see the real her everyday. ",y,y,y,y,y

2004\_394.txt," Wow, I haven' sat down and typed for 20 minutes in a long time. I guess we will see how it goes. The first thing on my mind is how great living in an apartment is. I love not having to deal with anyone such as parents, siblings etc. The main benefit to this is being to sleep late. Today I woke up at about 1 p. M. and didn't hear anyone tyring to wake me up like when I am back home. Anyways, life seems to be treating me preety well right now. I still miss my girlfriend, but I try not worry about it. I had become too dependent on her and I think I lost a sense of myself a little bit. Now I have plently of time to find myself again. The football game this week was a waste of time. I left in the second quarter when it was 33-0 because the sun was beating down right on my section and it sucked all energy I had right out of me. But, we won, so I'm not going to complain about that anymore. I just looked at the clock for the first time and its only at 6 minutes. It feels like I've been writing almost 20 m,inutes already. I bet its because I'm still tired. After this I'm going back to sleep for 2 or 3 hours and then I'll wake up and do some laundry. I hate laundry,but I guess it has to be done. I've let it pile up like and idiot and I probaly have 3 or 4 loads to do today. Let's see, the three day weekend was great, and what makes it even better is there's only 4 days of school until the next weekend. The more I think about the nap I'm about to take, the more drowsy I get. I absolutley love naps. There's honestly only a few things better than being able to sleep whenever you fell like it. The best time to take a nap is when you hae nothing to do and need to pass some time. Like after this. I know that's probaly not the best mentality to get the most out of life,but its not the worst. If I need to stay up, its no problem. In fact I'm tempted to just hit finish, go sleep and come back and do this but that would be just plain stupid. My apartment is a mess right now, but I cleaned the other day and my roommate had friends over last night, so its his turn to do some cleaning. I'm looking forward to some cold weather, because I can't stand sweating when I walk to class, which is what has happened about every day. Ok, four more minutes. I could do this all day and I'm sure eventually I would say or at least of something useful or interesting but I don't think its going to happen in the next 4 minutes. It sure as hell didn't happend in the last 16. But that's okay, because someone doing assignment is writing a great paper. In high school we had a english that made us do this kind of writing. Except we had to do it 4 times a week for a month. We were studying transcendenlism(sp?) which I personally is all b. S. Anyway we were supposed to find a quiet place in nature, go there every time a write for 20 minutes. I didn't go to my place one time and made up the entire project the night before. My grade:95. ",n,n,n,n,n

2004\_404.txt," I just opened iTunes and chose to play Miles Davis's album called ""A Tribute to Jack Johnson"". The first song ""Right Off"" begins with a strong groove. this music first puts me into a pretty good mood. It motivates me to want to go to the gym or something and get a little exercise. Now the song is quieting down a little bit after a few bars and slowly building back up. Larry Coryell is on guitar I believe, if not I'm pretty sure it's John McLaughlin. Now Miles is playing. gosh. he's quite an impressive player. He's not showing off by playing a note every second. He takes it slow and builds up a good improvised melody. . and they're always good too. I'd like to choose the songs to play before class starts sometime, to give people a chance to hear very respectable music that most kids nowdays seem to neglect upon hearing, because of a difference in style from the popular, well-advertised music of the 90's and 00's. or otherwise some people aren't even given the chance to be exposed to it. My roommate just came in the room. Speak of the devil, eh? Take him for example. When I first met him and asked what he listened to, the first two things he said were ""Metallica and Linkin Park"". both of which I am not biased against or hold negative regard towards. Actually I find both bands to be quite interesting. I was exposed to Metallica and that very broad genre back around the days of middle school, and definately listened to it quite extensively. Side note: it's getting hot and I'm turning on the fan. Could this music and the pressure to write as fast as I can be causing my body to heat up? That could be quite interesting. Going back. I find it weird, well not weird but sad basically, that people like my roommate haven't heard and don't seem to be immediately open to new musical tastes. ""new"" meaning ""previously unknown"" as opposed to recently released. The song just phased into an ambient sound while Miles is playing over it. The drums, bass, and guitar have dropped out. When the jam comes back in. and here it comes. oh yes. Well done. Movement (change) in music I have realized (as a good explanation) is what creates uniqueness and good sound. Change can include any part of sound. pitch, tempo, tambre, etc. Now it's just the Bass and Miles. On this album is Billy Cobham on drums, Herbie Hancock is on keyboards. I'm not sure who the bass player is off the top of my head. My roommate is playing video games behind me. I understand his addiction. I used to play games all the time throughout middle and high school. I went to an Arts high school for music and sadly games distracted me from studying music and my academics. obviously I did well enough to get into UT, but sadly not well enough for my own standards, although I did not realize it at the time. I quit playing games during my senior year in high school, picked up some other bad habits, but since moving to Austin for school things have changed nicely, and although I'm not completely comfortable with the status of my lifes general direction yet, I guess I feel slightly better and more able to concentrate on the future. although the future is quite unexpected, otherwise I don't really know what I'm going to do. The song just dropped into a drum jam with a guitar riff running continuously over it. . and time's up. ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_405.txt," I am thinking about how to write this paper. I can't think of what to write. Jessica is putting papers in her notebook I am typing the ring around te logo is blue. the ring around the logo is blue. someone just entered I would rather be playing music. Andrew says goodnight 1 minute 58 seconds. I'm sort of hungry. I think writing this makes me more hungry. I have so much homework to do and other responsibilities. I wish I had no responsibility at this point in time. I'm worried about psychology because the content seems too easy to take a test on, suggesting I'm understanding the full realm of the content or the full realm of my responsibilities in this class although philosophy is worse. I cannot imagine being tested over anything in that class. Astronomy is just about the most difficult class I've ever taken because it's pure physics and not really learning about the general properties of celestial bodies. I've got a block. I need to write more songs, I haven't been able to write fully in over a year. but I could never be nearly as good as the Pixies so it seems frivolous to even try. water I'm beginning to drift off. I really need to do my homework more often I have way too much. I need a cellphone. I think I'm the only person in Austin with no cell phone. everyone assumes I have a cell phone. I can't even get long distance jessica just stuck her finger in my mouth. she didn't think I'd write that. or that. I'm almost halfway through. I'm sleepy. my girlfriend is sexy. Andrew offered to be her tutor. I'm running out of things to write about. the Pixies are the best band ever. bar none. they incorporate obscure time signatures and lyrics into the most influential sound ever, the only quesionable exception being the Velvet Underground. they were copied by many bands yet don't get credit for it. listen to Weezer's ""The Sweater Song"" and the Pixies ""I Bleed"". Weezer was even on their tribute CD. No coincidence. listen to any Nirvana song compared to any Pixies song. Nirvana usually gets the credit for creating the modern alternative genre, but it was the Pixies. the liars are pretty awesome too. same with fugazi. and the desaparecidos, even though bright eyes is conor oberst's creative offspring. but the best up-and-coming band is the unicorns. they're neat. 16 43. it's already nearly 12 o'clock. I don't want to go back to my room because my roommate is boring and I'll miss Jessica. and he'll want to go sleep when I come in, like he was waiting up for me. this is hurting my wrists. Party on the Plaza was a little dull. I realize that I can't truly ever write what I'm thinking because that requires me to give a physical aspect to something that isn't physical and the true meaning of what is being said is restricted to restraining par ",n,n,y,n,y

2004\_409.txt," I love the movie Dirty Dancing. it is just a great movie. got to love patrick swayze. I got the crest white strips for my birthday. (not sure if it is an insult yet. Hehe)and they are pretty great. kind of make my teeth sore. But there is a price to pay for beauty. speaking of beauty. I burned my face! that makes me laugh. I was trying to use a curling iron, and got my fae instead. yep. What better than a burnt face?wow. Only 3 minutes have passed. Insane. I fell asleep at 7 in the morning yesterday because I am neurortic(or however you spell it). see. Over the summer I began watching queer as folk, and only got to the beginning of the second season, and at the moment, the show is in it's fourth. so. Having the luxury of high speed internet, I went to the website and caught up on the 40 episodes I have missed. and for every episode there were two video clips. And needless to say, I watched them all. it was amazing to see whathappened with the characters. they changed so much. I kind of hate watching shows because I get so attached to the characters. I feel they have an obligation to me to do the ""right"" thing. maybe that is why I am addicted to the young and the restless. I have been watching this soap opera since I was 6. Not Playing. kind of like a family tradition. my mom passed the torch on to me, and to this day I still record the show! I can't get enough of it. My brother tells me I am neurotic all the time. so I have a funny way of doing things sometimes. Doesn't everybody?. I like to eat the skins of pickles but only dill pickles. And I don't like to eat the seeds or membranes of a jalapeno. So what!. He makes me laugh. wow. Only ten minutes so far. Twenty minutes is a long ass time when you think about it. But not when you are watching a show. my mind goes to michael now. The ""man"" of my dreams. known him since sixth grade and never really got oever him. I think I think about him out of habit now. Who knows. He got me a dirty dancing poster for my birthday. That was incredibly sweet. my birthday activities revolved around dirty dancing. went to see the mr. Sinus people make fun of the move I love dearly. it was damn funny I'd have to admit. patrick swayze is fantastic. I would marry him right this minute. Well maybe not. I would marry ""johnny"" right this minute. I feel lonely. Never had a boyfriend. I know why. But we won't get into that just yet. probably never. I just want someone to think I am special. Someone to think I am cute. someone who will go out of their way to see me or just someone who really understands me. Wow. kind of makes me want to cry. I am a big brave dog. hehe. just a phrase me and my best friend use when we feel a little weak. the older I get the more I think about these things. wanting a companion. wanting a boyfriend. makes me feel unusual not having one. Never having one. but who knows. Maybe I will meet the man of my dreams tomorrow. Highly doubt it. But anywho. I find that now that I have less time. I want to get more out. This is very helpful. I wonder if I am pretty. From time to time I think I am, but then I see myself on an off day and realize why I have never had a boyfriend. I like john ritter. Love jack from three's company. would marry him in a heartbeat. maybe my standards are too high. I don't know. I know why . But that is another story. can't believe all this just came pouring out of me. Strange. I thought this would be difficult. I like this. A lot. I love the dirty dancing soundtrack. What a wonderful movie! there is none better. Maybe Hedwig and the angry inch. But dirty dancing will always come first. patrick swayze was my first love. if you can call it that. first one who mademe cry. ",y,n,y,n,y

2004\_414.txt, I'm really happy I started my workouts today even though I feel awful right now. I need to get back in the shape I was before the marathon. I don't really feel like going out tonight at all but I have to go because I promised my friends. I'm not really big into parties I think they are sort of stupid I'm always really uncomfortable because I don't really know that many people except the guys they go with and I feel really weird just following them around. oh well it doesn't really matter I guess everyone there is drunk anyways I really want to go home this weekend and see zach I really miss him a lot I wish we could have both gone to the same school but we Couldn't. thanksgiving is really far away and I don't know if I can wait that long to see him. We have been friends so long it feels really weird not seeing him everyday there are some good things about being here I never have to see ross or trevor I hate those guys. I would like to lie and say they taught me something about myself balhaablaha but zach was right I never needed either or them. Dating zach is so weird but being friends first makes it more special. I really miss sharon I can't believe she is going into the army in two days israel is so far away and I can't believe I won't see her for two more years. kayla is at texas state with nathan and says she loves it I hope her and blake get back together she just loves him so much I feel bad that she's sad about them breaking up with him and I don't really know what to tell her. I miss the basketball team so much I have pat and kellan here with me but zach and maury and matt and nathan and dotun are so far away I hate it I guess maury and zach aren't that far away dallas isn't that bad. Its sad though I won't be able to go back and see ben and dipot and my brother play since my parents moved I'm sad I won't be able to go to reno with zach anymore but I guess he decided to stay home iwht me for christmas so Andrew and dotun will go by themselves without us christmas is going to be so fun with him I know zach feels like he will never mean as much to me as ross but I feel the same way about amy I think we both know what we have is different but I really don't like talkinga bout it with him I would rather just ahave fun together like we always do we know what we are to each other and I don't think we need to keep talking about it. I'm over ross for good this time same with trevor and no matter how many times they ask me I won't get back together with them I don't think zach believes me though I don't konw what I can do to make him no so insecure about us I don't know whatever hell figure it out eventually. Its hard to talk to him though I could never hurt him though I just know him to well everything about him we grew up together so I know all the things that hurt him and he knows all the things that hurt me so I don't know if I could ever accidentally hurt him or say anything that would make him sad because I know exactly what those things are. He knows those things about me too I think its better this way to know everything all the wounds a person has when you are with tthem there ar eno secrets between us because he was the person I always told me secrets to and he is still that person I go to so I don't understand why he thinks I will break up with him inever will he will have to break up with me because I refuse to hurt him I would never cheat on him eitheri love him too much and I respect him too much I think it is just awful when people cheat on each other I don't think its the worst thing you can do but it is still terrible you should care enough about the person to end it before you deliberatly hurt them that is just mean and selfish I don't think I could ever do that to anyone but especially to zach god I've tlaked about him way to much I think but who care nobody will probably ever read this I miss him a lot I think its weird what happened alst weekend going up to visit him will be awesome in two weeks I can't wait I miss him so much he is really starting to look like ben I ,y,y,n,n,y

2004\_416.txt,"Today was a long day. I have been going none stop on about four hours of sleep. Chemistry 301, I have found, is really kicking my butt. I made a seventy on the quiz, but I think I could have done a lot better. Tonight I'm going to go see Shrek 2 with Andres and the guys. I can't remember if it is any good or not, but I guess I'm going as an excuse not to do my homework. One day I will get around to reading chapter three in psychology. This weekend I'm taking Bethany to Oklahoma to go see Bradley and Jon for Brad's birthday party. Oklahoma City is such a far drive from here. I think that it will take me about seven hours to get there but then I have to drive another thirty or so minutes to Edmund for the actual party. I'm going to meet Mom Sunday afternoon on the way home for a nice home cooked meal. I haven't had one of those for so long. Well, actually Tim's mother cooked us fajitas and lasagne last weekend when we went to Mexico, but that is not the same as my mom's cooking. After the UNT vs. UT game on Saturday, which might I add we kicked their butt, about eight of us loaded up and decided to go to Mexico spur of the moment. Tim's parents have a house in Laredo. His dad works for A&M International University as an athletic director. Hmmm. I am running out of things to talk about now. October 8th, is the Aubrey homecoming football game and my friend Niki has to crown this year's queen so I'm going home for the weekend to see everyone. I miss everyone a lot but I don't as much as I thought that I would. High school was great but college is so much better. Although, I would have to say that even though I was the valedictorian and I didn't have to study that much in high school, college is so much more difficult. I think I'll probably change my major a few times too. I know for sure that I want to do something in the medical field with children but I have no idea what I want to major in before I get there. And would my phone quit freaking beeping at me so I can finish this assignment! Ok its just Andres wanting to know if I am going to watch Shrek 2 at Jester tonight at 8. I wish that I could have went to party on the plaza today but I had so much to do it was nearly impossible. I had a TIP mentor meeting at 5, which is when my last class ended but I had to cut that an hour in a half short to go to a TIP seminar that was about notetaking. Now how boring is taking notes about notetaking. That is almost as bad as the seminar I have to go to three times a week. Critical thinking is thinking about thinking. YUCK! Couldn't the writers of the book think of something just a little more creative than that. I mean who wants to sit in lecture first thing in the morning and listen to a speech about what it means to be a critical thinker. Anyways, then I left the notetaking seminar early to go to Women in Medicine. The speaker there talked about how she had a stroke and was no longer allowed to drive and her vision was now impaired. I couldn't imagine having my driving privledges taking away from me and not being able to see. I have 20/20 vision right now but that doesn't mean that I'm a good driver. I have fallen asleep at the wheel twice in two weeks. Two weeks ago I went to Dallas to go see my friends in a band and I ended up staying in Waxahachie until 8 in the morning. When I was coming home the next day I stopped and got coffee before I headed out but sure enough about thirty minutes later I dozed off. I had to stop at a truck stop and sleep in my car for awhile. I can't believe I keep doing that. It is so dangerous and just last week a girl from my home town died in a car wreck when she was coming home and hit a tree. My Dad called this weekend, which is odd considering he just decided to flee last Christmas and not tell anyone where he was going. He said he had a dream about me and he was just making sure I was ok. I'm not sure if that was an excuse to talk to me or if he really had a dream. The reason why I wonder that is this past year all my dreams have been coming true and it is so weird. If he had a dream about me that was bad will it come true too? Maybe it is a weird genetic thing and we have dreams that foretell the future. . just kidding. Ok well here is the countdown. I only have about 30 more seconds to type so any second now it is going to stop me. Ok my time should be about up now. Yeah ok I'm done. . The End! ",y,n,y,y,n

2004\_417.txt," So I'm glad that this assignment is like this beacuse I love journaling and writing my thoughts down. I must have had the most unluck day ever today, and now my mom is mad at me! That sucks. Such is life!! Oh well. I hope that I do well in this class beacuse I really need to boost my gpa up this semester. I can't wait to get my papa john's pizza, I am so hungry. Man I can't wait for Dele to get here tomorrow too. I miss him so much. he kind of pissed me off today though because when I was telling him about my crappy day he had to get off the phone with me. Well I giess I really shouldn't be that pissed off. I'm sure I have done it to him numerous times. that's why I like him, he put up with my BS. Wow its only been three minutes. I don't know if I can keep typing for 20. this is actually harder than I though. my mind is totally blank right now. Well actually its not because if it was then I would be thinking anything, but I an think about how my mind is blank. so it's really not blank. Ok I think I'm making things a little complicated. oh my goodnes there is this weird noise coming from somewhere in my room. ughhhh these stupid dorms. . Mann I got to a lot of homework to do tonite. Well at least I'm getting one thing done. That's good. la la la. This is getting kind of old. I have about 13 minutes to go, whoops there is the phone I have to go get my pizza is ready. I hope I don't get counted off for this. Man I'm excited about this pizza. Mmmmm can't wait. Man I'm really excited to eat this pizza. Its going to be so good. Man the smell of it makes my mouth water. I'm going to keep writing a little more since I had to go get my pizza. I wonder if my mom called me back. I really don't want her to be mad at me because she gives me allownace on friday. Man that's bad for me to think that. but I was just kidding though. Man I love chicken pizza. Its so good. Man that was I pretty cool assignment. I think I'm going to like psych class!! ",y,y,y,n,y

2004\_420.txt,"I am so ready to go home and see my family and friends. I have never really ever been by myself for this long. It would not be so bad if I had at least one familiar face around but I really don't. I am trying to get to know my roommates better but I guess it is not the same as knowing people and going to school with them for years. In my small town we will be friends forever but here I am not so sure. I really hope I can get involved with the church here. I think that will help a whole lot. I want to be involved in a spirit organization but the whole ""lets get drunk at every social event"" really bugs me. Why can't people just have good clean fun? I love the team and the school but I can have a great time supporting them without getting drunk, high or having sex! Anyway I am looking forward to seeing the familiar. I love it here and am gload I came but I am looking forward to next weekend. I am really ready to see aron and my other friends. This has been the longest we have been separated. I pray though that if we can make it being apart that we will be together forever. I love him so much. We can talk about anything. It is great. We share so many things in common. He loves God and that means the most to me. It is a real balanced relationship. Wow I cannot believe it has only been 7 minutes. It feels like an eternity. I have so many other things to be doing like spanish and reading for other classes. I am kind of nervous aout my classes. My major is Spanish and I am not so good at it yet. Hopefully it will come with more practice. Wow this retreat this weekend with the church is going to be great. I cannot wait. I am so ready to be around people and meet people. I want to build good lasting relationships instead of just aquatances. It is kind of lonely with just saying ""hi how are you?"" and then nothing past that. O well. I hope I am doing well in school. I don't just want to be here, I want to thrive here. I want to be the best that I can be with everything I do. I want to be proud of myself and I want others to be proud. I like having lectures and tests as apposed to homework, quizzes and tests. But then again, if I mess up on a test it will be hard to get my grade back up. I am shooting for A's but one or two B's would not be awful. But I am studying for A's. I need to start working out. I have been sick though but I need to start again. Maybe someone might like to go with me. It is always better with someone else. I am looking forward to be married, hopefully to aron, becuase we can do these things together becuase we both enjoy the same things. I also wish Josh was here, it would be so much easier. Hopefully he will get into college here and we can hang out more together. He is like a brother to me and will always be. I really miss him. Hopefully he will call back but I guess I will just call him again. Well these are all the things I have been thinking about for the past couple of weeks. I think about these things all the time and just think it has only been 16 minutes. I wish all writing assignments were this easy. I need to sign up for more experiments so I don't get behind. I also need to do some passoffs. Hopefully if I study them well today I can do one tomorrow and one thurs and then one friday and the only have 12 left. That would be good. I wonder who is all coming home for homecoming? probably most people. I love my little town. I would not trade it for the world. Those that have lived there their whole lives don't appreciate it as much as I do but they will some day. I am really glad my mom married walter and that we moved there. I like it that I live here cause my dad visits a lot. My family is awesome. They do so much for me and I thank God I have them. You know another thing that bugs me about here is that so many people are liberals. What is this world coming to? I am so voting for Bush! ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_421.txt," Great! Just GREAT! I already typed for ten minutes and this thing loses everything I wrote! GERRRRRRRR! Oh well. This isn't so bad. So. Let's seee. oh that's right. My eating disorder. Okay. I completely understand this freshmen 15 deal. because I, regretfully, am a victim. Yes, I, Maria Truong, cannot stop eating. So scary. I'm assuming that this is evidence of my subconscious depression that all freshmen are supposedly subjected to. Huh. Makes sense. I suppose. Hmmmm. wwwweeelll. I'm am also allergic to Austin. I can't stop sneezing! I think that perhaps my nose hasn't yet adapted itself to all this clean air as oppose to the humid smog of the one and only Houston. Where are all these symptoms coming from?! So college isn't so bad. Definitely a lot more freedom. The first week wasn't so bad. Must've been all the excitment. But by the end of the second week. I was craving junk food and missing home. I'm better now by the way. After we went home for Labor Day Weekend and I am all stocked up on junk food. smiles. Dang it! Stupid fly! Shoo fly! Don't bother me! Okay. So school is definitely killing me. Too much to read and my lack of study habits definitely needs polishing. But seriously though. I'm a true nerd. I even have the thick-rimmed glasses. :) Wow. Twelve minutes. Almost thirteen. How many pages is this double spaced on Word? A page maybe? Wow. It sure does take me a long time to write stuff. No wonder it took me forever to finish those english papaer! FULL of nonsense. Hmmm. So glad I don't have english this year. Hey! My twenty minutes went by pretty fast! Wahoo! Notice how I've painstakingly wrote all this gramatically correct? Well, at least I got the caps and punctuations down. Go me. I can't wait until Christmas. My favorite season! Big surprise! Summer's fun but winter wins hands down! So I wanted to work so I could make my own money instead of bumming off my parents all the time. But all this reading is too much! I'm STILL behind. Its funny how I'm actually trying to study now when I wasn't much of a studier in high school. Huh. My thoughts are random. oh well times up! ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_422.txt,"hi I guess I'm supposed to be thinking about what to write for the next 19 minutes and 20 seconds, I will start with charlie my boyfriend of one month exactly today. long distance thing is working out ok, I may be falling in love with him but then again he is going to be a cop and I always said that I shouldn't marry a cop and he doesn't have a job right now so he can't take me out that often. does him not having a job make him lazy? I'm not quite sure, when I was like 14 I made a list of the basic things that my future spouse should have I wonder where I put that or if he would fit into any of the standards I set for my self. he is the best guy I have dated so far, as far as how he treats me and respects me so I'm doing all right for myself. I wonder what casey is doing never mind she just walked in she says this asignment sucks and I agree maybe I will sue you all for giving me carpal tunnel syndrome casey is leaving again, what a freak not really she is a cool girl. I just ate so much food added up I had a fajita and a cup of chicken enchillada soup and an ass load of chips and queso, I'm sure that I am the most gigantic person on the planet what if I get heartburn from that queso. I am experiencing the sickness brought on by the lull in my immune system brought on by the stress we talked about today in your class, yes pennebaker, we do listen and you are quite entertaining, hope I don't forget to read the entire semester, but at the rate I'm going that's what will happen, I wonder if you are married or if you ever date your students. god bless your students if so. just kidding. I can't believe that I am not going to have sex for like an entire month. this is craziness. I usta me borderline nympho. just kidding again. hmm what shows am I missing on tv for this assignment, and are you all actually going to read these assignments, I wonder if anyone writes a suicide letter in this or like confesses to a crime. I stole a pen out of a lisa frank stationary set at walmart last year, but half the stuff was missing out of it anyway and the pen was the best thing left, I think its somewhere in my car there's lots of crap in my car, I need to clean it good and I need to have it washed the leaves from the tree I park under are fucking up my paint. my mother would slap me if she heard me say fucking up anything. hmmm. deep breath I have gone 12 min 52 seconds so how much longer do I have? I suck at math, I have another homework in there. and I hate homework. I don't really consider this homework, ugh the word homework really gets to me oh yeah I now have lets see, 6 minutes and something, gee where is that lighter I'm not going to be able to smoke for like until I find it. after staring at this screen for 20 whole minutes I'm going to have a headache and ah, the thought of being with my boyfriend, that's what they are talking about on tv that would be great I miss him I wonder. did I already write about how I wonder what you all are thinking about what I'm writing. I seem pretty neurotic. this is a fairly easy asignment. what lawyer should I use to sue you all for this? not that I actually would or that I have grounds to sue. 3 minutes, three is my lucky number. uh. my fingernails need fixing. two. broken. what's a girl to do? and to think that I don't have a nail girl to go see and I'm freaked out by the oriental people to do my nails, so I'm pretty much screwed. count down-- 1 minute! yay I guess I will be seeing you all around hope you enjoyed this tour through 20 minutes in my brain. its scary I know. alright then I love charlie!!!!! I can call him now he will be so pleased. !!!!! bye ",y,y,n,n,n

2004\_432.txt," Right now I am sitting here typing, with the tv on in the background and I am feeling very tired. I think this is because I didn't get nearly enough sleep last night. Why didn't I get enough sleep, you ask. Well I don't know. I usually go to bed sometime before eleven, or sometime right before twelve and sometimes after twelve. I guess you could say between 11 and 12, right? Yeah. And I start my day somewhere around 7:30. That is NOT NEARLY enough sleep. But what's funny is this is the only time of day when I feel really lethargic: around 5 or six o clock. Maybe it is biological. Maybe we all feel tired at certain points according to our bodies. I think there should be a law that we all have to take siestas in the afternoon like they do in Mexico. That seems glorious. Not to mention it's good for you! You are more refreshed and able to handle tasks more efficiently and with more energy. Even as I type I can feel myself drifting off. Do not fall asleep. Do not fall asleep. Oh great. I pressed a wrong key and now the time started over. I had two minutes of typing under my belt. That's beautiful, just beautiful!!! I think I will just sit here and make up for that time. Doop de doop. Doop de dooooop. . . . . . Well, I'm very glad it's Friday tomorrow. Not that it makes much of a difference, but still. I can sleep in on the weekend, that's a big deal to me. I'm not sure what I'll do with the weekend. Probably catch up on reading for classes. I'm really concerned about that. I've been slacking off a bit and that's just awful, classes have only been in session for what, just two weeks or something. Yuck. I'm such a procrastinator. Well, I don't know what else to talk about. This is boring and I'm getting bored just doing this because I'd rather be napping. Not to mention the clock says only 3 minutes and I KNOW the true time should be somewhere around five!!!! Here, this is entertainment. I will type out a poem completely from memory. Ladies and gentlemen, The Road Less Traveled by Robert Frost: Two roads diverged in a yellow wood and sorry I could not travel both and be one traveler, long I stood and looked down one as far as I could to where it bent in the undergrowth then took the other as just as fair and having perhaps the better claim because it was grassy and wanted wear though as for that the passing there had worn them really about the same and both that morning equally lay in leaves no step had trodden black oh I saved the first for another day yet knowing how way leads on to way I doubt if I shall ever come back I shall be telling this with a sigh somewhere ages and ages hence two roads diverged in a wood and I, I took the one less traveled by and that has made all the difference. What a beauty of a poem, no? I've always liked it. Don't remember why I had to memorize it. probably for a class way back in middle school. Some people have told me they don't understand the last line. I just feel secret annoyance towards them. What's there not to understand?! It's clear as a bell, people! I like Robert Frost. Here's another one I know called Fire and Ice: Some say the world will end in fire Some say in ice From what I've tasted of desire I hold with those who favor fire but if it had to perish twice I think I know enough of hate to say that ice is also great and would suffice I also like Stopping by Woods On a Snowy Evening, the one that ends ""And miles to go before I sleep. "" Yep. Also that poem called Nothing Gold Can Stay. Why do I know so much about Robert Frost you ask?! Heck you got me. I don't even know. I just think his poems are nice. What other poets do I like. That's a good question. I have no idea. Well, that's probably not true, but I can't think of any at the moment. In Decathlon in school we studied lots of poems, by Langston Hughes and Sylvia Plath and Robert Frost (a really bad one, though) and George Meredith and lots of other peeps. Some of them were cool, some were most definitely not. I think I will write a poem of my own, right here, right now. I call it ""The Cat Came Home"". The Cat came home and he thought he was there to stay but what he didn't know was that the owners had moved away They left the lights on They left dishes in the sink The Cat came home and in a swift minute didn't know what to think Should I stay or should I go The Cat asked himself that day What should I do about this What should I say? Well The Cat found no answers just an empty litter box So he said, Eh who cares and tore up all the socks Maybe I should get that one published! Well my time is almost up thank goodness, so I should think of an appropriate end to this free writing assignment, a summation if you will. This was mainly about poems and poets and the unsolved mystery of why I don't get enough sleep. Yep, that's all. Nothing too exciting. And what do you expect. There is absolutely nothing worthwhile on TV at this moment. ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_439.txt,My thoughts are everywhere right now I am thinking about getting my computer fixed because it has a virus. I need to sleep that is the biggest change for me in college is the late nights and busy days I am used to busy days from high school but not the late nights. It is strange but interesting and fun being semi independent I have another late night tonight that I am not quite ready for but it is my pledge line for KA which will be another consumer of much of my time but it should be very fun once pledgeship is finshed I am looking forward to getting to meet and become close with my pledge brothers because being from a smaller town I don't know as many people as a lot of folks down here but I didn't want go to school with all my old high school friends really because I wanted to meet new people I do miss my best friedn though he is somebody I could always talk to trip out with and just we knew what we are thinking without having to say anything it is strange not having a best friend down here right now and its tough because it takes lots of time and lots of escapades and wild nights bad times good times high school sports all those things made us great friends and now I have to try and make some more friends like that here in austin my roommate just left and I am still trying to make my decision about that situation he is an alright guy but he is not really the type of person I see myself spending lots of time with but I am sure I will being roommates and joinin the same fraternity but I always look at it as it could be a lot lot worse. lost my train of thought sorry I'm having trouble focusing today I feel very out of it but I've got class in a while so I won't be able to take a nap I think I am getting sick and rundown hopefully I can shake this little congestion I have but with all the new stress in life these days I don't know how well that will work out I'm not feeling to great at all sometimes I wonder if UT is the right place for me and that is just a backand forth thought cause some days it is and some times when its a bad day I wish I was back home in my own bed with dog I miss her haha that sounds so cheesy haha but she is a good dog and she always will cheer you up I can hold a thought today it seems like I feel like I am being random but some how I feel like I keep saying the same things I am not looking forward to walking to class I don't like that very much and I get to search for the computer shop to drop my laptop off to get this virus taken care of that is a pain I feel like I havent met enough people yet I want to be more outgoing but I am naturally more of a quiet person I enjoy listening and watching other peoples behaviors and stuff I like to feel people out and get a sense of who they are before I just start relaxing around them I try to be assertive and approachable and outgoing but that doesn't always go so well and people take my quietness in the wrong way it is often seen as me being stuck up angry rude and that drives me crazy but all I can do is be who I am ,n,n,y,y,n

2004\_440.txt," I enjoy doing writing assignments liek these. You get to write about just about anything that pops into your mind. the bad part about this type of assignment is when you really don't have anything to think about or when you have a brian fart. I wounder just how my performance in this class is going to be. Whether I will do poorly in the class or good or just average enough to pass the class. But among those thought, I also wounder how this semester is going to go. I hope that I am going to be able to do well enough to bring my GPA up so that I am able to get more scholarships fo next year. Man, when I notice what I am thinking about, I notice that I really think about things that may affect me in certain ways. Like doing homework for my classes or whether or not I'm going to have enough money to pay my rent or my cell phone bill or my other bills. But as I take the time to think, I feel that I will be forced to get another job so that I will be able to afford all this new responseablity that I have taken on. Its not always easy to write exactly what your thinking about a certain time. But right now its hard for me to do anything when all I'm thinking about it how bad I feel right now. Right now I have a stuffed and runny nose, and I am also sore from working out on wensday. It hurts for me to walk up the stairs or to strech out of to even lift up anything heavy. I think I worked myself out a little too much, I feel that I tried to push myself a little more then I should have since it was my first day working out since last semester. I think I screwed myself by not continuing to workout over the summer break. All I did was work to pay off some of my bills that I acquired over last semester for books and other various reasons. Its funny how when you set yourself to doing something and son't pay attention to the time, time really seems to fly by. Take this assignment for example. I started to write what I was thinking and now that I look at how long I've been writing, I've noticed that I have already been writing for a little over 16 minutes now and it does even seem like it. It merely seems like I've been writing for about 5 minutes. If all the assignments were like this one, I bet pretty much every one would do good, cause its not hard to talk about what your thinking about at a particular time. You can just about write about anything you want, whether it is a event happening in your life or just something you feel like getting off your chest, all you have to to is merely just type it in and be able to get it off your chest and get a grade while doing it too. ",n,n,y,y,n

2004\_447.txt," I havent really decided what to write about. so many things are going on in my head all the time it seems like I could write for a very long time. I do that though, I have a journal and its handy. I like to go back and read what I write and think to myself 'what an idiot'. its a learning experience really, and I hope more people use journaling to express themselves. Some people use online journals which at first I thought was odd because I write personal stuff in my journal. I wouldn't want the internet world to read all that. but then I started reading my friend's online journals and actually started one myself. Katie calls me a follower but she is a conforming nonconformist in that she claims she's not starting one because everyone else has done so and she'd like to be different. That reminds me of George, he is the classic conforming nonconformist. he hates anything anyone likes and loves anything anyone hates. especially lauren. their relationship is odd in that way. George makes a point of emphatically disliking something just to spite the rest of us. he is an interesting person to study. I am always observant but observing him is just interesting. he's like a girl and I swear he has PMS. we went on a trip to kentucky this summer and he decided he didn't want to go to the lake with the rest of the group (david and I didn't want to either) so the three of us stayed in the condo and played golf actually. but then the next day, he still didn't want to go and he made a big scene about it and then got all huffy when we Couldn't decide on a thing to do when it started raining and the lake was deemed a bad idea. he just left. he drove off in one of the two cars we had and was gone for a long time. the funny thing about chris is that he wants you to think he's cool. so he'll do and say things to seem cool and crazy. he went to a grocery store and was talking to some local teenagers and claims he was invited to go hang out with them that night. I don't know if I belive him but I really don't care. the point is that later he claimed that he 'might' go hang out with them like he was mr. popular. of course he wasn't really and the way to deal with him in his pouty state is to ignore him or somehow let him know that you don't care. He is such a confusing boy. I mean, they're all confusing but he takes the cake. having liked him before, I knew what I was getting into the last time. and the time before that. his biggest relationship flaw is that he is so flaky! so now I feel bad like I'm just judging everyone I know. grr. that's a noise I make, I make many of them. I make many faces too. at work john laughs at me because I can't control my expressions. especially if someone says something dumb. I just can't hold it in. my moms the same way. I wonder if that's learned or inherited. anyway. speaking of mom, my parents moved to florida in feb. and march. it was ok at first because I was of the opinion that I was getting an apartment so I wouldn't be living with them and wouldn't see them much anyway. but man I was wrong. I visited them in may and felt unusually emotionally detached. while I was there dad did the same annoying things he's always done, not listening, asking questions I'd just asked etc. drove me nuts. but now I miss them a lot. I was listening to Avril Lavigne and she has a song called nobodys home. and I realized that I have no where else to go. this apartment is my home now and man that's depressing. the kitchen is dirty, the floors are dirty, we need to steam clean, lauren and katie are bums and it took them 4 days to clean out MY cooler from saturday which now reeks because they left food in there to soak. people would call this bitterness. I like to claim that at least I'm expressing an emotion instead of keeping it all inside like I tend to do. I took one of those personality surveys online the other night because neal showed me the website. it said I was an ESTP? I think. anyway, part of it said that I would tell people what I think. I don't know how correct that is because I am usually the person with enough tact to not say mean things and well pretty much ALL my friends will say crap. Jill is the most tactless, when she and sean got together I was quite angry. and still when I think about it I get angry at her. why not at him? I don't get that. but when I typed his name I accidentally wrote sew. I am thinking about buying myself a sewing machine because I keep thinking of things. like today as I walked across campus I was thinking of different shirts and 'textiles' to make. I've wanted to do stuff like that for a while but I just. didn't. and now, even though I'm busy with papers to write etc, I really want to get creative. Lauren's sewing machine is here still but it didn't work very well. I can't remember how badly it ran but I should probably check that before I buy one. I don't know how much they'll cost either. I think $150 at walmart? but I don't want a plastic one. I'm sure I could break it and I'd rather have machinery than plastic. I think I should inheirit mom's old one and she can get a new one. but I said that once and she said no way. whatev. I'm tired. I tried to go to bed by midnight again but it ended up to be 130 I think. I don't remember exactly but 6 or less hours of sleep sucks. and I've been doing it for days. that's probably not good. another thing that's probably no bueno is that I HATE my job. and this isn't like the first year I worked at culvers and I was just a lazy bum. I am good at my job, I do it well, I used to enjoy serving customers. but now it has been REALLY hard to make myself go. and its not like I'm just going to call in sick, I just don't want to go. I want to hit almost all of my coworkers, the guys that hit on me and our dumb new manager. I don't get why he thinks he can change everything right when he gets here without learning how the business works in the first place! and he's weirdly energetic. and since lauren and david have told me the same, I know I'm not the only one whos creeped out by it. well goodbye my 20 min were up a few sentences ago. ",n,y,n,y,y

2004\_448.txt," Hi. My name is Shanique Annette Roberson. Usually when I have to write something I like to introduce myself first. I did not prewrite this I promise. I was born November 27, 1985 (the day before Thanksgiving). I am now 18 years old and am excited about being in the college of engineering at the University of Texas at Austin as a Biomedical engineering major. I love to play sports (volleyball, softball, and track), write poetry, praise dance! and enjoy nature. Some things that I would like to do before I leave Austin or before I graduate college are to go horseback riding again (preferably, to take horseback riding lessons), to go kyacking ( I don't have a clue right now as to how to spell this word), to go parasailing with a friend of mine and to visit the capitol and some of the musuems in the city. I would also like to get involved in a good service organization. I love service and helping other people. Oh! About my family. I am the daughter of Lee and Nancy Roberson of Bay City, TX. I have one older sister, Joyce Evette Roberson. My father works for a nuclear plant, my mother is a teachers aide, and my sister is in the U. S. Navy. She (my sister) has been overseas twice (yes, to Iraq as well--she said that where she was wasn't that bad at all). She has now been restationed to florida. This makes me really nervous sometimes because we are predicted to have a pretty bad hurricane season this year and many of them hit florida. She picked a bad state to go to. Anyway, I told my sister that she could go wherever she wanted as long as I could come and visit at least once (ha! Like I could really decide where she would go. I just thought I'd try it). She would have flown me to Iraq to go see the sites and to go see the pyramids in Egypt but my mom wouldn't let me go. She didn't want the both of us over there. However, I plan to go visit in Florida either during Christmas break or Spring Break. My thoughts have now shifted to the Wells family. This is a family or couple that I meet on a plane my eighth grade summer. I had gone to National Baptist Conference in Florida and was flying back to houston by myself. They told my god-mother, who was with me before the flight, that they would keep an eye on me. When we got to houston we exchanged info and said we would keep in touch. Now, usually when this happens, people don't really keep in touch but in this case we have kept in touch for over 4 years now. We send each other cards, call each other and all that good stuff. I think that that is just amazing. What esle to talk about???? OK I am just getting words now. (Friends, other homework, love,Oh) Let me tell you about the home I would like. I was raised in a somewhat country area and I came seem to get awat from that. I would like to build a big country house with a large bay area window, sunlight roof in the kitchen or some area of the house, maybe a lake, and I know that I want horses, dogs, and cats. I don't know why but this picture always comes into my head when I think of what I want my future home to look like. Also I have to have a porch that goes all the way around with at least one swing on it and most definitely atleast one walk in closet. I don't know exactly where I would like this house but I think I would like it to be somewhere in TX. Time is almost up and this is about all that I can think of right now anyway so bye and I will see you next time. The one and only. ",n,n,y,y,y

2004\_450.txt," I really do not feel homesick at the moment. Today a lot of my sorority sisters were feeling so sad because they miss their families and everything at home. In a way I do feel like I miss my mom and my dogs and Dallas in general but I am having too much fun in Austin. More and more parties and events filled my calender as the week progressed and eventually I just got sick. Literally. I felt like I was spinning in bright lights and feeling more and more nauseated by the second. As soon as I started feeling that way, I realized the true comfort of home that I do miss a lot. Today I ended up waiting at the health center for two hours by myself and I really wanted my mom to be sitting there. I felt really independent which I liked, but I also felt lost. I had no support and I feel like it will be hard to not feel so sick with out my mom. On another note, I am getting scared about this whole freshman fifteen thing. I am eating cereal at the moment and it is ten o'clock at night. It seems crazy to me. Hopefully all of the walking to class will clear off the extra pounds. I feel so terrible right now. I am so thirsty and my mouth is super dry. The doctor told me that my lymph nodes are swollen which scared me because they feel like they are going ot explode. My room mate will not stop humming and it annoys me as I write this. And all of her online music is driving me up the wall. It is getting so hard to concentrate on this paper. I am about to start getting ready for bed also because I am super tired. I really don't want to go to my 8 30 class in the morning. Do you know how early that is? I am not looking forward to it. I hope the class is fun. It is about fashion design which interests me but I heard it is really hard and has a lot of projects. I finally got water. I am so excited. I really like the way my room is decorated. It is all pink and orange accessories and it is super cute. Ow. It really hurts to drink this water because of my nodes. Ouch. The doctor told me to inform her in case of that but I had not had a problem really. My forehead itches. I feel like I am complaining a lot as I am nonstop writing but I guess it has just been a really rough day. I really love UT though, I am having such a great time. It makes me laugh that you will probably not be reading this until I am on my deathbed. That will be funny. I bet this writing is really bad but I am just following the rules. This constant humming is really annoying me now. I have already told her to stop once but she keeps on humming. Oh well, I can not let it annoy me because we are best friends and room mates and all. This is going ot be an awesome year. I can not wait till the time gets rolling. I really feel like brushing my teeth. I can still taste my Frosted Flakes. Gross. I have to remember to take all of my medicines for the night. I always forget little but important things like that. I also felt like putting on a facial mask to help my skin out. My skin seems to be really sensitive to weather and location changes. It kind of weird like that. Well my time is almost up. I feel like even though I am thinking about things, I can not really decifer what I am hearing inside my head. It is kind of weird. My room mate is staring at me trying to make me laugh, but the good student I am, I am trying to resist laughing. Well, I am about to go to sleep and my time is almost up so good night. ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_451.txt," No what do I write about?I'm typing in a computer lab,and I'm surprised there are only a few people in here. It is cold in this computer lab. It has gotten a lot colder in the past few days. I have a quiz in chemistry and I need to study. My roommate must be wondering where I am. Its really different in college. I have a meeting at 7 tongiht, I need to study for my quiz. THere is a bunch of paper next to my desk, I wonder who left it. The girl next to me is typing a paper, and another girl just walked in the computer lab. She is wearing a red shirt. I need to eat before the cafeteria closes. It closes really early. The computer next to me keeps turning on and off by itself. Someone else walked into the computer lab. He is wearing a blue shirt and jeans. The screen of the computer to my right is green. The room is starting to feel colder. I need to get my jacket. There are noises outside the lab, it sounds like a bunch of girls. I just submitted my math homework and made a 100. I wonder if I misspelled any words in this. I am feeling overwhelmed as I think about all the quizzes I have thursday and friday, and I still haven't gotten my calculus book. I started to feel sick today, maybe because of the change in weather. I need to get some sleep. This room is really quiet. I see people walking outside of the computer lab. I wish I could go home this weekend. I kind of miss my family, but it is nice here too. I really like my apartment, I need to wash dishes. Someone left the computer lab and knocked something over. Someone walked in with a green shirt. I wonder how to drop this yoga class I was put in. Maybe I could stay in it. It might be easy. I feel really stressed about school, I hope I can get a 4. 0, I really like my biology and chemistry and psychology classes,they are interesting. Only 5 more minutes. I need to run tonight. Its getting darker outside. Its almost 6. THe cafeteria closes at 7:30. I'm feeling tired, but I have so many things to do. and I need to get some medicine. I wonder what my roommates doing, probably watching tv. Real Worlds on tonight. I wonder what my quiz will be like tomorrow. I hear people talking outside. ",n,y,n,y,n

2004\_452.txt," wow this assignment seems pretty easy for a homework assignment. unfortunately I was unable to find the OPERA page for the prescreening, so I am now doing my homework although it's actually due friday. I should not procrastinate. I need to go to with my roommate to eat at j2 tomorrow at 12:30, instead of at kinsolving. I like kinsolving better than j2 but the food isn't too bad either. my girlfriend is online right now and talking to me, I wonder what her I'M box says while it flashes on my computer monitor. I will go click on it now and check. she was wondering what I had to write about for psychology class. I told her I had to write my stream of consciousness for 20 minutes. I'm starting to run out of things to say for this thing, although my mind is constantly thinking and putting material for me to write on this. wow it's only been 3 minutes so far, I still have a long way to go. I really can't think of anything to write in here. I wonder if I should capitalize all the 'I's in this thing or now, or whether grammar matters at all. oh my girlfriend IMed me again I think I'll go look at what she has to say. she has to go practice chinese for her class. hmm only 4 minutes now, I don't' think I can write for another 16 minutes. I wonder if I can just stop writing right now and just turn it in at the end of the 20 minutes. but wow this thinking is actually still providing material for me to write in this thing. stil a lot of time left, my hands are starting to get fatigued, and my contacts are drying up. it's getting late and I'm getting tired at the same time. should I go to my math class tomorrow or not. my roommate is playing a really loud tv show, it appears to be star trek enterprise, I can't really concentrate with it playing in the backgrond. I am really tempted to watch it though, instead of writing this thing, but I suppose I should write this anyway. I want to take a shower too, but I can't because I have to write in this thing for another 13 minutes. the reptilians will take their place. Says the tv show. I want to watch the show now I think I will. my roommate is pouring water into a cup and drinking from it. my body is a bit sore from working out at gregory earlier this evening. I also have a canker sore in my mouth and it does hurt a little. I think I will ask the psychology teacher tomorrow about the prescreening thing. I wonder if I'm spelling tomorrow correctly. I think I will go on to dictionary. Com and check. it appears I have spelled 'tomorrow' correctly after all. I'm satrting to just space out while writing this thing, and getting rather tired. I like playing espn football 2k5. I usually beat my friend matt in it, but not my friend philip. I have been playing for the past two hours, maybe that is why I am tired now. I wonder if my girlfriend is done studying her chinese yet. I'm going to go check her profile. she is still away. I want a glass of water, I think I will go pour one for myself. I found a bottle of ozarka that I got from my friend so I am drinking out of that. my roommate explained to me that the star trek episode he is watching is based on the time when humans just reached space and are pioneering it, a few hundred years before captain kirk. even though the series is rather new. it seems interesting. my girlfriend is having trouble memorizing chinese. my friend clinton called and is now talking to me. it will be hard to multitask. I'm not really paying attention to him. he is asking me if I am eating with other friends. my friend did not get a bid for a frat, so he will not be pledging. we are going to a party on friday. perhaps with kdphi sorority. my girlfriend is asking what I am writing about again, and is falling asleep from doing homework. I am rather tired, ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_453.txt," I always have a million thoughts going on in my head but now that I am asked to write about them, I can't. I wonder where the printers are. its already 7:40. its so quiet in here. I wonder if this girl next to me knows where to print. it looks like she's buisy. this keyboard is dirty, the keys are hard to press. I shouldn't have thrown away my smoothie. its so dull in here. its already getting dark. I hope I'm spelling okay. I can't wait until tomorrow. ""and I love you, and its more then I ever knew. "" (I'm singing in my head). its too quiet, like we're not allowed to talk, its kind of depressing. I'm so glad I learned to type. I hope I can download my calculus homework on this computer. I hope I understand it. this weekend I go home. but the best part is going to be the six hour drive with my boyfriend. he's great. and I love him more everyday. I hope this feeling lasts. I would love to marry him, in like 6 years. he's great and we're great together, I miss him. I just saw him yesterday but I miss him. I'm hungry. I think ill take dinner up to my room and socialize with my roommate. I wonder what I'm going to eat today. I had a sandwhich yesterday. I should eat something hot. hmm. I guess I could have chicken strips. or vegetables. oo, and a salad. is that how you spell oo. oh, eww, uh, oo. ? oh well. now its 7:48. I wonder if I need glasses? this watch is bothering me. ah, there. my foot hurts so much. I wonder when the swelling will go down. I should email my dad. I hope my string doesn't come off. I forgot to put my rings back on. I hope I don't lose them. tomorrow I have an easy day, and I get to see fili. yah. yeh. ya. whatever. my head hurts. I should eat. what did I eat today. cereal. soup. hmm. I should eat dinner after this. I have so much reading to do. but its labor day weekend, so ill do a little bit each day and then finish this weekend. wow, my time is almost up. I hope I'm doing this right. hmm. I think so. I wish I could gain weight, well in certain places more then others. now someone else is sitting next to me. hmm. its so weird how there are so many oriental students here, its almost as if they are the majority. but that can't be right. it must just seem that way. there are so many people and I don't know any of them. someones chair keeps squeaking. oh, I need to sign up for those informal classes. what is that ringing. I don't think cell phones are allowed in here. I need to write a letter to danny. I wonder if hanna plays this weekend. I know they do. but where? hmm I need to find out, but soon. I wonder if I should tell my parents about me going home this weekend or just surprise them. I don't know which one is better or worse. oh well. that chair squeaked again. I don't see any printers. hmm. I should stop looking around, people are looking at me funny. its almost eight. I need to read. I wonder if the timer goes past twenty minutes or if it keeps going. well that answers my question. ",y,n,y,y,n

2004\_455.txt,"Hello, I don't know why I feel that I have to greet you, but I do. and I don't know who ""you"" are, because I have never tried to communicate with myself. that is so strange to me because I should know me well, because I am me. So. a stream of conciousness, eh? lets begin with the first thing I look at: the keyboard. it is black, and the lettering is in white, capital letters. I know each of these letters by sound, and sight. how did I learn these? with out them I wouldn't even be here doing this. now I am hearing things. people all around me logging onto their computers just typing away, researching away. now a man is asking a question to one of the information people here. I don't know who they are, like how to adress them, that is. but they are here to help. and for some reason that makes me feel at ease. at ease from what? I don't know . I guess the world is enough to make my being feel uneasy. my existence in this world makes me feel like I need to be recognized, sensed, felt, heard, or loved. isn't that strange? why do I need to feel this way? I don't know. but that's how I feel. moving on- what is another sense? I've gone over what I am looking at, what I am hearing and what I am feeling. but feeling in an emotional sense, not physical. I could have said I am feeling the contact between my fingers and the keyboard, but instead I chose to elaborate on my internal emotions, and that is not one of the five senses. isn't that strange? so that covers three out of five. what am I tasting right now? well, I don't know how to answer that. I don't know how to describe the taste of my mouth. and even if I was still eating, how could I explain the taste of a hot dog or fries or a banana? the only thing I could say is that ""my mouth tastes like hot dog, fries and banana. "" but that isn't necessarily what it really does taste like right now. now it tastes like nothingness, I suppose. what does nothingness taste like? I could ramble off synonyms, such as void or empty space even. but that doesn't mean anything untill a person consciously experiences it. right? like when a person learns what strawberry tastes like. there is no possible way to explain exactly the flavor of a strawberry. mmmm strawberries are delicious. that's all I would be able to say. and now I am actually CRAVING a strwberry! even me typing the word, and the big capital way that I spelled ""craving"" makes me want it even more. I am now trying to take my mind off of the mouthwatering fruit so that I can finish the last three minutes or so of this paper before I leave to go get some strawberries. it is a pretty strong urge for me to leave now but I have discipline. and that is what makes me different from everyone else. I have discipline. I won't leave now because my grade is so important to me. and its paying off, you know why? because I only have 30 more seconds to go!!! I am very happy now at the hought that I don't have to type any ",n,n,n,n,n

2004\_456.txt," I'm sitting in my dorm room and it's very cold. I don't think we control the temperature in our room because sometimes it's hot and sometimes it's cold no matter what temperature setting we put it on. I'm borrowing my roommate's computer because I don't have one yet. My dad is going to bring it up hopefully this weekend when my parents come for my brothers soccer tournament. I also want him to get me a new cell phone because my phone book is full on mine and I can't put any new numbers in it which is difficult considering we're in college and I'm meeting quite a few new people. Many of the people I met because I went through rush and also I've met a lot of people on my dorm hall. I'm living in srd. The food is pretty good but I'm really picky. Bretani was eating mushroom soup today and I think soup and mushrooms are gross she said I was missing out on so many great things because I was so picky but I don't like to try foods I've already got preconceived notions about as being not good. I like pizza. I really miss eating dominoes pizza on friday nights. I was thinking about the zebra thing we talked about in class and I was wondering that: if zebras are always releasing cortozol (not sure on spelling) and their immune systems are always being shut down in response, then why are zebras never sick? wouldn't they be sick like all the time? or are they sick and we just don't know it?? maybe you would have to do some serious research on zebras to find this out at least that's what me and claire concluded. I'm glad that claire is here with me at UT even though we weren't like really really close friends in highschool I've known her since kindergarten which is pretty remarkable to know someone for that long. from kindergarten to college I mean. I've been calling a lot of my high school friends. mainly when I'm bored like when I was waiting for the bus the other day for like thirty minutes seriously it took so long. And the guy behind me had a pizza and it smelled so good. I go visit jeff a lot (my bf) because I think about him a lot and I wish I could see him at least every day but that might not be possible considering I have a lot of home work I have to do and all the other stuff I'm going to be responsible for once school and equestrian team gets going and it's sucks because he doesn't have a car so he can't just drop by even though I drop by his place like all the time I did at home too . I'm always trying to surprise him or make him happy and it just sucks that guys don't get girls. They're dating impaired almost all of them suffer from this ailment I would say. I mean some things seem so obvious for him to do to just make me so happy. Little things I mean and he doesn't even see them but as long as I'm complaining about jeff at least I'm not going out with andy. I can't see how bret (my roommate who I know from highschool) can go out with him. He's such a close minded person. A lot of the time just a jerk. And everyone who meets him get's that first impression from him too. And I just think bret is way too good for him but for some reason she loves him and I know he loves her and he's not a bad guy but the other day talking about wanting to live with a gay guy like will and grace or be friends with a gay person he was like ""well then you'd just be condoning that life style"" omg what a freakin aggie seriously, he's such a hick I can't believe he would be so close minded but he is and his ego is so huge and bret is pissed off at him all the time and the long distance relationship thing just isn't go to work so iwish she'd just dump him because I think he's a jerk. If he wasn't her bf I probably wouldn't even be friends with him. Yikes any way I can really get carried away on that issue . I miss going out to the barn everymorning. I'm afraid I'm going to gain weight because I don't have the motivation to jjust exercise and I don't dance everyday like I used to and I just ate two cups of ice cream and even though it's fat free bret says it still has like a jillion calories and I don't even really know what that means/entails but it sounds like something that will make me gain weight. And I guess I'm just really concerned with that. I also don't know about this whole sorority thing I'm a DG and the girls are great but sometimes I just wish that I had gotten a bid fro chi o because I spent like hours killing myself over that decision and I got DG in the end anyway. And sometimes they baby you and you're like uh I think I can handle life here thank you very much but oh well at least you have people watching out for you whether it's a little annoying or not and it does make me feel precious. karolyn stopped by last night just to tuck us in and that made me feel special. Sometimes I go crazy learning about psycology because sometimes I think it's just ridiculous to study why we do things and you know like ""if you sit on this side of the room will you be more likely to eat spinach"" or something because I just wonder why we study it instead of just leaving it alone and living it. it just seems like a scientist was really bored one day and unknowingly decide to start a study of something absolutely crazy. I don't even know what I'm saying but sometimes I don't care or want to know why we do what we do. We just do it! and that's it why should we stress ourselves out trying to solve the mystery of everything why not just live it. Man I drive myself crazy sometimes. I'm going to eat a red hot fire ball now. Actually they're called atomic fireballs. I noticed that last night. Me and jeff are going stargazing on the RLM tonight. I hope it works out because I don't know too much about it. Ok did it not even bother bret when andy made that incredibly ignorant comment about being gay? because he says jerky stuff all the time and somehow she just sees past it to how wonderful he is. ",y,n,n,n,y

2004\_457.txt," I hate escalators. Don't know why. I've always just hated them. Or maybe I'm afraid of them too. My right foot feels really numb. And not Comfortably Numb like that Pink Floyd song. Just numb. Pink Floyds OK, somewhere up there with Verve Pipe and Nirvana. There's this guy lousing back on the lobby across from me. He's wearing a fedora that's covering his eyes. He looks cool. Fedoras are cool. I wonder why guys stopped wearing them. I mean they look cool, especially in those old film-noir movies like The Big Sleep. I have no freakin' idea what that movie was about. The plot kept jumping like some kind of a grasshoper but it was OK. Some girls next to me are chattering/giggling. I hate it when people giggle that way. Its annoying. I hope I don't giggle that way then I'd be annoyed with myself. I wonder what it would be like to be somebody else. I mean what if I was the guy resting back on that couch? Would I be the same person in someonelse's body? Or someone different. I wonder if a different body makes you be different. I wish I had my CD player with me. Life sucks without it. Then again, it'll suck either way so I guess the CD player doesn't make much of a difference. I'm humming the tune to Something Stupid. Cute song. Though what the hell was up with Sinatra singing that with his daughter? Freak. But he's a cool freak. The weather here is always so damn sunny. I don't like sunny weather, it gives me a sun burn. I like it when the sky's all grayscale and it looks like its about to splatter down light rain. That's my kind of scenery. Always has been. Don't know why. I'm yawning now, even though I'm not all that tired. I wonder what the girl next to me is thinking. She looks like she's in really deep thought. Maybe she's thinking about lunch. No, lunch is over. Dinner. Yeah, maybe she's thinking about dinner. I can't wait until this week is over. What time is it? There's never a clock when I need one. Life's inconveniences. I'm looking at my wrist, at my nonexistant watch wondering what time is it. Hope I'm not late to class. Then again I was early to class the other day because I had my watch on upside down. My nails are too big, I need to cut them before I get a hangnail or something. My foots still numb, I wish the bloody thing would wake up since I've got a class to get to. I miss my friends back home. Hell I even miss my paranoid, stark-raving-lunatic of a mother. How pathedic. . I need a new pinky ring, this ones all rusty and broken down but I'm too attached to it. Its like one of those mothers that knows they have an ugly baby but love it anyway. Hey fedora-guy just woke up. Yeah, he's stretching his legs now. I wonder if my leg will ever move now. I wonder why people can't fly. I mean who wants cars and airplanes/jets when you can fly? That would be cool. I wish I could fly. But I wouldn't want wings, those would be too annoying to take care of. I also wish I could play the piano. But I guess desire never equals talent. Reminds me of Saliaree. Amadeus was a great movie. Great story. Fedora-dude is gone now, some other guy has taken his seat. He's not wearing a hat, but its OK. This guy's got long eye-lashes and a pointy nose. Pretty cool. I wonder if someday I'll wake up and everything was just one big nightmare. That would be great. I could start over. But knowing my luck, I'd just make the same mistakes. ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_458.txt,"it is a beautiful day outside and I hope to enjoy it as best I should I am listening to one of my favorite bands. this song matches my mood perfectly. I feel like I should be doing something with my life and I'm not, and it's very har to get along in this university without feeling lonely now and then. I find beauty in very conventionally ugly things and this is why I love photography so much. the pictures I have up on my walls reflect my personality a lot. there are so many aspects of me that people never get to see and it hurts when they judge without knowing me personally. I see in color in the sense that I see the most vibrancy and brightness in everything. my room here is finally starting to smell lik ehome and that's one of the first things I notice when I come in. I'm glad I ended up at ut. I thought I was kind of chickening out by coming here. it's the only place I applied to. I'm a freshman this year and I really hope to get out in 3 years, since I have 34 hours of credit from exams. I hope I can get out in 3 years because I want to feel good about myself and not feel inferior to my peers. I have a lot of issues about who I am and that's why psychology fascinates me so. I understand a lot of who I am more than most people my age. I'm feeling very wise right now and although my boyfriend is a year older than me, I sometimes feel years older than him. I might want to marry him someday and I worry about that. I miss the way things were 2 years ago when I was carefree I feel very burdened and I sometimes think I'm not experiencing college because I feel that way so often. I've always had so much to do that when I don't, I can't relax and I get really anxious. if I'm not stressed out I think I'm missing something. when I watched president bush speak last night I cried because I'm so worried that he will be reelected. I am an avid kerry fan and feel passionately about politics and when I hear bush lie and make empty promises and see people believe what he's saying it affects me deeply. I want to make a difference in the world someday. I hope I will grow to be someone great. my past relationships have been sneaking up on me recently an d things on that front are disturbing an dmaking me feel regretful. I there are some things that I remember so perfectly about the past and I don't know why they stick out. I know that there is something special inside me and I hope I can do something great in this world. I remember going to europe two years ago and feeling so happy with myself and who I was and I don't have any clue about that anymore. I find peace in knowledge. wondering stresses me out. I used to write a lot of poetry and I still feel just as expressive but now the words don't flow as well. I think that as I've grow up, my poetic naivete has faded as has any talent I had. I feel bery inferior to people that don't know me they look at me like I have no self worth and it bothers me. I am a government major and a psych minor but some people think because I'm in liberal arts I have no direction in my life and that is so frustrating. it frustrates me when people think I am stupid. I have almost no tolerance for ignorance yet I get mad when people do that. I am very analytical, mayb eoveranalytical, and its gotten me into a lot of trouble in my life I miss conor and what we had a few years ago and I miss our friendship I need to feel safe and comforted in order to be successful and I am very dependent on other people in my life to do that for me. when we weren't 100 miles apart I miss justin in many ways and that bothers me he was the most detrimental person in my life and still is so far and last night I was thinking about those three days that were the worst in my life and there is only 1 thing I can do to get past that. I don't know if I will ever. one of my main goals in life is to be understood and I feel very misunderstood by people that don't take the time to get to know me and I feel that the first impressions I give are not very accurate. I am very emotional and I know that just thinking about certain things will make me burst into tears it makes me feel inferior to do that. I feel guilty when I cry because things could be a lot worse. I want this world to improve and I want to help it do so. I need a lot of love. ramon and I have something really special he makes me feel so loved we have been together for two whole years and I want to be with him forever I want to make him happy and I want him to make me happy until we are old and I want to share everything I have with him. I wasn't sure about that until recently but now I feel more passionately about our relationship than I ever have. sometimes I cry out of neither sadness nor happiness and its hard to explain to anyone else it feels like I cry out of understanding a complex emotion that I never was able to before. if a song really touches me and I connect to it I will almost definitely cry. I think that makes me special. I think I am more compassionate than most people. music is one of the most powerful mediums of communication there is it makes me feel freer than anything else except possibly writing. the sound of this song is so familiar and it reminds me of good memories ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_460.txt," Ok. just got done crying because of stupid high school people I never want to talk to again. The shaking of my hands is making this a little harder to do than normal. I hope I don't misspell too many things. I am sniffingly so loud. I should go get a tissue. I never did learn how to type right on this thing. Why did my thoughts just totally flip? Wow, that's weird. Brain is slowly losing it's ability to function properly after the realization of how bad my mind jumps topics. I really wish I could concentrate for more than 2 seconds when I'm emotional. It really sucks to cry and have to put everything else off until I can see straight. But I won't be crying any more hopefully as I am cutting off those jerks from high school. I don't need than, nor do I wan them in any aspect of my life. They just make things complicated because they are sick and deranged people with nothing better to do than mess with me. Wow, London tell them how you really feel! I hate computers when I have fake nails. I always hit a random button and end up typing a couple of lines up in a sentence that is already done. My back hurts really bad from sitting up on the ground. I think it's time to switch positions. Ah. Much better. Now my typing skills really stink. It's really hard to lay on the ground and type. Oh I have a laptop. That would be stupid to do if I had a regular PC. I still can't get comfortable. The floor isn't exactly rock hard, but it's no fluffy bed. That's better. I don't know why I didn't get on the bed in the first place. AHHH!! Yes, I do I don't want to be on my white comforter!! Oh no!! You know writing this is turning out to be a lot harder than it should be. You would think that all this movement would not have to happen, but not with me. Stupid back gives me problems all the time. I miss Dr. Jones!! I don't know how I'm going to make it not going to get adjusted whenever I hurt. It just occurred to me that I might be using AIM abbreviations in this writing thing. That might not make me look too smart. Oh, well. I don't want to go back and look at it. It would just take to long. God, my nose is still stopped up. My skin is drying out to. I need to wash my face and moisturize. I forgot how to spell moisturize!!! I had to retypr it like three times. You know for someone who is supposed to be smart, I am pretty dumb sometimes. I wonder if Pennebaker thought I was dumb in class today. I zoned out a little bit and then raised my hand and said something that did not fit with what he was looking for. I wish I could just leave all the bad behind me, then maybe I could pay attention in class. But no. I have to be all sensitive and worry about everyone and everything that someone else should be caring about. I seriously need to just be tough and tell people to back off me. I was going to use a bad word, but I don't know if that would be appropriate. I wonder if it would affect my grade if I did write a cuss word. Is that how you spell cuss? Maybe I should have just wrote curse. And why do I always have to fix the word just? Every time I type just without paying close attention I put an extra j in between the u and the s. It makes me feel quite stupid. Time just ran out. I'm glad because I want to just go to sleep and forget about people I will never have to see again. ",y,y,y,y,n

2004\_461.txt," Today is the first football game, I'm pretty excited. Idon't really know the drill so hopefully my friend willcall. I wonder if there is a parade, that'd be cool I could go listen to the band, I miss band band was fun if I don't make the dance team I'm definately going to try out for band, although my lips are so fat I can't believe joe said that about my lips sometimes I really wonder about that kid, he sure does tell a lot of stories, I mean seriously he couldn't have gotten kicked out of new orleans theyll take anyone over there, youd have to do a whole hell of a lot to get kicked out of there I wonder how megans doing in alabama she found a new male friend I wonder about her and jason if they are going to stay together they are one of those couples that are going to stay together forever save a nuclear winter. I wish I could be like that but at the same time I'm having fun I guess, I really miss griff, he always made me smile even if it was something stupid, I need to go visit him at atm I wonder how much different it is over there if it really is a bunch of cowboys like I picture it I wonder if erin likes it since she's not into the whole spirit cowboy thing, I think she would do so much better here with me! plus I mjust miss erin. she was so cool I loved our no pants parties, they were fun bonding time. man 20 min is longer than I thought suck town usa, I think this assignment is kind of cool to track your htoughts for 20 min, it just proves further how random I am, I'm hungry, I think I'm going to have a pb&j when I'm done, that's the stuff with strawberry jelly. strawberries whiten your teeth that is so cool I need to start using my crest white strips again, I need to take a shower, man I forgot how far away kirby lane isthat power walk made me all nappy. that's ok I'm sure ill get even nappier at the f-ball game amin is so hot, man did I luck out on getting a counselor, nate was so cool too! I'd totally date nate. that's the kind of guy I'm looking for, random funnyness facial expressions everything someone that canjust make me laugh up a storm. OTherwhise ill get bored. I kind of want someone like griff though too. Although if I dated griff I'd be really scared. Idon't know why, idon't htink he'd ever cheat on anyone but he never wants a girlfriend. manhes good. really strong. he can bench press me that's amazing I need to work out I don't want that nasty freshman 15. I don't think ill get it I walk around campus like hardcore. its a big campus I like it though I like getting lsot in it all its definately puts me in my place. which is nice. no more trying to be something imnot. I hope I can find an organization to be in. the wrangler darlins would be pretty awesome and pals would be pretty cool. I wouldlove to get a really hot italian boy. man that would be cool. like hardcore awesome. like paolo or davide or vincente that would be awesome this takes a long time I'm having trouble trying to fill up the time I wonder when my roommate is going to wake up its like 1:00 in the afternoon. Iwanna take a nap I think I will. naps are the greatest. I didn't used to like them but man are they awesome. especially after reading philosophy, stupid philosophy its so boring but the lectures are cool. I don't know I usually don't like to discuss abortion and stuff like that because your not going to change anyones mind so what's the point in fighting because that's all your doing is fighting I don't like to fight I think its stupid because your hurting other people and not gaining anything from it so its useless hurt thatno one needs ihate pain I hate to make other people sad I hate to be sad. good thing I like it here or I might be misreable almost done 17 min and 30 seconds. sweet this has taken forever I should be reading something or studying or something like that I want to do well in colllege grade wise ireally want to make a 3. 8 at least my mom made a 4. 0 in really hard classes last semester now granted that's my mom and she isn't doing as much socially as I am so she has more time to study, well actually she workds all the time. I never really realized how hard she must have worked. its college that makes you realize stuff like that ",y,y,y,n,y

2004\_462.txt,"I do not feel well at all, I wonder if it was the tequila from last night or worrying about a girl. Sometimes I don't know why I am still with her. Can you still have feelings for someone that you find annoying? Why am I doing this Writing Assignment now my stomach and head are killing me. I should have tried to pawn it off on one of my roommates for ten dollars or something because who wants to right about what ""they"" think, I'm more interested in what other people think about. I mean I alrdy know what I think about, its boring to me, what about the people I don't know, what do they think about, that's what I want to know. I know that girl down there is thinking about something, some psycologist needs to figure out how to read girls, that's what they should be working on, why learn about depression, figure out what girls think about. Honestly, I don't think a single man can tell me what a girl is thinking at any given time, half the time they hate you other half they love you and it can switch just as fast. What's the deal with that! I am still feeling bad my stomach won't stop hurting, I think I need to get something to eat. I need to get feeling better cause I already have plans for tonight, and it sucks going out when you don't feel well. When I go out and I don't feel well, I get extremely annoyed with everyone that I am with. It's probably because they are having more fun then I am. I have noticed that school is obsessed with talking about politics, in every class I go to we talk about Bush and Kerry. YES, 3 more minutes to go on the assignment, but too much politics in my opinion half the time it has no correlation with the subject at hand. In my Spanish class we had a 30 minute discussion about economic poilices, how does that help me with Hola Como estas? This assignment isn't bad, its like the people that have journals, who put there mind on paper. ",y,n,n,n,n

2004\_464.txt," it is really cold in my room, my roommate likes it that way. and for some unknown reason it is a lot colder in our room than it is in the rest of the apartment, so we walk around and it is hot and then we come into our room and it is freezing. Awesome, I hope I can make to class on time today cause writing for 20 minutes might put me a little late, oh well it is history and I usually don't go anyway, and why is that? Why is it that some people are extremely motivated to do well and make the good grades whereas there are people like me who could honestly care less. is it the parents? I doubt that cause mine are extremely motivated I am wearing jeans and boots today, and my roommate told me that it was wierd cause I don't look so goofy my mouse just messed up. if I can make it through this whole writing assignment without losing my wireless internet connection I will be extremely impressed, sad huh? anyways I really want to go to arkansas this weekend for the game, one of these years I am going to get a ticket to every texas gamand go, although this would be the year cause they really don't have any games that are that far away. my roommate took psycology last year, did I spell that right? anyways I don't think he had to do anything like this. I need to call my mom, havent talked to her in a few days, she likes it whenever I call. I do call home a whole lot more than the rest of the guys I know, I am such a mamma's boy. I really like the shirt that I am wearing lime green, some say gay, I say nice. yeah really nice, man this is starting to get hard and I have only been writing for 8 minutes, I don't know if I have thought for 20 minutes straight in my whole life. I really don't my brain just shuts off and I space out. . especially during class. sometimes I wonder if I have that ADD crap. I have always been told that I do but since I made good grades in school they never took me to go get evaluated or anything like that. school. the only thing I miss about high school is football, that was my life, coach always said it would be the best time I ever had but I never believed him until I was done playing and trust me. it was. I mean I have a lot of fun in college meeting new people and getting drunk all the time but I really miss playing ball. this damn song, my roommate plays the same songs all the time, never good songs, and yet he plays the same ones over and over again, hold on I have to write for psyc, be there in 9 minutes, he wants me to read something for him. coke, I love coke for some reason, not that is tastes good cause I really don't think the taste is good at all and yet I drink it all the time, like it is an addictive taste. addictive, I think I have a very addictive personality, if there is such a thing, like snuff, I never would have thought that I would start having cravings for snuff, and yet I do like right now, where did I put my can? oh man this sucks can't find it , I can wait untill I get done only 6 more minutes, hands are starting to get a little tired of doing this, had a dream last night, and I think in it I called my ex-girlfriend, sometimes I have dreams with her in them, and I don't know why, its wierd, don't really care for her or anything, just sometimes she is in my dreams, speaking of dreams I could use a nap right about now, man I slept till 10 and am still tired, whatever happened to that this is the guy who would get up a 530 to go to the weight room everymorning in high school and I come to college and now getting up a 10 is early? that is like 4 and a half hours later,I could quite possibly be the laziest person on this earth, just might be actually, they could conduct a study and I think I would be the laziest. . Except for all the homeless people, twice in a row, he has the song on repeat, how in the hell could somebody listen to the same song twice in a row, ok I got to say something not again I don't even like this song he put on now, ok this one isn't bad 1 more minute, cramp in the forearm, am I going to make tat fica plant looks it really good I really hope you don't look into as long as I submit it is very hard 5 more seconds I can't wait done. ",y,n,n,n,n

2004\_467.txt," Well, I woke up this morning scared because I was dreaming! I think I was dreaming that I was being chased by somebody and I was running like hell! My roommate Kate woke me up because we were a little bit late to school and I jumped out of bed like I was on fire! I scared her just getting out of bed!! hahahaha! It was pretty funny, I guess!! Wow, it is a BEAUTIFUL day outside! It's all cloudy and I hope it rains all weekend. The news said it would but I really hope they are right!! So, there's this guy that just got up and left. He looked maybe familiar but maybe not! He was wearing a red shirt and he looked kind of silly! Hahahahaha!! Now this other girl just sat down to use the computer and she looks a little bit irritated! I might be wrong but she's hitting the keys like she wants to kill!! I don't know. maybe she just type's hard. or something!! OH Yeah! I had a good time in my math class today. I actually learned something!! It was pretty cool! You know, I come from a really tiny place outside of El Paso called Fabens. This place is huge for me!! It's like this whole library is the size of my town. All the people in it too. My town is tiny and there are a thousand people here!!! It's so crazy to come from a town that the population is the size of a full library! That's tiny compared to this place! Along with all this walking in and out, I've never seen so many people get together at once and if I have, it was at my 600 student high school!! These 600 students were all four grades put together! That makes me laugh because I feel like an ant here!! But that's ok. I will grow to be a big UT Longhorn!! Woo! Hoo!! So, I miss my little sister. She's 9 years old and I was like her second mommy. My older sister attends UT and she's been here for a while now! Back at home, It was only both my parents and my little sister and I ! When my parents went out I would have to take care of her and I practically did that all nine years of her life. practically!!! haahhahaha!! We all went out a lot so we left her with my grandmother or my aunt at times!! She was who I always came home to to play with!! She always wanted me to play with her and most of the time I did!! I would try to take her to all of my games in sports and all of my track meets! She really loved to see me play!! She always wanted to play with my team and after every game . ""Cyndi, When I grow up, I'm going to play Basketball too, or volleyball and I'm also going to run track and throw the discus. Just like you!"" Awwww. My baby wants to be just like me!! I think she's the one I miss the most because I grew up with her and she grew up with me!! WoW! She's so big now!! I can still remember when she was just a little baby!! Awww. my little baby! Oh yeah. and her name is Joyce Lynn just in case you wanted to know! She's a very smart girl and I can't wait until she grows up!! She already knows what she wants to be. a Marine Biologist!! Can you believe it?!! She told me that!!! :-) ",y,y,y,y,y

2004\_468.txt,"so yeah. I finally get to the point where I feel like I have some sanity in my life, and back he comes. why did I let him back into my life? I went out last weekend and had the weekend from hell. first the fire alarm, then the game (not too bad), then the car accident (thank God none of us were involved), and finally the other two ambulances in front of Halcyon. why can't just go get a damn cup of tea without the world come crashing down on me (improper grammar, I kmow. so is the punctuation for that matter). so anyway, back to jason. the bane of my existence and the one thing I cannot escape. last night I decide to try an dangerous tactic and back him into a corner just to see what he'd do. (probably should have left that up to the professionals - namely advisor jes who did it with me to get me to pick a concentration, classics or middle east. ) found out it doesn't work as well with relationships - esp. with a guy who has taken over a year to make up his mind and still hasn't really decided anything. talk about making me feel completely worthless. so I say, ""you're still a kid. "" ""I know. "" ""so grow up, jason. be a man. make a goddamn decision. "" ""I can't be with you. "" why does he always run? my brother did the same thing. what is it about men that when faced with fight of flight emotionally, they ALWAYS run? so unwittingly I cornered myself as well. I realized I can't let this man go, no matter how bad he is for me. I will continually put myself at his mercy, despite the fact that HE was the one who left me this summer. why do I make it so easy for him to come back. is a little bit of fear a healthy thing? he's not afraid to lose me at all! because he KNOWS that I'll never go anywhere. too bad the fool didn't KNOW that I loved him as much as I did. now how do I get that back? I was crying on the windowsill. just one more part of the apartment to be initiated into my life with tears. I was hoping the sill would have been initiated in other ways. he promised to come visit me. this coming weekend was shot to hell thanks to ET. second time that bastard has screwed up my life. so I make him promise me the weekend after. only thing is that I had plans to celebrate my birthday with my friends that weekend. football game + club = fun night. now he's coming, hopefully. but yet more plans put aside for him. he would say, ""but I never asked you to do that,"" or, ""you're the one that wants me to come. "" why doesn't he get that I hate living like this, and it's HIS torture that makes me have to put my life aside? so now what do I do? I call him all day, playing phone tag, hating the hell I'm in. but I keep my composure. if anything I've learned in this last year of hell it's how to keep my composure. not enitirely sure what good that does me. damn this keyboard is spongy. wish it had that new full size one that has flat keys like a laptop. should make it much easier on the CTS. so what was I thinking? oh yeah, phone tag. I finally get to talk to him while I'm in the bathroom (wow does that gross him out) and I ask him if we can just pretend last night didn't happen. and he tells me I'm paranoid. fool, you told me you couln't be with me and I'm not supposed to be paranoid? WTF?! geez, I write a lot in 15 mins. this picture above the computer in the lab is. interesting, not really pretty. poor taste in art these people. so then he starts falling asleep, as ususal, and the conversation dies. and each time I try to resurrect the thing to achieve some sort of closure, I feel like part of me dies too. how many buckets my tears would fill over this past year I could not count. I'm so tired of crying. it's frightening that sometimes it's the only thing that makes anything better. and even more scary that I cry just to get a response out of him because he DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING!!! the silence is pure torture and he must know it. but nothing ever changes. do I sound like I have abused spouse syndrome? emotionally abused. tortured. dead. I wonder what these girls would think if they read over my shoulder. what would sameera say/do if she knew I was putting myself through hell again for this man? time almost up. thanks for the opportunity for the release. 5 4 3 2 1 done. ",y,y,n,n,y

2004\_470.txt,"I am watching t. v. and waiting for my friends to get here from out of town. which I don't even know if they are going to show up because they are taking a really long time. I like that movie 50 first dates. I said that because I'm watching t. v. oh I already said that. well any way I am just so bored trying to finish my homework before tommorow just so I won't have a lot to do during the week. I'm waiting for my boyfriend to come home also, but he'll be here on friday. I wish he wasn't in san antonio right now. it always seems like gets down when he visits san antonio. and now he's at the hospital because his cousin stopped breathing. I pray to God that she's. I had one of those pop ups come up because I am on my slow, old computer. I watching the monk. I love the monk because it's mysteries. and the monk always has some cool way to figure out the murders. it's a marathon and I'm starting to get tired of watching it. I hope that venus williams wins in her tennis match today. that will shut some of those people that are saying rude things about her father up. I like both of the sisters but venus hasn't won in a long time so I think it's her turn to take the crown. I am almost half way through this writing assignment. I keep reminding myself that I need to take a look at the experiments so I can sign up for them. I forget how many hours I need. Oh I just looked at the paper, it says 5 hours. I don't know what to write because I haven't been involved in a lot of interesting activities. I wish my friends lived in austin then I wouldn't have to rely so much on seeing derrick. I hope this isn't the same monk, it is so I need to change the channel. I don't know what to watch we got this digital cable but it repeats the channels over and over. Derrick is going to have to give them a call and let them know that. I hope that wasn't intented. man, there is nothing to watch on labor day. I hope I got my class code right because I didn't write it down. that wasn't very smart. now I'm watching the source awards from two years ago on BET. I got to find something a little better to watch. I just changed to what not to wear. I think this show is nice because it makes people over to look so nice. that would be nice in a way if someone did that to me, but then I would be affended that people don't like the way I dress. I have always wanted to be a model, but as they say it takes money to make money. I have this filling that I might win the lottery but I guess everyone has that feeling. I love to talk about what I would do if I won the lottery. I would certainly give my mother a good sum of money and also my step dad. I would give my father enough so that he could retire from the army and not have to work anymore. I would also give my boyfriend a good sum of money because ",y,y,y,y,n

2004\_471.txt," I am watching an italian movie called ""respiro"" it basically about a crazy woman in a little town in italy. it made me wonder what etitles someone to call another human crazy or even a lunatic. also what emotions should be those o someone different. I feel that maybe those whact in their own way are freer than those supressed bya society. why do we have to follow the same pattern as everyone else. care about politics. informed of what happens inthe world. speak two or more languages and communicate to each other and try to conprehed different cultures. wonder if the gobalization will end in making sa homogeneoussociety. will we everget to that point were we can finally agree taht we are the same. or is it gona be like the constant fighting in the middle east. were ina documentary I HBO a little palestinian boy stronly beleived that there would never be peace in his land. How can a little boy be so certain. think is incredible because I am not even certain about what I am even writting or thinking here. are soe beliefs so strong that they can't be stopped. were do they come from. if tehy are all in our minds is there a way to make them change thugh science. could we washed brains in the search for peace. probably not. I just feel such an espectator in a geat movie and not doing anything. I also wonder if ill ver be recognized at some point. or may ill just go unnoticed. I guess I already understood that you meet different peope at different times and ou will always oose contact with them and the proess starts again. so should I try o make the greatest effort in becomingtses peoples fiends or just use them for he time being and move on. my computer doesn't work and my roommates keyboard is old and the buttons get stuck. whoever reads this assignment si going to think I have horible spelling. should I care?? I care about the assignent because it counts twards my grade, but shoudl I care about the opinion in the graders head apart from them just rading it. I don't know. What to write. I guess the thought taht have been in my head the most recently. welll my best friends mom is dying of cancer. I don't know how o deal with te situation wha do you tell a friend. It made me woder what to do with my tme because I can not even imagine what would it feel like that your time si runing out. I'm not going to saysomething like live evryday to he fullest and all that hallmark stuff. but I do wonder what you think at night knowing you going to die. I don't think I would be scared of dying, but if not doing everything I wnated to do in one life time. Also believe that its incredible how many thoughts g on in our heads I could never write the all. it will take a life time. ",y,n,y,n,y

2004\_472.txt," I am excited about being a columnist, not because I like the daily texan particularly, although I do, it's more about the opportunity it offers since I can go on to write for the DMN or the statesman once I am out of college and I can get internships at newspapers during the summer so It will be more than just bagging groceries or lifeguarding, I'll be able to get better at writing, get some more exposure by writing for them, and get another newspaper on my resume and be able to spend more time in a newsroom, I don't know if I can write columns for a living, it could be a lot of moving, its not a very stable job, I don't want my family to have to move around the country with me but I obviously can't leave them behind and I think I want to have kids at this point, that doesn't mean I actually will when a time comes that having kids would be appropriate but I still can't ignore that possibility because putting my work before my family is no way run a household, but I can't worry about that stuff right now, right now all I can do is leave my options open so I can make good decisions later, so basically all I can do is write as well as I can and make good grades, I don't know exactly how to do either but I do know that both require a lot of work and being willing to accept and actively seeking help from others, that means I need to go to the UTLC finally and see what they can offer me and also try to make friends with other people on the newspaper staff and ask my friends and family to help as well with ideas and editing because no matter how well I can do on my own, I'm sure help from others can only cause improvement, I'm excited about the football games this weekend, as much as I love going to UT home games, an away game means that I can eat while I'm watching the game, it doesn't take as much planning, I can watch it with whoever I want and I don't have to worry about painting myself, the fact that some of the guys who want to do it, sit in the upper deck and we are in the lower deck could make things difficult, I would feel like an idiot if we could only spell tex fig, also, I don't know how well the other fans will respond to our painting, its kind of a hellraiser tradition so I don't want to step on any toes by doing the same thing and sitting almost directly behind them, however, this is longhorn football and there's nothing wrong with getting excited and getting other people excited, I'm a little worried about what I look like without a shirt and there's not a whole lot I can do about that before the next game but I'll do what I can, I'm bored with classes already, I havent really had enough free time to get bored with the social scene since I am spending a lot of my time trying to get the appartment set up so I can actually live in it, its not much use to me otherwise, but it seems like the more I do, the more crap keeps going wrong which makes me feel a little helpless, I've never lived by myself before and I havent lived away from home for that long, I've always been very dependent on others, especially my family but now my sister lives in lubbock and my parents live in dallas and none of my friends live in the same building as me since I don't live in a dorm anymore, I miss that aspect of living in public housing, the extra space and privacy is nice and is helpful sometimes but a lot of times, having other people around is helpful and that has become more difficult and also when people come over, they don't want to study, they usually want to play halo or do something so seeing my friends has become time consuming so I guess the solution to that is to get things done while I'm with them like by going to the grocery store or target, I need to get some groceries, I don't think I know how to shop yet, I still havent made a grocery list longer than 12 items and that's not enough when I go to the store once a week at most, I'm sure things will get easier once I get used to living by myself and living in this appartment but I'm anxious to get to the point where I am secure with my living situation, my friends, my schedule, and better at time management ",y,n,y,n,y

2004\_475.txt," Stream on consciousness, this is something I have done before, when I was writing my diary, I though it'd be a cool idea, I wrote down a lot of stuff, some having to do with music, some having to do with my boyfriend. He's a good guy, I miss him sometimes, well I do but I don't- it's not really an active missing, it's a passive missing, like I know I do somehwhere in my heart, but it doesn't hurt or anything I wonder what that could mean? everyone always asks me how long we'll last, and even though I'm not sure, I guess well last a long time, I mean its already been a year, which really doesn't seems so long anymore, only a few weeks maybe, until I really think about it. then its much longer. even though it all doesn't add up at first- it makes sense somhow. you know? it all makes sense when you look back at it all. I tend to think in really long streams and then my mind pauses, as if to switch subjects, not really to- well actually sometimes, to reflect on it- but I always inevitably move on, I wonder if that's what veryone's like. if they all reflect on their thoughts like I do, then move on. or if they thing continuosly only shifting smoothly from one thought to the next. there has to be someone like that, somewhere. maybe in china or some other country, but some where. I refuse to think that people all think the same, not only because people are inherently different but because even if 99% of us wer the same, there would have to be at least one person who's not. That's just the way I think. Ellipses are fun, they provide space, and soetimes a depth that no other literary device can reach. I'm not sure if depth is the right word of if tis truly a literary device, but ellipses are (thoughts search for word) something that people use. Woah, a mental stumble in words, I wonder how oftne I do that? I don't think I realize when taht happens, that reminds me of foreign languages- I like foreign languages. rightnow I'm taking dutch- but spanish is the one I'm most versed in. I think in spanish sometimes, its kind of fun, and I have always found it interesting that someone could actually think in another language then they'er own. I used to think when I was a little kid that that would be impossible- then I though itd be incredible, now that I can do taht it just seems like fun, I like it, it feels. Comforting somehow. I'm not sure why. it must be because my goal is to be fluent in as many languages as possible- though I'll probably do only four or five- someone in my class has a father that knows seven. I find hat amazing, it's simply amazing what the mind is capable of. Medicine is fascinationg to me, not just the cure type, but the physiological aspect of the human boday, and the relation so the psychological part of the human body, has always fascinated me, even when I was younger. I suppose I've always had a fascination with biology and the like and that is what has led me to this point in my life. its like my whole life up to this point has guided me to this exact path, and in a way, to this exact moment in time. perhaps only to point me in another direction. (looks up at light) not all the lights in this library are lit, I wonder why. maybe its because it would be too bright, or maybe because the sun is still out, or maybe some of them burnt out. I wonder if there's a pattern. (searches for pattern) no, there doesn't appear to be a pattern. not lit. lit lit lit lit lit lit not lit not lit lit all the way down the row, lit lit lit lit partially lit not lit lit lit lit lit all the way down the row (lost her place) ah well. worth a shot. I search for patterns in things a lot- very scientific like. that one police officer told me I sounded like a doctor. he asked me what I was going to ut to be and I said I was going to major in biology and become a doctor and he said ""You sound like a doctor, in the way you tlak"" I though that was kind of weird at first, but very logical. I am analytical by nature and tend to use larger words than many people, though they are not always right in my head- when I say them they come out right, and not only that but I love biology, and finding out what makes us tick, and wen I'm in an argument I try to see all the sides- and to see what's underneath it all. for instance I try to see what the ohr person is saying and why. what makes them say that. why they say it the way they do- I'm going to like this class- I like psychology. psych= mind. ology= the study of. I was in medical terminology. actually the class was called health science tech, but the main part was about medical terminology and working in the clinical setting, I worked at the hospital but instead of money I got grades, particiapation grades reall. it was fun, even the parts most would consider gross. I enjoyed it- but I don't think I want to be one of thos doctors tthat work in the hospital. I think my typingg is louder than everyone else in this library, the keys aren't the easiest to push. they stick a little, on some letters more than others. they're like keyboard keys that get stuck because you were careless and spilled soda on them, but a little looser. they're not quite tahat stick at all. but still they seem so loud. The guy outside in orange is drinking coffee- I like orange soda. its my favorite color and soda, good stuff. I wonder how much time people spend observing things outside their little bubble. if people had a bubble of consciousnes, it would be their immediate surroundings. just basically what they can touch, or what they can comfortably read. I wonder how many people ake time to see beyond that and what they're like. what type f people they are, if people really do have type. basically, what they're like inside. ar they analytical, whimsical, forward thinking? are they lacadaisical? what are they like? am I really one of them? I kind of think I might be or maybe one that is in between that and the other. maybe I'm right in the middle of two extremes like fire and ice, heaven and hell, earth and water. ",y,n,y,y,y

2004\_476.txt," NFL kickoff tonight. should be fun to watch. Going to get depressed watching them play. actually probably not, but I wish I could play ball ! I played highschool football, and actually did Div,. III equivalent in Erope. that was fun. This assignment is too long should be 10 minutes, not 20. I read a book that was stram off consciensness (did I spell that right?). Cassandra, by Christal wolf. I was an IB book. it ought to be fun going back to norway this winter for xmas. can't wait to see my parents and sis. and dog. coach will send me a CD with all our game footage from last season. Go domers. He said I could play whenever I was in norway. awesome. I was a badass corner back. if I was 40lbs heavier (muscle) and faster I could play for UT. It would be a frikkin dream come true. that's one regret that I have in life. maybe one of my only ones: that I will forever just be a varsity highschool ball players. or maybe not its not that big a deal I guess. can't wait til I'm flyin in the US air force! greatest country ever!! this assignmentt is getting old. nnobody's going to read all of them anyway green mesquite bbq. Mmm I don't really want to go, but I want the bbq plus I get to see rotc people but I actually don't really want to now I want to lay in bed and watch tv play ta. too lazy I get my guitar toorrow this keyboard is hard to type on this opps this assignment is terminated ",y,n,y,n,y

2004\_478.txt,"Ok so I just got back from a four hour study hour thing at the ZTA house. WOW the most pointless thing ever. I read maybe 10 pages. How am I supposed to study with 50 other girls there in the room? You don't have that much space and of course you want to talk about what happened last night and who ended up where, and blahblahblah. I know they have good intentions in making us do this, but 4 hours at one time is waaay too long to try to study. No one really got anything done. But hey it was fun- I got to bond more with my sorority sisters! Speaking of sorority stuff, I love it. At first, I was afraid I wouldn't like it, or that the girls wouldn't like me, but I Couldn't be having more fun. I have more friends than I thought I would have going into college, and they're real friends, too, not friends you ""pay for"" with sorority fees. I'm listening to music right now, and recently (as in the past couple of months) I've gotten more and more into music. I've always loved music, but ever since I dated a great guy who is a complete music person I've liked it even more. Today kyle and I (my aggie ex-boyfriend) were joking about how pathetic we are for missing eachother so much. it was funny. we knew going into it at the beginning of the summer that we were going to break up when we went off to college because, of course, it wouldn't work. But now that we're all settled in, we still miss eachother. It got really serious really fast. it was unbelievably random. We never thought we would hook-up, but it happened and it was awesome. I hate to say it because I'm so young and I hate it when people say things like that, but I could quite possibly see myself with him after college- like permanently. That's so weird. Well, sincewe did break up, we are allowed to hang out with other people (date-wise) but neither of us really wanted to. Last week I met this really cool guy from the Woodlands-he's an ATO pledge. I've gone to a couple parties with him as his date and I kind of have a crush on him. It's exciting, but at the same time, I'm far from being over Kyle. The whole point of not being together was that we could go out and have fun without being tied down, but I still feel bad about it. I have constantly had this entire ""soap opera"" on my mind for the last week- nonstop. The cool thing about being in a relationship is that you have that stability- you never have to wonder if he likes you, or if he's going to call and all that. With a new guy it's always like I wonder if he likes me and why didn't he call?-worrying. It's fun, don't' get me wrong, but it kind of puts ur confidence in check. I've recently gotten into Maroon 5 again. I used to love them, but working at Hollister and hearing the entire CD all the time made me hate it. I don't work at Hollister anymore, so I havent heard Maroon 5 in awhile, and now I love them again. ",y,n,n,n,n

2004\_480.txt," When I got online tonight I was prompted with an instant message from an unknown person. The person, aka MuffinCheeseqn, asked me if they remembered me from last night. Last night! Last night I was with Sarah, my roomie, watching Shrek! I was totally freaking out. I was telling Sarah that I had a stalker! This ""MuffinCheeseqn"" kept telling me that they were beginging to get to know me better so they wanted me to keep talking to them. Talk about freaky! Well finally a message box came up stating that it was one of my friends that had played a joke on me. What a friend! It ended up being my roomie's cousin! 'Lil punk! Anyhoo, that made my night though. I've been over at my friend Danny's dorm working on a computer science program that is due tomorrow. I've been there since 5! I don't like the first program and I'm majoring in CS! What was I thinking! They should have a major in learning the ABCs! Oh man its only been 5 minutes. Man, I think Sarah needs to be quiet so I can concentrate on this writing assignment! lol! So Sarah has some pretty cute guys in her classes! I've seen some although she has failed to introduce me to them! OO I just remembered that I need to finish the pre-screening for the experiment requirements cause I really don't want to write a five page paper! I'm not very good at writing papers. Obviously! I'm not very good at calculus either. Although, today I actually understood something in my calculus discussion class! I probably will have trouble applying it to my homework problems though. Oh my gosh. I have a calculus midterm on FRIDAY! well next Friday. I have to do some major studying this weekend. This weekend my parents will be out of town. It will be the last time my parents can take a vacation for a year. My mom just got a new job! Yeah for my mom! She's been really therefore leaving my mom was out of a job. So we were living off of my dad's salary which isn't enough to pay all the bills. Thankfully my parents savings saved up but still taking a little every month will eventually end in 0. My mom looked for a job for almost 3 months before she just got hired last week. She doesn't have a college degree so that made it hard for her to find a job. That's why she wants me to get an education. She doesn't want me to. Sarah needs to shut up! She just walked into my room. OH MY GOSH she's singing the Fresh Prince of Bel Air Song! lol She just read what I wrote. OH MY GOSH now she's playing her mello. She's in the longhorn band. She's a big band nerd. I was once a band nerd. I played the sax! Wow I have like two minutes left! Well right now I'm feeling. Hungry! Obviously my thoughts are everywhere! Good-bye! ",n,y,n,n,n

2004\_481.txt," The speakers that are connected to my computer are extremely cheap. I only purchased them because there was a $15 mail-in rebate with them. It would be really nice to have a new computer, this one is old and outdated and the internet connection is really slow. I am tired of always having to listen to my brother and his girlfriend bicker and yell at each other, they are like two little kids every waking hour I'm with them they are constantly harassing each other. My computer monitor is really small. It makes looking at my screen for extended periods of time like this hurt my eyes. College life is really not what I expected. I'm constantly feeling homesick and want to go back to Houston. I guess I just need to get acclimated to Austin and college life once I do I'm sure I will enjoy it very much but until then I will attempt to go back to Houston as much as possible. Luckily a lot of my friends also attend UT, they are definitely making the transition more bearable. Every one of my classes has over 100 people in them. This is a big change from my 20 people honors classes in high school. It doesn't really allow me to make relationships with my professors. Raquetball was really fun. I ran smack into the wall with my shoulder and it still hurts but its a good pain one of those pains that reminds you that you accomplished something fun and physically strenuous. Yeah I don't think I spelled that word correctly. I'll have to look it up in the dictionary when I am done. Is this assignment done yet? No still 13 and a half minutes to go. This is the first time I've ever written a stream of consciousness. I know there is some famous novel or documentary our there where there is like a 17 page stream of consciousness containing only a single sentence. I think its title has the world Ullyses or it is written by a Ullyses or something. I know this because my father appraised me of it. Just useless trivia I guess. I enjoy watching trivia games on TV, mainly stuff like Who Wants to be a Millionaire or Jeopardy. But maybe that's just because normally there isn't anything else on. The World Series of Poker is enjoyable to watch as well. I was initially really sceptical about writing this stream of consciousness because I didn't really know how it would turn out or how easy it would be to write, but now that I'm half way through it things are just sort appearing on the page. Definitely not what I expected. I have to say this is the most interesting writing assignment I think I have ever had. Whew only 8 minutes to go. The printer next to me is running out of ink, which means it will have to be replaced pretty soon which means more money out of my pocket. You have to be thrifty in college that's for sure. My budget is $500 a month and this month alone I have already spent over 800. I sure am glad that I received financial aid to make the burden of paying for college easier on my parents. They were sure proud of me when I told them about the scholarships I received. It felt good to make them proud. My brother is smart and does extremely well in school, I hope I can live up to my parents standards and continue to do well educationally in college. College sure is much different from high school. A lot more studying and my studying skills aren't nearly up to par considering I almost never did it high school. Now I know I need to study to do well in school so I am, but it just takes me forever to outline a chapter. A lot longer than it seems like it really should. I guess maybe I'm a little bit too stressed out about college. I'm sure that once I get used to it, it will be one of the best experiences of my life. But until then, it's still hell. My friends are in the living room, I told them before I started writing this not to disturb me for 30 minutes, but who knows if they will obey me. My one friend John loves to just barge into my room. I played raquetball with John and Joseph. I suck at raquetball but hey it's only my 3rd or 4th time to play it. None of us are really are that good. The lie detector test in Psychology class last time was cool. My hands normally get really sweaty so I'm sure I would have sent that sweat-o-meter off the charts, I wonder why my hands are sweaty a lot. ",n,n,y,y,n

2004\_482.txt," Well I guess I will just write about my college life or what has been of it so far. Well I guess the bad news for today was that I think I failed my first Astronomy Quiz maybe I should of studied more maybe I should have paid more attention in class who knows?? But hey they drop the lowest quiz grade. Life has been very stressful lately with starting a new job and just trying to make time for everything its almost impossilbe. I mean there is just so much to do read for classes, study, but still have time to hang out with your friends. At the time the people I am most hanging out with are those from my home town. Good old Del Rio Texas the land of amistad I don't know if I was suppose to make a lot of new friends but for the moment they are the one I have most been hanging out with I mean I have grown up with them and they know me ! I guess I just feel comfortable around them because we have a lot of things in common and besides when ever I need I ride home they are there. My roommate is also from Del Rio the town where everyone knows everyone most of my family lives there and well looking back a lot of high school drama goes on. Everyone in High School always has something to say about everyone else I mean its terrible its hard to believe I was in all that drama as well. Yeah well my roommate is my best friend and well you know living together is much more diffrent than just seeing each other everyday at school but hey we are hanging in there no major fights or anything, you learn to adapt. Since she doesn't have as much reading to do as I do I just learn to go to the Study Lounge and well I don't mind all that much it makes me study since there is nothing else to do there. But well back to my life in college. I started my job yesterday and its lots of fun just because you don't really do much and well you get paid for it. Its like the people in the office are looking for things to make me do so today I was shreding paper. Then well I was suppose to go to this free pizza and bowling for the TIP. This program I'm in that is suppose to create a small school enviroment in this big school and well when me and my friend Monica showed up they had eaten all the food so well that went that idea, we just ended up eating at Wendy's. Its funny how you seem to cling on to those you know rather than meet new people I mean me and Monice didn't quite get along in High School but now its just kind of we put up with each other just to have someone there she has 2 classes with me and well none of my other friends yeah the phone rang so I lost my train of thought and well now my roommate came in. So yeah where was I yeah about people from my town. I miss my parents and well I guess the town I little bit. When I was there it was fun the first couple of 15 years and then you get into high school and well pretty much all you want to do is leave there is only so much you can do and well crossing the border and getting drunk it not on my top list of great things to do like it was some of my fellow classmates. But my parents are very special people to me and so is my boyfriend, I don't know they always seem to understand me no matter what mood I may be in or anything like that, I guess we all turn into terrible people sometimes, but not on purpose. My mom is like the most loving person and well so is my dad I have just always considered myself to be lucky to have such great people like them as my parents so understanding and just giving. Giving to other people giving of advice and well just anything they have to give. The time has gone pretty fast in this thing at first I thought it would go by slow but no it has gone pretty fast. And so to continue with my day I walked back to my dorm alone from the Union and well sometimes its good to be alone and well the school looks so much more peaceful when there are not a lot of people trying to get to class and well the way back from somewhere is always so much faster and shorter than when you are walking to get on time and you just get frustrated because the sidewalk just gets longer. ",y,n,n,y,n

2004\_483.txt," Yaaaaay. I'm doing psychology things. I'm really tired. And I wish I didn't' have to study so that I could go to sleep. I also wish I could type faster. I'm glad I'm here. Because being almost anywhere is better than being in Baytown. Except for being in Houston. Houston is all concrete and construction. But UT has squirrels. And lots of them. . What am I going to say in the whole 20 mins. I have to say anything I want? . Will people actually read this?. I guess I don't care if they do. Because I'm the type of person that thinks it's pointless to write for my own enjoyment. I get enjoyment out of other people reading what I write and then them enjoying it. . Hmm. I miss my boyfriend. Even tho he made me ANGRY last nite. He's still a nice and good boyfriend. On another totally random note. I've got this pimple on my face. Hahaha. It hurts! And it bothers me too! I want it to disappear! Not that it makes me look bad. I actually think it makes me look somewhat cute! hahah. That's kind of weird. Oh well. I wish I had a memory card for my playstation so I can finish Final Fantasy 8. At this rate. It'll take me YEARS to finish it. But maybe this is for the better. So I can study instead of play, because I would definitely be playing that and Metal Gear Solid. But. Only on weekends. Hahaha. I'm a girl that plays video games. I'm weeeeeiiiiiirrrrd. I wonder if I can get that job at the LanCave. I would be EVER SO HAAAAAPPPYYY. That would be awesome. It doesn't seem hard at all. just like the same stuff I did at eb but instead of renting people games I sold it to them. I don't miss eb at all. I wonder if Julia left yet. That place is the devil. And video games are the spawn of the devil. . I wonder what Marky is doing over at UofH. I hope he's having fun and he's not regretting his decision to go to UofH instead of UT. yah. We used to be big UT heads. Then he changed his mind and I changed my mind. And then I changed my mind again. And the I changed my mind back again to UT and now here I am. Woot woot go me. I think I'm getting carpal tunnel syndrome. I hope there's free therapy after this writing exercise. blaaaaaaah. I haven't met very many people that are into stuff that I'm into. Except for Maryam. I can't wait to meet some other dorky kids that are into videogames and Japanese and cute fashion stuff. I want to go to Anime Club on Friday. But I will be going all alone because I""m sure that Ashley will not come with me. But Maryam might! I totally forgot. I will call and ask her. But that means that I have to give up Wushu practice. Maaan. I have such big dreams. But I have no idea which ones to follow. That gets frustrating. Okay. If I decide to give up Wushu. Then maybe I can get into fencing. or maybe even Kendo. But wushu is so neeeeaaat! but I don't know if I even have the strength to do it. it's crazy. maybe I should not do and just try again next year. No hard feelings, I hope. I don't even know if I'll have money to pay for that. I hope I get ANY job on campus. I'm. just. Bleh. I hope I get to stop being so anti-social. I'm not really anti-social. just a bit shy and cautious about who I talk to. I think that's a good thing. However, it can be very lonely. My wrists hurt. I wonder if my brother is having fun at home. probably not. Lol. He never seems to be having fun when he's alone. Aww. Now I feel bad for leaving him. Maybe he'll be encouraged to invite his friends over to hang out or something. I don't want him to be all lonely like I was as a junior in high school. . I wonder if my older brother has decided to go to graduate school yet. Or if he's really thinking about that invention thing. Heh. At least he's got his major and he's doing it in 4 YEARS. go him. He's my hero. Hahaha. I'm glad he kind of knows what he wants to do, because I sure don't. I'm torn between wanting something that will be lucrative and people will really need, and doing something that I looooove to do with all my heart. I've found, thru various high school experiences and the first year long relationship, that I can learn to love almost anything. which is a bad thing. I have no idea what I'm really good at and have no idea exactly how to find out. I already feel like I'm running out of time right now as I sit here typing out a required assignment. It's crazy. And frustrating. And I don't' want to try to do too many things at once, because that is what caused my uber-dramatic downfall my senior year. Okay. Maybe it wasn't a downfall. But it did make me realize some stuff about being human that you would think I'd know already, having been a human for almost 19 years. Silly me. Oh well. It won't happen again here, because I'm not in Baytown and I'm away from people that drag me down. I can choose who to interact with most times here, so that puts me in a position of power I rarely have. Yaaay for college. very glad I'm here and not in Baytown. ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_484.txt,"I have so much work to do and it all seems to just pile up on me. In highschool I think was so used to just doing things the nigh before and I knew I could get it on but now that I'm in college I can't be doing that stuff. I had a weird dream when I took a nap after my 3:30 class. I drempt that I was at my physic teachers wedding and I was in the third row I believe and the lady he was marrying who was a chemistry teacher was mad that me and my friend were there at the wedding. The rings they were getting married with were being passed around and they both had big pearls on them. Right before the ceremony began my physics teacher looked back and recognized he had two former students at his wedding [me and my friend] and he smiled and then the dream ended. I kind of freaked out, I'm not sure why. When I woke up I wanted to call my friend and tell her about the dream. I didn't end up calling her. After I had been awake for a while I started thinking about my Junior year in highschool [which is when I had my Physics teacher], he was a pretty good teacher, I really learned a lot that year. My parents are coming up this weekend for the UT game, I get to see my little brother so I'm real excited for that. I miss him a lot. I just ate Wendy's a little while ago and I'm stuffed. I'm exhausted, my mind and body are very tired. Last night I fell asleep around 1:00 and that's the earliest I have fallen asleep since I've been here in Austin. In between and after classes I find myself napping and I think that makes it worse because at night I can't sleep at all. Me and my roommate really get along, I like that. Okay I think I'm going brain dead, or maybe its because I'm tired. I'm happy I'm getting this out of the way now rather than the day before, I know its not a big deal but still. It helps to just finish these things a little earlier than expected. I love Austin so much. I miss my friends back at home but I don't miss the Valley, which is where I'm from, Edinburg to be exact. It's' funny how things just fly by so fast, I wonder if college will fly by as fast as highschool did. who knows! I feel overwhelemd, not just with reading and school work but with other things beside that. My parents expect me to bring all A's and I guess that can be possible but come on, I don't think I'll get ALL A's through college. I just want to do well enough to get into the graduate school I want to go too. Another thing that's bothering me is the whole boy problem thing. My boyfriend goes to UTSA and its not the long distance thing that is bothering me, it's the whole ""being tied down"" part. There's so many people to meet here and I care about my boyfriend a lot but he messed up once and my ways of thinking about him and I have altered in a sense that could there really be someone else out there for me? My mom says I'll never know unless I ""venture out"" and see what could be out there. I think I'm the type of person that is nice, maybe too nice. Why do people take advantage of that? It's not fair. I think I need to be a more stronger person when it comes to certain issues. I guess these are just the typical girl problems. It's funny how guys don't really care or think about things like that. It's also funny how guys minds are so much different from girls and how their views are completely oppposite. I really need to catch up with reading in Psychology, I think that's the only think I'm a little behind in, as far as reading. I want to have a good semester and leave during the Christmas holidays knowing that I did my best as far as that semester was concerned. Today in Astronomy we talked about the stars and how old they are and all that stuff and today when I was walking back from Wendy's, I couldn't help but look up at the moon and stars and then reflect back to my Astronomy class. All that stuff is so cool. I would LOVE to go to the moon that would be cool, but its one of those things I want to do but probably wouldn't do it if I could. Well time is almost up and I enjoyed this a lot. Bye! ",y,y,y,n,n

2004\_487.txt," I just got done doing some homework for critical thinking and it is really late. I am extremely tired and I wish I would have done this assignment earlier. This is hard to write when I am so tired. I should have not talked on the phone all night and done my work earlier, but I was such a good conversation. Its funny how I always want to type about just nothing and now I can but it feels weird. Anyway my conversation was about me going home this weekend. I am going home because my uncle and his wife are down from North Carolina and my mom wants me to visit. I wonder how my cousins (my uncle that's downs kids) are doing. One is my age and the other is two years older then me. They both go to college but I'm not sure where. I also have cousins that go to Texas State. the other day I was thinking about calling one of them to see if she wanted to hang out since we are so close. but I don't have her number. I actually havent even talked to her in a year almost. The last time I saw her was last thanksgiving. We always eat thanksgiving dinner and my great aunts house. Thinking about Thanksgiving is making me hungry for some green bean casarole. My mom always makes that for Thanksgiving. Its the best! So is fried okra. I had that for dinner last night with some mashed potatoes at the Jester City Limits. Jester City Limits has some good food but its very tiring and makes me feel like I eat to much, they should close earlier so I can't eat so much. Running is very good. I actually found the energy to go run today. In high school I played soccer so I was in really good shape and ran a whole lot. NOw I don't run at all and I need to. Hopefully I can keep the routine of running all the time. I was suppose to fun with my next door neighboor today but she went later. Its funny I have lived her and she has been my neighbor for almost two weeks and yesterday was the first time I meet her. She is a really cool girl. We also meet two other girls from the same hallway. I like meeting people. I also meet a guy and me, him, and steph went to HEB how strange is that? then we went to go eat ice cream. It was really good, really expensive, and really sweet. The girl Steph works at an ice cream/ coffee shop that is hiring now. I intend on putting in an application there soon. Jobs are good, because you get money and I need lots of money so I can pay for my traffic ticket. I speed everywhere and I get a ticket for running a red light. how weird. Yesterday my friend Ryan ran one too in front of a cop and he didn't get stopped. o the luck I have. I actually shouldn't complain about my luck, I know people with way worse luck then myself. my little sisters friend megan has really bad luck. Her dad died the other day. It was really sad I wonder if she is doing any better? probably. I wonder what the little sister is doing right now anyway. I think she has a volleyball game tommorrow. She is so cute she plays soccer just because I played. I like how she looks up to me. I wish I would have had a really old sister to look up to. The closest thing to that where my cousins, who know live in alaska and montana. Alaska would be a very crazy place to live. I'm not sure I would want to live there even though my grandma says it was vvery very beautiful. I am going to visit the old grandparents very soon. I am flying there in two weekends. I love flying, I have always dreamed of becoming a flight attendent one day. I think that would be so fun to get to fly anywhere you want whenever for free. I have always wanted to travel to different places and that would be the perfect oppurtunity. I think I just spelt that word wrong. o well I don't want to fix it. So I see that this writing assignment is almost done. that was the fastest 20 minuetes that have ever passed by I really want to go to sleep. ",y,y,n,n,n

2004\_490.txt," I wasn't expecting to get sick, but for some strange reason, I am sneezing, coughing, and everything, it is crazy. I am surprising myself lately though. I thought I would be much more home sick, but I don't know what I am missing, or if I am missing anything at all. I know I miss work, nothing made me more happy really. I know it wasn't fun all the time, but the people there made it worthwhile. One in particular, no two in particular both for different reasons. I wonder when life is going to get easy. I have been working hard since I was 16, balancing a job, school, and trying to have a life. Trying is the key word. Sometimes I think I missed out in high school. I was never the party type, only because my parents wouldn't let me do anything, but I understand that they just want the best for me and don't want me to make the same mistakes that they made. What they don't understand is that, it is holding me back, because eventually I may be in the same situation that they were in, and I won't know what to do. If I were to live anywhere in the world I would live in England, Surrey was nice. London is amazing. I don't know what to say other than when I was there I felt home, I loved it. I surprisingly enjoyed having the ability to commute rather than drive. I enjoy taking drives though. When I was at home, I enjoyed just grabbing my keys and going. I never had a particular destination, but my favorite drives were at night, with the sun roof open, oh how it was so peaceful. Kind of like sailing. Recently I joined the saililng club, it is nice, I wish there was more wind my first sail, but even so it was still unbelievably calm, and placid. It was so nice, and made time go by so fast. I feel so stupid about Endochine, I can't believe we were just talking to them and didn't know it was then, awwww. I feel so stupid. But then again there are a lot of times I feel stupid. too many to list. I can not wait to go to the football game. I miss band the most from high school, there was nothing like marching into the stadium, especially this past year when the crowd was actually happy that we were there. I honestly never thought I would see the day that that would happen. Christina Aguilera's CD is very good, at least most of it. it is kind of sad at the same time. It is surprising how cold it was this morning, here I am dressed as if it were 98 degrees outside and it feels more like 70 unbelievable this is supposed to be Texas. I am so glad my Aunt and her partner are here , even if Lester isn't exactly the most honest or faithful person, it is still nice to see Linda. I love accents, I wish I had an english accent. for some reason I especially like the way after they say something they follow it up with mate or love. Another reason I want to move to London, I love the way they talk. I also love Orlando Bloom who also lives in England, he is gorgeous. But sometimes I wonder if he, in real life is stuck up or real down to earth. That irritates me when you see celebrities that think they can have anything they want, and the way people gravel at their feet. They are no different from the average joe other than they can pretend to be someone they are not and get paid for it. pretty sweet deal actually, I wish someone would pay me to be someone else so I could live a fairy tale. Sometimes I wish life were like a movie, not like the Faculty though. more like Kate and Leopold. Mostly love stories, that would be amazing. Though at the same time it might be too predictable. One can wish though right. I wonder what I am going to be when I grow up, I mean really grow up. I really have no likes or dislikes, which sometimes makes me wonder, if I have a personalitly, or if I am just here. How is it possible for people to exist anyways. I don't know if I buy the whole evolution thing or the Bible. If the Bible is true then were did the dinosaurs come from. And if vice versa then how did the Bible come about. I still believe there is a God because I think it is important to have something to believe in. But sometimes I think what if God wasn't real. There would be many times I would be lost in my life in that case. For some reason. I think there is some sort of force that looks out for people, ",n,n,y,n,y

2004\_492.txt,"well I am sitting here in my bed just before 11 AM on a thursday morning writing out a conscious stream of my thoughts. my girlfriend is coming to see me this weekend and I'm excited about that, as well as the fact that my best friend is going back home for the weekend and leaving his apartemnt at my disposal. an apartment is a much better place to stay with your girlfriend than any god-forsaken dormatory, especially since my room mate will be here. football game saturday agains UNT, and I love my football. I've always loved college football and now that I get to go and watch my team, one of the best in the nation, play is a great experience for me, on that I will enjoy greatly for the next few years. speaking of which, I'm pretty hacked off that I was unaware that you had to purchase tickets to the OU game seperately, and more than that, that there was no obvious information on the season ticket website about this. I'm getting back into the flow of school again, and most of my classes seem like they will be rather easy, assuming that I read the material and pay attention in class, which I might add is tough to do on a regular basis. I've havent attended a single calculus study session which greatly frees up my tuesdays and thursdays, having only one class in the late afternoon. I love not having to write with proper punctuation and capitalization. the experiment in class the other day was very interesting. I personally though lie detectors were a bunch of crap, but the psychological side of them is pretty interesting. I wouldn't mind doing a psychological study of poker players and how they interact while playing hold 'them, etc. Some of the calls they make about other peoples hands are simply amazing. what makes someone fold a good hand? what makes a person be able to win on a bluff? these are interesting events to me. but anyways, I wish I didn't have any homework this weekend, as a matter of fact I need to finish reading chapter three in my psyc book, I'll attend to that after I finish writing this. hmmmm, what else, oh yeah. last night I played with four of my friends in a pick up game at the gym. the first game we won, the second game we won, and the third game we lost by one shot to a team led by a steriod, testosterone-over pumped crazy kid who was a complete jerk. it's interesting that everyone on my team was pissed off, except for me. they are normally the ones who tell me to chill out cause I get mad and stuff. I sort of miss dallas and my girl, but I know that we're both very committed and that she loves me a lot. she's a great girl and I'd hate to have to do all this without her, although I wish she was at TSU, that would make things much, much easier. I'm really hungry, I wish this timer would hurry up, I need to shave, wash my face, brush my teeth, eat something, finish reading, do some homework, and study for a quiz I have tomorrow in economics. I hope that quiz won't be too hard. I'll just have to memorize the stuff in the book such as the expendeture approach to GDP, which is that GDP=C+I+G+(I'M-EX). wow, I'm really glad I can remember that and I havent even studied yet, but the income approach is a little harder, even though I know I can get that easily if I just study it for a little while. will thanks for the time, my 20 are up. bye. ",y,n,n,y,y

2004\_493.txt," I'm home. wanted to go to bed but remembered that I had a psychology homework to complete by sometime during next week. Maybe this wouldn't take that long. I can handle this. Something is making a noise in the restroom. Did I turn on the fan? I got to write more. This is harder than I thought. I'm not thinking anything. Was I always like this when I didn't have anything to do? Should I go to bed after finishing this assignment or should I stay awake. I think I had an appointment with someone. Or maybe it was some kind of meeting, that was not mandatory to participate in. Is there any assignments besides this. My roommate took my digital camera yesterday, but it's right beside me, now. Wonder what he did with it. I'll ask him when he comes back. My eyes hurt. I should really do something about my glasses. When should I go fix it. ? Feel tired. I should really go to bed. Only 9 minutes passed. Half way done. Wonder if I can just stop here. Maybe not. Hm. let's see. What am I thinking? Wow my feet are covered with dirt. Amazing I didn't notice that until now. How did I get this on my legs? I want to wash it off but I'll wait until this assignment is over. 8 minutes to go. What are my parents doing anyway? Hope they're doing fine. When would they be able to receive the email I sent few minutes ago. Anyways, I feel like I really had to finish something today but can't remember what it was. Guess I'll figure it out after taking a nap. Am I still not there. Never knew how long a 20 minute could be. Thirsty. No water around. Now I'm curious what the purpose of this assignment is and what kind of point professor is trying to make. Time is almost up. ",n,y,n,y,n

2004\_494.txt," Stream of consiousnesssskdj. How do you spell that? Fuck if I know. I don't seem to know much today. why the fuck am I so off. I'm just writing this shit cause it sounds pitiful. Or will hell the writing sounds like I'm writing for someone else to read. No one is going to read this, nor does what I write matter. So confess away. Make it worthwhile. What is this fucking heat I feel all the time, what the hell, I've heard the scientific explanations but they don't feel right. Hot cold I don't know. It prickles mwhen I should. I got a damn ticket today. my first one damnit. I was doing so good but I knew it was coming it was inevitable I f I brag about what I have why shoul di have what I get its not the fucking point to tel everyone else that I have it better than them. humanity is fuckecd can we save it which I knew I don't know anything all scienctific fac tis bullshit maybe some theory might hold over but that would be total luck. string wtf. microfribers connecting us all. Howhippie that's ridiculous how do I float about life s easily just things come when I need them to. really really badly and make an effort and it sthere. its that way for some certainly not job ha ha that's the fuckin shit dud ei m so funny. I really like my new sense of the humore isnce the rool. the roll. jese what the hell was that I would like know. Dead space. And I type what a prick. the constant battle. Why is there a batlle are normal people at peace I don't think so otherwise well religion . I wonder what time it is I'm going toclose fuckk shit I'm I sweare I'm wahts it called the shit I know fuck ah ah damn I forgot to much pot is that problem is it the drugs. I really need to stop smoking cigarettes why is it harder now that she will be here sooner shouldn't I be overwhelmed with joy, iam but also shit is just annoying and I don't know what to do about that, I wish I had some sort of sign but I already had my gift and know what I need to do how can I reationally use a drug experience to justify mylife, but it just feels right you knwo the path, now don't fuck it, is that hard why am I lead so far astray things are fyckeed up she feels off and away from me I want this to finish so I can meditate since I'm almsot there how do I fall into trances so easily I feel the warmth over my body enveloping me. holding me tight in its arms guiding me a warmer shorre, I hate comign back I'm going to be out if I do that, its ok, I can talk to my baby while I'm eout shell understand my fingers are getting tired I can type really relay fast if I want to ha anyone readying this hasd no idea how fast I'm typing, they could estimate but thye wouldn't know for sure so ha. Reviewing what I have writtin was odd, it was like reading a trippers rants while high. My warmth. Wow, I sound so out there. I do feel that this is the way though, my path was a gift and I should appreciate it. Most people don't get to have visions of their daughter, I don't rember the face anymore, I'm so lost. This is so hard to do. I hate it. Why can't we just have our time. Alone. Away. Just the two of us and then the little one. I can't remeber her face but I can remeber that emotion. what a physical change when I think of her. I can feel the warmth surrounding my body. The love taking everything over. but then the back gives out and I kill my chakras. Transliteration sucks. 20 min of writing my thoughts is intense. the difference in punctuation is shocking, in the begging I used a lot of epsilons(mas o menos) and was excited, then I peak and nothing but chops of sentances, no punctiuations, calm down, have commas, and then periods. awesome, I lost my network connection. I wonder if that ruins this. ",y,y,n,n,y

2004\_497.txt,"It is Wednesday, December 8th and a lot has been going on this semester. I am trying to finish the semester out as strong as possible but it has not gone the way it was expected to go. although the overall grades that will be received is not that overall impressive, I know the work that was put into this semester was the most put into to school since high school. the only class that was a disappoint meant so far was my psy class. with two test left, there was still a chance to make an A or B in the class which was expected. it turns out after bad test four results when everything felt as if the test went well, the goal of the class shifted from trying to get an A or B to get simply trying to get a C and pass. granted that the most stress of the semester fell during the week of test three due to all the health issues and having like 10 different assignments and three test, it was still a disappointing outcome but focus can only be placed on what is left. the last three exam are going to be pretty tough with a chance for me to make to A's and a B's if a perfect score is received on two of the finals and an A on the other. My only focus has been on the two exams on Saturday but it does not feel like there is enough time in the day for every topic to be covered. all that can be done is to prepare as much as possible and pray that everything turns out right. doing well in school this semester would relieve the large amount of pressure that is a result of me not being concerned with school over family issues. It seems as though just when I try to get on track a new unthinkable obstacle just shows up. this semester the fact that I was taken advantage of and received and std as a result of doing something I did not want to do in the first place really makes me mad but I still have to be mad at myself for getting myself in that situation. next semester hopefully no random distractions will pop up and my grades will be all a's which is very possible for me to achieve. Making it through this semester is the number one thing in mind right now. all that is left is to push through these exams and finish strong. all I can do is my best the rest is out of my hands. I have to do something to make it easier for my parents. ",n,n,y,n,n

2004\_498.txt,"Man this week has been hellish. Anyways, now it's time for the 20 minute writing assignment. I'm pretty exhausted at the moment, and have a lot of studying to do tonight. My eyelids are pretty heavy, my hair damp. I just got out of the shower because I was working out. I think I have developed a pretty noticable case of ADD (attention deficate disorder) from various substances. It's difficult for me to keep writing without my mind wandering. My friend just walked in the room talking about some funny asian kids next door to us. Now its going to be even harder to concentrate. He just said the word tit. It's such a funny word, I'm sure you would agree. My mouth tastes like butt, I need to stop smoking cigarettes. Crap, I just looked at the time and realized I didn't record what time I started at. I hope this thing is timing it for me. ""Simply type continuously, tracking your thoughts and feelings for the entire 20 minutes. "" My thoughts are scrambled. So much to soak in, so much going on. Individual words strike up new emotions about various subjects. My friend said the word mom, I thought of my mom. I don't want to go home and probably wouldn't except for the fact that my mom misses me so much. I keep getting distracted by music that I'm playing, it's probably not best to be listening to it while working, but this is an informal assignment (if I remember correctly) so hopefully I'll be fine. I can't wait for tomorrow to be over and the weekend to begin. The band I'm listening to is called The Roots, they'll be playing next weekend at ACL. I'd really like to see them there, they are a really good and well known hip-hop group. Tix are 80 bucks so its doubtful ill be going all 3 days, maybe I'll just get a one day pass. I could also meet a lot of people at the ACL fest (hopefully). I feel kind of lonely at the moment, I thought I would have made a lot more knew friends here at the university by now. It seems to me that most people are still hanging out with their friends and clicks from high school, kind of lame in my opinion. I hang out with my roommate and another friend from high school, most of the time the latter. We go out and attempt to seek out other people like us, whom we find unique or ""cool. "" One major complaint I have about the people here is that it seems like everyone is still trying to prove themselves. Just like high school, except more facial hair. I might just be depressed and seeing everything in a negative light, but at the moment it all seems logical to me. My friend just came back in the room. He's cool. We're going to go study chemistry as soon as I'm done with this assignment. Man I need to stop chatting on the internet, my typing is really horrible. I keep forgetting to capitalize letters, and I keep spelling things incorectly. Like I was saying, it's a pitty that everyone here seems so fake. Don't get me wrong, there are a lot of people that seem really interesting, but at the same mind it sickens me how everyone conforms to certain styles and clicks. god damn, grow up people. Everyone's trying so hard to get laid. Please don't grade me down. I can't help but writing about this crap, it consumes me. Writing this actually hasn't been hard at all. Right now I'm feeling a little more relaxed and lighthearted than I was before writing. it might be a good idea to start writing regularly. It could be good for me, and I think it's cool when people do things like that. I love writing, but not necessarily structured writing. I wonder how long it's been. My whole body is tired, man I'm lonely. I need a girlfriend! Party's are NOT a good way to meet girls here, stupid sluts just looking for a good time. It seems like there are less people here like me than I thought there would be. I was expecting a more mature student body. Don't get me wrong, I like partying, I love getting drunk, I love having fun. I don't know where I'm going with this. It just seems people here are kind of stuck up on themselves, and not as intelligent and interesting as I thought they would be. Oh well, we all can dream. ",n,y,n,n,y

2004\_499.txt,"I have just gotten off the phone with brady. I'm trying to decide what exacly we will do this weekend. he wants to go to a hotel, but I know I have to babysit and I'm not sure exactly how I will tell my dad to pick us up from here. My birthday is this weekend, and it doesn't really even feel like it. I don't really mind, but I have a feeling Brady probably won't do much for it. I almost feel like I'm always doing something for him. I should, I really care about him. He says he will pay for the hotel, but I don't really want that for my birthday. I'ts just not htat important to me. I feel guilty today for lying to my dad about gettin gout of the TIP program. I know that sometimes I have to lie about things like that in order for them to understand. I haven't heard from my mom so I'm not sure if she's mad at me or not. She probably doesn't care, but when she does find out she will freak. I wish Brady would pay more attention. He tries so hard, but it doesn't seem like he has the chance to do so. I need to work out. I'm feeling that although I don't weigh that much my weight is getting out of control. Perhaps I'm overreacting. Kristen and I went shopping yesterday. I really don't plan on shopping anymore. Yikes. We don't really need anything anyways. I need a strapless bra though. I'm surprised I didn't get one. oh well. I wish I could figure out what to do on Friday with Brady. I want Kristen to be able to hang out with us too. He's concerned that I tell her too mucha bout our personal life, but I really don't. Dana kind of pisses me off. Why is everyone so negative about a caring relationship? She's probably just jealous, she hasn't been able to keep a guy at all for a long time. I'm concerned for her because I don't want her to be doing drugs anymore, but she probably is. She has too much sex too. lol. It's hard to not be concerned with what your friends are doing. Kristen is surprisingly very understanding to everything that's going on in my life. She's caring and funny to be around. I wasn't sure what to expect since she's friends with Kristin, Hayley etc. They apparently aren't waht I expected them to be. They play if off to be all God-like, when in all realtiy they judge pretty much everyone. I don't think that is right. Although I'm not that religious, I do care about God and don't think that those kinds of behavior are fair. I'm looking att he picture of Brady and me. Kris was kind of weird about the whole boyfriend thing. I hope that brady and I last. I would do anything to spend the rest of my life with him. I care about him so much, and the distance hurts. I think it isi probably for the best though. I can't imagine having to go to school with him. His roommates aren't as crazy as I thought, but bad enough. I jut hope that he doesn't get heavy into drinking,a nd I don't assume he will. Sarah is a bitch, I can't believe she comes off like taht. ugh, it really bothers me. I wonder what it's like at home without me there. My mom is making a big deal about me not calling, but in all honesty I just don't care. I don't know why I'm so unfeeling lately. It's probably because I'm about to start my period. maybe I'll skip it this month, in fact I probably will. I don't usually have allergies, but for some reason my eyes keep tearing. It's either my contacts or allergies. I just changed my contacts though. I really have to pee. The eyes watering is a little embarrassing. Sometimes I wish I coiuld do more. I kind of wish I woul dhave rushed to be in a sorority. I feel as though I ahve no friends because I have lost them to brady. Should I go to florida with my parents during spring break or should I spend time with Brady instead? Maybe I could make money babysitting. That would be nice. I hope my parents aren't mad because I want to babysit on Saturday instead ofdoing my birthday thing. I don't see why it would be that big of a deal, but apparently it is. I kind of want to go tanning, but it's not good with my current skin situation and whatnot. that reminds me of richard rush. I wonder how he is doing. Spoiled brat. I'm really hungry too. I'm not sure what I'm going to eat, but I wish Kristen would get here so taht we can go eat. That would be really good. lol. I'm hoping that I won't look old when I'm 25 or so. Heck, I don't even know what I want to do with my life. I almost feel as though if I marry Brady will accomplish everything. I want so badly to be with him forever. NO one understand me like he does. I wish I had saved myself for him, like he did for me. How is he able to only commit to me? I must care about him so much that he feels like he should. I'm glad that I've gotten to know hhis family a lot better. his mom is honestly really nice to me, and I don't ahve a problem with her anymore. It would be awesome to be ilke paris hilton. She's has it really good. I wonder what it would be like if my parents lived more like they should. They are always trying to save money when in reality being multi-millionaires does not mean that you should only do that. Perhaps it's a shock from the inheritance or something. I don't know. It's confusing to me. Ok, this is getting old. I'm a little tired of writing. It's probably because I'm hungry. I'm a little confused as to what I should study here at school. I've had an interst in psychology, but do I really want to do that for the rest of my life. I know it doesn't just end here, but I feel as though there aren't many options when it comes to what I can do with my life. yay, kristen got back and we can go eat now. My time is almost over. I'm about to pee in my pants too. AHHHHH!!!!! some people try to hard ",n,y,y,n,y