It’s not easy knowing what rests behind the eyes of people you encounter every day. Sometimes you want to be in the dark about certain things, whether it be your flaws or perfections (because who really needs a big head in today’s day and age). Knowing our flaws forces us to accentuate our fronts, taking away any authenticity that lies within us. Being told of our perfections will bring an ego with girth to the surface, stealing what humanistic commonality we have and directing us to a land of ill-conceived perfection. But what if we knew whatever anyone thought of us? How do you think you’d come to combat yourself and others? Of course, you’d like to think that you are stronger willed than to let petty things like other’s opinions bother you, but let me tell you the actuality of it all from my mouth, the voice of Tatschy Steinwerg.

By now you realize I have a pretty Germanic name, let’s put that on the back burner for a second. The important concept for discussion right now is knowing what others think of you. Here is how it happened to me.

One dreary afternoon in western Salzbach, I drifted off into a day dream, contemplating how much I love the girl sitting to the right of me in our literature class. Our class was missing a few people, but luckily Hiedi Holzbach was forced to sit next to me (forced by the teacher’s dictatorship in regards to assigned seating). I found myself thinking what our lives would be like together, what our children would look like, our conversations would consist of, and so on. And out of the blue, I heard her voice in my head, which is rather unusual for my day-dreams because I typically only I belong in my head. But there she was, ranting on about how much she was in love with Hans Zimmermann. I found my own thoughts at that point hard to believe so I turned my attention towards her, and sure enough, there she was gawking in the direction of the soccer stud, twirling her hair and softly biting her lip. I started to feel a tear develop on the edge of my eye. I reminisced to the date Heidi and I had two days ago on Saturday night; she seemed a little uninterested but I assumed it was because a storm was rolling across the land from Poland, and obviously because I fell head over heels for this girl as well.

Luckily, my new found understanding of what people thought of me still coursed through my mind and this little awkward girl named Penelope’s thoughts shifted into my brain. I heard her stumble upon words of my attraction and my Alpha-male status; she started building up my confidence to fight for Heidi. But then I heard it. Penelope said she loved me, and I was floored. Does this goofy looking school girl deserve my love or does the ever attractive Heidi?