



**1995~2016**

**This issue of Kaleidoscope is dedicated to the memory of Alexa M. Dailey, assistant editor of Kaleidoscope from 2014-2016. Alexa's sunny personality and love for the arts will be forever missed.**

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# From the Editor



## Jaxon Rivera

**Kaleidoscope Journal of Art and Literature is an amazing opportunity for the students and staff of Spoon River College to have their work published and their voices heard.**

**Being the editor of Kaleidoscope has been an immense honor for me; the experience has taught me a lot about leadership and teamwork. I would like to thank the assistant editors and faculty advisors. To the assistant editors, thank you for all your hard work on this edition of the journal. To the faculty advisors, thank you for all your help getting the editing team together, keeping us on track, and reminding us to save.**

**The editing team and I are proud to present the 2016-2017 edition of Kaleidoscope, and we thank you for your support of the arts.**

# ***My Lois Lane***

**Alexander Lounsberry**

**Lost inside my own Metropolis  
Their cries for help I cannot dismiss  
Putting the cape on I charge into the fray  
Doing my part to save the day  
Always finding a way**

**Despite it all I still bleed  
Under my bulletproof skin  
My heart broken again and again  
Even heroes need  
For someone to save me I plead**

**How do I deal?  
I can't save myself  
These wounds I can't just heal  
I don't know what to feel  
This Man of Steel**

**Scared of the flight  
Unsure of where it may lead  
Soaring to unknown heights  
There's no end in sight  
My kryptonite**

**Here comes the rain  
Won't someone stop me...  
Stop me from going insane  
And save me from this pain  
My Lois Lane**

**Hope is what I fight for  
Hope to make you feel at peace  
To make the violence cease  
But soon I realize that with hope I can  
soar  
With hope I won't hurt anymore**

**One day I'll find my love  
Lost in the street  
I'll lift her off her feet  
I'll come from above  
And lift my Lois to places she's never  
dreamed of**

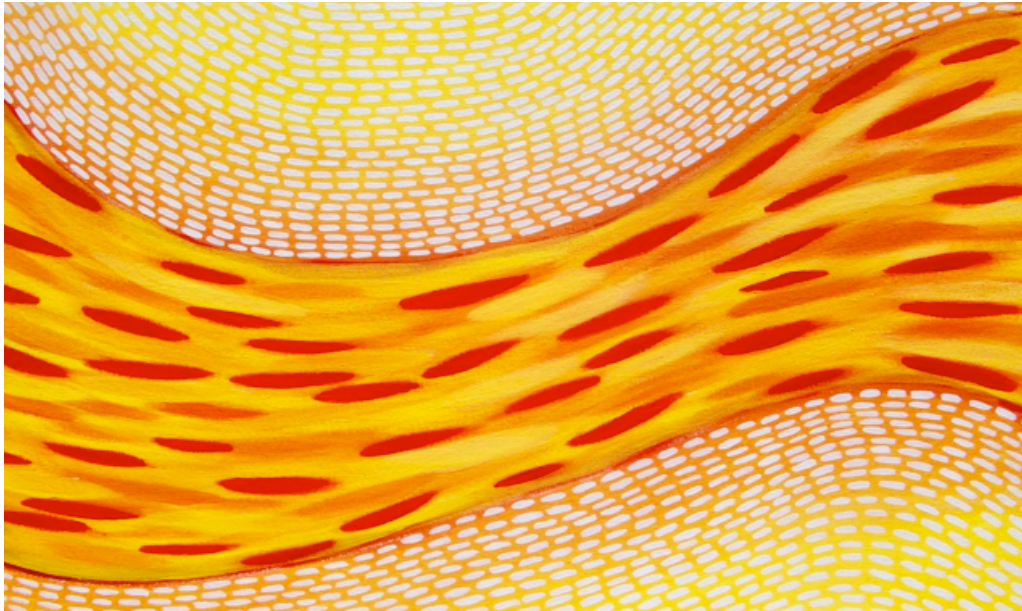
**Till then you can sleep sound tonight  
Despite my pain I will always fight  
Fight for those who need me  
A beacon of hope shining bright**

**To change the world even heroes need  
They need someone to save them  
To lift them up out of the sea  
My other half may be out there waiting  
But the will to try is in me**

**So Up up and away  
I'll climb through the air  
My chin to the sky  
Knowing that in time  
Gone will be my despair  
And one day  
My Lois Lane will be there**



***Radiance***  
Zak Vaughn



***Jar of Fireflies***  
Tiana Paul



# *The Saintly Sock*

Melanie Brierton

I remember like it was yesterday, the day I became holey. It seemed like any other day. My partner and I were a team. We kept feet warm! I was very good at my job. Then it happened. In an instant that pesky floorboard nail caught me. He's been responsible for several deaths in the drawer and today was my day. Right away I was checked and with a swift movement discarded into the corner.

Socks have come and gone during my life. Some are worn out or simply outgrown. Being torn was a rare occurrence and as far as I'm concerned before my time. When the excitement settled down, I made my way back to the sock drawer. It was where we lay with our partner waiting to be put to work again.

My reception was anything but pleasant. All the other socks looked at me with shock! At first I didn't know why I was getting these glances, then it sank in. I was damaged. No one would talk to me. My own mate would not even look at me. Being different was not accepted in the sock community. So in the night I left.

The single sock pile is where the lost and the mismatched gathered. Some came to the pile to find their mate when they were lost. I was not there to find my mate, but maybe some other lonely sock would find me suitable. The hunt was on! I looked around the pile! In and out of the small groups the socks were gathered in.

There were "dad" socks. Old stretched out tube socks made gray from their time in service. Scarred from the things they had seen. Of course there were "sporty" socks. These tiny, thin, and colorful socks were always in and out of the pile. They even paired with different socks from time to time! I think they visit the pile just for fun. I do not think many have a match to begin with. Lastly, there were the "baby" socks. Useless little pieces of barely used fabric. They spent a lot of time getting lost. One even still had a tag on it. I saw no socks like myself. I was plain cotton of normal size. There was nothing special or exciting about me. I felt so terribly alone. In the drawer I didn't belong. In the single pile I did not seem to belong either. I needed to leave.

Soon, I saw the washer. The big machine where we all took baths! I had never been a rebel. I had never thought about going behind the washer. It is scary back there and dark. Since I seemed to be on my own now I thought to myself, "Maybe somebody out there would be my mate." Knowing only what I had heard in stories, I ventured into the darkness.

Behind the washer was different that anything I had ever seen before. There were dollar bills, buttons and the occasional hair clip all sitting together around dust bunny piles trying to keep warm. It was dark down there and a little dirty. No one seemed to mind though. Everyone was lost down here. No one worked or was useful anymore. They were just there letting time pass by. I sat with them for a while. Maybe this was my place now. I had no mate and no purpose. Maybe this was it.

Hours later hope was gone and dust was starting to settle on me. Then, I saw a light. A light that was very much real. The washer was being moved. As the light grew brighter a hand cast a shadow down on us all.

Suddenly we were on the move. I was carried along and we were sorted and dropped. The bolts and the dollar bills got reunited with their families. Could this be another chance to find a mate? My excitement grew! We were heading towards a dresser! As we grew closer my ride did not stop. Instead, I was taken into a different room and tossed in a bin. They must have noticed I was damaged.

I landed in a bin with an assortment of items. The variety of objects made me wonder why we were together. My bin was quiet, but the one next to it was not. All night there seemed to be a constant thumping of music and bursts of color. I needed to find out what all the excitement was. Entering the bin I noticed it was labeled “SHINY THINGS.” I was not shiny, but I still wanted to know what was going on. Inside the bin there was a party! Or was it a parade? Or a celebration? Maybe all those in one! When they meant “Shiny” on the bin, they meant glitter. Lots and lots of glitter was everywhere. It was a mess but no one seemed to care. There was something refreshing about being somewhere so festive and colorful. A fun time was had by all! Sadly, as the morning grew near so did my feeling that I did not belong here either. Though I covered myself in shiny things, I myself was not shiny. I was white cotton. I did not belong.

While sitting in my bin that night, I was approached by a glue bottle. He was worn and almost empty. Little pieces of everything stuck to his sides. He welcomed me to the bin of “USEFUL THINGS.” At first I did not understand why anyone would consider the stuff in here useful. Things in here were random. Some were many. Some were alone. Some were even broken. The glue bottle went on to tell me about his beliefs on “Recycle, Reuse, Reincarnation.” He has seen many things pass through this bin. Not many stay long. He also went on to tell me about being positive and that everything has a purpose.

The next morning like a whirlwind they came. There were four of them. The giggling little girls grabbed the glue bottle right away. They danced and sang as they removed things from different bins. I then realized why the shiny bin was so big as every project got glitter. Suddenly a hand came down and took hold of me. As I stared into the face of this child a grin grew across her face.

Like before I was on the move! This time I was taken to the art table and laid out flat. For the next several minutes I was transformed. Buttons were sewn on to me! Yarn was tied around me! I was drawn on and I even received a touch of glitter! Before I knew it I had completely changed. I was stuffed and formed. I felt great! When the girls were finished I was rushed off to a much larger adult. They kept calling me a “SOCK MONKEY.” I guess I kind of look like a monkey.

It has been several days now and I’ve rarely left the girls’ sides. Each one likes to play with me and take me places. I sleep in bed at night. I’ve been to the park and even to the occasional tea party. Sometimes I think back and wonder if it was a good thing I was damaged. Then I realize, good or bad does not matter. I could not have changed being torn. What matters is that even when I felt so lost, the light was still at the end of the tunnel. Those girls were my light.





*Bridge*  
Jaxon Rivera

# ***Reserved Is My Seat***

Alexander Lounsberry

*The Judas of the story  
Guilt ridden with not a word to say  
No pain is enough for me  
Hell is reserved for those who betray  
Reserved is my seat  
In the kingdom of pain*

*Their love for me ceases  
Not an easy feat  
I take my thirty pieces  
Reserved is my seat*

*My innocence I plea  
Words full of deceit  
No sympathy for me  
Reserved is my seat*

*I deserve all the pain  
For I am a cheat  
The truth is my bane  
Reserved is my seat*

*If only I could go back  
A chance for redemption I will pray  
But my future is now black  
Hell is reserved for those who betray  
Reserved is my seat  
In the kingdom of pain  
Forever I will lay  
In the seat of my own dismay*



## ***Teeth***

Sam Kachinovas

# *Wings*

Aaron Hisey

Hi, my name is Calix, and I was born with wings. Yes, actual wings that allow birds the gift of flight. Gift of flight, who am I kidding. I don't know what I am, nor does anybody else. As far as I know, I'm just a mess of mutated genes in a human's body. Most people think I'm a myth. Others call me as a freak, born with a wretched sickness. Maybe that's all I am, a wretched sickness. My parents love me like there's nothing wrong with me. They used to tell me I was an angel when I was little. I used to like that, but growing up it's more degrading than anything. Award winning physicians don't know what to call me besides a miracle. I think that's a fitting name because I shouldn't have survived birth. Some people think I'm the Antichrist; never giving up on trying to kill me. I didn't know what was going on when I was little, but I know it all now. Not from my parents, but the internet. Everything is on the internet. I read how my parents got thousands of letters and phone calls, asking ever so politely if I could be killed. For my sake and their own, my parents never replied to any media, no matter the check offered. News stations tried their very hardest, but to no avail. That might be the single happiest thought I ever had, imagining all the reporters and stringers getting turned down and not seeing my 12-foot wing span. Yes, that is a big number. They weren't always that big, of course; it's called puberty. At first my wings were inconvenient flaps, but around 11 years old they doubled in size. In two years, they more than doubled again. The pain this process inflicted felt like railroad spikes getting driven through my back. But I'd rather endure that pain than the psychological pain of society. The longest I went to a school was four months. I actually made a friend in those four months too. What happened is I took too many zeroes in P.E. because I didn't dress for obvious reasons. One thing led to another; you can guess what happened. I want to go to school so bad, I want to be normal. I'm 18 now, and I'm homeschooled. My family lives in the country, 45 minutes from the nearest town. Oh, and I have wings on my back. That's the opposite of normal. It is lonely out here, but today is a day more special than anything else for me. Because tonight I have a date. I have gone 18 years without having the leisure of going out with a girl, because they all would freak the hell out and run away. This girl, Ashley, doesn't know about my differences as far as I know. My mom set this up through the Ashley's mom, and I could never imagine her telling someone that didn't already know about my deformities. You bet I was nervous all day. I barely had any skin left on my fingertips, and I felt sweat rolling down my feathers, which was beyond a weird sensation. I told myself this was only going to be a couple hours and we'd have a good time. But I needed this to be a great time, not good. I needed just one perfect moment in my life. I put a big thick sweater on to conceal anything that may look suspicious. My wings did tuck very tightly into my back, but when I wore a T-shirt you could make out something was off. So, sweater it was, and sweat I did. My dad drove me to the place of meeting which may sound humiliating to some but come on. I've had far more embarrassing moments. I went into the place and was brought to my reserved table. She wasn't here yet. Stay cool man, just message her. I kept my head down. If there was one thing I learned the hard way, it was that other people were my greatest enemy. Hopefully that would change tonight. I sat there for a good five minutes, the knots in my stomach tightening more and more by the second. All a sudden there she was, and she sat right down across from me. She looked about as excited and nervous as I was, which was very reassuring. "Hey Calix, I'm Ashley. Sorry I'm a little late."



*“No, I was a little early.” We shared a laugh, and then we looked at one another. It wasn’t necessarily awkward, we just took each other’s face in. After a few moments, her eyes darted past me, and stayed there. “What is it?” I turned around to see the worst possible thing. A group of rednecks and other trash were whispering and taking pictures or videos of us with their phones. I turned back to Ashley so fast my neck popped, and a wing twitched. They did that under intense pressure. Please stop, mind your own business. It started with murmurs then escalated to shouting. “It’s the kid with wings... Oh my God, I just saw them move! Hey kid, can we see your wings? Come on, you’re the kid that has wings like an angel dude!”*

*I remained very still and acted like they were talking to someone else. But then they were standing by our table, in my face. The nerve of people was relentless, another thing I learned the hard way. I tried to talk softly to them, telling them to go away, but my wings kept twitching. Even through my sweaty sweater it was visible. Ashley stood up, her face full of fear, mirroring my face of dread. She began walking away, scared of what I might be. The first ten seconds we spent together were our last, and the happiest I may ever be. Infuriated, I did what the shmucks wanted me to. I ripped off my sweater and let loose my extra appendages. People gasped in shock and almost praise, but only for a second. I grabbed the nearest phone and crushed it in my hand, and shoved a middle aged bearded man to the floor. I walked toward the exit, the whole restaurant seemingly up in arms. I kicked the door open, breaking a hinge off and splintering a corner. Ashley was standing there, getting in a car. She saw me for what I really was, glued in place due to shock. This had to be the most awkward experience in her life, and by far the worst date in history. Everybody in the restaurant had filed out now, screaming and hollering. Every one of them had a phone in their hand documenting this real-life circus freak. I wanted no more of it. I closed my eyes and felt the cool wind whistling against my hot veins and through my damp feathers. This is what I what I was born for, not a life like everyone else. I took two big steps followed by a big jump, letting my wings carry me, becoming one with the starry night.*



## ***Winged*** Sam Kachinovas

# *Coffee*

Maurissa Slover

Coffee

Caffeine!

Wake-up!

Slap yourself (if needed)!

This ain't no poem

For the faint of heart.

Get in line!

Order a cup of joe!

Gulp it down (without scalding your tongue)!

Use it up!

Throw it away!

Stand up! Sit down!

Now pay attention!

Dear, friend, ...

How did you like your coffee  
this morning?

# *2 a.m. Drabble*

Sam Kachinovas



## *Home*

Maurissa Slover

Home  
Is a place  
Where I can be free  
To be myself, ...  
What does this look like?  
Soft, fleece pjs,  
Pillow-like slippers,  
A cup of tea, a book,  
What more can a girl ask for?  
Family and friends  
Sharing laughter and memories  
These are the times I  
Cherish the most and  
The best.



## *Lotus*

Zak Vaughn



*Alexa M. Dailey*  
*Best in Show Honor*



*Untitled*  
Melanie Brierton



*Japanese Getaway*

Shelby Dare

*Beauty of Nature*  
Shelby Dare

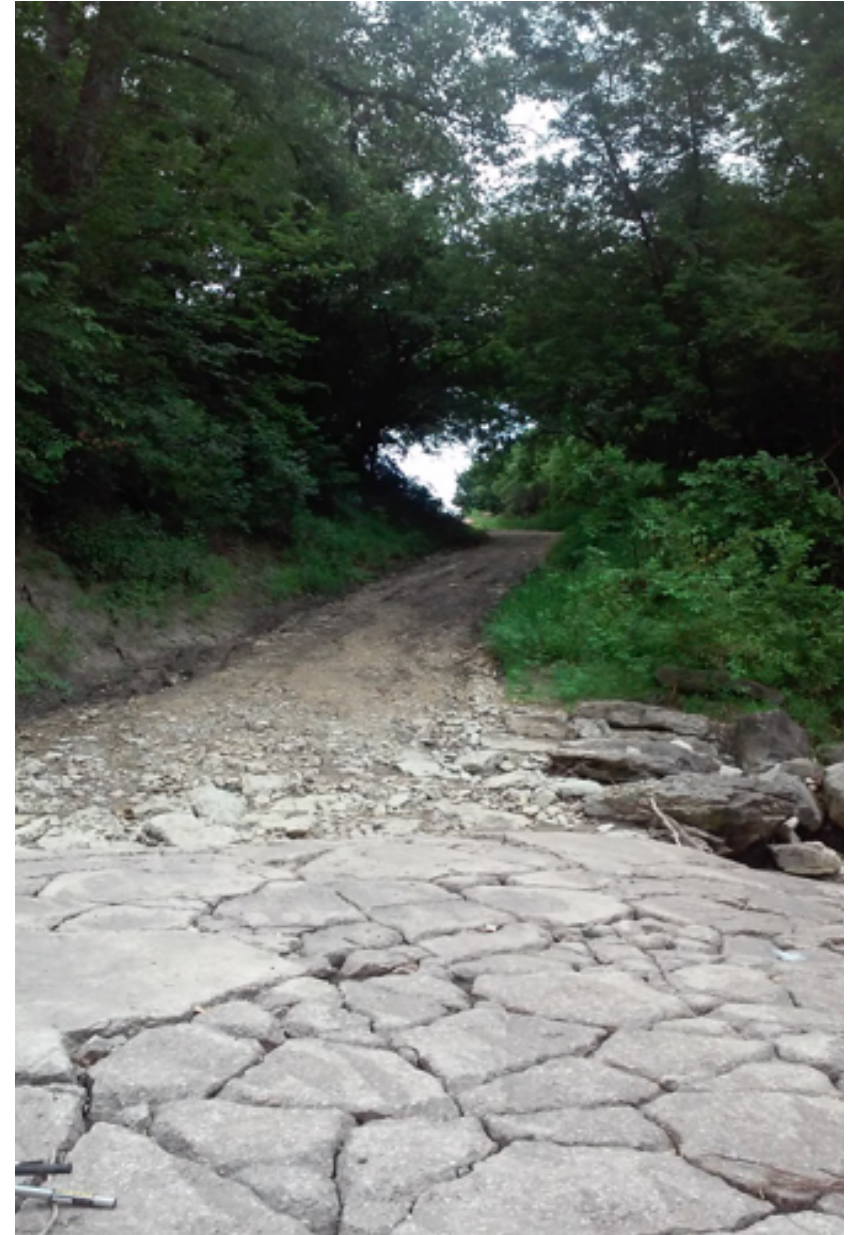




***Love Is***  
Maurissa Slover

Love is, ...  
A pair of warm, soft socks  
Slipping over cold feet  
A blanket that wraps  
Away pain and hurt!  
Water sliding  
Down the back of my throat.  
Wind whipping  
Devotedly in an  
Arm's embrace.  
Love is  
Staying up at midnight  
Talking to a friend.  
Sharing stories and  
Connections  
That can never  
Be taken away!  
Love is  
Holding onto your  
Mother's hand,  
While she tries to  
Stay strong  
For you.  
Love is an  
Unending battle.  
A struggle, a fight.  
What does love  
Mean for you?

***A Kansas Creek Road***  
Stephanie Ackerman







*Life in Death*  
Stephanie Ackerman

*I Saw Sparks*  
Marizona Dahlstrom



*Driving Through the Black  
Hills in the Storm*

Marizona Dahlstorm







***Growing Strong***

Marizona Dahlstrom

***Super***

Jaxon Rivera





*Clash*

Alexander Lounsberry



# *Abigail*

Aaron Hisey

“Abigail, please take me back...” I hate that I talk in my sleep. This time, I received a harsh slap across the face for it, expelling me from the best sleep I’d had in ages. The slap was of course from Jean, the woman I had been living with for a year now. She was fuming, which was only natural. In my trance, I had said the name of the person I felt the most love for. Even more than Jean. I loved Jean, I really did. It was love at first sight in its purest form. One thing led to another, and I was suddenly living with her, and it’s simply fantastic. I haven’t been this happy in years. There’s no doubt in my mind that when God made me, she was my other half that I would love and live with until the day I died. However, we started having problems. Big problems. When I first moved in with Jean, we would make love all night. There was no sleep. A few months later, we wouldn’t make love all night but enough to wear ourselves out to be immersed in a coma-like state. Unfortunately, we couldn’t live this way every night. I don’t know how long words escaped my mouth before she heard me, but I remember her asking me who Abigail was. How could I tell the woman I lived for that there was someone else I loved? I had kept it from her all along out of fear. I couldn’t be seen as a coward... but she already caught me in the only lie I had ever told her. I don’t know how many times she heard me muttering Abigail in my sleep, but we have a routine that progressively gets more violent. We fight of course, I try to stand up for myself while avoiding her questions and painful accusations, then the threats arise. Threats that we should be done with because she thinks I’m cheating on her. I understand her rage and can’t imagine the confounding thoughts that she doesn’t share with me. The icy stake I have been plunging through her heart had pierced her far too many times now, and I knew I had to tell her what’s been stashed in the pits of my mind away from the world.

When I was in high school, I met Abigail King. She was a dream to me, always on my mind and causing my heart to beat out of my chest if I happened to see her, but also out of reach. We ended up getting to know one another at a party. It was simple and nonromantic but to me, it was the world. I finally got to look in her eyes up close and see every detail in her iris, sending shudders down my spine. I remember her pressing her lips to my cheek so gently but with the force of a deep affection. My body went completely numb as she drifted in my arms with closed eyes. She must’ve had too much to drink. Abigail King was sleeping in my arms. I told myself there was no way she would remember this, but she did. Not only did she remember the actions, but she remembered how much she liked me. I knew it was meant to be; there was no other way. Without knowing enough about the other, we started dating. We rushed into our new relationship quickly and became intimate before she knew my last name. At the time, it was incredible. I knew I loved her and I assumed she loved me. Come to find out there was something she loved in place of me; shooting up heroin. I was devastated. I drank and smoked pot a few times, but this was clearly lightyears ahead of that. I thought she could change, but she was an addict. I broke up with her, to which she replied with, “I’m pregnant.” An obvious lie; she wanted me to stick around. That’s what I told myself. It was true. She was pregnant with my child, and full of heroin at the same time. It’s an extensive depressing story from there, and the next few months were very hard. I stayed with her, and she got off heroin. Even as she lay in a hospital bed with wrist restraints, I felt those same deep feelings I had felt when we first met. She gave birth to a beautiful baby girl as she held my hand in screaming pain, and died. Her hand went limp right as the cord was cut. Tears of joy changed to tears of pain instantaneously. Her last words were her own name, which she passed to the baby. I couldn’t cope with everything that happened, and ran out. I left my child. It’s been years now. I know she would never accept me into her life. I would have to relive this for Jean, begging not to get abandoned like I abandoned Abigail.

# ***Wolves of Despair***

**Alexander Lounsberry**

**Beyond darkness  
Beyond comprehension  
To break free of this  
My sole mission**

**No help to be found  
My burden to bear  
A blood curdling sound  
The wolves of despair**

**Helpful cries are plenty  
But they simply can't understand  
Neither man nor God can save me  
My salvation lies in my own hands**

**Alas, in the distance a glimmer of light  
Reason that gives one the strength to fight  
Always in the distance  
But never out of sight**

**Reason which helps a poor soul to cope  
Reason to boldly trek life's steep slopes  
It's in every fiber of our beings  
In everything we believe in  
Salvation  
In the form of hope**



## ***Barn***

**Jacob Eddington**



# Lucky Dragon

Stephanie Ackerman

## *The Journey*

Audrey Fletcher

First one step, then two:  
It's all up to you  
To choose your own way  
Each part of each day.

It's going to be hard.  
It's going to be long.  
Life just isn't easy  
But you have to be strong.

Keep moving forward  
With your goals in sight.  
Don't ever look back—  
The way will be light.

Remember who you are—  
Who you want to become—  
Keep working and learning  
'Till you rest safe at home.



# *My Little Place in the World*

Kennedy Brawner

Everyone needs their own little place in the world to just get away and not think for a while. When I moved to Macomb in June from my hometown of Freeport, Illinois, I thought I wouldn't find that place for a long time. In Macomb, Illinois, there is not a whole lot to do, go to school, work, sleep, and repeat. Sometimes, when the pressure of work and school combines with the pressure to pay bills and rent, it feels like I am drowning. I am fighting to get to the surface, so I can float for a little longer before being pulled down again. When I need to float, when I need to get away, I go to my room.

A large crooked, creaky white door blocks my path as I go to enter. There is a gold door handle that seems almost impossible to get open, but I know exactly how to do it. I push open the door and it creaks as it slides across the short grey carpet. Across from the door is a mountain of blankets with a bed underneath them. Two large speakers sit on top of a tall, black and white desk and a long black chord hangs from the center. I plug my phone in and music of every genre emits from the speaker. A long blue lighter sits on the desk next to the phone. I look around the room, and I can see candles of all shapes, sizes, colors, and scents almost hidden and unnoticeable. I pick up the lighter and begin to light each candle. With every candle that is lit, scents begin to fill the air:

Pumpkin spice, hazelnut cream, black cherry, vanilla, and cinnamon, each scent specifically chosen. The idea of autumn fills the air, and I am surrounded by a feeling of warmth. A short black fan sits on a small light blue chair next to the desk. I turn it on the highest setting, and then I turn off the light.

Soft yellow light from the candles fill the room as I make my way to the bed and slide underneath my mountain of blankets. I lay my head on a pillow and pull the blankets around myself. Soft warmth from the blankets delicately battles the cold wind from the fan as it hits my face. I close my eyes, and breathe deeply. As I breathe my head becomes less cluttered. With each breath I slip into a calm deep rest, but it is more than a calm. I am safe and even though the trials of the work are just beyond the crooked door, I am okay.

The scent of autumn in the air brings me back home. I can feel the breeze blowing in my backyard, and my mind wanders away from all of the problems I have. Even though I will eventually have to blow the candles out and turn the music off, I feel this moment can go on forever; I never want it to end. I lose track of time, and I lose track of thoughts because I don't have to focus on anything. Sleep seems seconds away, but I do not want to drift off because I am so content.

I stand up, go over to each individual candle, and blow it out. The room becomes darker and darker as each flame is put out. The final candle sits on the shelf. I reach up with my hand, grab the candle, and blow out the last flame. I turn off the music, and I make my way back to my bed through the darkness. I return my head back to my pillow and pull my blankets around me once more. The smell of autumn is fading and the sound of the fan is the only thing I hear. I am floating.

When I move a lot it is hard to keep a place like this, but no matter where I live, my room will always be my room. The candles will smell the same; the blankets will still be warm; and I am home even when I am miles away. I know that tomorrow the bills will need to be paid and the rent will still be due, but I am okay. All of the pressures I was facing will still be there tomorrow, but so will my little place in the world.

*One Way*  
Jaxon Rivera



*Purple Mountain Majesties*  
Stephanie Ackerman





*Beautiful Fireflies*

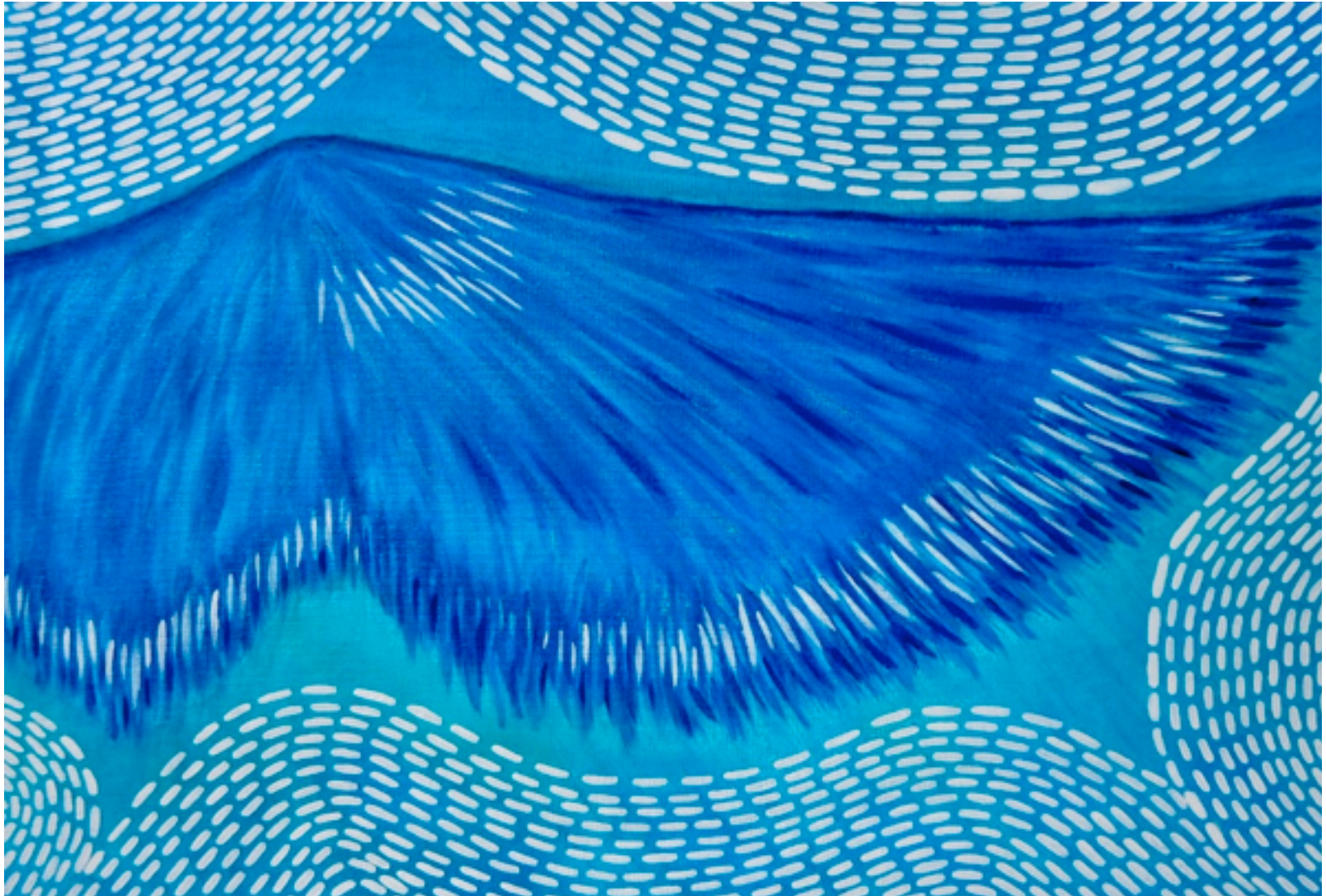
Tiana Paul



*The Blue Boy*

Sam Kachinovas





*Serendipity*  
Zak Vaughn





*Untitled*  
Melanie Brierton



*Old Building*  
Jaxon Rivera



# ***Evil Empire***

Michael Maher

Monday morning—six a.m.

I rise and leave for work

Five days of lecture ahead of me

to give my life some worth

I reach the edge of town

And begin my early drive

The glow of a Wal-Mart retail store

Is there to wave goodbye

The sight of it makes me cringe

and I try to shield my eyes

For all that it represents

is **EVERYTHING I DESPISE!**

New tires, lube job, and snack bar while you wait

Anything and everything to fill that empty slate

Merchandise, groceries, and family pictures just for you

I think I'll get my eyes checked out and get new glasses  
too!

Local businesses struggle and then begin to close

People stand and shrug their shoulders as if they do not  
know

The town is now monopolized and no one seems to care  
that Wal-Mart tears communities apart

Piece by piece

Layer by layer

People applaud this glorious trend  
of the capitalist regime

Less competition means higher prices

Do you see what I mean?

Profits soar, the GNP rises, and the media celebrate  
that low wage labor does not think to blame this corporate  
snake

The top U.S. employer

I think that says it all

No one there to stop it

“Bigger is Better,” after all.....

They wrap themselves within the flag  
just to protect their image

They then extend their arms globally  
and begin to rape and pillage

I walk into my classroom

My head on fire with RAGE

Those who sit before me

are the future on the page

There is no hiding my agenda

I will not try to lie

Life is just a big façade

and we are here to buy

*Autumn Daisy*

Rebecca Werland



## ***Future Plans***

**Kennedy Brawner**

**I am not sure about my future plans. When I think about my future I see an insurance commercial dream: a husband, a dog, and a white fence. That's the ultimate dream, comfortable living in a suburb, SUV, dog, white fence, husband with perfect teeth and hair. However, as I am typing this I am wearing a "let's get weird" t-shirt, community college sweatpants that are covered in paint, and slipper boots. All I've had to eat today is a bag of puffy Cheetos and I am pretty sure they were stale. With that in mind I am pretty far away from my fence and dog.**

**I want to have a comfortable life where I don't have to worry about paying the bills. I am not sure how much money it would take to achieve that, but I want that amount. When I picture my future I also see me with baby bump but never any kids so maybe I will be a surrogate. I also want to travel all over the world. Europe, Africa, Australia, Asia, and even Antarctica but that is expensive, so maybe I'll need a little more money than originally planned, and I do not want to travel alone so I will need to find a friend capable of coming with me.**

**I do not know what job I am going to have, I do not know what city I will live in, and I do not know when I will be able to have all of the things that I want, but I do know that I want them. Plans are just plans, it's nothing set in stone and life is an uncertainty. We do not have the pleasure of knowing what is next, so I do not like making plans. Making plans is an easy way to be disappointed. Right now I am content in my paint-covered sweatpants and my slippers, and I am ready for whatever mystery I am going to be thrown in the future.**





***Rocks in Paradise***  
**Jacob Eddington**