

A Day: A Short Silly Summary of Some Ridiculously Random Routines Done Daily

A sharp crack of sunlight pierces my translucent eyelid, forcing it open. Drool dripping out the corner of my limp mouth, I roll over and face the clock. Drat. I slept in again. Not anything unusual these days, but nothing really is anyway. Stretching off the hold of sleep, I rise like Lazarus from his tomb. It is not hard to imagine how he felt. Joints stiff, mouth dry, every light like an icicle to the brain I stumble to the shower. My fingers fumble on the knob, turning it a hair too far. The boiling droplets hit my skin like angry little fire ants viciously attacking everything they touch. Like a vampire in the sun, I give a painful shriek and quickly yank the shower handle back to safety. Cool water begins to bathe my lobster-red hide. Sweet serenity. But alas! In my pursuit of cool water, I have stumbled out of the frying pan and into the fire.

Except the fire is cold, and sharp, and jolts my nervous system like a set of jumper cables. Shivering like one of those Chinese hairless dogs I carefully turn the shower knob to a place of known safety. The water turns lukewarm, neither hot nor cold, neither burning nor freezing, just right. I stare up at the vanquished shower head. He wears a defeated look on his once smug face. He knows who the boss is. Having washed my hair and won the battle I step out of the shower and reach for a towel. What my hand touches cannot be a towel. What I touch is wet, limp, and bears more of a resemblance to the coat of a large shaggy dog. My fears are confirmed, it is a towel, and it is alone. My father, who showered earlier, obviously has had a hand in this. He knows what he does. Eyeing the soggy grey mass with suspicion, I poke it to see if it moves. Nothing. Just to be sure I kick it across the room. Still no movement, it is assuredly dead. I pick the fabric up and drape it across my shaking shoulders. I've had worse. Using the small hand towel next to the sink, I wipe a face-sized hole in the condensation covering the mirror. I do my best impression of Clint Eastwood as I clench my jaw and squint my eyes "*You feeling lucky?*" I respond that yes, in fact, I am feeling very lucky today, I then wipe off the rest of the mirror. I open the drawer below the sink, grab my frazzled toothbrush from where he was resting, cover him in

toothpaste, and proceed to brush my teeth. As I brush I think about the day ahead of me. School, homework, work. All of it part of a routine. I pull the tired brush out of my foam-filled maw, a stream of bubbles runs down my chin. With the back of my hand, I quickly intercept the trickle. I hold the head of my toothbrush under the running faucet in a manner that resembles waterboarding. The brush is then shoved back into his dark drawer prison where he is serving out his term. I wrap the dead towel around my waist, unlock the door, and walk on out. As I exit the bathroom door, a cloud of white steam puffs out around me. It makes me feel like Darth Vader, I hum the Imperial March as I walk. My little sister, just waking up, her hair resembling that of tangled fishing line, gives me an odd look. She just doesn't get it. As she walks down the stairs for breakfast I step into my room. I look around with a face of satisfaction. It is decorated in everything from model planes, American flags, Lionel train, large Petoskey stones, various hats, map of the United States, Bill of Rights, antique gumball machine, guitars, merit badge sash, awards, and a corkboard with odds and ends stuck to the cork utilizing other odds and ends (crab claws, feathers, nerf darts with pins for tips, and a needle I found in the carpet.) Human beings have an odd tendency to project themselves onto their abodes. I just took it to the extreme. I pick up the khaki pants and Smartwool shirt I layed on the ground the night before. Realizing I forgot to lay out socks I open my sock drawer.

Unbeknownst to me, there was a recent run of divorces in the sock community. They are all missing their better halves. After a solid ten minutes of hunting, I am able to track down a pair of socks who have remained faithful to each other. Being clothed the best I know how I check my schedule.

Psychology starts in twenty minutes. Taking advantage of this time I pick up my Bible and open it to a random page "surprise me" I say. I crack open the scriptures to Deuteronomy 28:27 "*May the Lord strike you with Egyptian boils and with tumors, scabs and itch for which you will find no cure.*" After pondering over the meaning of this verse I resolve to read my Bible in a more methodical manner, and not simply at random. Laying the Good Book down next to my bedstand, I flip open the laptop on my desk. Typing

in various secret passwords of my own contrivance I log into my Psychology 201 class. Floating heads appear in a grid of boxes on my screen, all of them bored. Realizing that my head and shoulders are all that the video monitor can see, I grab my guitar and do some picking. As the class begins I smile and nod while strumming along to *Riders in the Sky* by Johnny Cash. When the class finally wraps up I rack my guitar and go downstairs. As I descend the staircase I can hear the sounds of PBS kids on the television. My little brother sits on the dappled grey couch, his eyes wide, unblinking, stare at the cinematic masterpiece that is the show *Wild Kratts*. I walk past the living room into the kitchen. I open up the fridge and take out a Tupperware container of greasy pork sausages. My father must have fried them up this morning, right after he stole all the towels. I eat the sausages, dipping them in homemade maple syrup as I do. After the late breakfast, I walk back upstairs and begin my homework. At first, the monstrously monotonous load which I was assigned seems unconquerable. Essays, tests, essay tests, all of them due very soon. To make things easier I organize the tasks and take them on one at a time. One by one they fall to my keyboard sword till at last, I am standing atop a mound of conquered assignments. Sweat dripping off of my cramped and bruised fingers I stand from my desk and give a mighty yell of victory. My sister yells from her room that I should be quiet. I celebrate quietly. The rest of my afternoon is filled with such things as chess games with my younger brother, piano practice, a quick jog down the road, and polishing my sword. An old WWI bayonet that I found in the basement, to be specific. Eventually, as the day comes to a close I get ready for work at the YMCA. I pack my swimsuit, some apple sauce, pepperoni, salami, chocolate bar, and a water bottle in a duffle bag, and head to lifeguarding. Before my shift begins I put the snacks in a boot that I keep next to my high chair of authority. They will come in useful when the pangs of hunger strike me. As master and commander of the pool deck, I run a tight ship. No smiling, running, skipping, snapping of fingers, whistling, lollygagging, or drowning is permitted. If and when these rules be broken they will be swiftly enforced by yours truly. When my shift ends I lock up the pool and walk out to my jeep. The cold night air ruffles

through my hair. I can hear the sound of the surf pounding sand at the nearby Grand Haven Beach. As I mosey down Y Drive I see the Grand River swell and shrink with the rhythm of the wind. The lights of the pier twinkle like overgrown fireflies on the water. Long fluffy clouds glow silver in the gentle moonlight as they journey across an ocean of sky, to destinations unknown. I turn onto the main road heading back home. As I drive, I pass by both a Wendys and a Culvers, simultaneously. "No!" I say to myself "You know that cheeseburgers are unhealthy!" Summoning all my strength I steer clear of the Wendys, but the Culvers is too strong! I am drawn to the fine establishment like a boat to a maelstrom. Soon my olfactory glands are greeted with the sweet smell of beef, cheese, and butter. God is good. When I arrive home I throw the remaining french fries to the rushing horde that is my 5 younger siblings. They are appeased, for now. My family asks me how work went. "Terrible." I reply "9 people drowned, mostly women and children." They know I jest. Laying down my duffle bag on the kitchen table and hanging my jacket on the wall I pour myself a glass of cold crisp water. I drink, sweet refreshment. The family dog jumps and nips at my leg. I lean over and scratch her behind the ears. Her tail wags in satisfaction. My sister, taking initiative, pulls out a well-worn deck of cards, shuffles them, and family game time commences. The next half hour is filled with hard-fought competition. Rules are debated, points are scored, winners are declared. Eventually, the energy winds down to a crawl. My mother and father distribute the hugs and kisses in equal proportions. I head up to my quarters, head foggy with tired. I lay my weary bones on the bed. Sleep sweeps over me as I dream sweet nothings. Another day, in the books.