OINTB Alex

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Uh, my bunky is hosting bible study. Which usually I can tune out. But, once they started arguing over who gets raptured first, I had to go. I had this roommate. She was a history major. She claims that she died doing a bunch of whippits. And that an angel of darkness gave her all the answers to a Renaissance final and sent her back. I think she got a “B.” Yea. Oh, I was just on campus. Went to parties. No moolah, no schoolah. Sometimes I sat in on classes. Film classes. Free movies. Kind of. I don’t know. Things. And stuff. Three years. How much time do you have left? Jesus. Fuck. What for? Counting the time… Subtract the three, add the one. A fuck load. Of shitty time. With shitty, smelly, farting, crazy, stupid fucking bitches. Most of whom fucking hate me. I don’t even know anymore. I used to. I had grand plans. Now I can’t even get past the swirling darkness in my brain long enough to land on anything.