

# Weight of a Moral

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Imagine someone being completely honest with you. Okay, now imagine you cared.

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## Weight of a Moral

You know that knot you get when you're about to decide something important in your life I get that everyday even picking a brand of chewing gum becomes a battle. When i'm on the bus I invent stories for the people I see. It passes the time. What is the weight of a soul? Some say 21 grams. Me? my personal belief is that its bullshit stories people tell you to avoid awkward moments that collect in your subconscious. I like to look at myself as average. You know receding hairline. Lack of sex drive, the only excitement being the part of the day where I get the clip my nails.

I think everyone should get a theme song you know nothing too grand just a humble bass line. But, I have always been a little of the eccentric type. I'd like to make mine the russian national anthem if I could. Ive been going to group therapy now for a month or two. its alright just other people as equally messed as me fooling themselves into thinking others can understand. You get the occasional girl who watched fight club to many times trying to be "original" or young authors looking to have some inspiration. We've met the generic people who have problems in group the teen with angst, the aging whore,alcoholic cop who's wife left him, the asian addicted to video games,the couple that got married too young cause they had a child in there teen years, we get a few art students here and there but they never last they either go on a killing spree or become drug addicts or talking to flowers in local parks.

The thing is I wish I was actually insane and not the insane people use nowadays with that ocd,add, adhd bullshit the younger generation made up for a all winners mentality. I want that old locked in a ice cave and ate your brother type of insanity you know the type of insanity where the walls actually sing to me the Barney theme song and when I take a dump the thought of using it as chalk would cross my mind. Maybe then I could have a excuses to be the way I am but I'm not so I can't and thats just well.....bullshit.

I guess you should know my name I get called Paul. And by called I don't mean as in i'm something other then human or its a nickname or something like that teenage fantasy bullshit you see nowadays. Paul is my real name but I never really acknowledge it. To me its the equivalent of someone going hey dude. I'm happily married at least thats what my wife tells me. I just shake my head and nod as I take more and more on my anti anxiety pills. She is a Artist and a big one too I guess. people are always taking our photo and asking for her autograph when we go out. I'm a writer well I was a writer at one point maybe in my younger days. I wrote 4 books,three went unnoticed,one became a huge hit. The one I hated and didn't want to write but only did it so my agent would shut up.

ill never admit it cause I need to pretend to like it so it sells, but the book is better as rolling paper for a joint honestly. I tried looking into religion for a stress relief thought maybe that would work: it didn't. Christens took everything so seriously and as a writer my sense of humor is all I have, Wiccans were kinda cool I got to wear a black cape, Buddhist let bullshit pass, Muslims wouldn't let me shave my beard, Mormons were just too out there even for me, but now i'm just a out of work fiction writer addicted to sarcasm.

I am Paul and this is my story at least by what I am told.

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