

The Never-Ending Thoughts of Kitty

By : **FLY Snoopy FLY**

This is just going to be Chapter 1....I have to start somewhere, right? :) Well, actually...I've decided that now I have found my two old best friends that I have missed for over 6 years, it's time to get this started....defintiely.
I may be starting out rocky, but I just need to find my mo-jo again.



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Chapter 1: "Back in the High Life Again"

It's truly funny how life works. I always think, "What makes me happy doesn't make the person next to me happy, but I've gotta find a balance somehow!" It's always seemed like that's been my mission, among many others as well. For example, I love waking up to one of my favorite 80s songs that I could listen to on repeat ALL day and somehow...it gives me motivation like the way a drug addict is *addicted* to their drugs. I think it's because so much of the music I love comes from a time when messages were sincerely more positive, had a REAL beat, great energy, and you just can't help but feel *spectacular*. Seriously, I've GOT to get my fix of Steve Winwood and Billy Joel on a daily basis. I find it WAY too funny that, quite daily in my life, people will get disgusted and even more ironically *offended* with my taste in music. whether I love dancing to it, singing it, or even listening to it, so many people think it's unsuitable for my age group. Sometimes they also think that I couldn't possibly know that song or value it as much as the average adult older than me does. Why? Because I'm almost twenty years-old and they think they can *judge* me for having something that is like the motor to my passion? Optimism! Or think I'm too incompetent to understand its meaning and that I'm just trying to fit in? I think, â No, I don't appreciate that extra, wasteful judgment: thank you very much.â So many people just love to find something to argue about and even adore expressing negative things.

I've also always thought, "Why do so many people want to become psychologists or psychiatrists?" And my answer is, "OH! Of *course*, Kitty: because most people want to take their negative life-experiences and turn them into a positive way out as their pretty, outward lie for becoming that kind of doctor. In REALITY, they ALSO want that *same* feeling of power they get as if they were in a car, driving, revving up, and feeling in control of something." That is one of my biggest reasons for not having learned how to drive yet. I know not all psychologists and psychiatrists are bad, but with the reasoning that most people come up with for wanting to get paid to tell others what is wrong with them instead of having fun and celebrating the good things is just...it sounds fishy to me. If someone wanted another person's advice, theyâ re better off using their true friends as psychologists and getting real healing therapy. Anyone could take a bus adventure, just as I love doing on a daily basis. They could meet new people, express themselves, and by the end of the day feel much better than they ever imagined they would feel.

Being insane is a great excuse for trying to find time for an adventure, since society won't tolerate someone when they can't adjust to their norms. I find that as deviant as I am, I express it so minutely and sometimes even very distinctly, that...maybe I don't get into trouble for it almost ever because of my short, twelve year-old appearance that I *literally* get accused of having every single waking day of my life. ASK ANYONE! Even my bus driver parents! They laugh with me as I laugh at myself for not being rightfully guessed at almost twenty years of age. I still get offered that flippin' kids menu, for cryin' out loud. Sheesh! Though, I must also take into account that I am a Gemini zodiac who is very energetic. I am a little Jewish Girl, curly-haired like "Curly Sue." I am proud to be small, I love riding my bike, taking adventures, learning, and asking questions (no kidding). I guess I am just so many insane things of a mixture. Maybe some of my own traits are contradicting? I don't know; maybe I mostly don't get taken SERIOUSLY enough because of how I look, therefore...my deviance is just always an amusing time for others when I creatively express my frustrations (or any other emotions for that matter).

Everyone is so quick to judge and I'm so used to having bad experiences with people in their personal, mean ways to get what they want when no one is around, that I get resentful that they knowingly take advantage of someone so sincere and innocent. So, personally knowing the truth about many things and along with the sad

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fact that no one has ever really taken me seriously long enough or ever anyways, it's probably one of my deepest struggles that battles that positive flow I get from my 80s music and other good things I love. So many extreme things have happened to me in my life and I always act like they're normal to happen in my life, that maybe it's ANOTHER reason why I try to make sense of everything. Once, a long time ago, my ex-boyfriend wanted to call me a "Human Brainstorm" for how much I think and would emphasize with my emotions all the crazy things that would happen to me (and still happen) on a daily basis. I would get excited and passionate to tell him about what happened in that day, whether good or bad and I later noticed something utterly depressing to my self-esteem. I noticed that he just wanted to be like everyone else and be lazy in refusing to believe in the possibility that--just MAYBE-- all of these different and extreme things could happen to someone so small like me. No. He was not the only one to do that, but it always felt like a curse. From that realization on, I promised myself to never do that to any child when I become a teacher and parent. I refuse to reject a child's credibility, since it has always been my living nightmare to even this very day. This isn't a pity-party rant: this is a promise that I commit every day for every time I have to relive a new experience of not being taken seriously just when I need someone the most and instead, they think my "stories" are "cute" and just laugh in my face. I think to myself, â Oh...you just WAIT. Your choice of easy ignorance to all the possibilities of even the greatest things in life is my strengthening motivation.â Every. Single. Day.

I know that many others around me think about things all the time as well, and I always wonder just to what level and how much they think in comparison to me. For one thing, I always look at cars out the window when I'm on the bus at a stoplight on US Highway 19 and think, "I wish there was a visible energy meter for how much those people are thinking, how hungry they are, and to see how nice they are." It would be sorta awesome, because it would make people MORE curious to know as much about them as one could possibly be intrigued to know. But then again...would that take the fun out of just trying to take a chance getting to know someone blind-folded to the fact of whatever ingredients they might contain in them that makes up who they are? Exactly! GAHH! I can't help thinking of all kinds of questions all the time. Almost nothing ever makes sense to me!

The little girl in me always has another question waiting to be answered, and it reminds me of how I was watching an episode of *Little House on the Prairie* (Michael Landon being one of my most favorite actors). There was a little, adopted boy named Albert who in one episode, was helping an old man named Mr. Singerman, a Jewish man, make coffins. Albert bonds with this old man very fast and gives him many lessons in such a little amount of time, both physically and spiritually, not knowing that Mr. Singerman is going to die. Albert has a conversation about why he gets mad at God for letting bad things happen to people, while walking near the water somewhere in the episode. Mr. Singerman tries to balance out his troubled thoughts with a reasoning "that some people CHOOSE to follow evil" and Albert admits that he "never thought of it that way." Well, the rest of the conversation is what has given me peace time after time whenever I get troubled. Albert says, "Some things are so hard to understand. What's it all about, Mr. Singerman? What's it all really mean?" To which Mr. Singerman replies in his old, Jewish accent, "You mean, the world?" and Albert sighs, "Yeah...the sun and the stars. People. It's all gotta mean somethin', don't it?" Then Mr. Singerman replies, "Yes...yes....I'm afraid I don't know the answer to all those questions." After that, Albert looks off into the distance, sort of embarrassed that he asked someone that he thought might have the answers for the first time and says, "I don't guess anybody does. People say that it's impossible to know those things..." then Mr. Singerman says, "Impossible? I don't agree. If human beings can ask such questions, then there must be answers. KEEP asking! KEEP searching, Albert! You'll find the answers." Mr. Singerman pulls Albert into a sideways hug after he finishes up the conversation and then I always, from that moment on, imagined myself as Albert and pretending that someone, somewhere would tell me the same thing.

Instead, every single day, I battle against people I love and don't love, people I know and don't know, that all try to destroy my motivation of even breathing ideas and asking all kinds of questions lightly or not. I never try to act all "cutesy" when I ask a question and I can always sense when someone is annoyed or when they lie

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about it until they explode with, "I DON'T KNOW! Leave me alone!" or "You're so annoying!" but so many people over-react or are sensitive these days to even just ONE question. They end up making me look like some crazy, little lost girl in public no matter how enthusiastic or serious I am. I always think, "Why do you have to glorify yourself in a defensive way?â I mean it: growing up means enhancing the child in you and NOT trying to pretend to be some macho king at hiding from things that one may not know. At least, that's what I feel. And yet: so many people think it is hard to be a smart, vigilant person if you "act like a child." These people just got it all wrong. To which, I sigh at the end of every day but then smile when one of my songs plays and I let it take over all of these daily, challenging frustrations.

"It used to seem to me,
That my life ran on too fast,
And I had to take it slowly,
Just to make the good parts last,

But when you're born to run,
It's so hard to just slow down,
So don't be surprised to see me,
Back in that bright part of town,

I'll be back in the high life again,
All the doors I closed one time will open up again,
I'll be back in the high life again,
All the eyes that watched me once will smile and take me in."

I will definitely, be *Back in the High Life Again*. Every day has a different theme song, that's just how the case will always be with me. So long as I can always escape into my own world, far away from all the judgment, and just dance in any medium that comes to me: whether physically through my body, in my wakeful dreams, or in my "Human Brainstorm" thoughts. Kitty is who I am. I cannot be deterred from the truth that hides under that silly dog's nose. That's how I always look at it. I am the vigilant cat, always watching and asking herself questions in her mind and thoughts while those that are asleep are the silly dogs. These are the people that are lazy or too content in an unconcerned and simple way that I try to silently battle every day. I start over with this thought of, â life is too awesome to be asleep, no matter how much garbage has been continued to be generated through time.â There is much to be gained, learned, and laughed about. There is also a song to wake up to every day, as well as some sort of mission or main question to ask for that day. Always. And I am searching.

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