

# The Guiding Hand of Psychology

By : **Eddie Bonetti**

A short story of a conversation during a mistreatment session with an 8.5ft by 10ft paper-boy.;



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**"This is a funny conversation with a Sike! All of (sneeze coming) Juuu, a, a, ah, USttt!!!"**

**"Ed, people, as well as I have noticed you always say and always make alot of movie, TV, song lyric, and advertisement references when explaining things...why is this?"**

(thought to myself) **"Who calls me Ed??? Hmm, What am I a hundred. Perhaps in dog years."**

(As I attempt to control my internal laughter)

**I reply, "Why? Would you rather I quote a books...text? What books have you read?"**

(Bursting out in tears of pity, brought forth through laughter)

(I attempt to regain my laughing composure and continue), **"Alright, alright, alright, I'll be serious...IDK why."**

(With a concerned stare) **He quickly says, "So, You don't know why you should be serious?"**

**I quickly respond, "Ho, Ho, hold on a second! I'm not tryin to be a Joker, hear!" "What I meant is,I don't know why it is, I do use these easily understood references of projected sight, & sound? Maybe, TV & other medias hold more values of understanding than a nature reference, but, hold up, gimme one second...to see something."**

(Pulling a book from my bag, while continuing to speak), **"let me check my collectors DSM 100th edition, limited edition"**

(with a pop of sarcastic joy)

**"Yup its right here!!!**

**"It states check the following; Mmm Hmm, done!"**

**"It states, 6 out of 10, Geat job!!! That's a go on giving me a diagnosed label."**

**"Now treatment plan; Hand full of FDA approved pills, 1hr wkly sessions of therownpee, Using religious rooting, re-sell, patient-ly, until patient is returned back to state of reintegrate-able productiveness of normalized socially adjusted form, File form..."**

(I pause long thinking, "Where is the...patient is cured sectioned of this book?")

**"Note; keep patient labeled forever, unle\$\$ great lengths are made to un/misdiagnose the patient'slabeled \$tate"**

(I paused again thinking, "This is Flocking sick, insane, Shit")

**"Note, just no current symptoms showing" [pissed]**

(Staring down at this stack of sliced turd, still in movement, I then coach myself Internally) **"Eddie, just "ACT" like your sold on this one, yet confused, cause they will act if you don't."**

(I look up slowly, unconvincingly confused toward the Label Maker's direction.)

**"Do they, the "righters" of this book mean "current" like brain waves?"**

(Staring across at him this therapiss, was a mirror of his game play cordless controller batteries dead, the certified educated, bugs bunny was just unable to pull even himself from his magic hat, he sat, just staring at

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me in shock, lost in his book smarts confusion, with no abnormal preconditioned methodically studied, Kix tested, mother approved paid for response to [CON]-jure. Nothing to use to guide me back into his trust control system of imagined reality.)

(I just let the awkward moment linger for a few minutes)

**Then stating, "This book is so Neat-O dewd!! I think people are seasonal like a tree throughout the course of life. Do they actually run with a life label accepting it as unchange able? Cause, I think I have been everyone of these labels at one point or another in my life"**

(Using the 30lb book to fan my sweat to assist the process of evaporation)

**"Do you think there's a possibility...I could be every page from this crook, I mean, Book?!"**

(He then glass eyed, then fell over, on to the cold floor with not a flinch on impact. Eyes shattering from their sockets)

**"Good Buy????!!!"** (I say with a sinister grin and a pinky wave, and the relief of understanding the game.)

**Talking to his still motioned body, "It stinks that the DSM F\$\$\$ing Book Store sold out of them. Ah, Do you just want this one"**

(He replied with only a bodily function...which is a funny ironic one, because I am sitting on the toilet currently writing this part & we are both pushing out the same response)

**..."Poooooopin!!!!"**

**"Jesus!" I exclaimed looking down on him, "Now, that's an even bigger big stinky Popey!"**

Shhhhhitten by, Edward C. Bonetti

"[Shartty, har, har! Creative Righting in a state of pure consciousness.]"

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