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American Heart Association



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Jim's Journal

by Jim

<p>Today Ruth and I went to a breakfast buffet.</p>	<p>It was at a restaurant that had an all-you-can-eat special.</p>	<p>They had fruits, muffins, eggs, pancakes — everything you could think of to eat.</p>	<p>Ruth and I couldn't believe all the different things they had.</p>
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NAKED JIM

Jim's Journal

by Jim

<p>Today when I got up I started to pour myself a bowl of cereal.</p>	<p>But I decided to try something different.</p>	<p>I made a little bit of everything, just like at the breakfast buffet.</p>	<p>But it wasn't as good because I didn't have too many different things.</p>
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Jim's Journal

by Jim

<p>I slept in late today and felt really tired.</p>	<p>I probably got too much sleep.</p>	<p>I had my lunch break with Dan today.</p>	<p>He told me there were seven kids in his family, and he was number five.</p>
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Linden

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"Thanks for the present, Gloria," Groover said. "Pot's perfect." Gloria smiled slowly at Groover. They both laughed.

Three women with long straw hair were surrounding Gloria's car, knocking on the windows, thoroughly shocking Linden. Gloria rolled down her window, attracting the three straw-haired women like water to a gravitational outlet.

"Hey," one of the women said. She was wearing an Action Never T-shirt with the words "Reduce. Reduce... Ignore" superimposed upon it.

"Hey, Barb," Gloria said. "W'sup?" "Hey, they're playing at the benefit tonight," one of the other women said.

"Who?" Gloria asked, giggling. "W'sup; you know, that funk band. Cute Peter's little brother, Pete, plays drums for them."

"Cool," Gloria said. "Who else is playing?" "Double Negative Stop Sign..." the woman said.

"Accidental Sex, Damn Straight and Row Boat," Barb said.

"Cool," Gloria said. "Maybe we'll

be there. How's the protest going?" "Fine," Barb said, "except these creepy guys keep following us around."

"That sucks," Gloria said. "Men are wads."

"Yah, they are," Barb said. The other two women made affirmative noises. Gloria smiled at Linden and Groover.

"We've got to go," Gloria said. "See ya."

Gloria started the car, replaced the Bob Dylan tape with a Matthew Sweet tape, drove and honked the horn.

"Oh, man," Groover said. "I just remembered this dream I had this morning. I was walking around downtown, and everyone I saw was rubbing their face and talking about how everything they did seemed like a dream or a movie, or a déjà vu, and yet whenever they came to a key part, a potential turning point, they did the same thing, even if it caused them harm."

"That's a weird dream, Groover," Linden said.

"Yah, man, but it was cool, because I had complete control over my key parts and turning points. I never feel like that."

"Maybe that has something to

do with that teaching job you just got," Gloria said.

"Maybe," Groover said, smiling. "Man, it's going to be so weird working."

The idea of work made Groover, Linden and Gloria think about some idea of the world their parents raised them into. The pot helped them feel more adjusted to the world they lived in, making all senses one.

It seemed everyone listened as the lyrics of the song came with blaring guitars: "I don't know where I'm gonna live. I don't know if I'll find a place. I'd have to think about it some. That I do not wish to face. I guess I'm counting on his divine intervention."

"Moments," Gloria said after awhile. She was driving through Downtown Cemetery and back to Lincoln University Campus.

Linden was soon standing outside of his 7 p.m. human sexuality class. The doors were closed. It was 7:05 p.m. It was 7:06 p.m. It was 7:07 p.m. It was 7:08 p.m. Linden left.

It was raining. Linden breathed slowly and deeply as he walked without a direction through the rain. (13th in a series)