

Tue, 15 Jan 2013

8:28 PM

Noticeable

Noticeable. Things aren't always so easily found, how many people actually pay attention to the things going on around them? How many people really notice the little nuiances and small changes in the world? MissNoticable. This is my penname, and Noticeable is infact spelled wrong in it, but who realized that before I pointed it out, and who actually had to check the penname just to realize that what I said was true.

Sometimes people themselves want to be noticecable. They get louder, they wear brighter colors and some act out or find interesting ways to get the spotlight... Their thoughts and actions are there for everyone to see and understand, but what about the ones who sit in the back and quietly do what is needed of them? Those who everyone seems to always Miss... Suddenly the penname comes full circle. I am hoping that this journal may just bring to light some of the thoughts of one of the quiet ones, someone who has always done exactly what was expected of them, someone who has always been stepped all over and expected to do all the work simply because s/he didn't stand up and holler, or wear those bright colors or scream to the world "hey look at me" or finally stand up for themselves and tell those around them that they have had it.

Why is it that the moment that person stands up and finally starts to defend themselves, they finally stop taking the crap that is thrown at them, when that person decides that they are better than what they are being given, do they suddenly become the bad person?

The nice ones, the quiet ones, it is always said that these are the ones to watch out for, but why is it really? Is it because they have held it in for too long? Is it because they get the chance to really notice your faults since they are so quietly undetected.

All my life I have been one of those quiet ones, noticing everything that falls to the wayside, every argument that has been had, every defense that has been used... and frankly I have been able to see quite a lot just by staying silent. My teachers used to tell me, you can't hear anyone else if you are talking, I have come to realize... You usually can't see either.

I am opting to attempt to really share different thoughts with the world(or at least anyone who reads this blog), maybe even find a few different topics to really bring information to... I am tired of being missed, I want my thoughts, my point of view to be read... Maybe a place for all of my thoughts, politically correct or not, is exactly what I need, and what the world needs so that

for once, it's the quiet ones that get to stand up for what they believe in.

Security: Public
Location: Home
Mood: Determined
Music:

Wed, 16 Jan 2013

10:56 PM

ASL

I am working on learning American Sign Language for my major in highschool. For some reason it stuck my fancy and now the person who has always been the first to step out of the limelight to hide in the crowd is now learning the skills required to be at the front of the room interpreting for anyone who may need the service. How does that even happen?

I guess some where along the line I decided that I didn't want to always be afraid of people. I didn't want to constantly hide myself and keep quiet any longer. Somewhere down the line I decided that I was important enough for people to have to pay attention to.

Yet I didn't want to use my voice. I guess it makes sense that I decided to learn American Sign Language and use my hands to speak for me, that way my voice doesn't break, and my nerves can't jumble up my words as easily... Perhaps it is fitting that someone who has never really been heard before learns the language of the Deaf, after all no one ever cared to pay attention to them either. Maybe the Deaf Community will see me in a way that the hearing world never has... In a world where only the loud people are noticed, it may just be invigorating to know that everyone is noticed in the Deaf Community... Sure I'll just be the outsider looking in, a hearing individual in the Deaf world, but maybe just maybe I could relate to how they feel.

I have decided that as much as I like learning ASL, I do not like practicing it. It is exceedingly difficult to learn a language when not a single one of your friends know that language. Even more so if you are also the only one in your group of friends who has decided to take the language. I have been put into a classroom unfamiliar by every stretch of imagination and I am to learn this beautiful language that sometimes leaves me wanting to run away screaming, demanding for something that I know! The entire class is completely silent, no voices are allowed... What's worse is the people in the back row of the class actually are using their voices and translating the words outloud when everything is supposed to be silent... Here I am, trying to put images to the words, numbers, and letters I am learning and

these people keep using English... Makes for remembering things the proper way very difficult.

"Why doesn't the teacher stop them?" you ask. Well, because she is hard of hearing and does not know they are speaking!

It is well past the time I should have retired to bed and gone to sleep, I do after all have class again tomorrow. Maybe the next little blurb of a blog will be about Tai Chi... I am super excited to learn the whole flow of Tai Chi Yang style...

Security: Public

Location: Home

Mood: Not Specified

Music:

Sat, 19 Jan 2013

7:43 PM

You know what?

Anyone else out there have an issue with math? Maybe not exactly that you don't know what to do, or that you can't understand the problem, but does anyone have the issue I do? You know exactly what to do, and you know exactly how to do it... and yet you always seem to do the wrong thing anyway?? The square root of three is obviously nine, but why do I always try to put six when I am working out my problems? How is it that when I am writing out problems somehow the $\frac{2}{3}$ that is in my book becomes $\frac{2}{8}$ on my paper?

This post was supposed to be about tai chi and how much I enjoy learning it, we are learning the yang form, short form, of tai chi and it is a lot of fun. It usually makes me feel a lot better and is one of the only reasons I am able to really get through the day on the days I have college classes. 12 hours at school isn't the easiest thing to do, especially when you are running from class to class but because of Tai Chi I am able to do it, and still have a decent day. Sometimes I still even manage to be in a good mood after my math class.

I am hoping to actually retain everything I learn in my tai chi class. I want to be able to use it in daily life... Maybe I can keep doing it every tuesday and thursday morning, and then slowly incorporate it into more of my week. The way the tai chi makes me feel is incredible. I wake up without coffee, I stretch and I can even go up three floors of stairs in college without absolutely feeling like I am going to pass out. I am still working on that fourth floor though... Not bad for someone who does no working out what so ever.

Security: Public
Location: Home
Mood: Irritated
Music: Godsmack

Sun, 20 Jan 2013

7:24 PM

anxiety

So I have been having these anxiety attacks... I can't breathe, I have intense chest pains, and one of the last times I had one I actually fainted and couldn't move my body. I don't know what to do about it, but at the same time I don't have the money to go to a professional health care physician... I feel like I am seriously dealing with this alone... Every time I have one of my panic attacks everyone seems to just dismiss the problem and it doesn't seem to be important because it doesn't effect anyone else... The only time it has ever caught the attention of anyone else is when I actually fainted during my shower and couldn't move... But now I just had one again and people just tell me to go away into a room by myself and lay down. I know laying down can help, but while I am not really seeking attention, I also feel like they just want me to have this "problem" behind closed doors... I feel like everyone around me is trying to hide the fact that I have these attacks... Sometimes the attacks go away quicker just because I have someone with me or close by but it feels like everytime I try to reach out for anyone, they just pull away.

I was suffering from an anxiety attack not twenty minutes ago, and the only thing I can turn to is a blog that no one reads.... My boyfriend of a year is playing a video game, my friend of over 10 years is watching videos on her laptop and my friend of 6 or more years is scrolling through facebook... Sometimes I wonder if they even care that these things are happening in our house... It's not like they don't notice, we have been roommates for almost a year now, we go to the same college and we even work in the same place, surely they have noticed at some point...?

Am I just being whiny? Am I just being needy and ridiculous? I don't want to bother anyone, but for once I would like for them to be there for me... I help with everything they go through.... boyfriend problems, family issues, fights with other friends, I am the shoulder they can cry on, and the first one they usually come to for help as far as I know... but when I need the same, where are they? Playing video games, doing stupid things on the computer... Generally no where near helping me with my problems... I can't turn to my cousin, she usually helps me through anything but right now she herself is dealing with thoughts of suicide because her already difficult life has hit a turn for the worst, she doesn't need to

deal with these problems I am feeling right now on top of that...
But who do I turn to? A readerless blog? A friend in Arizona? A
pillow to just cry into or maybe a journal to just write things out
in? Should I just go fight with myself to do my homework? Why is it
I always have to muscle through these things alone?

Security: Public

Location: Home

Mood: Alone

Music: