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BY RACHAEL MCGIMPSEY

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Swearing and Suppressed Anger.

A friend told me that swearing in casual conversations is a form of suppressed anger, she may be right.

Then I thought, hell, I swear in casual conversations?

Do I have some form of suppressed anger?

My next thought, was, this could make an interesting self-talk session, because that is the way my mind works, scary, I know.

So, do you think swearing in casual conversation is a sign of repressed anger?

Hell, no it is just away of expressing one's self ,damn it!

Well, it seems you are a little angry.

Listen, you, you are starting to piss me off!

I rest my case.

You, have no case, people just say this kind of shit and I am tired of your simpleton answers.

Then why all the hostility?

Because, YOU are getting on my last nerve with your idiotic notions, damn you!

I think I am seeing a pattern

Well, yippee for you! I think it is a bunch of damn nonsense.

You, like that word, "damn" don't you.

Yes, I sure the hell do, what is that to you, quit talking bullshit.

You, know we really do need therapy , don't we? That and heavy medication.

Who the hell are you to tell me..oh, wait you are me..I think you just might have a point.

I Lost My Pants in Church.

Embarrassment is my middle name.

Okay, it isn't I lied, it is Eden.

Yes, like in-the-garden-of....

I used to be a church-goer and one day while in church, I was sitting and singing along, happy as a clam.

Really, though what does that mean? "Happy as a clam"? Are clams especially happy?

Is there a more appropriate saying for church?

There I was singing along, happy as a lamb? Yeah, that is better.

Singing happy as a lamb, clapping my hands, and all that happy stuff.

Then the pastor said, "Please stand and shake hands."

So, I stood up, but my pants did not.

How, I got out of there I cannot tell you, but it was quick.

How, I got my pants up so quickly was nothing sort of miraculous.

I did go back to church the next Sunday. If anyone had noticed (how could they not?) they were politely silent about it.

I never wore those pants again. I think I burned them.

Okay, that last part was a lie, it just sounded better than threw them out and although I have not been to church in awhile, It is never good to tamper with that kind of stuff.

School blues.

I enrolled in school last year at 44, why the hell not?

The first year I was lulled into a false security by getting almost all A's and a couple B's.

"Boy, I am smarter than I thought!", I thought.

My high school teachers, family, and random strangers were wrong! I'll show them!!

Then this year I got a "D" in Sociology.

I pulled this remarkable feat off after getting almost all A's for the entire class.

How? You might well ask, puzzled.

Well...I turned my final in. At least I thought I had. What I turned in was my notes.

When I checked my grades, two weeks later, a big zero was on my final paper and a warning against plagiarism, seems I had also sent an article clearly not written by me, one I had used in my research.

The class had ended and I was too late to resubmit.

I, however, did manage to escape any plagiarism charges.

But, went on to such glory as forgetting to submit an assignment in my media class and turning in two late assignments, because I forgot those, too. Earning me a mediocre "C".

At least those are grades my high school teacher's would recognize.

In United States

About Author

Rachael McGimpsey

Hate bios! I am a wife, mom, and writer. Currently going back to school, because at over 40, why not? I would make something more fantastic up, but you have not given me enough characters.

Why is the website called bytestories.com?

This is a place for "byte-sized" stories and there is a 1500 character (about 250 words) limit for two main reasons. Firstly, we want you to know that "War and Peace" isn't required to leave your mark. Secondly, it takes about 2 minutes to read each story meaning you can head here whenever you want a quick (and entertaining) read.

If you would like to share a story or create your own eBook, simply head to bytestories.com, Register an account and click on the "Share a Story" button.