

Tuesday, March 23. 2010

**ME SUMMED UP BY AN ONION ARTICLE**

Nice. The following is an email received by my friend this morning. Need I say more?

Why does this headline make me think of you?

From: \*\*\*\*\*

To: Heather \*\*\*\*\*

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:)

Stouffers To Include Suicide Prevention Tips On Single Serve Microwavable Meals <http://onion.com/bPmIXw>

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 08:03

Sunday, March 14, 2010

## **LET THE MIND GO AND THE BODY WILL FOLLOW...**

I always remember this constant theme from the movie L.A. Story (one of my all time favorites). It seems to be quite fitting of my recent situation.

I had a very powerful talk with one of my best friends last night. We filled each other in on our lives and I poured out my heart about all my financial struggles because of being buried in medical bills, of not knowing where I was going to live when I moved out next month, of not being able to accomplish the dream I've been focused on for quite some time now, of my fears and anguish of all the crap that has happened in the last year. And then she spoke and I listened and everything changed. I always feel grounded after I speak with her and our talks always trickle into my heart and actions.

She reminds me of what's right and true and the importance of turning things over and not worrying about the hows or whys of things. Whenever I speak with her I remember the person that I truly am, though I feel is hibernating. I am reminded of the importance of not keeping my truth dormant because it does nothing but leave me stagnant, unsure and fearful.

I hung up the phone grounded, content, fearless, faithful, optimistic and enlightened. I knew what needed to be done about many things. Some were simple and I knew how to accomplish them, and others I have no idea how I will get there, but I will and I will let the path there take it's own course.

All of this led to realizations and an amazing talk with my mother which left me very humble and grateful and closer to being free of the shit I've been carrying around for a long time. I won't go into details, but will just say that this last year changed my life in a very bad way and I have struggled with not succumbing to the guilt and hate that I carry that I held onto something so destructive and abusive long after it passed. I have many regrets, but I can't go back and have to let it go. I can't erase the memory, and I'm not at the point of forgiving...yet, but I have to learn to let this go because I'm the only one it's hurting. I have to stop beating myself up for the choices I made and stop focusing on being resentful because I now feel "stuck" here. My mom told me last night that she's not sure why exactly, but that she feels there was some purpose in my move out here. Whether it be to establish a stronger relationship with my niece, or to have certain people brought into my life that I wouldn't have known, or something I'm not seeing at all, there's got to be a reason.

I have to realize that this horrible last year has also brought me to a place of freedom to pursue a dream of mine that I've had for the last ten years. I've tried to make it happen numerous times, but have been distracted by other jobs, relationships, moves, etc. I now am in a place where I have no ties and the motivation to make this happen finally. I'm not getting any younger, and I feel like this is something I'm supposed to do...or more I know I'm supposed to do. I've researched it for a long time and was panicking on how to make it happen, when Michelle talked to me about setting a goal for the year and not worrying about how to get there, but to let the powers that be figure that part out. Yes, there has to be footwork, which I've done, but now I have to stop stressing and let things fall into place for how to make it happen. It's worked so many other times, why do I doubt it will work now? I shouldn't doubt it, so I choose to make this dream my intent for the year and continue to take the steps to make it happen and just believe that the Universe will bring me to that place.

So as I let that path fall into place, I will focus on letting go, healing and finding my true self once again. She used to be a good friend and I'd like to get back in touch.

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 09:41

Wednesday, March 10, 2010

## **THE GRIM REAPER HATES THE 80'S**

First, let me say that what is about to follow is by no means meant to speak ill of the dead. It's just weird to me that all these 80's icons are dying young or younger than average. Seriously, I mean in the last year we lost Farrah Fawcett, Michael Jackson, John Hughes, Boner from Growing Pains, and now Cory Haim. Some were "natural" causes (cancer and heart attack if you count either of those as truly "natural"), suicide, and "accidental" overdoses. It's kind of creepy to me!

ME: They just announced Cory Haim died of an overdose!!!

BRANDY: I heard that's crazy

ME: It's like Final Destination 80's style. Farrah Fawcett, Michael Jackson, Boner from Growing Pains, Cory Haim.

BRANDY: Never saw that movie.

ME: People avoid their destined death and death is pissed and comes after them one by one. Death is taking back the 80's.

BRANDY: Is this the 1st celeb or 2nd? It happens in 3s. Nevermind, he may be the 3rd. Boner from Growing pains, the guy from Sparklehorse, and now Haim.

ME: I forgot about Sparklehorse guy. I'm seriously wondering if he won't count though. The Grim Reaper seems to be pissed at 80's actors.

BRANDY: LOL'ing at work because Death is taking back the 80's.

ME: I think one of two things.

1) Death was a big fan of the 80's and wants them all to himself. He's collecting movie stars, TV stars and musicians. He's going to make them perform scenes from Charlie's Angels, Growing Pains and License to Drive, all while Michael Jackson is singing Billie Jean in the background.

2) Death is PISSED at the 80's. He's taking them down one by one and making sure they can't have any comebacks like they tried. OH! Let's not forget John Hughes was 80's too! I wonder if Death wrote some screenplay, song or TV pilot or maybe ALL and none were ever picked up so he is taking back what he thinks is rightfully his!

Who will be next? It's totally going to be one of The Brat Pack, I bet. After seeing Judd Nelson at the Oscars, I almost wonder if he'll be next to go? That man is starting to like Val Kilmer as Doc Holiday in Tombstone! Actually, I'm going to place my bets on Gary Coleman. He's not been doing too well and has always had health problems. Plus he seems to have quite the volatile marriage, so his health doesn't get him, his wife just might.

The more I think about it, the more I'm actually convinced all this is the resurrection of 80's fashion. Seriously, the shit should have died as soon as the 80's was over. I remember many years ago discussing with friends that of all eras of fashion that should be dead and buried the 80's was the one that had to never come back for the sake of mankind. Alas, it did though, at least in certain ways. I'm seeing frickin' shoulder pads in fashion shows now! A lot of the tops from back then have been in for a while now, and leggings...dear god. Eylin and I have had this conversation so many times. If you are wearing them under a dress or oversized clothing, then fine. However, LEGGINGS ARE NOT PANTS! Do NOT wear them with a shirt that doesn't at least come to your mid-thigh. No matter how hot or skinny you are, you look like shit in your leggings when we have to see your ass and thighs. Leggings are just not flattering.

In all of this, I get what has happened. Basically what we're dealing with is this - by resurrecting 80's fashion, we have awakened Death. He is PISSED because like my statement earlier, the 80's were to be dead and buried. The dumbass who had the balls to bring back leggings and drawstring shirts is responsible for this! Didn't you people every see Jumanji? There are REASONS why the game was buried in an attic or in the sand...bring it back to life and you're playing with fire. And that's what has happened here. 80's fashion has been brought back from the dead and wasn't

supposed to. Death is therefore taking back the 80's. He can't claim clothes since they're just objects. Instead he is taking LIVES. Seriously, people LIVES. It's like when Buffy was brought back from the dead because they were scared she was in Hell, but she was really in Heaven and happy. Her life resurrected was horrible compared to what she'd had in Heaven. Dear fashion designers, you are Willow, Xander and the crew resurrecting Buffy (the 80's). The 80's were happy being dead!!! They were having their own dance party in Heaven, all aglow in neon glory! Now you had to bring them back and Death has been angered and is taking people of the entertainment industry who were famous in the 80's! Stop the fashion, take back lives.

Death, just take the clothes and leave the people, okay? Oh, and uh...leave the music for me, please.

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 06:41

Tuesday, March 2, 2010

## **THE BATTLE OF NO NOSED SUMMER AND MY IMAGINATION**

I am a self-admitted sissy. I can handle killing roaches, will ignore spiders, have no issue eating alone anymore, will cut through an alley at 2 AM by myself, and can talk to a wall...things that many people are afraid of. However when it comes to anything that is completely ridiculous, that is where my fears come into play. I am afraid of dolls, dying naked, driving over a bridge into water, ghosts, getting stuck under a semi, living past 50 and I'm kind of freaked out of sandwiches (what IS in between the bread?).

What's really bad is that my idiot fears combined with my wild imagination are a very dangerous weapon. I can walk down an alley and I will envision kicking someone's ass if I get attacked, but the other day as I walked into my mom's house and saw a disturbing blinky doll in a box in the garage, I kept picturing her climbing the stairs to try to get me. Thank god you practically need a ladder to get into that bad.

I admit it's ludicrous, but it's just how I work!

My roommate was gone this one night about a week ago, so I'd been playing on Facebook for a bit. My friend suggested this page about people who laugh at inappropriate things so I check it out. When I go to the page, some people share their stories of laughing at inappropriate things, but a bunch of people post the following:

WHENU R READING THIS DONT STOP OR SOMETHING BAD WILL HAPPEN! {SORRYABOUTTHIS} THIS GIRL'S NAME IS SUMMER SHE'S 15 YEARS OLD & hasBLONDEHAIR ,MANY SCARS no NOSE OR EARS.. SHE IS DEAD. IF U DONT COPYTHIS JUSTLIKE FROM THE RING, COPY N POST THIS ON 5 MORE SITES.. OR..SUMMER WILLAPPEAR ONE DARK QUIET NIGHT WHEN UR NOT.....EXPECTING IT BYYOUR BED WITH A KNIFE AND KILL U. THIS IS NO JOKESOMETHING GOOD WILLHAPPEN TO U IF YOU POST THIS ON 5 MORE PAGESee More

My heart stopped. It's the little girl from The Ring's best friend or a different version of Bloody Mary. What the hell is WRONG with these people? Why do they do this to me? It scared the shit out of me! Yes, I know these stupid "Do this or this will happen to you" things aren't real, but STILL fake or not we're talking dead girls with no noses! How can that not be terrifying to even imagine???

I immediately got off that page, signed off and turned up the TV real loud to anything that would distract the story going on in my mind where I wake up to this dead girl with no nose who kills me. I started picturing the scenario and grew intensely more afraid of going to bed that night. So what do I do? The most asinine thing possible...I did a little pseudo-speech/prayer in my mind.

"Okay Summer, I'm sorry you are dead and missing your nose. Mine isn't too hot so you may appreciate the lack of one. Honestly, there are many benefits to missing a nose, especially if you're around someone like me after they've had turkey meatballs! It's rancid! Seriously, do you even need a nose after you're dead? Can you smell things when you're dead? I apologize, as I've gone off track now. Anyway, I'm sorry that I did not repost that message on Facebook about you. I just feel like it's so junior high. Know that it did scare the hell out of me, so if you're vindictive you can get a laugh out of that at least. Please don't kill me, or if you do please don't let me see you before you off me. Seriously, at least let me die in my sleep and not have to see a nose-less ghost before I die. Thank you, Ms. Summer. Amen or something."

Throughout the night I'd get distracted and be okay until I pictured no nose dead girl standing by my bedside when I awoke in the middle of the night. When it came time for bed, I mustered up the courage to turn off the light (I've managed to wean off a nightlight since I moved in to my friend's house, though it's because the light on the side of my neighbor's house shines in my room). As soon as that light went out, I threw the covers over my head and made a small breathing hole while encasing the rest of my head in a comforter. I hummed for a bit before I finally fell asleep, hoping that I would not awake to the scariest thing short of being attacked by a blinky doll.

The light woke me up the next morning. I was alive and alone in my room. Yee-hah! My speech to Summer worked! I had once again survived the curse of my own imagination. However, now she's on my mind again. What if I can't sleep now because I'm thinking about her again and get freaked out again? Okay, I must cover my ass again.

"Dear dead girl without a nose..."

**Blog Export: The Heather Chronicles, <http://www.heatherchronicles.com/>**

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 17:51