

Control Inside The Uncontrollable

May 2, 2015



"IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN AGAIN!"

- you tell yourself as you see the person approaching.

The muscles in your arms tense. You don't look down, but, you can feel your hands tightening, as though they are forming fists for a fight.

This is nothing new. You have been through it many times before.

It happened when you were dealing with a cashier who didn't understand their own sale prices.

Another moment of agitation came during your eye contact with the driver who just cut you off, when there was plenty of room to pass.



You were surprised when it affected you during a moment of serenity. Sitting in the public restroom, on your alter of porcelain, trying to relieve more than one type of 'pressure' (both physical and emotional). Another wave of tension comes from someone just 2 feet away in another stall. Their loud talking with another on a cell phone and having what should be a private conversation is pushing your internal buttons one after another. You grit your teeth.

In each of these cases, you find yourself in a moment where time, place and personalities collide into a small battlefield.

If only the cashier had educated themselves about the sales 'they' put on. It is not your fault the register doesn't ring up what is clearly marked on the product!

What if you were to speed up just a little more, causing the rude driver to stay in 'their' lane? Your action allowing you to continue on your trip without interruption!

Maybe if you loudly pronounced to the entire bathroom that this is a 'private' activity? The person on the other end of that cell phone would surely hear you and scold their caller, then promptly hang up!



Yes, coming up with these ideas and plans to combat those 'others' in your world is a great way to feel confident of your right to be just where you are. Knowing these people are going to show up, gives you the mental ability to form plans well ahead of meeting them.

You examine how you handled 'them' in the past. You re-evaluate each situation and figure what would have made you feel better about the outcome and more in control. The store, road, and bathrooms will no longer be a place where you are an idle victim, but, rather a place to show your status, control the situation and finish each encounter with confidence that 'you' showed them What's What!

Tonight, you enter your bed, get inside your comfy covers and slowly close your eyes. Sleep approaches and places you where all the people you met melt into a personal dimension of reflection. Some nights you may soar in the purple skies on green dragons, while on others, you dance with penguins, race jet powered cars, and take on 10,000 ninjas with just a butter knife.

But, as with all dreams, your day's experiences melt inside your head and are used to fuel your sleeping adventures.



During this night's dream, you relive each of the three times that caused your agitation today. Your mind having the ability to do anything, and so you also hear the thoughts, see the lives of those enemies you encountered.

Back on to the same road you were driving in the morning, you see the car coming up on the right and clearly leaning into your lane for a cut-off action. Just as it gets in sight, your spirit moves into the body of the 'bad' driver and you can hear their thoughts...

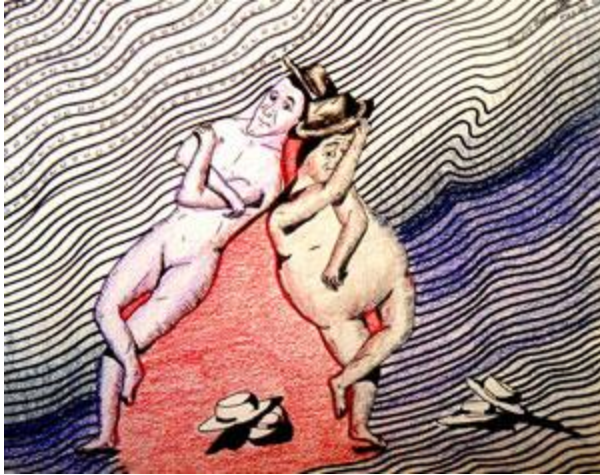
"What am I going to do? My wife's results just came in and the Dr. says her chances are low. How will I live without her? I MUST get to her NOW!"

(just then the car cuts you off, and the road disappears into a faded memory)

Your dreaming body is whooshed away. Now you stand in the cash register line, waiting for the 'CORRECT!' total to show on the screen. Just as the price rings up incorrectly, your eyes look over to the cashier. You see words coming out of their head. Each word forming sentences and showing their inner thoughts.

"They just hired me today, showed me 15 minutes of how to push this/that button and now I have all these sale items ringing up. I hope I am doing this right. My rent is due in three weeks and I won't get my first pay check until the day before. Oh please, please help me to be good at this job."

(the cashier looks over at you and can see the red in your cheeks, then the entire scene melts away)



Again, your body is pulled away into another part from your day. Your back on the toilet. A sense of calm comes over you in your private stall, but, then is interrupted (again) by the person next door. You hear the cell phone ringing, they pick up and start talking. The anger inside you builds.

Then, the wall between you and ‘them’ disappears and you find yourself transported into the cell phone, transported through the air, and placed on the other side of the call.

You are in the office of someone who is easily recognized as the boss of a company. And you hear them saying into the phone...

"Now listen to me! I bought that cell phone for you to carry at all times. Though I am not going to pay you on-call fees, I expect you to answer whenever I call, or I will find someone else who appreciates the extra 50 cents an hour over minimum wage that I graciously have given you. Speak up! I want to hear how you are going to make me happy!"

(the office, boss, and bathroom shatter into a million pieces and you are transported into an empty room by yourself)

On the empty room's wall is a mirror, and in it you see your face, the red cheeks of anger, and the emotions steaming from the top of your head. Next to the mirror you see four posters.

One of the road and the drive. The second one has a checkout lane with a young cashier. A third one has a bathroom, with two closed stall doors.



You look at the fourth and final poster. It has many small boxes, each with a picture of you from different times of your life. Each picture shows you doing something that causes others to get upset. Their cheeks red, and their eyes looking at your direction with disgust.

You then remember these times and how you were having bad days, this causing you to act rudely towards 'others'. Like when your stomach hurt from a bad meal, when your dog died, or when the day at the office just had one problem after another.

As you did after each of those times, you now find yourself feeling bad for how your actions had caused others to get upset. If only they knew that you were going through issues that caused your actions to come across as rude.



From the mirror, you see those three scenes from today again. However, this time, on the road, you find yourself letting up on the gas a little to allow the driver in. You see yourself smiling at the cashier, telling them "it is ok, EVERYONE makes mistakes."

From within the bathroom, you can see yourself reading the messages scribbled on the walls, to allow your mind to ignore the conversation next door. You finish, wash your hands, then smile at yourself in the mirror.

As your mind comes away from the memories, back to the mirror next to the posters. You see yourself smiling back.

Underneath the mirror, you see a small sign. It reads:

"You cannot always have control of your situations, but, you can always have control over yourself."

----- David Mielcarek, May 2, 2015