

Just Do It

by Rhys Nixon

'I'm gonna be late,' he says out loud, 'what do I even want to wear?'

He is sitting in his bedroom trying to decide what to wear. He has an appointment at five. If he wants to make it he has to either catch the bus, which comes in about fifteen minutes, or drive in. If he wants to drive in he needs to put petrol in his car, as the fuel light has come on. The petrol station closes in fifteen minutes.

'I really need to hurry up.' He thinks to himself.

He starts pacing about the room, picking things up and putting them back down. He picks up his keys and puts them back down again, before putting them in his bag. He picks up his wallet and puts it in his bag. The bus arrives in twelve minutes, and the petrol station closes in twelve minutes.

'I should brush my teeth.' He thinks.

He brushes his teeth, and then tries to decide how to get to his appointment.

'It would be easier to drive,' he thinks, 'but I really need to fill up my car. I don't have a lot of money, but I will need my car in the next few days.'

'But if I get the bus I can save money, because I already have a bus ticket, but then it takes a lot longer, and it's the *bus*.'

While thinking about what to do, he looks for a pair of socks that match. He only owns black or white socks, but can only find one of each. He decides to pull all his clothes out of the cupboard to look for another sock. The bus arrives in ten minutes, and the petrol

station shuts in ten minutes.

'Okay I will just wear both of them.' He says to himself while he puts on his socks.

"But, now I can't find my shoes, my clothes are all over the floor.'

He puts his clothes away, and in the process finds both of his shoes. He puts his shoes on and looks for the paperwork he needs. He puts his paperwork in his bag, walks out of his bedroom and into the kitchen, and puts his bag on the kitchen table. He gets a glass of water. The bus arrives in nine minutes, and the petrol station closes in nine minutes.

'Okay, so how am I going to get there?' he thinks. 'If I drive I have to leave in the next minute or so. If I fill up my car I can use it all week, but then I can't get myself something to eat tonight; I didn't even think about having money to eat. But I really don't want to get the bus, even if I have a bus ticket and will save money, it's still having to catch the bus. If I want to catch the bus I have to leave in a minute or so.'

While thinking this he gets a glass out of his cupboard. He takes the glass over to the kitchen sink and he fills the glass with water, and then he drinks the water. He rinses the glass out again, wipes it dry, and then puts it back in the cupboard. He still can't decide what he wants to do. The bus arrives in seven minutes, and the petrol station closes in seven minutes.

'Okay.' He says to himself, 'What am I going to do? I need to make a decision. Just do it. Decide; what are you going to do? Are you going to drive or get the bus? What do you really want to do?'

He is walking back and forth in the kitchen, tapping on the table with his keys. He doesn't realize he is tapping on the table with his

keys. When he sees what he is doing he stops tapping.

'I could make some marks, and then people would see and I would get in trouble.' He thinks.

He picks up his bag, and checks to make sure he has everything. He checks to make sure he has his phone, which he has. He checks to make sure he has his wallet, which he has. He checks to make sure he has the paperwork, which he has. He checks to make sure he has a book to read in case he gets the bus, which he does not have. The bus arrives in five minutes, and the petrol station closes in five minutes.

'Man, I better grab a book.' He thinks.

He goes back to his bedroom and walks up to his small bookshelf. He starts reading each title, pretty quickly, to try and decide which one he wants to take on the bus.

'I have no idea, I should pick something small though, I don't really want to carry around something big.' He thinks.

He keeps looking at the same books over and over again. He only owns about twenty books, and he has read them all. He was planning on buying more, or going to the library, but he never did. He decides not to take a book with him. The bus arrives in three minutes, and the petrol station closes in three minutes.

'Okay,' he thinks, 'I have everything. I have my phone. I have my wallet. I have my paperwork. I don't want to bring a book. I really need to buy a new one, or go to the library. I could probably do either of those things after my appointment.'

He is jingling his keys in his hands. He checks his bus ticket, and he has two trips left on it.

'Okay, lets go. I will walk out the door and just do whatever happens. I will let the fates decide.' He says out loud.

He walks to the front door, he opens it, and he walks outside.

'Wow,' he thinks, 'It is really cold. I better go back inside and get a jacket.'

He runs back inside to get a jacket. He doesn't know where his jacket is now, because he dumped all his clothes on the floor, and then shoved them all back in his cupboard. He pulls all his clothes back out the cupboard.

'Where the hell is my jacket?' He says out loud.

He misses the bus. The petrol station closes.

