

## The Human Garbage Disposal

*As appeared in The Mount Olive Messenger, a Goldsboro News Argus Publication.*

I was in Walmart today and a man came up to me. "I like the article!" That was nice. He said "I would shake your hand, if I didn't have these gloves on." I just kept saying thank you, thank you. His name tag read "Doug." So thanks Doug. I'll have to shake your hand next time. Just showing some love to the readers you know?

Anyway, I was in Walmart because I am on this thing where I try to buy groceries once every couple of days, eat everything I buy and then shop again. That way, I minimize on wasted food that sits in the fridge for weeks on end. Yesterday for lunch I made a sandwich on month old hamburger buns made up of salad lettuce, avocado, bologna, cheese and something else I can't remember. Disgusting? Yes, but I didn't want to waste the food. My mother used to always tell me, "You know there are kids in Africa that are starving, who would kill to eat that." They actually call me "the human garbage disposal" in the office. I will devour anything. Why I decided that was a worthwhile topic to write on... I really don't know. Maybe we can start a discussion on how people are trying to save money since it seems that everyone is on a tight budget right now. There's got to be some funny stories here. Like usual email me at [yyau@moc.edu](mailto:yyau@moc.edu) if you have any ideas to share (serious or not).

On a completely unrelated topic, I was in bed last night unable to get to sleep with a million things running through my head. It seemed like every beckoning thing in my life that needed to be done was knocking on my brain, so I got up and decided to just sit downstairs for a while to clear my mind. I sat there and a calm came over me all of a sudden. I realized that, somehow, the universe just unravels as it should. Maybe I was thinking that because my dad had sent me an email that day and had mentioned to me something about how we'll just go with the flow of nature. But, I realized that I'm supposed to be here. Somehow last year, everything for me to stay here worked out; getting a job, a place to stay...I remember when I was booking my visa interview in Sydney, there was only one day left for the rest of the year where they were taking interviews and somehow I got it. I think that part of the reason is that I really became who I was supposed to be here and that I'm going to better for humanity here.

In a time where everyone is worrying about something, maybe we should just stop worrying and let it be. Or maybe none of this made any sense. Maybe I should not write about my ramblings from sleepless nights anymore.

Anyway, thanks for reading. I'll be back on the road again next week, so hopefully I can give you a real adventure.

Peace and Axle Grease.