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## Twenty-years-old

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## Twenty-years-old

### Description

This piece is about being twenty-years-old. Its about choices, reality, and thinking about the future.

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### About the Contributor

My name is Lindsay and I like to think of myself as an adventurer. I like to write because words are a great adventure.

## Twenty-years old

*Lindsay Maillonx*

Before my twentieth birthday I felt slightly panicked. Usually before a birthday (at least in my short life of an experience) you lay in bed with wakeful anticipation. Because in the morning you will be a little bit older. A little bit wiser. A little more mature. A little bit *more*.

But this July 3rd was different from the nineteen others. Growing up reading novels can be dangerous. It gives you these ideas. Preconceived notions being the fancy phrase. Little girl fantasies being closer to the truth. Ideas like twenty-years-old means you stride into rooms full of tall swivel chairs wearing black high heels and sporting a chic haircut. Or it means that you wear paint-splattered overalls as you water the flowers through the window of your rustic but fantastically artsy apartment. Or that you sit in restaurants eating spaghetti across from a mysterious handsome face lit by flickering candlelight.

This is not true. Reality has come upon me in a different place. A room of white plaster and blue carpet. Walls papered with 4x6 photos and paint chips.

The present composed of an empty yawning Saturday night that you should be studying through but choose to vacuum through instead exposing the corners where ponderable dust has settled. Dim lighting making your thoughts much sharper than you've let them be for some time.

Where do I go from here? The past weeks brimming with a similar sharpness you couldn't shake. Having lived so far a life of mostly unchoice. Finding now that twenty maybe should be the age where you choose. Choose what you want to do... What do you want to do? What do you want?

The life of overalls and watering cans? The life of black high heels and swivel chairs? The life of tall candles and small tables?

I close my eyes to try and picture... I used to wish for that. Usually in front of the bathroom mirror. I would see my reflection and wonder and wish. Wishing hard for a glimpse into what I can never know until it finds me in the moments called now. And now I find this is still a brick wall truth. I cannot know.