

Publicerad 2007-08-10 03:35 av Colle

omg. jag är en sann slacker.

Slacker?

The day of a slacker:

Obviously, you don't get out of bed before 3 pm.

To justify this, you simply say "I didn't hear it ring". Every time.

Naptime.

3 hours later you are a bit hungry, (wich incidently is a perfectly good reason to get up) so sandwiches are to be prepared.

At this point you are quite anxious to do something mentally challenging.

But where is the remote? (Managed to swallow it in a attempt to impress slackerfriends the other night. Not necesseraly under the influence.)

Screw that.

On to get a coke from the fridge.

After 5 bottles, you feel a huge desire to go to the bathroom.

Switch on the tv.

Nothing on, but who really cares. To busy with passing gas.

Change underwear.

Back to the tv.

Litteraly pass out on the couch, do to overstimulans.

Dream of butts and remotes, walking hand in hand.

Surprisingly cute actually.

Do try this at home. You'll be the coolest kid on the block.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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