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Chronology

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay’s first paragraph.

"I may be 19, but when my back is sore, my knees are tight and my foot hurts, I feel like I’m 80."

Cover Page Footnote
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I may be 19, but when my back is sore, my knees are tight and my foot hurts, I feel like I'm 80.

Then again, sometimes it feels like I've lived for 50 years when it seems like I've seen enough of the bad things in life, when those I love die or leave, when things couldn't get any worse, when I've seen it all.

I think I'm having a mid-life crisis, melt down, or insanity attack so that must mean that I'm in my late 30s/early 40s, or I'm losing my mind.

I'm insecure, have panic attacks and don't know where I fit in so I feel like I'm 13 again. Or maybe 12 - someone asked me that once.

Some days, I want to play with toys, sleep in late and watch TV all day and naively believe that the world is a good, safe, happy place. That must make me 6-years-old.

Then there are those days that I just want to cry, scream, be a bitch and not care, and throw a huge tantrum. That makes me 2.

Most days I feel like I'm 50, not 19. I'm getting to the point where I don't even know how old I am anymore. All I can say is that I'm too young to feel so damn old.

--Jen Enright